

WORLD LITERATURE I

Beginnings to 1650

PART ONE

The Ancient World

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Table of Contents

MIDDLE EAST, NEAR EAST, GREECE	5
Hebrew Bible, “Genesis” and “Exodus”	8
The Epic of Gilgamesh	80
The Iliad and The Odyssey	105
Medea	245
Oedipus the King	285
The Apology of Socrates	330
CHINA	345
The Analects	346
The Art of War	354
The Book of Songs	361
The Mother of Mencius	372
The Zhuangzi	374
INDIA	381
The Bhagavad Gita	382
The Mahabharata	390
The Ramayana	438
ROME	533
The Aeneid	534
Metamorphoses	637
BIBLIOGRAPHY	659
APPENDIX	661

Introduction

Reading about any culture foreign to one's own tends to create a form of culture shock in the reader. In a world literature class, students frequently face texts that are completely unfamiliar to them, and the typical culture shock reactions set in. We tend not to like things that we do not understand, in part because we do not like the feeling of not knowing something. I have had students complain that they did not "like" a story before we discussed it in class, and then the same students decide after the class discussion that they now like it. Again, understanding and liking go hand in hand. Give the literature a chance; something that might not make sense at first may end up being one of your favorite stories after finding a way to approach it.

That being said, whether students like a story is not the point of reading that text in a literature class. We read literature in these classes to learn something. It is a nice addition to the experience if students like the works, but we can read and analyze texts that we do not enjoy just as effectively as the ones we do: In some cases, it is actually easier. Critical thinking comes from taking something that is unfamiliar, breaking it down into manageable chunks of information, fitting it back together, and using the experience to replicate the process in other situations in the future.

A literature class is, of course, a perfect place to learn critical thinking skills. When interpreting a text, pretend that you are a lawyer in a courtroom arguing a case. Not all cases have smoking guns; most are won or lost on circumstantial evidence alone. The interpretation needs to be based primarily on evidence from the text; therefore, there can be more than one possible approach, but some interpretations can be wrong if there is no support in the text for the generalizations that the student uses. Evidence is the key; based on what the text tells us, what do we actually know? Expert opinions (secondary sources) may help, but remember that both sides in a court case usually can call some expert who will agree with them. Authorial intention is not entirely out of bounds in such an argument, but it operates on the same principles: What can we actually argue, based on the evidence? For instance, any knowledge of Hemingway's personal history makes it unlikely that the story "Soldier's Home" could be interpreted as unsupportive of soldiers. Alternately, there are cases when the author's life is of little or no help. Faulkner refused to tell an interviewer what the meaning of "A Rose for Emily" was, preferring perhaps that the reader not be limited by a simple (or simplistic) explanation of meaning.

In every interpretation, remember to distinguish between the views of the original audience and the views of the modern reader. While a text may remind students about their grandfathers, that association does not often help when interpreting a story written by someone years ago who did not know their grandfather. (It may, of course, help students interpret their interpretations, but, except for the very best reader response theorists out there, that approach is more commonly found in a different field of study.) If the story is about a grandfather in ancient Greece, the comparison with their grandfather would be most useful if it helped focus them on what the characters in that time period in Greek society thought about grandfathers (or treated them, or talked to them, etc.) back then that is similar to or different from modern expectations. In other words, what does the work tell us about the expectations of the original audience? Without at least a solid guess about what the original audience thought about the work, it is impossible to discuss whether the author is writing something that conforms to society's expectations or argues against them, let alone what the original audience was expected to learn from the story, or how it expected to be entertained.

The expectations of the audience bring us full circle to the issue of culture shock once again. Students in U.S. universities often feel more comfortable with American or British literature, since the K-12 school system in the U.S. usually emphasizes those works. Even if some students have not lived through the 1960s in the U.S., there is still a sense of familiarity to students raised in the U.S., although they might not understand as much of the deeper social context as they think they do. A world literature class may be the first place that some students have encountered European works, let alone non-Western texts. The emphasis in this anthology, therefore, is on non-Western and European works, with only the British authors who were the most influential to European and non-Western authors (such as Shakespeare, whose works have influenced authors around the world to the present day). In a world literature class, there is no way that a student can be equally familiar with all of the societies, contexts, time periods, cultures, religions, and languages that they will encounter; even though the works presented here are translated,

students will face issues such as unfamiliar names and parts of the story (such as puns) that may not translate well or at all. Since these stories are rooted in their cultures and time periods, it is necessary to know the basic context of each work to understand the expectations of the original audience. The introductions in this anthology are meant to be just that: a basic overview of what students need to know before they begin reading, with topics that students can research further. An open access literature textbook cannot be a history book at the same time, but history is the great companion of literature: The more history students know, the easier it is for them to interpret literature.

These works can help students understand the present, as well. In an electronic age, with this text available to anyone with computer access around the world, it has never been more necessary to recognize and understand differences among nationalities and cultures. The literature in this anthology is foundational, in the sense that these works influenced the authors who followed them. For Western literature, it is necessary to know something about the Trojan War (and the Trojan Horse) to understand everything from literary references to them (for almost three thousand or so years) to why a computer virus would be named a “Trojan Horse” because of what it does. In India, the characters in the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* still show up in regular conversations, and it would be impossible to read modern Indian literature without a basic knowledge of these texts, which are referenced frequently. Chinese literature is infused with Confucian concepts, which influenced Chinese culture for thousands of years. These are just a few of the examples of why these texts are important to this day, and the introductions will explain the influence of each work.

A word to the instructor: The texts have been chosen with the idea that they can be compared and contrasted, using common themes. Rather than numerous (and therefore often random) choices of texts from various periods, these selected works are meant to make both teaching and learning easier. Students often learn better when there is a theme or a set of themes that they can use to make sense of the stories. For example, the differences among cultures and time periods in the definition of a hero are found throughout the anthology. As the time periods progress, the type of hero changes as well: warriors in the ancient world, knights and samurai in the medieval period, and soldiers in works set in the Renaissance. Many of the works examine the role of women in society, and each time period contains numerous works of social commentary. There are epics across world literature to compare, belief systems from the Greek pantheon of gods to Native American origin stories, and philosophical questions about ethical and moral behavior.

It is by comparing similar topics and themes that students are most easily able to see the significant differences in the cultures. If I ask students to discuss a work such as the *Analects* of Confucius, they often do not know where to begin or what to say. If I ask students to suggest what would happen if Gilgamesh were dropped into the environment of the *Analects*, they immediately see the problems: Gilgamesh is not a “gentleman” by Confucian standards, nor does he have the temperament to attract gentlemen retainers, who would expect courteous and proper behavior from him.

While cultural expectations are not universal, many of the themes found in these works are. Human beings have always cared about friendship, love, and finding their place in the world; we still read and watch stories of heroic journeys, bravery in its many forms, family relationships (good and bad), and the triumphs and tragedies of people who are not so different from ourselves.

As an example, the following assignment is one possible way to compare the texts in the Ancient World section.

Culture Shock Essay: take a character such as Achilles and place him in a story with a culture that would be completely foreign to him (such as the *Mahabharata*). How would he react to the people around him, and what would they think about him/his behavior? This topic could be mixed and matched: Hector in *Gilgamesh*, Arjuna in the *Aeneid*, Aeneas in the *Art of War*, etc.

Again, by asking the students to compare cultures, it is easier for them to identify differences. Obviously, a similar type of essay would work in the medieval period and the Renaissance, and Ancient World texts could be compared to medieval or Renaissance texts as the term progresses.

A note about calendar systems: The anthology uses B.C.E. (Before Common Era) and C.E. (Common Era). As a world literature text, it seeks to be as inclusive as possible of belief systems around the world. Of course, the numbering system used comes from the Christian calendar’s B.C. (Before Christ) and A.D. (Anno Domini—in the year of our Lord); basically, Christianity is the determiner of what is Common Era and before. Since there needs to be a way of comparing time periods across these cultures, and today’s world uses the numbering system that stems from the Christian calendar, it is the system used throughout. It would be too unwieldy to use all of the relevant calendar systems, although it is worth noting to students that they exist. For instance, 2015 C.E. is the year 5776 in the Hebrew calendar, the year 4713 in the Chinese calendar, and 1436 in the Islamic calendar. For Hinduism, the current Epoch of this cycle of the universe (which is destroyed and remade numerous times) started in 3012 B.C.E., and the current Era in that Epoch started in 78 C.E. Obviously, it would be both difficult and confusing to employ more than one system.



PART ONE

Ancient World



Many of these ancient world texts concern themselves with the definition of a hero, as well as the (often separate) definition of a leader: A leader can be a hero, but a hero is not always a leader. Love for one's family drives the actions of the majority of the characters in this section; romantic love has its place in the stories as well, although it is discussed less. Both societal and religious expectations play key roles in the behavior of these characters, so it will be necessary to understand a few details about those beliefs. The chapter introductions will address some basic religious beliefs for each region.

As with all the time periods in world literature, different events mark the end of the ancient world in different cultures. If the fall of Rome in 476 C.E. marks the end of an era in Europe, it is clearly an irrelevant date to cultures such as China and India. The unification of China under the Qin dynasty in 221 B.C.E. marks the end of Ancient China and the beginning of the Dynastic Period. Classical India ends somewhere between 550 C.E. (with the fall of the Gupta Empire) and 1206 C.E. (with the establishment of the Delhi Sultanate following hundreds of years of Islamic invasions).

While poetry is found in all of the ancient cultures included, a commonality across most of those cultures is epic poetry. Epic heroes often have some kind of supernatural ability, or are demigods, and/or have the help of the gods. In *Gilgamesh*, the title character is two-thirds god and one-third human (an interesting exercise for a modern-day geneticist), while Achilles is the son of a goddess and a mortal man in the *Iliad*, as is Aeneas in the *Aeneid*. If Odysseus is not a demigod, he certainly is loved by the goddess Athena, who protects him through his journeys. In the *Mahabharata*, the main warriors of the story are all demigods, and in the *Ramayana*, the main character is a god: an avatar of the god Vishnu, sent down to earth in human form to fight evil. The *Metamorphoses* is the anti-epic of the group, arguing that there are no real heroes: just gods and humans who make mistakes, forming history along the way.

Many of the works in this section have another commonality: They are foundational texts for their respective societies. Western literature would not exist in its present form without the influence of Greek and Roman epics or ancient Greek drama. References to the Trojan War, to Ovid, and to Oedipus (among many others) are found in media from literature (in the Middle Ages to the present day) to newspaper comic strips. Sun Tzu's *The Art of War* is still taught around the world. In present-day India, the characters in the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* are referenced in everyday conversations. Confucian ethics influenced Chinese thought for well over two thousand years.

FOR STUDENTS:

The works in this section are meant to be compared and contrasted. Consider the following questions while reading:

- Compare the definition of a hero in *Gilgamesh*, the *Iliad*, the *Mahabharata*, and the *Aeneid*. What does a hero have to do to be admired by his own society? What can't he do?
- How are Gilgamesh and Achilles similar? How is Hector both similar and different to them?
- How are the expectations for a gentleman in the *Analects* similar to the expectations for the sons of Pandu in the *Mahabharata*? What makes Aeneas both similar and different to them?
- What view of the gods do the characters have? What does their pantheon of gods expect from the characters, and what do they expect of the gods?
- How do characters in this section deal with authority/authority figures? Why?

Written by Laura J. Getty

1

Middle East, Near East, Greece

The texts chosen for this chapter were influential in their own times and beyond. Gilgamesh was an ancient Sumerian king whose story was valued and retold by other cultures who invaded the area. The Bible remains one of the most widely read books in history. Homer's epics form a cornerstone of western literature, and the two plays selected from ancient Greek drama influenced countless writers after them. Only the plays were originally written works; the other texts were part of an oral tradition before they were written down. Even then, the subject matter of the plays is not original to the authors: The audience knew the stories of Oedipus and Medea already. Homer was not the first (or the last) to compose poems on the Trojan War and its aftermath. Originality was not particularly prized in an oral culture, where only the best works were worth memorizing. Homer's fame comes from how well he tells his version of events.

When reading the selected texts, remember that the contemporary definition of a hero or leader is often not compatible with the ancient world's definition of a hero or leader. Each society, and sometimes each time period in each society, can have a different definition, based on what the expectations were. There is also a difference between the modern idea of an action hero and the ancient world's definition of an epic hero. To be the hero of an epic, the character needs to meet at least some of the following requirements: He receives divine intervention (or is chosen by the gods to win), has superhuman strength or abilities, is of national or international importance, has the ability to overcome and learn from a personal flaw, and goes on a significant journey. The ultimate goal of epic heroes is to be remembered: achieving immortality through their deeds, which will live on in stories. Unlike a modern film



IMAGE 1.1: MAP OF MESOPOTAMIA | A map showing the borders of ancient Mesopotamia.

Author: NordNordWest
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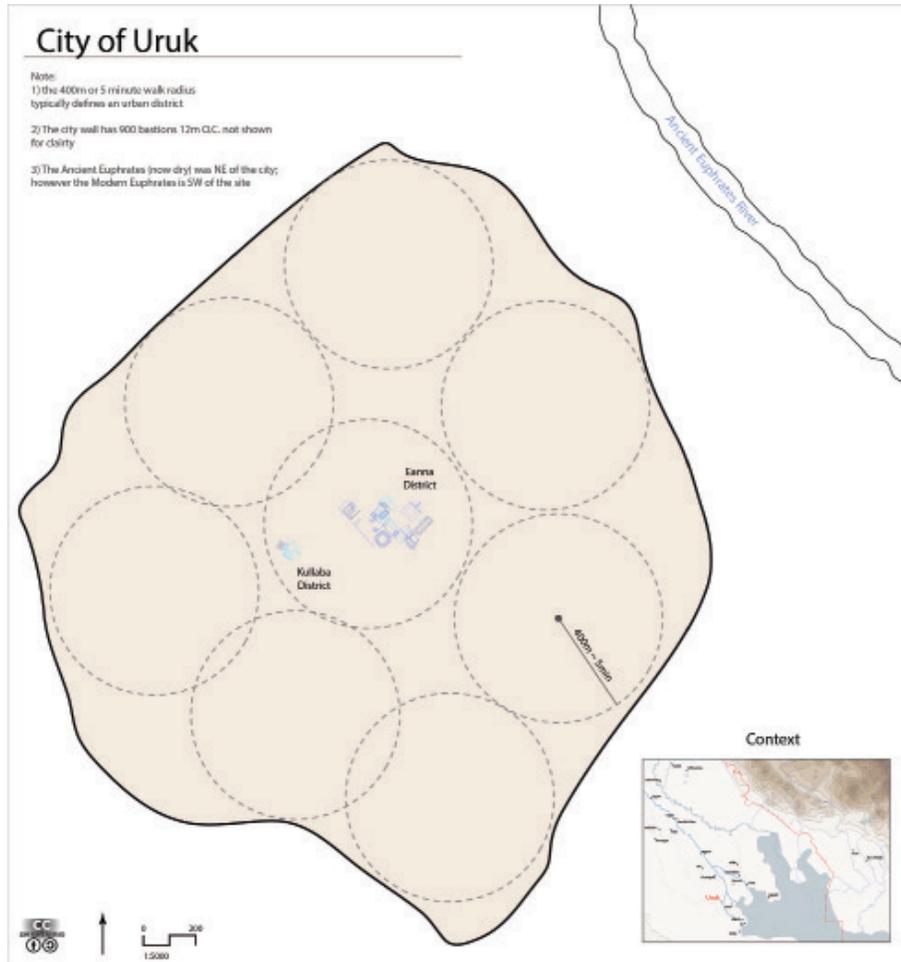


IMAGE 1.2: CITY OF URUK | A basic map of Uruk with notes on the city's boundaries.

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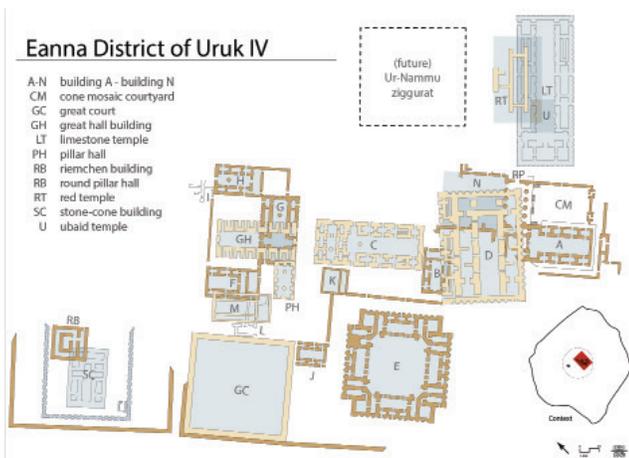


IMAGE 1.3: EANNA DISTRICT OF URUK | A map of Uruk's Eanna District, with its buildings and notes.

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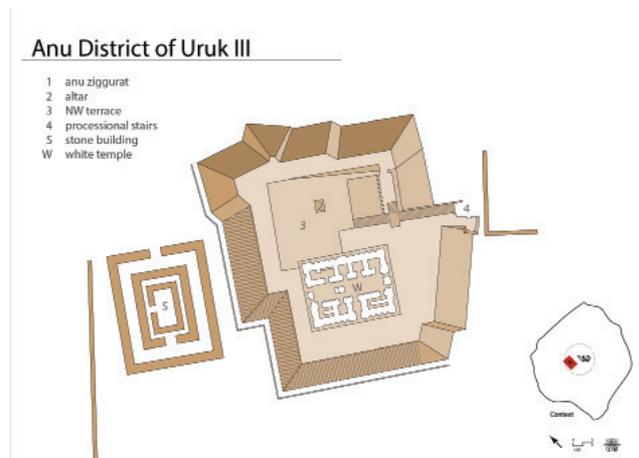


IMAGE 1.4: ANU DISTRICT OF URUK | A map of Uruk's Anu District, with its buildings and notes.

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hero who might be expected to act in the best interests of others, epic heroes may or may not act with other people's interests in mind. Some of the epic heroes in this chapter fight to protect others, but many fight for personal glory, regardless of the collateral damage. In other words, an epic hero is an ideal warrior in his society, but not always an ideal human being. In the *Iliad*, Achilles is the greatest warrior among the Greeks, and his main concern is making a name for himself that will last forever. When he is insulted by Agamemnon, therefore, he asks that Zeus punish Achilles' own side, slaughtering the Greeks until they beg him for forgiveness. Achilles fights for his own glory, not the glory of others.

In *Gilgamesh*, the title character begins the story as an impressive epic hero, but a poor leader (as the gods themselves indicate in the story when they respond to the prayers of the citizens of Uruk, who are begging the gods to protect them from their own king). Gilgamesh's lack of morality stems in part from his demigod status; as the ancient Sumerians recognized, their pantheon of gods was not particularly moral. Since epic heroes need the help of the gods to win, the focus is not on individual strength, but on gaining the favor of the gods. Yes, Gilgamesh is strong, but to fight the supernatural creature Humbaba, Gilgamesh needs help: his mother's prayers to the gods, his friend Enkidu's support, supernatural weapons from the god Shamash (namely the winds), and his tears as offerings to Shamash in exchange for his help. The expectations for a good king are clear in the text, but they conflict on some level with the expectations for an epic hero in this case.

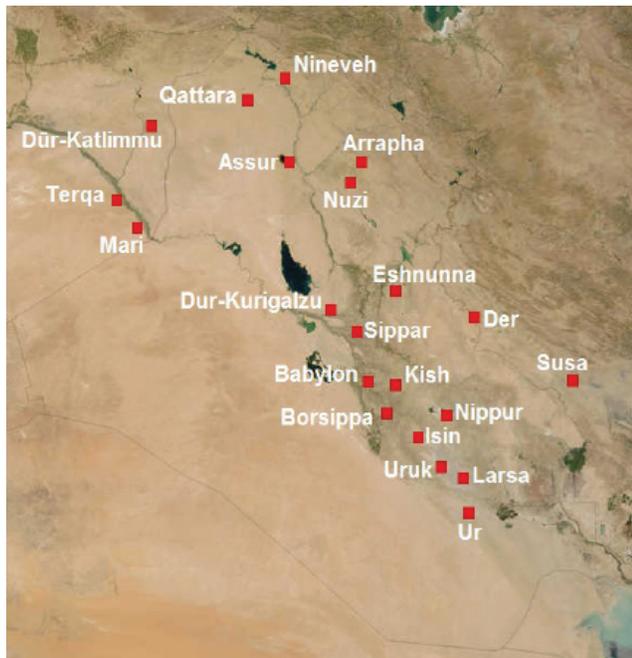


IMAGE 1.6: MESOPOTAMIA IN 2ND MILLENNIUM BC | A map depicting the cities of ancient Mesopotamia.

Author: User "Joeyhewitt"
Source: Wikimedia Commons
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IMAGE 1.5: URUK IN 2008 | An aerial view of the dig site at Warka in Iraq.

Author: SAC Andy Holmes (RAF)
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The hero who receives divine intervention is the one who wins every time, so being humble to the gods is vital for success. When Brad Pitt plays Achilles in the movie *Troy*, there are no toddler tantrums; in the *Iliad*, Achilles cries every time he wants the help of his mother, the goddess Thetis. The modern film expectations for the character of Achilles would be foreign (and strange, and irreligious) to the original audience, just as a modern American film audience would not be impressed by an action hero who sobbed to his mother for help. The original audience, however, would be familiar with example after example of how pointless it is to try to win without the help of the gods: no matter who would have won based on his own strength, the gods determine the final result. Human strength means little in such a universe.

Equally pointless is the attempt to change fate, which is the one force in the Greek stories that is stronger than the gods. Zeus cannot change the outcome of various events in the *Iliad*, and Oedipus realizes the futility of attempting to change his fate. The fatalistic approach of the Greek texts stems from the belief that the ages of man are in a decline, from the golden age down to the iron age of Homer. This belief in the general decline of humanity is echoed later in Dante's *Inferno*, where the Old Man of Crete is composed of the same metals, but this time with a clay foot.

AS YOU READ, CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

- Using the list of traits above, which traits apply to each epic hero in the texts?
- What is similar and/or different about heroes such as Gilgamesh, Achilles, Hector, and Odysseus?

- How do the characters view the gods, and how do the gods treat humans?
- What do we learn about what each society considers proper or improper behavior, again based on the text itself?
- Is family love or romantic love more important in the text, and why?

Written by Laura J. Getty

HEBREW BIBLE, “GENESIS” AND “EXODUS”

Written version compiled between approximately 1000-500 B.C.E.

Hebrew literature

The *Hebrew Bible* is called the *Tanakh*, a name which comes from the first letters of its three sections: the *Torah*, or the Law (Ta); the *Nevi'im*, or the Prophets (Na), and the *Ketuvim*, or the Writings (Kh). The entire book is sometimes called the *Torah*, and it is also the Christian *Old Testament*. The section called the *Torah*, which is comprised of the first five books (also called the *Pentateuch* and the *Five Books of Moses*), were originally believed to have been composed in the 14th century B.C.E. by Moses. According to biblical scholars, the version that we have today is a compilation from four different written traditions after the time of Moses, which explains why the text has multiple inconsistencies: For instance, in “Genesis,” there are two creations of humans, and the number of animals that God tells Noah to take into the ark changes from two of each kind to seven of each kind. These versions are called the J, E, D, and P texts, which were combined over time. The *Hebrew Bible* has been translated many times over the centuries, and two of the most popular translations are included in the anthology for comparison.

Written by Laura J. Getty

KING JAMES VERSION

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Genesis Chapter 1

¹ In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. ² And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

³ And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. ⁴ And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. ⁵ And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

⁶ And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. ⁷ And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so. ⁸ And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

⁹ And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. ¹⁰ And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good. ¹¹ And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so. ¹² And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good. ¹³ And the evening and the morning were the third day.

¹⁴ And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years: ¹⁵ And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so. ¹⁶ And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also. ¹⁷ And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, ¹⁸ And to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good. ¹⁹ And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

²⁰ And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. ²¹ And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good. ²² And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth. ²³ And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

²⁴ And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so. ²⁵ And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

²⁶ And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. ²⁷ So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. ²⁸ And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

²⁹ And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. ³⁰ And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so. ³¹ And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

Genesis Chapter 2

¹ Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. ² And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. ³ And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

⁴ These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the LORD God made the earth and the heavens, ⁵ And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for the LORD God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground. ⁶ But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. ⁷ And the LORD God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

⁸ And the LORD God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. ⁹ And out of the ground made the LORD God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. ¹⁰ And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads. ¹¹ The name of the first is Pison: that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; ¹² And the gold of that land is good: there is bdellium and the onyx stone. ¹³ And the name of the second river is Gihon: the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia. ¹⁴ And the name of the third river is Hiddekel: that is it which goeth toward the east of Assyria. And the fourth river is Euphrates. ¹⁵ And the LORD God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.

¹⁶ And the LORD God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: ¹⁷ But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

¹⁸ And the LORD God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him. ¹⁹ And out of the ground the LORD God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. ²⁰ And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found an help meet for him.

²¹ And the LORD God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; ²² And the rib, which the LORD God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. ²³ And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man. ²⁴ Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh. ²⁵ And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.

Genesis Chapter 3

¹ Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the LORD God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden? ² And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: ³ But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. ⁴ And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: ⁵ For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened,

and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

⁶ And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat. ⁷ And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons. ⁸ And they heard the voice of the LORD God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the LORD God amongst the trees of the garden.

⁹ And the LORD God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou? ¹⁰ And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself.

¹¹ And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat? ¹² And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. ¹³ And the LORD God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.

¹⁴ And the LORD God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life: ¹⁵ And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel. ¹⁶ Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.

¹⁷ And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; ¹⁸ Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; ¹⁹ In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. ²⁰ And Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all living. ²¹ Unto Adam also and to his wife did the LORD God make coats of skins, and clothed them.

²² And the LORD God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever: ²³ Therefore the LORD God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. ²⁴ So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

Genesis Chapter 4

¹ And Adam knew Eve his wife; and she conceived, and bare Cain, and said, I have gotten a man from the LORD. ² And she again bare his brother Abel. And Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground.

³ And in process of time it came to pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the LORD. ⁴ And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the LORD had respect unto Abel and to his offering: ⁵ But unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell.

⁶ And the LORD said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? ⁷ If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door. And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him. ⁸ And Cain talked with Abel his brother: and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him.

⁹ And the LORD said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper? ¹⁰ And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. ¹¹ And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand; ¹² When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.

¹³ And Cain said unto the LORD, My punishment is greater than I can bear. ¹⁴ Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me. ¹⁵ And the LORD said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the LORD set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.

¹⁶ And Cain went out from the presence of the LORD, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden. ¹⁷ And Cain knew his wife; and she conceived, and bare Enoch: and he builded a city, and called the name of the city, after the name of his son, Enoch. ¹⁸ And unto Enoch was born Irad: and Irad begat Mehujael: and Mehujael begat Methusael: and Methusael begat Lamech.

¹⁹ And Lamech took unto him two wives: the name of the one was Adah, and the name of the other Zillah.

²⁰ And Adah bare Jabal: he was the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle. ²¹ And his brother's name was Jubal: he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. ²² And Zillah, she also bare Tubalcain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron: and the sister of Tubalcain was Naamah.

²³ And Lamech said unto his wives, Adah and Zillah, Hear my voice; ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech: for I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt. ²⁴ If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold, truly Lamech seventy and sevenfold.

²⁵ And Adam knew his wife again; and she bare a son, and called his name Seth: For God, said she, hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel, whom Cain slew. ²⁶ And to Seth, to him also there was born a son; and he called his name Enos: then began men to call upon the name of the LORD.

Genesis Chapter 5

¹ This is the book of the generations of Adam. In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made he him; ² Male and female created he them; and blessed them, and called their name Adam, in the day when they were created.

³ And Adam lived an hundred and thirty years, and begat a son in his own likeness, and after his image; and called his name Seth: ⁴ And the days of Adam after he had begotten Seth were eight hundred years: and he begat sons and daughters: ⁵ And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years: and he died.

⁶ And Seth lived an hundred and five years, and begat Enos: ⁷ And Seth lived after he begat Enos eight hundred and seven years, and begat sons and daughters: ⁸ And all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years: and he died.

⁹ And Enos lived ninety years, and begat Cainan: ¹⁰ And Enos lived after he begat Cainan eight hundred and fifteen years, and begat sons and daughters: ¹¹ And all the days of Enos were nine hundred and five years: and he died.

¹² And Cainan lived seventy years and begat Mahalaleel: ¹³ And Cainan lived after he begat Mahalaleel eight hundred and forty years, and begat sons and daughters: ¹⁴ And all the days of Cainan were nine hundred and ten years: and he died.

¹⁵ And Mahalaleel lived sixty and five years, and begat Jared: ¹⁶ And Mahalaleel lived after he begat Jared eight hundred and thirty years, and begat sons and daughters: ¹⁷ And all the days of Mahalaleel were eight hundred ninety and five years: and he died.

¹⁸ And Jared lived an hundred sixty and two years, and he begat Enoch: ¹⁹ And Jared lived after he begat Enoch eight hundred years, and begat sons and daughters: ²⁰ And all the days of Jared were nine hundred sixty and two years: and he died.

²¹ And Enoch lived sixty and five years, and begat Methuselah: ²² And Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters: ²³ And all the days of Enoch were three hundred sixty and five years: ²⁴ And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.

²⁵ And Methuselah lived an hundred eighty and seven years, and begat Lamech. ²⁶ And Methuselah lived after he begat Lamech seven hundred eighty and two years, and begat sons and daughters: ²⁷ And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years: and he died.

²⁸ And Lamech lived an hundred eighty and two years, and begat a son: ²⁹ And he called his name Noah, saying, This same shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the LORD hath cursed. ³⁰ And Lamech lived after he begat Noah five hundred ninety and five years, and begat sons and daughters: ³¹ And all the days of Lamech were seven hundred seventy and seven years: and he died. ³² And Noah was five hundred years old: and Noah begat Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

Genesis Chapter 6

¹ And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, ² That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. ³ And the LORD said, My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh: yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years.

⁴ There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown.

⁵ And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.

⁶ And it repented the LORD that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. ⁷ And the LORD said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them.

⁸ But Noah found grace in the eyes of the LORD.

⁹ These are the generations of Noah: Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God. ¹⁰ And Noah begat three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

¹¹ The earth also was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence. ¹² And God looked upon the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth.

¹³ And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth.

¹⁴ Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. ¹⁵ And this is the fashion which thou shalt make it of: The length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits. ¹⁶ A window shalt thou make to the ark, and in a cubit shalt thou finish it above; and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; with lower, second, and third stories shalt thou make it. ¹⁷ And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; and every thing that is in the earth shall die. ¹⁸ But with thee will I establish my covenant; and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives with thee. ¹⁹ And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female. ²⁰ Of fowls after their kind, and of cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind, two of every sort shall come unto thee, to keep them alive. ²¹ And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather it to thee; and it shall be for food for thee, and for them. ²² Thus did Noah; according to all that God commanded him, so did he.

Genesis Chapter 7

¹ And the LORD said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. ² Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens, the male and his female: and of beasts that are not clean by two, the male and his female. ³ Of fowls also of the air by sevens, the male and the female; to keep seed alive upon the face of all the earth. ⁴ For yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights; and every living substance that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth.

⁵ And Noah did according unto all that the LORD commanded him. ⁶ And Noah was six hundred years old when the flood of waters was upon the earth.

⁷ And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark, because of the waters of the flood. ⁸ Of clean beasts, and of beasts that are not clean, and of fowls, and of every thing that creepeth upon the earth, ⁹ There went in two and two unto Noah into the ark, the male and the female, as God had commanded Noah. ¹⁰ And it came to pass after seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth.

¹¹ In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. ¹² And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights.

¹³ In the selfsame day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark; ¹⁴ They, and every beast after his kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind, and every fowl after his kind, every bird of every sort. ¹⁵ And they went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh, wherein is the breath of life. ¹⁶ And they that went in, went in male and female of all flesh, as God had commanded him: and the LORD shut him in.

¹⁷ And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth. ¹⁸ And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters. ¹⁹ And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered. ²⁰ Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered.

²¹ And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man: ²² All in whose nostrils was the breath of life, of all that was in the dry land, died. ²³ And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark. ²⁴ And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days.

Genesis Chapter 8

¹ And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that was with him in the ark: and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters asswaged; ² The fountains also of the deep and the windows of

heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained; ³ And the waters returned from off the earth continually: and after the end of the hundred and fifty days the waters were abated.

⁴ And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat. ⁵ And the waters decreased continually until the tenth month: in the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen.

⁶ And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made: ⁷ And he sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth. ⁸ Also he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground; ⁹ But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth: then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark. ¹⁰ And he stayed yet other seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark; ¹¹ And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf pluckt off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth. ¹² And he stayed yet other seven days; and sent forth the dove; which returned not again unto him any more.

¹³ And it came to pass in the six hundredth and first year, in the first month, the first day of the month, the waters were dried up from off the earth: and Noah removed the covering of the ark, and looked, and, behold, the face of the ground was dry. ¹⁴ And in the second month, on the seven and twentieth day of the month, was the earth dried.

¹⁵ And God spake unto Noah, saying, ¹⁶ Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee. ¹⁷ Bring forth with thee every living thing that is with thee, of all flesh, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful, and multiply upon the earth. ¹⁸ And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him: ¹⁹ Every beast, every creeping thing, and every fowl, and whatsoever creepeth upon the earth, after their kinds, went forth out of the ark.

²⁰ And Noah builded an altar unto the LORD; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar. ²¹ And the LORD smelled a sweet savour; and the LORD said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done. ²² While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

Genesis Chapter 9

¹ And God blessed Noah and his sons, and said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth. ² And the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hand are they delivered. ³ Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things. ⁴ But flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat. ⁵ And surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. ⁶ Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man. ⁷ And you, be ye fruitful, and multiply; bring forth abundantly in the earth, and multiply therein.

⁸ And God spake unto Noah, and to his sons with him, saying, ⁹ And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you; ¹⁰ And with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you; from all that go out of the ark, to every beast of the earth. ¹¹ And I will establish my covenant with you, neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth.

¹² And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: ¹³ I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. ¹⁴ And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: ¹⁵ And I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. ¹⁶ And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth. ¹⁷ And God said unto Noah, This is the token of the covenant, which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth.

Exodus Chapter 1

¹ Now these are the names of the children of Israel, which came into Egypt; every man and his household came with Jacob. ² Reuben, Simeon, Levi, and Judah, ³ Issachar, Zebulun, and Benjamin, ⁴ Dan, and Naphtali, Gad, and Asher. ⁵ And all the souls that came out of the loins of Jacob were seventy souls: for Joseph was in Egypt already.

⁶ And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation.

⁷ And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them.

⁸ Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph. ⁹ And he said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we: ¹⁰ Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land. ¹¹ Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses. ¹² But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. And they were grieved because of the children of Israel. ¹³ And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour: ¹⁴ And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigour.

¹⁵ And the king of Egypt spake to the Hebrew midwives, of which the name of the one was Shiphrah, and the name of the other Puah: ¹⁶ And he said, When ye do the office of a midwife to the Hebrew women, and see them upon the stools; if it be a son, then ye shall kill him: but if it be a daughter, then she shall live. ¹⁷ But the midwives feared God, and did not as the king of Egypt commanded them, but saved the men children alive. ¹⁸ And the king of Egypt called for the midwives, and said unto them, Why have ye done this thing, and have saved the men children alive? ¹⁹ And the midwives said unto Pharaoh, Because the Hebrew women are not as the Egyptian women; for they are lively, and are delivered ere the midwives come in unto them. ²⁰ Therefore God dealt well with the midwives: and the people multiplied, and waxed very mighty. ²¹ And it came to pass, because the midwives feared God, that he made them houses. ²² And Pharaoh charged all his people, saying, Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river, and every daughter ye shall save alive.

Exodus Chapter 2

¹ And there went a man of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi. ² And the woman conceived, and bare a son: and when she saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months. ³ And when she could not longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink. ⁴ And his sister stood afar off, to wit what would be done to him.

⁵ And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. ⁶ And when she had opened it, she saw the child: and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children. ⁷ Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee? ⁸ And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maid went and called the child's mother. ⁹ And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages. And the women took the child, and nursed it. ¹⁰ And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses: and she said, Because I drew him out of the water.

¹¹ And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens: and he spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one of his brethren. ¹² And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand. ¹³ And when he went out the second day, behold, two men of the Hebrews strove together: and he said to him that did the wrong, Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow? ¹⁴ And he said, Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? intendest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian? And Moses feared, and said, Surely this thing is known. ¹⁵ Now when Pharaoh heard this thing, he sought to slay Moses. But Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh, and dwelt in the land of Midian: and he sat down by a well.

¹⁶ Now the priest of Midian had seven daughters: and they came and drew water, and filled the troughs to water their father's flock. ¹⁷ And the shepherds came and drove them away: but Moses stood up and helped them, and watered their flock. ¹⁸ And when they came to Reuel their father, he said, How is it that ye are come so soon to day? ¹⁹ And they said, An Egyptian delivered us out of the hand of the shepherds, and also drew water enough for us, and watered the flock. ²⁰ And he said unto his daughters, And where is he? why is it that ye have left the man? call him, that he may eat bread. ²¹ And Moses was content to dwell with the man: and he gave Moses Zipporah his daughter. ²² And she bare him a son, and he called his name Gershom: for he said, I have been a stranger in a strange land.

²³ And it came to pass in process of time, that the king of Egypt died: and the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried, and their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage. ²⁴ And God heard their groaning, and God remembered his covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob. ²⁵ And God looked upon the children of Israel, and God had respect unto them.

Exodus Chapter 3

¹ Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father in law, the priest of Midian: and he led the flock to the backside of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. ² And the angel of the LORD appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. ³ And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt. ⁴ And when the LORD saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I. ⁵ And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. ⁶ Moreover he said, I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God.

⁷ And the LORD said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows; ⁸ And I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey; unto the place of the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites. ⁹ Now therefore, behold, the cry of the children of Israel is come unto me: and I have also seen the oppression wherewith the Egyptians oppress them. ¹⁰ Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt.

¹¹ And Moses said unto God, Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt? ¹² And he said, Certainly I will be with thee; and this shall be a token unto thee, that I have sent thee: When thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain. ¹³ And Moses said unto God, Behold, when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them? ¹⁴ And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you. ¹⁵ And God said moreover unto Moses, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, the LORD God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you: this is my name for ever, and this is my memorial unto all generations.

¹⁶ Go, and gather the elders of Israel together, and say unto them, The LORD God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, appeared unto me, saying, I have surely visited you, and seen that which is done to you in Egypt: ¹⁷ And I have said, I will bring you up out of the affliction of Egypt unto the land of the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites, unto a land flowing with milk and honey. ¹⁸ And they shall hearken to thy voice: and thou shalt come, thou and the elders of Israel, unto the king of Egypt, and ye shall say unto him, The LORD God of the Hebrews hath met with us: and now let us go, we beseech thee, three days' journey into the wilderness, that we may sacrifice to the LORD our God.

¹⁹ And I am sure that the king of Egypt will not let you go, no, not by a mighty hand. ²⁰ And I will stretch out my hand, and smite Egypt with all my wonders which I will do in the midst thereof: and after that he will let you go. ²¹ And I will give this people favour in the sight of the Egyptians: and it shall come to pass, that, when ye go, ye shall not go empty. ²² But every woman shall borrow of her neighbour, and of her that sojourneth in her house, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment: and ye shall put them upon your sons, and upon your daughters; and ye shall spoil the Egyptians.

Exodus Chapter 4

¹ And Moses answered and said, But, behold, they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice: for they will say, The LORD hath not appeared unto thee. ² And the LORD said unto him, What is that in thine hand? And he said, A rod. ³ And he said, Cast it on the ground. And he cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent; and Moses fled from before it. ⁴ And the LORD said unto Moses, Put forth thine hand, and take it by the tail. And he put forth his hand, and caught it, and it became a rod in his hand: ⁵ That they may believe that the LORD God of their fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath appeared unto thee.

⁶ And the LORD said furthermore unto him, Put now thine hand into thy bosom. And he put his hand into his bosom: and when he took it out, behold, his hand was leprous as snow. ⁷ And he said, Put thine hand into thy bosom again. And he put his hand into his bosom again; and plucked it out of his bosom, and, behold, it was turned again as his other flesh. ⁸ And it shall come to pass, if they will not believe thee, neither hearken to the voice of the first sign, that they will believe the voice of the latter sign. ⁹ And it shall come to pass, if they will not believe also these two signs, neither hearken unto thy voice, that thou shalt take of the water of the river, and pour it upon the dry land: and the water which thou takest out of the river shall become blood upon the dry land.

¹⁰ And Moses said unto the LORD, O my LORD, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue. ¹¹ And the LORD said unto him, Who hath

made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the LORD? ¹² Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say. ¹³ And he said, O my LORD, send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send. ¹⁴ And the anger of the LORD was kindled against Moses, and he said, Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? I know that he can speak well. And also, behold, he cometh forth to meet thee: and when he seeth thee, he will be glad in his heart. ¹⁵ And thou shalt speak unto him, and put words in his mouth: and I will be with thy mouth, and with his mouth, and will teach you what ye shall do. ¹⁶ And he shall be thy spokesman unto the people: and he shall be, even he shall be to thee instead of a mouth, and thou shalt be to him instead of God. ¹⁷ And thou shalt take this rod in thine hand, wherewith thou shalt do signs.

¹⁸ And Moses went and returned to Jethro his father in law, and said unto him, Let me go, I pray thee, and return unto my brethren which are in Egypt, and see whether they be yet alive. And Jethro said to Moses, Go in peace. ¹⁹ And the LORD said unto Moses in Midian, Go, return into Egypt: for all the men are dead which sought thy life. ²⁰ And Moses took his wife and his sons, and set them upon an ass, and he returned to the land of Egypt: and Moses took the rod of God in his hand. ²¹ And the LORD said unto Moses, When thou goest to return into Egypt, see that thou do all those wonders before Pharaoh, which I have put in thine hand: but I will harden his heart, that he shall not let the people go. ²² And thou shalt say unto Pharaoh, Thus saith the LORD, Israel is my son, even my firstborn: ²³ And I say unto thee, Let my son go, that he may serve me: and if thou refuse to let him go, behold, I will slay thy son, even thy firstborn.

²⁴ And it came to pass by the way in the inn, that the LORD met him, and sought to kill him. ²⁵ Then Zipporah took a sharp stone, and cut off the foreskin of her son, and cast it at his feet, and said, Surely a bloody husband art thou to me. ²⁶ So he let him go: then she said, A bloody husband thou art, because of the circumcision.

²⁷ And the LORD said to Aaron, Go into the wilderness to meet Moses. And he went, and met him in the mount of God, and kissed him. ²⁸ And Moses told Aaron all the words of the LORD who had sent him, and all the signs which he had commanded him.

²⁹ And Moses and Aaron went and gathered together all the elders of the children of Israel: ³⁰ And Aaron spake all the words which the LORD had spoken unto Moses, and did the signs in the sight of the people. ³¹ And the people believed: and when they heard that the LORD had visited the children of Israel, and that he had looked upon their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshipped.

Exodus Chapter 5

¹ And afterward Moses and Aaron went in, and told Pharaoh, Thus saith the LORD God of Israel, Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness. ² And Pharaoh said, Who is the LORD, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the LORD, neither will I let Israel go.

³ And they said, The God of the Hebrews hath met with us: let us go, we pray thee, three days' journey into the desert, and sacrifice unto the LORD our God; lest he fall upon us with pestilence, or with the sword. ⁴ And the king of Egypt said unto them, Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, let the people from their works? get you unto your burdens. ⁵ And Pharaoh said, Behold, the people of the land now are many, and ye make them rest from their burdens. ⁶ And Pharaoh commanded the same day the taskmasters of the people, and their officers, saying, ⁷ Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick, as heretofore: let them go and gather straw for themselves. ⁸ And the tale of the bricks, which they did make heretofore, ye shall lay upon them; ye shall not diminish ought thereof: for they be idle; therefore they cry, saying, Let us go and sacrifice to our God. ⁹ Let there more work be laid upon the men, that they may labour therein; and let them not regard vain words.

¹⁰ And the taskmasters of the people went out, and their officers, and they spake to the people, saying, Thus saith Pharaoh, I will not give you straw. ¹¹ Go ye, get you straw where ye can find it: yet not ought of your work shall be diminished. ¹² So the people were scattered abroad throughout all the land of Egypt to gather stubble instead of straw. ¹³ And the taskmasters hastened them, saying, Fulfil your works, your daily tasks, as when there was straw. ¹⁴ And the officers of the children of Israel, which Pharaoh's taskmasters had set over them, were beaten, and demanded, Wherefore have ye not fulfilled your task in making brick both yesterday and to day, as heretofore?

¹⁵ Then the officers of the children of Israel came and cried unto Pharaoh, saying, Wherefore dealest thou thus with thy servants?

¹⁶ There is no straw given unto thy servants, and they say to us, Make brick: and, behold, thy servants are beaten; but the fault is in thine own people. ¹⁷ But he said, Ye are idle, ye are idle: therefore ye say, Let us go and do sacrifice to the LORD. ¹⁸ Go therefore now, and work; for there shall no straw be given you, yet shall ye deliver the tale of bricks. ¹⁹ And the officers of the children of Israel did see that they were in evil case, after it was said, Ye shall not minish ought from your bricks of your daily task.

²⁰ And they met Moses and Aaron, who stood in the way, as they came forth from Pharaoh: ²¹ And they said unto them, The LORD look upon you, and judge; because ye have made our savour to be abhorred in the eyes of

Pharaoh, and in the eyes of his servants, to put a sword in their hand to slay us. ²² And Moses returned unto the LORD, and said, LORD, wherefore hast thou so evil entreated this people? why is it that thou hast sent me? ²³ For since I came to Pharaoh to speak in thy name, he hath done evil to this people; neither hast thou delivered thy people at all.

Exodus Chapter 6

¹ Then the LORD said unto Moses, Now shalt thou see what I will do to Pharaoh: for with a strong hand shall he let them go, and with a strong hand shall he drive them out of his land. ² And God spake unto Moses, and said unto him, I am the LORD: ³ And I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, by the name of God Almighty, but by my name JEHOVAH was I not known to them. ⁴ And I have also established my covenant with them, to give them the land of Canaan, the land of their pilgrimage, wherein they were strangers. ⁵ And I have also heard the groaning of the children of Israel, whom the Egyptians keep in bondage; and I have remembered my covenant. ⁶ Wherefore say unto the children of Israel, I am the LORD, and I will bring you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians, and I will rid you out of their bondage, and I will redeem you with a stretched out arm, and with great judgments: ⁷ And I will take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God: and ye shall know that I am the LORD your God, which bringeth you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians. ⁸ And I will bring you in unto the land, concerning the which I did swear to give it to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob; and I will give it you for an heritage: I am the LORD.

⁹ And Moses spake so unto the children of Israel: but they hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage.

¹⁰ And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, ¹¹ Go in, speak unto Pharaoh king of Egypt, that he let the children of Israel go out of his land. ¹² And Moses spake before the LORD, saying, Behold, the children of Israel have not hearkened unto me; how then shall Pharaoh hear me, who am of uncircumcised lips? ¹³ And the LORD spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, and gave them a charge unto the children of Israel, and unto Pharaoh king of Egypt, to bring the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt.

¹⁴ These be the heads of their fathers' houses: The sons of Reuben the firstborn of Israel; Hanoch, and Pallu, Hezron, and Carmi: these be the families of Reuben. ¹⁵ And the sons of Simeon; Jemuel, and Jamin, and Ohad, and Jachin, and Zohar, and Shaul the son of a Canaanitish woman: these are the families of Simeon.

¹⁶ And these are the names of the sons of Levi according to their generations; Gershon, and Kohath, and Merari: and the years of the life of Levi were an hundred thirty and seven years. ¹⁷ The sons of Gershon; Libni, and Shimi, according to their families. ¹⁸ And the sons of Kohath; Amram, and Izhar, and Hebron, and Uzziel: and the years of the life of Kohath were an hundred thirty and three years. ¹⁹ And the sons of Merari; Mahali and Mushi: these are the families of Levi according to their generations. ²⁰ And Amram took him Jochebed his father's sister to wife; and she bare him Aaron and Moses: and the years of the life of Amram were an hundred and thirty and seven years.

²¹ And the sons of Izhar; Korah, and Nepheg, and Zichri. ²² And the sons of Uzziel; Mishael, and Elzaphan, and Zithri. ²³ And Aaron took him Elisheba, daughter of Amminadab, sister of Naashon, to wife; and she bare him Nadab, and Abihu, Eleazar, and Ithamar. ²⁴ And the sons of Korah; Assir, and Elkanah, and Abiasaph: these are the families of the Korhites. ²⁵ And Eleazar Aaron's son took him one of the daughters of Putiel to wife; and she bare him Phinehas: these are the heads of the fathers of the Levites according to their families. ²⁶ These are that Aaron and Moses, to whom the LORD said, Bring out the children of Israel from the land of Egypt according to their armies. ²⁷ These are they which spake to Pharaoh king of Egypt, to bring out the children of Israel from Egypt: these are that Moses and Aaron.

²⁸ And it came to pass on the day when the LORD spake unto Moses in the land of Egypt, ²⁹ That the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, I am the LORD: speak thou unto Pharaoh king of Egypt all that I say unto thee. ³⁰ And Moses said before the LORD, Behold, I am of uncircumcised lips, and how shall Pharaoh hearken unto me?

Exodus Chapter 7

¹ And the LORD said unto Moses, See, I have made thee a god to Pharaoh: and Aaron thy brother shall be thy prophet. ² Thou shalt speak all that I command thee: and Aaron thy brother shall speak unto Pharaoh, that he send the children of Israel out of his land. ³ And I will harden Pharaoh's heart, and multiply my signs and my wonders in the land of Egypt. ⁴ But Pharaoh shall not hearken unto you, that I may lay my hand upon Egypt, and bring forth mine armies, and my people the children of Israel, out of the land of Egypt by great judgments. ⁵ And the Egyptians shall know that I am the LORD, when I stretch forth mine hand upon Egypt, and bring out the children of Israel from among them. ⁶ And Moses and Aaron did as the LORD commanded them, so did they. ⁷ And Moses was fourscore years old, and Aaron fourscore and three years old, when they spake unto Pharaoh.

⁸ And the LORD spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, saying, ⁹ When Pharaoh shall speak unto you, saying, Shew

a miracle for you: then thou shalt say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and cast it before Pharaoh, and it shall become a serpent.

¹⁰ And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so as the LORD had commanded: and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh, and before his servants, and it became a serpent. ¹¹ Then Pharaoh also called the wise men and the sorcerers: now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments. ¹² For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods. ¹³ And he hardened Pharaoh's heart, that he hearkened not unto them; as the LORD had said.

¹⁴ And the LORD said unto Moses, Pharaoh's heart is hardened, he refuseth to let the people go. ¹⁵ Get thee unto Pharaoh in the morning; lo, he goeth out unto the water; and thou shalt stand by the river's brink against he come; and the rod which was turned to a serpent shalt thou take in thine hand. ¹⁶ And thou shalt say unto him, The LORD God of the Hebrews hath sent me unto thee, saying, Let my people go, that they may serve me in the wilderness: and, behold, hitherto thou wouldest not hear. ¹⁷ Thus saith the LORD, In this thou shalt know that I am the LORD: behold, I will smite with the rod that is in mine hand upon the waters which are in the river, and they shall be turned to blood. ¹⁸ And the fish that is in the river shall die, and the river shall stink; and the Egyptians shall lothe to drink of the water of the river.

¹⁹ And the LORD spake unto Moses, Say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and stretch out thine hand upon the waters of Egypt, upon their streams, upon their rivers, and upon their ponds, and upon all their pools of water, that they may become blood; and that there may be blood throughout all the land of Egypt, both in vessels of wood, and in vessels of stone. ²⁰ And Moses and Aaron did so, as the LORD commanded; and he lifted up the rod, and smote the waters that were in the river, in the sight of Pharaoh, and in the sight of his servants; and all the waters that were in the river were turned to blood. ²¹ And the fish that was in the river died; and the river stank, and the Egyptians could not drink of the water of the river; and there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt. ²² And the magicians of Egypt did so with their enchantments: and Pharaoh's heart was hardened, neither did he hearken unto them; as the LORD had said. ²³ And Pharaoh turned and went into his house, neither did he set his heart to this also. ²⁴ And all the Egyptians digged round about the river for water to drink; for they could not drink of the water of the river. ²⁵ And seven days were fulfilled, after that the LORD had smitten the river.

Exodus Chapter 8

¹ And the LORD spake unto Moses, Go unto Pharaoh, and say unto him, Thus saith the LORD, Let my people go, that they may serve me. ² And if thou refuse to let them go, behold, I will smite all thy borders with frogs: ³ And the river shall bring forth frogs abundantly, which shall go up and come into thine house, and into thy bedchamber, and upon thy bed, and into the house of thy servants, and upon thy people, and into thine ovens, and into thy kneadingtroughs: ⁴ And the frogs shall come up both on thee, and upon thy people, and upon all thy servants.

⁵ And the LORD spake unto Moses, Say unto Aaron, Stretch forth thine hand with thy rod over the streams, over the rivers, and over the ponds, and cause frogs to come up upon the land of Egypt. ⁶ And Aaron stretched out his hand over the waters of Egypt; and the frogs came up, and covered the land of Egypt. ⁷ And the magicians did so with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt.

⁸ Then Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron, and said, Intreat the LORD, that he may take away the frogs from me, and from my people; and I will let the people go, that they may do sacrifice unto the LORD. ⁹ And Moses said unto Pharaoh, Glory over me: when shall I intreat for thee, and for thy servants, and for thy people, to destroy the frogs from thee and thy houses, that they may remain in the river only? ¹⁰ And he said, To morrow. And he said, Be it according to thy word: that thou mayest know that there is none like unto the LORD our God. ¹¹ And the frogs shall depart from thee, and from thy houses, and from thy servants, and from thy people; they shall remain in the river only. ¹² And Moses and Aaron went out from Pharaoh: and Moses cried unto the LORD because of the frogs which he had brought against Pharaoh. ¹³ And the LORD did according to the word of Moses; and the frogs died out of the houses, out of the villages, and out of the fields. ¹⁴ And they gathered them together upon heaps: and the land stank. ¹⁵ But when Pharaoh saw that there was respite, he hardened his heart, and hearkened not unto them; as the LORD had said.

¹⁶ And the LORD said unto Moses, Say unto Aaron, Stretch out thy rod, and smite the dust of the land, that it may become lice throughout all the land of Egypt. ¹⁷ And they did so; for Aaron stretched out his hand with his rod, and smote the dust of the earth, and it became lice in man, and in beast; all the dust of the land became lice throughout all the land of Egypt. ¹⁸ And the magicians did so with their enchantments to bring forth lice, but they could not: so there were lice upon man, and upon beast. ¹⁹ Then the magicians said unto Pharaoh, This is the finger of God: and Pharaoh's heart was hardened, and he hearkened not unto them; as the LORD had said.

²⁰ And the LORD said unto Moses, Rise up early in the morning, and stand before Pharaoh; lo, he cometh forth to the water; and say unto him, Thus saith the LORD, Let my people go, that they may serve me. ²¹ Else, if thou wilt

not let my people go, behold, I will send swarms of flies upon thee, and upon thy servants, and upon thy people, and into thy houses: and the houses of the Egyptians shall be full of swarms of flies, and also the ground whereon they are. ²² And I will sever in that day the land of Goshen, in which my people dwell, that no swarms of flies shall be there; to the end thou mayest know that I am the LORD in the midst of the earth. ²³ And I will put a division between my people and thy people: to morrow shall this sign be. ²⁴ And the LORD did so; and there came a grievous swarm of flies into the house of Pharaoh, and into his servants' houses, and into all the land of Egypt: the land was corrupted by reason of the swarm of flies.

²⁵ And Pharaoh called for Moses and for Aaron, and said, Go ye, sacrifice to your God in the land. ²⁶ And Moses said, It is not meet so to do; for we shall sacrifice the abomination of the Egyptians to the LORD our God: lo, shall we sacrifice the abomination of the Egyptians before their eyes, and will they not stone us? ²⁷ We will go three days' journey into the wilderness, and sacrifice to the LORD our God, as he shall command us. ²⁸ And Pharaoh said, I will let you go, that ye may sacrifice to the LORD your God in the wilderness; only ye shall not go very far away: intreat for me. ²⁹ And Moses said, Behold, I go out from thee, and I will intreat the LORD that the swarms of flies may depart from Pharaoh, from his servants, and from his people, to morrow: but let not Pharaoh deal deceitfully any more in not letting the people go to sacrifice to the LORD. ³⁰ And Moses went out from Pharaoh, and intreated the LORD. ³¹ And the LORD did according to the word of Moses; and he removed the swarms of flies from Pharaoh, from his servants, and from his people; there remained not one. ³² And Pharaoh hardened his heart at this time also, neither would he let the people go.

Exodus Chapter 9

¹ Then the LORD said unto Moses, Go in unto Pharaoh, and tell him, Thus saith the LORD God of the Hebrews, Let my people go, that they may serve me. ² For if thou refuse to let them go, and wilt hold them still, ³ Behold, the hand of the LORD is upon thy cattle which is in the field, upon the horses, upon the asses, upon the camels, upon the oxen, and upon the sheep: there shall be a very grievous murrain. ⁴ And the LORD shall sever between the cattle of Israel and the cattle of Egypt: and there shall nothing die of all that is the children's of Israel. ⁵ And the LORD appointed a set time, saying, To morrow the LORD shall do this thing in the land. ⁶ And the LORD did that thing on the morrow, and all the cattle of Egypt died: but of the cattle of the children of Israel died not one. ⁷ And Pharaoh sent, and, behold, there was not one of the cattle of the Israelites dead. And the heart of Pharaoh was hardened, and he did not let the people go.

⁸ And the LORD said unto Moses and unto Aaron, Take to you handfuls of ashes of the furnace, and let Moses sprinkle it toward the heaven in the sight of Pharaoh. ⁹ And it shall become small dust in all the land of Egypt, and shall be a boil breaking forth with blains upon man, and upon beast, throughout all the land of Egypt. ¹⁰ And they took ashes of the furnace, and stood before Pharaoh; and Moses sprinkled it up toward heaven; and it became a boil breaking forth with blains upon man, and upon beast. ¹¹ And the magicians could not stand before Moses because of the boils; for the boil was upon the magicians, and upon all the Egyptians. ¹² And the LORD hardened the heart of Pharaoh, and he hearkened not unto them; as the LORD had spoken unto Moses.

¹³ And the LORD said unto Moses, Rise up early in the morning, and stand before Pharaoh, and say unto him, Thus saith the LORD God of the Hebrews, Let my people go, that they may serve me. ¹⁴ For I will at this time send all my plagues upon thine heart, and upon thy servants, and upon thy people; that thou mayest know that there is none like me in all the earth. ¹⁵ For now I will stretch out my hand, that I may smite thee and thy people with pestilence; and thou shalt be cut off from the earth. ¹⁶ And in very deed for this cause have I raised thee up, for to shew in thee my power; and that my name may be declared throughout all the earth. ¹⁷ As yet exaltest thou thyself against my people, that thou wilt not let them go? ¹⁸ Behold, to morrow about this time I will cause it to rain a very grievous hail, such as hath not been in Egypt since the foundation thereof even until now. ¹⁹ Send therefore now, and gather thy cattle, and all that thou hast in the field; for upon every man and beast which shall be found in the field, and shall not be brought home, the hail shall come down upon them, and they shall die. ²⁰ He that feared the word of the LORD among the servants of Pharaoh made his servants and his cattle flee into the houses: ²¹ And he that regarded not the word of the LORD left his servants and his cattle in the field.

²² And the LORD said unto Moses, Stretch forth thine hand toward heaven, that there may be hail in all the land of Egypt, upon man, and upon beast, and upon every herb of the field, throughout the land of Egypt. ²³ And Moses stretched forth his rod toward heaven: and the LORD sent thunder and hail, and the fire ran along upon the ground; and the LORD rained hail upon the land of Egypt. ²⁴ So there was hail, and fire mingled with the hail, very grievous, such as there was none like it in all the land of Egypt since it became a nation. ²⁵ And the hail smote throughout all the land of Egypt all that was in the field, both man and beast; and the hail smote every herb of the field, and brake every tree of the field. ²⁶ Only in the land of Goshen, where the children of Israel were, was there no hail.

²⁷ And Pharaoh sent, and called for Moses and Aaron, and said unto them, I have sinned this time: the LORD is righteous, and I and my people are wicked. ²⁸ Intreat the LORD (for it is enough) that there be no more mighty thunderings and hail; and I will let you go, and ye shall stay no longer. ²⁹ And Moses said unto him, As soon as I am gone out of the city, I will spread abroad my hands unto the LORD; and the thunder shall cease, neither shall there be any more hail; that thou mayest know how that the earth is the LORD's. ³⁰ But as for thee and thy servants, I know that ye will not yet fear the LORD God. ³¹ And the flax and the barley was smitten: for the barley was in the ear, and the flax was balled. ³² But the wheat and the rie were not smitten: for they were not grown up. ³³ And Moses went out of the city from Pharaoh, and spread abroad his hands unto the LORD: and the thunders and hail ceased, and the rain was not poured upon the earth. ³⁴ And when Pharaoh saw that the rain and the hail and the thunders were ceased, he sinned yet more, and hardened his heart, he and his servants. ³⁵ And the heart of Pharaoh was hardened, neither would he let the children of Israel go; as the LORD had spoken by Moses.

Exodus Chapter 10

¹ And the LORD said unto Moses, Go in unto Pharaoh: for I have hardened his heart, and the heart of his servants, that I might shew these my signs before him: ² And that thou mayest tell in the ears of thy son, and of thy son's son, what things I have wrought in Egypt, and my signs which I have done among them; that ye may know how that I am the LORD. ³ And Moses and Aaron came in unto Pharaoh, and said unto him, Thus saith the LORD God of the Hebrews, How long wilt thou refuse to humble thyself before me? let my people go, that they may serve me. ⁴ Else, if thou refuse to let my people go, behold, to morrow will I bring the locusts into thy coast: ⁵ And they shall cover the face of the earth, that one cannot be able to see the earth: and they shall eat the residue of that which is escaped, which remaineth unto you from the hail, and shall eat every tree which groweth for you out of the field: ⁶ And they shall fill thy houses, and the houses of all thy servants, and the houses of all the Egyptians; which neither thy fathers, nor thy fathers' fathers have seen, since the day that they were upon the earth unto this day. And he turned himself, and went out from Pharaoh. ⁷ And Pharaoh's servants said unto him, How long shall this man be a snare unto us? let the men go, that they may serve the LORD their God: knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed? ⁸ And Moses and Aaron were brought again unto Pharaoh: and he said unto them, Go, serve the LORD your God: but who are they that shall go? ⁹ And Moses said, We will go with our young and with our old, with our sons and with our daughters, with our flocks and with our herds will we go; for we must hold a feast unto the LORD. ¹⁰ And he said unto them, Let the LORD be so with you, as I will let you go, and your little ones: look to it; for evil is before you. ¹¹ Not so: go now ye that are men, and serve the LORD; for that ye did desire. And they were driven out from Pharaoh's presence.

¹² And the LORD said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the land of Egypt for the locusts, that they may come up upon the land of Egypt, and eat every herb of the land, even all that the hail hath left. ¹³ And Moses stretched forth his rod over the land of Egypt, and the LORD brought an east wind upon the land all that day, and all that night; and when it was morning, the east wind brought the locusts. ¹⁴ And the locust went up over all the land of Egypt, and rested in all the coasts of Egypt: very grievous were they; before them there were no such locusts as they, neither after them shall be such. ¹⁵ For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left: and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field, through all the land of Egypt.

¹⁶ Then Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron in haste; and he said, I have sinned against the LORD your God, and against you. ¹⁷ Now therefore forgive, I pray thee, my sin only this once, and intreat the LORD your God, that he may take away from me this death only. ¹⁸ And he went out from Pharaoh, and intreated the LORD. ¹⁹ And the LORD turned a mighty strong west wind, which took away the locusts, and cast them into the Red sea; there remained not one locust in all the coasts of Egypt. ²⁰ But the LORD hardened Pharaoh's heart, so that he would not let the children of Israel go.

²¹ And the LORD said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand toward heaven, that there may be darkness over the land of Egypt, even darkness which may be felt. ²² And Moses stretched forth his hand toward heaven; and there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days: ²³ They saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days: but all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings.

²⁴ And Pharaoh called unto Moses, and said, Go ye, serve the LORD; only let your flocks and your herds be stayed: let your little ones also go with you. ²⁵ And Moses said, Thou must give us also sacrifices and burnt offerings, that we may sacrifice unto the LORD our God. ²⁶ Our cattle also shall go with us; there shall not an hoof be left behind; for thereof must we take to serve the LORD our God; and we know not with what we must serve the LORD, until we come thither.

²⁷ But the LORD hardened Pharaoh's heart, and he would not let them go. ²⁸ And Pharaoh said unto him, Get thee from me, take heed to thyself, see my face no more; for in that day thou seest my face thou shalt die. ²⁹ And

Moses said, Thou hast spoken well, I will see thy face again no more.

Exodus Chapter 11

¹ And the LORD said unto Moses, Yet will I bring one plague more upon Pharaoh, and upon Egypt; afterwards he will let you go hence: when he shall let you go, he shall surely thrust you out hence altogether. ² Speak now in the ears of the people, and let every man borrow of his neighbour, and every woman of her neighbour, jewels of silver and jewels of gold. ³ And the LORD gave the people favour in the sight of the Egyptians. Moreover the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt, in the sight of Pharaoh's servants, and in the sight of the people.

⁴ And Moses said, Thus saith the LORD, About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt: ⁵ And all the firstborn in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the firstborn of the maidservant that is behind the mill; and all the firstborn of beasts. ⁶ And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt, such as there was none like it, nor shall be like it any more. ⁷ But against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue, against man or beast: that ye may know how that the LORD doth put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel. ⁸ And all these thy servants shall come down unto me, and bow down themselves unto me, saying, Get thee out, and all the people that follow thee: and after that I will go out. And he went out from Pharaoh in a great anger. ⁹ And the LORD said unto Moses, Pharaoh shall not hearken unto you; that my wonders may be multiplied in the land of Egypt. ¹⁰ And Moses and Aaron did all these wonders before Pharaoh: and the LORD hardened Pharaoh's heart, so that he would not let the children of Israel go out of his land.

Exodus Chapter 12

¹ And the LORD spake unto Moses and Aaron in the land of Egypt saying,

² This month shall be unto you the beginning of months: it shall be the first month of the year to you.

³ Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel, saying, In the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for an house: ⁴ And if the household be too little for the lamb, let him and his neighbour next unto his house take it according to the number of the souls; every man according to his eating shall make your count for the lamb. ⁵ Your lamb shall be without blemish, a male of the first year: ye shall take it out from the sheep, or from the goats: ⁶ And ye shall keep it up until the fourteenth day of the same month: and the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening. ⁷ And they shall take of the blood, and strike it on the two side posts and on the upper door post of the houses, wherein they shall eat it. ⁸ And they shall eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire, and unleavened bread; and with bitter herbs they shall eat it. ⁹ Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire; his head with his legs, and with the purtenance thereof. ¹⁰ And ye shall let nothing of it remain until the morning; and that which remaineth of it until the morning ye shall burn with fire.

¹¹ And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste: it is the LORD's passover. ¹² For I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, both man and beast; and against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgment: I am the LORD. ¹³ And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt. ¹⁴ And this day shall be unto you for a memorial; and ye shall keep it a feast to the LORD throughout your generations; ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance for ever. ¹⁵ Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses: for whosoever eateth leavened bread from the first day until the seventh day, that soul shall be cut off from Israel. ¹⁶ And in the first day there shall be an holy convocation, and in the seventh day there shall be an holy convocation to you; no manner of work shall be done in them, save that which every man must eat, that only may be done of you. ¹⁷ And ye shall observe the feast of unleavened bread; for in this selfsame day have I brought your armies out of the land of Egypt: therefore shall ye observe this day in your generations by an ordinance for ever.

¹⁸ In the first month, on the fourteenth day of the month at even, ye shall eat unleavened bread, until the one and twentieth day of the month at even. ¹⁹ Seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses: for whosoever eateth that which is leavened, even that soul shall be cut off from the congregation of Israel, whether he be a stranger, or born in the land. ²⁰ Ye shall eat nothing leavened; in all your habitations shall ye eat unleavened bread.

²¹ Then Moses called for all the elders of Israel, and said unto them, Draw out and take you a lamb according to your families, and kill the passover. ²² And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the bason, and strike the lintel and the two side posts with the blood that is in the bason; and none of you shall go out at the door of his house until the morning. ²³ For the LORD will pass through to smite the Egyptians; and when he seeth the blood upon the lintel, and on the two side posts, the LORD will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you. ²⁴ And ye shall observe this thing for an ordinance to thee

and to thy sons for ever. ²⁵ And it shall come to pass, when ye be come to the land which the LORD will give you, according as he hath promised, that ye shall keep this service. ²⁶ And it shall come to pass, when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service? ²⁷ That ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the LORD's passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when he smote the Egyptians, and delivered our houses. And the people bowed the head and worshipped. ²⁸ And the children of Israel went away, and did as the LORD had commanded Moses and Aaron, so did they.

²⁹ And it came to pass, that at midnight the LORD smote all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the firstborn of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the firstborn of cattle. ³⁰ And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he, and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead.

³¹ And he called for Moses and Aaron by night, and said, Rise up, and get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel; and go, serve the LORD, as ye have said. ³² Also take your flocks and your herds, as ye have said, and be gone; and bless me also. ³³ And the Egyptians were urgent upon the people, that they might send them out of the land in haste; for they said, We be all dead men. ³⁴ And the people took their dough before it was leavened, their kneadingtroughs being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders. ³⁵ And the children of Israel did according to the word of Moses; and they borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment: ³⁶ And the LORD gave the people favour in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they lent unto them such things as they required. And they spoiled the Egyptians.

³⁷ And the children of Israel journeyed from Rameses to Succoth, about six hundred thousand on foot that were men, beside children. ³⁸ And a mixed multitude went up also with them; and flocks, and herds, even very much cattle. ³⁹ And they baked unleavened cakes of the dough which they brought forth out of Egypt, for it was not leavened; because they were thrust out of Egypt, and could not tarry, neither had they prepared for themselves any victual.

⁴⁰ Now the sojourning of the children of Israel, who dwelt in Egypt, was four hundred and thirty years. ⁴¹ And it came to pass at the end of the four hundred and thirty years, even the selfsame day it came to pass, that all the hosts of the LORD went out from the land of Egypt. ⁴² It is a night to be much observed unto the LORD for bringing them out from the land of Egypt: this is that night of the LORD to be observed of all the children of Israel in their generations.

⁴³ And the LORD said unto Moses and Aaron, This is the ordinance of the passover: There shall no stranger eat thereof: ⁴⁴ But every man's servant that is bought for money, when thou hast circumcised him, then shall he eat thereof. ⁴⁵ A foreigner and an hired servant shall not eat thereof. ⁴⁶ In one house shall it be eaten; thou shalt not carry forth ought of the flesh abroad out of the house; neither shall ye break a bone thereof. ⁴⁷ All the congregation of Israel shall keep it. ⁴⁸ And when a stranger shall sojourn with thee, and will keep the passover to the LORD, let all his males be circumcised, and then let him come near and keep it; and he shall be as one that is born in the land: for no uncircumcised person shall eat thereof. ⁴⁹ One law shall be to him that is homeborn, and unto the stranger that sojourneth among you. ⁵⁰ Thus did all the children of Israel; as the LORD commanded Moses and Aaron, so did they. ⁵¹ And it came to pass the selfsame day, that the LORD did bring the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt by their armies.

Exodus Chapter 13

¹ And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, ² Sanctify unto me all the firstborn, whatsoever openeth the womb among the children of Israel, both of man and of beast: it is mine.

³ And Moses said unto the people, Remember this day, in which ye came out from Egypt, out of the house of bondage; for by strength of hand the LORD brought you out from this place: there shall no leavened bread be eaten. ⁴ This day came ye out in the month Abib.

⁵ And it shall be when the LORD shall bring thee into the land of the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites, which he sware unto thy fathers to give thee, a land flowing with milk and honey, that thou shalt keep this service in this month. ⁶ Seven days thou shalt eat unleavened bread, and in the seventh day shall be a feast to the LORD. ⁷ Unleavened bread shall be eaten seven days; and there shall no leavened bread be seen with thee, neither shall there be leaven seen with thee in all thy quarters.

⁸ And thou shalt shew thy son in that day, saying, This is done because of that which the LORD did unto me when I came forth out of Egypt. ⁹ And it shall be for a sign unto thee upon thine hand, and for a memorial between thine eyes, that the LORD's law may be in thy mouth: for with a strong hand hath the LORD brought thee out of Egypt. ¹⁰ Thou shalt therefore keep this ordinance in his season from year to year.

¹¹ And it shall be when the LORD shall bring thee into the land of the Canaanites, as he sware unto thee and to thy fathers, and shall give it thee, ¹² That thou shalt set apart unto the LORD all that openeth the matrix, and every firstling that cometh of a beast which thou hast; the males shall be the LORD's. ¹³ And every firstling of an ass thou

shalt redeem with a lamb; and if thou wilt not redeem it, then thou shalt break his neck: and all the firstborn of man among thy children shalt thou redeem.

¹⁴ And it shall be when thy son asketh thee in time to come, saying, What is this? that thou shalt say unto him, By strength of hand the LORD brought us out from Egypt, from the house of bondage: ¹⁵ And it came to pass, when Pharaoh would hardly let us go, that the LORD slew all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, both the firstborn of man, and the firstborn of beast: therefore I sacrifice to the LORD all that openeth the matrix, being males; but all the firstborn of my children I redeem. ¹⁶ And it shall be for a token upon thine hand, and for frontlets between thine eyes: for by strength of hand the LORD brought us forth out of Egypt.

¹⁷ And it came to pass, when Pharaoh had let the people go, that God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near; for God said, Lest peradventure the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt: ¹⁸ But God led the people about, through the way of the wilderness of the Red sea: and the children of Israel went up harnessed out of the land of Egypt. ¹⁹ And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him: for he had straitly sworn the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you; and ye shall carry up my bones away hence with you.

²⁰ And they took their journey from Succoth, and encamped in Etham, in the edge of the wilderness. ²¹ And the LORD went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night: ²² He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people.

Exodus Chapter 14

¹ And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, ² Speak unto the children of Israel, that they turn and encamp before Pihahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baalzephon: before it shall ye encamp by the sea. ³ For Pharaoh will say of the children of Israel, They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in. ⁴ And I will harden Pharaoh's heart, that he shall follow after them; and I will be honoured upon Pharaoh, and upon all his host; that the Egyptians may know that I am the LORD. And they did so.

⁵ And it was told the king of Egypt that the people fled: and the heart of Pharaoh and of his servants was turned against the people, and they said, Why have we done this, that we have let Israel go from serving us? ⁶ And he made ready his chariot, and took his people with him: ⁷ And he took six hundred chosen chariots, and all the chariots of Egypt, and captains over every one of them. ⁸ And the LORD hardened the heart of Pharaoh king of Egypt, and he pursued after the children of Israel: and the children of Israel went out with an high hand. ⁹ But the Egyptians pursued after them, all the horses and chariots of Pharaoh, and his horsemen, and his army, and overtook them encamping by the sea, beside Pihahiroth, before Baalzephon.

¹⁰ And when Pharaoh drew nigh, the children of Israel lifted up their eyes, and, behold, the Egyptians marched after them; and they were sore afraid: and the children of Israel cried out unto the LORD. ¹¹ And they said unto Moses, Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness? wherefore hast thou dealt thus with us, to carry us forth out of Egypt? ¹² Is not this the word that we did tell thee in Egypt, saying, Let us alone, that we may serve the Egyptians? For it had been better for us to serve the Egyptians, than that we should die in the wilderness.

¹³ And Moses said unto the people, Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever. ¹⁴ The LORD shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.

¹⁵ And the LORD said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward: ¹⁶ But lift thou up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea, and divide it: and the children of Israel shall go on dry ground through the midst of the sea. ¹⁷ And I, behold, I will harden the hearts of the Egyptians, and they shall follow them: and I will get me honour upon Pharaoh, and upon all his host, upon his chariots, and upon his horsemen. ¹⁸ And the Egyptians shall know that I am the LORD, when I have gotten me honour upon Pharaoh, upon his chariots, and upon his horsemen.

¹⁹ And the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them: ²⁰ And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these: so that the one came not near the other all the night.

²¹ And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the LORD caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided. ²² And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground: and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.

²³ And the Egyptians pursued, and went in after them to the midst of the sea, even all Pharaoh's horses, his

chariots, and his horsemen. ²⁴ And it came to pass, that in the morning watch the LORD looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians, ²⁵ And took off their chariot wheels, that they drave them heavily: so that the Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel; for the LORD fighteth for them against the Egyptians.

²⁶ And the LORD said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen. ²⁷ And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the LORD overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea. ²⁸ And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them; there remained not so much as one of them. ²⁹ But the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left. ³⁰ Thus the LORD saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore. ³¹ And Israel saw that great work which the LORD did upon the Egyptians: and the people feared the LORD, and believed the LORD, and his servant Moses.

Exodus Chapter 15

¹ Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the LORD, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the LORD, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. ² The LORD is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation: he is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt him. ³ The LORD is a man of war: the LORD is his name. ⁴ Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea: his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red sea. ⁵ The depths have covered them: they sank into the bottom as a stone. ⁶ Thy right hand, O LORD, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O LORD, hath dashed in pieces the enemy. ⁷ And in the greatness of thine excellency thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee: thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble. ⁸ And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea. ⁹ The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them. ¹⁰ Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them: they sank as lead in the mighty waters. ¹¹ Who is like unto thee, O LORD, among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? ¹² Thou stretchedst out thy right hand, the earth swallowed them. ¹³ Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people which thou hast redeemed: thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation. ¹⁴ The people shall hear, and be afraid: sorrow shall take hold on the inhabitants of Palestina. ¹⁵ Then the dukes of Edom shall be amazed; the mighty men of Moab, trembling shall take hold upon them; all the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away. ¹⁶ Fear and dread shall fall upon them; by the greatness of thine arm they shall be as still as a stone; till thy people pass over, O LORD, till the people pass over, which thou hast purchased. ¹⁷ Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O LORD, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in, in the Sanctuary, O LORD, which thy hands have established. ¹⁸ The LORD shall reign for ever and ever. ¹⁹ For the horse of Pharaoh went in with his chariots and with his horsemen into the sea, and the LORD brought again the waters of the sea upon them; but the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea.

²⁰ And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. ²¹ And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the LORD, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

²² So Moses brought Israel from the Red sea, and they went out into the wilderness of Shur; and they went three days in the wilderness, and found no water.

²³ And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter: therefore the name of it was called Marah. ²⁴ And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink? ²⁵ And he cried unto the LORD; and the LORD shewed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet: there he made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there he proved them, ²⁶ And said, If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the LORD thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight, and wilt give ear to his commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians: for I am the LORD that healeth thee.

²⁷ And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees: and they encamped there by the waters.

Exodus Chapter 16

¹ And they took their journey from Elim, and all the congregation of the children of Israel came unto the wilderness of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai, on the fifteenth day of the second month after their departing out of the land of Egypt. ² And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in

the wilderness: ³ And the children of Israel said unto them, Would to God we had died by the hand of the LORD in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger.

⁴ Then said the LORD unto Moses, Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law, or no. ⁵ And it shall come to pass, that on the sixth day they shall prepare that which they bring in; and it shall be twice as much as they gather daily. ⁶ And Moses and Aaron said unto all the children of Israel, At even, then ye shall know that the LORD hath brought you out from the land of Egypt: ⁷ And in the morning, then ye shall see the glory of the LORD; for that he heareth your murmurings against the LORD: and what are we, that ye murmur against us? ⁸ And Moses said, This shall be, when the LORD shall give you in the evening flesh to eat, and in the morning bread to the full; for that the LORD heareth your murmurings which ye murmur against him: and what are we? your murmurings are not against us, but against the LORD.

⁹ And Moses spake unto Aaron, Say unto all the congregation of the children of Israel, Come near before the LORD: for he hath heard your murmurings. ¹⁰ And it came to pass, as Aaron spake unto the whole congregation of the children of Israel, that they looked toward the wilderness, and, behold, the glory of the LORD appeared in the cloud.

¹¹ And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, ¹² I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel: speak unto them, saying, At even ye shall eat flesh, and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread; and ye shall know that I am the LORD your God.

¹³ And it came to pass, that at even the quails came up, and covered the camp: and in the morning the dew lay round about the host. ¹⁴ And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground. ¹⁵ And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, It is manna: for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the LORD hath given you to eat.

¹⁶ This is the thing which the LORD hath commanded, Gather of it every man according to his eating, an omer for every man, according to the number of your persons; take ye every man for them which are in his tents. ¹⁷ And the children of Israel did so, and gathered, some more, some less. ¹⁸ And when they did mete it with an omer, he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack; they gathered every man according to his eating. ¹⁹ And Moses said, Let no man leave of it till the morning. ²⁰ Notwithstanding they hearkened not unto Moses; but some of them left of it until the morning, and it bred worms, and stank: and Moses was wroth with them. ²¹ And they gathered it every morning, every man according to his eating: and when the sun waxed hot, it melted.

²² And it came to pass, that on the sixth day they gathered twice as much bread, two omers for one man: and all the rulers of the congregation came and told Moses. ²³ And he said unto them, This is that which the LORD hath said, To morrow is the rest of the holy sabbath unto the LORD: bake that which ye will bake to day, and seethe that ye will seethe; and that which remaineth over lay up for you to be kept until the morning. ²⁴ And they laid it up till the morning, as Moses bade: and it did not stink, neither was there any worm therein. ²⁵ And Moses said, Eat that to day; for to day is a sabbath unto the LORD: to day ye shall not find it in the field. ²⁶ Six days ye shall gather it; but on the seventh day, which is the sabbath, in it there shall be none.

²⁷ And it came to pass, that there went out some of the people on the seventh day for to gather, and they found none. ²⁸ And the LORD said unto Moses, How long refuse ye to keep my commandments and my laws? ²⁹ See, for that the LORD hath given you the sabbath, therefore he giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days; abide ye every man in his place, let no man go out of his place on the seventh day. ³⁰ So the people rested on the seventh day. ³¹ And the house of Israel called the name thereof Manna: and it was like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey.

³² And Moses said, This is the thing which the LORD commandeth, Fill an omer of it to be kept for your generations; that they may see the bread wherewith I have fed you in the wilderness, when I brought you forth from the land of Egypt. ³³ And Moses said unto Aaron, Take a pot, and put an omer full of manna therein, and lay it up before the LORD, to be kept for your generations. ³⁴ As the LORD commanded Moses, so Aaron laid it up before the Testimony, to be kept. ³⁵ And the children of Israel did eat manna forty years, until they came to a land inhabited; they did eat manna, until they came unto the borders of the land of Canaan. ³⁶ Now an omer is the tenth part of an ephah.

Exodus Chapter 17

¹ And all the congregation of the children of Israel journeyed from the wilderness of Sin, after their journeys, according to the commandment of the LORD, and pitched in Rephidim: and there was no water for the people to

drink. ² Wherefore the people did chide with Moses, and said, Give us water that we may drink. And Moses said unto them, Why chide ye with me? wherefore do ye tempt the LORD? ³ And the people thirsted there for water; and the people murmured against Moses, and said, Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt, to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst? ⁴ And Moses cried unto the LORD, saying, What shall I do unto this people? they be almost ready to stone me. ⁵ And the LORD said unto Moses, Go on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thine hand, and go. ⁶ Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel. ⁷ And he called the name of the place Massah, and Meribah, because of the chiding of the children of Israel, and because they tempted the LORD, saying, Is the LORD among us, or not?

⁸ Then came Amalek, and fought with Israel in Rephidim. ⁹ And Moses said unto Joshua, Choose us out men, and go out, fight with Amalek: to morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in mine hand. ¹⁰ So Joshua did as Moses had said to him, and fought with Amalek: and Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the hill. ¹¹ And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. ¹² But Moses hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. ¹³ And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword. ¹⁴ And the LORD said unto Moses, Write this for a memorial in a book, and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua: for I will utterly put out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven. ¹⁵ And Moses built an altar, and called the name of it Jehovahnissi: ¹⁶ For he said, Because the LORD hath sworn that the LORD will have war with Amalek from generation to generation.

Exodus Chapter 18

¹ When Jethro, the priest of Midian, Moses' father in law, heard of all that God had done for Moses, and for Israel his people, and that the LORD had brought Israel out of Egypt; ² Then Jethro, Moses' father in law, took Zipporah, Moses' wife, after he had sent her back, ³ And her two sons; of which the name of the one was Gershom; for he said, I have been an alien in a strange land: ⁴ And the name of the other was Eliezer; for the God of my father, said he, was mine help, and delivered me from the sword of Pharaoh: ⁵ And Jethro, Moses' father in law, came with his sons and his wife unto Moses into the wilderness, where he encamped at the mount of God: ⁶ And he said unto Moses, I thy father in law Jethro am come unto thee, and thy wife, and her two sons with her.

⁷ And Moses went out to meet his father in law, and did obeisance, and kissed him; and they asked each other of their welfare; and they came into the tent. ⁸ And Moses told his father in law all that the LORD had done unto Pharaoh and to the Egyptians for Israel's sake, and all the travail that had come upon them by the way, and how the LORD delivered them. ⁹ And Jethro rejoiced for all the goodness which the LORD had done to Israel, whom he had delivered out of the hand of the Egyptians. ¹⁰ And Jethro said, Blessed be the LORD, who hath delivered you out of the hand of the Egyptians, and out of the hand of Pharaoh, who hath delivered the people from under the hand of the Egyptians. ¹¹ Now I know that the LORD is greater than all gods: for in the thing wherein they dealt proudly he was above them. ¹² And Jethro, Moses' father in law, took a burnt offering and sacrifices for God: and Aaron came, and all the elders of Israel, to eat bread with Moses' father in law before God.

¹³ And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses sat to judge the people: and the people stood by Moses from the morning unto the evening. ¹⁴ And when Moses' father in law saw all that he did to the people, he said, What is this thing that thou doest to the people? why sittest thou thyself alone, and all the people stand by thee from morning unto even? ¹⁵ And Moses said unto his father in law, Because the people come unto me to enquire of God: ¹⁶ When they have a matter, they come unto me; and I judge between one and another, and I do make them know the statutes of God, and his laws. ¹⁷ And Moses' father in law said unto him, The thing that thou doest is not good. ¹⁸ Thou wilt surely wear away, both thou, and this people that is with thee: for this thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone. ¹⁹ Hearken now unto my voice, I will give thee counsel, and God shall be with thee: Be thou for the people to God-ward, that thou mayest bring the causes unto God: ²⁰ And thou shalt teach them ordinances and laws, and shalt shew them the way wherein they must walk, and the work that they must do. ²¹ Moreover thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness; and place such over them, to be rulers of thousands, and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens: ²² And let them judge the people at all seasons: and it shall be, that every great matter they shall bring unto thee, but every small matter they shall judge: so shall it be easier for thyself, and they shall bear the burden with thee. ²³ If thou shalt do this thing, and God command thee so, then thou shalt be able to endure, and all this people shall also go to their place in peace. ²⁴ So Moses hearkened to the voice of his father in law, and did all that he had said. ²⁵ And Moses chose able men out of all Israel, and made them heads over the people, rulers of thousands, rulers of hun-

dreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens. ²⁶ And they judged the people at all seasons: the hard causes they brought unto Moses, but every small matter they judged themselves.

²⁷ And Moses let his father in law depart; and he went his way into his own land.

Exodus Chapter 19

¹ In the third month, when the children of Israel were gone forth out of the land of Egypt, the same day came they into the wilderness of Sinai. ² For they were departed from Rephidim, and were come to the desert of Sinai, and had pitched in the wilderness; and there Israel camped before the mount. ³ And Moses went up unto God, and the LORD called unto him out of the mountain, saying, Thus shalt thou say to the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel; ⁴ Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself. ⁵ Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people: for all the earth is mine: ⁶ And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation. These are the words which thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel.

⁷ And Moses came and called for the elders of the people, and laid before their faces all these words which the LORD commanded him. ⁸ And all the people answered together, and said, All that the LORD hath spoken we will do. And Moses returned the words of the people unto the LORD.

⁹ And the LORD said unto Moses, Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud, that the people may hear when I speak with thee, and believe thee for ever. And Moses told the words of the people unto the LORD.

¹⁰ And the LORD said unto Moses, Go unto the people, and sanctify them to day and to morrow, and let them wash their clothes, ¹¹ And be ready against the third day: for the third day the LORD will come down in the sight of all the people upon mount Sinai. ¹² And thou shalt set bounds unto the people round about, saying, Take heed to yourselves, that ye go not up into the mount, or touch the border of it: whosoever toucheth the mount shall be surely put to death: ¹³ There shall not an hand touch it, but he shall surely be stoned, or shot through; whether it be beast or man, it shall not live: when the trumpet soundeth long, they shall come up to the mount.

¹⁴ And Moses went down from the mount unto the people, and sanctified the people; and they washed their clothes. ¹⁵ And he said unto the people, Be ready against the third day: come not at your wives.

¹⁶ And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled. ¹⁷ And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount. ¹⁸ And mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the LORD descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. ¹⁹ And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice. ²⁰ And the LORD came down upon mount Sinai, on the top of the mount: and the LORD called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up. ²¹ And the LORD said unto Moses, Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto the LORD to gaze, and many of them perish. ²² And let the priests also, which come near to the LORD, sanctify themselves, lest the LORD break forth upon them. ²³ And Moses said unto the LORD, The people cannot come up to mount Sinai: for thou chargedst us, saying, Set bounds about the mount, and sanctify it. ²⁴ And the LORD said unto him, Away, get thee down, and thou shalt come up, thou, and Aaron with thee: but let not the priests and the people break through to come up unto the LORD, lest he break forth upon them. ²⁵ So Moses went down unto the people, and spake unto them.

Exodus Chapter 20

¹ And God spake all these words, saying, ² I am the LORD thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. ³ Thou shalt have no other gods before me. ⁴ Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. ⁵ Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; ⁶ And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments. ⁷ Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain; for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. ⁸ Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. ⁹ Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: ¹⁰ But the seventh day is the sabbath of the LORD thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: ¹¹ For in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

¹² Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee. ¹³ Thou shalt not kill. ¹⁴ Thou shalt not commit adultery. ¹⁵ Thou shalt not steal. ¹⁶ Thou shalt not bear false wit-

ness against thy neighbour. ¹⁷ Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

¹⁸ And all the people saw the thunders, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off. ¹⁹ And they said unto Moses, Speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, lest we die. ²⁰ And Moses said unto the people, Fear not: for God is come to prove you, and that his fear may be before your faces, that ye sin not. ²¹ And the people stood afar off, and Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.

²² And the LORD said unto Moses, Thus thou shalt say unto the children of Israel, Ye have seen that I have talked with you from heaven. ²³ Ye shall not make with me gods of silver, neither shall ye make unto you gods of gold.

²⁴ An altar of earth thou shalt make unto me, and shalt sacrifice thereon thy burnt offerings, and thy peace offerings, thy sheep, and thine oxen: in all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee. ²⁵ And if thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone: for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it. ²⁶ Neither shalt thou go up by steps unto mine altar, that thy nakedness be not discovered thereon.

Exodus Chapter 21

¹ Now these are the judgments which thou shalt set before them. ² If thou buy an Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve: and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. ³ If he came in by himself, he shall go out by himself: if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. ⁴ If his master have given him a wife, and she have born him sons or daughters; the wife and her children shall be her master's, and he shall go out by himself. ⁵ And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children; I will not go out free: ⁶ Then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the door post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an aul; and he shall serve him for ever.

⁷ And if a man sell his daughter to be a maidservant, she shall not go out as the menservants do. ⁸ If she please not her master, who hath betrothed her to himself, then shall he let her be redeemed: to sell her unto a strange nation he shall have no power, seeing he hath dealt deceitfully with her. ⁹ And if he have betrothed her unto his son, he shall deal with her after the manner of daughters. ¹⁰ If he take him another wife; her food, her raiment, and her duty of marriage, shall he not diminish. ¹¹ And if he do not these three unto her, then shall she go out free without money.

¹² He that smiteth a man, so that he die, shall be surely put to death. ¹³ And if a man lie not in wait, but God deliver him into his hand; then I will appoint thee a place whither he shall flee. ¹⁴ But if a man come presumptuously upon his neighbour, to slay him with guile; thou shalt take him from mine altar, that he may die.

¹⁵ And he that smiteth his father, or his mother, shall be surely put to death.

¹⁶ And he that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death.

¹⁷ And he that curseth his father, or his mother, shall surely be put to death.

¹⁸ And if men strive together, and one smite another with a stone, or with his fist, and he die not, but keepeth his bed: ¹⁹ If he rise again, and walk abroad upon his staff, then shall he that smote him be quit: only he shall pay for the loss of his time, and shall cause him to be thoroughly healed.

²⁰ And if a man smite his servant, or his maid, with a rod, and he die under his hand; he shall be surely punished. ²¹ Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished: for he is his money.

²² If men strive, and hurt a woman with child, so that her fruit depart from her, and yet no mischief follow: he shall be surely punished, according as the woman's husband will lay upon him; and he shall pay as the judges determine. ²³ And if any mischief follow, then thou shalt give life for life, ²⁴ Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, ²⁵ Burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe.

²⁶ And if a man smite the eye of his servant, or the eye of his maid, that it perish; he shall let him go free for his eye's sake. ²⁷ And if he smite out his manservant's tooth, or his maidservant's tooth; he shall let him go free for his tooth's sake.

²⁸ If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die: then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. ²⁹ But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death. ³⁰ If there be laid on him a sum of money, then he shall give for the ransom of his life whatsoever is laid upon him. ³¹ Whether he have gored a son, or have gored a daughter, according to this judgment shall it be done unto him. ³² If the ox shall push a manservant or a maidservant; he shall give unto their master thirty shekels of silver, and the ox shall be stoned.

³³ And if a man shall open a pit, or if a man shall dig a pit, and not cover it, and an ox or an ass fall therein;

³⁴ The owner of the pit shall make it good, and give money unto the owner of them; and the dead beast shall be his.

³⁵ And if one man's ox hurt another's, that he die; then they shall sell the live ox, and divide the money of it; and the dead ox also they shall divide. ³⁶ Or if it be known that the ox hath used to push in time past, and his owner hath not kept him in; he shall surely pay ox for ox; and the dead shall be his own.

Exodus Chapter 22

¹ If a man shall steal an ox, or a sheep, and kill it, or sell it; he shall restore five oxen for an ox, and four sheep for a sheep.

² If a thief be found breaking up, and be smitten that he die, there shall no blood be shed for him. ³ If the sun be risen upon him, there shall be blood shed for him; for he should make full restitution; if he have nothing, then he shall be sold for his theft. ⁴ If the theft be certainly found in his hand alive, whether it be ox, or ass, or sheep; he shall restore double.

⁵ If a man shall cause a field or vineyard to be eaten, and shall put in his beast, and shall feed in another man's field; of the best of his own field, and of the best of his own vineyard, shall he make restitution.

⁶ If fire break out, and catch in thorns, so that the stacks of corn, or the standing corn, or the field, be consumed therewith; he that kindled the fire shall surely make restitution.

⁷ If a man shall deliver unto his neighbour money or stuff to keep, and it be stolen out of the man's house; if the thief be found, let him pay double. ⁸ If the thief be not found, then the master of the house shall be brought unto the judges, to see whether he have put his hand unto his neighbour's goods. ⁹ For all manner of trespass, whether it be for ox, for ass, for sheep, for raiment, or for any manner of lost thing which another challengeth to be his, the cause of both parties shall come before the judges; and whom the judges shall condemn, he shall pay double unto his neighbour. ¹⁰ If a man deliver unto his neighbour an ass, or an ox, or a sheep, or any beast, to keep; and it die, or be hurt, or driven away, no man seeing it: ¹¹ Then shall an oath of the LORD be between them both, that he hath not put his hand unto his neighbour's goods; and the owner of it shall accept thereof, and he shall not make it good. ¹² And if it be stolen from him, he shall make restitution unto the owner thereof. ¹³ If it be torn in pieces, then let him bring it for witness, and he shall not make good that which was torn.

¹⁴ And if a man borrow ought of his neighbour, and it be hurt, or die, the owner thereof being not with it, he shall surely make it good. ¹⁵ But if the owner thereof be with it, he shall not make it good: if it be an hired thing, it came for his hire.

¹⁶ And if a man entice a maid that is not betrothed, and lie with her, he shall surely endow her to be his wife. ¹⁷ If her father utterly refuse to give her unto him, he shall pay money according to the dowry of virgins.

¹⁸ Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.

¹⁹ Whosoever lieth with a beast shall surely be put to death.

²⁰ He that sacrificeth unto any god, save unto the LORD only, he shall be utterly destroyed.

²¹ Thou shalt neither vex a stranger, nor oppress him: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.

²² Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child. ²³ If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry; ²⁴ And my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.

²⁵ If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as an usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury. ²⁶ If thou at all take thy neighbour's raiment to pledge, thou shalt deliver it unto him by that the sun goeth down: ²⁷ For that is his covering only, it is his raiment for his skin: wherein shall he sleep? and it shall come to pass, when he crieth unto me, that I will hear; for I am gracious.

²⁸ Thou shalt not revile the gods, nor curse the ruler of thy people.

²⁹ Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits, and of thy liquors: the firstborn of thy sons shalt thou give unto me. ³⁰ Likewise shalt thou do with thine oxen, and with thy sheep: seven days it shall be with his dam; on the eighth day thou shalt give it me.

³¹ And ye shall be holy men unto me: neither shall ye eat any flesh that is torn of beasts in the field; ye shall cast it to the dogs.

Exodus Chapter 23

¹ Thou shalt not raise a false report: put not thine hand with the wicked to be an unrighteous witness.

² Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil; neither shalt thou speak in a cause to decline after many to wrest judgment:

³ Neither shalt thou countenance a poor man in his cause.

⁴ If thou meet thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again. ⁵ If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldest forbear to help him, thou shalt surely help with him. ⁶ Thou shalt not wrest the judgment of thy poor in his cause. ⁷ Keep thee far from a false matter; and the

innocent and righteous slay thou not: for I will not justify the wicked.

⁸ And thou shalt take no gift: for the gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous.

⁹ Also thou shalt not oppress a stranger: for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.

¹⁰ And six years thou shalt sow thy land, and shalt gather in the fruits thereof: ¹¹ But the seventh year thou shalt let it rest and lie still; that the poor of thy people may eat: and what they leave the beasts of the field shall eat. In like manner thou shalt deal with thy vineyard, and with thy oliveyard. ¹² Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest: that thine ox and thine ass may rest, and the son of thy handmaid, and the stranger, may be refreshed. ¹³ And in all things that I have said unto you be circumspect: and make no mention of the name of other gods, neither let it be heard out of thy mouth.

¹⁴ Three times thou shalt keep a feast unto me in the year. ¹⁵ Thou shalt keep the feast of unleavened bread: (thou shalt eat unleavened bread seven days, as I commanded thee, in the time appointed of the month Abib; for in it thou camest out from Egypt: and none shall appear before me empty:.) ¹⁶ And the feast of harvest, the firstfruits of thy labours, which thou hast sown in the field: and the feast of ingathering, which is in the end of the year, when thou hast gathered in thy labours out of the field. ¹⁷ Three items in the year all thy males shall appear before the LORD God. ¹⁸ Thou shalt not offer the blood of my sacrifice with leavened bread; neither shall the fat of my sacrifice remain until the morning. ¹⁹ The first of the firstfruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the house of the LORD thy God. Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk.

²⁰ Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. ²¹ Beware of him, and obey his voice, provoke him not; for he will not pardon your transgressions: for my name is in him. ²² But if thou shalt indeed obey his voice, and do all that I speak; then I will be an enemy unto thine enemies, and an adversary unto thine adversaries. ²³ For mine Angel shall go before thee, and bring thee in unto the Amorites, and the Hittites, and the Perizzites, and the Canaanites, the Hivites, and the Jebusites: and I will cut them off. ²⁴ Thou shalt not bow down to their gods, nor serve them, nor do after their works: but thou shalt utterly overthrow them, and quite break down their images. ²⁵ And ye shall serve the LORD your God, and he shall bless thy bread, and thy water; and I will take sickness away from the midst of thee.

²⁶ There shall nothing cast their young, nor be barren, in thy land: the number of thy days I will fulfil. ²⁷ I will send my fear before thee, and will destroy all the people to whom thou shalt come, and I will make all thine enemies turn their backs unto thee. ²⁸ And I will send hornets before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the Hittite, from before thee. ²⁹ I will not drive them out from before thee in one year; lest the land become desolate, and the beast of the field multiply against thee. ³⁰ By little and little I will drive them out from before thee, until thou be increased, and inherit the land. ³¹ And I will set thy bounds from the Red sea even unto the sea of the Philistines, and from the desert unto the river: for I will deliver the inhabitants of the land into your hand; and thou shalt drive them out before thee. ³² Thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor with their gods. ³³ They shall not dwell in thy land, lest they make thee sin against me: for if thou serve their gods, it will surely be a snare unto thee.

Exodus Chapter 24

¹ And he said unto Moses, Come up unto the LORD, thou, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel; and worship ye afar off. ² And Moses alone shall come near the LORD: but they shall not come nigh; neither shall the people go up with him.

³ And Moses came and told the people all the words of the LORD, and all the judgments: and all the people answered with one voice, and said, All the words which the LORD hath said will we do. ⁴ And Moses wrote all the words of the LORD, and rose up early in the morning, and builded an altar under the hill, and twelve pillars, according to the twelve tribes of Israel. ⁵ And he sent young men of the children of Israel, which offered burnt offerings, and sacrificed peace offerings of oxen unto the LORD. ⁶ And Moses took half of the blood, and put it in basons; and half of the blood he sprinkled on the altar. ⁷ And he took the book of the covenant, and read in the audience of the people: and they said, All that the LORD hath said will we do, and be obedient. ⁸ And Moses took the blood, and sprinkled it on the people, and said, Behold the blood of the covenant, which the LORD hath made with you concerning all these words.

⁹ Then went up Moses, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel: ¹⁰ And they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness. ¹¹ And upon the nobles of the children of Israel he laid not his hand: also they saw God, and did eat and drink.

¹² And the LORD said unto Moses, Come up to me into the mount, and be there: and I will give thee tables of stone, and a law, and commandments which I have written; that thou mayest teach them. ¹³ And Moses rose up, and his minister Joshua: and Moses went up into the mount of God. ¹⁴ And he said unto the elders, Tarry ye here for

us, until we come again unto you: and, behold, Aaron and Hur are with you: if any man have any matters to do, let him come unto them. ¹⁵ And Moses went up into the mount, and a cloud covered the mount. ¹⁶ And the glory of the LORD abode upon mount Sinai, and the cloud covered it six days: and the seventh day he called unto Moses out of the midst of the cloud. ¹⁷ And the sight of the glory of the LORD was like devouring fire on the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel. ¹⁸ And Moses went into the midst of the cloud, and gat him up into the mount: and Moses was in the mount forty days and forty nights.

Exodus Chapter 25

¹ And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, ² Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering: of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering. ³ And this is the offering which ye shall take of them; gold, and silver, and brass, ⁴ And blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, ⁵ And rams' skins dyed red, and badgers' skins, and shittim wood, ⁶ Oil for the light, spices for anointing oil, and for sweet incense, ⁷ Onyx stones, and stones to be set in the ephod, and in the breastplate. ⁸ And let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them. ⁹ According to all that I shew thee, after the pattern of the tabernacle, and the pattern of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make it.

¹⁰ And they shall make an ark of shittim wood: two cubits and a half shall be the length thereof, and a cubit and a half the breadth thereof, and a cubit and a half the height thereof. ¹¹ And thou shalt overlay it with pure gold, within and without shalt thou overlay it, and shalt make upon it a crown of gold round about. ¹² And thou shalt cast four rings of gold for it, and put them in the four corners thereof; and two rings shall be in the one side of it, and two rings in the other side of it. ¹³ And thou shalt make staves of shittim wood, and overlay them with gold. ¹⁴ And thou shalt put the staves into the rings by the sides of the ark, that the ark may be borne with them. ¹⁵ The staves shall be in the rings of the ark: they shall not be taken from it. ¹⁶ And thou shalt put into the ark the testimony which I shall give thee. ¹⁷ And thou shalt make a mercy seat of pure gold: two cubits and a half shall be the length thereof, and a cubit and a half the breadth thereof. ¹⁸ And thou shalt make two cherubims of gold, of beaten work shalt thou make them, in the two ends of the mercy seat. ¹⁹ And make one cherub on the one end, and the other cherub on the other end: even of the mercy seat shall ye make the cherubims on the two ends thereof. ²⁰ And the cherubims shall stretch forth their wings on high, covering the mercy seat with their wings, and their faces shall look one to another; toward the mercy seat shall the faces of the cherubims be. ²¹ And thou shalt put the mercy seat above upon the ark; and in the ark thou shalt put the testimony that I shall give thee. ²² And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel.

²³ Thou shalt also make a table of shittim wood: two cubits shall be the length thereof, and a cubit the breadth thereof, and a cubit and a half the height thereof. ²⁴ And thou shalt overlay it with pure gold, and make thereto a crown of gold round about. ²⁵ And thou shalt make unto it a border of an hand breadth round about, and thou shalt make a golden crown to the border thereof round about. ²⁶ And thou shalt make for it four rings of gold, and put the rings in the four corners that are on the four feet thereof. ²⁷ Over against the border shall the rings be for places of the staves to bear the table. ²⁸ And thou shalt make the staves of shittim wood, and overlay them with gold, that the table may be borne with them. ²⁹ And thou shalt make the dishes thereof, and spoons thereof, and covers thereof, and bowls thereof, to cover withal: of pure gold shalt thou make them. ³⁰ And thou shalt set upon the table shewbread before me alway.

³¹ And thou shalt make a candlestick of pure gold: of beaten work shall the candlestick be made: his shaft, and his branches, his bowls, his knops, and his flowers, shall be of the same. ³² And six branches shall come out of the sides of it; three branches of the candlestick out of the one side, and three branches of the candlestick out of the other side: ³³ Three bowls made like unto almonds, with a knop and a flower in one branch; and three bowls made like almonds in the other branch, with a knop and a flower: so in the six branches that come out of the candlestick. ³⁴ And in the candlesticks shall be four bowls made like unto almonds, with their knops and their flowers. ³⁵ And there shall be a knop under two branches of the same, and a knop under two branches of the same, and a knop under two branches of the same, according to the six branches that proceed out of the candlestick. ³⁶ Their knops and their branches shall be of the same: all it shall be one beaten work of pure gold. ³⁷ And thou shalt make the seven lamps thereof: and they shall light the lamps thereof, that they may give light over against it. ³⁸ And the tongs thereof, and the snuffdishes thereof, shall be of pure gold. ³⁹ Of a talent of pure gold shall he make it, with all these vessels. ⁴⁰ And look that thou make them after their pattern, which was shewed thee in the mount.

Exodus Chapter 26

¹ Moreover thou shalt make the tabernacle with ten curtains of fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet: with cherubims of cunning work shalt thou make them. ² The length of one curtain shall be eight and twen-

ty cubits, and the breadth of one curtain four cubits: and every one of the curtains shall have one measure.³ The five curtains shall be coupled together one to another; and other five curtains shall be coupled one to another.⁴ And thou shalt make loops of blue upon the edge of the one curtain from the selvedge in the coupling; and likewise shalt thou make in the uttermost edge of another curtain, in the coupling of the second.⁵ Fifty loops shalt thou make in the one curtain, and fifty loops shalt thou make in the edge of the curtain that is in the coupling of the second; that the loops may take hold one of another.⁶ And thou shalt make fifty taches of gold, and couple the curtains together with the taches: and it shall be one tabernacle.

⁷ And thou shalt make curtains of goats' hair to be a covering upon the tabernacle: eleven curtains shalt thou make.⁸ The length of one curtain shall be thirty cubits, and the breadth of one curtain four cubits: and the eleven curtains shall be all of one measure.⁹ And thou shalt couple five curtains by themselves, and six curtains by themselves, and shalt double the sixth curtain in the forefront of the tabernacle.¹⁰ And thou shalt make fifty loops on the edge of the one curtain that is outmost in the coupling, and fifty loops in the edge of the curtain which coupleth the second.¹¹ And thou shalt make fifty taches of brass, and put the taches into the loops, and couple the tent together, that it may be one.¹² And the remnant that remaineth of the curtains of the tent, the half curtain that remaineth, shall hang over the backside of the tabernacle.¹³ And a cubit on the one side, and a cubit on the other side of that which remaineth in the length of the curtains of the tent, it shall hang over the sides of the tabernacle on this side and on that side, to cover it.¹⁴ And thou shalt make a covering for the tent of rams' skins dyed red, and a covering above of badgers' skins.

¹⁵ And thou shalt make boards for the tabernacle of shittim wood standing up.¹⁶ Ten cubits shall be the length of a board, and a cubit and a half shall be the breadth of one board.¹⁷ Two tenons shall there be in one board, set in order one against another: thus shalt thou make for all the boards of the tabernacle.¹⁸ And thou shalt make the boards for the tabernacle, twenty boards on the south side southward.¹⁹ And thou shalt make forty sockets of silver under the twenty boards; two sockets under one board for his two tenons, and two sockets under another board for his two tenons.²⁰ And for the second side of the tabernacle on the north side there shall be twenty boards:²¹ And their forty sockets of silver; two sockets under one board, and two sockets under another board.²² And for the sides of the tabernacle westward thou shalt make six boards.²³ And two boards shalt thou make for the corners of the tabernacle in the two sides.²⁴ And they shall be coupled together beneath, and they shall be coupled together above the head of it unto one ring: thus shall it be for them both; they shall be for the two corners.²⁵ And they shall be eight boards, and their sockets of silver, sixteen sockets; two sockets under one board, and two sockets under another board.

²⁶ And thou shalt make bars of shittim wood; five for the boards of the one side of the tabernacle,²⁷ And five bars for the boards of the other side of the tabernacle, and five bars for the boards of the side of the tabernacle, for the two sides westward.²⁸ And the middle bar in the midst of the boards shall reach from end to end.²⁹ And thou shalt overlay the boards with gold, and make their rings of gold for places for the bars: and thou shalt overlay the bars with gold.³⁰ And thou shalt rear up the tabernacle according to the fashion thereof which was shewed thee in the mount.

³¹ And thou shalt make a vail of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen of cunning work: with cherubims shall it be made:³² And thou shalt hang it upon four pillars of shittim wood overlaid with gold: their hooks shall be of gold, upon the four sockets of silver.

³³ And thou shalt hang up the vail under the taches, that thou mayest bring in thither within the vail the ark of the testimony: and the vail shall divide unto you between the holy place and the most holy.³⁴ And thou shalt put the mercy seat upon the ark of the testimony in the most holy place.³⁵ And thou shalt set the table without the vail, and the candlestick over against the table on the side of the tabernacle toward the south: and thou shalt put the table on the north side.³⁶ And thou shalt make an hanging for the door of the tent, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, wrought with needlework.³⁷ And thou shalt make for the hanging five pillars of shittim wood, and overlay them with gold, and their hooks shall be of gold: and thou shalt cast five sockets of brass for them.

Exodus Chapter 27

¹ And thou shalt make an altar of shittim wood, five cubits long, and five cubits broad; the altar shall be four-square: and the height thereof shall be three cubits.² And thou shalt make the horns of it upon the four corners thereof: his horns shall be of the same: and thou shalt overlay it with brass.³ And thou shalt make his pans to receive his ashes, and his shovels, and his basons, and his fleshhooks, and his firepans: all the vessels thereof thou shalt make of brass.⁴ And thou shalt make for it a grate of network of brass; and upon the net shalt thou make four brasen rings in the four corners thereof.⁵ And thou shalt put it under the compass of the altar beneath, that the net may be even to the midst of the altar.⁶ And thou shalt make staves for the altar, staves of shittim wood, and overlay them with brass.⁷ And the staves shall be put into the rings, and the staves shall be upon the two sides of the altar,

to bear it. ⁸ Hollow with boards shalt thou make it: as it was shewed thee in the mount, so shall they make it.

⁹ And thou shalt make the court of the tabernacle: for the south side southward there shall be hangings for the court of fine twined linen of an hundred cubits long for one side: ¹⁰ And the twenty pillars thereof and their twenty sockets shall be of brass; the hooks of the pillars and their fillets shall be of silver. ¹¹ And likewise for the north side in length there shall be hangings of an hundred cubits long, and his twenty pillars and their twenty sockets of brass; the hooks of the pillars and their fillets of silver.

¹² And for the breadth of the court on the west side shall be hangings of fifty cubits: their pillars ten, and their sockets ten. ¹³ And the breadth of the court on the east side eastward shall be fifty cubits. ¹⁴ The hangings of one side of the gate shall be fifteen cubits: their pillars three, and their sockets three. ¹⁵ And on the other side shall be hangings fifteen cubits: their pillars three, and their sockets three.

¹⁶ And for the gate of the court shall be an hanging of twenty cubits, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, wrought with needlework: and their pillars shall be four, and their sockets four. ¹⁷ All the pillars round about the court shall be filleted with silver; their hooks shall be of silver, and their sockets of brass.

¹⁸ The length of the court shall be an hundred cubits, and the breadth fifty every where, and the height five cubits of fine twined linen, and their sockets of brass. ¹⁹ All the vessels of the tabernacle in all the service thereof, and all the pins thereof, and all the pins of the court, shall be of brass.

²⁰ And thou shalt command the children of Israel, that they bring thee pure oil olive beaten for the light, to cause the lamp to burn always. ²¹ In the tabernacle of the congregation without the vail, which is before the testimony, Aaron and his sons shall order it from evening to morning before the LORD: it shall be a statute for ever unto their generations on the behalf of the children of Israel.

Exodus Chapter 28

¹ And take thou unto thee Aaron thy brother, and his sons with him, from among the children of Israel, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office, even Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, Eleazar and Ithamar, Aaron's sons. ² And thou shalt make holy garments for Aaron thy brother for glory and for beauty. ³ And thou shalt speak unto all that are wise hearted, whom I have filled with the spirit of wisdom, that they may make Aaron's garments to consecrate him, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office. ⁴ And these are the garments which they shall make; a breastplate, and an ephod, and a robe, and a brodered coat, a mitre, and a girdle: and they shall make holy garments for Aaron thy brother, and his sons, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office. ⁵ And they shall take gold, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen.

⁶ And they shall make the ephod of gold, of blue, and of purple, of scarlet, and fine twined linen, with cunning work. ⁷ It shall have the two shoulderpieces thereof joined at the two edges thereof; and so it shall be joined together. ⁸ And the curious girdle of the ephod, which is upon it, shall be of the same, according to the work thereof; even of gold, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen. ⁹ And thou shalt take two onyx stones, and grave on them the names of the children of Israel: ¹⁰ Six of their names on one stone, and the other six names of the rest on the other stone, according to their birth. ¹¹ With the work of an engraver in stone, like the engravings of a signet, shalt thou engrave the two stones with the names of the children of Israel: thou shalt make them to be set in ouches of gold. ¹² And thou shalt put the two stones upon the shoulders of the ephod for stones of memorial unto the children of Israel: and Aaron shall bear their names before the LORD upon his two shoulders for a memorial.

¹³ And thou shalt make ouches of gold; ¹⁴ And two chains of pure gold at the ends; of wreathen work shalt thou make them, and fasten the wreathen chains to the ouches.

¹⁵ And thou shalt make the breastplate of judgment with cunning work; after the work of the ephod thou shalt make it; of gold, of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine twined linen, shalt thou make it. ¹⁶ Foursquare it shall be being doubled; a span shall be the length thereof, and a span shall be the breadth thereof. ¹⁷ And thou shalt set in it settings of stones, even four rows of stones: the first row shall be a sardius, a topaz, and a carbuncle: this shall be the first row. ¹⁸ And the second row shall be an emerald, a sapphire, and a diamond. ¹⁹ And the third row a ligure, an agate, and an amethyst. ²⁰ And the fourth row a beryl, and an onyx, and a jasper: they shall be set in gold in their inclosings. ²¹ And the stones shall be with the names of the children of Israel, twelve, according to their names, like the engravings of a signet; every one with his name shall they be according to the twelve tribes.

²² And thou shalt make upon the breastplate chains at the ends of wreathen work of pure gold. ²³ And thou shalt make upon the breastplate two rings of gold, and shalt put the two rings on the two ends of the breastplate. ²⁴ And thou shalt put the two wreathen chains of gold in the two rings which are on the ends of the breastplate. ²⁵ And the other two ends of the two wreathen chains thou shalt fasten in the two ouches, and put them on the shoulderpieces of the ephod before it.

²⁶ And thou shalt make two rings of gold, and thou shalt put them upon the two ends of the breastplate in the border thereof, which is in the side of the ephod inward. ²⁷ And two other rings of gold thou shalt make, and shalt

put them on the two sides of the ephod underneath, toward the forepart thereof, over against the other coupling thereof, above the curious girdle of the ephod. ²⁸ And they shall bind the breastplate by the rings thereof unto the rings of the ephod with a lace of blue, that it may be above the curious girdle of the ephod, and that the breastplate be not loosed from the ephod. ²⁹ And Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breastplate of judgment upon his heart, when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before the LORD continually.

³⁰ And thou shalt put in the breastplate of judgment the Urim and the Thummim; and they shall be upon Aaron's heart, when he goeth in before the LORD: and Aaron shall bear the judgment of the children of Israel upon his heart before the LORD continually.

³¹ And thou shalt make the robe of the ephod all of blue. ³² And there shall be an hole in the top of it, in the midst thereof: it shall have a binding of woven work round about the hole of it, as it were the hole of an habergeon, that it be not rent.

³³ And beneath upon the hem of it thou shalt make pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the hem thereof; and bells of gold between them round about: ³⁴ A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe round about. ³⁵ And it shall be upon Aaron to minister: and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the LORD, and when he cometh out, that he die not.

³⁶ And thou shalt make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it, like the engravings of a signet, HOLINESS TO THE LORD. ³⁷ And thou shalt put it on a blue lace, that it may be upon the mitre; upon the forefront of the mitre it shall be. ³⁸ And it shall be upon Aaron's forehead, that Aaron may bear the iniquity of the holy things, which the children of Israel shall hallow in all their holy gifts; and it shall be always upon his forehead, that they may be accepted before the LORD.

³⁹ And thou shalt embroider the coat of fine linen, and thou shalt make the mitre of fine linen, and thou shalt make the girdle of needlework.

⁴⁰ And for Aaron's sons thou shalt make coats, and thou shalt make for them girdles, and bonnets shalt thou make for them, for glory and for beauty. ⁴¹ And thou shalt put them upon Aaron thy brother, and his sons with him; and shalt anoint them, and consecrate them, and sanctify them, that they may minister unto me in the priest's office. ⁴² And thou shalt make them linen breeches to cover their nakedness; from the loins even unto the thighs they shall reach: ⁴³ And they shall be upon Aaron, and upon his sons, when they come in unto the tabernacle of the congregation, or when they come near unto the altar to minister in the holy place; that they bear not iniquity, and die: it shall be a statute for ever unto him and his seed after him.

Exodus Chapter 29

¹ And this is the thing that thou shalt do unto them to hallow them, to minister unto me in the priest's office: Take one young bullock, and two rams without blemish, ² And unleavened bread, and cakes unleavened tempered with oil, and wafers unleavened anointed with oil: of wheaten flour shalt thou make them. ³ And thou shalt put them into one basket, and bring them in the basket, with the bullock and the two rams. ⁴ And Aaron and his sons thou shalt bring unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and shalt wash them with water. ⁵ And thou shalt take the garments, and put upon Aaron the coat, and the robe of the ephod, and the ephod, and the breastplate, and gird him with the curious girdle of the ephod: ⁶ And thou shalt put the mitre upon his head, and put the holy crown upon the mitre. ⁷ Then shalt thou take the anointing oil, and pour it upon his head, and anoint him. ⁸ And thou shalt bring his sons, and put coats upon them. ⁹ And thou shalt gird them with girdles, Aaron and his sons, and put the bonnets on them: and the priest's office shall be theirs for a perpetual statute: and thou shalt consecrate Aaron and his sons. ¹⁰ And thou shalt cause a bullock to be brought before the tabernacle of the congregation: and Aaron and his sons shall put their hands upon the head of the bullock. ¹¹ And thou shalt kill the bullock before the LORD, by the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. ¹² And thou shalt take of the blood of the bullock, and put it upon the horns of the altar with thy finger, and pour all the blood beside the bottom of the altar. ¹³ And thou shalt take all the fat that covereth the inwards, and the caul that is above the liver, and the two kidneys, and the fat that is upon them, and burn them upon the altar. ¹⁴ But the flesh of the bullock, and his skin, and his dung, shalt thou burn with fire without the camp: it is a sin offering.

¹⁵ Thou shalt also take one ram; and Aaron and his sons shall put their hands upon the head of the ram. ¹⁶ And thou shalt slay the ram, and thou shalt take his blood, and sprinkle it round about upon the altar. ¹⁷ And thou shalt cut the ram in pieces, and wash the inwards of him, and his legs, and put them unto his pieces, and unto his head. ¹⁸ And thou shalt burn the whole ram upon the altar: it is a burnt offering unto the LORD: it is a sweet savour, an offering made by fire unto the LORD.

¹⁹ And thou shalt take the other ram; and Aaron and his sons shall put their hands upon the head of the ram. ²⁰ Then shalt thou kill the ram, and take of his blood, and put it upon the tip of the right ear of Aaron, and upon the

tip of the right ear of his sons, and upon the thumb of their right hand, and upon the great toe of their right foot, and sprinkle the blood upon the altar round about. ²¹ And thou shalt take of the blood that is upon the altar, and of the anointing oil, and sprinkle it upon Aaron, and upon his garments, and upon his sons, and upon the garments of his sons with him: and he shall be hallowed, and his garments, and his sons, and his sons' garments with him.

²² Also thou shalt take of the ram the fat and the rump, and the fat that covereth the inwards, and the caul above the liver, and the two kidneys, and the fat that is upon them, and the right shoulder; for it is a ram of consecration:

²³ And one loaf of bread, and one cake of oiled bread, and one wafer out of the basket of the unleavened bread that is before the LORD: ²⁴ And thou shalt put all in the hands of Aaron, and in the hands of his sons; and shalt wave them for a wave offering before the LORD. ²⁵ And thou shalt receive them of their hands, and burn them upon the altar for a burnt offering, for a sweet savour before the LORD: it is an offering made by fire unto the LORD. ²⁶ And thou shalt take the breast of the ram of Aaron's consecration, and wave it for a wave offering before the LORD: and it shall be thy part. ²⁷ And thou shalt sanctify the breast of the wave offering, and the shoulder of the heave offering, which is waved, and which is heaved up, of the ram of the consecration, even of that which is for Aaron, and of that which is for his sons: ²⁸ And it shall be Aaron's and his sons' by a statute for ever from the children of Israel: for it is an heave offering: and it shall be an heave offering from the children of Israel of the sacrifice of their peace offerings, even their heave offering unto the LORD.

²⁹ And the holy garments of Aaron shall be his sons' after him, to be anointed therein, and to be consecrated in them. ³⁰ And that son that is priest in his stead shall put them on seven days, when he cometh into the tabernacle of the congregation to minister in the holy place.

³¹ And thou shalt take the ram of the consecration, and seethe his flesh in the holy place. ³² And Aaron and his sons shall eat the flesh of the ram, and the bread that is in the basket by the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. ³³ And they shall eat those things wherewith the atonement was made, to consecrate and to sanctify them: but a stranger shall not eat thereof, because they are holy. ³⁴ And if ought of the flesh of the consecrations, or of the bread, remain unto the morning, then thou shalt burn the remainder with fire: it shall not be eaten, because it is holy. ³⁵ And thus shalt thou do unto Aaron, and to his sons, according to all things which I have commanded thee: seven days shalt thou consecrate them. ³⁶ And thou shalt offer every day a bullock for a sin offering for atonement: and thou shalt cleanse the altar, when thou hast made an atonement for it, and thou shalt anoint it, to sanctify it.

³⁷ Seven days thou shalt make an atonement for the altar, and sanctify it; and it shall be an altar most holy: whatsoever toucheth the altar shall be holy.

³⁸ Now this is that which thou shalt offer upon the altar; two lambs of the first year day by day continually. ³⁹ The one lamb thou shalt offer in the morning; and the other lamb thou shalt offer at even: ⁴⁰ And with the one lamb a tenth deal of flour mingled with the fourth part of an hin of beaten oil; and the fourth part of an hin of wine for a drink offering. ⁴¹ And the other lamb thou shalt offer at even, and shalt do thereto according to the meat offering of the morning, and according to the drink offering thereof, for a sweet savour, an offering made by fire unto the LORD. ⁴² This shall be a continual burnt offering throughout your generations at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation before the LORD: where I will meet you, to speak there unto thee. ⁴³ And there I will meet with the children of Israel, and the tabernacle shall be sanctified by my glory. ⁴⁴ And I will sanctify the tabernacle of the congregation, and the altar: I will sanctify also both Aaron and his sons, to minister to me in the priest's office.

⁴⁵ And I will dwell among the children of Israel, and will be their God. ⁴⁶ And they shall know that I am the LORD their God, that brought them forth out of the land of Egypt, that I may dwell among them: I am the LORD their God.

Exodus Chapter 30

¹ And thou shalt make an altar to burn incense upon: of shittim wood shalt thou make it. ² A cubit shall be the length thereof, and a cubit the breadth thereof; foursquare shall it be: and two cubits shall be the height thereof: the horns thereof shall be of the same. ³ And thou shalt overlay it with pure gold, the top thereof, and the sides thereof round about, and the horns thereof; and thou shalt make unto it a crown of gold round about. ⁴ And two golden rings shalt thou make to it under the crown of it, by the two corners thereof, upon the two sides of it shalt thou make it; and they shall be for places for the staves to bear it withal. ⁵ And thou shalt make the staves of shittim wood, and overlay them with gold. ⁶ And thou shalt put it before the veil that is by the ark of the testimony, before the mercy seat that is over the testimony, where I will meet with thee. ⁷ And Aaron shall burn thereon sweet incense every morning: when he dresseth the lamps, he shall burn incense upon it. ⁸ And when Aaron lighteth the lamps at even, he shall burn incense upon it, a perpetual incense before the LORD throughout your generations. ⁹ Ye shall offer no strange incense thereon, nor burnt sacrifice, nor meat offering; neither shall ye pour drink offering thereon. ¹⁰ And Aaron shall make an atonement upon the horns of it once in a year with the blood of the sin offering of atonements: once in the year shall he make atonement upon it throughout your generations: it is most holy unto the

LORD.

¹¹ And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, ¹² When thou takest the sum of the children of Israel after their number, then shall they give every man a ransom for his soul unto the LORD, when thou numberest them; that there be no plague among them, when thou numberest them. ¹³ This they shall give, every one that passeth among them that are numbered, half a shekel after the shekel of the sanctuary: (a shekel is twenty gerahs:) an half shekel shall be the offering of the LORD. ¹⁴ Every one that passeth among them that are numbered, from twenty years old and above, shall give an offering unto the LORD. ¹⁵ The rich shall not give more, and the poor shall not give less than half a shekel, when they give an offering unto the LORD, to make an atonement for your souls. ¹⁶ And thou shalt take the atonement money of the children of Israel, and shalt appoint it for the service of the tabernacle of the congregation; that it may be a memorial unto the children of Israel before the LORD, to make an atonement for your souls.

¹⁷ And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, ¹⁸ Thou shalt also make a laver of brass, and his foot also of brass, to wash withal: and thou shalt put it between the tabernacle of the congregation and the altar, and thou shalt put water therein. ¹⁹ For Aaron and his sons shall wash their hands and their feet thereat: ²⁰ When they go into the tabernacle of the congregation, they shall wash with water, that they die not; or when they come near to the altar to minister, to burn offering made by fire unto the LORD: ²¹ So they shall wash their hands and their feet, that they die not: and it shall be a statute for ever to them, even to him and to his seed throughout their generations.

²² Moreover the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, ²³ Take thou also unto thee principal spices, of pure myrrh five hundred shekels, and of sweet cinnamon half so much, even two hundred and fifty shekels, and of sweet calamus two hundred and fifty shekels, ²⁴ And of cassia five hundred shekels, after the shekel of the sanctuary, and of oil olive an hin: ²⁵ And thou shalt make it an oil of holy ointment, an ointment compound after the art of the apothecary: it shall be an holy anointing oil. ²⁶ And thou shalt anoint the tabernacle of the congregation therewith, and the ark of the testimony, ²⁷ And the table and all his vessels, and the candlestick and his vessels, and the altar of incense, ²⁸ And the altar of burnt offering with all his vessels, and the laver and his foot. ²⁹ And thou shalt sanctify them, that they may be most holy: whatsoever toucheth them shall be holy. ³⁰ And thou shalt anoint Aaron and his sons, and consecrate them, that they may minister unto me in the priest's office. ³¹ And thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel, saying, This shall be an holy anointing oil unto me throughout your generations. ³² Upon man's flesh shall it not be poured, neither shall ye make any other like it, after the composition of it: it is holy, and it shall be holy unto you. ³³ Whosoever compoundeth any like it, or whosoever putteth any of it upon a stranger, shall even be cut off from his people.

³⁴ And the LORD said unto Moses, Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha, and galbanum; these sweet spices with pure frankincense: of each shall there be a like weight: ³⁵ And thou shalt make it a perfume, a confection after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy: ³⁶ And thou shalt beat some of it very small, and put of it before the testimony in the tabernacle of the congregation, where I will meet with thee: it shall be unto you most holy. ³⁷ And as for the perfume which thou shalt make, ye shall not make to yourselves according to the composition thereof: it shall be unto thee holy for the LORD. ³⁸ Whosoever shall make like unto that, to smell thereto, shall even be cut off from his people.

Exodus Chapter 31

¹ And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, ² See, I have called by name Bezaleel the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah: ³ And I have filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, ⁴ To devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, ⁵ And in cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship. ⁶ And I, behold, I have given with him Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan: and in the hearts of all that are wise hearted I have put wisdom, that they may make all that I have commanded thee; ⁷ The tabernacle of the congregation, and the ark of the testimony, and the mercy seat that is thereupon, and all the furniture of the tabernacle, ⁸ And the table and his furniture, and the pure candlestick with all his furniture, and the altar of incense, ⁹ And the altar of burnt offering with all his furniture, and the laver and his foot, ¹⁰ And the cloths of service, and the holy garments for Aaron the priest, and the garments of his sons, to minister in the priest's office, ¹¹ And the anointing oil, and sweet incense for the holy place: according to all that I have commanded thee shall they do.

¹² And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, ¹³ Speak thou also unto the children of Israel, saying, Verily my sabbaths ye shall keep: for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations; that ye may know that I am the LORD that doth sanctify you. ¹⁴ Ye shall keep the sabbath therefore; for it is holy unto you: every one that defileth it shall surely be put to death: for whosoever doeth any work therein, that soul shall be cut off from among his people. ¹⁵ Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the sabbath of rest, holy to the LORD: whosoever doeth any work in the sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death. ¹⁶ Wherefore the children of Israel shall keep

the sabbath, to observe the sabbath throughout their generations, for a perpetual covenant. ¹⁷ It is a sign between me and the children of Israel for ever: for in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested, and was refreshed.

¹⁸ And he gave unto Moses, when he had made an end of communing with him upon mount Sinai, two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God.

Exodus Chapter 32

¹ And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him. ² And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden earrings, which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me. ³ And all the people brake off the golden earrings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron. ⁴ And he received them at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf: and they said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt. ⁵ And when Aaron saw it, he built an altar before it; and Aaron made proclamation, and said, To morrow is a feast to the LORD. ⁶ And they rose up early on the morrow, and offered burnt offerings, and brought peace offerings; and the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play.

⁷ And the LORD said unto Moses, Go, get thee down; for thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves: ⁸ They have turned aside quickly out of the way which I commanded them: they have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereunto, and said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which have brought thee up out of the land of Egypt. ⁹ And the LORD said unto Moses, I have seen this people, and, behold, it is a stiffnecked people: ¹⁰ Now therefore let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them: and I will make of thee a great nation. ¹¹ And Moses besought the LORD his God, and said, LORD, why doth thy wrath wax hot against thy people, which thou hast brought forth out of the land of Egypt with great power, and with a mighty hand? ¹² Wherefore should the Egyptians speak, and say, For mischief did he bring them out, to slay them in the mountains, and to consume them from the face of the earth? Turn from thy fierce wrath, and repent of this evil against thy people. ¹³ Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, thy servants, to whom thou swarest by thine own self, and saidst unto them, I will multiply your seed as the stars of heaven, and all this land that I have spoken of will I give unto your seed, and they shall inherit it for ever. ¹⁴ And the LORD repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people.

¹⁵ And Moses turned, and went down from the mount, and the two tables of the testimony were in his hand: the tables were written on both their sides; on the one side and on the other were they written. ¹⁶ And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables. ¹⁷ And when Joshua heard the noise of the people as they shouted, he said unto Moses, There is a noise of war in the camp. ¹⁸ And he said, It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome: but the noise of them that sing do I hear.

¹⁹ And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf, and the dancing: and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount. ²⁰ And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strawed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it.

²¹ And Moses said unto Aaron, What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought so great a sin upon them? ²² And Aaron said, Let not the anger of my lord wax hot: thou knowest the people, that they are set on mischief. ²³ For they said unto me, Make us gods, which shall go before us: for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him. ²⁴ And I said unto them, Whosoever hath any gold, let them break it off. So they gave it me: then I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf.

²⁵ And when Moses saw that the people were naked; (for Aaron had made them naked unto their shame among their enemies;) ²⁶ Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the LORD's side? let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him. ²⁷ And he said unto them, Thus saith the LORD God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour. ²⁸ And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses: and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men. ²⁹ For Moses had said, Consecrate yourselves today to the LORD, even every man upon his son, and upon his brother; that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day.

³⁰ And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses said unto the people, Ye have sinned a great sin: and now I will go up unto the LORD; peradventure I shall make an atonement for your sin. ³¹ And Moses returned unto the LORD, and said, Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. ³² Yet now, if thou

wilt forgive their sin--; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written. ³³ And the LORD said unto Moses, Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book. ³⁴ Therefore now go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee: behold, mine Angel shall go before thee: nevertheless in the day when I visit I will visit their sin upon them. ³⁵ And the LORD plagued the people, because they made the calf, which Aaron made.

Exodus Chapter 33

¹ And the LORD said unto Moses, Depart, and go up hence, thou and the people which thou hast brought up out of the land of Egypt, unto the land which I sware unto Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, saying, Unto thy seed will I give it:

² And I will send an angel before thee; and I will drive out the Canaanite, the Amorite, and the Hittite, and the Perizzite, the Hivite, and the Jebusite:

³ Unto a land flowing with milk and honey: for I will not go up in the midst of thee; for thou art a stiffnecked people: lest I consume thee in the way.

⁴ And when the people heard these evil tidings, they mourned: and no man did put on him his ornaments.

⁵ For the LORD had said unto Moses, Say unto the children of Israel, Ye are a stiffnecked people: I will come up into the midst of thee in a moment, and consume thee: therefore now put off thy ornaments from thee, that I may know what to do unto thee.

⁶ And the children of Israel stripped themselves of their ornaments by the mount Horeb.

⁷ And Moses took the tabernacle, and pitched it without the camp, afar off from the camp, and called it the Tabernacle of the congregation. And it came to pass, that every one which sought the LORD went out unto the tabernacle of the congregation, which was without the camp.

⁸ And it came to pass, when Moses went out unto the tabernacle, that all the people rose up, and stood every man at his tent door, and looked after Moses, until he was gone into the tabernacle.

⁹ And it came to pass, as Moses entered into the tabernacle, the cloudy pillar descended, and stood at the door of the tabernacle, and the Lord talked with Moses.

¹⁰ And all the people saw the cloudy pillar stand at the tabernacle door: and all the people rose up and worshipped, every man in his tent door.

¹¹ And the LORD spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend. And he turned again into the camp: but his servant Joshua, the son of Nun, a young man, departed not out of the tabernacle.

¹² And Moses said unto the LORD, See, thou sayest unto me, Bring up this people: and thou hast not let me know whom thou wilt send with me. Yet thou hast said, I know thee by name, and thou hast also found grace in my sight. ¹³ Now therefore, I pray thee, if I have found grace in thy sight, shew me now thy way, that I may know thee, that I may find grace in thy sight: and consider that this nation is thy people. ¹⁴ And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. ¹⁵ And he said unto him, If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence. ¹⁶ For wherein shall it be known here that I and thy people have found grace in thy sight? is it not in that thou goest with us? so shall we be separated, I and thy people, from all the people that are upon the face of the earth. ¹⁷ And the LORD said unto Moses, I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken: for thou hast found grace in my sight, and I know thee by name. ¹⁸ And he said, I beseech thee, shew me thy glory. ¹⁹ And he said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the LORD before thee; and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will shew mercy on whom I will shew mercy. ²⁰ And he said, Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live. ²¹ And the LORD said, Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock: ²² And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a clift of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by: ²³ And I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts: but my face shall not be seen.

Exodus Chapter 34

¹ And the LORD said unto Moses, Hew thee two tables of stone like unto the first: and I will write upon these tables the words that were in the first tables, which thou brakest. ² And be ready in the morning, and come up in the morning unto mount Sinai, and present thyself there to me in the top of the mount. ³ And no man shall come up with thee, neither let any man be seen throughout all the mount; neither let the flocks nor herds feed before that mount.

⁴ And he hewed two tables of stone like unto the first; and Moses rose up early in the morning, and went up unto mount Sinai, as the LORD had commanded him, and took in his hand the two tables of stone.

⁵ And the LORD descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the LORD.

⁶ And the LORD passed by before him, and proclaimed, The LORD, The LORD God, merciful and gracious, long-

suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, ⁷ Keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty; visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children, unto the third and to the fourth generation. ⁸ And Moses made haste, and bowed his head toward the earth, and worshipped. ⁹ And he said, If now I have found grace in thy sight, O LORD, let my LORD, I pray thee, go among us; for it is a stiffnecked people; and pardon our iniquity and our sin, and take us for thine inheritance.

¹⁰ And he said, Behold, I make a covenant: before all thy people I will do marvels, such as have not been done in all the earth, nor in any nation: and all the people among which thou art shall see the work of the LORD: for it is a terrible thing that I will do with thee. ¹¹ Observe thou that which I command thee this day: behold, I drive out before thee the Amorite, and the Canaanite, and the Hittite, and the Perizzite, and the Hivite, and the Jebusite. ¹² Take heed to thyself, lest thou make a covenant with the inhabitants of the land whither thou goest, lest it be for a snare in the midst of thee: ¹³ But ye shall destroy their altars, break their images, and cut down their groves: ¹⁴ For thou shalt worship no other god: for the LORD, whose name is Jealous, is a jealous God: ¹⁵ Lest thou make a covenant with the inhabitants of the land, and they go a whoring after their gods, and do sacrifice unto their gods, and one call thee, and thou eat of his sacrifice; ¹⁶ And thou take of their daughters unto thy sons, and their daughters go a whoring after their gods, and make thy sons go a whoring after their gods. ¹⁷ Thou shalt make thee no molten gods.

¹⁸ The feast of unleavened bread shalt thou keep. Seven days thou shalt eat unleavened bread, as I commanded thee, in the time of the month Abib: for in the month Abib thou camest out from Egypt. ¹⁹ All that openeth the matrix is mine; and every firstling among thy cattle, whether ox or sheep, that is male. ²⁰ But the firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb: and if thou redeem him not, then shalt thou break his neck. All the firstborn of thy sons thou shalt redeem. And none shall appear before me empty.

²¹ Six days thou shalt work, but on the seventh day thou shalt rest: in earring time and in harvest thou shalt rest.

²² And thou shalt observe the feast of weeks, of the firstfruits of wheat harvest, and the feast of ingathering at the year's end.

²³ Thrice in the year shall all your menchildren appear before the LORD God, the God of Israel. ²⁴ For I will cast out the nations before thee, and enlarge thy borders: neither shall any man desire thy land, when thou shalt go up to appear before the LORD thy God thrice in the year. ²⁵ Thou shalt not offer the blood of my sacrifice with leaven; neither shall the sacrifice of the feast of the passover be left unto the morning. ²⁶ The first of the firstfruits of thy land thou shalt bring unto the house of the LORD thy God. Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk. ²⁷ And the LORD said unto Moses, Write thou these words: for after the tenor of these words I have made a covenant with thee and with Israel.

²⁸ And he was there with the LORD forty days and forty nights; he did neither eat bread, nor drink water. And he wrote upon the tables the words of the covenant, the ten commandments.

²⁹ And it came to pass, when Moses came down from mount Sinai with the two tables of testimony in Moses' hand, when he came down from the mount, that Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone while he talked with him. ³⁰ And when Aaron and all the children of Israel saw Moses, behold, the skin of his face shone; and they were afraid to come nigh him. ³¹ And Moses called unto them; and Aaron and all the rulers of the congregation returned unto him: and Moses talked with them. ³² And afterward all the children of Israel came nigh: and he gave them in commandment all that the LORD had spoken with him in mount Sinai. ³³ And till Moses had done speaking with them, he put a vail on his face. ³⁴ But when Moses went in before the LORD to speak with him, he took the vail off, until he came out. And he came out, and spake unto the children of Israel that which he was commanded. ³⁵ And the children of Israel saw the face of Moses, that the skin of Moses' face shone: and Moses put the vail upon his face again, until he went in to speak with him.

Exodus Chapter 35

¹ And Moses gathered all the congregation of the children of Israel together, and said unto them, These are the words which the LORD hath commanded, that ye should do them. ² Six days shall work be done, but on the seventh day there shall be to you an holy day, a sabbath of rest to the LORD: whosoever doeth work therein shall be put to death. ³ Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the sabbath day.

⁴ And Moses spake unto all the congregation of the children of Israel, saying, This is the thing which the LORD commanded, saying, ⁵ Take ye from among you an offering unto the LORD: whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it, an offering of the LORD; gold, and silver, and brass, ⁶ And blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, ⁷ And rams' skins dyed red, and badgers' skins, and shittim wood, ⁸ And oil for the light, and spices for anointing oil, and for the sweet incense, ⁹ And onyx stones, and stones to be set for the ephod, and for the breastplate. ¹⁰ And every wise hearted among you shall come, and make all that the LORD hath commanded; ¹¹ The tabernacle, his tent, and his covering, his taches, and his boards, his bars, his pillars, and his sockets, ¹² The ark, and

the staves thereof, with the mercy seat, and the vail of the covering,¹³ The table, and his staves, and all his vessels, and the shewbread,¹⁴ The candlestick also for the light, and his furniture, and his lamps, with the oil for the light,¹⁵ And the incense altar, and his staves, and the anointing oil, and the sweet incense, and the hanging for the door at the entering in of the tabernacle,¹⁶ The altar of burnt offering, with his brasen grate, his staves, and all his vessels, the laver and his foot,¹⁷ The hangings of the court, his pillars, and their sockets, and the hanging for the door of the court,¹⁸ The pins of the tabernacle, and the pins of the court, and their cords,¹⁹ The cloths of service, to do service in the holy place, the holy garments for Aaron the priest, and the garments of his sons, to minister in the priest's office.

²⁰ And all the congregation of the children of Israel departed from the presence of Moses.²¹ And they came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, and they brought the LORD's offering to the work of the tabernacle of the congregation, and for all his service, and for the holy garments.²² And they came, both men and women, as many as were willing hearted, and brought bracelets, and earrings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold: and every man that offered offered an offering of gold unto the LORD.²³ And every man, with whom was found blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and red skins of rams, and badgers' skins, brought them.²⁴ Every one that did offer an offering of silver and brass brought the LORD's offering: and every man, with whom was found shittim wood for any work of the service, brought it.²⁵ And all the women that were wise hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen.²⁶ And all the women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom spun goats' hair.²⁷ And the rulers brought onyx stones, and stones to be set, for the ephod, and for the breastplate;²⁸ And spice, and oil for the light, and for the anointing oil, and for the sweet incense.²⁹ The children of Israel brought a willing offering unto the LORD, every man and woman, whose heart made them willing to bring for all manner of work, which the LORD had commanded to be made by the hand of Moses.

³⁰ And Moses said unto the children of Israel, See, the LORD hath called by name Bezaleel the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah;³¹ And he hath filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship;³² And to devise curious works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass,³³ And in the cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of wood, to make any manner of cunning work.³⁴ And he hath put in his heart that he may teach, both he, and Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan.³⁵ Them hath he filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer, in blue, and in purple, in scarlet, and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work.

Exodus Chapter 36

¹ Then wrought Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every wise hearted man, in whom the LORD put wisdom and understanding to know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary, according to all that the LORD had commanded.² And Moses called Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every wise hearted man, in whose heart the LORD had put wisdom, even every one whose heart stirred him up to come unto the work to do it:³ And they received of Moses all the offering, which the children of Israel had brought for the work of the service of the sanctuary, to make it withal. And they brought yet unto him free offerings every morning.⁴ And all the wise men, that wrought all the work of the sanctuary, came every man from his work which they made;

⁵ And they spake unto Moses, saying, The people bring much more than enough for the service of the work, which the LORD commanded to make.⁶ And Moses gave commandment, and they caused it to be proclaimed throughout the camp, saying, Let neither man nor woman make any more work for the offering of the sanctuary. So the people were restrained from bringing.⁷ For the stuff they had was sufficient for all the work to make it, and too much.

⁸ And every wise hearted man among them that wrought the work of the tabernacle made ten curtains of fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet: with cherubims of cunning work made he them.⁹ The length of one curtain was twenty and eight cubits, and the breadth of one curtain four cubits: the curtains were all of one size.¹⁰ And he coupled the five curtains one unto another: and the other five curtains he coupled one unto another.¹¹ And he made loops of blue on the edge of one curtain from the selvedge in the coupling: likewise he made in the uttermost side of another curtain, in the coupling of the second.¹² Fifty loops made he in one curtain, and fifty loops made he in the edge of the curtain which was in the coupling of the second: the loops held one curtain to another.¹³ And he made fifty taches of gold, and coupled the curtains one unto another with the taches: so it became one tabernacle.

¹⁴ And he made curtains of goats' hair for the tent over the tabernacle: eleven curtains he made them.¹⁵ The length of one curtain was thirty cubits, and four cubits was the breadth of one curtain: the eleven curtains were of one size.¹⁶ And he coupled five curtains by themselves, and six curtains by themselves.¹⁷ And he made fifty loops

upon the uttermost edge of the curtain in the coupling, and fifty loops made he upon the edge of the curtain which coupleth the second. ¹⁸ And he made fifty taches of brass to couple the tent together, that it might be one. ¹⁹ And he made a covering for the tent of rams' skins dyed red, and a covering of badgers' skins above that.

²⁰ And he made boards for the tabernacle of shittim wood, standing up. ²¹ The length of a board was ten cubits, and the breadth of a board one cubit and a half. ²² One board had two tenons, equally distant one from another: thus did he make for all the boards of the tabernacle. ²³ And he made boards for the tabernacle; twenty boards for the south side southward: ²⁴ And forty sockets of silver he made under the twenty boards; two sockets under one board for his two tenons, and two sockets under another board for his two tenons. ²⁵ And for the other side of the tabernacle, which is toward the north corner, he made twenty boards, ²⁶ And their forty sockets of silver; two sockets under one board, and two sockets under another board. ²⁷ And for the sides of the tabernacle westward he made six boards. ²⁸ And two boards made he for the corners of the tabernacle in the two sides. ²⁹ And they were coupled beneath, and coupled together at the head thereof, to one ring: thus he did to both of them in both the corners.

³⁰ And there were eight boards; and their sockets were sixteen sockets of silver, under every board two sockets.

³¹ And he made bars of shittim wood; five for the boards of the one side of the tabernacle, ³² And five bars for the boards of the other side of the tabernacle, and five bars for the boards of the tabernacle for the sides westward. ³³ And he made the middle bar to shoot through the boards from the one end to the other. ³⁴ And he overlaid the boards with gold, and made their rings of gold to be places for the bars, and overlaid the bars with gold.

³⁵ And he made a vail of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen: with cherubims made he it of cunning work. ³⁶ And he made thereunto four pillars of shittim wood, and overlaid them with gold: their hooks were of gold; and he cast for them four sockets of silver.

³⁷ And he made an hanging for the tabernacle door of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, of needlework; ³⁸ And the five pillars of it with their hooks: and he overlaid their chapiters and their fillets with gold: but their five sockets were of brass.

Exodus Chapter 37

¹ And Bezaleel made the ark of shittim wood: two cubits and a half was the length of it, and a cubit and a half the breadth of it, and a cubit and a half the height of it: ² And he overlaid it with pure gold within and without, and made a crown of gold to it round about. ³ And he cast for it four rings of gold, to be set by the four corners of it; even two rings upon the one side of it, and two rings upon the other side of it. ⁴ And he made staves of shittim wood, and overlaid them with gold. ⁵ And he put the staves into the rings by the sides of the ark, to bear the ark.

⁶ And he made the mercy seat of pure gold: two cubits and a half was the length thereof, and one cubit and a half the breadth thereof. ⁷ And he made two cherubims of gold, beaten out of one piece made he them, on the two ends of the mercy seat; ⁸ One cherub on the end on this side, and another cherub on the other end on that side: out of the mercy seat made he the cherubims on the two ends thereof. ⁹ And the cherubims spread out their wings on high, and covered with their wings over the mercy seat, with their faces one to another; even to the mercy seatward were the faces of the cherubims.

¹⁰ And he made the table of shittim wood: two cubits was the length thereof, and a cubit the breadth thereof, and a cubit and a half the height thereof: ¹¹ And he overlaid it with pure gold, and made thereunto a crown of gold round about. ¹² Also he made thereunto a border of an handbreadth round about; and made a crown of gold for the border thereof round about. ¹³ And he cast for it four rings of gold, and put the rings upon the four corners that were in the four feet thereof. ¹⁴ Over against the border were the rings, the places for the staves to bear the table. ¹⁵ And he made the staves of shittim wood, and overlaid them with gold, to bear the table. ¹⁶ And he made the vessels which were upon the table, his dishes, and his spoons, and his bowls, and his covers to cover withal, of pure gold.

¹⁷ And he made the candlestick of pure gold: of beaten work made he the candlestick; his shaft, and his branch, his bowls, his knops, and his flowers, were of the same: ¹⁸ And six branches going out of the sides thereof; three branches of the candlestick out of the one side thereof, and three branches of the candlestick out of the other side thereof: ¹⁹ Three bowls made after the fashion of almonds in one branch, a knop and a flower; and three bowls made like almonds in another branch, a knop and a flower: so throughout the six branches going out of the candlestick. ²⁰ And in the candlestick were four bowls made like almonds, his knops, and his flowers: ²¹ And a knop under two branches of the same, and a knop under two branches of the same, and a knop under two branches of the same, according to the six branches going out of it. ²² Their knops and their branches were of the same: all of it was one beaten work of pure gold. ²³ And he made his seven lamps, and his snuffers, and his snuffdishes, of pure gold. ²⁴ Of a talent of pure gold made he it, and all the vessels thereof.

²⁵ And he made the incense altar of shittim wood: the length of it was a cubit, and the breadth of it a cubit; it was foursquare; and two cubits was the height of it; the horns thereof were of the same. ²⁶ And he overlaid it with

pure gold, both the top of it, and the sides thereof round about, and the horns of it: also he made unto it a crown of gold round about. ²⁷ And he made two rings of gold for it under the crown thereof, by the two corners of it, upon the two sides thereof, to be places for the staves to bear it withal. ²⁸ And he made the staves of shittim wood, and overlaid them with gold.

²⁹ And he made the holy anointing oil, and the pure incense of sweet spices, according to the work of the apothecary.

Exodus Chapter 38

¹ And he made the altar of burnt offering of shittim wood: five cubits was the length thereof, and five cubits the breadth thereof; it was foursquare; and three cubits the height thereof. ² And he made the horns thereof on the four corners of it; the horns thereof were of the same: and he overlaid it with brass. ³ And he made all the vessels of the altar, the pots, and the shovels, and the basons, and the fleshhooks, and the firepans: all the vessels thereof made he of brass. ⁴ And he made for the altar a brasen grate of network under the compass thereof beneath unto the midst of it. ⁵ And he cast four rings for the four ends of the grate of brass, to be places for the staves. ⁶ And he made the staves of shittim wood, and overlaid them with brass. ⁷ And he put the staves into the rings on the sides of the altar, to bear it withal; he made the altar hollow with boards.

⁸ And he made the laver of brass, and the foot of it of brass, of the lookingglasses of the women assembling, which assembled at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation.

⁹ And he made the court: on the south side southward the hangings of the court were of fine twined linen, an hundred cubits: ¹⁰ Their pillars were twenty, and their brasen sockets twenty; the hooks of the pillars and their fillets were of silver. ¹¹ And for the north side the hangings were an hundred cubits, their pillars were twenty, and their sockets of brass twenty; the hooks of the pillars and their fillets of silver. ¹² And for the west side were hangings of fifty cubits, their pillars ten, and their sockets ten; the hooks of the pillars and their fillets of silver. ¹³ And for the east side eastward fifty cubits. ¹⁴ The hangings of the one side of the gate were fifteen cubits; their pillars three, and their sockets three. ¹⁵ And for the other side of the court gate, on this hand and that hand, were hangings of fifteen cubits; their pillars three, and their sockets three. ¹⁶ All the hangings of the court round about were of fine twined linen. ¹⁷ And the sockets for the pillars were of brass; the hooks of the pillars and their fillets of silver; and the overlaying of their chapters of silver; and all the pillars of the court were filleted with silver. ¹⁸ And the hanging for the gate of the court was needlework, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen: and twenty cubits was the length, and the height in the breadth was five cubits, answerable to the hangings of the court. ¹⁹ And their pillars were four, and their sockets of brass four; their hooks of silver, and the overlaying of their chapters and their fillets of silver. ²⁰ And all the pins of the tabernacle, and of the court round about, were of brass.

²¹ This is the sum of the tabernacle, even of the tabernacle of testimony, as it was counted, according to the commandment of Moses, for the service of the Levites, by the hand of Ithamar, son to Aaron the priest. ²² And Bezaleel the son Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah, made all that the LORD commanded Moses. ²³ And with him was Aholiab, son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan, an engraver, and a cunning workman, and an embroiderer in blue, and in purple, and in scarlet, and fine linen. ²⁴ All the gold that was occupied for the work in all the work of the holy place, even the gold of the offering, was twenty and nine talents, and seven hundred and thirty shekels, after the shekel of the sanctuary. ²⁵ And the silver of them that were numbered of the congregation was an hundred talents, and a thousand seven hundred and threescore and fifteen shekels, after the shekel of the sanctuary: ²⁶ A bekah for every man, that is, half a shekel, after the shekel of the sanctuary, for every one that went to be numbered, from twenty years old and upward, for six hundred thousand and three thousand and five hundred and fifty men. ²⁷ And of the hundred talents of silver were cast the sockets of the sanctuary, and the sockets of the vail; an hundred sockets of the hundred talents, a talent for a socket. ²⁸ And of the thousand seven hundred seventy and five shekels he made hooks for the pillars, and overlaid their chapters, and filleted them. ²⁹ And the brass of the offering was seventy talents, and two thousand and four hundred shekels. ³⁰ And therewith he made the sockets to the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and the brasen altar, and the brasen grate for it, and all the vessels of the altar, ³¹ And the sockets of the court round about, and the sockets of the court gate, and all the pins of the tabernacle, and all the pins of the court round about.

Exodus Chapter 39

¹ And of the blue, and purple, and scarlet, they made cloths of service, to do service in the holy place, and made the holy garments for Aaron; as the LORD commanded Moses. ² And he made the ephod of gold, blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen. ³ And they did beat the gold into thin plates, and cut it into wires, to work it in the blue, and in the purple, and in the scarlet, and in the fine linen, with cunning work. ⁴ They made shoulderpieces for it, to couple it together: by the two edges was it coupled together. ⁵ And the curious girdle of his ephod, that was

upon it, was of the same, according to the work thereof; of gold, blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen; as the LORD commanded Moses.

⁶ And they wrought onyx stones inclosed in ouches of gold, graven, as signets are graven, with the names of the children of Israel. ⁷ And he put them on the shoulders of the ephod, that they should be stones for a memorial to the children of Israel; as the LORD commanded Moses.

⁸ And he made the breastplate of cunning work, like the work of the ephod; of gold, blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen. ⁹ It was foursquare; they made the breastplate double: a span was the length thereof, and a span the breadth thereof, being doubled. ¹⁰ And they set in it four rows of stones: the first row was a sardius, a topaz, and a carbuncle: this was the first row. ¹¹ And the second row, an emerald, a sapphire, and a diamond. ¹² And the third row, a ligure, an agate, and an amethyst. ¹³ And the fourth row, a beryl, an onyx, and a jasper: they were inclosed in ouches of gold in their inclosings. ¹⁴ And the stones were according to the names of the children of Israel, twelve, according to their names, like the engravings of a signet, every one with his name, according to the twelve tribes. ¹⁵ And they made upon the breastplate chains at the ends, of wreathen work of pure gold. ¹⁶ And they made two ouches of gold, and two gold rings; and put the two rings in the two ends of the breastplate. ¹⁷ And they put the two wreathen chains of gold in the two rings on the ends of the breastplate. ¹⁸ And the two ends of the two wreathen chains they fastened in the two ouches, and put them on the shoulderpieces of the ephod, before it. ¹⁹ And they made two rings of gold, and put them on the two ends of the breastplate, upon the border of it, which was on the side of the ephod inward. ²⁰ And they made two other golden rings, and put them on the two sides of the ephod underneath, toward the forepart of it, over against the other coupling thereof, above the curious girdle of the ephod. ²¹ And they did bind the breastplate by his rings unto the rings of the ephod with a lace of blue, that it might be above the curious girdle of the ephod, and that the breastplate might not be loosed from the ephod; as the LORD commanded Moses.

²² And he made the robe of the ephod of woven work, all of blue. ²³ And there was an hole in the midst of the robe, as the hole of an habergeon, with a band round about the hole, that it should not rend. ²⁴ And they made upon the hems of the robe pomegranates of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and twined linen. ²⁵ And they made bells of pure gold, and put the bells between the pomegranates upon the hem of the robe, round about between the pomegranates; ²⁶ A bell and a pomegranate, a bell and a pomegranate, round about the hem of the robe to minister in; as the LORD commanded Moses.

²⁷ And they made coats of fine linen of woven work for Aaron, and for his sons, ²⁸ And a mitre of fine linen, and goodly bonnets of fine linen, and linen breeches of fine twined linen, ²⁹ And a girdle of fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, of needlework; as the LORD commanded Moses.

³⁰ And they made the plate of the holy crown of pure gold, and wrote upon it a writing, like to the engravings of a signet, HOLINESS TO THE LORD. ³¹ And they tied unto it a lace of blue, to fasten it on high upon the mitre; as the LORD commanded Moses.

³² Thus was all the work of the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation finished: and the children of Israel did according to all that the LORD commanded Moses, so did they.

³³ And they brought the tabernacle unto Moses, the tent, and all his furniture, his taches, his boards, his bars, and his pillars, and his sockets, ³⁴ And the covering of rams' skins dyed red, and the covering of badgers' skins, and the vail of the covering, ³⁵ The ark of the testimony, and the staves thereof, and the mercy seat, ³⁶ The table, and all the vessels thereof, and the shewbread, ³⁷ The pure candlestick, with the lamps thereof, even with the lamps to be set in order, and all the vessels thereof, and the oil for light, ³⁸ And the golden altar, and the anointing oil, and the sweet incense, and the hanging for the tabernacle door, ³⁹ The brasen altar, and his grate of brass, his staves, and all his vessels, the laver and his foot, ⁴⁰ The hangings of the court, his pillars, and his sockets, and the hanging for the court gate, his cords, and his pins, and all the vessels of the service of the tabernacle, for the tent of the congregation, ⁴¹ The cloths of service to do service in the holy place, and the holy garments for Aaron the priest, and his sons' garments, to minister in the priest's office. ⁴² According to all that the LORD commanded Moses, so the children of Israel made all the work. ⁴³ And Moses did look upon all the work, and, behold, they had done it as the LORD had commanded, even so had they done it: and Moses blessed them.

Exodus Chapter 40

¹ And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, ² On the first day of the first month shalt thou set up the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation. ³ And thou shalt put therein the ark of the testimony, and cover the ark with the vail. ⁴ And thou shalt bring in the table, and set in order the things that are to be set in order upon it; and thou shalt bring in the candlestick, and light the lamps thereof. ⁵ And thou shalt set the altar of gold for the incense before the ark of the testimony, and put the hanging of the door to the tabernacle. ⁶ And thou shalt set the altar of the burnt offering before the door of the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation. ⁷ And thou shalt set the laver between the

tent of the congregation and the altar, and shalt put water therein. ⁸ And thou shalt set up the court round about, and hang up the hanging at the court gate. ⁹ And thou shalt take the anointing oil, and anoint the tabernacle, and all that is therein, and shalt hallow it, and all the vessels thereof: and it shall be holy. ¹⁰ And thou shalt anoint the altar of the burnt offering, and all his vessels, and sanctify the altar: and it shall be an altar most holy. ¹¹ And thou shalt anoint the laver and his foot, and sanctify it. ¹² And thou shalt bring Aaron and his sons unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and wash them with water. ¹³ And thou shalt put upon Aaron the holy garments, and anoint him, and sanctify him; that he may minister unto me in the priest's office. ¹⁴ And thou shalt bring his sons, and clothe them with coats: ¹⁵ And thou shalt anoint them, as thou didst anoint their father, that they may minister unto me in the priest's office: for their anointing shall surely be an everlasting priesthood throughout their generations.

¹⁶ Thus did Moses: according to all that the LORD commanded him, so did he.

¹⁷ And it came to pass in the first month in the second year, on the first day of the month, that the tabernacle was reared up. ¹⁸ And Moses reared up the tabernacle, and fastened his sockets, and set up the boards thereof, and put in the bars thereof, and reared up his pillars. ¹⁹ And he spread abroad the tent over the tabernacle, and put the covering of the tent above upon it; as the LORD commanded Moses.

²⁰ And he took and put the testimony into the ark, and set the staves on the ark, and put the mercy seat above upon the ark: ²¹ And he brought the ark into the tabernacle, and set up the vail of the covering, and covered the ark of the testimony; as the LORD commanded Moses.

²² And he put the table in the tent of the congregation, upon the side of the tabernacle northward, without the vail. ²³ And he set the bread in order upon it before the LORD; as the LORD had commanded Moses.

²⁴ And he put the candlestick in the tent of the congregation, over against the table, on the side of the tabernacle southward. ²⁵ And he lighted the lamps before the LORD; as the LORD commanded Moses.

²⁶ And he put the golden altar in the tent of the congregation before the vail: ²⁷ And he burnt sweet incense thereon; as the LORD commanded Moses.

²⁸ And he set up the hanging at the door of the tabernacle. ²⁹ And he put the altar of burnt offering by the door of the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation, and offered upon it the burnt offering and the meat offering; as the LORD commanded Moses.

³⁰ And he set the laver between the tent of the congregation and the altar, and put water there, to wash withal.

³¹ And Moses and Aaron and his sons washed their hands and their feet thereat: ³² When they went into the tent of the congregation, and when they came near unto the altar, they washed; as the LORD commanded Moses. ³³ And he reared up the court round about the tabernacle and the altar, and set up the hanging of the court gate. So Moses finished the work.

³⁴ Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the LORD filled the tabernacle. ³⁵ And Moses was not able to enter into the tent of the congregation, because the cloud abode thereon, and the glory of the LORD filled the tabernacle. ³⁶ And when the cloud was taken up from over the tabernacle, the children of Israel went onward in all their journeys: ³⁷ But if the cloud were not taken up, then they journeyed not till the day that it was taken up. ³⁸ For the cloud of the LORD was upon the tabernacle by day, and fire was on it by night, in the sight of all the house of Israel, throughout all their journeys.

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Genesis Chapter 1

¹ In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. ² And the earth was waste and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters

³ And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. ⁴ And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. ⁵ And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And there was evening and there was morning, one day.

⁶ And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. ⁷ And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so. ⁸ And God called the firmament Heaven. And there was evening and there was morning, a second day.

⁹ And God said, Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. ¹⁰ And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good. ¹¹ And God said, Let the earth put forth grass, herbs yielding seed, [and] fruit-trees bearing fruit after their kind, wherein is the seed thereof, upon the earth: and it was so. ¹² And the earth brought forth grass, herbs yielding seed after their kind, and trees bearing fruit, wherein is the seed thereof, after their kind:

and God saw that it was good. ¹³ And there was evening and there was morning, a third day.

¹⁴ And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years: ¹⁵ and let them be for lights in the firmament of heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so. ¹⁶ And God made the two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: [he made] the stars also. ¹⁷ And God set them in the firmament of heaven to give light upon the earth, ¹⁸ and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good. ¹⁹ And there was evening and there was morning, a fourth day.

²⁰ And God said, Let the waters swarm with swarms of living creatures, and let birds fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. ²¹ And God created the great sea-monsters, and every living creature that moveth, wherewith the waters swarmed, after their kind, and every winged bird after its kind: and God saw that it was good. ²² And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let birds multiply on the earth. ²³ And there was evening and there was morning, a fifth day.

²⁴ And God said, Let the earth bring forth living creatures after their kind, cattle, and creeping things, and beasts of the earth after their kind: and it was so. ²⁵ And God made the beasts of the earth after their kind, and the cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the ground after its kind: and God saw that it was good.

²⁶ And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the heavens, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. ²⁷ And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. ²⁸ And God blessed them: and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the heavens, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

²⁹ And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb yielding seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for food: ³⁰ and to every beast of the earth, and to every bird of the heavens, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, [I have given] every green herb for food: and it was so. ³¹ And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And there was evening and there was morning, the sixth day.

Genesis Chapter 2

¹ And the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. ² And on the seventh day God finished his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. ³ And God blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it; because that in it he rested from all his work which God had created and made.

⁴ These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that Jehovah God made earth and heaven. ⁵ And no plant of the field was yet in the earth, and no herb of the field had yet sprung up; for Jehovah God had not caused it to rain upon the earth: and there was not a man to till the ground; ⁶ but there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. ⁷ And Jehovah God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

⁸ And Jehovah God planted a garden eastward, in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. ⁹ And out of the ground made Jehovah God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. ¹⁰ And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became four heads. ¹¹ The name of the first is Pishon: that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; ¹² and the gold of that land is good: there is bdellium and the onyx stone. ¹³ And the name of the second river is Gihon: the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Cush. ¹⁴ And the name of the third river is Hiddekel: that is it which goeth in front of Assyria. And the fourth river is the Euphrates. ¹⁵ And Jehovah God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.

¹⁶ And Jehovah God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: ¹⁷ but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

¹⁸ And Jehovah God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a help meet for him. ¹⁹ And out of the ground Jehovah God formed every beast of the field, and every bird of the heavens; and brought them unto the man to see what he would call them: and whatsoever the man called every living creature, that was the name thereof. ²⁰ And the man gave names to all cattle, and to the birds of the heavens, and to every beast of the field; but for man there was not found a help meet for him.

²¹ And Jehovah God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof: ²² and the rib, which Jehovah God had taken from the man, made he a woman,

and brought her unto the man. ²³ And the man said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man. ²⁴ Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh. ²⁵ And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.

Genesis Chapter 3

¹ Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which Jehovah God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of any tree of the garden? ² And the woman said unto the serpent, Of the fruit of the trees of the garden we may eat: ³ but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. ⁴ And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: ⁵ for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil.

⁶ And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was a delight to the eyes, and that the tree was to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat; and she gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat. ⁷ And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons. ⁸ And they heard the voice of Jehovah God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and the man and his wife hid themselves from the presence of Jehovah God amongst the trees of the garden.

⁹ And Jehovah God called unto the man, and said unto him, Where art thou? ¹⁰ And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself.

¹¹ And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat? ¹² And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. ¹³ And Jehovah God said unto the woman, What is this thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.

¹⁴ And Jehovah God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, cursed art thou above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life: ¹⁵ and I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: he shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel. ¹⁶ Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy pain and thy conception; in pain thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.

¹⁷ And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in toil shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; ¹⁸ thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; ¹⁹ in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. ²⁰ And the man called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all living. ²¹ And Jehovah God made for Adam and for his wife coats of skins, and clothed them.

²² And Jehovah God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever- ²³ therefore Jehovah God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. ²⁴ So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden the Cherubim, and the flame of a sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

Genesis Chapter 4

¹ And the man knew Eve his wife; and she conceived, and bare Cain, and said, I have gotten a man with [the help of] Jehovah. ² And again she bare his brother Abel. And Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground.

³ And in process of time it came to pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto Jehovah. ⁴ And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And Jehovah had respect unto Abel and to his offering: ⁵ but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell.

⁶ And Jehovah said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? ⁷ If thou doest well, shall it not be lifted up? and if thou doest not well, sin coucheth at the door: and unto thee shall be its desire, but do thou rule over it. ⁸ And Cain told Abel his brother. And it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him.

⁹ And Jehovah said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: am I my brother's keeper? ¹⁰ And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. ¹¹ And now cursed art thou from the ground, which hath opened its mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand;

¹² when thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee its strength; a fugitive and a wanderer shalt thou be in the earth.

¹³ And Cain said unto Jehovah, My punishment is greater than I can bear. ¹⁴ Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the ground; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a wanderer in the earth; and it will come to pass, that whosoever findeth me will slay me. ¹⁵ And Jehovah said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And Jehovah appointed a sign for Cain, lest any finding him should smite him.

¹⁶ And Cain went out from the presence of Jehovah, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden. ¹⁷ And Cain knew his wife; and she conceived, and bare Enoch: and he builded a city, and called the name of the city, after the name of his son, Enoch. ¹⁸ And unto Enoch was born Irad: and Irad begat Mehujael: and Mehujael begat Methushael; and Methushael begat Lamech.

¹⁹ And Lamech took unto him two wives: the name of the one was Adah, and the name of the other Zillah. ²⁰ And Adah bare Jabal: he was the father of such as dwell in tents and [have] cattle. ²¹ And his brother's name was Jubal: he was the father of all such as handle the harp and pipe. ²² And Zillah, she also bare Tubal-cain, the forger of every cutting instrument of brass and iron: and the sister of Tubal-cain was Naamah.

²³ And Lamech said unto his wives: Adah and Zillah, hear my voice; Ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech: For I have slain a man for wounding me, And a young man for bruising me: ²⁴ If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold, Truly Lamech seventy and sevenfold.

²⁵ And Adam knew his wife again; and she bare a son, and called his name Seth. For, [said she], God hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel; for Cain slew him. ²⁶ And to Seth, to him also there was born a son; and he called his name Enosh. Then began men to call upon the name of Jehovah.

Genesis Chapter 5

¹ This is the book of the generations of Adam. In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made he him; ² male and female created he them, and blessed them, and called their name Adam, in the day when they were created.

³ And Adam lived a hundred and thirty years, and begat [a son] in his own likeness, after his image; and called his name Seth: ⁴ and the days of Adam after he begat Seth were eight hundred years: and he begat sons and daughters. ⁵ And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years: and he died.

⁶ And Seth lived a hundred and five years, and begat Enosh: ⁷ and Seth lived after he begat Enosh eight hundred and seven years, and begat sons and daughters: ⁸ and all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years: and he died.

⁹ And Enosh lived ninety years, and begat Kenan. ¹⁰ and Enosh lived after he begat Kenan eight hundred and fifteen years, and begat sons and daughters: ¹¹ and all the days of Enosh were nine hundred and five years: and he died.

¹² And Kenan lived seventy years, and begat Mahalalel: ¹³ and Kenan lived after he begat Mahalalel eight hundred and forty years, and begat sons and daughters: ¹⁴ and all the days of Kenan were nine hundred and ten years: and he died.

¹⁵ And Mahalalel lived sixty and five years, and begat Jared: ¹⁶ And Mahalalel lived after he begat Jared eight hundred and thirty years, and begat sons and daughters:

¹⁷ and all the days of Mahalalel were eight hundred ninety and five years: and he died.

¹⁸ And Jared lived a hundred sixty and two years, and begat Enoch: ¹⁹ and Jared lived after he begat Enoch eight hundred years, and begat sons and daughters: ²⁰ And all the days of Jared were nine hundred sixty and two years: and he died.

²¹ And Enoch lived sixty and five years, and begat Methuselah: ²² and Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters: ²³ and all the days of Enoch were three hundred sixty and five years: ²⁴ and Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.

²⁵ And Methuselah lived a hundred eighty and seven years, and begat Lamech: ²⁶ and Methuselah lived after he begat Lamech seven hundred eighty and two years, and begat sons and daughters. ²⁷ And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years: and he died.

²⁸ And Lamech lived a hundred eighty and two years, and begat a son: ²⁹ and he called his name Noah, saying, This same shall comfort us in our work and in the toil of our hands, [which cometh] because of the ground which Jehovah hath cursed. ³⁰ And Lamech lived after he begat Noah five hundred ninety and five years, and begat sons and daughters: ³¹ And all the days of Lamech were seven hundred seventy and seven years: and he died. ³² And Noah was five hundred years old: And Noah begat Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

Genesis Chapter 6

¹ And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the ground, and daughters were born unto them, ² that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all that they chose. ³ And Jehovah said, My spirit shall not strive with man for ever, for that he also is flesh: yet shall his days be a hundred and twenty years.

⁴ The Nephilim were in the earth in those days, and also after that, when the sons of God came unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them: the same were the mighty men that were of old, the men of renown.

⁵ And Jehovah saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.

⁶ And it repented Jehovah that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. ⁷ And Jehovah said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the ground; both man, and beast, and creeping things, and birds of the heavens; for it repenteth me that I have made them.

⁸ But Noah found favor in the eyes of Jehovah.

⁹ These are the generations of Noah. Noah was a righteous man, [and] perfect in his generations: Noah walked with God. ¹⁰ And Noah begat three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

¹¹ And the earth was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence. ¹² And God saw the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted their way upon the earth.

¹³ And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth.

¹⁴ Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. ¹⁵ And this is how thou shalt make it: the length of the ark three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits. ¹⁶ A light shalt thou make to the ark, and to a cubit shalt thou finish it upward; and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; with lower, second, and third stories shalt thou make it. ¹⁷ And I, behold, I do bring the flood of waters upon this earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; everything that is in the earth shall die. ¹⁸ But I will establish my covenant with thee; and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives with thee. ¹⁹ And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female. ²⁰ Of the birds after their kind, and of the cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the ground after its kind, two of every sort shall come unto thee, to keep them alive. ²¹ And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and gather it to thee; and it shall be for food for thee, and for them. ²² Thus did Noah; according to all that God commanded him, so did he.

Genesis Chapter 7

¹ And Jehovah said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. ² Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee seven and seven, the male and his female; and of the beasts that are not clean two, the male and his female: ³ of the birds also of the heavens, seven and seven, male and female, to keep seed alive upon the face of all the earth. ⁴ For yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights; and every living thing that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the ground.

⁵ And Noah did according unto all that Jehovah commanded him. ⁶ And Noah was six hundred years old when the flood of waters was upon the earth.

⁷ And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark, because of the waters of the flood. ⁸ Of clean beasts, and of beasts that are not clean, and of birds, and of everything that creepeth upon the ground, ⁹ there went in two and two unto Noah into the ark, male and female, as God commanded Noah. ¹⁰ And it came to pass after the seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth.

¹¹ In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, on the seventeenth day of the month, on the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. ¹² And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights.

¹³ In the selfsame day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark; ¹⁴ they, and every beast after its kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after its kind, and every bird after its kind, every bird of every sort. ¹⁵ And they went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh wherein is the breath of life. ¹⁶ And they that went in, went in male and female of all flesh, as God commanded him: and Jehovah shut him in.

¹⁷ And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lifted up above the earth. ¹⁸ And the waters prevailed, and increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters. ¹⁹ And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high mountains that were under the whole heaven were covered. ²⁰ Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were

covered.

²¹ And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both birds, and cattle, and beasts, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man: ²² all in whose nostrils was the breath of the spirit of life, of all that was on the dry land, died. ²³ And every living thing was destroyed that was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and creeping things, and birds of the heavens; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only was left, and they that were with him in the ark. ²⁴ And the waters prevailed upon the earth a hundred and fifty days.

Genesis Chapter 8

¹ And God remembered Noah, and all the beasts, and all the cattle that were with him in the ark: and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged; ² the fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained; ³ and the waters returned from off the earth continually: and after the end of a hundred and fifty days the waters decreased.

⁴ And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat. ⁵ And the waters decreased continually until the tenth month: in the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen.

⁶ And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made: ⁷ and he sent forth a raven, and it went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth. ⁸ And he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground; ⁹ but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him to the ark; for the waters were on the face of the whole earth: and he put forth his hand, and took her, and brought her in unto him into the ark. ¹⁰ And he stayed yet other seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark; ¹¹ and the dove came in to him at eventide; and, lo, in her mouth an olive-leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth. ¹² And he stayed yet other seven days, and sent forth the dove; and she returned not again unto him any more.

¹³ And it came to pass in the six hundred and first year, in the first month, the first day of the month, the waters were dried up from off the earth: and Noah removed the covering of the ark, and looked, and, behold, the face of the ground was dried. ¹⁴ And in the second month, on the seven and twentieth day of the month, was the earth dry.

¹⁵ And God spake unto Noah, saying, ¹⁶ Go forth from the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee. ¹⁷ Bring forth with thee every living thing that is with thee of all flesh, both birds, and cattle, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful, and multiply upon the earth. ¹⁸ And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him: ¹⁹ every beast, every creeping thing, and every bird, whatsoever moveth upon the earth, after their families, went forth out of the ark.

²⁰ And Noah builded an altar unto Jehovah, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean bird, and offered burnt-offerings on the altar. ²¹ And Jehovah smelled the sweet savor; and Jehovah said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake, for that the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more everything living, as I have done. ²² While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

Genesis Chapter 9

¹ And God blessed Noah and his sons, and said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth. ² And the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every bird of the heavens; With all wherewith the ground teemeth, and all the fishes of the sea, into your hand are they delivered. ³ Every moving thing that liveth shall be food for you; As the green herb have I given you all. ⁴ But flesh with the life thereof, [which is] the blood thereof, shall ye not eat. ⁵ And surely your blood, [the blood] of your lives, will I require; At the hand of every beast will I require it. And at the hand of man, even at the hand of every man's brother, will I require the life of man. ⁶ Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: For in the image of God made he man. ⁷ And you, be ye fruitful, and multiply; Bring forth abundantly in the earth, and multiply therein.

⁸ And God spake unto Noah, and to his sons with him, saying, ⁹ And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you; ¹⁰ and with every living creature that is with you, the birds, the cattle, and every beast of the earth with you. Of all that go out of the ark, even every beast of the earth. ¹¹ And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of the flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth.

¹² And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: ¹³ I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. ¹⁴ And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud, ¹⁵ and I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of

all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. ¹⁶ And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth. ¹⁷ And God said unto Noah, This is the token of the covenant which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth.

Exodus Chapter 1

¹ Now these are the names of the sons of Israel, who came into Egypt (every man and his household came with Jacob): ² Reuben, Simeon, Levi, and Judah, ³ Issachar, Zebulun, and Benjamin, ⁴ Dan and Naphtali, Gad and Asher. ⁵ And all the souls that came out of the loins of Jacob were seventy souls: and Joseph was in Egypt already. ⁶ And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation.

⁷ And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them.

⁸ Now there arose a new king over Egypt, who knew not Joseph. ⁹ And he said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we: ¹⁰ come, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they also join themselves unto our enemies, and fight against us, and get them up out of the land. ¹¹ Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh store-cities, Pithom and Raamses. ¹² But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and the more they spread abroad. And they were grieved because of the children of Israel. ¹³ And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor: ¹⁴ and they made their lives bitter with hard service, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field, all their service, wherein they made them serve with rigor.

¹⁵ And the king of Egypt spake to the Hebrew midwives, of whom the name of the one was Shiphrah, and the name of the other Puah: ¹⁶ and he said, When ye do the office of a midwife to the Hebrew women, and see them upon the birth-stool; if it be a son, then ye shall kill him; but if it be a daughter, then she shall live. ¹⁷ But the midwives feared God, and did not as the king of Egypt commanded them, but saved the men-children alive. ¹⁸ And the king of Egypt called for the midwives, and said unto them, Why have ye done this thing, and have saved the men-children alive? ¹⁹ And the midwives said unto Pharaoh, Because the Hebrew women are not as the Egyptian women; for they are lively, and are delivered ere the midwife come unto them. ²⁰ And God dealt well with the midwives: and the people multiplied, and waxed very mighty. ²¹ And it came to pass, because the midwives feared God, that he made them households. ²² And Pharaoh charged all his people, saying, Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river, and every daughter ye shall save alive.

Exodus Chapter 2

¹ And there went a man of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi. ² And the woman conceived, and bare a son: and when she saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months. ³ And when she could not longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch; and she put the child therein, and laid it in the flags by the river's brink. ⁴ And his sister stood afar off, to know what would be done to him.

⁵ And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to bathe at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river-side; and she saw the ark among the flags, and sent her handmaid to fetch it. ⁶ And she opened it, and saw the child: and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children. ⁷ Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, Shall I go and call thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee? ⁸ And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maiden went and called the child's mother. ⁹ And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages. And the woman took the child, and nursed it. ¹⁰ And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses, and said, Because I drew him out of the water.

¹¹ And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown up, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens: and he saw an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of his brethren. ¹² And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he smote the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand. ¹³ And he went out the second day, and, behold, two men of the Hebrews were striving together: and he said to him that did the wrong, Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow? ¹⁴ And he said, Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? Thinkest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian? And Moses feared, and said, Surely the thing is known. ¹⁵ Now when Pharaoh heard this thing, he sought to slay Moses. But Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh, and dwelt in the land of Midian: and he sat down by a well.

¹⁶ Now the priest of Midian had seven daughters: and they came and drew water, and filled the troughs to water their father's flock. ¹⁷ And the shepherds came and drove them away; but Moses stood up and helped them, and

watered their flock. ¹⁸ And when they came to Reuel their father, he said, How is it that ye are come so soon today? ¹⁹ And they said, An Egyptian delivered us out of the hand of the shepherds, and moreover he drew water for us, and watered the flock. ²⁰ And he said unto his daughters, And where is he? Why is it that ye have left the man? Call him, that he may eat bread. ²¹ And Moses was content to dwell with the man: and he gave Moses Zipporah his daughter. ²² And she bare a son, and he called his name Gershom; for he said, I have been a sojourner in a foreign land.

²³ And it came to pass in the course of those many days, that the king of Egypt died: and the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried, and their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage. ²⁴ And God heard their groaning, and God remembered his covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob. ²⁵ And God saw the children of Israel, and God took knowledge [of them].

Exodus Chapter 3

¹ Now Moses was keeping the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian: and he led the flock to the back of the wilderness, and came to the mountain of God, unto Horeb. ² And the angel of Jehovah appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. ³ And Moses said, I will turn aside now, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt. ⁴ And when Jehovah saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I. ⁵ And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. ⁶ Moreover he said, I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God.

⁷ And Jehovah said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people that are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows; ⁸ and I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey; unto the place of the Canaanite, and the Hittite, and the Amorite, and the Perizzite, and the Hivite, and the Jebusite. ⁹ And now, behold, the cry of the children of Israel is come unto me: moreover I have seen the oppression wherewith the Egyptians oppress them. ¹⁰ Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt.

¹¹ And Moses said unto God, Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt? ¹² And he said, Certainly I will be with thee; and this shall be the token unto thee, that I have sent thee: when thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain. ¹³ And Moses said unto God, Behold, when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, What is his name? What shall I say unto them? ¹⁴ And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you. ¹⁵ And God said moreover unto Moses, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, Jehovah, the God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you: this is my name forever, and this is my memorial unto all generations.

¹⁶ Go, and gather the elders of Israel together, and say unto them, Jehovah, the God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, hath appeared unto me, saying, I have surely visited you, and [seen] that which is done to you in Egypt: ¹⁷ and I have said, I will bring you up out of the affliction of Egypt unto the land of the Canaanite, and the Hittite, and the Amorite, and the Perizzite, and the Hivite, and the Jebusite, unto a land flowing with milk and honey. ¹⁸ And they shall hearken to thy voice: and thou shalt come, thou and the elders of Israel, unto the king of Egypt, and ye shall say unto him, Jehovah, the God of the Hebrews, hath met with us: and now let us go, we pray thee, three days' journey into the wilderness, that we may sacrifice to Jehovah our God.

¹⁹ And I know that the king of Egypt will not give you leave to go, no, not by a mighty hand. ²⁰ And I will put forth my hand, and smite Egypt with all my wonders which I will do in the midst thereof: and after that he will let you go. ²¹ And I will give this people favor in the sight of the Egyptians: and it shall come to pass, that, when ye go, ye shall not go empty. ²² But every woman shall ask of her neighbor, and of her that sojourneth in her house, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment: and ye shall put them upon your sons, and upon your daughters; and ye shall despoil the Egyptians.

Exodus Chapter 4

¹ And Moses answered and said, But, behold, they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice; for they will say, Jehovah hath not appeared unto thee. ² And Jehovah said unto him, What is that in thy hand? And he said, A rod. ³ And he said, Cast it in on the ground. And he cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent; and Moses fled from before it. ⁴ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Put forth thy hand, and take it by the tail: (and he put forth his hand, and laid hold of it, and it became a rod in his hand:) ⁵ That they may believe that Jehovah, the God of their

fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath appeared unto thee.

⁶ And Jehovah said furthermore unto him, Put now thy hand into thy bosom. And he put his hand into his bosom: and when he took it out, behold, his hand was leprous, as [white as] snow. ⁷ And he said, Put thy hand into thy bosom again. (And he put his hand into his bosom again; and when he took it out of his bosom, behold, it was turned again as his [other] flesh.) ⁸ And it shall come to pass, if they will not believe thee, neither hearken to the voice of the first sign, that they will believe the voice of the latter sign. ⁹ And it shall come to pass, if they will not believe even these two signs, neither hearken unto thy voice, that thou shalt take of the water of the river, and pour it upon the dry land: and the water which thou takest out of the river shall become blood upon the dry land.

¹⁰ And Moses said unto Jehovah, Oh, Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant; for I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue. ¹¹ And Jehovah said unto him, Who hath made man's mouth? Or who maketh [a man] dumb, or deaf, or seeing, or blind? Is it not I, Jehovah? ¹² Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt speak. ¹³ And he said, Oh, Lord, send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send. ¹⁴ And the anger of Jehovah was kindled against Moses, and he said, Is there not Aaron thy brother the Levite? I know that he can speak well. And also, behold, he cometh forth to meet thee: and when he seeth thee, he will be glad in his heart. ¹⁵ And thou shalt speak unto him, and put the words in his mouth: and I will be with thy mouth, and with his mouth, and will teach you what ye shall do. ¹⁶ And he shall be thy spokesman unto the people; and it shall come to pass, that he shall be to thee a mouth, and thou shalt be to him as God. ¹⁷ And thou shalt take in thy hand this rod, wherewith thou shalt do the signs.

¹⁸ And Moses went and returned to Jethro his father-in-law, and said unto him, Let me go, I pray thee, and return unto my brethren that are in Egypt, and see whether they be yet alive. And Jethro said to Moses, Go in peace.

¹⁹ And Jehovah said unto Moses in Midian, Go, return into Egypt; for all the men are dead that sought thy life.

²⁰ And Moses took his wife and his sons, and set them upon an ass, and he returned to the land of Egypt: and Moses took the rod of God in his hand. ²¹ And Jehovah said unto Moses, When thou goest back into Egypt, see that thou do before Pharaoh all the wonders which I have put in thy hand: but I will harden his heart and he will not let the people go. ²² And thou shalt say unto Pharaoh, Thus saith Jehovah, Israel is my son, my first-born: ²³ and I have said unto thee, Let my son go, that he may serve me; and thou hast refused to let him go: behold, I will slay thy son, thy first-born.

²⁴ And it came to pass on the way at the lodging-place, that Jehovah met him, and sought to kill him. ²⁵ Then Zipporah took a flint, and cut off the foreskin of her son, and cast it at his feet; and she said, Surely a bridegroom of blood art thou to me. ²⁶ So he let him alone. Then she said, A bridegroom of blood [art thou], because of the circumcision.

²⁷ And Jehovah said to Aaron, Go into the wilderness to meet Moses. And he went, and met him in the mountain of God, and kissed him. ²⁸ And Moses told Aaron all the words of Jehovah wherewith he had sent him, and all the signs wherewith he had charged him.

²⁹ And Moses and Aaron went and gathered together all the elders of the children of Israel: ³⁰ and Aaron spake all the words which Jehovah had spoken unto Moses, and did the signs in the sight of the people. ³¹ And the people believed: and when they heard that Jehovah had visited the children of Israel, and that he had seen their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshipped.

Exodus Chapter 5

¹ And afterward Moses and Aaron came, and said unto Pharaoh, Thus saith Jehovah, the God of Israel, Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness. ² And Pharaoh said, Who is Jehovah, that I should hearken unto his voice to let Israel go? I know not Jehovah, and moreover I will not let Israel go.

³ And they said, The God of the Hebrews hath met with us: let us go, we pray thee, three days' journey into the wilderness, and sacrifice unto Jehovah our God, lest he fall upon us with pestilence, or with the sword. ⁴ And the king of Egypt said unto them, Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, loose the people from their works? get you unto your burdens. ⁵ And Pharaoh said, Behold, the people of the land are now many, and ye make them rest from their burdens. ⁶ And the same day Pharaoh commanded the taskmasters of the people, and their officers, saying, ⁷ Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick, as heretofore: let them go and gather straw for themselves. ⁸ And the number of the bricks, which they did make heretofore, ye shall lay upon them; ye shall not diminish aught thereof: for they are idle; therefore they cry, saying, Let us go and sacrifice to our God. ⁹ Let heavier work be laid upon the men, that they may labor therein; and let them not regard lying words.

¹⁰ And the taskmasters of the people went out, and their officers, and they spake to the people, saying, Thus saith Pharaoh, I will not give you straw. ¹¹ Go yourselves, get you straw where ye can find it: for nought of your work shall be diminished. ¹² So the people were scattered abroad throughout all the land of Egypt to gather stubble for straw. ¹³ And the taskmasters were urgent saying, Fulfil your works, [your] daily tasks, as when there was straw.

¹⁴ And the officers of the children of Israel, whom Pharaoh's taskmasters had set over them, were beaten, and demanded, Wherefore have ye not fulfilled your task both yesterday and to-day, in making brick as heretofore?

¹⁵ Then the officers of the children of Israel came and cried unto Pharaoh, saying, Wherefore dealest thou thus with thy servants? ¹⁶ There is no straw given unto thy servants, and they say to us, Make brick: and, behold, thy servants are beaten; but the fault is in thine own people. ¹⁷ But he said, Ye are idle, ye are idle: therefore ye say, Let us go and sacrifice to Jehovah. ¹⁸ Go therefore now, and work; for there shall no straw be given you, yet shall ye deliver the number of bricks. ¹⁹ And the officers of the children of Israel did see that they were in evil case, when it was said, Ye shall not diminish aught from your bricks, [your] daily tasks.

²⁰ And they met Moses and Aaron, who stood in the way, as they came forth from Pharaoh: ²¹ and they said unto them, Jehovah look upon you, and judge: because ye have made our savor to be abhorred in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of his servants, to put a sword in their hand to slay us. ²² And Moses returned unto Jehovah, and said, Lord, wherefore hast thou dealt ill with this people? why is it that thou hast sent me? ²³ For since I came to Pharaoh to speak in thy name, he hath dealt ill with this people; neither hast thou delivered thy people at all.

Exodus Chapter 6

¹ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Now shalt thou see what I will do to Pharaoh: for by a strong hand shall he let them go, and by a strong hand shall he drive them out of his land. ² And God spake unto Moses, and said unto him, I am Jehovah: ³ and I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, as God Almighty; but by my name Jehovah I was not known to them. ⁴ And I have also established my covenant with them, to give them the land of Canaan, the land of their sojournings, wherein they sojourned. ⁵ And moreover I have heard the groaning of the children of Israel, whom the Egyptians keep in bondage; and I have remembered my covenant. ⁶ Wherefore say unto the children of Israel, I am Jehovah, and I will bring you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians, and I will rid you out of their bondage, and I will redeem you with an outstretched arm, and with great judgments: ⁷ and I will take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God; and ye shall know that I am Jehovah your God, who bringeth you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians. ⁸ And I will bring you in unto the land which I swore to give to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob; and I will give it you for a heritage: I am Jehovah.

⁹ And Moses spake so unto the children of Israel: but they hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage.

¹⁰ And Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, ¹¹ Go in, speak unto Pharaoh king of Egypt, that he let the children of Israel go out of his land. ¹² And Moses spake before Jehovah, saying, Behold, the children of Israel have not hearkened unto me; how then shall Pharaoh hear me, who am of uncircumcised lips? ¹³ And Jehovah spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, and gave them a charge unto the children of Israel, and unto Pharaoh king of Egypt, to bring the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt.

¹⁴ These are the heads of their fathers' houses. The sons of Reuben the first-born of Israel: Hanoch, and Pallu, Hezron, and Carmi; these are the families of Reuben. ¹⁵ And the sons of Simeon: Jemuel, and Jamin, and Ohad, and Jachin, and Zohar, and Shaul the son of a Canaanitish woman; these are the families of Simeon.

¹⁶ And these are the names of the sons of Levi according to their generations: Gershon, and Kohath, and Merari; and the years of the life of Levi were a hundred thirty and seven years. ¹⁷ The sons of Gershon: Libni and Shimei, according to their families. ¹⁸ And the sons of Kohath: Amram, and Izhar, and Hebron, and Uzziel; and the years of the life of Kohath were a hundred thirty and three years. ¹⁹ And the sons of Merari: Mahli and Mushi. These are the families of the Levites according to their generations. ²⁰ And Amram took him Jochebed his father's sister to wife; and she bare him Aaron and Moses: and the years of the life of Amram were a hundred and thirty and seven years.

²¹ And the sons of Izhar: Korah, and Nepheg, and Zichri. ²² And the sons of Uzziel: Mishael, and Elzaphan, and Sithri. ²³ And Aaron took him Elisheba, the daughter of Amminadab, the sister of Nahshon, to wife; and she bare him Nadab and Abihu, Eleazar and Ithamar. ²⁴ And the sons of Korah: Assir, and Elkanah, and Abiasaph; these are the families of the Korahites. ²⁵ And Eleazar Aaron's son took him one of the daughters of Putiel to wife; and she bare him Phinehas. These are the heads of the fathers' [houses] of the Levites according to their families. ²⁶ These are that Aaron and Moses, to whom Jehovah said, Bring out the children of Israel from the land of Egypt according to their hosts. ²⁷ These are they that spake to Pharaoh king of Egypt, to bring out the children of Israel from Egypt: these are that Moses and Aaron.

²⁸ And it came to pass on the day when Jehovah spake unto Moses in the land of Egypt, ²⁹ that Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, I am Jehovah: speak thou unto Pharaoh king of Egypt all that I speak unto thee. ³⁰ And Moses said before Jehovah, Behold, I am of uncircumcised lips, and how shall Pharaoh hearken unto me?

Exodus Chapter 7

¹ And Jehovah said unto Moses, See, I have made thee as God to Pharaoh; and Aaron thy brother shall be thy

prophet. ² Thou shalt speak all that I command thee; and Aaron thy brother shall speak unto Pharaoh, that he let the children of Israel go out of his land. ³ And I will harden Pharaoh's heart, and multiply my signs and my wonders in the land of Egypt. ⁴ But Pharaoh will not hearken unto you, and I will lay my hand upon Egypt, and bring forth my hosts, my people the children of Israel, out of the land of Egypt by great judgments. ⁵ And the Egyptians shall know that I am Jehovah, when I stretch forth my hand upon Egypt, and bring out the children of Israel from among them. ⁶ And Moses and Aaron did so; as Jehovah commanded them, so did they. ⁷ And Moses was fourscore years old, and Aaron fourscore and three years old, when they spake unto Pharaoh.

⁸ And Jehovah spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, saying, ⁹ When Pharaoh shall speak unto you, saying, Show a wonder for you; then thou shalt say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and cast it down before Pharaoh, that it become a serpent.

¹⁰ And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so, as Jehovah had commanded: and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh and before his servants, and it became a serpent. ¹¹ Then Pharaoh also called for the wise men and the sorcerers: and they also, the magicians of Egypt, did in like manner with their enchantments. ¹² For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods. ¹³ And Pharaoh's heart was hardened, and he hearkened not unto them; as Jehovah had spoken.

¹⁴ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Pharaoh's heart is stubborn, he refuseth to let the people go. ¹⁵ Get thee unto Pharaoh in the morning; lo, he goeth out unto the water; and thou shalt stand by the river's brink to meet him; and the rod which was turned to a serpent shalt thou take in thy hand. ¹⁶ And thou shalt say unto him, Jehovah, the God of the Hebrews, hath sent me unto thee, saying, Let my people go, that they may serve me in the wilderness: and, behold, hitherto thou hast not hearkened. ¹⁷ Thus saith Jehovah, In this thou shalt know that I am Jehovah: behold, I will smite with the rod that is in my hand upon the waters which are in the river, and they shall be turned to blood. ¹⁸ And the fish that are in the river shall die, and the river shall become foul; and the Egyptians shall loathe to drink water from the river.

¹⁹ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and stretch out thy hand over the waters of Egypt, over their rivers, over their streams, and over their pools, and over all their ponds of water, that they may become blood; and there shall be blood throughout all the land of Egypt, both in vessels of wood and in vessels of stone. ²⁰ And Moses and Aaron did so, as Jehovah commanded; and he lifted up the rod, and smote the waters that were in the river, in the sight of Pharaoh, and in the sight of his servants; and all the waters that were in the river were turned to blood. ²¹ And the fish that were in the river died; and the river became foul, and the Egyptians could not drink water from the river; and the blood was throughout all the land of Egypt. ²² And the magicians of Egypt did in like manner with their enchantments: and Pharaoh's heart was hardened, and he hearkened not unto them; as Jehovah had spoken. ²³ And Pharaoh turned and went into his house, neither did he lay even this to heart. ²⁴ And all the Egyptians digged round about the river for water to drink; for they could not drink of the water of the river. ²⁵ And seven days were fulfilled, after that Jehovah had smitten the river.

Exodus Chapter 8

¹ And Jehovah spake unto Moses, Go in unto Pharaoh, and say unto him, Thus saith Jehovah, Let my people go, that they may serve me. ² And if thou refuse to let them go, behold, I will smite all thy borders with frogs: ³ and the river shall swarm with frogs, which shall go up and come into thy house, and into thy bedchamber, and upon thy bed, and into the house of thy servants, and upon thy people, and into thine ovens, and into thy kneading-troughs: ⁴ and the frogs shall come up both upon thee, and upon thy people, and upon all thy servants.

⁵ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Say unto Aaron, Stretch forth thy hand with thy rod over the rivers, over the streams, and over the pools, and cause frogs to come up upon the land of Egypt. ⁶ And Aaron stretched out his hand over the waters of Egypt; and the frogs came up, and covered the land of Egypt. ⁷ And the magicians did in like manner with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt.

⁸ Then Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron, and said, Entreat Jehovah, that he take away the frogs from me, and from my people; and I will let the people go, that they may sacrifice unto Jehovah. ⁹ And Moses said unto Pharaoh, Have thou this glory over me: against what time shall I entreat for thee, and for thy servants, and for thy people, that the frogs be destroyed from thee and thy houses, and remain in the river only? ¹⁰ And he said, Against to-morrow. And he said, Be it according to thy word; that thou mayest know that there is none like unto Jehovah our God. ¹¹ And the frogs shall depart from thee, and from thy houses, and from thy servants, and from thy people; they shall remain in the river only. ¹² And Moses and Aaron went out from Pharaoh: and Moses cried unto Jehovah concerning the frogs which he had brought upon Pharaoh. ¹³ And Jehovah did according to the word of Moses; and the frogs died out of the houses, out of the courts, and out of the fields. ¹⁴ And they gathered them together in heaps; and the land stank. ¹⁵ But when Pharaoh saw that there was respite, he hardened his heart, and hearkened not unto them, as Jehovah had spoken.

¹⁶ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Say unto Aaron, Stretch out thy rod, and smite the dust of the earth, that it may become lice throughout all the land of Egypt. ¹⁷ And they did so; and Aaron stretched out his hand with his rod, and smote the dust of the earth, and there were lice upon man, and upon beast; all the dust of the earth became lice throughout all the land of Egypt. ¹⁸ And the magicians did so with their enchantments to bring forth lice, but they could not: and there were lice upon man, and upon beast. ¹⁹ Then the magicians said unto Pharaoh, This is the finger of God: and Pharaoh's heart was hardened, and he hearkened not unto them; as Jehovah had spoken.

²⁰ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Rise up early in the morning, and stand before Pharaoh; lo, he cometh forth to the water; and say unto him, Thus saith Jehovah, Let my people go, that they may serve me. ²¹ Else, if thou wilt not let my people go, behold, I will send swarms of flies upon thee, and upon thy servants, and upon thy people, and into thy houses: and the houses of the Egyptians shall be full of swarms of flies, and also the ground whereon they are. ²² And I will set apart in that day the land of Goshen, in which my people dwell, that no swarms of flies shall be there; to the end thou mayest know that I am Jehovah in the midst of the earth. ²³ And I will put a division between my people and thy people: by to-morrow shall this sign be. ²⁴ And Jehovah did so; and there came grievous swarms of flies into the house of Pharaoh, and into his servants' houses: and in all the land of Egypt the land was corrupted by reason of the swarms of flies.

²⁵ And Pharaoh called for Moses and for Aaron, and said, Go ye, sacrifice to your God in the land. ²⁶ And Moses said, It is not meet so to do; for we shall sacrifice the abomination of the Egyptians to Jehovah our God: lo, shall we sacrifice the abomination of the Egyptians before their eyes, and will they not stone us? ²⁷ We will go three days' journey into the wilderness, and sacrifice to Jehovah our God, as he shall command us. ²⁸ And Pharaoh said, I will let you go, that ye may sacrifice to Jehovah your God in the wilderness; only ye shall not go very far away: entreat for me. ²⁹ And Moses said, Behold, I go out from thee, and I will entreat Jehovah that the swarms of flies may depart from Pharaoh, from his servants, and from his people, to-morrow: only let not Pharaoh deal deceitfully any more in not letting the people go to sacrifice to Jehovah. ³⁰ And Moses went out from Pharaoh, and entreated Jehovah. ³¹ And Jehovah did according to the word of Moses; and he removed the swarms of flies from Pharaoh, from his servants, and from his people; there remained not one. ³² And Pharaoh hardened his heart this time also, and he did not let the people go.

Exodus Chapter 9

¹ Then Jehovah said unto Moses, Go in unto Pharaoh, and tell him, Thus saith Jehovah, the God of the Hebrews, Let my people go, that they may serve me. ² For if thou refuse to let them go, and wilt hold them still, ³ behold, the hand of Jehovah is upon thy cattle which are in the field, upon the horses, upon the asses, upon the camels, upon the herds, and upon the flocks: [there shall be] a very grievous murrain. ⁴ And Jehovah shall make a distinction between the cattle of Israel and the cattle of Egypt; and there shall nothing die of all that belongeth to the children of Israel. ⁵ And Jehovah appointed a set time, saying, To-morrow Jehovah shall do this thing in the land. ⁶ And Jehovah did that thing on the morrow; and all the cattle of Egypt died; but of the cattle of the children of Israel died not one. ⁷ And Pharaoh sent, and, behold, there was not so much as one of the cattle of the Israelites dead. But the heart of Pharaoh was stubborn, and he did not let the people go.

⁸ And Jehovah said unto Moses and unto Aaron, Take to you handfuls of ashes of the furnace, and let Moses sprinkle it toward heaven in the sight of Pharaoh. ⁹ And it shall become small dust over all the land of Egypt, and shall be a boil breaking forth with blains upon man and upon beast, throughout all the land of Egypt. ¹⁰ And they took ashes of the furnace, and stood before Pharaoh; and Moses sprinkled it up toward heaven; and it became a boil breaking forth with blains upon man and upon beast. ¹¹ And the magicians could not stand before Moses because of the boils; for the boils were upon the magicians, and upon all the Egyptians. ¹² And Jehovah hardened the heart of Pharaoh, and he hearkened not unto them, as Jehovah had spoken unto Moses.

¹³ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Rise up early in the morning, and stand before Pharaoh, and say unto him, Thus saith Jehovah, the God of the Hebrews, Let my people go, that they may serve me. ¹⁴ For I will this time send all my plagues upon thy heart, and upon thy servants, and upon thy people; that thou mayest know that there is none like me in all the earth. ¹⁵ For now I had put forth my hand, and smitten thee and thy people with pestilence, and thou hadst been cut off from the earth: ¹⁶ but in very deed for this cause have I made thee to stand, to show thee my power, and that my name may be declared throughout all the earth. ¹⁷ As yet exaltest thou thyself against my people, that thou wilt not let them go? ¹⁸ Behold, to-morrow about this time I will cause it to rain a very grievous hail, such as hath not been in Egypt since the day it was founded even until now. ¹⁹ Now therefore send, hasten in thy cattle and all that thou hast in the field; [for] every man and beast that shall be found in the field, and shall not be brought home, the hail shall come down upon them, and they shall die. ²⁰ He that feared the word of Jehovah among the servants of Pharaoh made his servants and his cattle flee into the houses. ²¹ And he that regarded not the word of Jehovah left his servants and his cattle in the field.

²² And Jehovah said unto Moses, Stretch forth thy hand toward heaven, that there may be hail in all the land of Egypt, upon man, and upon beast, and upon every herb of the field, throughout the land of Egypt. ²³ And Moses stretched forth his rod toward heaven: and Jehovah sent thunder and hail, and fire ran down unto the earth; and Jehovah rained hail upon the land of Egypt. ²⁴ So there was hail, and fire mingled with the hail, very grievous, such as had not been in all the land of Egypt since it became a nation. ²⁵ And the hail smote throughout all the land of Egypt all that was in the field, both man and beast; and the hail smote every herb of the field, and brake every tree of the field. ²⁶ Only in the land of Goshen, where the children of Israel were, was there no hail.

²⁷ And Pharaoh sent, and called for Moses and Aaron, and said unto them, I have sinned this time: Jehovah is righteous, and I and my people are wicked. ²⁸ Entreat Jehovah; for there hath been enough of [these] mighty thunders and hail; and I will let you go, and ye shall stay no longer. ²⁹ And Moses said unto him, As soon as I am gone out of the city, I will spread abroad my hands unto Jehovah; the thunders shall cease, neither shall there be any more hail; that thou mayest know that the earth is Jehovah's. ³⁰ But as for thee and thy servants, I know that ye will not yet fear Jehovah God. ³¹ And the flax and the barley were smitten: for the barley was in the ear, and the flax was in bloom. ³² But the wheat and the spelt were not smitten: for they were not grown up. ³³ And Moses went out of the city from Pharaoh, and spread abroad his hands unto Jehovah: and the thunders and hail ceased, and the rain was not poured upon the earth. ³⁴ And when Pharaoh saw that the rain and the hail and the thunders were ceased, he sinned yet more, and hardened his heart, he and his servants. ³⁵ And the heart of Pharaoh was hardened, and he did not let the children of Israel go, as Jehovah had spoken by Moses.

Exodus Chapter 10

¹ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Go in unto Pharaoh: for I have hardened his heart, and the heart of his servants, that I may show these my signs in the midst of them, ² and that thou mayest tell in the ears of thy son, and of thy son's son, what things I have wrought upon Egypt, and my signs which I have done among them; that ye may know that I am Jehovah. ³ And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and said unto him, Thus saith Jehovah, the God of the Hebrews, How long wilt thou refuse to humble thyself before me? let my people go, that they may serve me. ⁴ Else, if thou refuse to let my people go, behold, to-morrow will I bring locusts into thy border: ⁵ and they shall cover the face of the earth, so that one shall not be able to see the earth: and they shall eat the residue of that which is escaped, which remaineth unto you from the hail, and shall eat every tree which groweth for you out of the field: ⁶ and thy houses shall be filled, and the houses of all thy servants, and the houses of all the Egyptians; as neither thy fathers nor thy fathers' fathers have seen, since the day that they were upon the earth unto this day. And he turned, and went out from Pharaoh. ⁷ And Pharaoh's servants said unto him, How long shall this man be a snare unto us? let the men go, that they may serve Jehovah their God: knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed? ⁸ And Moses and Aaron were brought again unto Pharaoh: and he said unto them, Go, serve Jehovah your God; but who are they that shall go? ⁹ And Moses said, We will go with our young and with our old; with our sons and with our daughters, with our flocks and with our herds will we go; for we must hold a feast unto Jehovah. ¹⁰ And he said unto them, So be Jehovah with you, as I will let you go, and your little ones: look to it; for evil is before you. ¹¹ Not so: go now ye that are men, and serve Jehovah; for that is what ye desire. And they were driven out from Pharaoh's presence.

¹² And Jehovah said unto Moses, Stretch out thy hand over the land of Egypt for the locusts, that they may come up upon the land of Egypt, and eat every herb of the land, even all that the hail hath left. ¹³ And Moses stretched forth his rod over the land of Egypt, and Jehovah brought an east wind upon the land all that day, and all the night; and when it was morning, the east wind brought the locusts. ¹⁴ And the locusts went up over all the land of Egypt, and rested in all the borders of Egypt; very grievous were they; before them there were no such locusts as they, neither after them shall be such. ¹⁵ For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left: and there remained not any green thing, either tree or herb of the field, through all the land of Egypt.

¹⁶ Then Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron in haste; and he said, I have sinned against Jehovah your God, and against you. ¹⁷ Now therefore forgive, I pray thee, my sin only this once, and entreat Jehovah your God, that he may take away from me this death only. ¹⁸ And he went out from Pharaoh, and entreated Jehovah. ¹⁹ And Jehovah turned an exceeding strong west wind, which took up the locusts, and drove them into the Red Sea; there remained not one locust in all the border of Egypt. ²⁰ But Jehovah hardened Pharaoh's heart, and he did not let the children of Israel go.

²¹ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Stretch out thy hand toward heaven, that there may be darkness over the land of Egypt, even darkness which may be felt. ²² And Moses stretched forth his hand toward heaven; and there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days; ²³ they saw not one another, neither rose any one from his place for three days: but all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings.

²⁴ And Pharaoh called unto Moses, and said, Go ye, serve Jehovah; only let your flocks and your herds be

stayed: let your little ones also go with you. ²⁵ And Moses said, Thou must also give into our hand sacrifices and burnt-offerings, that we may sacrifice unto Jehovah our God. ²⁶ Our cattle also shall go with us; there shall not a hoof be left behind: for thereof must we take to serve Jehovah our God; and we know not with what we must serve Jehovah, until we come thither.

²⁷ But Jehovah hardened Pharaoh's heart, and he would not let them go. ²⁸ And Pharaoh said unto him, Get thee from me, take heed to thyself, see my face no more; for in the day thou seest my face thou shalt die. ²⁹ And Moses said, Thou hast spoken well. I will see thy face again no more.

Exodus Chapter 11

¹ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Yet one plague more will I bring upon Pharaoh, and upon Egypt; afterwards he will let you go hence: when he shall let you go, he shall surely thrust you out hence altogether. ² Speak now in the ears of the people, and let them ask every man of his neighbor, and every woman of her neighbor, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold. ³ And Jehovah gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians. Moreover the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt, in the sight of Pharaoh's servants, and in the sight of the people.

⁴ And Moses said, Thus saith Jehovah, About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt: ⁵ and all the first-born in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the first-born of the maid-servant that is behind the mill; and all the first-born of cattle. ⁶ And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt, such as there hath not been, nor shall be any more. ⁷ But against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue, against man or beast: that ye may know how that Jehovah doth make a distinction between the Egyptians and Israel. ⁸ And all these thy servants shall come down unto me, and bow down themselves unto me, saying, Get thee out, and all the people that follow thee: and after that I will go out. And he went out from Pharaoh in hot anger. ⁹ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Pharaoh will not hearken unto you; that my wonders may be multiplied in the land of Egypt. ¹⁰ And Moses and Aaron did all these wonders before Pharaoh: and Jehovah hardened Pharaoh's heart, and he did not let the children of Israel go out of his land.

Exodus Chapter 12

¹ And Jehovah spake unto Moses and Aaron in the land of Egypt, saying, ² This month shall be unto you the beginning of months: it shall be the first month of the year to you.

³ Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel, saying, In the tenth [day] of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to their fathers' houses, a lamb for a household: ⁴ and if the household be too little for a lamb, then shall he and his neighbor next unto his house take one according to the number of the souls; according to every man's eating ye shall make your count for the lamb. ⁵ Your lamb shall be without blemish, a male a year old: ye shall take it from the sheep, or from the goats: ⁶ and ye shall keep it until the fourteenth day of the same month; and the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it at even. ⁷ And they shall take of the blood, and put it on the two side-posts and on the lintel, upon the houses wherein they shall eat it. ⁸ And they shall eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire, and unleavened bread; with bitter herbs they shall eat it. ⁹ Eat not of it raw, nor boiled at all with water, but roast with fire; its head with its legs and with the inwards thereof. ¹⁰ And ye shall let nothing of it remain until the morning; but that which remaineth of it until the morning ye shall burn with fire.

¹¹ And thus shall ye eat it: with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste: it is Jehovah's passover. ¹² For I will go through the land of Egypt in that night, and will smite all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast; and against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgments: I am Jehovah. ¹³ And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and there shall no plague be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt. ¹⁴ And this day shall be unto you for a memorial, and ye shall keep it a feast to Jehovah: throughout your generations ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance for ever. ¹⁵ Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses: for whosoever eateth leavened bread from the first day until the seventh day, that soul shall be cut off from Israel. ¹⁶ And in the first day there shall be to you a holy convocation, and in the seventh day a holy convocation; no manner of work shall be done in them, save that which every man must eat, that only may be done by you. ¹⁷ And ye shall observe the [feast of] unleavened bread; for in this selfsame day have I brought your hosts out of the land of Egypt: therefore shall ye observe this day throughout your generations by an ordinance for ever.

¹⁸ In the first [month], on the fourteenth day of the month at even, ye shall eat unleavened bread, until the one and twentieth day of the month at even. ¹⁹ Seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses: for whosoever eateth that which is leavened, that soul shall be cut off from the congregation of Israel, whether he be a sojourner, or one that is born in the land. ²⁰ Ye shall eat nothing leavened; in all your habitations shall ye eat unleavened bread.

²¹ Then Moses called for all the elders of Israel, and said unto them, Draw out, and take you lambs according

to your families, and kill the passover.²² And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the basin, and strike the lintel and the two side-posts with the blood that is in the basin; and none of you shall go out of the door of his house until the morning.²³ For Jehovah will pass through to smite the Egyptians; and when he seeth the blood upon the lintel, and on the two side-posts, Jehovah will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you.²⁴ And ye shall observe this thing for an ordinance to thee and to thy sons for ever.²⁵ And it shall come to pass, when ye are come to the land which Jehovah will give you, according as he hath promised, that ye shall keep this service.²⁶ And it shall come to pass, when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service?²⁷ that ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of Jehovah's passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when he smote the Egyptians, and delivered our houses. And the people bowed the head and worshipped.²⁸ And the children of Israel went and did so; as Jehovah had commanded Moses and Aaron, so did they.

²⁹ And it came to pass at midnight, that Jehovah smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the first-born of cattle.³⁰ And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he, and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not one dead.

³¹ And he called for Moses and Aaron by night, and said, Rise up, get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel; and go, serve Jehovah, as ye have said.³² Take both your flocks and your herds, as ye have said, and be gone; and bless me also.³³ And the Egyptians were urgent upon the people, to send them out of the land in haste; for they said, We are all dead men.³⁴ And the people took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading-troughs being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders.³⁵ And the children of Israel did according to the word of Moses; and they asked of the Egyptians jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment.³⁶ And Jehovah gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they let them have what they asked. And they despoiled the Egyptians.

³⁷ And the children of Israel journeyed from Rameses to Succoth, about six hundred thousand on foot that were men, besides children.³⁸ And a mixed multitude went up also with them; and flocks, and herds, even very much cattle.³⁹ And they baked unleavened cakes of the dough which they brought forth out of Egypt; for it was not leavened, because they were thrust out of Egypt, and could not tarry, neither had they prepared for themselves any victuals.

⁴⁰ Now the time that the children of Israel dwelt in Egypt was four hundred and thirty years.⁴¹ And it came to pass at the end of four hundred and thirty years, even the selfsame day it came to pass, that all the hosts of Jehovah went out from the land of Egypt.⁴² It is a night to be much observed unto Jehovah for bringing them out from the land of Egypt: this is that night of Jehovah, to be much observed of all the children of Israel throughout their generations.

⁴³ And Jehovah said unto Moses and Aaron, This is the ordinance of the passover: there shall no foreigner eat thereof;⁴⁴ but every man's servant that is bought for money, when thou hast circumcised him, then shall he eat thereof.⁴⁵ A sojourner and a hired servant shall not eat thereof.⁴⁶ In one house shall it be eaten; thou shalt not carry forth ought of the flesh abroad out of the house; neither shall ye break a bone thereof.⁴⁷ All the congregation of Israel shall keep it.⁴⁸ And when a stranger shall sojourn with thee, and will keep the passover to Jehovah, let all his males be circumcised, and then let him come near and keep it; and he shall be as one that is born in the land: but no uncircumcised person shall eat thereof.⁴⁹ One law shall be to him that is home-born, and unto the stranger that sojourneth among you.⁵⁰ Thus did all the children of Israel; as Jehovah commanded Moses and Aaron, so did they.⁵¹ And it came to pass the selfsame day, that Jehovah did bring the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt by their hosts.

Exodus Chapter 13

¹ And Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying,² Sanctify unto me all the first-born, whatsoever openeth the womb among the children of Israel, both of man and of beast: it is mine.

³ And Moses said unto the people, Remember this day, in which ye came out from Egypt, out of the house of bondage; for by strength of hand Jehovah brought you out from this place: there shall no leavened bread be eaten.

⁴ This day ye go forth in the month Abib.

⁵ And it shall be, when Jehovah shall bring thee into the land of the Canaanite, and the Hittite, and the Amorite, and the Hivite, and the Jebusite, which he sware unto thy fathers to give thee, a land flowing with milk and honey, that thou shalt keep this service in this month.⁶ Seven days thou shalt eat unleavened bread, and in the seventh day shall be a feast to Jehovah.⁷ Unleavened bread shall be eaten throughout the seven days; and there shall no leavened bread be seen with thee, neither shall there be leaven seen with thee, in all thy borders.

⁸ And thou shalt tell thy son in that day, saying, It is because of that which Jehovah did for me when I came

forth out of Egypt. ⁹ And it shall be for a sign unto thee upon thy hand, and for a memorial between thine eyes, that the law of Jehovah may be in thy mouth: for with a strong hand hath Jehovah brought thee out of Egypt. ¹⁰ Thou shalt therefore keep this ordinance in its season from year to year.

¹¹ And it shall be, when Jehovah shall bring thee into the land of the Canaanite, as he sware unto thee and to thy fathers, and shall give it thee, ¹² that thou shalt set apart unto Jehovah all that openeth the womb, and every firstling which thou hast that cometh of a beast; the males shall be Jehovah's. ¹³ And every firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb; and if thou wilt not redeem it, then thou shalt break its neck: and all the first-born of man among thy sons shalt thou redeem.

¹⁴ And it shall be, when thy son asketh thee in time to come, saying, What is this? that thou shalt say unto him, By strength of hand Jehovah brought us out from Egypt, from the house of bondage: ¹⁵ and it came to pass, when Pharaoh would hardly let us go, that Jehovah slew all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both the first-born of man, and the first-born of beast: therefore I sacrifice to Jehovah all that openeth the womb, being males; but all the first-born of my sons I redeem. ¹⁶ And it shall be for a sign upon thy hand, and for frontlets between thine eyes: for by strength of hand Jehovah brought us forth out of Egypt.

¹⁷ And it came to pass, when Pharaoh had let the people go, that God led them not by the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near; for God said, Lest peradventure the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt: ¹⁸ but God led the people about, by the way of the wilderness by the Red Sea: and the children of Israel went up armed out of the land of Egypt. ¹⁹ And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him: for he had straitly sworn the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you; and ye shall carry up my bones away hence with you.

²⁰ And they took their journey from Succoth, and encamped in Etham, in the edge of the wilderness. ²¹ And Jehovah went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way, and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light, that they might go by day and by night: ²² the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, departed not from before the people.

Exodus Chapter 14

¹ And Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, ² Speak unto the children of Israel, that they turn back and encamp before Pihahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, before Baal-zephon: over against it shall ye encamp by the sea.

³ And Pharaoh will say of the children of Israel, They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in.

⁴ And I will harden Pharaoh's heart, and he shall follow after them; and I will get me honor upon Pharaoh, and upon all his host: and the Egyptians shall know that I am Jehovah. And they did so.

⁵ And it was told the king of Egypt that the people were fled: and the heart of Pharaoh and of his servants was changed towards the people, and they said, What is this we have done, that we have let Israel go from serving us?

⁶ And he made ready his chariot, and took his people with him: ⁷ and he took six hundred chosen chariots, and all the chariots of Egypt, and captains over all of them. ⁸ And Jehovah hardened the heart of Pharaoh king of Egypt, and he pursued after the children of Israel: for the children of Israel went out with a high hand. ⁹ And the Egyptians pursued after them, all the horses [and] chariots of Pharaoh, and his horsemen, and his army, and overtook them encamping by the sea, beside Pihahiroth, before Baal-zephon.

¹⁰ And when Pharaoh drew nigh, the children of Israel lifted up their eyes, and, behold, the Egyptians were marching after them; and they were sore afraid: and the children of Israel cried out unto Jehovah. ¹¹ And they said unto Moses, Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness? wherefore hast thou dealt thus with us, to bring us forth out of Egypt? ¹² Is not this the word that we spake unto thee in Egypt, saying, Let us alone, that we may serve the Egyptians? For it were better for us to serve the Egyptians, than that we should die in the wilderness.

¹³ And Moses said unto the people, Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of Jehovah, which he will work for you to-day: for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever. ¹⁴ Jehovah will fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.

¹⁵ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward. ¹⁶ And lift thou up thy rod, and stretch out thy hand over the sea, and divide it: and the children of Israel shall go into the midst of the sea on dry ground. ¹⁷ And I, behold, I will harden the hearts of the Egyptians, and they shall go in after them: and I will get me honor upon Pharaoh, and upon all his host, upon his chariots, and upon his horsemen. ¹⁸ And the Egyptians shall know that I am Jehovah, when I have gotten me honor upon Pharaoh, upon his chariots, and upon his horsemen.

¹⁹ And the angel of God, who went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of cloud removed from before them, and stood behind them: ²⁰ and it came between the camp of Egypt and the camp of Israel; and there was the cloud and the darkness, yet gave it light by night: and the one came not near the other all the night.

²¹ And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and Jehovah caused the sea to go [back] by a strong east wind all the night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided. ²² And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground: and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.

²³ And the Egyptians pursued, and went in after them into the midst of the sea, all Pharaoh's horses, his chariots, and his horsemen. ²⁴ And it came to pass in the morning watch, that Jehovah looked forth upon the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of cloud, and discomfited the host of the Egyptians. ²⁵ And he took off their chariot wheels, and they drove them heavily; so that the Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel; for Jehovah fighteth for them against the Egyptians.

²⁶ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Stretch out thy hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen. ²⁷ And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to its strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and Jehovah overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea. ²⁸ And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, even all the host of Pharaoh that went in after them into the sea; there remained not so much as one of them. ²⁹ But the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left. ³⁰ Thus Jehovah saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea-shore. ³¹ And Israel saw the great work which Jehovah did upon the Egyptians, and the people feared Jehovah: and they believed in Jehovah, and in his servant Moses.

Exodus Chapter 15

¹ Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto Jehovah, and spake, saying, I will sing unto Jehovah, for he hath triumphed gloriously: The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. ² Jehovah is my strength and song, And he is become my salvation: This is my God, and I will praise him; My father's God, and I will exalt him. ³ Jehovah is a man of war: Jehovah is his name. ⁴ Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea; And his chosen captains are sunk in the Red Sea. ⁵ The deeps cover them: They went down into the depths like a stone. ⁶ Thy right hand, O Jehovah, is glorious in power, Thy right hand, O Jehovah, dasheth in pieces the enemy. ⁷ And in the greatness of thine excellency thou overthrowest them that rise up against thee: Thou sendest forth thy wrath, it consumeth them as stubble. ⁸ And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were piled up, The floods stood upright as a heap; The deeps were congealed in the heart of the sea. ⁹ The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; My desire shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them. ¹⁰ Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them: They sank as lead in the mighty waters. ¹¹ Who is like unto thee, O Jehovah, among the gods? Who is like thee, glorious in holiness, Fearful in praises, doing wonders? ¹² Thou stretchedst out thy right hand, The earth swallowed them. ¹³ Thou in thy lovingkindness hast led the people that thou hast redeemed: Thou hast guided them in thy strength to thy holy habitation. ¹⁴ The peoples have heard, they tremble: Pangs have taken hold on the inhabitants of Philistia. ¹⁵ Then were the chiefs of Edom dismayed; The mighty men of Moab, trembling taketh hold upon them: All the inhabitants of Canaan are melted away. ¹⁶ Terror and dread falleth upon them; By the greatness of thine arm they are as still as a stone; Till thy people pass over, O Jehovah, Till the people pass over that thou hast purchased. ¹⁷ Thou wilt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, The place, O Jehovah, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in, The sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established. ¹⁸ Jehovah shall reign for ever and ever. ¹⁹ For the horses of Pharaoh went in with his chariots and with his horsemen into the sea, and Jehovah brought back the waters of the sea upon them; but the children of Israel walked on dry land in the midst of the sea.

²⁰ And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. ²¹ And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to Jehovah, for he hath triumphed gloriously; The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

²² And Moses led Israel onward from the Red Sea, and they went out into the wilderness of Shur; and they went three days in the wilderness, and found no water.

²³ And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter: therefore the name of it was called Marah. ²⁴ And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink? ²⁵ And he cried unto Jehovah; And Jehovah showed him a tree, and he cast it into the waters, and the waters were made sweet. There he made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there he proved them; ²⁶ and he said, If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of Jehovah thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his eyes, and wilt give ear to his commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of the diseases upon thee, which I have put upon the Egyptians: for I am Jehovah that healeth thee.

²⁷ And they came to Elim, where were twelve springs of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees: and they encamped there by the waters.

Exodus Chapter 16

¹ And they took their journey from Elim, and all the congregation of the children of Israel came unto the wilderness of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai, on the fifteenth day of the second month after their departing out of the land of Egypt. ² And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and against Aaron in the wilderness: ³ and the children of Israel said unto them, Would that we had died by the hand of Jehovah in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh-pots, when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger.

⁴ Then said Jehovah unto Moses, Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a day's portion every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law, or not. ⁵ And it shall come to pass on the sixth day, that they shall prepare that which they bring in, and it shall be twice as much as they gather daily. ⁶ And Moses and Aaron said unto all the children of Israel, At even, then ye shall know that Jehovah hath brought you out from the land of Egypt; ⁷ and in the morning, then ye shall see the glory of Jehovah; for that he heareth your murmurings against Jehovah: and what are we, that ye murmur against us? ⁸ And Moses said, [This shall be], when Jehovah shall give you in the evening flesh to eat, and in the morning bread to the full; for that Jehovah heareth your murmurings which ye murmur against him: and what are we? your murmurings are not against us, but against Jehovah.

⁹ And Moses said unto Aaron, Say unto all the congregation of the children of Israel, Come near before Jehovah; for he hath heard your murmurings. ¹⁰ And it came to pass, as Aaron spake unto the whole congregation of the children of Israel, that they looked toward the wilderness, and, behold, the glory of Jehovah appeared in the cloud.

¹¹ And Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, ¹² I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel: speak unto them, saying, At even ye shall eat flesh, and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread: and ye shall know that I am Jehovah your God.

¹³ And it came to pass at even, that the quails came up, and covered the camp: and in the morning the dew lay round about the camp. ¹⁴ And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness a small round thing, small as the hoar-frost on the ground. ¹⁵ And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, What is it? For they knew not what it was. And Moses said unto them, It is the bread which Jehovah hath given you to eat.

¹⁶ This is the thing which Jehovah hath commanded, Gather ye of it every man according to his eating; an omer a head, according to the number of your persons, shall ye take it, every man for them that are in his tent. ¹⁷ And the children of Israel did so, and gathered some more, some less. ¹⁸ And when they measured it with an omer, he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack; they gathered every man according to his eating. ¹⁹ And Moses said unto them, Let no man leave of it till the morning. ²⁰ Notwithstanding they hearkened not unto Moses; but some of them left of it until the morning, and it bred worms, and became foul: and Moses was wroth with them. ²¹ And they gathered it morning by morning, every man according to his eating; and when the sun waxed hot, it melted.

²² And it came to pass, that on the sixth day they gathered twice as much bread, two omers for each one: and all the rulers of the congregation came and told Moses. ²³ And he said unto them, This is that which Jehovah hath spoken, Tomorrow is a solemn rest, a holy sabbath unto Jehovah: bake that which ye will bake, and boil that which ye will boil; and all that remaineth over lay up for you to be kept until the morning. ²⁴ And they laid it up till the morning, as Moses bade: and it did not become foul, neither was there any worm therein. ²⁵ And Moses said, Eat that to-day; for to-day is a sabbath unto Jehovah: to-day ye shall not find it in the field. ²⁶ Six days ye shall gather it; but on the seventh day is the sabbath, in it there shall be none.

²⁷ And it came to pass on the seventh day, that there went out some of the people to gather, and they found none. ²⁸ And Jehovah said unto Moses, How long refuse ye to keep my commandments and my laws? ²⁹ See, for that Jehovah hath given you the sabbath, therefore he giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days; abide ye every man in his place, let no man go out of his place on the seventh day. ³⁰ So the people rested on the seventh day. ³¹ And the house of Israel called the name thereof Manna: and it was like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers [made] with honey.

³² And Moses said, This is the thing which Jehovah hath commanded, Let an omerful of it be kept throughout your generations, that they may see the bread wherewith I fed you in the wilderness, when I brought you forth from the land of Egypt. ³³ And Moses said unto Aaron, Take a pot, and put an omerful of manna therein, and lay it up before Jehovah, to be kept throughout your generations. ³⁴ As Jehovah commanded Moses, so Aaron laid it up before the Testimony, to be kept. ³⁵ And the children of Israel did eat the manna forty years, until they came to a land inhabited; they did eat the manna, until they came unto the borders of the land of Canaan. ³⁶ Now an omer is the tenth part of an ephah.

Exodus Chapter 17

¹ And all the congregation of the children of Israel journeyed from the wilderness of Sin, by their journeys, according to the commandment of Jehovah, and encamped in Rephidim: and there was no water for the people to drink. ² Wherefore the people stoved with Moses, and said, Give us water that we may drink. And Moses said unto them, Why strive ye with me? Wherefore do ye tempt Jehovah? ³ And the people thirsted there for water; and the people murmured against Moses, and said, Wherefore hast thou brought us up out of Egypt, to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst? ⁴ And Moses cried unto Jehovah, saying, What shall I do unto this people? They are almost ready to stone me. ⁵ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Pass on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and they rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thy hand, and go. ⁶ Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel. ⁷ And he called the name of the place Massah, and Meribah, because of the striving of the children of Israel, and because they tempted Jehovah, saying, Is Jehovah among us, or not?

⁸ Then came Amalek, and fought with Israel in Rephidim. ⁹ And Moses said unto Joshua, Choose us out men, and go out, fight with Amalek: to-morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in my hand. ¹⁰ So Joshua did as Moses had said to him, and fought with Amalek: and Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the hill. ¹¹ And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed; and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. ¹² But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; And his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. ¹³ And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword. ¹⁴ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Write this for a memorial in a book, and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua: that I will utterly blot out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven. ¹⁵ And Moses built an altar, and called the name of it Jehovah-nissi; ¹⁶ And he said, Jehovah hath sworn: Jehovah will have war with Amalek from generation to generation.

Exodus Chapter 18

¹ Now Jethro, the priest of Midian, Moses' father-in-law, heard of all that God had done for Moses, and for Israel his people, how that Jehovah had brought Israel out of Egypt. ² And Jethro, Moses' father-in-law, took Zipporah, Moses' wife, after he had sent her away, ³ and her two sons; of whom the name of the one was Gershom; for he said, I have been a sojourner in a foreign land: ⁴ and the name of the other was Eliezer; for [he said], The God of my father was my help, and delivered me from the sword of Pharaoh. ⁵ And Jethro, Moses' father-in-law, came with his sons and his wife unto Moses into the wilderness where he was encamped, at the mount of God: ⁶ and he said unto Moses, I, thy father-in-law Jethro, am come unto thee, and thy wife, and her two sons with her.

⁷ And Moses went out to meet his father-in-law, and did obeisance, and kissed him: and they asked each other of their welfare; and they came into the tent. ⁸ And Moses told his father-in-law all that Jehovah had done unto Pharaoh and to the Egyptians for Israel's sake, all the travail that had come upon them by the way, and how Jehovah delivered them. ⁹ And Jethro rejoiced for all the goodness which Jehovah had done to Israel, in that he had delivered them out of the hand of the Egyptians. ¹⁰ And Jethro said, Blessed be Jehovah, who hath delivered you out of the hand of the Egyptians, and out of the hand of Pharaoh; who hath delivered the people from under the hand of the Egyptians. ¹¹ Now I know that Jehovah is greater than all gods; yea, in the thing wherein they dealt proudly against them. ¹² And Jethro, Moses' father-in-law, took a burnt-offering and sacrifices for God: and Aaron came, and all the elders of Israel, to eat bread with Moses' father-in-law before God.

¹³ And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses sat to judge the people: and the people stood about Moses from the morning unto the evening. ¹⁴ And when Moses' father-in-law saw all that he did to the people, he said, What is this thing that thou doest to the people? why sittest thou thyself alone, and all the people stand about thee from morning unto even? ¹⁵ And Moses said unto his father-in-law, Because the people come unto me to inquire of God: ¹⁶ when they have a matter, they come unto me; and I judge between a man and his neighbor, and I make them know the statutes of God, and his laws. ¹⁷ And Moses' father-in-law said unto him, The thing that thou doest is not good. ¹⁸ Thou wilt surely wear away, both thou, and this people that is with thee: for the thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone. ¹⁹ Hearken now unto my voice, I will give thee counsel, and God be with thee: be thou for the people to God-ward, and bring thou the causes unto God: ²⁰ and thou shalt teach them the statutes and the laws, and shalt show them the way wherein they must walk, and the work that they must do. ²¹ Moreover thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating unjust gain; and place such over them, to be rulers of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens: ²² and let them judge the people at all seasons: and it shall be, that every great matter they shall bring unto thee, but every small matter they shall judge themselves: so shall it be easier for thyself, and they shall bear [the burden] with thee.

²³ If thou shalt do this thing, and God command thee so, then thou shalt be able to endure, and all this people also shall go to their place in peace. ²⁴ So Moses hearkened to the voice of his father-in-law, and did all that he had said. ²⁵ And Moses chose able men out of all Israel, and made them heads over the people, rulers of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens. ²⁶ And they judged the people at all seasons: the hard causes they brought unto Moses, but every small matter they judged themselves.

²⁷ And Moses let his father-in-law depart; and he went his way into his own land.

Exodus Chapter 19

¹ In the third month after the children of Israel were gone forth out of the land of Egypt, the same day came they into the wilderness of Sinai. ² And when they were departed from Rephidim, and were come to the wilderness of Sinai, they encamped in the wilderness; and there Israel encamped before the mount. ³ And Moses went up unto God, and Jehovah called unto him out of the mountain, saying, Thus shalt thou say to the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel: ⁴ Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself. ⁵ Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be mine own possession from among all peoples: for all the earth is mine: ⁶ and ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation. These are the words which thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel.

⁷ And Moses came and called for the elders of the people, and set before them all these words which Jehovah commanded him. ⁸ And all the people answered together, and said, All that Jehovah hath spoken we will do. And Moses reported the words of the people unto Jehovah.

⁹ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud, that the people may hear when I speak with thee, and may also believe thee for ever. And Moses told the words of the people unto Jehovah.

¹⁰ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Go unto the people, and sanctify them to-day and to-morrow, and let them wash their garments, ¹¹ and be ready against the third day; for the third day Jehovah will come down in the sight of all the people upon mount Sinai. ¹² And thou shalt set bounds unto the people round about, saying, Take heed to yourselves, that ye go not up into the mount, or touch the border of it: whosoever toucheth the mount shall be surely put to death: ¹³ no hand shall touch him, but he shall surely be stoned, or shot through; whether it be beast or man, he shall not live: when the trumpet soundeth long, they shall come up to the mount.

¹⁴ And Moses went down from the mount unto the people, and sanctified the people; and they washed their garments. ¹⁵ And he said unto the people, Be ready against the third day: come not near a woman.

¹⁶ And it came to pass on the third day, when it was morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of a trumpet exceeding loud; and all the people that were in the camp trembled. ¹⁷ And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount. ¹⁸ And mount Sinai, the whole of it, smoked, because Jehovah descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. ¹⁹ And when the voice of the trumpet waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice. ²⁰ And Jehovah came down upon mount Sinai, to the top of the mount: and Jehovah called Moses to the top of the mount; and Moses went up. ²¹ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto Jehovah to gaze, and many of them perish. ²² And let the priests also, that come near to Jehovah, sanctify themselves, lest Jehovah break forth upon them. ²³ And Moses said unto Jehovah, The people cannot come up to mount Sinai: for thou didst charge us, saying, Set bounds about the mount, and sanctify it. ²⁴ And Jehovah said unto him, Go, get thee down; and thou shalt come up, thou, and Aaron with thee: but let not the priests and the people break through to come up unto Jehovah, lest he break forth upon them. ²⁵ So Moses went down unto the people, and told them.

Exodus Chapter 20

¹ And God spake all these words, saying, ² I am Jehovah thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. ³ Thou shalt have no other gods before me. ⁴ Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor any likeness [of any thing] that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. ⁵ Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them, for I Jehovah thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate me, ⁶ and showing lovingkindness unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

⁷ Thou shalt not take the name of Jehovah thy God in vain; for Jehovah will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. ⁸ Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. ⁹ Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; ¹⁰ but the seventh day is a sabbath unto Jehovah thy God: [in it] thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: ¹¹ for in six days Jehovah made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore Jehovah blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

¹² Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which Jehovah thy God giveth thee. ¹³ Thou shalt not kill. ¹⁴ Thou shalt not commit adultery. ¹⁵ Thou shalt not steal. ¹⁶ Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. ¹⁷ Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

¹⁸ And all the people perceived the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the voice of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw it, they trembled, and stood afar off. ¹⁹ And they said unto Moses, Speak thou with us, and we will hear; but let not God speak with us, lest we die. ²⁰ And Moses said unto the people, Fear not: for God is come to prove you, and that his fear may be before you, that ye sin not. ²¹ And the people stood afar off, and Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.

²² And Jehovah said unto Moses, Thus thou shalt say unto the children of Israel, Ye yourselves have seen that I have talked with you from heaven. ²³ Ye shall not make [other gods] with me; gods of silver, or gods of gold, ye shall not make unto you.

²⁴ An altar of earth thou shalt make unto me, and shalt sacrifice thereon thy burnt-offerings, and thy peace-offerings, thy sheep, and thine oxen: in every place where I record my name I will come unto thee and I will bless thee. ²⁵ And if thou make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stones; for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it. ²⁶ Neither shalt thou go up by steps unto mine altar, that thy nakedness be not uncovered thereon.

Exodus Chapter 21

¹ Now these are the ordinances which thou shalt set before them. ² If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve: and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. ³ If he come in by himself, he shall go out by himself: if he be married, then his wife shall go out with him. ⁴ If his master give him a wife and she bear him sons or daughters; the wife and her children shall be her master's, and he shall go out by himself. ⁵ But if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children; I will not go out free: ⁶ then his master shall bring him unto God, and shall bring him to the door, or unto the door-post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him for ever.

⁷ And if a man sell his daughter to be a maid-servant, she shall not go out as the men-servants do. ⁸ If she please not her master, who hath espoused her to himself, then shall he let her be redeemed: to sell her unto a foreign people he shall have no power, seeing he hath dealt deceitfully with her. ⁹ And if he espouse her unto his son, he shall deal with her after the manner of daughters. ¹⁰ If he take him another [wife]; her food, her raiment, and her duty of marriage, shall he not diminish. ¹¹ And if he do not these three things unto her, then shall she go out for nothing, without money.

¹² He that smiteth a man, so that he dieth, shall surely be put to death. ¹³ And if a man lie not in wait, but God deliver [him] into his hand; then I will appoint thee a place whither he shall flee. ¹⁴ And if a man come presumptuously upon his neighbor, to slay him with guile; thou shalt take him from mine altar, that he may die.

¹⁵ And he that smiteth his father, or his mother, shall be surely put to death.

¹⁶ And he that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death.

¹⁷ And he that curseth his father or his mother, shall surely be put to death.

¹⁸ And if men contend, and one smite the other with a stone, or with his fist, and he die not, but keep his bed; ¹⁹ if he rise again, and walk abroad upon his staff, then shall he that smote him be quit: only he shall pay for the loss of his time, and shall cause him to be thoroughly healed.

²⁰ And if a man smite his servant, or his maid, with a rod, and he die under his hand; he shall surely be punished. ²¹ Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished: for he is his money.

²² And if men strive together, and hurt a woman with child, so that her fruit depart, and yet no harm follow; he shall be surely fined, according as the woman's husband shall lay upon him; and he shall pay as the judges determine. ²³ But if any harm follow, then thou shalt give life for life, ²⁴ eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, ²⁵ burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe.

²⁶ And if a man smite the eye of his servant, or the eye of his maid, and destroy it; he shall let him go free for his eye's sake. ²⁷ And if he smite out his man-servant's tooth, or his maid-servant's tooth, he shall let him go free for his tooth's sake.

²⁸ And if an ox gore a man or a woman to death, the ox shall be surely stoned, and its flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. ²⁹ But if the ox was wont to gore in time past, and it hath been testified to its owner, and he hath not kept it in, but it hath killed a man or a woman, the ox shall be stoned, and its owner also shall be put to death. ³⁰ If there be laid on him a ransom, then he shall give for the redemption of his life whatsoever is laid upon him. ³¹ Whether it have gored a son, or have gored a daughter, according to this judgment shall it be done unto him. ³² If the ox gore a man-servant or a maid-servant, there shall be given unto their master thirty

shekels of silver, and the ox shall be stoned.

³³ And if a man shall open a pit, or if a man shall dig a pit and not cover it, and an ox or an ass fall therein, ³⁴ the owner of the pit shall make it good; he shall give money unto the owner thereof, and the dead [beast] shall be his.

³⁵ And if one man's ox hurt another's, so that it dieth, then they shall sell the live ox, and divide the price of it: and the dead also they shall divide. ³⁶ Or if it be known that the ox was wont to gore in time past, and its owner hath not kept it in, he shall surely pay ox for ox, and the dead [beast] shall be his own.

Exodus Chapter 22

¹ If a man shall steal an ox, or a sheep, and kill it, or sell it; he shall pay five oxen for an ox, and four sheep for a sheep.

² If the thief be found breaking in, and be smitten so that he dieth, there shall be no bloodguiltiness for him. ³ If the sun be risen upon him, there shall be bloodguiltiness for him; he shall make restitution: if he have nothing, then he shall be sold for his theft. ⁴ If the theft be found in his hand alive, whether it be ox, or ass, or sheep, he shall pay double.

⁵ If a man shall cause a field or vineyard to be eaten, and shall let his beast loose, and it feed in another man's field; of the best of his own field, and of the best of his own vineyard, shall he make restitution.

⁶ If fire break out, and catch in thorns, so that the shocks of grain, or the standing grain, or the field are consumed; he that kindled the fire shall surely make restitution.

⁷ If a man shall deliver unto his neighbor money or stuff to keep, and it be stolen out of the man's house; if the thief be found, he shall pay double. ⁸ If the thief be not found, then the master of the house shall come near unto God, [to see] whether he have not put his hand unto his neighbor's goods. ⁹ For every matter of trespass, whether it be for ox, for ass, for sheep, for raiment, [or] for any manner of lost thing, whereof one saith, This is it, the cause of both parties shall come before God; he whom God shall condemn shall pay double unto his neighbor. ¹⁰ If a man deliver unto his neighbor an ass, or an ox, or a sheep, or any beast, to keep; and it die, or be hurt, or driven away, no man seeing it: ¹¹ the oath of Jehovah shall be between them both, whether he hath not put his hand unto his neighbor's goods; and the owner thereof shall accept it, and he shall not make restitution. ¹² But if it be stolen from him, he shall make restitution unto the owner thereof. ¹³ If it be torn in pieces, let him bring it for witness: he shall not make good that which was torn.

¹⁴ And if a man borrow aught of his neighbor, and it be hurt, or die, the owner thereof not being with it, he shall surely make restitution. ¹⁵ If the owner thereof be with it, he shall not make it good: if it be a hired thing, it came for its hire.

¹⁶ And if a man entice a virgin that is not betrothed, and lie with her, he shall surely pay a dowry for her to be his wife. ¹⁷ If her father utterly refuse to give her unto him, he shall pay money according to the dowry of virgins.

¹⁸ Thou shalt not suffer a sorceress to live.

¹⁹ Whosoever lieth with a beast shall surely be put to death.

²⁰ He that sacrificeth unto any god, save unto Jehovah only, shall be utterly destroyed.

²¹ And a sojourner shalt thou not wrong, neither shalt thou oppress him: for ye were sojourners in the land of Egypt.

²² Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child. ²³ If thou afflict them at all, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry; ²⁴ and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.

²⁵ If thou lend money to any of my people with thee that is poor, thou shalt not be to him as a creditor; neither shall ye lay upon him interest. ²⁶ If thou at all take thy neighbor's garment to pledge, thou shalt restore it unto him before the sun goeth down: ²⁷ for that is his only covering, it is his garment for his skin: wherein shall he sleep? And it shall come to pass, when he crieth unto me, that I will hear; for I am gracious.

²⁸ Thou shalt not revile God, nor curse a ruler of thy people.

²⁹ Thou shalt not delay to offer of thy harvest, and of the outflow of thy presses. The first-born of thy sons shalt thou give unto me. ³⁰ Likewise shalt thou do with thine oxen, [and] with thy sheep: seven days it shall be with its dam; on the eighth day thou shalt give it me.

³¹ And ye shall be holy men unto me: therefore ye shall not eat any flesh that is torn of beasts in the field; ye shall cast it to the dogs.

Exodus Chapter 23

¹ Thou shalt not take up a false report: put not thy hand with the wicked to be an unrighteous witness.

² Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil; neither shalt thou speak in a cause to turn aside after a multitude to wrest [justice]:

³ neither shalt thou favor a poor man in his cause.

⁴ If thou meet thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again. ⁵ If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, thou shalt forbear to leave him, thou shalt surely release [it] with him. ⁶ Thou shalt not wrest the justice [due] to thy poor in his cause. ⁷ Keep thee far from a false matter; and the innocent and righteous slay thou not: for I will not justify the wicked.

⁸ And thou shalt take no bribe: for a bribe blindeth them that have sight, and perverteth the words of the righteous.

⁹ And a sojourner shalt thou not oppress: for ye know the heart of a sojourner, seeing ye were sojourners in the land of Egypt.

¹⁰ And six years thou shalt sow thy land, and shalt gather in the increase thereof: ¹¹ but the seventh year thou shalt let it rest and lie fallow; that the poor of thy people may eat: and what they leave the beast of the field shall eat. In like manner thou shalt deal with thy vineyard, [and] with thy oliveyard. ¹² Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest; that thine ox and thine ass may have rest, and the son of thy handmaid, and the sojourner, may be refreshed. ¹³ And in all things that I have said unto you take ye heed: and make no mention of the name of other gods, neither let it be heard out of thy mouth.

¹⁴ Three times thou shalt keep a feast unto me in the year. ¹⁵ The feast of unleavened bread shalt thou keep: seven days thou shalt eat unleavened bread, as I commanded thee, at the time appointed in the month Abib (for in it thou camest out from Egypt); and none shall appear before me empty: ¹⁶ and the feast of harvest, the first-fruits of thy labors, which thou sowest in the field: and the feast of ingathering, at the end of the year, when thou gatherest in thy labors out of the field. ¹⁷ Three times in the year all thy males shall appear before the Lord Jehovah. ¹⁸ Thou shalt not offer the blood of my sacrifice with leavened bread; neither shall the fat of my feast remain all night until the morning. ¹⁹ The first of the first-fruits of thy ground thou shalt bring into the house of Jehovah thy God. Thou shalt not boil a kid in its mother's milk.

²⁰ Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee by the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. ²¹ Take ye heed before him, and hearken unto his voice; provoke him not; for he will not pardon your transgression: for my name is in him. ²² But if thou shalt indeed hearken unto his voice, and do all that I speak; then I will be an enemy unto thine enemies, and an adversary unto thine adversaries. ²³ For mine angel shall go before thee, and bring thee in unto the Amorite, and the Hittite, and the Perizzite, and the Canaanite, the Hivite, and the Jebusite: and I will cut them off. ²⁴ Thou shalt not bow down to their gods, nor serve them, nor do after their works; but thou shalt utterly overthrow them, and break in pieces their pillars. ²⁵ And ye shall serve Jehovah your God, and he will bless thy bread, and thy water; and I will take sickness away from the midst of thee.

²⁶ There shall none cast her young, nor be barren, in thy land: the number of thy days I will fulfil. ²⁷ I will send my terror before thee, and will discomfit all the people to whom thou shalt come, and I will make all thine enemies turn their backs unto thee. ²⁸ And I will send the hornet before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the Hittite, from before thee. ²⁹ I will not drive them out from before thee in one year, lest the land become desolate, and the beasts of the field multiply against thee. ³⁰ By little and little I will drive them out from before thee, until thou be increased, and inherit the land. ³¹ And I will set thy border from the Red Sea even unto the sea of the Philistines, and from the wilderness unto the River: for I will deliver the inhabitants of the land into your hand: and thou shalt drive them out before thee. ³² Thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor with their gods. ³³ They shall not dwell in thy land, lest they make thee sin against me; for if thou serve their gods, it will surely be a snare unto thee.

Exodus Chapter 24

¹ And he said unto Moses, Come up unto Jehovah, thou, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel; and worship ye afar off: ² and Moses alone shall come near unto Jehovah; but they shall not come near; neither shall the people go up with him.

³ And Moses came and told the people all the words of Jehovah, and all the ordinances: and all the people answered with one voice, and said, All the words which Jehovah hath spoken will we do. ⁴ And Moses wrote all the words of Jehovah, and rose up early in the morning, and builded an altar under the mount, and twelve pillars, according to the twelve tribes of Israel. ⁵ And he sent young men of the children of Israel, who offered burnt-offerings, and sacrificed peace-offerings of oxen unto Jehovah. ⁶ And Moses took half of the blood, and put it in basins; and half of the blood he sprinkled on the altar. ⁷ And he took the book of the covenant, and read in the audience of the people: and they said, All that Jehovah hath spoken will we do, and be obedient. ⁸ And Moses took the blood, and sprinkled it on the people, and said, Behold the blood of the covenant, which Jehovah hath made with you concerning all these words.

⁹ Then went up Moses, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel. ¹⁰ And they saw the

God of Israel; and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of sapphire stone, and as it were the very heaven for clearness. ¹¹ And upon the nobles of the children of Israel he laid not his hand: and they beheld God, and did eat and drink.

¹² And Jehovah said unto Moses, Come up to me into the mount, and be there: and I will give thee the tables of stone, and the law and the commandment, which I have written, that thou mayest teach them. ¹³ And Moses rose up, and Joshua his minister: and Moses went up into the mount of God. ¹⁴ And he said unto the elders, Tarry ye here for us, until we come again unto you: and, behold, Aaron and Hur are with you: whosoever hath a cause, let him come near unto them. ¹⁵ And Moses went up into the mount, and the cloud covered the mount. ¹⁶ And the glory of Jehovah abode upon mount Sinai, and the cloud covered it six days: and the seventh day he called unto Moses out of the midst of the cloud. ¹⁷ And the appearance of the glory of Jehovah was like devouring fire on the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel. ¹⁸ And Moses entered into the midst of the cloud, and went up into the mount: and Moses was in the mount forty days and forty nights.

Exodus Chapter 25

¹ And Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, ² Speak unto the children of Israel, that they take for me an offering: of every man whose heart maketh him willing ye shall take my offering. ³ And this is the offering which ye shall take of them: gold, and silver, and brass, ⁴ and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' [hair], ⁵ and rams' skins dyed red, and sealskins, and acacia wood, ⁶ oil for the light, spices for the anointing oil, and for the sweet incense, ⁷ onyx stones, and stones to be set, for the ephod, and for the breastplate. ⁸ And let them make me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them. ⁹ According to all that I show thee, the pattern of the tabernacle, and the pattern of all the furniture thereof, even so shall ye make it.

¹⁰ And they shall make an ark of acacia wood: two cubits and a half shall be the length thereof, and a cubit and a half the breadth thereof, and a cubit and a half the height thereof. ¹¹ And thou shalt overlay it with pure gold, within and without shalt thou overlay it, and shalt make upon it a crown of gold round about. ¹² And thou shalt cast four rings of gold for it, and put them in the four feet thereof; and two rings shall be on the one side of it, and two rings on the other side of it. ¹³ And thou shalt make staves of acacia wood, and overlay them with gold. ¹⁴ And thou shalt put the staves into the rings on the sides of the ark, wherewith to bear the ark. ¹⁵ The staves shall be in the rings of the ark: they shall not be taken from it. ¹⁶ And thou shalt put into the ark the testimony which I shall give thee. ¹⁷ And thou shalt make a mercy-seat of pure gold: two cubits and a half [shall be] the length thereof, and a cubit and a half the breadth thereof. ¹⁸ And thou shalt make two cherubim of gold; of beaten work shalt thou make them, at the two ends of the mercy-seat. ¹⁹ And make one cherub at the one end, and one cherub at the other end: of one piece with the mercy-seat shall ye make the cherubim on the two ends thereof. ²⁰ And the cherubim shall spread out their wings on high, covering the mercy-seat with their wings, with their faces one to another; toward the mercy-seat shall the faces of the cherubim be. ²¹ And thou shalt put the mercy-seat above upon the ark; and in the ark thou shalt put the testimony that I shall give thee. ²² And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat, from between the two cherubim which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel.

²³ And thou shalt make a table of acacia wood: two cubits [shall be] the length thereof, and a cubit the breadth thereof, and a cubit and a half the height thereof. ²⁴ And thou shalt overlay it with pure gold, and make thereto a crown of gold round about. ²⁵ And thou shalt make unto it a border of a handbreadth round about; and thou shalt make a golden crown to the border thereof round about. ²⁶ And thou shalt make for it four rings of gold, and put the rings in the four corners that are on the four feet thereof. ²⁷ Close by the border shall the rings be, for places for the staves to bear the table. ²⁸ And thou shalt make the staves of acacia wood, and overlay them with gold, that the table may be borne with them. ²⁹ And thou shalt make the dishes thereof, and the spoons thereof, and the flagons thereof, and the bowls thereof, wherewith to pour out: of pure gold shalt thou make them. ³⁰ And thou shalt set upon the table showbread before me always.

³¹ And thou shalt make a candlestick of pure gold: of beaten work shall the candlestick be made, even its base, and its shaft; its cups, its knops, and its flowers, shall be of one piece with it. ³² And there shall be six branches going out of the sides thereof; three branches of the candlestick out of the one side thereof, and three branches of the candlestick out of the other side thereof: ³³ three cups made like almond-blossoms in one branch, a knop and a flower; and three cups made like almond-blossoms in the other branch, a knop and a flower: so for the six branches going out of the candlestick: ³⁴ and in the candlestick four cups made like almond-blossoms, the knops thereof, and the flowers thereof; ³⁵ and a knop under two branches of one piece with it, and a knop under two branches of one piece with it, and a knop under two branches of one piece with it, for the six branches going out of the candlestick. ³⁶ Their knops and their branches shall be of one piece with it; the whole of it one beaten work of pure gold. ³⁷ And thou shalt make the lamps thereof, seven: and they shall light the lamps thereof, to give light over against it.

³⁸ And the snuffers thereof, and the snuffdishes thereof, shall be of pure gold. ³⁹ Of a talent of pure gold shall it be made, with all these vessels. ⁴⁰ And see that thou make them after their pattern, which hath been showed thee in the mount.

Exodus Chapter 26

¹ Moreover thou shalt make the tabernacle with ten curtains; of fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, with cherubim the work of the skilful workman shalt thou make them. ² The length of each curtain shall be eight and twenty cubits, and the breadth of each curtain four cubits: all the curtains shall have one measure. ³ Five curtains shall be coupled together one to another; and [the other] five curtains shall be coupled one to another. ⁴ And thou shalt make loops of blue upon the edge of the one curtain from the selvedge in the coupling; and likewise shalt thou make in the edge of the curtain that is outmost in the second coupling. ⁵ Fifty loops shalt thou make in the one curtain, and fifty loops shalt thou make in the edge of the curtain that is in the second coupling; the loops shall be opposite one to another. ⁶ And thou shalt make fifty clasps of gold, and couple the curtains one to another with the clasps: and the tabernacle shall be one [whole].

⁷ And thou shalt make curtains of goats' [hair] for a tent over the tabernacle: eleven curtains shalt thou make them. ⁸ The length of each curtain shall be thirty cubits, and the breadth of each curtain four cubits: the eleven curtains shall have one measure. ⁹ And thou shalt couple five curtains by themselves, and six curtains by themselves, and shalt double over the sixth curtain in the forefront of the tent. ¹⁰ And thou shalt make fifty loops on the edge of the one curtain that is outmost in the coupling, and fifty loops upon the edge of the curtain which is [outmost in] the second coupling. ¹¹ And thou shalt make fifty clasps of brass, and put the clasps into the loops, and couple the tent together, that it may be one. ¹² And the overhanging part that remaineth of the curtains of the tent, the half curtain that remaineth, shall hang over the back of the tabernacle. ¹³ And the cubit on the one side, and the cubit on the other side, of that which remaineth in the length of the curtains of the tent, shall hang over the sides of the tabernacle on this side and on that side, to cover it. ¹⁴ And thou shalt make a covering for the tent of rams' skins dyed red, and a covering of sealskins above.

¹⁵ And thou shalt make the boards for the tabernacle of acacia wood, standing up. ¹⁶ Ten cubits shall be the length of a board, and a cubit and a half the breadth of each board. ¹⁷ Two tenons shall there be in each board, joined one to another: thus shalt thou make for all the boards of the tabernacle. ¹⁸ And thou shalt make the boards for the tabernacle, twenty boards for the south side southward. ¹⁹ And thou shalt make forty sockets of silver under the twenty boards; two sockets under one board for its two tenons, and two sockets under another board for its two tenons. ²⁰ And for the second side of the tabernacle, on the north side, twenty boards, ²¹ and their forty sockets of silver; two sockets under one board, and two sockets under another board. ²² And for the hinder part of the tabernacle westward thou shalt make six boards. ²³ And two boards shalt thou make for the corners of the tabernacle in the hinder part. ²⁴ And they shall be double beneath, and in like manner they shall be entire unto the top thereof unto one ring: thus shall it be for them both; they shall be for the two corners. ²⁵ And there shall be eight boards, and their sockets of silver, sixteen sockets; two sockets under one board, and two sockets under another board.

²⁶ And thou shalt make bars of acacia wood: five for the boards of the one side of the tabernacle, ²⁷ and five bars for the boards of the other side of the tabernacle, and five bars for the boards of the side of the tabernacle, for the hinder part westward. ²⁸ And the middle bar in the midst of the boards shall pass through from end to end. ²⁹ And thou shalt overlay the boards with gold, and make their rings of gold for places for the bars: and thou shalt overlay the bars with gold. ³⁰ And thou shalt rear up the tabernacle according to the fashion thereof which hath been showed thee in the mount.

³¹ And thou shalt make a veil of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen: with cherubim the work of the skilful workman shall it be made. ³² And thou shalt hang it upon four pillars of acacia overlaid with gold; their hooks [shall be] of gold, upon four sockets of silver.

³³ And thou shalt hang up the veil under the clasps, and shalt bring in thither within the veil the ark of the testimony: and the veil shall separate unto you between the holy place and the most holy. ³⁴ And thou shalt put the mercy-seat upon the ark of the testimony in the most holy place. ³⁵ And thou shalt set the table without the veil, and the candlestick over against the table on the side of the tabernacle toward the south: and thou shalt put the table on the north side. ³⁶ And thou shalt make a screen for the door of the Tent, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, the work of the embroiderer. ³⁷ And thou shalt make for the screen five pillars of acacia, and overlay them with gold: their hooks shall be of gold: and thou shalt cast five sockets of brass for them.

Exodus Chapter 27

¹ And thou shalt make the altar of acacia wood, five cubits long, and five cubits broad; the altar shall be four-square: and the height thereof shall be three cubits. ² And thou shalt make the horns of it upon the four corners

thereof; the horns thereof shall be of one piece with it: and thou shalt overlay it with brass.³ And thou shalt make its pots to take away its ashes, and its shovels, and its basins, and its flesh-hooks, and its firepans: all the vessels thereof thou shalt make of brass.⁴ And thou shalt make for it a grating of network of brass: and upon the net shalt thou make four brazen rings in the four corners thereof.⁵ And thou shalt put it under the ledge round the altar beneath, that the net may reach halfway up the altar.⁶ And thou shalt make staves for the altar, staves of acacia wood, and overlay them with brass.⁷ And the staves thereof shall be put into the rings, and the staves shall be upon the two sides of the altar, in bearing it.⁸ Hollow with planks shalt thou make it: as it hath been showed thee in the mount, so shall they make it.

⁹ And thou shalt make the court of the tabernacle: for the south side southward there shall be hangings for the court of fine twined linen a hundred cubits long for one side:¹⁰ and the pillars thereof shall be twenty, and their sockets twenty, of brass; the hooks of the pillars and their fillets [shall be] of silver.¹¹ And likewise for the north side in length there shall be hangings a hundred cubits long, and the pillars thereof twenty, and their sockets twenty, of brass; the hooks of the pillars, and their fillets, of silver.

¹² And for the breadth of the court on the west side shall be hangings of fifty cubits; their pillars ten, and their sockets ten.¹³ And the breadth of the court on the east side eastward shall be fifty cubits.¹⁴ The hangings for the one side [of the gate] shall be fifteen cubits; their pillars three, and their sockets three.¹⁵ And for the other side shall be hangings of fifteen cubits; their pillars three, and their sockets three.

¹⁶ And for the gate of the court shall be a screen of twenty cubits, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, the work of the embroiderer; their pillars four, and their sockets four.¹⁷ All the pillars of the court round about shall be filleted with silver; their hooks of silver, and their sockets of brass.

¹⁸ The length of the court shall be a hundred cubits, and the breadth fifty every where, and the height five cubits, of fine twined linen, and their sockets of brass.¹⁹ All the instruments of the tabernacle in all the service thereof, and all the pins thereof, and all the pins of the court, shall be of brass.

²⁰ And thou shalt command the children of Israel, that they bring unto thee pure olive oil beaten for the light, to cause a lamp to burn continually.²¹ In the tent of meeting, without the veil which is before the testimony, Aaron and his sons shall keep it in order from evening to morning before Jehovah: it shall be a statue for ever throughout their generations on the behalf of the children of Israel.

Exodus Chapter 28

¹ And bring thou near unto thee Aaron thy brother, and his sons with him, from among the children of Israel, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office, even Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, Eleazar and Ithamar, Aaron's sons.² And thou shalt make holy garments for Aaron thy brother, for glory and for beauty.³ And thou shalt speak unto all that are wise-hearted, whom I have filled with the spirit of wisdom, that they make Aaron's garments to sanctify him, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office.⁴ And these are the garments which they shall make: a breastplate, and an ephod, and a robe, and a coat of checker work, a mitre, and a girdle: and they shall make holy garments for Aaron thy brother, and his sons, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office.⁵ And they shall take the gold, and the blue, and the purple, and the scarlet, and the fine linen.

⁶ And they shall make the ephod of gold, of blue, and purple, scarlet, and fine twined linen, the work of the skilful workman.⁷ It shall have two shoulder-pieces joined to the two ends thereof, that it may be joined together.⁸ And the skilfully woven band, which is upon it, wherewith to gird it on, shall be like the work thereof [and] of the same piece; of gold, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen.⁹ And thou shalt take two onyx stones, and grave on them the names of the children of Israel:¹⁰ six of their names on the one stone, and the names of the six that remain on the other stone, according to their birth.¹¹ With the work of an engraver in stone, like the engravings of a signet, shalt thou engrave the two stones, according to the names of the children of Israel: thou shalt make them to be inclosed in settings of gold.¹² And thou shalt put the two stones upon the shoulder-pieces of the ephod, to be stones of memorial for the children of Israel: and Aaron shall bear their names before Jehovah upon his two shoulders for a memorial.

¹³ And thou shalt make settings of gold,¹⁴ and two chains of pure gold; like cords shalt thou make them, of wreathen work: and thou shalt put the wreathen chains on the settings.

¹⁵ And thou shalt make a breastplate of judgment, the work of the skilful workman; like the work of the ephod thou shalt make it; of gold, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, shalt thou make it.¹⁶ Foursquare it shall be [and] double; a span shall be the length thereof, and a span the breadth thereof.¹⁷ And thou shalt set in it settings of stones, four rows of stones: a row of sardius, topaz, and carbuncle shall be the first row;¹⁸ and the second row an emerald, a sapphire, and a diamond;¹⁹ and the third row a jacinth, an agate, and an amethyst;²⁰ and the fourth row a beryl, and an onyx, and a jasper: they shall be inclosed in gold in their settings.²¹ And the stones shall be according to the names of the children of Israel, twelve, according to their names; like the engravings of a signet,

every one according to his name, they shall be for the twelve tribes.

²² And thou shalt make upon the breastplate chains like cords, of wreathen work of pure gold. ²³ And thou shalt make upon the breastplate two rings of gold, and shalt put the two rings on the two ends of the breastplate. ²⁴ And thou shalt put the two wreathen chains of gold in the two rings at the ends of the breastplate. ²⁵ And the [other] two ends of the two wreathen chains thou shalt put on the two settings, and put them on the shoulder-pieces of the ephod in the forepart thereof.

²⁶ And thou shalt make two rings of gold, and thou shalt put them upon the two ends of the breastplate, upon the edge thereof, which is toward the side of the ephod inward. ²⁷ And thou shalt make two rings of gold, and shalt put them on the two shoulder-pieces of the ephod underneath, in the forepart thereof, close by the coupling thereof, above the skilfully woven band of the ephod. ²⁸ And they shall bind the breastplate by the rings thereof unto the rings of the ephod with a lace of blue, that it may be upon the skilfully woven band of the ephod, and that the breastplate be not loosed from the ephod. ²⁹ And Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breastplate of judgment upon his heart, when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before Jehovah continually.

³⁰ And thou shalt put in the breastplate of judgment the Urim and the Thummim; and they shall be upon Aaron's heart, when he goeth in before Jehovah: and Aaron shall bear the judgment of the children of Israel upon his heart before Jehovah continually.

³¹ And thou shalt make the robe of the ephod all of blue. ³² And it shall have a hole for the head in the midst thereof: it shall have a binding of woven work round about the hole of it, as it were the hole of a coat of mail, that it be not rent.

³³ And upon the skirts of it thou shalt make pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the skirts thereof; and bells of gold between them round about: ³⁴ a golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the skirts of the robe round about. ³⁵ And it shall be upon Aaron to minister: and the sound thereof shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before Jehovah, and when he cometh out, that he die not.

³⁶ And thou shalt make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it, like the engravings of a signet, HOLY TO JEHOVAH. ³⁷ And thou shalt put it on a lace of blue, and it shall be upon the mitre; upon the forefront of the mitre it shall be. ³⁸ And it shall be upon Aaron's forehead, and Aaron shall bear the iniquity of the holy things, which the children of Israel shall hallow in all their holy gifts; and it shall be always upon his forehead, that they may be accepted before Jehovah.

³⁹ And thou shalt weave the coat in checker work of fine linen, and thou shalt make a mitre of fine linen, and thou shalt make a girdle, the work of the embroiderer.

⁴⁰ And for Aaron's sons thou shalt make coats, and thou shalt make for them girdles, and head-tires shalt thou make for them, for glory and for beauty. ⁴¹ And thou shalt put them upon Aaron thy brother, and upon his sons with him, and shalt anoint them, and consecrate them, and sanctify them, that they may minister unto me in the priest's office. ⁴² And thou shalt make them linen breeches to cover the flesh of their nakedness; from the loins even unto the thighs they shall reach: ⁴³ And they shall be upon Aaron, and upon his sons, when they go in unto the tent of meeting, or when they come near unto the altar to minister in the holy place; that they bear not iniquity, and die: it shall be a statute for ever unto him and unto his seed after him.

Exodus Chapter 29

¹ And this is the thing that thou shalt do unto them to hallow them, to minister unto me in the priest's office: take one young bullock and two rams without blemish, ² and unleavened bread, and cakes unleavened mingled with oil, and wafers unleavened anointed with oil: of fine wheaten flour shalt thou make them. ³ And thou shalt put them into one basket, and bring them in the basket, with the bullock and the two rams. ⁴ And Aaron and his sons thou shalt bring unto the door of the tent of meeting, and shalt wash them with water. ⁵ And thou shalt take the garments, and put upon Aaron the coat, and the robe of the ephod, and the ephod, and the breastplate, and gird him with the skilfully woven band of the ephod; ⁶ and thou shalt set the mitre upon his head, and put the holy crown upon the mitre. ⁷ Then shalt thou take the anointing oil, and pour it upon his head, and anoint him. ⁸ And thou shalt bring his sons, and put coats upon them. ⁹ And thou shalt gird them with girdles, Aaron and his sons, and bind head-tires on them: and they shall have the priesthood by a perpetual statute: and thou shalt consecrate Aaron and his sons. ¹⁰ And thou shalt bring the bullock before the tent of meeting: and Aaron and his sons shall lay their hands upon the head of the bullock. ¹¹ And thou shalt kill the bullock before Jehovah, at the door of the tent of meeting. ¹² And thou shalt take of the blood of the bullock, and put it upon the horns of the altar with thy finger; and thou shalt pour out all the blood at the base of the altar. ¹³ And thou shalt take all the fat that covereth the inwards, and the caul upon the liver, and the two kidneys, and the fat that is upon them, and burn them upon the altar. ¹⁴ But the flesh of the bullock, and its skin, and its dung, shalt thou burn with fire without the camp: it is a

sin-offering.

¹⁵ Thou shalt also take the one ram; and Aaron and his sons shall lay their hands upon the head of the ram.

¹⁶ And thou shalt slay the ram, and thou shalt take its blood, and sprinkle it round about upon the altar. ¹⁷ And thou shalt cut the ram into its pieces, and wash its inwards, and its legs, and put them with its pieces, and with its head.

¹⁸ And thou shalt burn the whole ram upon the altar: it is a burnt-offering unto Jehovah; it is a sweet savor, an offering made by fire unto Jehovah.

¹⁹ And thou shalt take the other ram; and Aaron and his sons shall lay their hands upon the head of the ram.

²⁰ Then shalt thou kill the ram, and take of its blood, and put it upon the tip of the right ear of Aaron, and upon the tip of the right ear of his sons, and upon the thumb of their right hand, and upon the great toe of their right foot, and sprinkle the blood upon the altar round about. ²¹ And thou shalt take of the blood that is upon the altar, and of the anointing oil, and sprinkle it upon Aaron, and upon his garments, and upon his sons, and upon the garments of his sons with him: and he shall be hallowed, and his garments, and his sons, and his sons' garments with him.

²² Also thou shalt take of the ram the fat, and the fat tail, and the fat that covereth the inwards, and the caul of the liver, and the two kidneys, and the fat that is upon them, and the right thigh (for it is a ram of consecration), ²³ and one loaf of bread, and one cake of oiled bread, and one wafer, out of the basket of unleavened bread that is before Jehovah. ²⁴ And thou shalt put the whole upon the hands of Aaron, and upon the hands of his sons, and shalt wave them for a wave-offering before Jehovah. ²⁵ And thou shalt take them from their hands, and burn them on the altar upon the burnt-offering, for a sweet savor before Jehovah: it is an offering made by fire unto Jehovah. ²⁶ And thou shalt take the breast of Aaron's ram of consecration, and wave it for a wave-offering before Jehovah: and it shall be thy portion. ²⁷ And thou shalt sanctify the breast of the wave-offering, and the thigh of the heave-offering, which is waved, and which is heaved up, of the ram of consecration, even of that which is for Aaron, and of that which is for his sons: ²⁸ and it shall be for Aaron and his sons as [their] portion for ever from the children of Israel; for it is a heave-offering: and it shall be a heave-offering from the children of Israel of the sacrifices of their peace-offerings, even their heave-offering unto Jehovah.

²⁹ And the holy garments of Aaron shall be for his sons after him, to be anointed in them, and to be consecrated in them. ³⁰ Seven days shall the son that is priest in his stead put them on, when he cometh into the tent of meeting to minister in the holy place.

³¹ And thou shalt take the ram of consecration, and boil its flesh in a holy place. ³² And Aaron and his sons shall eat the flesh of the ram, and the bread that is in the basket, at the door of the tent of meeting. ³³ And they shall eat those things wherewith atonement was made, to consecrate [and] to sanctify them: but a stranger shall not eat thereof, because they are holy. ³⁴ And if aught of the flesh of the consecration, or of the bread, remain unto the morning, then thou shalt burn the remainder with fire: it shall not be eaten, because it is holy. ³⁵ And thus shalt thou do unto Aaron, and to his sons, according to all that I have commanded thee: seven days shalt thou consecrate them. ³⁶ And every day shalt thou offer the bullock of sin-offering for atonement: and thou shalt cleanse the altar, when thou makest atonement for it; and thou shalt anoint it, to sanctify it. ³⁷ Seven days thou shalt make atonement for the altar, and sanctify it: and the altar shall be most holy; whatsoever toucheth the altar shall be holy.

³⁸ Now this is that which thou shalt offer upon the altar: two lambs a year old day by day continually. ³⁹ The one lamb thou shalt offer in the morning; and the other lamb thou shalt offer at even: ⁴⁰ and with the one lamb a tenth part [of an ephah] of fine flour mingled with the fourth part of a hin of beaten oil, and the fourth part of a hin of wine for a drink-offering. ⁴¹ And the other lamb thou shalt offer at even, and shalt do thereto according to the meal-offering of the morning, and according to the drink-offering thereof, for a sweet savor, an offering made by fire unto Jehovah. ⁴² It shall be a continual burnt-offering throughout your generations at the door of the tent of meeting before Jehovah, where I will meet with you, to speak there unto thee. ⁴³ And there I will meet with the children of Israel; and [the Tent] shall be sanctified by my glory. ⁴⁴ And I will sanctify the tent of meeting, and the altar: Aaron also and his sons will I sanctify, to minister to me in the priest's office.

⁴⁵ And I will dwell among the children of Israel, and will be their God.

⁴⁶ And they shall know that I am Jehovah their God, that brought them forth out of the land of Egypt, that I might dwell among them: I am Jehovah their God.

Exodus Chapter 30

¹ And thou shalt make an altar to burn incense upon: of acacia wood shalt thou make it. ² A cubit shall be the length thereof, and a cubit the breadth thereof; foursquare shall it be; and two cubits shall be the height thereof: the horns thereof shall be of one piece with it. ³ And thou shalt overlay it with pure gold, the top thereof, and the sides thereof round about, and the horns thereof; and thou shalt make unto it a crown of gold round about. ⁴ And two golden rings shalt thou make for it under the crown thereof; upon the two ribs thereof, upon the two sides of it shalt thou make them; and they shall be for places for staves wherewith to bear it. ⁵ And thou shalt make the staves

of acacia wood, and overlay them with gold. ⁶ And thou shalt put it before the veil that is by the ark of the testimony, before the mercy-seat that is over the testimony, where I will meet with thee. ⁷ And Aaron shall burn thereon incense of sweet spices: every morning, when he dresseth the lamps, he shall burn it. ⁸ And when Aaron lighteth the lamps at even, he shall burn it, a perpetual incense before Jehovah throughout your generations. ⁹ Ye shall offer no strange incense thereon, nor burnt-offering, nor meal-offering; and ye shall pour no drink-offering thereon. ¹⁰ And Aaron shall make atonement upon the horns of it once in the year; with the blood of the sin-offering of atonement once in the year shall he make atonement for it throughout your generations: it is most holy unto Jehovah.

¹¹ And Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, ¹² When thou takest the sum of the children of Israel, according to those that are numbered of them, then shall they give every man a ransom for his soul unto Jehovah, when thou numberest them; that there be no plague among them, when thou numberest them. ¹³ This they shall give, every one that passeth over unto them that are numbered, half a shekel after the shekel of the sanctuary; (the shekel is twenty gerahs;) half a shekel for an offering to Jehovah. ¹⁴ Every one that passeth over unto them that are numbered, from twenty years old and upward, shall give the offering of Jehovah. ¹⁵ The rich shall not give more, and the poor shall not give less, than the half shekel, when they give the offering of Jehovah, to make atonement for your souls. ¹⁶ And thou shalt take the atonement money from the children of Israel, and shalt appoint it for the service of the tent of meeting; that it may be a memorial for the children of Israel before Jehovah, to make atonement for your souls.

¹⁷ And Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, ¹⁸ Thou shalt also make a laver of brass, and the base thereof of brass, whereat to wash. And thou shalt put it between the tent of meeting and the altar, and thou shalt put water therein. ¹⁹ And Aaron and his sons shall wash their hands and their feet thereat: ²⁰ when they go into the tent of meeting, they shall wash with water, that they die not; or when they come near to the altar to minister, to burn an offering made by fire unto Jehovah. ²¹ So they shall wash their hands and their feet, that they die not: and it shall be a statute for ever to them, even to him and to his seed throughout their generations.

²² Moreover Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, ²³ Take thou also unto thee the chief spices: of flowing myrrh five hundred [shekels], and of sweet cinnamon half so much, even two hundred and fifty, and of sweet calamus two hundred and fifty, ²⁴ and of cassia five hundred, after the shekel of the sanctuary, and of olive oil a hin. ²⁵ And thou shalt make it a holy anointing oil, a perfume compounded after the art of the perfumer: it shall be a holy anointing oil. ²⁶ And thou shalt anoint therewith the tent of meeting, and the ark of the testimony, ²⁷ and the table and all the vessels thereof, and the candlestick and the vessels thereof, and the altar of incense, ²⁸ and the altar of burnt-offering with all the vessels thereof, and the laver and the base thereof. ²⁹ And thou shalt sanctify them, that they may be most holy: whatsoever toucheth them shall be holy. ³⁰ And thou shalt anoint Aaron and his sons, and sanctify them, that they may minister unto me in the priest's office. ³¹ And thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel, saying, This shall be a holy anointing oil unto me throughout your generations. ³² Upon the flesh of man shall it not be poured, neither shall ye make any like it, according to the composition thereof: it is holy, [and] it shall be holy unto you. ³³ Whosoever compoundeth any like it, or whosoever putteth any of it upon a stranger, he shall be cut off from his people.

³⁴ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha, and galbanum; sweet spices with pure frankincense: of each shall there be a like weight; ³⁵ and thou shalt make of it incense, a perfume after the art of the perfumer, seasoned with salt, pure [and] holy: ³⁶ and thou shalt beat some of it very small, and put of it before the testimony in the tent of meeting, where I will meet with thee: it shall be unto you most holy. ³⁷ And the incense which thou shalt make, according to the composition thereof ye shall not make for yourselves: it shall be unto thee holy for Jehovah. ³⁸ Whosoever shall make like unto that, to smell thereof, he shall be cut off from his people.

Exodus Chapter 31

¹ And Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, ² See, I have called by name Bezalel the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah: ³ and I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, ⁴ to devise skilful works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, ⁵ and in cutting of stones for setting, and in carving of wood, to work in all manner of workmanship. ⁶ And I, behold, I have appointed with him Oholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan; and in the heart of all that are wise-hearted I have put wisdom, that they may make all that I have commanded thee: ⁷ the tent of meeting, and the ark of the testimony, and the mercy-seat that is thereupon, and all the furniture of the Tent, ⁸ and the table and its vessels, and the pure candlestick with all its vessels, and the altar of incense, ⁹ and the altar of burnt-offering with all its vessels, and the laver and its base, ¹⁰ and the finely wrought garments, and the holy garments for Aaron the priest, and the garments of his sons, to minister in the priest's office, ¹¹ and the anointing oil, and the incense of sweet spices for the holy place: according to all that I have commanded thee shall they do.

¹² And Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, ¹³ Speak thou also unto the children of Israel, saying, Verily ye shall keep my sabbaths: for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations; that ye may know that I am Jehovah who sanctifieth you. ¹⁴ Ye shall keep the sabbath therefore; for it is holy unto you: every one that profaneth it shall surely be put to death; for whosoever doeth any work therein, that soul shall be cut off from among his people. ¹⁵ Six days shall work be done, but on the seventh day is a sabbath of solemn rest, holy to Jehovah: whosoever doeth any work on the sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death. ¹⁶ Wherefore the children of Israel shall keep the sabbath, to observe the sabbath throughout their generations, for a perpetual covenant. ¹⁷ It is a sign between me and the children of Israel for ever: for in six days Jehovah made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested, and was refreshed.

¹⁸ And he gave unto Moses, when he had made an end of communing with him upon mount Sinai, the two tables of the testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God.

Exodus Chapter 32

¹ And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down from the mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we know not what is become of him. ² And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden rings, which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me. ³ And all the people brake off the golden rings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron. ⁴ And he received it at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, and made it a molten calf: and they said, These are thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt. ⁵ And when Aaron saw [this], he built an altar before it; and Aaron made proclamation, and said, To-morrow shall be a feast to Jehovah. ⁶ And they rose up early on the morrow, and offered burnt-offerings, and brought peace-offerings; and the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play.

⁷ And Jehovah spake unto Moses, Go, get thee down; for thy people, that thou broughtest up out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves: ⁸ they have turned aside quickly out of the way which I commanded them: they have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed unto it, and said, These are thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt. ⁹ And Jehovah said unto Moses, I have seen this people, and, behold, it is a stiffnecked people: ¹⁰ now therefore let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them: and I will make of thee a great nation. ¹¹ And Moses besought Jehovah his God, and said, Jehovah, why doth thy wrath wax hot against thy people, that thou hast brought forth out of the land of Egypt with great power and with a mighty hand? ¹² Wherefore should the Egyptians speak, saying, For evil did he bring them forth, to slay them in the mountains, and to consume them from the face of the earth? Turn from thy fierce wrath, and repent of this evil against thy people. ¹³ Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, thy servants, to whom thou swarest by thine own self, and saidst unto them, I will multiply your seed as the stars of heaven, and all this land that I have spoken of will I give unto your seed, and they shall inherit it for ever. ¹⁴ And Jehovah repented of the evil which he said he would do unto his people.

¹⁵ And Moses turned, and went down from the mount, with the two tables of the testimony in his hand; tables that were written on both their sides; on the one side and on the other were they written. ¹⁶ And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables. ¹⁷ And when Joshua heard the noise of the people as they shouted, he said unto Moses, There is a noise of war in the camp. ¹⁸ And he said, It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome; but the noise of them that sing do I hear.

¹⁹ And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf and the dancing: and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount. ²⁰ And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it with fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it.

²¹ And Moses said unto Aaron, What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought a great sin upon them? ²² And Aaron said, Let not the anger of my lord wax hot: thou knowest the people, that they are [set] on evil. ²³ For they said unto me, Make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we know not what is become of him. ²⁴ And I said unto them, Whosoever hath any gold, let them break it off: so they gave it me; and I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf.

²⁵ And when Moses saw that the people were broken loose, (for Aaron had let them loose for a derision among their enemies,) ²⁶ then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Whoso is on Jehovah's side, [let him come] unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him. ²⁷ And he said unto them, Thus saith Jehovah, the God of Israel, Put ye every man his sword upon his thigh, and go to and fro from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor. ²⁸ And

the sons of Levi did according to the word of Moses: and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men. ²⁹ And Moses said, Consecrate yourselves to-day to Jehovah, yea, every man against his son, and against his brother; that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day.

³⁰ And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses said unto the people, Ye have sinned a great sin: and now I will go up unto Jehovah; peradventure I shall make atonement for your sin. ³¹ And Moses returned unto Jehovah, and said, Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. ³² Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin-; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written. ³³ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book. ³⁴ And now go, lead the people unto [the place] of which I have spoken unto thee: behold, mine angel shall go before thee; nevertheless in the day when I visit, I will visit their sin upon them. ³⁵ And Jehovah smote the people, because they made the calf, which Aaron made.

Exodus Chapter 33

¹ And Jehovah spake unto Moses, Depart, go up hence, thou and the people that thou hast brought up out of the land of Egypt, unto the land of which I swore unto Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, saying, Unto thy seed will I give it: ² and I will send an angel before thee; and I will drive out the Canaanite, the Amorite, and the Hittite, and the Perizzite, the Hivite, and the Jebusite: ³ unto a land flowing with milk and honey: for I will not go up in the midst of thee, for thou art a stiffnecked people, lest I consume thee in the way.

⁴ And when the people heard these evil tidings, they mourned: and no man did put on him his ornaments. ⁵ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Say unto the children of Israel, Ye are a stiffnecked people; if I go up into the midst of thee for one moment, I shall consume thee: therefore now put off thy ornaments from thee, that I may know what to do unto thee. ⁶ And the children of Israel stripped themselves of their ornaments from mount Horeb onward.

⁷ Now Moses used to take the tent and to pitch it without the camp, afar off from the camp; and he called it, The tent of meeting. And it came to pass, that every one that sought Jehovah went out unto the tent of meeting, which was without the camp. ⁸ And it came to pass, when Moses went out unto the Tent, that all the people rose up, and stood, every man at his tent door, and looked after Moses, until he was gone into the Tent. ⁹ And it came to pass, when Moses entered into the Tent, the pillar of cloud descended, and stood at the door of the Tent: and [Jehovah] spake with Moses. ¹⁰ And all the people saw the pillar of cloud stand at the door of the Tent: and all the people rose up and worshipped, every man at his tent door. ¹¹ And Jehovah spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend. And he turned again into the camp: but his minister Joshua, the son of Nun, a young man, departed not out of the Tent.

¹² And Moses said unto Jehovah, See, thou sayest unto me, Bring up this people: and thou hast not let me know whom thou wilt send with me. Yet thou hast said, I know thee by name, and thou hast also found favor in my sight. ¹³ Now therefore, I pray thee, if I have found favor in thy sight, show me now thy ways, that I may know thee, to the end that I may find favor in thy sight: and consider that this nation is thy people. ¹⁴ And he said, My presence shall go [with thee], and I will give thee rest. ¹⁵ And he said unto him, If thy presence go not [with me], carry us not up hence. ¹⁶ For wherein now shall it be known that I have found favor in thy sight, I and thy people? is it not in that thou goest with us, so that we are separated, I and thy people, from all the people that are upon the face of the earth? ¹⁷ And Jehovah said unto Moses, I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken; for thou hast found favor in my sight, and I know thee by name. ¹⁸ And he said, Show me, I pray thee, thy glory. ¹⁹ And he said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee, and will proclaim the name of Jehovah before thee; and I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will show mercy on whom I will show mercy. ²⁰ And he said, Thou canst not see my face; for man shall not see me and live. ²¹ and Jehovah said, Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon the rock: ²² and it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand until I have passed by: ²³ and I will take away my hand, and thou shalt see my back; but my face shall not be seen.

Exodus Chapter 34

¹ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Hew thee two tables of stone like unto the first: and I will write upon the tables the words that were on the first tables, which thou brakest. ² And be ready by the morning, and come up in the morning unto mount Sinai, and present thyself there to me on the top of the mount. ³ And no man shall come up with thee; neither let any man be seen throughout all the mount; neither let the flocks nor herds feed before that mount.

⁴ And he hewed two tables of stone like unto the first; and Moses rose up early in the morning, and went up unto mount Sinai, as Jehovah had commanded him, and took in his hand two tables of stone.

⁵ And Jehovah descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of Jehovah. ⁶ And

Jehovah passed by before him, and proclaimed, Jehovah, Jehovah, a God merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness and truth, ⁷ keeping lovingkindness for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin; and that will by no means clear [the guilty], visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation. ⁸ And Moses made haste, and bowed his head toward the earth, and worshipped. ⁹ And he said, If now I have found favor in thy sight, O Lord, let the Lord, I pray thee, go in the midst of us; for it is a stiffnecked people; and pardon our iniquity and our sin, and take us for thine inheritance.

¹⁰ And he said, Behold, I make a covenant: before all thy people I will do marvels, such as have not been wrought in all the earth, nor in any nation; and all the people among which thou art shall see the work of Jehovah; for it is a terrible thing that I do with thee. ¹¹ Observe thou that which I command thee this day: behold, I drive out before thee the Amorite, and the Canaanite, and the Hittite, and the Perizzite, and the Hivite, and the Jebusite. ¹² Take heed to thyself, lest thou make a covenant with the inhabitants of the land whither thou goest, lest it be for a snare in the midst of thee: ¹³ but ye shall break down their altars, and dash in pieces their pillars, and ye shall cut down their Asherim; ¹⁴ for thou shalt worship no other god: for Jehovah, whose name is Jealous, is a jealous God: ¹⁵ lest thou make a covenant with the inhabitants of the land, and they play the harlot after their gods, and sacrifice unto their gods, and one call thee and thou eat of his sacrifice; ¹⁶ and thou take of their daughters unto thy sons, and their daughters play the harlot after their gods, and make thy sons play the harlot after their gods. ¹⁷ Thou shalt make thee no molten gods.

¹⁸ The feast of unleavened bread shalt thou keep. Seven days thou shalt eat unleavened bread, as I commanded thee, at the time appointed in the month Abib; for in the month Abib thou camest out from Egypt. ¹⁹ All that openeth the womb is mine; and all thy cattle that is male, the firstlings of cow and sheep. ²⁰ And the firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb: and if thou wilt not redeem it, then thou shalt break its neck. All the first-born of thy sons thou shalt redeem. And none shall appear before me empty.

²¹ Six days thou shalt work, but on the seventh day thou shalt rest: in plowing time and in harvest thou shalt rest.

²² And thou shalt observe the feast of weeks, [even] of the first-fruits of wheat harvest, and the feast of ingathering at the year's end.

²³ Three times in the year shall all thy males appear before the Lord Jehovah, the God of Israel. ²⁴ For I will cast out nations before thee, and enlarge thy borders: neither shall any man desire thy land, when thou goest up to appear before Jehovah thy God three times in the year. ²⁵ Thou shalt not offer the blood of my sacrifice with leavened bread; neither shall the sacrifice of the feast of the passover be left unto the morning. ²⁶ The first of the first-fruits of thy ground thou shalt bring unto the house of Jehovah thy God. Thou shalt not boil a kid in its mother's milk. ²⁷ And Jehovah said unto Moses, Write thou these words: for after the tenor of these words I have made a covenant with thee and with Israel.

²⁸ And he was there with Jehovah forty days and forty nights; he did neither eat bread, nor drink water. And he wrote upon the tables the words of the covenant, the ten commandments.

²⁹ And it came to pass, when Moses came down from mount Sinai with the two tables of the testimony in Moses' hand, when he came down from the mount, that Moses knew not that the skin of his face shone by reason of his speaking with him. ³⁰ And when Aaron and all the children of Israel saw Moses, behold, the skin of his face shone; and they were afraid to come nigh him. ³¹ And Moses called unto them; and Aaron and all the rulers of the congregation returned unto him: and Moses spake to them. ³² And afterward all the children of Israel came nigh: and he gave them in commandment all that Jehovah had spoken with him in mount Sinai. ³³ And when Moses had done speaking with them, he put a veil on his face. ³⁴ But when Moses went in before Jehovah to speak with him, he took the veil off, until he came out; and he came out, and spake unto the children of Israel that which he was commanded. ³⁵ And the children of Israel saw the face of Moses, that the skin of Moses' face shone: and Moses put the veil upon his face again, until he went in to speak with him.

Exodus Chapter 35

¹ And Moses assembled all the congregation of the children of Israel, and said unto them, These are the words which Jehovah hath commanded, that ye should do them. ² Six days shall work be done; but on the seventh day there shall be to you a holy day, a sabbath of solemn rest to Jehovah: whosoever doeth any work therein shall be put to death. ³ Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the sabbath day.

⁴ And Moses spake unto all the congregation of the children of Israel, saying, This is the thing which Jehovah commanded, saying, ⁵ Take ye from among you an offering unto Jehovah; whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it, Jehovah's offering: gold, and silver, and brass, ⁶ and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' [hair], ⁷ and rams' skins dyed red, and sealskins, and acacia wood, ⁸ and oil for the light, and spices for the anointing

oil, and for the sweet incense, ⁹ and onyx stones, and stones to be set, for the ephod, and for the breastplate. ¹⁰ And let every wise-hearted man among you come, and make all that Jehovah hath commanded: ¹¹ the tabernacle, its tent, and its covering, its clasps, and its boards, its bars, its pillars, and its sockets; ¹² the ark, and the staves thereof, the mercy-seat, and the veil of the screen; ¹³ the table, and its staves, and all its vessels, and the showbread; ¹⁴ the candlestick also for the light, and its vessels, and its lamps, and the oil for the light; ¹⁵ and the altar of incense, and its staves, and the anointing oil, and the sweet incense, and the screen for the door, at the door of the tabernacle; ¹⁶ the altar of burnt-offering, with its grating of brass, its staves, and all its vessels, the laver and its base; ¹⁷ the hangings of the court, the pillars thereof, and their sockets, and the screen for the gate of the court; ¹⁸ the pins of the tabernacle, and the pins of the court, and their cords; ¹⁹ the finely wrought garments, for ministering in the holy place, the holy garments for Aaron the priest, and the garments of his sons, to minister in the priest's office.

²⁰ And all the congregation of the children of Israel departed from the presence of Moses. ²¹ And they came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, [and] brought Jehovah's offering, for the work of the tent of meeting, and for all the service thereof, and for the holy garments. ²² And they came, both men and women, as many as were willing-hearted, [and] brought brooches, and ear-rings, and signet-rings, and armlets, all jewels of gold; even every man that offered an offering of gold unto Jehovah. ²³ And every man, with whom was found blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' [hair], and rams' skins dyed red, and seal-skins, brought them. ²⁴ Every one that did offer an offering of silver and brass brought Jehovah's offering; and every man, with whom was found acacia wood for any work of the service, brought it. ²⁵ And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, the blue, and the purple, the scarlet, and the fine linen. ²⁶ And all the women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom spun the goats' [hair]. ²⁷ And the rulers brought the onyx stones, and the stones to be set, for the ephod, and for the breastplate; ²⁸ and the spice, and the oil; for the light, and for the anointing oil, and for the sweet incense. ²⁹ The children of Israel brought a free-will-offering unto Jehovah; every man and woman, whose heart made them willing to bring for all the work, which Jehovah had commanded to be made by Moses.

³⁰ And Moses said unto the children of Israel, See, Jehovah hath called by name Bezalel the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah. ³¹ And he hath filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship; ³² and to devise skilful works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, ³³ and in cutting of stones for setting, and in carving of wood, to work in all manner of skilful workmanship. ³⁴ And he hath put in his heart that he may teach, both he, and Oholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan. ³⁵ Them hath he filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of workmanship, of the engraver, and of the skilful workman, and of the embroiderer, in blue, and in purple, in scarlet, and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of them that do any workmanship, and of those that devise skilful works.

Exodus Chapter 36

¹ And Bezalel and Oholiab shall work, and every wise-hearted man, in whom Jehovah hath put wisdom and understanding to know how to work all the work for the service of the sanctuary, according to all that Jehovah hath commanded. ² And Moses called Bezalel and Oholiab, and every wise-hearted man, in whose heart Jehovah had put wisdom, even every one whose heart stirred him up to come unto the work to do it: ³ and they received of Moses all the offering which the children of Israel had brought for the work of the service of the sanctuary, wherewith to make it. And they brought yet unto him freewill-offerings every morning. ⁴ And all the wise men, that wrought all the work of the sanctuary, came every man from his work which they wrought.

⁵ And they spake unto Moses, saying, The people bring much more than enough for the service of the work which Jehovah commanded to make. ⁶ And Moses gave commandment, and they caused it to be proclaimed throughout the camp, saying, Let neither man nor woman make any more work for the offering of the sanctuary. So the people were restrained from bringing. ⁷ For the stuff they had was sufficient for all the work to make it, and too much.

⁸ And all the wise-hearted men among them that wrought the work made the tabernacle with ten curtains; of fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, with cherubim, the work of the skilful workman, [Bezalel] made them. ⁹ The length of each curtain was eight and twenty cubits, and the breadth of each curtain four cubits: all the curtains had one measure. ¹⁰ And he coupled five curtains one to another: and [the other] five curtains he coupled one to another. ¹¹ And he made loops of blue upon the edge of the one curtain from the selvedge in the coupling: likewise he made in the edge of the curtain that was outmost in the second coupling. ¹² Fifty loops made he in the one curtain, and fifty loops made he in the edge of the curtain that was in the second coupling: the loops were opposite one to another. ¹³ And he made fifty clasps of gold, and coupled the curtains one to another with the clasps: so the tabernacle was one.

¹⁴ And he made curtains of goats' [hair] for a tent over the tabernacle: eleven curtains he made them. ¹⁵ The

length of each curtain was thirty cubits, and four cubits the breadth of each curtain: the eleven curtains had one measure.¹⁶ And he coupled five curtains by themselves, and six curtains by themselves.¹⁷ And he made fifty loops on the edge of the curtain that was outmost in the coupling, and fifty loops made he upon the edge of the curtain which was [outmost in] the second coupling.¹⁸ And he made fifty clasps of brass to couple the tent together, that it might be one.¹⁹ And he made a covering for the tent of rams' skins dyed red, and a covering of sealskins above.

²⁰ And he made the boards for the tabernacle, of acacia wood, standing up.²¹ Ten cubits was the length of a board, and a cubit and a half the breadth of each board.²² Each board had two tenons, joined one to another: thus did he make for all the boards of the tabernacle.²³ And he made the boards for the tabernacle: twenty boards for the south side southward.²⁴ And he made forty sockets of silver under the twenty boards; two sockets under one board for its two tenons, and two sockets under another board for its two tenons.²⁵ And for the second side of the tabernacle, on the north side, he made twenty boards,²⁶ and their forty sockets of silver; two sockets under one board, and two sockets under another board.²⁷ And for the hinder part of the tabernacle westward he made six boards.²⁸ And two boards made he for the corners of the tabernacle in the hinder part.²⁹ And they were double beneath; and in like manner they were entire unto the top thereof unto one ring: thus he did to both of them in the two corners.³⁰ And there were eight boards, and their sockets of silver, sixteen sockets; under every board two sockets.

³¹ And he made bars of acacia wood; five for the boards of the one side of the tabernacle,³² and five bars for the boards of the other side of the tabernacle, and five bars for the boards of the tabernacle for the hinder part westward.³³ And he made the middle bar to pass through in the midst of the boards from the one end to the other.³⁴ And he overlaid the boards with gold, and made their rings of gold for places for the bars, and overlaid the bars with gold.

³⁵ And he made the veil of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen: with cherubim, the work of the skilful workman, made he it.³⁶ And he made thereunto four pillars of acacia, and overlaid them with gold: their hooks were of gold; And he cast for them four sockets of silver.

³⁷ And he made a screen for the door of the Tent, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, the work of the embroiderer;³⁸ and the five pillars of it with their hooks: and he overlaid their capitals and their fillets with gold; and their five sockets were of brass.

Exodus Chapter 37

¹ And Bezalel made the ark of acacia wood: two cubits and a half was the length of it, and a cubit and a half the breadth of it, and a cubit and a half the height of it:

² and he overlaid it with pure gold within and without, and made a crown of gold to it round about.³ And he cast for it four rings of gold, in the four feet thereof; even two rings on the one side of it, and two rings on the other side of it.⁴ And he made staves of acacia wood, and overlaid them with gold.⁵ And he put the staves into the rings on the sides of the ark, to bear the ark.

⁶ And he made a mercy-seat of pure gold: two cubits and a half [was] the length thereof, and a cubit and a half the breadth thereof.⁷ And he made two cherubim of gold; of beaten work made he them, at the two ends of the mercy-seat;⁸ one cherub at the one end, and one cherub at the other end: of one piece with the mercy-seat made he the cherubim at the two ends thereof.⁹ And the cherubim spread out their wings on high, covering the mercy-seat with their wings, with their faces one to another; toward the mercy-seat were the faces of the cherubim.

¹⁰ And he made the table of acacia wood: two cubits [was] the length thereof, and a cubit the breadth thereof, and a cubit and a half the height thereof:¹¹ and he overlaid it with pure gold, and made thereto a crown of gold round about.¹² And he made unto it a border of a handbreadth round about, and made a golden crown to the border thereof round about.¹³ And he cast for it four rings of gold, and put the rings in the four corners that were on the four feet thereof.¹⁴ Close by the border were the rings, the places for the staves to bear the table.¹⁵ And he made the staves of acacia wood, and overlaid them with gold, to bear the table.¹⁶ And he made the vessels which were upon the table, the dishes thereof, and the spoons thereof, and the bowls thereof, and the flagons thereof, wherewith to pour out, of pure gold.

¹⁷ And he made the candlestick of pure gold: of beaten work made he the candlestick, even its base, and its shaft; its cups, its knops, and its flowers, were of one piece with it:¹⁸ and there were six branches going out of the sides thereof; three branches of the candlestick out of the one side thereof, and three branches of the candlestick out of the other side thereof:¹⁹ three cups made like almond-blossoms in one branch, a knop and a flower, and three cups made like almond-blossoms in the other branch, a knop and a flower: so for the six branches going out of the candlestick.²⁰ And in the candlestick were four cups made like almond-blossoms, the knops thereof, and the flowers thereof;²¹ and a knop under two branches of one piece with it, and a knop under two branches of one piece with it, and a knop under two branches of one piece with it, for the six branches going out of it.²² Their knops and their branches were of one piece with it: the whole of it was one beaten work of pure gold.²³ And he made the lamps

thereof, seven, and the snuffers thereof, and the snuffdishes thereof, of pure gold. ²⁴ Of a talent of pure gold made he it, and all the vessels thereof.

²⁵ And he made the altar of incense of acacia wood: a cubit was the length thereof, and a cubit the breadth thereof, foursquare; and two cubits was the height thereof; the horns thereof were of one piece with it. ²⁶ And he overlaid it with pure gold, the top thereof, and the sides thereof round about, and the horns of it: and he made unto it a crown of gold round about. ²⁷ And he made for it two golden rings under the crown thereof, upon the two ribs thereof, upon the two sides of it, for places for staves wherewith to bear it. ²⁸ And he made the staves of acacia wood, and overlaid them with gold.

²⁹ And he made the holy anointing oil, and the pure incense of sweet spices, after the art of the perfumer.

Exodus Chapter 38

¹ And he made the altar of burnt-offering of acacia wood: five cubits was the length thereof, and five cubits the breadth thereof, foursquare; and three cubits the height thereof. ² And he made the horns thereof upon the four corners of it; the horns thereof were of one piece with it: and he overlaid it with brass. ³ And he made all the vessels of the altar, the pots, and the shovels, and the basins, the flesh-hooks, and the firepans: all the vessels thereof made he of brass. ⁴ And he made for the altar a grating of network of brass, under the ledge round it beneath, reaching halfway up. ⁵ And he cast four rings for the four ends of the grating of brass, to be places for the staves. ⁶ And he made the staves of acacia wood, and overlaid them with brass. ⁷ And he put the staves into the rings on the sides of the altar, wherewith to bear it; he made it hollow with planks.

⁸ And he made the laver of brass, and the base thereof of brass, of the mirrors of the ministering women that ministered at the door of the tent of meeting.

⁹ And he made the court: for the south side southward the hangings of the court were of fine twined linen, a hundred cubits; ¹⁰ their pillars were twenty, and their sockets twenty, of brass; the hooks of the pillars and their fillets were of silver. ¹¹ And for the north side a hundred cubits, their pillars twenty, and their sockets twenty, of brass; the hooks of the pillars, and their fillets, of silver. ¹² And for the west side were hangings of fifty cubits, their pillars ten, and their sockets ten; the hooks of the pillars, and their fillets, of silver. ¹³ And for the east side eastward fifty cubits. ¹⁴ The hangings for the one side [of the gate] were fifteen cubits; their pillars three, and their sockets three; ¹⁵ and so for the other side: on this hand and that hand by the gate of the court were hangings of fifteen cubits; their pillars three, and their sockets three. ¹⁶ All the hangings of the court round about were of fine twined linen. ¹⁷ And the sockets for the pillars were of brass; the hooks of the pillars, and their fillets, of silver; and the overlaying of their capitals, of silver; and all the pillars of the court were filleted with silver. ¹⁸ And the screen for the gate of the court was the work of the embroiderer, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen: and twenty cubits was the length, and the height in the breadth was five cubits, answerable to the hangings of the court. ¹⁹ And their pillars were four, and their sockets four, of brass; their hooks of silver, and the overlaying of their capitals, and their fillets, of silver. ²⁰ And all the pins of the tabernacle, and of the court round about, were of brass.

²¹ This is the sum of [the things for] the tabernacle, even the tabernacle of the testimony, as they were counted, according to the commandment of Moses, for the service of the Levites, by the hand of Ithamar, the son of Aaron the priest. ²² And Bezalel the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah, made all that Jehovah commanded Moses. ²³ And with him was Oholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan, an engraver, and a skilful workman, and an embroiderer in blue, and in purple, and in scarlet, and in fine linen. ²⁴ All the gold that was used for the work in all the work of the sanctuary, even the gold of the offering, was twenty and nine talents, and seven hundred and thirty shekels, after the shekel of the sanctuary. ²⁵ And the silver of them that were numbered of the congregation was a hundred talents, and a thousand seven hundred and threescore and fifteen shekels, after the shekel of the sanctuary: ²⁶ a beka a head, [that is], half a shekel, after the shekel of the sanctuary, for every one that passed over to them that were numbered, from twenty years old and upward, for six hundred thousand and three thousand and five hundred and fifty men. ²⁷ And the hundred talents of silver were for casting the sockets of the sanctuary, and the sockets of the veil; a hundred sockets for the hundred talents, a talent for a socket. ²⁸ And of the thousand seven hundred seventy and five [shekels] he made hooks for the pillars, and overlaid their capitals, and made fillets for them. ²⁹ And the brass of the offering was seventy talents, and two thousand and four hundred shekels. ³⁰ And therewith he made the sockets to the door of the tent of meeting, and the brazen altar, and the brazen grating for it, and all the vessels of the altar, ³¹ and the sockets of the court round about, and the sockets of the gate of the court, and all the pins of the tabernacle, and all the pins of the court round about.

Exodus Chapter 39

¹ And of the blue, and purple, and scarlet, they made finely wrought garments, for ministering in the holy place, and made the holy garments for Aaron; as Jehovah commanded Moses. ² And he made the ephod of gold, blue, and

purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen. ³ And they did beat the gold into thin plates, and cut it into wires, to work it in the blue, and in the purple, and in the scarlet, and in the fine linen, the work of the skilful workman. ⁴ They made shoulder-pieces for it, joined together; at the two ends was it joined together. ⁵ And the skilfully woven band, that was upon it, wherewith to gird it on, was of the same piece [and] like the work thereof; of gold, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen; as Jehovah commanded Moses.

⁶ And they wrought the onyx stones, inclosed in settings of gold, graven with the engravings of a signet, according to the names of the children of Israel. ⁷ And he put them on the shoulder-pieces of the ephod, to be stones of memorial for the children of Israel; as Jehovah commanded Moses.

⁸ And he made the breastplate, the work of the skilful workman, like the work of the ephod; of gold, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen. ⁹ It was foursquare; they made the breastplate double: a span was the length thereof, and a span the breadth thereof, being double. ¹⁰ And they set in it four rows of stones. A row of sardius, topaz, and carbuncle was the first row; ¹¹ and the second row, an emerald, a sapphire, and a diamond; ¹² and the third row, a jacinth, an agate, and an amethyst; ¹³ and the fourth row, a beryl, an onyx, and a jasper: they were inclosed in inclosings of gold in their settings. ¹⁴ And the stones were according to the names of the children of Israel, twelve, according to their names; like the engravings of a signet, every one according to his name, for the twelve tribes. ¹⁵ And they made upon the breastplate chains like cords, of wreathen work of pure gold. ¹⁶ And they made two settings of gold, and two gold rings, and put the two rings on the two ends of the breastplate. ¹⁷ And they put the two wreathen chains of gold in the two rings at the ends of the breastplate. ¹⁸ And the [other] two ends of the two wreathen chains they put on the two settings, and put them on the shoulder-pieces of the ephod, in the forepart thereof. ¹⁹ And they made two rings of gold, and put them upon the two ends of the breastplate, upon the edge thereof, which was toward the side of the ephod inward. ²⁰ And they made two rings of gold, and put them on the two shoulder-pieces of the ephod underneath, in the forepart thereof, close by the coupling thereof, above the skilfully woven band of the ephod. ²¹ And they did bind the breastplate by the rings thereof unto the rings of the ephod with a lace of blue, that it might be upon the skilfully woven band of the ephod, and that the breastplate might not be loosed from the ephod; as Jehovah commanded Moses.

²² And he made the robe of the ephod of woven work, all of blue. ²³ And the hole of the robe in the midst thereof, as the hole of a coat of mail, with a binding round about the hole of it, that it should not be rent. ²⁴ And they made upon the skirts of the robe pomegranates of blue, and purple, and scarlet, [and] twined [linen]. ²⁵ And they made bells of pure gold, and put the bells between the pomegranates upon the skirts of the robe round about, between the pomegranates; ²⁶ a bell and a pomegranate, a bell and a pomegranate, upon the skirts of the robe round about, to minister in; as Jehovah commanded Moses.

²⁷ And they made the coats of fine linen of woven work for Aaron, and for his sons, ²⁸ and the mitre of fine linen, and the goodly head-tires of fine linen, and the linen breeches of fine twined linen, ²⁹ and the girdle of fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, the work of the embroiderer; as Jehovah commanded Moses.

³⁰ And they made the plate of the holy crown of pure gold, and wrote upon it a writing, like the engravings of a signet, HOLY TO JEHOVAH. ³¹ And they tied unto it a lace of blue, to fasten it upon the mitre above; as Jehovah commanded Moses.

³² Thus was finished all the work of the tabernacle of the tent of meeting: and the children of Israel did according to all that Jehovah commanded Moses; so did they.

³³ And they brought the tabernacle unto Moses, the Tent, and all its furniture, its clasps, its boards, its bars, and its pillars, and its sockets; ³⁴ and the covering of rams' skins dyed red, and the covering of sealskins, and the veil of the screen; ³⁵ the ark of the testimony, and the staves thereof, and the mercy-seat; ³⁶ the table, all the vessels thereof, and the showbread; ³⁷ the pure candlestick, the lamps thereof, even the lamps to be set in order, and all the vessels thereof, and the oil for the light; ³⁸ and the golden altar, and the anointing oil, and the sweet incense, and the screen for the door of the Tent; ³⁹ the brazen altar, and its grating of brass, its staves, and all its vessels, the laver and its base; ⁴⁰ the hangings of the court, its pillars, and its sockets, and the screen for the gate of the court, the cords thereof, and the pins thereof, and all the instruments of the service of the tabernacle, for the tent of meeting; ⁴¹ the finely wrought garments for ministering in the holy place, and the holy garments for Aaron the priest, and the garments of his sons, to minister in the priest's office. ⁴² According to all that Jehovah commanded Moses, so the children of Israel did all the work. ⁴³ And Moses saw all the work, and, behold, they had done it; as Jehovah had commanded, even so had they done it: and Moses blessed them.

Exodus Chapter 40

¹ And Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, ² On the first day of the first month shalt thou rear up the tabernacle of the tent of meeting. ³ And thou shalt put therein the ark of the testimony, and thou shalt screen the ark with the veil. ⁴ And thou shalt bring in the table, and set in order the things that are upon it; and thou shalt bring in the can-

dlestick, and light the lamps thereof. ⁵ And thou shalt set the golden altar for incense before the ark of the testimony, and put the screen of the door to the tabernacle. ⁶ And thou shalt set the altar of burnt-offering before the door of the tabernacle of the tent of meeting. ⁷ And thou shalt set the laver between the tent of meeting and the altar, and shalt put water therein. ⁸ And thou shalt set up the court round about, and hang up the screen of the gate of the court. ⁹ And thou shalt take the anointing oil, and anoint the tabernacle, and all that is therein, and shalt hallow it, and all the furniture thereof: and it shall be holy. ¹⁰ And thou shalt anoint the altar of burnt-offering, and all its vessels, and sanctify the altar: and the altar shall be most holy. ¹¹ And thou shalt anoint the laver and its base, and sanctify it. ¹² And thou shalt bring Aaron and his sons unto the door of the tent of meeting, and shalt wash them with water. ¹³ And thou shalt put upon Aaron the holy garments; and thou shalt anoint him, and sanctify him, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office. ¹⁴ And thou shalt bring his sons, and put coats upon them; ¹⁵ and thou shalt anoint them, as thou didst anoint their father, that they may minister unto me in the priest's office: and their anointing shall be to them for an everlasting priesthood throughout their generations.

¹⁶ Thus did Moses: according to all that Jehovah commanded him, so did he.

¹⁷ And it came to pass in the first month in the second year, on the first day of the month, that the tabernacle was reared up. ¹⁸ And Moses reared up the tabernacle, and laid its sockets, and set up the boards thereof, and put in the bars thereof, and reared up its pillars. ¹⁹ And he spread the tent over the tabernacle, and put the covering of the tent above upon it; as Jehovah commanded Moses.

²⁰ And he took and put the testimony into the ark, and set the staves on the ark, and put the mercy-seat above upon the ark: ²¹ and he brought the ark into the tabernacle, and set up the veil of the screen, and screened the ark of the testimony; as Jehovah commanded Moses.

²² And he put the table in the tent of meeting, upon the side of the tabernacle northward, without the veil.

²³ And he set the bread in order upon it before Jehovah; as Jehovah commanded Moses.

²⁴ And he put the candlestick in the tent of meeting, over against the table, on the side of the tabernacle southward. ²⁵ And he lighted the lamps before Jehovah; as Jehovah commanded Moses.

²⁶ And he put the golden altar in the tent of meeting before the veil: ²⁷ and he burnt thereon incense of sweet spices; as Jehovah commanded Moses.

²⁸ And he put the screen of the door to the tabernacle. ²⁹ And he set the altar of burnt-offering at the door of the tabernacle of the tent of meeting, and offered upon it the burnt-offering and the meal-offering; as Jehovah commanded Moses.

³⁰ And he set the laver between the tent of meeting and the altar, and put water therein, wherewith to wash.

³¹ And Moses and Aaron and his sons washed their hands and their feet thereat; ³² when they went into the tent of meeting, and when they came near unto the altar, they washed; as Jehovah commanded Moses. ³³ And he reared up the court round about the tabernacle and the altar, and set up the screen of the gate of the court. So Moses finished the work.

³⁴ Then the cloud covered the tent of meeting, and the glory of Jehovah filled the tabernacle. ³⁵ And Moses was not able to enter into the tent of meeting, because the cloud abode thereon, and the glory of Jehovah filled the tabernacle. ³⁶ And when the cloud was taken up from over the tabernacle, the children of Israel went onward, throughout all their journeys: ³⁷ but if the cloud was not taken up, then they journeyed not till the day that it was taken up. ³⁸ For the cloud of Jehovah was upon the tabernacle by day, and there was fire therein by night, in the sight of all the house of Israel, throughout all their journeys.

THE EPIC OF GILGAMESH

Oral and written versions between ca. 2500-1400 B.C.E.

Sumer/Babylon

The story of Gilgamesh survives as the oldest epic in literature because it was preserved by rival societies in ancient Mesopotamia. The Sumerian story of this king of Uruk (modern day Warka in Iraq), who reigned around approximately 2700 B.C.E., was retold and rewritten by Babylonian, Assyrian, and Hittite scribes. The Standard Version, which modern scholars attribute to an Assyrian scribe/priest, combines many of the previous oral and written variants of the tale. The version of the epic presented here is a compilation of the Standard Version (which contains gaps where the tablets are damaged) and a variety of Assyrian, Babylonian, and Hittite versions that were discovered later. In the story, Gilgamesh (who is two-thirds divine and one-third human, a marvel of modern genetics) initially befriends Enkidu (also engineered by the gods) and then goes on a quest for immortality when he realizes that even semi-divine beings must die. Kept in the library of the Assyrian King Assurbanipal, the twelve clay tablets with the Standard Version were accidentally saved when, during the sack of Nineveh in 612 B.C.E., the

walls of the library were caved in on the tablets. Archeologists discovered the eleventh tablet in the mid-1800s, which contains an account of the flood story that pre-dates the written version of the Biblical account of Noah, leading to the recovery of all twelve tablets, plus additional fragments. In 2003, in Warka, they found what is believed to be the tomb of Gilgamesh himself.

SUMERIAN/BABYLONIAN GODS:

- **An (Babylonian: Anu):** god of heaven; may have been the main god before 2500 B.C.E.
- **Ninhursag (Babylonian: Aruru, Mammi):** mother goddess; created the gods with **An**; assists in creation of man.
- **Enlil (Babylonian: Ellil):** god of air; pantheon leader from 2500 B.C.E.; “father” of the gods because he is in charge (although An/Anu is actually the father of many of them); king of heaven & earth.
- **Enki (Babylonian: Ea):** lord of the abyss and wisdom; god of water, creation, and fertility.
- **Nanna (Babylonian: Sin):** moon god.
- **Inanna (Babylonian: Ishtar):** goddess of love, war, and fertility.
- **Utu (Babylonian: Shamash):** god of the sun and justice.
- **Ninlil (Babylonian: Mullitu, Mylitta):** bride of Enlil.



IMAGE 1.7: THE FLOOD TABLET | An original stone tablet, Tablet 11, from the Epic of Gilgamesh.

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Written by Laura J. Getty

Editor’s Note: I am combining two open access translations (one by R. Campbell Thompson and one by William Muss-Arnolt). I have made changes freely to those texts in the interests of readability: accepting many suggested additions, deleting others, altering word choice, adding some punctuation, and eliminating some of the more archaic language. By combining the two translations, the resulting text is as complete as I can make it at this point; the Thompson translation in particular draws on many fragments from Assyrian, Babylonian, and Hittite tablets that have been found after the Standard Version was discovered.

Edited by Laura J. Getty, University of North Georgia

THE EPIC OF GILGAMESH

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Translated by R. Campbell Thompson and William Muse Arnold

Compiled by Laura Getty

He who has discovered the heart of all matters, let him teach the nation;
He who all knowledge possesses should teach all the people;
He shall impart his wisdom, and so they shall share it together.
Gilgamesh—he was the Master of wisdom, with knowledge of all things;
He discovered concealed secrets, handed down a story of times before the flood,
Went on a journey far away, returned all weary and worn with his toiling,
Engraved on a table of stone his story.

5

He it was who built the ramparts of Uruk, the high-walled,
 And he it was who set the foundation,
 As solid as brass, of Eanna, the sacred temple of Anu and Ishtar, 10
 Strengthened its base, its threshold....
 Two-thirds of Gilgamesh are divine, and one-third of him human....

[The tablet then tells how Gilgamesh becomes king of Uruk. The death of the previous king creates panic in the city, described below.]

The she-asses have trampled down their foals;
 The cows in madness turn upon their calves.
 And as the cattle were frightened, so were the people. 15
 Like the doves, the maidens sigh and mourn.
 The gods of Uruk, the strong-walled,
 Assume the shape of flies and buzz about the streets.
 The protecting deities of Uruk, the strong-walled,
 Take on the shape of mice and hurry into their holes. 20
 Three years the enemy besieged the city of Uruk;
 The city's gates were barred, the bolts were shot.
 And even Ishtar, the goddess, could not make headway against the enemy.

[Then Gilgamesh comes to the city as her savior, and later on appears as her king. He saves the city, but unfortunately his rule is tyrannical, and the people of Uruk complain to the gods.]

“You gods of heaven, and you, Anu,
 Who brought my son into existence, save us! 25
 He [Gilgamesh] has not a rival in all the land;
 The shock of his weapons has no peer,
 And cowed are the heroes of Uruk.
 Your people now come to you for help.
 Gilgamesh arrogantly leaves no son to his father, 30
 Yet he should be the shepherd of the city.”
 Day and night they poured out their complaint:
 “He is the ruler of Uruk the strong-walled.
 He is the ruler—strong, cunning—but
 Gilgamesh does not leave a daughter to her mother, 35
 Nor the maiden to the warrior, nor the wife to her husband.”

The gods of heaven heard their cry.
 Anu gave ear, called the lady Aruru: “It was you, O Aruru,
 Who made the first of mankind: create now a rival to him,
 So that he can strive with him; 40
 Let them fight together, and Uruk will be given relief.”
 Upon hearing this Aruru created in her heart a man after the likeness of Anu.
 Aruru washed her hands, took a bit of clay, and cast it on the ground.
 Thus she created Enkidu, the hero, as if he were born of Ninurta (god of war and hunting).
 His whole body was covered with hair; he had long hair on his head like a woman; 45
 His flowing hair was luxuriant like that of the corn-god.
 He ate herbs with the gazelles.
 He quenched his thirst with the beasts.
 He sported about with the creatures of the water.

Then did a hunter, a trapper, come face to face with this fellow, 50
 Came on him one, two, three days, at the place where the beasts drank water.
 But when he saw him the hunter's face looked troubled
 As he beheld Enkidu, and he returned to his home with his cattle.
 He was sad, and moaned, and wailed;

His heart grew heavy, his face became clouded, 55
And sadness entered his mind.
The hunter opened his mouth and said, addressing his father:
“Father, there is a great fellow come forth from out of the mountains,
His strength is the greatest the length and breadth of the country,
Like to a double of Anu’s own self, his strength is enormous, 60
Ever he ranges at large over the mountains, and ever with cattle
Grazes on herbage and ever he sets his foot to the water,
So that I fear to approach him. The pits which I myself hollowed
With my own hands he has filled in again, and the traps that I set
Are torn up, and out of my clutches he has helped all the cattle escape, 65
And the beasts of the desert: to work at my fieldcraft, or hunt, he will not allow me.”

His father opened his mouth and said, addressing the hunter:
“Gilgamesh dwells in Uruk, my son, whom no one has vanquished,
It is his strength that is the greatest the length and breadth of the country, 70
Like to a double of Anu’s own self, his strength is enormous,
Go, set your face towards Uruk: and when he hears of a monster,
He will say ‘Go, O hunter, and take with you a courtesan-girl, a hetaera (a sacred temple girl from Eanna, the temple
of Ishtar).

When he gathers the cattle again in their drinking place, 75
So shall she put off her mantle, the charm of her beauty revealing;
Then he shall see her, and in truth will embrace her, and thereafter his cattle,
With which he was reared, with straightaway forsake him.”



IMAGE 1.8: GILGAMESH STATUE | This statue of Gilgamesh depicts him in his warrior’s outfit, holding a lion cub under one arm.

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The hunter listened to the advice of his father and straightaway
 He went to Gilgamesh, taking the road towards Uruk.
 To Gilgamesh he came, and addressed his speech to him, saying: 80
 “There is a great fellow come forth from out of the mountains,
 His strength is the greatest the length and breadth of the country,
 Like to a double of Anu’s own self, his strength is enormous,
 Ever he ranges at large over the mountains, and ever with cattle
 Grazes on herbage and ever he sets his foot to the water, 85
 So that I fear to approach him. The pits which I myself hollowed
 With mine own hands he has filled in again, and the traps that I set
 Are torn up, and out of my clutches he has helped all the cattle escape,
 And the beasts of the desert: to work at my fieldcraft, or hunt, he will not allow me.”

Gilgamesh made this answer to the hunter: 90

“Go, O hunter, and take with you a courtesan-girl, a hetaera from Ishtar’s temple.

When he gathers the cattle again in their drinking place,
 So shall she put off her mantle, the charm of her beauty revealing;
 Then he shall see her, and in truth will embrace her, and thereafter his cattle,
 With which he was reared, with straightaway forsake him.” 95

Forth went the hunter, took with him a courtesan-girl, a hetaera, the woman Shamhat;
 Together they proceeded straightway, and
 On the third day they reached the appointed field.
 There the hunter and the hetaera rested.
 One day, two days, they lurked at the entrance to the well, 100
 Where the cattle were accustomed to slake their thirst,
 Where the creatures of the waters were sporting.
 Then came Enkidu, whose home was the mountains,
 Who with gazelles ate herbs,
 And with the cattle slaked his thirst, 105
 And with the creatures of the waters rejoiced his heart.
 And Shamhat beheld him.

“Behold, there he is,” the hunter exclaimed; “now reveal your body,
 Uncover your nakedness, and let him enjoy your favors.
 Be not ashamed, but yield to his sensuous lust. 110
 He shall see you and shall approach you;
 Remove your garment, and he shall lie in your arms;
 Satisfy his desire after the manner of women;
 Then his cattle, raised with him on the field, shall forsake him
 While he firmly presses his breast on yours.” 115
 And Shamhat revealed her body, uncovered her nakedness,
 And let him enjoy her favors.
 She was not ashamed, but yielded to his sensuous lust.
 She removed her garment, he lay in her arms,
 And she satisfied his desire after the manner of women. 120
 He pressed his breast firmly upon hers.
 For six days and seven nights Enkidu enjoyed the love of Shamhat.
 And when he had sated himself with her charms,
 He turned his face toward his cattle.
 The gazelles, resting, beheld Enkidu; they and 125
 The cattle of the field turned away from him.
 This startled Enkidu and his body grew faint;
 His knees became stiff, as his cattle departed,
 And he became less agile than before.

And as he realized what had happened, he came to a decision. 130
 He turned again, in love enthralled, to the feet of the temple girl,
 And gazed up into the face of Shamhat.
 And while she spoke, his ears listened attentively;
 And Shmahat spoke to Enkidu and said:
 “You are magnificent, Enkidu, you shall be like a god; 135
 Why, then, do you lie down with the beasts of the field?
 Come, I will take you to strong-walled Uruk;
 To the glorious house, the dwelling of Anu and Ishtar,
 The palace of Gilgamesh, the hero who is perfect in strength,
 Surpassing, like a mountain bull, men in power.” 140
 While she spoke this way to him, he listened to her wise speech.
 And Enkidu spoke to her, the temple girl:
 “Come then, Shamhat, take me, and lead me
 To the glorious dwelling, the sacred seat of Anu and Ishtar,
 To the palace of Gilgamesh, the hero who is perfect in strength, 145
 Surpassing, like as a mountain bull, men in power. I will challenge him.”

Shamhat warned Enkidu, saying:
 “You will see Gilgamesh.
 I have seen his face; it glows with heroic courage.
 Strength he possesses, magnificent is his whole body. 150
 His power is stronger than yours.
 He rests not nor tires, neither by day nor by night.
 O Enkidu, change your intention.
 Shamash loves Gilgamesh;
 Anu and Ea are whispering wisdom into his ear. 155
 Before you come down from the mountain
 Gilgamesh will have seen you in a dream in Uruk.”

[Gilgamesh had a dream and was troubled because he could not interpret it.]

Gilgamesh came, to understand the dream, and said to his mother:

“My mother, I dreamed a dream in my nightly vision;
 The stars of heaven, like Anu’s host, fell upon me. 160
 Although I wrestled him, he was too strong for me, and even though I loosed his hold on me,
 I was unable to shake him off of me: and now, all the meanwhile,
 People from Uruk were standing around him.
 My own companions were kissing his feet; and I to my breast like a woman did hold him,
 Then I presented him low at your feet, that as my own equal you might recognize him.” 165
 She who knows all wisdom answered her son;
 “The stars of the heavens represent your comrades,
 That which was like unto Anu’s own self, which fell on your shoulders,
 Which you did wrestle, but he was too strong for you, even though you loosed his hold on you,
 But you were unable to shake him off of you, 170
 So you presented him low at my feet, that as your own equal
 I might recognize him—and you to your breast like a woman did hold him:

This is a stout heart, a friend, one ready to stand by a comrade,
 One whose strength is the greatest, the length and breadth of the country,
 Like to a double of Anu’s own self, his strength is enormous. 175
 Now, since you to your breast did hold him the way you would a woman,
 This is a sign that you are the one he will never abandon:
 This is the meaning of your dream.”
 Again he spoke to his mother,
 “Mother, a second dream did I see: Into Uruk, the high-walled, 180

Hurtled an axe, and they gathered about it:
 People were standing about it, the people all thronging before it,
 Artisans pressing behind it, while I at your feet did present it,
 I held it to me like a woman, that you might recognize it as my own equal.”
 She the all-wise, who knows all wisdom, thus answered her offspring: 185
 “That axe you saw is a man; like a woman did you hold him,
 Against your breast, that as your own equal I might recognize him;
 This is a stout heart, a friend, one ready to stand by a comrade; He will never abandon you.”

[Meanwhile, Shamhat helps Enkidu adjust to living among humans.]

Then Shamhat spoke to Enkidu:
 “As I view you, even like a god, O Enkidu, you are, 190
 Why with the beasts of the field did you ever roam through the wilderness?
 I’ll lead you to Uruk broad-marketed, yes, to the Temple
 Sacred, the dwelling of Anu—O Enkidu, come, so that I may guide you,
 To Eanna, the dwelling of Anu, where Gilgamesh lives,
 He, the supreme of creation; and you will embrace him, 195
 And even as yourself you shall love him.
 O, get up from the ground—which is a shepherd’s bed only.”
 He heard what she said, welcomed her advice: the advice of the woman struck home.
 She took off one length of cloth wherewith she might clothe him: the other she herself wore,

And so, holding his hand like a brother, she led him 200
 To the huts of the shepherds, the place of the sheepfolds. The shepherds
 Gathered at the sight of him.

He in the past was accustomed to suck the milk of the wild things!
 Bread which she set before him he broke, but he gazed and he stared:
 Enkidu did not know how to eat bread, nor had he the knowledge to drink mead! 205
 Then the woman made answer, to Enkidu speaking,
 “Enkidu, taste of the bread, for it is life; in truth, the essential of life;
 Drink also of the mead, which is the custom of the country.”

Enkidu ate the bread, ate until he was gorged,
 Drank of the mead seven cups; his spirits rose, and he was exultant, 210
 Glad was his heart, and cheerful his face:
 He anointed himself with oil: and thus became human.
 He put on a garment to be like a man and taking his weapons,
 He hunted the lions, which harried the shepherds all the nights, and he caught the jackals.
 He, having mastered the lions, let the shepherds sleep soundly. 215
 Enkidu—he was their guardian—became a man of full vigor.

Enkidu saw a man passing by, and when he observed the fellow,
 He said to the woman: “Shamhat, bring me this fellow,
 Where is he going? I would know his intention.”
 Shamhat called to the man to come to them, asking: “O, what are you seeking, Sir?” 220
 The man spoke, addressing them:

“I am going, then, to heap up the offerings such as are due to the city of Uruk;
 Come with me, and on behalf of the common good bring in the food of the city.
 You will see Gilgamesh, king of broad-marketed Uruk;
 After the wedding, he sleeps first with the bride, his birthright, before the husband.” 225
 So, at the words of the fellow, they went with him to Uruk.

Enkidu, going in front with the temple girl coming behind him,
 Entered broad-marketed Uruk; the populace gathered behind him,

Then, as he stopped in the street of broad-marketed Uruk, the people
Thronging behind him exclaimed “Of a truth, like to Gilgamesh is he,
Shorter in stature, but his composition is stronger.” 230

Strewn is the couch for the love-rites, and Gilgamesh now in the night-time
Comes to sleep, to delight in the woman, but Enkidu, standing
There in the street, blocks the passage to Gilgamesh, threatening
Gilgamesh with his strength. 235

Gilgamesh shows his rage, and he rushed to attack him: they met in the street.
Enkidu barred up the door with his foot, and to Gilgamesh denied entry.

They grappled and snorted like bulls, and the threshold of the door
Shattered: the very wall quivered as Gilgamesh with Enkidu grappled and wrestled.

Gilgamesh bent his leg to the ground [pinning Enkidu]: so his fury abated,
And his anger was quelled: Enkidu thus to Gilgamesh spoke: 240

“Of a truth, did your mother (Ninsun, the wild cow goddess) bear you,
And only you: that choicest cow of the steer-folds,
Ninsun exalted you above all heroes, and Enlil has given
You the kingship over men.” 245

[The next part of the story is lost on a broken part of the tablet. When the story resumes, time has passed, and Gilgamesh and Enkidu are now friends. Enkidu is grieving the loss of a woman: possibly Shamhat leaving him, possibly another woman who has died.]

Enkidu there as he stood listened to Gilgamesh’s words, grieving,
Sitting in sorrow: his eyes filled with tears, and his arms lost their power,
His body had lost its strength. Each clasped the hand of the other.
Holding on to each other like brothers, and Enkidu answered Gilgamesh:
“Friend, my darling has circled her arms around my neck to say goodbye,
Which is why my arms lose their power, my body has lost its strength.” 250

[Gilgamesh decides to distract his friend with a quest.]

Gilgamesh opened his mouth, and to Enkidu he spoke in this way:
“I, my friend, am determined to go to the Forest of Cedars,
Humbaba the Fierce lives there, I will overcome and destroy what is evil,
Then will I cut down the Cedar trees.” 255

Enkidu opened his mouth, and to Gilgamesh he spoke in this way,
“Know, then, my friend, that when I was roaming with the animals in the mountains
I marched for a distance of two hours from the skirts of the Forest
Into its depths. Humbaba—his roar was a whirlwind,
Flame in his jaws, and his very breath Death! O, why have you desired
To accomplish this? To meet with Humbaba would be an unequal conflict.” 260

Gilgamesh opened his mouth and to Enkidu he spoke in this way:
“It is because I need the rich resources of its mountains that I go to the Forest.”

Enkidu opened his mouth and to Gilgamesh he spoke in this way:
“But when we go to the Forest of Cedars, you will find that its guard is a fighter,
Strong, never sleeping. O Gilgamesh, 265

So that he can safeguard the Forest of Cedars, making it a terror to mortals,
Enlil has appointed him—Humbaba, his roar is a whirlwind,
Flame in his jaws, and his very breath Death! Yes, if he hears but a tread in the Forest,
Hears but a tread on the road, he roars—‘Who is this come down to his Forest?’ 270

And terrible consequences will seize him who comes down to his Forest.”

Gilgamesh opened his mouth and to Enkidu he spoke in this way:
 “Who, O my friend, is unconquered by death? A god, certainly,
 Lives forever in the daylight, but mortals—their days are all numbered,
 All that they do is but wind—But since you are now dreading death, 275
 Offering nothing of your courage—I, I’ll be your protector, marching in front of you!
 Your own mouth shall tell others that you feared the onslaught of battle,
 Whereas I, if I should fall, will have established my name forever.
 It was Gilgamesh who fought with Humbaba, the Fierce!
 In the future, after my children are born to my house, and climb up into your lap, saying: 280
 ‘Tell us all that you know,’ [what shall you say]?”

When you talk this way, you make me long for the Cedars even more;
 I am determined to cut them down, so that I may gain fame everlasting.”

Gilgamesh spoke again to Enkidu, saying:

“Now, O my friend, I must give my orders to the craftsmen, 285
 So that they cast in our presence our weapons.”
 They delivered the orders to the craftsmen: the mold did the workmen prepare, and the axes
 Monstrous they cast: yes, the axes did they cast, each weighing three talents;
 Glaives, too, monstrous they cast, with hilts each weighing two talents,
 Blades, thirty manas to each, corresponding to fit them: the inlay, 290
 Gold thirty manas each sword: so were Gilgamesh and Enkidu laden
 Each with ten talents of weight.

And now in the Seven Bolt Portal of Uruk
 Hearing the noise did the artisans gather, assembled the people,
 There in the streets of broad-marketed Uruk, in Gilgamesh’s honor, 295
 So did the Elders of Uruk the broad-marketed take seat before him.
 Gilgamesh spoke thus: “O Elders of Uruk the broad-marketed, hear me!
 I go against Humbaba, the Fierce, who shall say, when he hears that I am coming,

‘Ah, let me look on this Gilgamesh, he of whom people are speaking,
 He with whose fame the countries are filled’—’Then I will overwhelm him, 300
 There in the Forest of Cedars—I’ll make the land hear it,
 How like a giant the hero of Uruk is—yes, for I am determined to cut down the Cedars
 So that I may gain fame everlasting.”

To Gilgamesh the Elders of Uruk the broad-marketed gave this answer:
 “Gilgamesh, it is because you are young that your valor makes you too confident, 305
 Nor do you know to the full what you seek to accomplish.
 News has come to our ears of Humbaba, who is twice the size of a man.
 Who of free will then would seek to oppose him or encounter his weapons?
 Who would march for two hours from the skirts of the Forest
 Into its depths? Humbaba, his roar is a whirlwind, 310
 Flame is in his jaws, and his very breath is Death! O, why have you desired to accomplish this?
 To fight with Humbaba would be an unequal conflict.”

Gilgamesh listened to the advice of his counselors and pondered,
 Then cried out to his friend: “Now, indeed, O my friend, will I voice my opinion.
 In truth, I dread him, and yet into the depths of the Forest I will go.” 315

And the Elders spoke:

“Gilgamesh, put not your faith in the strength of your own person solely,
 And do not trust your fighting skills too much.
 Truly, he who walks in front is able to safeguard a comrade,

Your guide will guard you; so, let Enkidu walk in front of you, 320
 For he knows the road to the Forest of Cedars;
 He lusts for battle, and threatens combat.
 Enkidu—he would watch over a friend, would safeguard a comrade,
 Yes, such a man would deliver his friend from out of the pitfalls.
 We, O King, in our conclave have paid close attention to your welfare; 325
 You, O King, shall pay attention to us in return.”
 Gilgamesh opened his mouth and spoke to Enkidu, saying:
 “To the Palace of Splendor, O friend, come, let us go,
 To the presence of Ninsun, the glorious Queen, yes, to Ninsun,
 Wisest of all clever women, all-knowing; she will tell us how to proceed.” 330

They joined hands and went to the Palace of Splendor,
 Gilgamesh and Enkidu. To the glorious Queen, yes, to Ninsun
 Gilgamesh came, and he entered into her presence:
 “Ninsun, I want you to know that I am going on a long journey,
 To the home of Humbaba to encounter a threat that is unknown, 335
 To follow a road which I know not, which will be new from the time of my starting,
 Until my return, until I arrive at the Forest of Cedars,
 Until I overthrow Humbaba, the Fierce, and destroy him.
 The Sun god abhors all evil things, Shamash hates evil; Ask him to help us.”

So Ninsun listened to her offspring, to Gilgamesh, 340

Entered her chamber and decked herself with the flowers of *Tulal*,
 Put the festival clothes on her body,
 Put on the festival adornments of her bosom, her head with a circlet crowned,
 Climbed the stairway, ascended to the roof, and the parapet mounted,
 Offered her incense to Shamash, her sacrifice offered to Shamash, 345
 Then towards Shamash she lifted her hands in prayer, saying:
 “Why did you give this restlessness of spirit to Gilgamesh, my son?
 You gave him restlessness, and now he wants to go on a long journey
 To where Humbaba dwells, to encounter a threat that is unknown,
 To follow a road which he knows not, which will be new from the time of his starting, 350
 Until his return, until he arrives at the Forest of Cedars,
 Until he overthrows Humbaba, the Fierce, and destroys him.

You abhor all evil things; you hate evil. Remember my son when that day comes,
 When he faces Humbaba. May Aya, your bride, remind you of my son.”

Now Gilgamesh knelt before Shamash, to utter a prayer; tears streamed down his face: 355
 “Here I present myself, Shamash, to lift up my hands in entreaty
 That my life may be spared; bring me again to the ramparts of Uruk:
 Give me your protection. I will give you homage.”
 And Shamash made answer, speaking through his oracle.

[Although the next lines are missing, Shamash evidently gives his permission, so Gilgamesh and Enkidu get ready for their journey.]

The artisans brought monstrous axes, they delivered the bow and the quiver 360
 Into his hand; so, taking an ax, he slung on his quiver,
 He fastened his glaive to his baldrick.
 But before the two of them set forth on their journey, they offered
 Gifts to the Sun god, that he might bring them home to Uruk in safety.

Now the Elders give their blessings, to Gilgamesh giving 365
 Counsel concerning the road: “O Gilgamesh, do not trust to your own power alone,

Guard yourself; let Enkidu walk in front of you for protection.
 He is the one who discovered the way, the road he has traveled.
 Truly, all the paths of the Forest are under the watchful eye of Humbaba.
 May the Sun god grant you success to attain your ambition, 370
 May he level the path that is blocked, cleave a road through the forest for you to walk.
 May the god Lugalbanda bring dreams to you, ones that shall make you glad,
 So that they help you achieve your purpose, for like a boy
 You have fixed your mind to the overthrow of Humbaba.

When you stop for the night, dig a well, so that the water in your skin-bottle 375
 Will be pure, will be cool;
 Pour out an offering of water to the Sun god, and do not forget Lugalbanda.”

Gilgamesh drew his mantle around his shoulders,
 And they set forth together on the road to Humbaba.
 Every forty leagues they took a meal; 380
 Every sixty leagues they took a rest.
 Gilgamesh walked to the summit and poured out his offering for the mountain:
 “Mountain, grant me a dream. . .”
 The mountain granted him a dream. . .
 Then a chill gust of wind made him sway like the corn of the mountains; 385
 Straightaway, sleep that flows on man descended upon him: at midnight
 He suddenly ended his slumber and hurried to speak to his comrade:
 “Didn’t you call me, O friend? Why am I awakened from slumber?
 Didn’t you touch me—or has some spirit passed by me? Why do I tremble?”
 [Gilgamesh’s dream is terrifying, but Enkidu interprets it to mean that Shamash will help them defeat Humbaba.
 This process is repeated several times. Eventually, they arrive at the huge gate that guards the Cedar Forest.]
 Enkidu lifted his eyes and spoke to the Gate as if it were human: 390
 “O Gate of the Forest, I for the last forty leagues have admired your wonderful timber,
 Your wood has no peer in other countries;
 Six *gar* your height, and two *gar* your breadth . . .
 O, if I had but known, O Gate, of your grandeur,
 Then I would lift an ax... [basically, I would have brought a bigger ax]. 395
 [The heroes force the gate open.]
 They stood and stared at the Forest, they gazed at the height of the Cedars,
 Scanning the paths into the Forest: and where Humbaba walked
 Was a path: paths were laid out and well kept.
 They saw the cedar hill, the dwelling of gods, the sanctuary of Ishtar.
 In front of the hill a cedar stood of great splendor, 400
 Fine and good was its shade, filling the heart with gladness.
 [From his words below, Humbaba must have taunted the heroes at this point, and Gilgamesh is preparing to attack
 Humbaba.]
 The Sun god saw Gilgamesh through the branches of the Cedar trees:
 Gilgamesh prayed to the Sun god for help.
 The Sun god heard the entreaty of Gilgamesh,
 And against Humbaba he raised mighty winds: yes, a great wind, 405
 Wind from the North, a wind from the South, a tempest and storm wind,
 Chill wind, and whirlwind, a wind of all harm: eight winds he raised,
 Seizing Humbaba from the front and the back, so that he could not go forwards,
 Nor was he able to go back: and then Humbaba surrendered.
 Humbaba spoke to Gilgamesh this way: “O Gilgamesh, I pray you, 410
 Stay now your hand: be now my master, and I’ll be your henchman:
 Disregard all the words which I spoke so boastfully against you.”
 Then Enkidu spoke to Gilgamesh: “Of the advice which Humbaba
 Gives to you—you cannot risk accepting it.
 Humbaba must not remain alive.” 420
 [The section where they debate what to do is missing, but several versions have the end result.]

They cut off the head of Humbaba and left the corpse to be devoured by vultures.
[They return to Uruk after cutting down quite a few cedar trees.]
 Gilgamesh cleansed his weapons, he polished his arms.
 He took off the armor that was upon him. He put away
 His soiled garments and put on clean clothes;
 He covered himself with his ornaments, put on his baldrick. 425
 Gilgamesh placed upon his head the crown.
 To win the favor and love of Gilgamesh, Ishtar, the lofty goddess, desired him and said:
 “Come, Gilgamesh, be my spouse,
 Give, O give to me your manly strength.
 Be my husband, let me be your wife, 430
 And I will set you in a chariot embossed with precious stones and gold,
 With wheels made of gold, and shafts of sapphires.
 Large kudanu-lions you shall harness to it.
 Under sweet-smelling cedars you shall enter into our house.
 And when you enter into our house 435
 You shall sit upon a lofty throne, and people shall kiss your feet;
 Kings and lords and rulers shall bow down before you.
 Whatever the mountain and the countryside produces, they shall bring to you as tribute.
 Your sheep shall bear twin-ewes.
 You shall sit upon a chariot that is splendid, 440
 drawn by a team that has no equal.”
 Gilgamesh opened his mouth in reply, said to Lady Ishtar:
 “Yes, but what could I give you, if I should take you in marriage?
 I could provide you with oils for your body, and clothing: also,
 I could give you bread and other foods: there must be enough sustenance 445
 Fit for divinity—I, too, must give you a drink fit for royalty.
 What, then, will be my advantage, supposing I take you in marriage?
 You are but a ruin that gives no shelter to man from the weather,
 You are but a back door that gives no resistance to blast or to windstorm,
 You are but a palace that collapses on the heroes within it, 450
 You are but a pitfall with a covering that gives way treacherously,
 You are but pitch that defiles the man who carries it,
 You are but a bottle that leaks on him who carries it,
 You are but limestone that lets stone ramparts fall crumbling in ruin.
 You are but a sandal that causes its owner to trip. 455
 Who was the husband you faithfully loved for all time?
 Who was your lord who gained the advantage over you?
 Come, and I will tell you the endless tale of your husbands.

Where is your husband Tammuz, who was to be forever?
 Well, I will tell you plainly the dire result of your behavior. 460
 To Tammuz, the husband of your youth,
 You caused weeping and brought grief upon him every year.

[She sent Tammuz to the Underworld in her place, not telling him that he would only be able to return in the spring, like Persephone/Proserpina.]

The allallu-bird, so bright of colors, you loved;
 But its wing you broke and crushed,
 so that now it sits in the woods crying: ‘O my wing!’ 465
 You also loved a lion, powerful in his strength;
 Seven and seven times did you dig a snaring pit for him.
 You also loved a horse, pre-eminent in battle,
 But with bridle, spur, and whip you forced it on,
 Forced it to run seven double-leagues at a stretch. 470
 And when it was tired and wanted to drink, you still forced it on,

Causing weeping and grief to its mother, Si-li-li.
 You also loved a shepherd of the flock
 Who continually poured out incense before you,
 And who, for your pleasure, slaughtered lambs day by day. 475
 You smote him, and turned him into a tiger,
 So that his own sheep-boys drove him away,
 And his own dogs tore him to pieces.
 You also loved a gardener of your father,
 Who continually brought you delicacies, 480
 And daily adorned your table for you.
 You cast your eye on him, saying:

‘O Ishullanu of mine, come, let me taste of your vigor,
 Let us enjoy your manhood.’

But he, Ishullanu, said to you ‘What are you asking of me? 485
 I have only eaten what my mother has baked, [he is pure]
 And what you would give me would be bread of transgression, [she is not]
 Yes, and iniquity! Furthermore, when are thin reeds a cloak against winter?’
 You heard his answer and smote him and make him a spider,
 Making him lodge midway up the wall of a dwelling—not to move upwards 490
 In case there might be water draining from the roof; nor down, to avoid being crushed.
 So, too, would you love me and then treat me like them.”

When Ishtar heard such words, she became enraged, and went up into heaven,
 and came unto Anu [her father], and to Antum [her mother] she went, and spoke to them:

“My father, Gilgamesh has insulted me; 495
 Gilgamesh has upbraided me with my evil deeds,
 My deeds of evil and of violence.”
 And Anu opened his mouth and spoke—
 Said unto her, the mighty goddess Ishtar:
 “You asked him to grant you the fruit of his body; 500
 Therefore, he told you the tale of your deeds of evil and violence.”

Ishtar said to Anu, her father:
 “Father, O make me a Heavenly Bull, which shall defeat Gilgamesh,
 Fill its body with flame
 But if you will not make this Bull... 505
 I will smite [the gates of the Underworld], break it down and release the ghosts,

Who shall then be more numerous than the living:
 More than the living will be the dead.”

Anu answered Ishtar, the Lady:
 “If I create the Heavenly Bull, for which you ask me, 510
 Then seven years of famine will follow after his attack.
 Have you gathered corn enough, and enough fodder for the cattle?”
 Ishtar made answer, saying to Anu, her father:
 “Corn for mankind have I hoarded, have grown fodder for the cattle.”

[After this a hundred men attack the Bull, but with his fiery breath he annihilates them. Two hundred men then attack the Bull with the same result, and then three hundred more are overcome.]

Enkidu girded his middle; and straightway Enkidu, leaping, 515
 Seized the Heavenly Bull by his horns, and headlong before him
 Cast down the Heavenly Bull his full length.

[On an old Babylonian cylinder that depicts the fight, we see the Heavenly Bull standing on its hind feet, Enkidu holding the monster by its head and tail, while Gilgamesh plunges the dagger into its heart.]

Then Ishtar went up to the wall of Uruk, the strong-walled;
 She uttered a piercing cry and broke out into a curse, saying:
 “Woe to Gilgamesh, who thus has grieved me, and has killed the Heavenly Bull.” 520
 But Enkidu, hearing these words of Ishtar, tore out the right side of the Heavenly Bull,
 And threw it into her face, saying:
 “I would do to you what I have done to him;
 Truly, I would hang the entrails on you like a girdle.”
 Then Ishtar gathered her followers, the temple girls, 525
 The hierodules, and the sacred prostitutes.
 Over the right side of the Heavenly Bull she wept and lamented.
 But Gilgamesh assembled the people, and all his workmen.
 The workmen admired the size of its horns.
 Thirty minas of precious stones was their value; 530
 Half of an inch in size was their thickness.
 Six measures of oil they both could hold.
 He dedicated it for the anointing of his god Lugalbanda.
 He brought the horns and hung them up in the shrine of his lordship.
 Then they washed their hands in the river Euphrates, 535
 Took the road, and set out for the city,
 And rode through the streets of the city of Uruk.
 The people of Uruk assembled and looked with astonishment at the heroes.
 Gilgamesh then spoke to the servants of his palace
 And cried out to them, saying: “Who is the most glorious among the heroes? 540
 Who shines among the men?” “Gilgamesh is the most glorious among the heroes,
 Gilgamesh shines among the men!”
 And Gilgamesh held a joyful feast in his palace. Then the heroes slept on their couches.
 And Enkidu slept, and saw a vision in his sleep. He arose and spoke to Gilgamesh in this way:
 “My friend, why have the great gods sat in counsel? 545
 Gilgamesh, hear the dream which I saw in the night: said Enlil, Ea, and the Sun-god of heaven,

‘They have killed the Heavenly Bull and smote Humbaba, who guarded the cedars.’ Enlil said: ‘Enkidu shall die: but Gilgamesh shall not die. O Sun god, you helped them slay the Heavenly Bull and Humbaba. But now Enkidu shall die. Did you think it right to help them? You move among them like a mortal [although you are a god].’” 550

[The gods give Enkidu a fever. Enkidu curses the temple girl for bringing him to Uruk.]

“O hetaera, I will decree a terrible fate for you—your woes shall never end for all eternity. Come, I will curse thee with a bitter curse: may there never be satisfaction of your desires—and may disaster befall your house, may the gutters of the street be your dwelling, may the shade of the wall be your abode—may scorching heat and thirst destroy your strength.”

The Sun god heard him, and opened his mouth, and from out of the heavens 555
 He called him: “O Enkidu, why do you curse the hetaera?”

It was she who made you eat bread fit for the gods: yes, wine too,
 She made you drink, fit for royalty: a generous mantle
 She put on you, and she gave you Gilgamesh, a splendid comrade.

He will give you a magnificent funeral, 560
 So that the gods of the Underworld will kiss your feet in their homage;
 He, too, will make all the people of Uruk lament in your honor,
 Making them mourn you, and damsels and heroes weep at your funeral,

While he himself for your sake will cover himself in dust,
And he will put on the skin of a lion and range over the desert.” 565

Enkidu listened to the words of the valiant Shamash,
And when the Sun god finished speaking, Enkidu’s wrath was appeased.

“Hetaera, I call back my curse, and I will restore you to your place with blessings!
May monarchs and princes and chiefs fall in love with you;
And for you may the hero comb out his locks; whoever would embrace you, 570
Let him open his money pouch, and let your bed be azure and golden;
May he entreat you kindly, let him heap treasure before you;
May you enter into the presence of the gods;
May you be the mother of seven brides.”

Enkidu said to Gilgamesh: 575

“Friend, a dream I have seen in my night-time: the sky was thundering,
It echoed over the earth, and I by myself was standing,
When I perceived a man, all dark was his face,
And his nails were like the claws of a lion.
He overcome me, pressed me down, and he seized me, 580
He led me to the Dwelling of Darkness, the home of Ereshkigal, Queen of the Underworld,
To the Dwelling from which he who enters it never comes forth!
By the road on which there can be no returning,
To the Dwelling whose tenants are always bereft of the daylight,
Where for their food is the dust, and the mud is their sustenance: bird-like, 585
They wear a garment of feathers: and, sitting there in the darkness,
Never see the light.

Those who had worn crowns, who of old ruled over the country,
They were the servants of Anu and Enlil who carried in the food,
Served cool water from the skins. When I entered 590
Into this House of the Dust, High Priest and acolyte were sitting there,
Seer and magician, the priest who the Sea of the great gods anointed,
Here sat Etana the hero, the Queen of the Underworld also,
Ereshkigal, in whose presence sat the Scribe of the Underworld,
Belit-seri, and read before her; she lifted her head and beheld me [and I awoke in terror].” 595

And there lay Enkidu for twelve days; for twelve days he lay on his couch before he died.

Gilgamesh wept bitterly over the loss of his friend, and he lay on the ground, saying:
“I am not dying, but weeping has entered into my heart;
Fear of death has befallen me, and I lie here stretched out upon the ground.
Listen to me, O Elders; I weep for my comrade Enkidu, 600
Bitterly crying like a wailing woman: my grip is slackened on my ax,
For I have been assailed by sorrow and cast down in affliction.”

“Comrade and henchman, Enkidu—what is this slumber that has overcome you?
Why are your eyes dark, why can you not hear me?”
But he did not raise his eyes, and his heart, when Gilgamesh felt it, made no beat. 605
Then he covered his friend with a veil like a bride;
Lifted his voice like a lion,
Roared like a lioness robbed of her whelps. In front of his comrade
He paced backwards and forwards, tearing his hair and casting away his finery,
Plucking and casting away all the grace of his person. 610

Then when morning began to dawn, Gilgamesh said:

“Friend, I will give you a magnificent funeral,
 So that the gods of the Underworld will kiss your feet in their homage;
 I will make all the people of Uruk lament in your honor,
 Making them mourn you, and damsels and heroes weep at your funeral, 615
 While I myself for your sake will cover myself in dust,
 And I will put on the skin of a lion and range over the desert.”

Gilgamesh brought out also a mighty platter of wood from the highlands.
 He filled a bowl of bright ruby with honey; a bowl too of azure
 He filled with cream, for the gods. 620

Gilgamesh wept bitterly for his comrade, for Enkidu, ranging
 Over the desert: “I, too—shall I not die like Enkidu also?
 Sorrow hath entered my heart; I fear death as I range over the desert,
 So I will take the road to the presence of Utnapishtim, the offspring of Ubara-Tutu;
 And with speed will I travel.” 625

In darkness he arrived at the Gates of the Mountains,
 And he met with lions, terror falling on him; he lifted his head skywards,
 Offered his prayer to the Moon god, Sin:
 “O deliver me!” He took his ax in his hand and drew his glaive from his baldric,
 He leapt among them, smiting and crushing, and they were defeated. 630

As he reached the Mountains of Mashu,
 Where every day they keep watch over the Sun god’s rising and setting,
 The peaks rise up to the Zenith of Heaven, and downwards
 Deep into the Underworld reach their roots: and there at their portals stand sentry
 Scorpion-men, awful in terror, their very glance Death: and tremendous, 635
 Shaking the hills, their magnificence; they are the Wardens of Shamash,
 Both at his rising and setting. No sooner did Gilgamesh see them
 Than from alarm and dismay was his face stricken with pallor,
 Senseless, he groveled before them.
 Then to his wife spoke the Scorpion: 640
 “Look, he that comes to us—his body is the flesh of the gods.”
 Then his wife answered to the Scorpion-man: “Two parts of him are god-like;
 One third of him is human.”

[Gilgamesh explains why he is searching for Utnapishtim; it is a journey that no one else has ever taken, but the Scorpion-Man agrees to let him take the Road of the Sun—a tunnel that passes through the mountain. For twenty four hours, Gilgamesh travels in darkness, emerging into the Garden of the Gods, filled with fruit trees. Shamash enters the garden, and he is surprised to see Gilgamesh—or any human—in the garden.]

“This man is wearing the pelts of wild animals, and he has eaten their flesh.
 This is Gilgamesh, who has crossed over to where no man has been” 645
 Shamash was touched with compassion, summoning Gilgamesh and saying:
 “Gilgamesh, why do you run so far, since the life that you seek
 You shall not find?” Whereupon Gilgamesh answered the Sun god, Shamash:
 “Shall I, after I roam up and down over the wastelands as a wanderer,
 Lay my head in the bowels of the earth, and throughout the years slumber 650
 Forever? Let my eyes see the Sun and be sated with brightness,
 Yes, the darkness is banished far away, if there is enough brightness.
 When will the man who is dead ever again look on the light of the Sunshine?”

[Shamash lets him continue on his quest, although the Sun god has said already that humans cannot escape mortality. He approaches the house of Siduri, a winemaker, whose location beyond Mount Mashu would suggest that the gods must be among her customers.]

Siduri, the maker of wine, wine was her trade; she was covered with a veil.
 Gilgamesh wandered towards her, covered in pelts. 655
 He possessed the flesh of the gods, but woe was in his belly,
 Yes, and his face like a man who has gone on a far journey.
 The maker of wine saw him in the distance, and she wondered,
 She said in thought to herself: "This is one who would ravish a woman;
 Why does he come this way?" As soon as the Wine-maker saw him, 660
 She barred the gate, barred the house door, barred her chamber door, and climbed to the terrace.
 Straight away Gilgamesh heard the sound of her shutting up the house,
 Lifted his chin, and so did he let his attention fall on her.

Gilgamesh spoke to her, to the Wine-maker, saying:
 "Wine-maker, what did you see, that you barred the gate, 665
 Barred the house door, barred your chamber door? I will smite your gate,
 Breaking the bolt."

The Wine-maker, speaking to Gilgamesh, answered him, saying:
 "Why is your vigor so wasted, why is your face sunken,
 Why does your spirit have such sorrow, and why has your cheerfulness ceased? 670
 O, but there's woe in your belly! Like one who has gone on a far journey
 Is your face—O, with cold and with heat is your face weathered,
 Like a man who has ranged over the desert."

Gilgamesh answered the Wine-maker, saying:
 "Wine-maker, it is not that my vigor is wasted, nor that my face is sunken, 675
 Nor that my spirit has sorrow, nor that my cheerfulness has ceased,

No, it is not that there is woe in my belly, nor that my face is like one
 Who has gone on a far journey—nor is my face weathered
 Either by cold or by heat as I range over the desert.
 Enkidu—together we overcame all obstacles, ascending the mountains, 680
 Captured the Heavenly Bull, and destroyed him: we overthrew Humbaba,
 He whose abode was in the Forest of Cedars; we slaughtered the lions

There in the mountain passes; with me enduring all hardships,
 Enkidu, he was my comrade—and his fate has overtaken him.
 I mourned him six days, until his burial; only then could I bury him. 685
 I dreaded Death, so that I now range over the desert: the fate of my comrade
 Lay heavy on me—O, how do I give voice to what I feel?
 For the comrade I have so loved has become like dust,
 He whom I loved has become like the dust—I, shall I not, also,
 Lay me down like him, throughout all eternity never to return?" 690

The Wine-maker answered Gilgamesh:

"Gilgamesh, why do you run so far, since the life that you seek
 You shall not find? For the gods, in their creation of mortals,
 Allotted Death to man, but Life they retained in their keeping.
 Gilgamesh, fill your belly with food, 695
 Each day and night be merry, and make every day a holiday,
 Each day and night dance and rejoice; wear clean clothes,
 Yes, let your head be washed clean, and bathe yourself in the water,
 Cherish the little one holding your hand; hold your spouse close to you and be happy,
 For this is what is given to mankind. 700

Gilgamesh continued his speech to the Wine-maker, saying:
 "Tell me, then, Wine-maker, which is the way to Utnapishtim?"

If it is possible, I will even cross the Ocean itself,
But if it is impossible, then I will range over the desert.”

In this way did the Wine-maker answer him, saying: 705

“There has never been a crossing, O Gilgamesh: never before
Has anyone, coming this far, been able to cross the Ocean:
Shamash crosses it, of course, but who besides Shamash
Makes the crossing? Rough is the passage,
And deep are the Waters of Death when you reach them. 710

Gilgamesh, if by chance you succeed in crossing the Ocean,
What will you do, when you arrive at the Waters of Death?
Gilgamesh, there is a man called Urshanabi, boatman to Utnapishtim,
He has the *urnu* for the crossing,
Now go to him, and if it is possible to cross with him 715
Then cross—but if it is not possible, then retrace your steps homewards.”

Gilgamesh, hearing this, took his ax in his hand and went to see Urshanabi.

[Evidently, Gilgamesh is not thinking too clearly, since he displays his strength to Urshanabi by destroying the sails of the boat. Urshanabi is not entirely impressed.]

Then Urshanabi spoke to Gilgamesh, saying:

“Tell to me what is your name, for I am Urshanabi, henchman,
Of far-off Utnapishtim.” Gilgamesh answered: 720
“Gilgamesh is my name, come hither from Uruk,
One who has traversed the Mountains, a wearisome journey of Sunrise,
Now that I have looked on your face, Urshanabi—let me see Utnapishtim,
The Distant one!”

Urshanabi spoke to Gilgamesh, saying: 725

“Why is your vigor so wasted, why is your face sunken,
Why does your spirit have such sorrow, and why has your cheerfulness ceased?
O, but there’s woe in your belly! Like one who has gone on a far journey
Is your face—O, with cold and with heat is your face weathered,
Like a man who has ranged over the desert.” 730

Gilgamesh answered, “It is not that my vigor is wasted, nor that my face is sunken,
Nor that my spirit has sorrow, nor that my cheerfulness has ceased,

No, it is not that there is woe in my belly, nor that my face is like one
Who has gone on a far journey—nor is my face weathered
Either by cold or by heat as I range over the desert. 735
Enkidu—together we overcame all obstacles, ascending the mountains,
Captured the Heavenly Bull, and destroyed him: we overthrew Humbaba,
He whose abode was in the Forest of Cedars; we slaughtered the lions

There in the mountain passes; with me enduring all hardships,
Enkidu, he was my comrade—and his fate has overtaken him. 740
I mourned him six days, until his burial; only then could I bury him.
I dreaded Death, so that I now range over the desert: the fate of my comrade
Lay heavily on me—O, how do I give voice to what I feel?

For the comrade I have so loved has become like dust,
He whom I loved has become like the dust—I, shall I not, also, 745
Lay me down like him, throughout all eternity never to return?”

Gilgamesh continued his speech to Urshanabi, saying:
 “Please tell me, Urshanabi, which is the way to Utnapishtim?”

If it is possible, I will even cross the Ocean itself,
 But if it is impossible, then I will range over the desert.” 750

Urshanabi spoke to Gilgamesh, saying:
 “Gilgamesh, your own hand has hindered your crossing of the Ocean,
 You have destroyed the sails and destroyed the *urnu*.

Gilgamesh, take your axe in your hand; descend to the forest,
 Fashion one hundred twenty poles each of five gar in length; make knobs of bitumen, 755
 Sockets, too, add those to the poles: bring them to me.” When Gilgamesh heard this,
 He took the ax in his hand, and the glaive drew forth from his baldric,
 Went to the forest, and poles each of five gar in length did he fashion,
 Knobs of bitumen he made, and he added sockets to the poles: and brought them to Urshanabi;
 Gilgamesh and Urshanabi then set forth in their vessel, 760
 They launched the boat on the swell of the wave, and they themselves embarked.
 In three days they traveled the distance of a month and a half journey,
 And Urshanabi saw that they had arrived at the Waters of Death.

Urshanabi said to Gilgamesh:
 “Gilgamesh, take the first pole, thrust it into the water and push the vessel along, 765
 But do not let the Waters of Death touch your hand.
 Gilgamesh, take a second, a third, and a fourth pole,
 Gilgamesh, take a fifth, a sixth, and a seventh pole,
 Gilgamesh, take an eighth, a ninth, and a tenth pole,
 Gilgamesh, take an eleventh, a twelfth pole!” 770
 After one hundred twenty poles, Gilgamesh took off his garments,
 Set up the mast in its socket, and used the garments as a sail.

Utnapishtim looked into the distance and, inwardly musing,
 Said to himself: “Why are the sails of the vessel destroyed,
 And why does one who is not of my service ride on the vessel? 775
 This is no mortal who comes, but he is no god either.”

[Utnapishtim asks Gilgamesh the same questions already asked by Siduri and Urshanabi, and Gilgamesh replies with the same answers.]

And Gilgamesh said Utnapishtim:
 “I have come here to find you, whom people call the ‘far-off’
 So I can turn to you for help; I have traveled through all the lands,
 I have crossed over the steep mountains, and I have crossed all the seas to find you, 780
 To find life everlasting.”

Utnapishtim answered Gilgamesh, saying:

“Does anyone build a house that will stand forever, or sign a contract for all time?
 The dead are all alike, and Death makes no distinction between
 Servant and master, when they have reached their full span allotted. 785
 Then do the Anunnaki, great gods, settle the destiny of mankind;
 Mammetum, Maker of Destiny with them, settles our destiny;
 Death and Life they determine; but the day of Death is not revealed.”

Gilgamesh said Utnapishtim:
 “I gaze on you in amazement, O Utnapishtim! 790
 Your appearance has not changed, you are like me.

And your nature itself has not changed, in your nature you are like me also,
 Though you now have eternal life. But my heart has still to struggle
 Against all the obstacles that no longer bother you.
 Tell me, how did you come to dwell here and obtain eternal life from the gods?" 795

[In the following passages, Utnapishtim tells Gilgamesh the story of the flood. In the story of Atrahasis, another name for Utnapishtim, the reason for the flood is that humans have been too noisy and the gods cannot sleep. The gods use the flood as a way to deal with human overpopulation.]

Utnapishtim then said to Gilgamesh:
 "I will reveal to you, O Gilgamesh, the mysterious story,
 And one of the mysteries of the gods I will tell you.
 The city of Shurippak, a city which, as you know,
 Is situated on the bank of the river Euphrates. The gods within it 800
 Decided to bring about a flood, even the great gods,
 As many as there were. But Ea, the lord of unfathomable wisdom, argued with them.
 Although he could not tell any human directly, he gave me a dream;
 In the dream, he told their plan first to a reed-hut, saying:
 'Reed-hut, reed-hut, clay-structure, clay-structure! 805
 Reed-hut, hear; clay-structure, pay attention!
 Man of Shurippak, son of Ubara-Tutu,
 Build a house, construct a ship;
 Forsake your possessions, take heed!
 Abandon your goods, save your life, 810
 And bring the living seed of every kind of creature into the ship.
 As for the ship, which you shall build,
 Let its proportions be well measured:
 Its breadth and its length shall bear proportion each to each,
 And into the sea then launch it.' 815
 I took heed, and said to Ea, my lord:
 'I will do, my lord, as you have commanded;
 I will observe and will fulfill the command.
 But what shall I say when the city questions me, the people, and the elders?'
 Ea opened his mouth and spoke, 820
 And he said to me, his servant:
 'Man, as an answer, say this to them:
 "I know that Enlil hates me.
 No longer can I live in your city;
 Nor on Enlil's territory can I live securely any longer; 825
 I will go down to the sea, I will live with Ea, my lord.
 He will pour down rich blessings.
 He will grant fowls in plenty and fish in abundance,
 Herds of cattle and an abundant harvest."
 As soon as early dawn appeared, 830
 I feared the brightness of the day;
 All that was necessary I collected together.
 On the fifth day I drew its design;
 In its middle part its sides were ten *gar* high;
 Ten *gar* also was the extent of its deck; 835
 I added a front-roof to it and closed it in.
 I built it in six stories,
 Making seven floors in all;
 The interior of each I divided again into nine partitions.
 Beaks for water within I cut out. 840
 I selected a pole and added all that was necessary.
 Three *shar* of pitch I smeared on its outside;
 Three *shar* of asphalt I used for the inside (to make it water-tight).

Three *shar* of oil the men carried, carrying it in vessels.
 One *shar* of oil I kept out and used it for sacrifices, 845
 While the other two *shar* the boatman stowed away.
 For the temple of the gods I slaughtered oxen;
 I killed lambs day by day.
 Jugs of cider, of oil, and of sweet wine,
 Large bowls, like river water flowing freely, I poured out as libations. 850
 I made a feast to the gods like that of the New-Year's Day.
 I added tackling above and below, and after all was finished,
 The ship sank into water two thirds of its height.
 With all that I possessed I filled it;
 With all the silver I had I filled it; 855
 With all the gold I had I filled it;
 With living creatures of every kind I filled it.
 Then I embarked also all my family and my relatives,
 Cattle of the field, beasts of the field, and the righteous people—all of them I embarked.
 Ea had appointed a time, namely: 860
 'When the rulers of darkness send at eventide a destructive rain,
 Then enter into the ship and shut its door.'
 This very sign came to pass, and
 The rulers of darkness sent a destructive rain at eventide. 865
 I saw the approach of the storm,
 And I was afraid to witness the storm;
 I entered the ship and shut the door.
 I entrusted the guidance of the ship to the boat-man,
 Entrusted the great house, and the contents therein.
 As soon as early dawn appeared, 870
 There rose up from the horizon a black cloud,
 Within which the weather god thundered,
 And the king of the gods went before it.
 The destroyers passed across mountain and dale.
 They tore loose the restraints holding back the waters. 875
 They caused the banks to overflow;
 The Anunnaki lifted up their torches,
 And with their brightness they illuminated the universe.
 The storm brought on by the gods swept even up to the heavens,
 And all light was turned into darkness. It flooded the land; it blew with violence; 880
 And in one day it rose above the mountains.
 Like an onslaught in battle it rushed in on the people.
 Brother could not save brother.
 The gods even were afraid of the storm;
 They retreated and took refuge in the heaven of Anu. 885
 There the gods crouched down like dogs, in heaven they sat cowering.
 Then Ishtar cried out like a woman in travail,
 And the lady of the gods lamented with a loud voice, saying:
 'The world of old has been turned back into clay,
 Because I assented to this evil in the assembly of the gods. 890
 Alas, that I assented to this evil in the council of the gods,
 Alas, that I was for the destruction of my own people.
 Where is all that I have created, where is it?
 Like the spawn of fish it fills the sea.'
 The gods wailed with her; 895
 The gods were bowed down, and sat there weeping.
 Their lips were pressed together in fear and in terror.
 Six days and nights the wind blew, and storm and tempest overwhelmed the country.
 When the seventh day arrived, the tempest, the storm, the battle
 Which they had waged like a great host began to moderate. 900

The sea quieted down; hurricane and storm ceased.
 I looked out upon the sea and raised loud my voice,
 But all mankind had turned back into clay.
 Like the surrounding field had become the bed of the rivers.
 I opened the air-hole and light fell upon my cheek. 905
 Dumfounded I sank backward and sat weeping,
 While over my cheek flowed tears.
 I looked in every direction, and behold, all was sea.
 Now, after twelve days, there rose out of the water a strip of land.
 To Mount Nisir the ship drifted. 910
 On Mount Nisir the boat stuck fast and it did not slip away.
 The first day, the second day, Mount Nisir held the ship fast, and did not let it slip away.
 The third day, the fourth day, Mount Nisir held the ship fast, and did not let it slip away.
 The fifth day, the sixth day, Mount Nisir held the ship fast, and did not let it slip away.
 When the seventh day arrived 915
 I sent out a dove, and let her go.
 The dove flew hither and thither,
 But as there was no resting-place for her, she returned.
 Then I sent out a swallow, and let her go.
 The swallow flew hither and thither, 920
 But as there was no resting-place for her she also returned.
 Then I sent out a raven, and let her go.
 The raven flew away and saw that the waters were receding.
 She settled down to feed, went away, and returned no more.
 Then I let everything go out of the boat, and I offered a sacrifice. 925
 I poured out a libation on the peak of the mountain.
 I placed the censers seven and seven,
 And poured into them calamus, cedar wood, and sweet incense.
 The gods smelled the savor;
 The gods gathered like flies around the sacrifice. 930
 But when the lady of the gods, Ishtar, drew close,
 She lifted up the precious necklace that Anu had made according to her wish and said:
 'All you gods here! by my necklace, I will not forget.
 These days will I remember, never will I forget them.
 Let the gods come to the offering; 935
 But Enlil shall not come to the offering,
 Since rashly he caused the flood-storm,
 And handed over my people to destruction.'
 Now, when Enlil drew close, and saw the ship, the god was angry,
 And anger against the gods filled his heart, and he said: 940
 'Who then has escaped here with his life?
 No man was to survive the universal destruction.'
 Then Ninurta opened his mouth and spoke, saying to Enlil:
 'Who but Ea could have planned this!
 For does not Ea know all arts?' 945
 Then Ea opened his mouth and spoke, saying to Enlil:
 'O wise one among the gods, how rash of you to bring about a flood-storm!
 On the sinner visit his sin, and on the wicked his wickedness;
 But be merciful, forbear, let not all be destroyed! Be considerate!
 Instead of sending a flood-storm, 950
 Let lions come and diminish mankind;
 Instead of sending a flood-storm,
 Let tigers come and diminish mankind;
 Instead of sending a flood-storm,
 Let famine come and smite the land; 955
 Instead of sending a flood-storm,
 Let pestilence come and kill off the people.

I did not reveal the mystery of the great gods. Utnapishtim saw this in a dream, and so he heard the mystery of the gods.’ Enlil then arrived at a decision.	960
Enlil went up into the ship, Took me by the hand and led me out. He led out also my wife and made her kneel beside me; He turned us face to face, and standing between us, blessed us, saying: ‘Before this Utnapishtim was only human; But now Utnapishtim and his wife shall be lofty like the gods; Let Utnapishtim live far away from men.’ Then they took us and let us dwell far away.”	965
Utnapishtim said to Gilgamesh:	
“Now as for you, which one of the gods shall give you the power, So that you can obtain the life that you desire? Now sleep!” And for six days and seven nights Gilgamesh slept. Sleep came over him like a storm wind. Then Utnapishtim said to his wife: “Behold, here is the hero whose desire is life everlasting! Sleep came over him like a storm wind.”	970 975
And the wife replied to Utnapishtim, the far-away: “Restore him in health, before he returns on the road on which he came. Let him pass out through the great door unto his own country.” And Utnapishtim said to his wife:	980
“The suffering of the man pains you. Well, then, cook the food for him and place it at his head.” And while Gilgamesh slept on board the ship, She cooked the food to place it at his head. And while he slept on board the ship, Firstly, his food was prepared; Secondly, it was peeled; thirdly, it was moistened; Fourthly, his food was cleaned; Fifthly, [seasoning] was added; Sixthly, it was cooked;	985 990
Seventhly, all of a sudden the man was restored, having eaten of the magic food. Then spoke Gilgamesh to Utnapishtim, the far-away: “I had collapsed into sleep, and you have charmed me in some way.” And Utnapishtim said to Gilgamesh: “I restored you when you ate the magic food.”	995
And Gilgamesh said to Utnapishtim, the far-away: “What shall I do, Utnapishtim? Where shall I go? The Demon of the Dead has seized my friend. Upon my couch Death now sits.”	
And Utnapishtim said to Urshanabi, the ferryman:	1000
“Urshanabi, you allowed a man to cross with you, you let the boat carry both of you; Whoever attempts to board the boat, you should have stopped him. This man has his body covered with sores, And the eruption of his skin has altered the beauty of his body. Take him, Urshanabi, and bring him to the place of purification, Where he can wash his sores in water that they may become white as snow; Let him rub off his bad skin and the sea will carry it away; His body shall then appear well and healthy; Let the turban also be replaced on his head, and the garment that covers his nakedness. Until he returns to his city, until he arrives at his home, The garment shall not tear; it shall remain entirely new.”	1005 1010

And Urshanabi took him and brought him to the place of purification,
 Where he washed his sores in water so that they became white as snow;
 He rubbed off his bad skin and the sea carried it away;
 His body appeared well and healthy again; 1015
 He replaced also the turban on his head;
 And the garment that covered his nakedness;
 And until he returned to his city, until he arrived at his home,
 The garment did not tear, it remained entirely new.

After Gilgamesh and Urshanabi had returned from the place of purification, 1020
 The wife of Utnapishtim spoke to her husband, saying:
 "Gilgamesh has labored long;
 What now will you give him before he returns to his country?"

Then Utnapishtim spoke to Gilgamesh, saying:
 "Gilgamesh, you have labored long. 1025
 What now shall I give you before you return to your country?
 I will reveal to you, Gilgamesh, a mystery,
 And a secret of the gods I will tell you.
 There is a plant resembling buckthorn,
 its thorn stings like that of a bramble. 1030
 If you eat that plant, you will regain the vigor of your youth."

When Gilgamesh had heard this, he bound heavy stones to his feet,
 Which dragged him down to the sea and in this way he found the plant.
 Then he grasped the magic plant.
 He removed the heavy stones from his feet and one dropped down into the sea, 1035
 And the second stone he threw down to the first.
 And Gilgamesh said to Urshanabi, the ferryman:
 "Urshanabi, this plant is a plant of great power;
 I will take it to Uruk the strong-walled, I will cultivate the plant there and then harvest it.
 Its name will be 'Even an old man will be rejuvenated!'
 I will eat this plant and return again to the vigor of my youth." 1040

[They start out to return home to Uruk.]

Every forty leagues they then took a meal:
 And every sixty leagues they took a rest.
 And Gilgamesh saw a well that was filled with cool and refreshing water;
 He stepped up to it and poured out some water. 1045
 A serpent darted out; the plant slipped from Gilgamesh's hands;
 The serpent came out of the well, and took the plant away,
 And he uttered a curse.
 And after this Gilgamesh sat down and wept.
 Tears flowed down his cheeks, 1050
 And he said to Urshanabi, the ferryman:
 "Why, Urshanabi, did my hands tremble?
 Why did the blood of my heart stand still?
 Not on myself did I bestow any benefit.
 The serpent now has all of the benefit of this plant. 1055
 After a journey of only forty leagues the plant has been snatched away,
 As I opened the well and lowered the vessel.
 I see the sign; this is an omen to me. I am to return, leaving the ship on the shore."

Then they continued to take a meal every forty leagues,
 And every sixty leagues they took a rest, 1060

Until they arrived at Uruk the strong-walled.
 Gilgamesh then spoke to Urshanabi, the ferryman, saying:
 “Urshanabi, ascend and walk about on the wall of Uruk,
 Inspect the corner-stone, and examine its brick-work, made of burned brick,
 And its foundation strong. One *shar* is the size of the city, 1065
 And one *shar* is the size of the gardens,
 And one *shar* is the size of Eanna, temple of Anu and Ishtar;
 Three *shar* is the size of Uruk strong-walled.”

[Now that Gilgamesh knows that he cannot have eternal life, he focuses instead on learning about the afterlife. He tries to find a way to talk to Enkidu by bringing back his ghost to haunt him. Gilgamesh speaks to the Architect of the Temple, asking what he should do to avoid bringing back a ghost—while planning to do the opposite.]

The Architect answered Gilgamesh, saying:

“Gilgamesh, to avoid ghosts, if you go to the temple, do not wear clean garments; 1070
 Wear a garment that is dirty, so you do not attract them.
 Do not anoint yourself with sweet oil, in case at its fragrance
 Around you they gather: nor may you set a bow on the ground, or around you
 May circle those shot by the bow; nor may you carry a stick in your hand,
 Or ghosts who were beaten may gibber around you: nor may you put on a shoe, 1075
 Which would make a loud echo on the ground: you may not kiss the wife whom you love;
 The wife whom you hate—you may not chastise her,
 Yes, and you may not kiss the child whom you love,
 Nor may you chastise the child whom you hate,
 For you must mourn their [the ghosts’] loss of the world.” 1080

So Gilgamesh went to the temples,
 Put on clean garments, and with sweet oil anointed himself:
 They gathered around the fragrance;
 Around him they gathered: he set the bow on the ground, and around him
 Circlered the spirits—those who were shot by a bow gibbered at him; 1085
 He carried a stick in his hand, and the ghosts who had been beaten gibbered at him.
 He put on a shoe and made a loud echo on the ground.
 He kissed the wife whom he loved, chastised the wife whom he hated,
 He kissed the child whom he loved, chastised the child whom he hated.
 They mourned their loss of the world, but Enkidu was not there. 1090

Gilgamesh went all alone to the temple of Enlil:
 “Enlil, my Father, the net of Death has stricken me also, holding me down to the earth.
 Enkidu—whom I pray that you will raise from the earth—was not seized by the Plague god,
 Or lost through a battle of mortals: it was only the earth which has seized him.”
 But Enlil, the Father, gave no answer. 1095

To the Moon god Gilgamesh went:
 “Moon god, my Father, the net of Death has stricken me also, holding me down to the earth.
 Enkidu—whom I pray that you will raise from the earth—was not seized by the Plague god,
 Or lost through a battle of mortals: it was only the earth which has seized him.”
 But Sin, the Moon god, gave no answer. 1100

Then to Ea Gilgamesh went:
 “Ea, my Father, the net of Death has stricken me also, holding me down to the earth.
 Enkidu—whom I pray that you will raise from the earth—was not seized by the Plague god,
 Or lost through a battle of mortals: it was only the earth which has seized him.”

Ea, the Father, heard him, and to Nergal, the warrior-hero, 1105
 He spoke: “O Nergal, O warrior-hero, listen to me!

Open now a hole in the earth, so that the spirit of Enkidu, rising,
May come forth from the earth, and so speak with his brother.”

Nergal, the warrior-hero, listened to Ea’s words,
Opened, then, a hole in the earth, and the spirit of Enkidu issued 1110
Forth from the earth like a wind. They embraced and grieved together. Gilgamesh said:
“Tell, O my friend, O tell me, I pray you,
What have you seen of the laws of the Underworld?”

Enkidu said: “Do not ask; I will not tell you—for, were I to tell you
Of what I have seen of the laws of the Underworld, you would sit down weeping!” 1115

Gilgamesh said: “Then let me sit down weeping.”

Enkidu said: “So be it: the friend you cared for now has worms in his body;
The bride you loved is now filled with dust.
Bitter and sad is all that formerly gladdened your heart.”

Gilgamesh said: “Did you see a hero, slain in battle?” 1120

“Yes—[when he died] his father and mother supported his head,
And his wife knelt weeping at his side.
The spirit of such a man is at rest. He lies on a couch and drinks pure water.
But the man whose corpse remains unburied on the field—
You and I have often seen such a man— 1125
His spirit does not find rest in the Underworld.

The man whose spirit has no one who cares for it—
You and I have often seen such man—
Consumes the dregs of the bowl, the broken remnants of food
That are cast into the street.” 1130

[One important lesson for all readers of the poem is, therefore, “Take good care of your dead.” The rest of the tablet is damaged, although one alternate version of the story ends with the funeral of Gilgamesh many years later. Interestingly, once he settles down to become a good ruler, there is nothing more to say.]

THE ILIAD AND THE ODYSSEY

Homer

Composed orally ca. 800 B.C.E.; written down ca. 700 B.C.E.

Greece

We know almost nothing about Homer; scholars debate whether one or more authors composed the epic poems attributed to him. It is possible that he was a Greek who lived on the coast of what is now Turkey, not far from the location of Troy. If so, his balanced depiction of the Greeks and the Trojans in the *Iliad* is noteworthy, since he would be a descendant of those Greeks who invaded the area approximately 400 years earlier, when the historical Troy was attacked and burned in around 1200 B.C.E. The *Iliad* encompasses a few weeks in the tenth year of the Trojan War, focusing on one episode in the life of the Greek warrior Achilles, while the *Odyssey* explains why Odysseus spends twelve long years trying to go home. Homer’s grasp of Mediterranean geography is strong, as is evident when he traces the wandering route that Odysseus takes to return home to Ithaca after the war. Homer was not the first or the last to write about the Trojan War and its aftermath, but his version was the most famous, in part for his vivid descriptions (which would be imitated by other authors, including Virgil in his *Aeneid*, for centuries to come) For an audience that might not have witnessed a battle, Homer appeals to their senses through familiar sights and sounds; men hacking at each other with bronze weapons sound like a forest full of woodcutters hacking at trees. When Dante tries to describe the interior of Hell, he is imitating Virgil imitating Homer: familiar ways of seeing

unfamiliar things. Homer's version was also controversial; Greek writers such as Xenophanes criticized Homer for his impious depiction of the gods, who appear at times brutal, at times humorous. That criticism should remind us that Homer composed a literary version of events, rather than a strictly accurate view of his culture. What has never been controversial is Homer's popularity, from his own time to the present day.

Written by Laura J. Getty

THE ILIAD

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Homer, translated by Samuel Butler, edited by Rhonda Kelley

Book I

The quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles—Achilles withdraws from the war, and sends his mother Thetis to ask Jove to help the Trojans—Scene between Jove and Juno on Olympus.

Sing, O goddess, the anger of Achilles son of Peleus that brought countless ills upon the Achaeans.¹ Many a brave soul did it send hurrying down to Hades, and many a hero did it yield a prey to dogs and vultures, for so were the counsels of Jove² fulfilled from the day on which the son of Atreus, king of men,³ and great Achilles, first fell out with one another.

And which of the gods was it that set them on to quarrel? It was the son of Jove and Leto;⁴ for he was angry with the king and sent a pestilence upon the host to plague the people, because the son of Atreus had dishonoured Chryses Apollo's priest. Now Chryses had come to the ships of the Achaeans to free his daughter, and had brought with him a great ransom: moreover he bore in his hand the sceptre of Apollo wreathed with a suppliant's wreath, and he besought the Achaeans, but most of all the two sons of Atreus,⁵ who were their chiefs.

"Sons of Atreus," he cried, "and all other Achaeans, may the gods who dwell in Olympus grant you to sack the city of Priam,⁶ and to reach your homes in safety; but free my daughter, and accept a ransom for her, in reverence to Apollo, son of Jove."

On this the rest of the Achaeans with one voice were for respecting the priest and taking the ransom that he offered; but not so Agamemnon, who spoke fiercely to him and sent him roughly away. "Old man," said he, "let me not find you tarrying about our ships, nor yet coming hereafter. Your sceptre of the god and your wreath shall profit you nothing. I will not free her. She shall grow old in my house at Argos far from her own home, busying herself with her loom and visiting my couch; so go, and do not provoke me or it shall be the worse for you."

The old man feared him and obeyed. Not a word he spoke, but went by the shore of the sounding sea and prayed apart to the god Apollo whom lovely Leto had borne. "Hear me," he cried, "O god of the silver bow, that protectest Chryse and holy Cilla and rulest Tenedos with thy might, hear me oh thou of Sminthe. If I have ever decked your temple with garlands, or burned your thigh-bones in fat of bulls or goats, grant my prayer, and let your arrows avenge these my tears upon the Danaans."⁷

Thus did he pray, and Apollo heard his prayer. He came down furious from the summits of Olympus, with his bow and his quiver upon his shoulder, and the arrows rattled on his back with the rage that trembled within him. He sat himself down away from the ships with a face as dark as night, and his silver bow rang death as he shot his arrow in the midst of them. First he smote their mules and their hounds, but presently he aimed his shafts at the people themselves, and all day long the pyres of the dead were burning.

For nine whole days he shot his arrows among the people, but upon the tenth day Achilles called them in assembly—moved thereto by Juno, who saw the Achaeans in their death-throes and had compassion upon them. Then, when they were got together, he rose and spoke among them.

"Son of Atreus," said he, "I deem that we should now turn roving home if we would escape destruction, for we are being cut down by war and pestilence at once. Let us ask some priest or prophet, or some reader of dreams (for dreams, too, are of Jove) who can tell us why Phoebus Apollo is so angry, and say whether it is for some vow that we have broken, or hecatomb that we have not offered, and whether he will accept the savour of

- 1 Greeks
- 2 Zeus (Greek)
- 3 Agamemnon is the son of Atreus and leader of the Greek forces.
- 4 Apollo, god of the bow, medicine, philosophy, and the plague.
- 5 Agamemnon and his brother Menelaus, husband of Helen.
- 6 Priam is the King of the city-state Troy.
- 7 The Greeks

lambs and goats without blemish, so as to take away the plague from us.”

With these words he sat down, and Calchas son of Thestor, wisest of augurs, who knew things past present and to come, rose to speak. He it was who had guided the

Achaean with their fleet to Ilius,⁸ through the prophesyings with which Phoebus Apollo had inspired him. With all sincerity and goodwill he addressed them thus:—

“Achilles, loved of heaven, you bid me tell you about the anger of the god Apollo, I will therefore do so; but consider first and swear that you will stand by me heartily in word and deed, for I know that I shall offend one who rules the Argives⁹ with might, to whom all the Achaeans are in subjection. A plain man cannot stand against the anger of a king, who if he swallow his displeasure now, will yet nurse revenge till he has wreaked it. Consider, therefore, whether or no you will protect me.”

And Achilles answered, “Fear not, but speak as it is borne in upon you from heaven, for by Apollo, Calchas, to whom you pray, and whose oracles you reveal to us, not a Danaan at our ships shall lay his hand upon you, while I yet live to look upon the face of the earth—no, not though you name Agamemnon himself, who is by far the foremost of the Achaeans.”

Thereon the seer spoke boldly. “The god,” he said, “is angry neither about vow nor hecatomb, but for his priest’s sake, whom Agamemnon has dishonoured, in that he would not free his daughter nor take a ransom for her; therefore has he sent these evils upon us, and will yet send others. He will not deliver the Danaans from this pestilence till Agamemnon has restored the girl without fee or ransom to her father, and has sent a holy hecatomb to Chryse. Thus we may perhaps appease him.”

With these words he sat down, and Agamemnon rose in anger. His heart was black with rage, and his eyes flashed fire as he scowled on Calchas and said, “Seer of evil, you never yet prophesied smooth things concerning me, but have ever loved to foretell that which was evil. You have brought me neither comfort nor performance; and now you come seeing among Danaans, and saying that Apollo has plagued us because I would not take a ransom for this girl, the daughter of Chryses. I have set my heart on keeping her in my own house, for I love her better even than my own wife Clytemnestra, whose peer she is alike in form and feature, in understanding and accomplishments. Still I will give her up if I must, for I would have the people live, not die; but you must find me a prize instead, or I alone among the Argives shall be without one. This is not well; for you behold, all of you, that my prize is to go elsewhere.”

And Achilles answered, “Most noble son of Atreus, covetous beyond all mankind, how shall the Achaeans find you another prize? We have no common store from which to take one. Those we took from the cities have been awarded; we cannot disallow the awards that have been made already. Give this girl, therefore, to the god, and if ever Jove grants us to sack the city of Troy we will requite you three and fourfold.”

Then Agamemnon said, “Achilles, valiant though you be, you shall not thus outwit me. You shall not overreach and you shall not persuade me. Are you to keep your own prize, while I sit tamely under my loss and give up the girl at your bidding? Let the Achaeans find me a prize in fair exchange to my liking, or I will come and take your own, or that of Ajax or of Ulysses;¹⁰ and he to whomsoever I may come shall rue my coming. But of this we will take thought hereafter; for the present, let us draw a ship into the sea, and find a crew for her expressly; let us put a hecatomb on board, and let us send Chryseis also; further, let some chief man among us be in command, either Ajax, or Idomeneus, or yourself, son of Peleus, mighty warrior that you are, that we may offer sacrifice and appease the anger of the god.”

Achilles scowled at him and answered, “You are steeped in insolence and lust of gain. With what heart can any of the Achaeans do your bidding, either on foray or in open fighting? I came not warring here for any ill the Trojans had done me. I have no quarrel with them. They have not raided my cattle nor my horses, nor cut down my harvests on the rich plains of Phthia;¹¹ for between me and them there is a great space, both mountain and sounding sea. We have followed you, Sir Insolence! for your pleasure, not ours—to gain satisfaction from the Trojans for your shameless self and for Menelaus. You forget this, and threaten to rob me of the prize for which I have toiled, and which the sons of the Achaeans have given me. Never when the Achaeans sack any rich city of the Trojans do I receive so good a prize as you do, though it is my hands that do the better part of the fighting. When the sharing comes, your share is far the largest, and I, forsooth, must go back to my ships, take what I can get and be thankful, when my labour of fighting is done. Now, therefore, I shall go back to Phthia; it will be much better for me to return home with my ships, for I will not stay here dishonoured to gather gold and substance for you.”

And Agamemnon answered, “Fly if you will, I shall make you no prayers to stay you. I have others here

8 Troy

9 Greeks

10 Odysseus (Greek)

11 Achilles’ homeland

who will do me honour, and above all Jove, the lord of counsel. There is no king here so hateful to me as you are, for you are ever quarrelsome and ill-affected. What though you be brave? Was it not heaven that made you so? Go home, then, with your ships and comrades to lord it over the Myrmidons.¹² I care neither for you nor for your anger; and thus will I do: since Phoebus Apollo is taking Chryseis from me, I shall send her with my ship and my followers, but I shall come to your tent and take your own prize Briseis, that you may learn how much stronger I am than you are, and that another may fear to set himself up as equal or comparable with me.”

The son of Peleus¹³ was furious, and his heart within his shaggy breast was divided whether to draw his sword, push the others aside, and kill the son of Atreus, or to restrain himself and check his anger. While he was thus in two minds, and was drawing his mighty sword from its scabbard, Minerva¹⁴ came down from heaven (for Juno had sent her in the love she bore to them both), and seized the son of Peleus by his yellow hair, visible to him alone, for of the others no man could see her. Achilles turned in amaze, and by the fire that flashed from her eyes at once knew that she was Minerva. “Why are you here,” said he, “daughter of aegis-bearing Jove? To see the pride of Agamemnon, son of Atreus? Let me tell you—and it shall surely be—he shall pay for this insolence with his life.”

And Minerva said, “I come from heaven, if you will hear me, to bid you stay your anger. Juno¹⁵ has sent me, who cares for both of you alike. Cease, then, this brawling, and do not draw your sword; rail at him if you will, and your railing will not be vain, for I tell you—and it shall surely be—that you shall hereafter receive gifts three times as splendid by reason of this present insult. Hold, therefore, and obey.”

“Goddess,” answered Achilles, “however angry a man may be, he must do as you two command him. This will be best, for the gods ever hear the prayers of him who has obeyed them.”

He stayed his hand on the silver hilt of his sword, and thrust it back into the scabbard as Minerva bade him. Then she went back to Olympus among the other gods, and to the house of aegis-bearing Jove.

But the son of Peleus again began railing at the son of Atreus, for he was still in a rage. “Wine-bibber,” he cried, “with the face of a dog and the heart of a hind, you never dare to go out with the host in fight, nor yet with our chosen men in ambuscade. You shun this as you do death itself. You had rather go round and rob his prizes from any man who contradicts you. You devour your people, for you are king over a feeble folk; otherwise, son of Atreus, henceforward you would insult no man. Therefore I say, and swear it with a great oath—nay, by this my sceptre which shalt sprout neither leaf nor shoot, nor bud anew from the day on which it left its parent stem upon the mountains—for the axe stripped it of leaf and bark, and now the sons of the Achaeans bear it as judges and guardians of the decrees of heaven—so surely and solemnly do I swear that hereafter they shall look fondly for Achilles and shall not find him. In the day of your distress, when your men fall dying by the murderous hand of Hector, you shall not know how to help them, and shall rend your heart with rage for the hour when you offered insult to the bravest of the Achaeans.”

With this the son of Peleus dashed his gold-bestudded sceptre on the ground and took his seat, while the son of Atreus was beginning fiercely from his place upon the other side. Then uprose smooth-tongued Nestor, the facile speaker of the Pylians, and the words fell from his lips sweeter than honey. Two generations of men born and bred in Pylos had passed away under his rule, and he was now reigning over the third. With all sincerity and goodwill, therefore, he addressed them thus:—

“Of a truth,” he said, “a great sorrow has befallen the Achaean land. Surely Priam with his sons would rejoice, and the Trojans be glad at heart if they could hear this quarrel between you two, who are so excellent in fight and counsel. I am older than either of you; therefore be guided by me. Moreover I have been the familiar friend of men even greater than you are, and they did not disregard my counsels. Never again can I behold such men as Pirithous and Dryas shepherd of his people, or as Caeneus, Exadius, godlike Polyphemus, and Theseus son of Aegeus, peer of the immortals. These were the mightiest men ever born upon this earth: mightiest were they, and when they fought the fiercest tribes of mountain savages they utterly overthrew them. I came from distant Pylos, and went about among them, for they would have me come, and I fought as it was in me to do. Not a man now living could withstand them, but they heard my words, and were persuaded by them. So be it also with yourselves, for this is the more excellent way. Therefore, Agamemnon, though you be strong, take not this girl away, for the sons of the Achaeans have already given her to Achilles; and you, Achilles, strive not further with the king, for no man who by the grace of Jove wields a sceptre has like honour with Agamemnon. You are strong, and have a goddess for your mother; but Agamemnon is stronger than you, for he has more people under him. Son of Atreus, check your anger, I implore you; end this quarrel with Achilles, who in the day of battle is a tower of strength to the Achaeans.”

12 Achilles' men; famed for their prowess on the battle-field

13 Achilles

14 Athena (Greek)

15 Hera (Greek)

And Agamemnon answered, "Sir, all that you have said is true, but this fellow must needs become our lord and master: he must be lord of all, king of all, and captain of all, and this shall hardly be. Granted that the gods have made him a great warrior, have they also given him the right to speak with railing?"

Achilles interrupted him. "I should be a mean coward," he cried, "were I to give in to you in all things. Order other people about, not me, for I shall obey no longer. Furthermore I say—and lay my saying to your heart—I shall fight neither you nor any man about this girl, for those that take were those also that gave. But of all else that is at my ship you shall carry away nothing by force. Try, that others may see; if you do, my spear shall be reddened with your blood."

When they had quarrelled thus angrily, they rose, and broke up the assembly at the ships of the Achaeans. The son of Peleus went back to his tents and ships with the son of Menoetius and his company, while Agamemnon drew a vessel into the water and chose a crew of twenty oarsmen. He escorted Chryseis on board and sent moreover a hecatomb for the god. And Ulysses went as captain.

These, then, went on board and sailed their ways over the sea. But the son of Atreus bade the people purify themselves; so they purified themselves and cast their filth into the sea. Then they offered hecatombs of bulls and goats without blemish on the sea-shore, and the smoke with the savour of their sacrifice rose curling up towards heaven.

Thus did they busy themselves throughout the host. But Agamemnon did not forget the threat that he had made Achilles, and called his trusty messengers and squires Talthybius and Eurybates. "Go," said he, "to the tent of Achilles, son of Peleus; take Briseis by the hand and bring her hither; if he will not give her I shall come with others and take her—which will press him harder."

He charged them straightly further and dismissed them, whereon they went their way sorrowfully by the seaside, till they came to the tents and ships of the Myrmidons. They found Achilles sitting by his tent and his ships, and ill-pleased he was when he beheld them. They stood fearfully and reverently before him, and never a word did they speak, but he knew them and said, "Welcome, heralds, messengers of gods and men; draw near; my quarrel is not with you but with Agamemnon who has sent you for the girl Briseis. Therefore, Patroclus,¹⁶ bring her and give her to them, but let them be witnesses by the blessed gods, by mortal men, and by the fierceness of Agamemnon's anger, that if ever again there be need of me to save the people from ruin, they shall seek and they shall not find. Agamemnon is mad with rage and knows not how to look before and after that the Achaeans may fight by their ships in safety."

Patroclus did as his dear comrade had bidden him. He brought Briseis from the tent and gave her over to the heralds, who took her with them to the ships of the Achaeans—and the woman was loth to go. Then Achilles went all alone by the side of the hoar sea, weeping and looking out upon the boundless waste of waters. He raised his hands in prayer to his immortal mother, "Mother," he cried, "you bore me doomed to live but for a little season; surely Jove, who thunders from Olympus, might have made that little glorious.¹⁷ It is not so. Agamemnon, son of Atreus, has done me dishonour, and has robbed me of my prize by force."

As he spoke he wept aloud, and his mother heard him where she was sitting in the depths of the sea hard by the old man her father. Forthwith she rose as it were a grey mist out of the waves, sat down before him as he stood weeping, caressed him with her hand, and said, "My son, why are you weeping? What is it that grieves you? Keep it not from me, but tell me, that we may know it together."

Achilles drew a deep sigh and said, "You know it; why tell you what you know well already? We went to Thebe the strong city of Eetion, sacked it, and brought hither the spoil. The sons of the Achaeans shared it duly among themselves, and chose lovely Chryseis as the meed of Agamemnon; but Chryses, priest of Apollo, came to the ships of the Achaeans to free his daughter, and brought with him a great ransom: moreover he bore in his hand the sceptre of Apollo, wreathed with a suppliant's wreath, and he besought the Achaeans, but most of all the two sons of Atreus who were their chiefs.

"On this the rest of the Achaeans with one voice were for respecting the priest and taking the ransom that he offered; but not so Agamemnon, who spoke fiercely to him and sent him roughly away. So he went back in anger, and Apollo, who loved him dearly, heard his prayer. Then the god sent a deadly dart upon the Argives, and the people died thick on one another, for the arrows went everywhither among the wide host of the Achaeans. At last a seer in the fulness of his knowledge declared to us the oracles of Apollo, and I was myself first to say that we should appease him. Whereon the son of Atreus rose in anger, and threatened that which he has since done. The Achaeans are now taking the girl in a ship to Chryse, and sending gifts of sacrifice to the god; but the heralds have just taken from my tent the daughter of Briseus, whom the Achaeans had awarded to myself.

"Help your brave son, therefore, if you are able. Go to Olympus, and if you have ever done him service

16 Achilles' best friend.

17 Achilles is doomed to live a long and anonymous life or a short and glorious one.

in word or deed, implore the aid of Jove. Ofttimes in my father's house have I heard you glory in that you alone of the immortals saved the son of Saturn from ruin, when the others, with Juno, Neptune, and Pallas Minerva would have put him in bonds. It was you, goddess, who delivered him by calling to Olympus the hundred-handed monster whom gods call Briareus, but men Aegaeon, for he is stronger even than his father; when therefore he took his seat all-glorious beside the son of Saturn, the other gods were afraid, and did not bind him. Go, then, to him, remind him of all this, clasp his knees, and bid him give succour to the Trojans. Let the Achaeans be hemmed in at the sterns of their ships, and perish on the sea-shore, that they may reap what joy they may of their king, and that Agamemnon may rue his blindness in offering insult to the foremost of the Achaeans."

Thetis wept and answered, "My son, woe is me that I should have borne or suckled you. Would indeed that you had lived your span free from all sorrow at your

ships, for it is all too brief; alas, that you should be at once short of life and long of sorrow above your peers: woe, therefore, was the hour in which I bore you; nevertheless I will go to the snowy heights of Olympus, and tell this tale to Jove, if he will hear our prayer: meanwhile stay where you are with your ships, nurse your anger against the Achaeans, and hold aloof from fight. For Jove went yesterday to Oceanus, to a feast among the Ethiopians, and the other gods went with him. He will return to Olympus twelve days hence; I will then go to his mansion paved with bronze and will beseech him; nor do I doubt that I shall be able to persuade him."

On this she left him, still furious at the loss of her that had been taken from him. Meanwhile Ulysses reached Chryse with the hecatomb. When they had come inside the harbour they furled the sails and laid them in the ship's hold; they slackened the forestays, lowered the mast into its place, and rowed the ship to the place where they would have her lie; there they cast out their mooring-stones and made fast the hawsers. They then got out upon the sea-shore and landed the hecatomb for Apollo; Chryseis also left the ship, and Ulysses led her to the altar to deliver her into the hands of her father. "Chryses," said he, "King Agamemnon has sent me to bring you back your child, and to offer sacrifice to Apollo on behalf of the Danaans, that we may propitiate the god, who has now brought sorrow upon the Argives."

So saying he gave the girl over to her father, who received her gladly, and they ranged the holy hecatomb all orderly round the altar of the god. They washed their hands and took up the barley-meal to sprinkle over the victims, while Chryses lifted up his hands and prayed aloud on their behalf. "Hear me," he cried, "O god of the silver bow, that protectest Chryse and holy Cilla, and rulest Tenedos with thy might. Even as thou didst hear me aforetime when I prayed, and didst press hardly upon the Achaeans, so hear me yet again, and stay this fearful pestilence from the Danaans."

Thus did he pray, and Apollo heard his prayer. When they had done praying and sprinkling the barley-meal, they drew back the heads of the victims and killed and flayed them. They cut out the thigh-bones, wrapped them round in two layers of fat, set some pieces of raw meat on the top of them, and then Chryses laid them on the wood fire and poured wine over them, while the young men stood near him with five-pronged spits in their hands. When the thigh-bones were burned and they had tasted the inward meats, they cut the rest up small, put the pieces upon the spits, roasted them till they were done, and drew them off: then, when they had finished their work and the feast was ready, they ate it, and every man had his full share, so that all were satisfied. As soon as they had had enough to eat and drink, pages filled the mixing-bowl with wine and water and handed it round, after giving every man his drink-offering.

Thus all day long the young men worshipped the god with song, hymning him and chaunting the joyous paean,¹⁸ and the god took pleasure in their voices; but when the sun went down, and it came on dark, they laid themselves down to sleep by the stern cables of the ship, and when the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared they again set sail for the host of the Achaeans. Apollo sent them a fair wind, so they raised their mast and hoisted their white sails aloft. As the sail bellied with the wind the ship flew through the deep blue water, and the foam hissed against her bows as she sped onward. When they reached the wide-stretching host of the Achaeans, they drew the vessel ashore, high and dry upon the sands, set her strong props beneath her, and went their ways to their own tents and ships.

But Achilles abode at his ships and nursed his anger. He went not to the honourable assembly, and sallied not forth to fight, but gnawed at his own heart, pining for battle and the war-cry.

Now after twelve days the immortal gods came back in a body to Olympus, and Jove led the way. Thetis was not unmindful of the charge her son had laid upon her, so she rose from under the sea and went through great heaven with early morning to Olympus, where she found the mighty son of Saturn sitting all alone upon its topmost ridges. She sat herself down before him, and with her left hand seized his knees, while with her

right she caught him under the chin,¹⁹ and besought him, saying:—

“Father Jove, if I ever did you service in word or deed among the immortals, hear my prayer, and do honour to my son, whose life is to be cut short so early. King Agamemnon has dishonoured him by taking his prize and keeping her. Honour him then yourself, Olympian lord of counsel, and grant victory to the Trojans, till the Achaeans give my son his due and load him with riches in requital.”

Jove sat for a while silent, and without a word, but Thetis still kept firm hold of his knees, and besought him a second time. “Incline your head,” said she, “and promise me surely, or else deny me—for you have nothing to fear—that I may learn how greatly you disdain me.”

At this Jove was much troubled and answered, “I shall have trouble if you set me quarrelling with Juno, for she will provoke me with her taunting speeches; even now she is always railing at me before the other gods and accusing me of giving aid to the Trojans. Go back now, lest she should find out. I will consider the matter, and will bring it about as you wish. See, I incline my head that you may believe me. This is the most solemn promise that I can give to any god. I never recall my word, or deceive, or fail to do what I say, when I have nodded my head.”

As he spoke the son of Saturn bowed his dark brows, and the ambrosial locks swayed on his immortal head, till vast Olympus reeled.

When the pair had thus laid their plans, they parted—Jove to his house, while the goddess quitted the splendour of Olympus, and plunged into the depths of the sea. The gods rose from their seats, before the coming of their sire. Not one of them dared to remain sitting, but all stood up as he came among them. There, then, he took his seat. But Juno, when she saw him, knew that he and the old merman’s daughter, silver-footed Thetis, had been hatching mischief, so she at once began to upbraid him. “Trickster,” she cried, “which of the gods have you been taking into your counsels now? You are always settling matters in secret behind my back, and have never yet told me, if you could help it, one word of your intentions.”

“Juno,” replied the sire of gods and men, “you must not expect to be informed of all my counsels. You are my wife, but you would find it hard to understand them. When it is proper for you to hear, there is no one, god or man, who will be told sooner, but when I mean to keep a matter to myself, you must not pry nor ask questions.”

“Dread son of Saturn,” answered Juno, “what are you talking about? I? Pry and ask questions? Never. I let you have your own way in everything. Still, I have a strong misgiving that the old merman’s daughter Thetis has been talking you over, for she was with you and had hold of your knees this self-same morning. I believe, therefore, that you have been promising her to give glory to Achilles, and to kill much people at the ships of the Achaeans.”

“Wife,” said Jove, “I can do nothing but you suspect me and find it out. You will take nothing by it, for I shall only dislike you the more, and it will go harder with you. Granted that it is as you say; I mean to have it so; sit down and hold your tongue as I bid you for if I once begin to lay my hands about you, though all heaven were on your side it would profit you nothing.”

On this Juno was frightened, so she curbed her stubborn will and sat down in silence. But the heavenly beings were disquieted throughout the house of Jove, till the cunning workman Vulcan²⁰ began to try and pacify his mother Juno. “It will be intolerable,” said he, “if you two fall to wrangling and setting heaven in an uproar about a pack of mortals. If such ill counsels are to prevail, we shall have no pleasure at our banquet. Let me then advise my mother—and she must herself know that it will be better—to make friends with my dear father Jove, lest he again scold her and disturb our feast. If the Olympian Thunderer wants to hurl us all from our seats, he can do so, for he is far the strongest, so give him fair words, and he will then soon be in a good humour with us.”

As he spoke, he took a double cup of nectar, and placed it in his mother’s hand. “Cheer up, my dear mother,” said he, “and make the best of it. I love you dearly, and should be very sorry to see you get a thrashing; however grieved I might be, I could not help, for there is no standing against Jove. Once before when I was trying to help you, he caught me by the foot and flung me from the heavenly threshold. All day long from morn till eve, was I falling, till at sunset I came to ground in the island of Lemnos, and there I lay, with very little life left in me, till the Sintians came and tended me.”

Juno smiled at this, and as she smiled she took the cup from her son’s hands. Then Vulcan drew sweet nectar from the mixing-bowl, and served it round among the gods, going from left to right; and the blessed gods laughed out a loud applause as they saw him bustling about the heavenly mansion.

Thus through the livelong day to the going down of the sun they feasted, and every one had his full share, so that all were satisfied. Apollo struck his lyre, and the Muses lifted up their sweet voices, calling and answer-

¹⁹ The pose of the suppliant; Priam will repeat this gesture with Achilles in Book 24.

²⁰ Hephaestus (Greek), the god of fire, volcanoes, and the forge.

ing one another. But when the sun's glorious light had faded, they went home to bed, each in his own abode, which lame Vulcan with his consummate skill had fashioned for them. So Jove, the Olympian Lord of Thunder, hied him to the bed in which he always slept; and when he had got on to it he went to sleep, with Juno of the golden throne by his side.

Book II

Jove sends a lying dream to Agamemnon, who thereon calls the chiefs in assembly, and proposes to sound the mind of his army—In the end they march to fight—Catalogue of the Achaean and Trojan forces.

[The Catalogue of Heroes:]

[The Greeks]

And now, O Muses, dwellers in the mansions of Olympus, tell me—for you are goddesses and are in all places so that you see all things, while we know nothing but by report—who were the chiefs and princes of the Danaans? As for the common soldiers, they were so that I could not name every single one of them though I had ten tongues, and though my voice failed not and my heart were of bronze within me,

unless you, O Olympian Muses, daughters of aegis-bearing Jove, were to recount them to me. Nevertheless, I will tell the captains of the ships and all the fleet together.

Peneleos, Leitus, Arcesilaus, Prothoenor, and Clonius were captains of the Boeotians. These were they that dwelt in Hyria and rocky Aulis, and who held Schoenus, Scolus, and the highlands of Eteonus, with Thespeia, Graia, and the fair city of Mycalessus. They also held Harma, Eilesium, and Erythrae; and they had Eleon, Hyle, and Peteon; Ocalea and the strong fortress of Medeon; Copae, Eutresis, and Thisbe the haunt of doves; Coronea, and the pastures of Haliartus; Plataea and Glisas; the fortress of Thebes the less; holy Onchestus with its famous grove of Neptune; Arne rich in vineyards; Midea, sacred Nisa, and Anthedon upon the sea. From these there came fifty ships, and in each there were a hundred and twenty young men of the Boeotians.

Ascalaphus and Ialmenus, sons of Mars, led the people that dwelt in Aspledon and Orchomenus the realm of Minyas. Astyoche a noble maiden bore them in the house of Actor son of Azeus; for she had gone with Mars secretly into an upper chamber, and he had lain with her. With these there came thirty ships.

The Phocceans were led by Schedius and Epistrophus, sons of mighty Iphitus the son of Naubolus. These were they that held Cyparissus, rocky Pytho, holy Crisa, Daulis, and Panopeus; they also that dwelt in Anemorea and Hyampolis, and about the waters of the river Cephissus, and Lilaea by the springs of the Cephissus; with their chieftains came forty ships, and they marshalled the forces of the Phocceans, which were stationed next to the Boeotians, on their left.

Ajax, the fleet son of Oileus, commanded the Locrians. He was not so great, nor nearly so great, as Ajax the son of Telamon. He was a little man, and his breastplate was made of linen, but in use of the spear he excelled all the Hellenes and the Achaeans. These dwelt in Cynus, Opous, Calliarus, Bessa, Scarphe, fair Augeae, Tarphe, and Thronium about the river Boagrius. With him there came forty ships of the Locrians who dwell beyond Euboea.

The fierce Abantes held Euboea with its cities, Chalcis, Eretria, Histiaea rich in vines, Cerinthus upon the sea, and the rock-perched town of Dium; with them were also the men of Carystus and Styra; Elephenor of the race of Mars was in command of these; he was son of Chalcodon, and chief over all the Abantes. With him they came, fleet of foot and wearing their hair long behind, brave warriors, who would ever strive to tear open the corslets of their foes with their long ashen spears. Of these there came fifty ships.

And they that held the strong city of Athens, the people of great Erechtheus, who was born of the soil itself, but Jove's daughter, Minerva, fostered him, and established him at Athens in her own rich sanctuary. There, year by year, the Athenian youths worship him with sacrifices of bulls and rams. These were commanded by Menestheus, son of Peteos. No man living could equal him in the marshalling of chariots and foot soldiers. Nestor could alone rival him, for he was older. With him there came fifty ships.

Ajax brought twelve ships from Salamis, and stationed them alongside those of the Athenians.

The men of Argos, again, and those who held the walls of Tiryns, with Hermione, and Asine upon the gulf; Troezen, Eionae, and the vineyard lands of Epidaurus; the Achaean youths, moreover, who came from Aegina and Mases; these were led by Diomedes of the loud battle-cry, and Sthenelus son of famed Capaneus. With them in command was Euryalus, son of king Mecisteus, son of Talaus; but Diomedes was chief over them all. With these there came eighty ships.

Those who held the strong city of Mycenae, rich Corinth and Cleonae; Orneae, Araethyrea, and Licyon, where Adrastus reigned of old; Hyperesia, high Gonoessa, and Pellene; Aegium and all the coast-land round about Helice; these sent a hundred ships under the command of King Agamemnon, son of Atreus. His force

was far both finest and most numerous, and in their midst was the king himself, all glorious in his armour of gleaming bronze—foremost among the heroes, for he was the greatest king, and had most men under him.

And those that dwelt in Lacedaemon, lying low among the hills, Pharis, Sparta, with Messe the haunt of doves; Bryseae, Augeae, Amyclae, and Helos upon the sea; Laas, moreover, and Oetylus; these were led by Menelaus of the loud battle-cry, brother to Agamemnon, and of them there were sixty ships, drawn up apart from the others. Among them went Menelaus himself, strong in zeal, urging his men to fight; for he longed to avenge the toil and sorrow that he had suffered for the sake of Helen.

The men of Pylos and Arene, and Thryum where is the ford of the river Alpheus; strong Aipy, Cyparisseis, and Amphigeneia; Pteleum, Helos, and Dorium, where the Muses met Thamyris, and stilled his minstrelsy for ever. He was returning from Oechalia, where Eurytus lived and reigned, and boasted that he would surpass even the Muses, daughters of aegis-bearing Jove, if they should sing against him; whereon they were angry, and maimed him. They robbed him of his divine power of song, and thenceforth he could strike the lyre no more. These were commanded by Nestor, knight of Gerene, and with him there came ninety ships.

And those that held Arcadia, under the high mountain of Cyllene, near the tomb of Aepytus, where the people fight hand to hand; the men of Pheneus also, and Orchomenus rich in flocks; of Rhipae, Stratie, and bleak Enispe; of Tegea and fair Mantinea; of Stymphelus and Parrhasia; of these King Agapenor son of Ancaeus was commander, and they had sixty ships. Many Arcadians, good soldiers, came in each one of them, but Agamemnon found them the ships in which to cross the sea, for they were not a people that occupied their business upon the waters.

The men, moreover, of Buprasium and of Elis, so much of it as is enclosed between Hyrmine, Myrsinus upon the sea-shore, the rock Olene and Alesium. These had four leaders, and each of them had ten ships, with many Epeans on board. Their captains were Amphimachus and Thalpius—the one, son of Cteatus, and the other, of Eurytus—both of the race of Actor. The two others were Diores, son of Amarynces, and Polyxenus, son of King Agasthenes, son of Augeas.

And those of Dulichium with the sacred Echinean islands, who dwelt beyond the sea off Elis; these were led by Meges, peer of Mars, and the son of valiant Phyleus, dear to Jove, who quarrelled with his father, and went to settle in Dulichium. With him there came forty ships.

Ulysses led the brave Cephallenians, who held Ithaca, Neritum with its forests, Crocylea, rugged Aegilips, Samos and Zacynthus, with the mainland also that was over against the islands. These were led by Ulysses, peer of Jove in counsel, and with him there came twelve ships.

Thoas, son of Andraemon, commanded the Aetolians, who dwelt in Pleuron, Olenus, Pylene, Chalcis by the sea, and rocky Calydon, for the great king Oeneus had now no sons living, and was himself dead, as was also golden-haired Meleager, who had been set over the Aetolians to be their king. And with Thoas there came forty ships.

The famous spearsman Idomeneus led the Cretans, who held Cnossus, and the well-walled city of Gortys; Lyctus also, Miletus and Lycastus that lies upon the chalk; the populous towns of Phaestus and Rhytium, with the other peoples that dwelt in the hundred cities of Crete. All these were led by Idomeneus, and by Meriones, peer of murderous Mars. And with these there came eighty ships.

Tlepolemus, son of Hercules, a man both brave and large of stature, brought nine ships of lordly warriors from Rhodes. These dwelt in Rhodes which is divided among the three cities of Lindus, Ielysus, and Cameirus, that lies upon the chalk. These were commanded by Tlepolemus, son of Hercules by Astyochea, whom he had carried off from Ephyra, on the river Selleis, after sacking many cities of valiant warriors. When

Tlepolemus grew up, he killed his father's uncle Licymnius, who had been a famous warrior in his time, but was then grown old. On this he built himself a fleet, gathered a great following, and fled beyond the sea, for he was menaced by the other sons and grandsons of Hercules. After a voyage, during which he suffered great hardship, he came to Rhodes, where the people divided into three communities, according to their tribes, and were dearly loved by Jove, the lord of gods and men; wherefore the son of Saturn showered down great riches upon them.

And Nireus brought three ships from Syme—Nireus, who was the handsomest man that came up under Ilius of all the Danaans after the son of Peleus—but he was a man of no substance, and had but a small following.

And those that held Nisyru, Crapathus, and Casus, with Cos, the city of Eurypylyus, and the Calydnian islands, these were commanded by Pheidippus and Antiphus, two sons of King Thessalus the son of Hercules. And with them there came thirty ships.

Those again who held Pelasgic Argos, Alos, Alope, and Trachis; and those of Phthia and Hellas the land of fair women, who were called Myrmidons, Hellenes, and Achaeans; these had fifty ships, over which Achilles was in command. But they now took no part in the war, inasmuch as there was no one to marshal them; for

Achilles stayed by his ships, furious about the loss of the girl Briseis, whom he had taken from Lyrnessus at his own great peril, when he had sacked Lyrnessus and Thebe, and had overthrown Mynes and Epistrophus, sons of king Evenor, son of Selepus. For her sake Achilles was still grieving, but ere long he was again to join them.

And those that held Phylace and the flowery meadows of Pyrasus, sanctuary of Ceres; Iton, the mother of sheep; Antrum upon the sea, and Pteleum that lies upon the grass lands. Of these brave Protesilaus had been captain while he was yet alive, but he was now lying under the earth. He had left a wife behind him in Phylace to tear her cheeks in sorrow, and his house was only half finished, for he was slain by a Dardanian warrior while leaping foremost of the Achaeans upon the soil of Troy. Still, though his people mourned their chieftain, they were not without a leader, for Podarces, of the race of Mars, marshalled them; he was son of Iphiclus, rich in sheep, who was the son of Phylacus, and he was own brother to Protesilaus, only younger, Protesilaus being at once the elder and the more valiant. So the people were not without a leader, though they mourned him whom they had lost. With him there came forty ships.

And those that held Pherae by the Boebean lake, with Boebe, Glaphyrae, and the populous city of Iolcus, these with their eleven ships were led by Eumelus, son of Admetus, whom Alcestis bore to him, loveliest of the daughters of Pelias.

And those that held Methone and Thaumacia, with Meliboea and rugged Olizon, these were led by the skilful archer Philoctetes, and they had seven ships, each with fifty oarsmen all of them good archers; but Philoctetes was lying in great pain in the Island of Lemnos, where the sons of the Achaeans left him, for he had been bitten by a poisonous water snake. There he lay sick and sorry, and full soon did the Argives come to miss him. But his people, though they felt his loss were not leaderless, for Medon, the bastard son of Oileus by Rhene, set them in array.

Those, again, of Tricca and the stony region of Ithome, and they that held Oechalia, the city of Oechalian Eurytus, these were commanded by the two sons of Aesculapius, skilled in the art of healing, Podalirius and Machaon. And with them there came thirty ships.

The men, moreover, of Ormenius, and by the fountain of Hypereia, with those that held Asterius, and the white crests of Titanus, these were led by Eurypylus, the son of Euaemon, and with them there came forty ships.

Those that held Argissa and Gyrtone, Orthe, Elone, and the white city of Oloosson, of these brave Polypoetes was leader. He was son of Pirithous, who was son of Jove himself, for Hippodameia bore him to Pirithous on the day when he took his revenge on the shaggy mountain savages and drove them from Mt. Pelion to the Aithices. But Polypoetes was not sole in command, for with him was Leonteus, of the race of Mars, who was son of Coronus, the son of Caeneus. And with these there came forty ships.

Guneus brought two and twenty ships from Cyphus, and he was followed by the Enienes and the valiant Peraebi, who dwelt about wintry Dodona, and held the lands round the lovely river Titaesius, which sends its waters into the Peneus. They do not mingle with the silver eddies of the Peneus, but flow on the top of them like oil; for the Titaesius is a branch of dread Orcus and of the river Styx.

Of the Magnetes, Prothous son of Tenthredon was commander. They were they that dwelt about the river Peneus and Mt. Pelion. Prothous, fleet of foot, was their leader, and with him there came forty ships.

Such were the chiefs and princes of the Danaans.

[The Greek horses and best heroes]

Who, then, O Muse, was the foremost, whether man or horse, among those that followed after the sons of Atreus?

Of the horses, those of the son of Pheres were by far the finest. They were driven by Eumelus, and were as fleet as birds. They were of the same age and colour, and perfectly matched in height. Apollo, of the silver bow, had bred them in Perea—both of them mares, and terrible as Mars in battle.

Of the men, Ajax, son of Telamon, was much the foremost so long as Achilles' anger lasted, for Achilles excelled him greatly and he had also better horses; but Achilles was now holding aloof at his ships by reason of his quarrel with Agamemnon, and his people passed their time upon the sea shore, throwing discs or aiming with spears at a mark, and in archery. Their horses stood each by his own chariot, champing lotus and wild celery. The chariots were housed under cover, but their owners, for lack of leadership, wandered hither and thither about the host and went not forth to fight.

Thus marched the host like a consuming fire, and the earth groaned beneath them when the lord of thunder is angry and lashes the land about Typhoeus among the Arimi, where they say Typhoeus lies. Even so did the earth groan beneath them as they sped over the plain.

[The Trojans]

Here the Trojans and their allies divided their forces.

Priam's son, great Hector of the gleaming helmet, commanded the Trojans, and with him were arrayed by

far the greater number and most valiant of those who were longing for the fray.

The Dardanians were led by brave Aeneas, whom Venus bore to Anchises, when she, goddess though she was, had lain with him upon the mountain slopes of Ida. He was not alone, for with him were the two sons of Antenor, Archilochus and Acamas, both skilled in all the arts of war.

They that dwelt in Telea under the lowest spurs of Mt. Ida, men of substance, who drink the limpid waters of the Aesepus, and are of Trojan blood—these were led by Pandarus son of Lycaon, whom Apollo had taught to use the bow.

They that held Adresteia and the land of Apaesus, with Pityeia, and the high mountain of Tereia—these were led by Adrestus and Amphius, whose breastplate was of linen. These were the sons of Merops of Percote, who excelled in all kinds of divination. He told them not to take part in the war, but they gave him no heed, for fate lured them to destruction.

They that dwelt about Percote and Practius, with Sestos, Abydos, and Arisbe— these were led by Asius, son of Hyrtacus, a brave commander—Asius, the son of Hyrtacus, whom his powerful dark bay steeds, of the breed that comes from the river Selleis, had brought from Arisbe.

Hippothon led the tribes of Pelasgian spearmen, who dwelt in fertile Larissa— Hippothon, and Pylaeus of the race of Mars, two sons of the Pelasgian Lethus, son of Teutamus.

Acamas and the warrior Peirous commanded the Thracians and those that came from beyond the mighty stream of the Hellespont.

Euphemus, son of Troezenus, the son of Ceos, was captain of the Ciconian spearmen.

Pyraechmes led the Paeonian archers from distant Amydon, by the broad waters of the river Axius, the fairest that flow upon the earth.

The Paphlagonians were commanded by stout-hearted Pylaemenes from Enetae, where the mules run wild in herds. These were they that held Cyturus and the country round Sesamus, with the cities by the river Parthenius, Cromna, Aegialus, and lofty Erithini.

Odius and Epistrophus were captains over the Halizoni from distant Alybe, where there are mines of silver.

Chromis, and Ennomus the augur, led the Mysians, but his skill in augury availed not to save him from destruction, for he fell by the hand of the fleet descendant of Aeacus in the river, where he slew others also of the Trojans.

Phorcys, again, and noble Ascanius led the Phrygians from the far country of Ascania, and both were eager for the fray.

Mesthles and Antiphus commanded the Meonians, sons of Talaemenes, born to him of the Gygaean lake. These led the Meonians, who dwelt under Mt. Tmolus.

Nastes led the Carians, men of a strange speech. These held Miletus and the wooded mountain of Phthires, with the water of the river Maeander and the lofty crests of Mt. Mycale. These were commanded by Nastes and Amphimachus, the brave sons of Nomion. He came into the fight with gold about him, like a girl; fool that he was, his gold was of no avail to save him, for he fell in the river by the hand of the fleet descendant of Aeacus, and Achilles bore away his gold.

Sarpedon and Glaucus led the Lycians from their distant land, by the eddy waters of the Xanthus.

Book III

Alexandria (or Alexandrus), also called Paris, challenges Menelaus— Helen and Priam view the Achaeans from the wall—The covenant— Paris and Menelaus fight, and Paris is worsted— Venus carries him off to save him— Scene between him and Helen.

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Meanwhile Iris²¹ went to Helen in the form of her sister-in-law, wife of the son of Antenor, for Helicaon, son of Antenor, had married Laodice, the fairest of Priam's daughters. She found her in her own room, working at a great web of purple linen, on which she was embroidering the battles between Trojans and Achaeans, that Mars had made them fight for her sake. Iris then came close up to her and said, "Come hither, child, and see the strange doings of the Trojans and Achaeans. Till now they have been warring upon the plain, mad with lust of battle, but now they have left off fighting, and are leaning upon their shields, sitting still with their spears planted beside them. Alexandrus²² and Menelaus are going to fight about yourself, and you are to be the wife of him who is the victor."

21 Rainbow goddess and messenger of Juno/Hera

22 Paris, the Trojan prince who kidnapped Helen

Thus spoke the goddess, and Helen's heart yearned after her former husband, her city, and her parents. She threw a white mantle over her head, and hurried from her room, weeping as she went, not alone, but attended by two of her handmaids, Aethrae, daughter of Pittheus, and Clymene. And straightway they were at the Scaean gates.

The two sages, Ucalegon and Antenor, elders of the people, were seated by the Scaean gates, with Priam, Panthous, Thymoetes, Lampus, Clytius, and Hiketaon of the race of Mars. These were too old to fight, but they were fluent orators, and sat on the tower like cicalas that chirrup delicately from the boughs of some high tree in a wood. When they saw Helen coming towards the tower, they said softly to one another, "Small wonder that Trojans and Achaeans should endure so much and so long, for the sake of a woman so marvellously and divinely lovely. Still, fair though she be, let them take her and go, or she will breed sorrow for us and for our children after us."

But Priam bade her draw nigh. "My child," said he, "take your seat in front of me that you may see your former husband, your kinsmen and your friends. I lay no blame upon you, it is the gods, not you who are to blame. It is they that have brought about this terrible war with the Achaeans. Tell me, then, who is yonder huge hero so great and goodly? I have seen men taller by a head, but none so comely and so royal. Surely he must be a king."

"Sir," answered Helen, "father of my husband, dear and reverend in my eyes, would that I had chosen death rather than to have come here with your son, far from my bridal chamber, my friends, my darling daughter, and all the companions of my girlhood. But it was not to be, and my lot is one of tears and sorrow. As for your question, the hero of whom you ask is Agamemnon, son of Atreus, a good king and a brave soldier, brother-in-law as surely as that he lives, to my abhorred and miserable self."

The old man marvelled at him and said, "Happy son of Atreus, child of good fortune. I see that the Achaeans are subject to you in great multitudes. When I was in Phrygia I saw much horsemen, the people of Otreus and of Mygdon, who were camping upon the banks of the river Sangarius; I was their ally, and with them when the Amazons, peers of men, came up against them, but even they were not so many as the Achaeans."

The old man next looked upon Ulysses; "Tell me," he said, "who is that other, shorter by a head than Agamemnon, but broader across the chest and shoulders? His armour is laid upon the ground, and he stalks in front of the ranks as it were some great woolly ram ordering his ewes."

And Helen answered, "He is Ulysses, a man of great craft, son of Laertes. He was born in rugged Ithaca, and excels in all manner of stratagems and subtle cunning."

On this Antenor said, "Madam, you have spoken truly. Ulysses once came here as envoy about yourself, and Menelaus with him. I received them in my own house, and therefore know both of them by sight and conversation. When they stood up in presence of the assembled Trojans, Menelaus was the broader shouldered, but when both were seated Ulysses had the more royal presence. After a time they delivered their message, and the speech of Menelaus ran trippingly on the tongue; he did not say much, for he was a man of few words, but he spoke very clearly and to the point, though he was the younger man of the two; Ulysses, on the other hand, when he rose to speak, was at first silent and kept his eyes fixed upon the ground. There was no play nor graceful movement of his sceptre; he kept it straight and stiff like a man unpractised in oratory—one might have taken him for a mere churl or simpleton; but when he raised his voice, and the words came driving from his deep chest like winter

snow before the wind, then there was none to touch him, and no man thought further of what he looked like."

Priam then caught sight of Ajax and asked, "Who is that great and goodly warrior whose head and broad shoulders tower above the rest of the Argives?"

"That," answered Helen, "is huge Ajax, bulwark of the Achaeans, and on the other side of him, among the Cretans, stands Idomeneus looking like a god, and with the captains of the Cretans round him. Often did Menelaus receive him as a guest in our house when he came visiting us from Crete. I see, moreover, many other Achaeans whose names I could tell you, but there are two whom I can nowhere find, Castor, breaker of horses, and Pollux the mighty boxer; they are children of my mother, and own brothers to myself. Either they have not left Lacedaemon, or else, though they have brought their ships, they will not show themselves in battle for the shame and disgrace that I have brought upon them."

She knew not that both these heroes were already lying under the earth in their own land of Lacedaemon.

Meanwhile the heralds were bringing the holy oath-offerings through the city—two lambs and a goat-skin of wine, the gift of earth; and Idaeus brought the mixing bowl and the cups of gold. He went up to Priam and said, "Son of Laomedon, the princes of the Trojans and Achaeans bid you come down on to the plain and swear to a solemn covenant. Alexandrus and Menelaus are to fight for Helen in single combat, that she and all her wealth may go with him who is the victor. We are to swear to a solemn covenant of peace whereby we

others shall dwell here in Troy, while the Achaeans return to Argos and the land of the Achaeans.”

The old man trembled as he heard, but bade his followers yoke the horses, and they made all haste to do so. He mounted the chariot, gathered the reins in his hand, and Antenor took his seat beside him; they then drove through the Scaean gates on to the plain. When they reached the ranks of the Trojans and Achaeans they left the chariot, and with measured pace advanced into the space between the hosts.

Agamemnon and Ulysses both rose to meet them. The attendants brought on the oath-offerings and mixed the wine in the mixing-bowls; they poured water over the hands of the chieftains, and the son of Atreus drew the dagger that hung by his sword, and cut wool from the lambs' heads; this the men-servants gave about among the Trojan and Achaean princes, and the son of Atreus lifted up his hands in prayer. “Father Jove,” he cried, “that rulest in Ida, most glorious in power, and thou oh Sun, that seest and givest ear to all things, Earth and Rivers, and ye who in the realms below chastise the soul of him that has broken his oath, witness these rites and guard them, that they be not vain. If Alexandrus kills Menelaus, let him keep Helen and all her wealth, while we sail home with our ships; but if Menelaus kills Alexandrus, let the Trojans give back Helen and all that she has; let them moreover pay such fine to the Achaeans as shall be agreed upon, in testimony among those that shall be born hereafter. And if Priam and his sons refuse such fine when Alexandrus has fallen, then will I stay here and fight on till I have got satisfaction.”

As he spoke he drew his knife across the throats of the victims, and laid them down gasping and dying upon the ground, for the knife had reft them of their strength. Then they poured wine from the mixing-bowl into the cups, and prayed to the everlasting gods, saying, Trojans and Achaeans among one another, “Jove, most great and glorious, and ye other everlasting gods, grant that the brains of them who shall first sin against their oaths—of them and their children—may be shed upon the ground even as this wine, and let their wives become the slaves of strangers.”

Thus they prayed, but not as yet would Jove grant them their prayer. Then Priam, descendant of Dardanus, spoke, saying, “Hear me, Trojans and Achaeans, I will now go back to the wind-beaten city of Ilius: I dare not with my own eyes witness this fight between my son and Menelaus, for Jove and the other immortals alone know which shall fall.”

On this he laid the two lambs on his chariot and took his seat. He gathered the reins in his hand, and Antenor sat beside him; the two then went back to Ilius. Hector and Ulysses measured the ground, and cast lots from a helmet of bronze to see which should take aim first. Meanwhile the two hosts lifted up their hands and prayed saying, “Father Jove, that rulest from Ida, most glorious in power, grant that he who first brought about this war between us may die, and enter the house of Hades, while we others remain at peace and abide by our oaths.”

Great Hector now turned his head aside while he shook the helmet, and the lot of Paris flew out first. The others took their several stations, each by his horses and the place where his arms were lying, while Alexandrus, husband of lovely Helen, put on his goodly armour. First he greaved his legs with greaves of good make and fitted with ankle-clasps of silver; after this he donned the cuirass of his brother Lycaon, and fitted it to his own body; he hung his silver-studded sword of bronze about his shoulders, and then his mighty shield. On his comely head he set his helmet, well-wrought, with a crest of horse-hair that nodded menacingly above it, and he grasped a redoubtable spear that suited his hands. In like fashion Menelaus also put on his armour.

When they had thus armed, each amid his own people, they strode fierce of aspect into the open space, and both Trojans and Achaeans were struck with awe as

they beheld them. They stood near one another on the measured ground, brandishing their spears, and each furious against the other. Alexandrus aimed first, and struck the round shield of the son of Atreus, but the spear did not pierce it, for the shield turned its point. Menelaus next took aim, praying to Father Jove as he did so. “King Jove,” he said, “grant me revenge on Alexandrus who has wronged me; subdue him under my hand that in ages yet to come a man may shrink from doing ill deeds in the house of his host.”

He poised his spear as he spoke, and hurled it at the shield of Alexandrus. Through shield and cuirass it went, and tore the shirt by his flank, but Alexandrus swerved aside, and thus saved his life. Then the son of Atreus drew his sword, and drove at the projecting part of his helmet, but the sword fell shivered in three or four pieces from his hand, and he cried, looking towards Heaven, “Father Jove, of all gods thou art the most spiteful; I made sure of my revenge, but the sword has broken in my hand, my spear has been hurled in vain, and I have not killed him.”

With this he flew at Alexandrus, caught him by the horsehair plume of his helmet, and began dragging him towards the Achaeans. The strap of the helmet that went under his chin was choking him, and Menelaus would have dragged him off to his own great glory had not Jove's daughter Venus been quick to mark and to break the strap of oxhide, so that the empty helmet came away in his hand. This he flung to his comrades among the Achaeans, and was again springing upon Alexandrus to run him through with a spear, but Venus

snatched him up in a moment (as a god can do), hid him under a cloud of darkness, and conveyed him to his own bedchamber.

Then she went to call Helen, and found her on a high tower with the Trojan women crowding round her. She took the form of an old woman who used to dress wool for her when she was still in Lacedaemon, and of whom she was very fond. Thus disguised she plucked her by perfumed robe and said, "Come hither; Alexandrus says you are to go to the house; he is on his bed in his own room, radiant with beauty and dressed in gorgeous apparel. No one would think he had just come from fighting, but rather that he was going to a dance, or had done dancing and was sitting down."

With these words she moved the heart of Helen to anger. When she marked the beautiful neck of the goddess, her lovely bosom, and sparkling eyes, she marvelled at her and said, "Goddess, why do you thus beguile me? Are you going to send me afield still further to some man whom you have taken up in Phrygia or fair Meonia? Menelaus has just vanquished Alexandrus, and is to take my hateful self back with him. You are come here to betray me. Go sit with Alexandrus yourself; henceforth be goddess no longer; never let your feet carry you back to Olympus; worry about him and look after him till he make you his wife, or, for the matter of that, his slave—but

me? I shall not go; I can garnish his bed no longer; I should be a by-word among all the women of Troy. Besides, I have trouble on my mind."

Venus was very angry, and said, "Bold hussy, do not provoke me; if you do, I shall leave you to your fate and hate you as much as I have loved you. I will stir up fierce hatred between Trojans and Achaeans, and you shall come to a bad end."

At this Helen was frightened. She wrapped her mantle about her and went in silence, following the goddess and unnoticed by the Trojan women.

When they came to the house of Alexandrus the maid-servants set about their work, but Helen went into her own room, and the laughter-loving goddess took a seat and set it for her facing Alexandrus. On this Helen, daughter of aegis-bearing Jove, sat down, and with eyes askance began to upbraid her husband.

"So you are come from the fight," said she; "would that you had fallen rather by the hand of that brave man who was my husband. You used to brag that you were a better man with hands and spear than Menelaus. Go, then, and challenge him again—but I should advise you not to do so, for if you are foolish enough to meet him in single combat, you will soon fall by his spear."

And Paris answered, "Wife, do not vex me with your reproaches. This time, with the help of Minerva, Menelaus has vanquished me; another time I may myself be victor, for I too have gods that will stand by me. Come, let us lie down together and make friends. Never yet was I so passionately enamoured of you as at this moment—not even when I first carried you off from Lacedaemon and sailed away with you—not even when I had converse with you upon the couch of love in the island of Cranae was I so enthralled by desire of you as now." On this he led her towards the bed, and his wife went with him.

Thus they laid themselves on the bed together; but the son of Atreus strode among the throng, looking everywhere for Alexandrus, and no man, neither of the Trojans nor of the allies, could find him. If they had seen him they were in no mind to hide him, for they all of them hated him as they did death itself. Then Agamemnon, king of men, spoke, saying, "Hear me, Trojans, Dardanians, and allies. The victory has been with Menelaus; therefore give back Helen with all her wealth, and pay such fine as shall be agreed upon, in testimony among them that shall be born hereafter."

Thus spoke the son of Atreus, and the Achaeans shouted in applause.

Book IV Summary

A quarrel in Olympus—Minerva goes down and persuades Pandarus to violate the oaths by wounding Menelaus with an arrow—Agamemnon makes a speech and sends for Machaon—He then goes about among his captains and upbraids Ulysses and Sthenelus, who each of them retort fiercely—Diomedes checks Sthenelus, and the two hosts then engage, with great slaughter on either side.

Book V Summary

The exploits of Diomedes, who, though wounded by Pandarus, continues fighting—He kills Pandarus and wounds Aeneas—Venus rescues Aeneas, but being wounded by Diomedes, commits him to the care of Apollo and goes to Olympus, where she is tended by her mother Dione—Mars encourages the Trojans, and Aeneas returns to the fight cured of his wound—Minerva and Juno help the Achaeans, and by the advice of the former Diomedes wounds Mars, who returns to Olympus to get cured.

Book VI*Glauco and Diomedes—The story of Bellerophon—Hector and Andromache.*

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Now when Hector reached the Scaean gates and the oak tree, the wives and daughters of the Trojans came running towards him to ask after their sons, brothers, kinsmen, and husbands: he told them to set about praying to the gods, and many were made sorrowful as they heard him.

Presently he reached the splendid palace of King Priam, adorned with colonnades of hewn stone. In it there were fifty bedchambers—all of hewn stone—built near one another, where the sons of Priam slept, each with his wedded wife. Opposite these, on the other side the courtyard, there were twelve upper rooms also of hewn stone for Priam's daughters, built near one another, where his sons-in-law slept with their wives. When Hector got there, his fond mother came up to him with Laodice the fairest of her daughters. She took his hand within her own and said, "My son, why have you left the battle to come hither? Are the Achaeans, woe betide them, pressing

you hard about the city that you have thought fit to come and uplift your hands to Jove from the citadel? Wait till I can bring you wine that you may make offering to Jove and to the other immortals, and may then drink and be refreshed. Wine gives a man fresh strength when he is wearied, as you now are with fighting on behalf of your kinsmen."

And Hector answered, "Honoured mother, bring no wine, lest you unman me and I forget my strength. I dare not make a drink-offering to Jove with unwashed hands; one who is bespattered with blood and filth may not pray to the son of Saturn. Get the matrons together, and go with offerings to the temple of Minerva driver of the spoil; there, upon the knees of Minerva, lay the largest and fairest robe you have in your house—the one you set most store by; promise, moreover, to sacrifice twelve yearling heifers that have never yet felt the goad, in the temple of the goddess if she will take pity on the town, with the wives and little ones of the Trojans, and keep the son of Tydeus from off the goodly city of Ilius, for he fights with fury, and fills men's souls with panic. Go, then, to the temple of Minerva, while I seek Paris and exhort him, if he will hear my words. Would that the earth might open her jaws and swallow him, for Jove bred him to be the bane of the Trojans, and of Priam and Priam's sons. Could I but see him go down into the house of Hades, my heart would forget its heaviness."

His mother went into the house and called her waiting-women who gathered the matrons throughout the city. She then went down into her fragrant store-room, where her embroidered robes were kept, the work of Sidonian women, whom Alexandrus had brought over from Sidon when he sailed the seas upon that voyage during which he carried off Helen. Hecuba took out the largest robe, and the one that was most beautifully enriched with embroidery, as an offering to Minerva: it glittered like a star, and lay at the very bottom of the chest. With this she went on her way and many matrons with her.

When they reached the temple of Minerva, lovely Theano, daughter of Cisseus and wife of Antenor, opened the doors, for the Trojans had made her priestess of Minerva. The women lifted up their hands to the goddess with a loud cry, and Theano took the robe to lay it upon the knees of Minerva, praying the while to the daughter of great Jove. "Holy Minerva," she cried, "protectress of our city, mighty goddess, break the spear of Diomedes and lay him low before the Scaean gates. Do this, and we will sacrifice twelve heifers that have never yet known the goad, in your temple, if you will have pity upon the town, with the wives and little ones of the Trojans." Thus she prayed, but Pallas Minerva granted not her prayer.

While they were thus praying to the daughter of great Jove, Hector went to the fair house of Alexandrus, which he had built for him by the foremost builders in the land. They had built him his house, storehouse, and courtyard near those of Priam and

Hector on the acropolis. Here Hector entered, with a spear eleven cubits long in his hand; the bronze point gleamed in front of him, and was fastened to the shaft of the spear by a ring of gold. He found Alexandrus within the house, busied about his armour, his shield and cuirass, and handling his curved bow; there, too, sat Argive Helen with her women, setting them their several tasks; and as Hector saw him he rebuked him with words of scorn. "Sir," said he, "you do ill to nurse this rancour; the people perish fighting round this our town; you would yourself chide one whom you saw shirking his part in the combat. Up then, or ere long the city will be in a blaze."

And Alexandrus answered, "Hector, your rebuke is just; listen therefore, and believe me when I tell you that I am not here so much through rancour or ill-will towards the Trojans, as from a desire to indulge my grief. My wife was even now gently urging me to battle, and I hold it better that I should go, for victory is ever fickle. Wait, then, while I put on my armour, or go first and I will follow. I shall be sure to overtake you."

Hector made no answer, but Helen tried to soothe him. "Brother," said she, "to my abhorred and sinful self,

would that a whirlwind had caught me up on the day my mother brought me forth, and had borne me to some mountain or to the waves of the roaring sea that should have swept me away ere this mischief had come about. But, since the gods have devised these evils, would, at any rate, that I had been wife to a better man—to one who could smart under dishonour and men's evil speeches. This fellow was never yet to be depended upon, nor never will be, and he will surely reap what he has sown. Still, brother, come in and rest upon this seat, for it is you who bear the brunt of that toil that has been caused by my hateful self and by the sin of Alexandrus—both of whom Jove has doomed to be a theme of song among those that shall be born hereafter.”

And Hector answered, “Bid me not be seated, Helen, for all the goodwill you bear me. I cannot stay. I am in haste to help the Trojans, who miss me greatly when I am not among them; but urge your husband, and of his own self also let him make haste to overtake me before I am out of the city. I must go home to see my household, my wife and my little son, for I know not whether I shall ever again return to them, or whether the gods will cause me to fall by the hands of the Achaeans.”

Then Hector left her, and forthwith was at his own house. He did not find Andromache, for she was on the wall with her child and one of her maids, weeping bitterly. Seeing, then, that she was not within, he stood on the threshold of the women's rooms and said, “Women, tell me, and tell me true, where did Andromache go when she left the house? Was it to my sisters, or to my brothers' wives? or is she at the temple of Minerva where the other women are propitiating the awful goddess?”

His good housekeeper answered, “Hector, since you bid me tell you truly, she did not go to your sisters nor to your brothers' wives, nor yet to the temple of Minerva, where the other women are propitiating the awful goddess, but she is on the high wall of Ilius, for she had heard the Trojans were being hard pressed, and that the Achaeans were in great force: she went to the wall in frenzied haste, and the nurse went with her carrying the child.”

Hector hurried from the house when she had done speaking, and went down the streets by the same way that he had come. When he had gone through the city and had reached the Scaean gates through which he would go out on to the plain, his wife came running towards him, Andromache, daughter of great Eetion who ruled in Thebe under the wooded slopes of Mt. Placus, and was king of the Cilicians. His daughter had married Hector, and now came to meet him with a nurse who carried his little child in her bosom—a mere babe. Hector's darling son, and lovely as a star. Hector had named him Scamandrius, but the people called him Astyanax, for his father stood alone as chief guardian of Ilius. Hector smiled as he looked upon the boy, but he did not speak, and Andromache stood by him weeping and taking his hand in her own. “Dear husband,” said she, “your valour will bring you to destruction; think on your infant son, and on my hapless self who ere long shall be your widow—for the Achaeans will set upon you in a body and kill you. It would be better for me, should I lose you, to lie dead and buried, for I shall have nothing left to comfort me when you are gone, save only sorrow. I have neither father nor mother now. Achilles slew my father when he sacked Thebe the goodly city of the Cilicians. He slew him, but did not for very shame despoil him; when he had burned him in his wondrous armour, he raised a barrow over his ashes and the mountain nymphs, daughters of aegis-bearing Jove, planted a grove of elms about his tomb. I had seven brothers in my father's house, but on the same day they all went within the house of Hades. Achilles killed them as they were with their sheep and cattle. My mother—her who had been queen of all the land under Mt. Placus—he brought hither with the spoil, and freed her for a great sum, but the archer-queen Diana took her in the house of your father. Nay—Hector—who to me are father, mother, brother, and dear husband—have mercy upon me; stay here upon this wall; make not your child fatherless, and your wife a widow; as for the host, place them near the fig-tree, where the city can be best scaled, and the wall is weakest. Thrice have the bravest of them come thither and assailed it, under the two Ajaxes, Idomeneus, the sons of Atreus, and the brave son of Tydeus, either of their own bidding, or because some soothsayer had told them.”

And Hector answered, “Wife, I too have thought upon all this, but with what face should I look upon the Trojans, men or women, if I shirked battle like a coward? I cannot do so: I know nothing save to fight bravely in the forefront of the Trojan host and win renown alike for my father and myself. Well do I know that the day will

surely come when mighty Ilius shall be destroyed with Priam and Priam's people, but I grieve for none of these—not even for Hecuba, nor King Priam, nor for my brothers many and brave who may fall in the dust before their foes—for none of these do I grieve as for yourself when the day shall come on which some one of the Achaeans shall rob you for ever of your freedom, and bear you weeping away. It may be that you will have to ply the loom in Argos at the bidding of a mistress, or to fetch water from the springs Messeis or Hypereia, treated brutally by some cruel task-master; then will one say who sees you weeping, ‘She was wife to Hector, the bravest warrior among the Trojans during the war before Ilius.’ On this your tears will break forth anew for him who would have put away the day of captivity from you. May I lie dead under the barrow that is heaped

over my body ere I hear your cry as they carry you into bondage.”

He stretched his arms towards his child, but the boy cried and nestled in his nurse’s bosom, scared at the sight of his father’s armour, and at the horse-hair plume that nodded fiercely from his helmet. His father and mother laughed to see him, but Hector took the helmet from his head and laid it all gleaming upon the ground. Then he took his darling child, kissed him, and dandled him in his arms, praying over him the while to Jove and to all the gods. “Jove,” he cried, “grant that this my child may be even as myself, chief among the Trojans; let him be not less excellent in strength, and let him rule Ilius with his might. Then may one say of him as he comes from battle, ‘The son is far better than the father.’ May he bring back the blood-stained spoils of him whom he has laid low, and let his mother’s heart be glad.”

With this he laid the child again in the arms of his wife, who took him to her own soft bosom, smiling through her tears. As her husband watched her his heart yearned towards her and he caressed her fondly, saying, “My own wife, do not take these things too bitterly to heart. No one can hurry me down to Hades before my time, but if a man’s hour is come, be he brave or be he coward, there is no escape for him when he has once been born. Go, then, within the house, and busy yourself with your daily duties, your loom, your distaff, and the ordering of your servants; for war is man’s matter, and mine above all others of them that have been born in Ilius.”

He took his plumed helmet from the ground, and his wife went back again to her house, weeping bitterly and often looking back towards him. When she reached her home she found her maidens within, and bade them all join in her lament; so they mourned Hector in his own house though he was yet alive, for they deemed that they should never see him return safe from battle, and from the furious hands of the Achaeans.

Paris did not remain long in his house. He donned his goodly armour overlaid with bronze, and hasted through the city as fast as his feet could take him. As a horse,

stabled and fed, breaks loose and gallops gloriously over the plain to the place where he is wont to bathe in the fair-flowing river—he holds his head high, and his mane streams upon his shoulders as he exults in his strength and flies like the wind to the haunts and feeding ground of the mares—even so went forth Paris from high Pergamus, gleaming like sunlight in his armour, and he laughed aloud as he sped swiftly on his way. Forthwith he came upon his brother Hector, who was then turning away from the place where he had held converse with his wife, and he was himself the first to speak. “Sir,” said he, “I fear that I have kept you waiting when you are in haste, and have not come as quickly as you bade me.”

“My good brother,” answered Hector, “you fight bravely, and no man with any justice can make light of your doings in battle. But you are careless and wilfully remiss. It grieves me to the heart to hear the ill that the Trojans speak about you, for they have suffered much on your account. Let us be going, and we will make things right hereafter, should Jove vouchsafe us to set the cup of our deliverance before ever-living gods of heaven in our own homes, when we have chased the Achaeans from Troy.”

Book VII Summary

Hector and Ajax fight—Hector is getting worsted when night comes on and parts them—They exchange presents—The burial of the dead, and the building of a wall round their ships by the Achaeans—The Achaeans buy their wine of Agamemnon and Menelaus.

Book VIII Summary

Jove forbids the gods to interfere further—There is an even fight till midday, but then Jove inclines the scales of victory in favour of the Trojans, who eventually chase the Achaeans within their wall—Juno and Minerva set out to help the Greeks: Jove sends Iris to turn them back, but later on he promises Juno that she shall have her way in the end—Hector’s triumph is stayed by nightfall—The Trojans bivouac on the plain.

Book IX

The Embassy to Achilles.

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They went their way by the shore of the sounding sea, and prayed earnestly to earth-encircling Neptune that the high spirit of the son of Aeacus might incline favourably towards them. When they reached the ships and tents of the Myrmidons, they found Achilles playing on a lyre, fair, of cunning workmanship, and its cross-bar was of silver. It was part of the spoils which he had taken when he sacked the city of Eetion, and he was now diverting himself with it and singing the feats of heroes. He was alone with Patroclus, who sat opposite to him and said nothing, waiting till he should cease singing. Ulysses and Ajax now came in—Ulysses leading the

way—and stood before him. Achilles sprang from his seat with the lyre still in his hand, and Patroclus, when he saw the strangers, rose also. Achilles then greeted them saying, “All hail and welcome—you must come upon some great matter, you, who for all my anger are still dearest to me of the Achaeans.”

With this he led them forward, and bade them sit on seats covered with purple rugs; then he said to Patroclus who was close by him, “Son of Menoetius, set a larger bowl upon the table, mix less water with the wine, and give every man his cup, for these are very dear friends, who are now under my roof.”

Patroclus did as his comrade bade him; he set the chopping-block in front of the fire, and on it he laid the loin of a sheep, the loin also of a goat, and the chine of a fat hog. Automedon held the meat while Achilles chopped it; he then sliced the pieces and put them on spits while the son of Menoetius made the fire burn high. When the flame had died down, he spread the embers, laid the spits on top of them, lifting them up and setting them upon the spit-racks; and he sprinkled them with salt. When the meat was roasted, he set it on platters, and handed bread round the table in fair baskets, while Achilles dealt them their portions. Then Achilles took his seat facing Ulysses against the opposite wall, and bade his comrade Patroclus offer sacrifice to the gods; so he cast the offerings into the fire, and they laid their hands upon the good things that were before them. As soon as they had had enough to eat and drink, Ajax made a sign to Phoenix, and when he saw this, Ulysses filled his cup with wine and pledged Achilles.

“Hail,” said he, “Achilles, we have had no scant of good cheer, neither in the tent of Agamemnon, nor yet here; there has been plenty to eat and drink, but our thought turns upon no such matter. Sir, we are in the face of great disaster, and without your help know not whether we shall save our fleet or lose it. The Trojans and their allies have camped hard by our ships and by the wall; they have lit watchfires throughout their host and deem that nothing can now prevent them from falling on our fleet. Jove, moreover, has sent his lightnings on their right; Hector, in all his glory, rages like a maniac; confident that Jove is with him he fears neither god nor man, but is gone

raving mad, and prays for the approach of day. He vows that he will hew the high sterns of our ships in pieces, set fire to their hulls, and make havoc of the Achaeans while they are dazed and smothered in smoke; I much fear that heaven will make good his boasting, and it will prove our lot to perish at Troy far from our home in Argos. Up, then, and late though it be, save the sons of the Achaeans who faint before the fury of the Trojans. You will repent bitterly hereafter if you do not, for when the harm is done there will be no curing it; consider ere it be too late, and save the Danaans from destruction.

“My good friend, when your father Peleus sent you from Phthia to Agamemnon, did he not charge you saying, ‘Son, Minerva and Juno will make you strong if they choose, but check your high temper, for the better part is in goodwill. Eschew vain quarrelling, and the Achaeans old and young will respect you more for doing so.’ These were his words, but you have forgotten them. Even now, however, be appeased, and put away your anger from you. Agamemnon will make you great amends if you will forgive him; listen, and I will tell you what he has said in his tent that he will give you. He will give you seven tripods that have never yet been on the fire, and ten talents of gold; twenty iron cauldrons, and twelve strong horses that have won races and carried off prizes. Rich indeed both in land and gold is he who has as many prizes as these horses have won for Agamemnon. Moreover he will give you seven excellent workwomen, Lesbians, whom he chose for himself, when you took Lesbos—all of surpassing beauty. He will give you these, and with them her whom he erewhile took from you, the daughter of Briseus, and he will swear a great oath, he has never gone up into her couch nor been with her after the manner of men and women. All these things will he give you now down, and if hereafter the gods vouchsafe him to sack the city of Priam, you can come when we Achaeans are dividing the spoil, and load your ship with gold and bronze to your liking. You can take twenty Trojan women, the loveliest after Helen herself. Then, when we reach Achaean Argos, wealthiest of all lands, you shall be his son-in-law, and he will show you like honour with his own dear son Orestes, who is being nurtured in all abundance. Agamemnon has three daughters, Chrysothemis, Laodice, and Iphianassa; you may take the one of your choice, freely and without gifts of wooing, to the house of Peleus; he will add such dower to boot as no man ever yet gave his daughter, and will give you seven well-established cities, Cardamyle, Enope, and Hire where there is grass; holy Pheras and the rich meadows of Anthea; Aepea also, and the vine-clad slopes of Pedasus, all near the sea, and on the borders of sandy Pylos. The men that dwell there are rich in cattle and sheep; they will honour you with gifts as though were a god, and be obedient to your comfortable ordinances. All this will he do if you will now forgo your anger. Moreover, though you hate both him and his gifts with all your heart, yet pity the rest of the Achaeans who are being harassed in all their host; they will honour you as a god, and you will earn great glory at their hands. You might even kill Hector; he will come within your reach, for he is infatuated, and declares that not a Danaan whom the ships have brought can hold his own against him.”

Achilles answered, “Ulysses, noble son of Laertes, I should give you formal notice plainly and in all fixity of purpose that there be no more of this cajoling, from whatsoever quarter it may come. Him do I hate even

as the gates of hell who says one thing while he hides another in his heart; therefore I will say what I mean. I will be appeased neither by Agamemnon son of Atreus nor by any other of the Danaans, for I see that I have no thanks for all my fighting. He that fights fares no better than he that does not; coward and hero are held in equal honour, and death deals like measure to him who works and him who is idle. I have taken nothing by all my hardships—with my life ever in my hand; as a bird when she has found a morsel takes it to her nestlings, and herself fares hardly, even so many a long night have I been wakeful, and many a bloody battle have I waged by day against those who were fighting for their women. With my ships I have taken twelve cities, and eleven round about Troy have I stormed with my men by land; I took great store of wealth from every one of them, but I gave all up to Agamemnon son of Atreus. He stayed where he was by his ships, yet of what came to him he gave little, and kept much himself.

“Nevertheless he did distribute some meeds of honour among the chieftains and kings, and these have them still; from me alone of the Achaeans did he take the woman in whom I delighted—let him keep her and sleep with her. Why, pray, must the Argives needs fight the Trojans? What made the son of Atreus gather the host and bring them? Was it not for the sake of Helen? Are the sons of Atreus the only men in the world who love their wives? Any man of common right feeling will love and cherish her who is his own, as I this woman, with my whole heart, though she was but a fruitling of my spear. Agamemnon has taken her from me; he has played me false; I know him; let him tempt me no further, for he shall not move me. Let him look to you, Ulysses, and to the other princes to save his ships from burning. He has done much without me already. He has built a wall; he has dug a trench deep and wide all round it, and he has planted it within with stakes; but even so he stays not the murderous might of Hector. So long as I fought the Achaeans Hector suffered not the battle range far from the city walls; he would come to the Scaean gates and to the oak tree, but no further. Once he stayed to meet me and hardly did he escape my onset: now, however, since I am in no mood to fight him, I will to-morrow offer sacrifice to Jove and to all the gods; I will draw my ships into the water and then victual them duly; to-morrow morning, if you care to look, you will see my ships on the Hellespont, and my men rowing out to sea with might and main. If great Neptune vouchsafes me a fair passage, in three days I shall be in Phthia. I have much there that I left behind me when I came here to my sorrow, and I shall bring back still further store of gold, of red copper, of fair women, and of iron, my share of the spoils that we have taken; but one prize, he who gave has insolently taken away. Tell him all as I now bid you, and tell him in public that the Achaeans may hate him and beware of him should he think that he can yet dupe others for his effrontery never fails him.

“As for me, hound that he is, he dares not look me in the face. I will take no counsel with him, and will undertake nothing in common with him. He has wronged me and deceived me enough, he shall not cozen me further; let him go his own way, for Jove has robbed him of his reason. I loathe his presents, and for himself care not one straw. He may offer me ten or even twenty times what he has now done, nay—not though it be all that he has in the world, both now or ever shall have; he may promise me the wealth of Orchomenus or of Egyptian Thebes, which is the richest city in the whole world, for it has a hundred gates through each of which two hundred men may drive at once with their chariots and horses; he may offer me gifts as the sands of the sea or the dust of the plain in multitude, but even so he shall not move me till I have been revenged in full for the bitter wrong he has done me. I will not marry his daughter; she may be fair as Venus, and skilful as Minerva, but I will have none of her: let another take her, who may be a good match for her and who rules a larger kingdom. If the gods spare me to return home, Peleus will find me a wife; there are Achaean women in Hellas and Phthia, daughters of kings that have cities under them; of these I can take whom I will and marry her. Many a time was I minded when at home in Phthia to woo and wed a woman who would make me a suitable wife, and to enjoy the riches of my old father Peleus. My life is more to me than all the wealth of Ilius while it was yet at peace before the Achaeans went there, or than all the treasure that lies on the stone floor of Apollo’s temple beneath the cliffs of Pytho. Cattle and sheep are to be had for harrying, and a man buy both tripods and horses if he wants them, but when his life has once left him it can neither be bought nor harried back again.

“My mother Thetis tells me that there are two ways in which I may meet my end. If I stay here and fight, I shall not return alive but my name will live for ever: whereas if I go home my name will die, but it will be long ere death shall take me. To the rest of you, then, I say, ‘Go home, for you will not take Ilius.’ Jove has held his hand over her to protect her, and her people have taken heart. Go, therefore, as in duty bound, and tell the princes of the Achaeans the message that I have sent them; tell them to find some other plan for the saving of their ships and people, for so long as my displeasure lasts the one that they have now hit upon may not be. As for Phoenix, let him sleep here that he may sail with me in the morning if he so will. But I will not take him by force.”

They all held their peace, dismayed at the sternness with which he had denied them, till presently the old knight Phoenix in his great fear for the ships of the Achaeans, burst into tears and said, “Noble Achilles, if you

are now minded to return,

and in the fierceness of your anger will do nothing to save the ships from burning, how, my son, can I remain here without you? Your father Peleus bade me go with you when he sent you as a mere lad from Phthia to Agamemnon. You knew nothing neither of war nor of the arts whereby men make their mark in council, and he sent me with you to train you in all excellence of speech and action. Therefore, my son, I will not stay here without you—no, not though heaven itself vouchsafe to strip my years from off me, and make me young as I was when I first left Hellas the land of fair women. ...

“It was I, Achilles, who had the making of you; I loved you with all my heart: for you would eat neither at home nor when you had gone out elsewhere, till I had first set you upon my knees, cut up the dainty morsel that you were to eat, and held the wine-cup to your lips. Many a time have you slobbered your wine in baby helplessness over my shirt; I had infinite trouble with you, but I knew that heaven had vouchsafed me no offspring of my own, and I made a son of you, Achilles, that in my hour of need you might protect me. Now, therefore, I say battle with your pride and beat it; cherish not your anger for ever; the might and majesty of heaven are more than ours, but even heaven may be appeased; and if a man has sinned he prays the gods, and reconciles them to himself by his piteous cries and by frankincense, with drink-offerings and the savour of burnt sacrifice. ...

Take the gifts, and go, for the Achaeans will then honour you as a god; whereas if you fight without taking them, you may beat the battle back, but you will not be held in like honour.”

And Achilles answered, “Phoenix, old friend and father, I have no need of such honour. I have honour from Jove himself, which will abide with me at my ships while I have breath in my body, and my limbs are strong. I say further—and lay my saying to your heart—vex me no more with this weeping and lamentation, all in the cause of the son of Atreus. Love him so well, and you may lose the love I bear you. You ought to help me rather in troubling those that trouble me; be king as much as I am, and share like honour with myself; the others shall take my answer; stay here yourself and sleep comfortably in your bed; at daybreak we will consider whether to remain or go.”

On this he nodded quietly to Patroclus as a sign that he was to prepare a bed for Phoenix, and that the others should take their leave. Ajax son of Telamon then said, “Ulysses, noble son of Laertes, let us be gone, for I see that our journey is vain. We must now take our answer, unwelcome though it be, to the Danaans who are waiting to receive it. Achilles is savage and remorseless; he is cruel, and cares nothing for the love his comrades lavished upon him more than on all the others. He is implacable—and yet if a man’s brother or son has been slain he will accept a fine by way of amends from him that killed him, and the wrong-doer having paid in full remains in peace

among his own people; but as for you, Achilles, the gods have put a wicked unforgiving spirit in your heart, and this, all about one single girl, whereas we now offer you the seven best we have, and much else into the bargain. Be then of a more gracious mind, respect the hospitality of your own roof. We are with you as messengers from the host of the Danaans, and would fain be held nearest and dearest to yourself of all the Achaeans.”

“Ajax,” replied Achilles, “noble son of Telamon, you have spoken much to my liking, but my blood boils when I think it all over, and remember how the son of Atreus treated me with contumely as though I were some vile tramp, and that too in the presence of the Argives. Go, then, and deliver your message; say that I will have no concern with fighting till Hector, son of noble Priam, reaches the tents of the Myrmidons in his murderous course, and flings fire upon their ships. For all his lust of battle, I take it he will be held in check when he is at my own tent and ship.”

On this they took every man his double cup, made their drink-offerings, and went back to the ships, Ulysses leading the way. But Patroclus told his men and the maidservants to make ready a comfortable bed for Phoenix; they therefore did so with sheepskins, a rug, and a sheet of fine linen. The old man then laid himself down and waited till morning came. But Achilles slept in an inner room, and beside him the daughter of Phorbos lovely Diomedes, whom he had carried off from Lesbos. Patroclus lay on the other side of the room, and with him fair Iphis whom Achilles had given him when he took Scyros the city of Enyeus.

When the envoys reached the tents of the son of Atreus, the Achaeans rose, pledged them in cups of gold, and began to question them. King Agamemnon was the first to do so. “Tell me, Ulysses,” said he, “will he save the ships from burning, or did he refuse, and is he still furious?”

Ulysses answered, “Most noble son of Atreus, king of men, Agamemnon, Achilles will not be calmed, but is more fiercely angry than ever, and spurns both you and your gifts. He bids you take counsel with the Achaeans to save the ships and host as you best may; as for himself, he said that at daybreak he should draw his ships into the water. He said further that he should advise every one to sail home likewise, for that you will not reach the goal of Ilius. ‘Jove,’ he said, ‘has laid his hand over the city to protect it, and the people have taken heart.’

This is what he said, and the others who were with me can tell you the same story—Ajax and the two heralds, men, both of them, who may be trusted. The old man Phoenix stayed where he was to sleep, for so Achilles would have it, that he might go home with him in the morning if he so would; but he will not take him by force.”

They all held their peace, sitting for a long time silent and dejected, by reason of the sternness with which Achilles had refused them, till presently Diomedes said, “Most noble son of Atreus, king of men, Agamemnon, you ought not to have sued the son of Peleus nor offered him gifts. He is proud enough as it is, and you have encouraged him in his pride still further. Let him stay or go as he will. He will fight later when he is in the humour, and heaven puts it in his mind to do so. Now, therefore, let us all do as I say; we have eaten and drunk our fill, let us then take our rest, for in rest there is both strength and stay. But when fair rosy-fingered morn appears, forthwith bring out your host and your horsemen in front of the ships, urging them on, and yourself fighting among the foremost.”

Thus he spoke, and the other chieftains approved his words. They then made their drink-offerings and went every man to his own tent, where they laid down to rest and enjoyed the boon of sleep.

Book X Summary

Ulysses and Diomedes go out as spies, and meet Dolon, who gives them information: they then kill him, and profiting by what he had told them, kill Rhesus king of the Thracians and take his horses.

Book XI Summary

In the forenoon the fight is equal, but Agamemnon turns the fortune of the day towards the Achaeans until he gets wounded and leaves the field—Hector then drives everything before him till he is wounded by Diomedes—Paris wounds Diomedes—Ulysses, Nestor, and Idomeneus perform prodigies of valour—Machaon is wounded—Nestor drives him off in his chariot—Achilles sees the pair driving towards the camp and sends Patroclus to ask who it is that is wounded—This is the beginning of evil for Patroclus—Nestor makes a long speech.

Book XII Summary

The Trojans and their allies break the wall, led on by Hector.

Book XIII Summary

Neptune helps the Achaeans—The feats of Idomeneus—Hector at the ships.

Book XIV Summary

Agamemnon proposes that the Achaeans should sail home, and is rebuked by Ulysses—Juno beguiles Jupiter—Hector is wounded.

Book XV Summary

Jove awakes, tells Apollo to heal Hector, and the Trojans again become victorious.

Book XVI Summary

Fire being now thrown on the ship of Protesilaus, Patroclus fights in the armour of Achilles—He drives the Trojans back, but is in the end killed by Hector.

Book XVII Summary

The fight around the body of Patroclus.

Book XVIII

The grief of Achilles over Patroclus—The visit of Thetis to Vulcan and the armour that he made for Achilles.

THUS then did they fight as it were a flaming fire. Meanwhile the fleet runner Antilochus, who had been sent as messenger, reached Achilles, and found him sitting by his tall ships and boding that which was indeed

too surely true. "Alas," said he to himself in the heaviness of his heart, "why are the Achaeans again scouring the plain and flocking towards the ships? Heaven grant the gods be not now bringing that

sorrow upon me of which my mother Thetis spoke, saying that while I was yet alive the bravest of the Myrmidons should fall before the Trojans, and see the light of the sun no longer. I fear the brave son of Menoetius has fallen through his own daring and yet I bade him return to the ships as soon as he had driven back those that were bringing fire against them, and not join battle with Hector."

As he was thus pondering, the son of Nestor came up to him and told his sad tale, weeping bitterly the while. "Alas," he cried, "son of noble Peleus, I bring you bad tidings, would indeed that they were untrue. Patroclus has fallen, and a fight is raging about his naked body—for Hector holds his armour."

A dark cloud of grief fell upon Achilles as he listened. He filled both hands with dust from off the ground, and poured it over his head, disfiguring his comely face, and letting the refuse settle over his shirt so fair and new. He flung himself down all huge and hugely at full length, and tore his hair with his hands. The bondswomen whom Achilles and Patroclus had taken captive screamed aloud for grief, beating their breasts, and with their limbs failing them for sorrow. Antilochus bent over him the while, weeping and holding both his hands as he lay groaning for he feared that he might plunge a knife into his own throat. Then Achilles gave a loud cry and his mother heard him as she was sitting in the depths of the sea by the old man her father, whereon she screamed, and all the goddesses daughters of Nereus that dwelt at the bottom of the sea, came gathering round her. There were Glauce, Thalia and Cymodoce, Nesaia, Speo, Thoe and dark-eyed Halie, Cymothoe, Actaea and Limnorea, Melite, Jaera, Amphithoe and Agave, Doto and Proto, Pherusa and Dynamene, Dexamene, Amphinome and Callianeira, Doris, Panope, and the famous sea-nymph Galatea, Nemertes, Apseudes and Callianassa. There were also Clymene, Ianeira and Ianassa, Maera, Oreithuia and Amatheia of the lovely locks, with other Nereids who dwell in the depths of the sea. The crystal cave was filled with their multitude and they all beat their breasts while Thetis led them in their lament.

"Listen," she cried, "sisters, daughters of Nereus, that you may hear the burden of my sorrows. Alas, woe is me, woe in that I have borne the most glorious of offspring. I bore him fair and strong, hero among heroes, and he shot up as a sapling; I tended him as a plant in a goodly garden, and sent him with his ships to Ilius to fight the Trojans, but never shall I welcome him back to the house of Peleus. So long as he lives to look upon the light of the sun he is in heaviness, and though I go to him I cannot help him. Nevertheless I will go, that I may see my dear son and learn what sorrow has befallen him though he is still holding aloof from battle."

She left the cave as she spoke, while the others followed weeping after, and the waves opened a path before them. When they reached the rich plain of Troy, they came up out of the sea in a long line on to the sands, at the place where the ships of

the Myrmidons were drawn up in close order round the tents of Achilles. His mother went up to him as he lay groaning; she laid her hand upon his head and spoke piteously, saying, "My son, why are you thus weeping? What sorrow has now befallen you? Tell me; hide it not from me. Surely Jove has granted you the prayer you made him, when you lifted up your hands and besought him that the Achaeans might all of them be pent up at their ships, and rue it bitterly in that you were no longer with them."

Achilles groaned and answered, "Mother, Olympian Jove has indeed vouchsafed me the fulfilment of my prayer, but what boots it to me, seeing that my dear comrade Patroclus has fallen—he whom I valued more than all others, and loved as dearly as my own life? I have lost him; aye, and Hector when he had killed him stripped the wondrous armour, so glorious to behold, which the gods gave to Peleus when they laid you in the couch of a mortal man. Would that you were still dwelling among the immortal sea-nymphs, and that Peleus had taken to himself some mortal bride. For now you shall have grief infinite by reason of the death of that son whom you can never welcome home—nay, I will not live nor go about among mankind unless Hector fall by my spear, and thus pay me for having slain Patroclus son of Menoetius."

Thetis wept and answered, "Then, my son, is your end near at hand—for your own death awaits you full soon after that of Hector."

Then said Achilles in his great grief, "I would die here and now, in that I could not save my comrade. He has fallen far from home, and in his hour of need my hand was not there to help him. What is there for me? Return to my own land I shall not, and I have brought no saving neither to Patroclus nor to my other comrades of whom so many have been slain by mighty Hector; I stay here by my ships a bootless burden upon the earth, I, who in fight have no peer among the Achaeans, though in council there are better than I. Therefore, perish strife both from among gods and men, and anger, wherein even a righteous man will harden his heart—which rises up in the soul of a man like smoke, and the taste thereof is sweeter than drops of honey. Even so has Agamemnon angered me. And yet—so be it, for it is over; I will force my soul into subjection as I needs must; I will go; I will pursue Hector who has slain him whom I loved so dearly, and will then abide my doom when it may please Jove and the other gods to send it. Even Hercules, the best beloved of Jove—even he could

not escape the hand of death, but fate and Juno's fierce anger laid him low, as I too shall lie when I am dead if a like doom awaits me. Till then I will win fame, and will bid Trojan and Dardanian women wring tears from their tender cheeks with both their hands in the grievousness of their great sorrow; thus shall they know that he who has held aloof so long will hold aloof no longer. Hold me not back, therefore, in the love you bear me, for you shall not move me."

Then silver-footed Thetis answered, "My son, what you have said is true. It is well to save your comrades from destruction, but your armour is in the hands of the Trojans; Hector bears it in triumph upon his own shoulders. Full well I know that his vaunt shall not be lasting, for his end is close at hand; go not, however, into the press of battle till you see me return hither; to-morrow at break of day I shall be here, and will bring you goodly armour from King Vulcan."

On this she left her brave son, and as she turned away she said to the sea-nymphs her sisters, "Dive into the bosom of the sea and go to the house of the old sea-god my father. Tell him everything; as for me, I will go to the cunning workman Vulcan on high Olympus, and ask him to provide my son with a suit of splendid armour."

When she had so said, they dived forthwith beneath the waves, while silver-footed Thetis went her way that she might bring the armour for her son.

Thus, then, did her feet bear the goddess to Olympus, and meanwhile the Achaeans were flying with loud cries before murderous Hector till they reached the ships and the Hellespont, and they could not draw the body of Mars's servant Patroclus out of reach of the weapons that were showered upon him, for Hector son of Priam with his host and horsemen had again caught up to him like the flame of a fiery furnace; thrice did brave Hector seize him by the feet, striving with might and main to draw him away and calling loudly on the Trojans, and thrice did the two Ajaxes, clothed in valour as with a garment, beat him from off the body; but all undaunted he would now charge into the thick of the fight, and now again he would stand still and cry aloud, but he would give no ground. As upland shepherds that cannot chase some famished lion from a carcase, even so could not the two Ajaxes scare Hector son of Priam from the body of Patroclus.

And now he would even have dragged it off and have won imperishable glory, had not Iris fleet as the wind, winged her way as messenger from Olympus to the son of Peleus and bidden him arm. She came secretly without the knowledge of Jove and of the other gods, for Juno sent her, and when she had got close to him she said, "Up, son of Peleus, mightiest of all mankind; rescue Patroclus about whom this fearful fight is now raging by the ships. Men are killing one another, the Danaans in defence of the dead body, while the Trojans are trying to hale it away, and take it to windy Ilius: Hector is the most furious of them all; he is for cutting the head from the body and fixing it on the stakes of the wall. Up, then, and bide here no longer; shrink from the thought that Patroclus may become meat for the dogs of Troy. Shame on you, should his body suffer any kind of outrage."

And Achilles said, "Iris, which of the gods was it that sent you to me?"

Iris answered, "It was Juno the royal spouse of Jove, but the son of Saturn does not know of my coming, nor yet does any other of the immortals who dwell on the snowy summits of Olympus."

Then fleet Achilles answered her saying, "How can I go up into the battle? They have my armour. My mother forbade me to arm till I should see her come, for she promised to bring me goodly armour from Vulcan; I know no man whose arms I can put on, save only the shield of Ajax son of Telamon, and he surely must be fighting in the front rank and wielding his spear about the body of dead Patroclus."

Iris said, "We know that your armour has been taken, but go as you are; go to the deep trench and show yourself before the Trojans, that they may fear you and cease fighting. Thus will the fainting sons of the Achaeans gain some brief breathing-time, which in battle may hardly be."

Iris left him when she had so spoken. But Achilles dear to Jove arose, and Minerva flung her tasselled aegis round his strong shoulders; she crowned his head with a halo of golden cloud from which she kindled a glow of gleaming fire. As the smoke that goes up into heaven from some city that is being beleaguered on an island far out at sea—all day long do men sally from the city and fight their hardest, and at the going down of the sun the line of beacon-fires blazes forth, flaring high for those that dwell near them to behold, if so be that they may come with their ships and succour them—even so did the light flare from the head of Achilles, as he stood by the trench, going beyond the wall—but he did not join the Achaeans for he heeded the charge which his mother laid upon him.

There did he stand and shout aloud. Minerva also raised her voice from afar, and spread terror unspeakable among the Trojans. Ringing as the note of a trumpet that sounds alarm then the foe is at the gates of a city, even so brazen was the voice of the son of Aeacus, and when the Trojans heard its clarion tones they were dismayed; the horses turned back with their chariots for they boded mischief, and their drivers were awe-struck by the steady flame which the grey-eyed goddess had kindled above the head of the great son of Peleus.

Thrice did Achilles raise his loud cry as he stood by the trench, and thrice were the Trojans and their brave allies thrown into confusion; whereon twelve of their noblest champions fell beneath the wheels of their chariots and perished by their own spears. The Achaeans to their great joy then drew Patroclus out of reach of the weapons, and laid him on a litter: his comrades stood mourning round him, and among them fleet Achilles who wept bitterly as he saw his true comrade lying dead upon his bier. He had sent him out with horses and chariots into battle, but his return he was not to welcome.

Then Juno sent the busy sun, loth though he was, into the waters of Oceanus; so he set, and the Achaeans had rest from the tug and turmoil of war.

Now the Trojans when they had come out of the fight, unyoked their horses and gathered in assembly before preparing their supper. They kept their feet, nor would any dare to sit down, for fear had fallen upon them all because Achilles had shown himself after having held aloof so long from battle. Polydamas son of Panthous was first to speak, a man of judgement, who alone among them could look both before and after. He was comrade to Hector, and they had been born upon the same night; with all sincerity and goodwill, therefore, he addressed them thus:—

“Look to it well, my friends; I would urge you to go back now to your city and not wait here by the ships till morning, for we are far from our walls. So long as this man was at enmity with Agamemnon the Achaeans were easier to deal with, and I would have gladly camped by the ships in the hope of taking them; but now I go in great fear of the fleet son of Peleus; he is so daring that he will never bide here on the plain whereon the Trojans and Achaeans fight with equal valour, but he will try to storm our city and carry off our women. Do then as I say, and let us retreat. For this is what will happen. The darkness of night will for a time stay the son of Peleus, but if he find us here in the morning when he sallies forth in full armour, we shall have knowledge of him in good earnest. Glad indeed will he be who can escape and get back to Ilius, and many a Trojan will become meat for dogs and vultures may I never live to hear it. If we do as I say, little though we may like it, we shall have strength in counsel during the night, and the great gates with the doors that close them will protect the city. At dawn we can arm and take our stand on the walls; he will then rue it if he sallies from the ships to fight us. He will go back when he has given his horses their fill of being driven all whithers under our walls, and will be in no mind to try and force his way into the city. Neither will he ever sack it, dogs shall devour him ere he do so.”

Hector looked fiercely at him and answered, “Polydamas, your words are not to my liking in that you bid us go back and be pent within the city. Have you not had enough of being cooped up behind walls? In the old-days the city of Priam was famous the whole world over for its wealth of gold and bronze, but our treasures are wasted out of our houses, and much goods have been sold away to Phrygia and fair Meonia, for the hand of Jove has been laid heavily upon us. Now, therefore, that the son of scheming Saturn has vouchsafed me to win glory here and to hem the Achaeans in at their ships, prate no more in this fool’s wise among the people. You will have no man with you; it shall not be; do all of you as I now say;—take your suppers in your companies throughout the host, and keep your watches and be wakeful every man of you. If any Trojan is uneasy about his possessions, let him gather them and give them out among the people. Better let these, rather than the Achaeans, have them. At daybreak we will arm and fight about the ships; granted that Achilles has again come forward to defend them, let it be as he will, but it shall go hard with him. I shall not shun him, but will fight him, to fall or conquer. The god of war deals out like measure to all, and the slayer may yet be slain.”

Thus spoke Hector; and the Trojans, fools that they were, shouted in applause, for Pallas Minerva had robbed them of their understanding. They gave ear to Hector with his evil counsel, but the wise words of Polydamas no man would heed. They took their supper throughout the host, and meanwhile through the whole night the Achaeans mourned Patroclus, and the son of Peleus led them in their lament. He laid his murderous hands upon the breast of his comrade, groaning again and again as a bearded lion when a man who was chasing deer has robbed him of his young in some dense forest; when the lion comes back he is furious, and searches dingle and dell to track the hunter if he can find him, for he is mad with rage—even so with many a sigh did Achilles speak among the Myrmidons saying, “Alas! vain were the words with which I cheered the hero Menoetius in his own house; I said that I would bring his brave son back again to Opoeis after he had sacked Ilius and taken his share of the spoils—but Jove does not give all men their heart’s desire. The same soil shall be reddened here at Troy by the blood of us both, for I too shall never be welcomed home by the old knight Peleus, nor by my mother Thetis, but even in this place shall the earth cover me. Nevertheless, O Patroclus, now that I am left behind you, I will not bury you, till I have brought hither the head and armour of mighty Hector who has slain you. Twelve noble sons of Trojans will I behead before your bier to avenge you; till I have done so you shall lie as you are by the ships, and fair women of Troy and Dardanus, whom we have taken with spear and strength of arm when we sacked men’s goodly cities, shall weep over you both night and day.”

Then Achilles told his men to set a large tripod upon the fire that they might wash the clotted gore from off Patroclus. Thereon they set a tripod full of bath water on to a clear fire: they threw sticks on to it to make it blaze, and the water became hot as the flame played about the belly of the tripod. When the water in the cauldron was boiling they washed the body, anointed it with oil, and closed its wounds with ointment that had been kept nine years. Then they laid it on a bier and covered it with a linen cloth from head to foot, and over this they laid a fair white robe. Thus all night long did the Myrmidons gather round Achilles to mourn Patroclus.

Then Jove said to Juno his sister-wife, "So, Queen Juno, you have gained your end, and have roused fleet Achilles. One would think that the Achaeans were of your own flesh and blood."

And Juno answered, "Dread son of Saturn, why should you say this thing? May not a man though he be only mortal and knows less than we do, do what he can for

another person? And shall not I—foremost of all goddesses both by descent and as wife to you who reign in heaven—devise evil for the Trojans if I am angry with them?"

Thus did they converse. Meanwhile Thetis came to the house of Vulcan, imperishable, star-bespangled, fairest of the abodes in heaven, a house of bronze wrought by the lame god's own hands. She found him busy with his bellows, sweating and hard at work, for he was making twenty tripods that were to stand by the wall of his house, and he set wheels of gold under them all that they might go of their own selves to the assemblies of the gods, and come back again—marvels indeed to see. They were finished all but the ears of cunning workmanship which yet remained to be fixed to them: these he was now fixing, and he was hammering at the rivets. While he was thus at work silver-footed Thetis came to the house. Charis, of graceful headdress, wife to the far-famed lame god, came towards her as soon as she saw her, and took her hand in her own, saying, "Why have you come to our house, Thetis, honoured and ever welcome—for you do not visit us often? Come inside and let me set refreshment before you."

The goddess led the way as she spoke, and bade Thetis sit on a richly decorated seat inlaid with silver; there was a footstool also under her feet. Then she called Vulcan and said, "Vulcan, come here, Thetis wants you"; and the far-famed lame god answered, "Then it is indeed an august and honoured goddess who has come here; she it was that took care of me when I was suffering from the heavy fall which I had through my cruel mother's anger—for she would have got rid of me because I was lame. It would have gone hardly with me had not Eurynome, daughter of the ever-encircling waters of Oceanus, and Thetis, taken me to their bosom. Nine years did I stay with them, and many beautiful works in bronze, brooches, spiral armlets, cups, and chains, did I make for them in their cave, with the roaring waters of Oceanus foaming as they rushed ever past it; and no one knew, neither of gods nor men, save only Thetis and Eurynome who took care of me. If, then, Thetis has come to my house I must make her due requital for having saved me; entertain her, therefore, with all hospitality, while I put by my bellows and all my tools."

On this the mighty monster hobbled off from his anvil, his thin legs plying lustily under him. He set the bellows away from the fire, and gathered his tools into a silver chest. Then he took a sponge and washed his face and hands, his shaggy chest and brawny neck; he donned his shirt, grasped his strong staff, and limped towards the door. There were golden handmaids also who worked for him, and were like real young women, with sense and reason, voice also and strength, and all the learning of the immortals; these busied themselves as the king bade them, while he drew near to Thetis, seated her upon a goodly seat, and took her hand in his own, saying, "Why have you come to our house, Thetis honoured and ever welcome—for you do not visit us often? Say what you want, and I will do it for you at once if I can, and if it can be done at all."

Thetis wept and answered, "Vulcan, is there another goddess in Olympus whom the son of Saturn has been pleased to try with so much affliction as he has me? Me alone of the marine goddesses did he make subject to a mortal husband, Peleus son of Aeacus, and sorely against my will did I submit to the embraces of one who was but mortal, and who now stays at home worn out with age. Neither is this all. Heaven vouchsafed me a son, hero among heroes, and he shot up as a sapling. I tended him as a plant in a goodly garden and sent him with his ships to Ilius to fight the Trojans, but never shall I welcome him back to the house of Peleus. So long as he lives to look upon the light of the sun, he is in heaviness, and though I go to him I cannot help him; King Agamemnon has made him give up the maiden whom the sons of the Achaeans had awarded him, and he wastes with sorrow for her sake. Then the Trojans hemmed the Achaeans in at their ships' sterns and would not let them come forth; the elders, therefore, of the Argives besought Achilles and offered him great treasure, whereon he refused to bring deliverance to them himself, but put his own armour on Patroclus and sent him into the fight with much people after him. All day long they fought by the Scaean gates and would have taken the city there and then, had not Apollo vouchsafed glory to Hector and slain the valiant son of Menoetius after he had done the Trojans much evil. Therefore I am suppliant at your knees if haply you may be pleased to provide my son, whose end is near at hand, with helmet and shield, with goodly greaves fitted with ankle-clasps, and

with a breastplate, for he lost his own when his true comrade fell at the hands of the Trojans, and he now lies stretched on earth in the bitterness of his soul.”

And Vulcan answered, “Take heart, and be no more disquieted about this matter; would that I could hide him from death’s sight when his hour is come, so surely as I can find him armour that shall amaze the eyes of all who behold it.”

When he had so said he left her and went to his bellows, turning them towards the fire and bidding them do their office. Twenty bellows blew upon the melting-pots, and they blew blasts of every kind, some fierce to help him when he had need of them, and others less strong as Vulcan willed it in the course of his work. He threw tough copper into the fire, and tin, with silver and gold; he set his great anvil on its block, and with one hand grasped his mighty hammer while he took the tongs in the other.

First he shaped the shield so great and strong, adorning it all over and binding it round with a gleaming circuit in three layers; and the baldric was made of silver. He made the shield in five thicknesses, and with many a wonder did his cunning hand enrich it.

He wrought the earth, the heavens, and the sea; the moon also at her full and the untiring sun, with all the signs that glorify the face of heaven—the Pleiads, the Hyads, huge Orion, and the Bear, which men also call the Wain and which turns round ever in one place, facing Orion, and alone never dips into the stream of Oceanus.

He wrought also two cities, fair to see and busy with the hum of men. In the one were weddings and wedding-feasts, and they were going about the city with brides whom they were escorting by torchlight from their chambers. Loud rose the cry of Hymen, and the youths danced to the music of flute and lyre, while the women stood each at her house door to see them.

Meanwhile the people were gathered in assembly, for there was a quarrel, and two men were wrangling about the blood-money for a man who had been killed, the one saying before the people that he had paid damages in full, and the other that he had not been paid. Each was trying to make his own case good, and the people took sides, each man backing the side that he had taken; but the heralds kept them back, and the elders sate on their seats of stone in a solemn circle, holding the staves which the heralds had put into their hands. Then they rose and each in his turn gave judgement, and there were two talents laid down, to be given to him whose judgement should be deemed the fairest.

About the other city there lay encamped two hosts in gleaming armour, and they were divided whether to sack it, or to spare it and accept the half of what it contained. But the men of the city would not yet consent, and armed themselves for a surprise; their wives and little children kept guard upon the walls, and with them were the men who were past fighting through age; but the others sallied forth with Mars and Pallas Minerva at their head—both of them wrought in gold and clad in golden raiment, great and fair with their armour as befitting gods, while they that followed were smaller. When they reached the place where they would lay their ambush, it was on a riverbed to which live stock of all kinds would come from far and near to water; here, then, they lay concealed, clad in full armour. Some way off them there were two scouts who were on the look-out for the coming of sheep or cattle, which presently came, followed by two shepherds who were playing on their pipes, and had not so much as a thought of danger. When those who were in ambush saw this, they cut off the flocks and herds and killed the shepherds. Meanwhile the besiegers, when they heard much noise among the cattle as they sat in council, sprang to their horses, and made with all speed towards them; when they reached them they set battle in array by the banks of the river, and the hosts aimed their bronze-shod spears at one another. With them were Strife and Riot, and fell Fate who was dragging three men after her, one with a fresh wound, and the other unwounded, while the third was dead, and she was dragging him along by his heel: and her robe was bedrabbled in men’s blood.

They went in and out with one another and fought as though they were living people haling away one another’s dead.

He wrought also a fair fallow field, large and thrice ploughed already. Many men were working at the plough within it, turning their oxen to and fro, furrow after furrow. Each time that they turned on reaching the headland a man would come up to them and give them a cup of wine, and they would go back to their furrows looking forward to the time when they should again reach the headland. The part that they had ploughed was dark behind them, so that the field, though it was of gold, still looked as if it were being ploughed—very curious to behold.

He wrought also a field of harvest corn, and the reapers were reaping with sharp sickles in their hands. Swathe after swathe fell to the ground in a straight line behind them, and the binders bound them in bands of twisted straw. There were three binders, and behind them there were boys who gathered the cut corn in armfuls and kept on bringing them to be bound: among them all the owner of the land stood by in silence and was glad. The servants were getting a meal ready under an oak, for they had sacrificed a great ox, and were busy cutting him up, while the women were making a porridge of much white barley for the labourers’ dinner.

He wrought also a vineyard, golden and fair to see, and the vines were loaded with grapes. The bunches overhead were black, but the vines were trained on poles of silver. He ran a ditch of dark metal all round it, and fenced it with a fence of tin; there was only one path to it, and by this the vintagers went when they would gather the vintage. Youths and maidens all blithe and full of glee, carried the luscious fruit in plaited baskets; and with them there went a boy who made sweet music with his lyre, and sang the Linos-song with his clear boyish voice.

He wrought also a herd of horned cattle. He made the cows of gold and tin, and they lowed as they came full speed out of the yards to go and feed among the waving reeds that grow by the banks of the river. Along with the cattle there went four shepherds, all of them in gold, and their nine fleet dogs went with them. Two terrible lions had fastened on a bellowing bull that was with the foremost cows, and bellow as he might they haled him, while the dogs and men gave chase: the lions tore through the bull's thick hide and were gorging on his blood and bowels, but the herdsmen were afraid to do anything, and only hounded on their dogs; the dogs dared not fasten on the lions but stood by barking and keeping out of harm's way.

The god wrought also a pasture in a fair mountain dell, and a large flock of sheep, with a homestead and huts, and sheltered sheepfolds.

Furthermore he wrought a green, like that which Daedalus once made in Cnossus for lovely Ariadne. Hereon there danced youths and maidens whom all would woo, with their hands on one another's wrists. The maidens wore robes of light linen, and the youths well woven shirts that were slightly oiled. The girls were crowned with garlands, while the young men had daggers of gold that hung by silver baldrics; sometimes they would dance deftly in a ring with merry twinkling feet, as it were a potter sitting at his work and making trial of his wheel to see whether it will run, and sometimes they would go all in line with one another, and much people was gathered joyously about the green. There was a bard also to sing to them and play his lyre, while two tumblers went about performing in the midst of them when the man struck up with his tune.

All round the outermost rim of the shield he set the mighty stream of the river Oceanus.

Then when he had fashioned the shield so great and strong, he made a breastplate also that shone brighter than fire. He made a helmet, close fitting to the brow, and richly worked, with a golden plume overhanging it; and he made greaves also of beaten tin.

Lastly, when the famed lame god had made all the armour, he took it and set it before the mother of Achilles; whereon she darted like a falcon from the snowy summits of Olympus and bore away the gleaming armour from the house of Vulcan.

Book XIX Summary

Achilles is reconciled with Agamemnon (including the return of Briseis), puts on the armour which Vulcan had made him, and goes out to fight.

Book XX Summary

The gods hold a council and determine to watch the fight, from the hill Callicolone, and the barrow of Hercules—A fight between Achilles and Aeneas is interrupted by Neptune, who saves Aeneas—Achilles kills many Trojans.

Book XXI Summary

The fight between Achilles and the river Scamander—The gods fight among themselves—Achilles drives the Trojans within their gates.

Book XXII

The death of Hector.

THUS the Trojans in the city, scared like fawns, wiped the sweat from off them and drank to quench their thirst, leaning against the goodly battlements, while the Achaeans with their shields laid upon their shoulders drew close up to the walls. But stern fate bade Hector stay where he was before Ilius and the Scaean gates. Then Phoebus Apollo spoke to the son of Peleus saying, "Why, son of Peleus, do you, who are but man, give chase to me who am immortal? Have you not yet found out that it is a god whom you pursue so furiously? You did not harass the Trojans whom you had routed, and now they are within their walls, while you have been decoyed hither away from them. Me you cannot kill, for death can take no hold upon me."

Achilles was greatly angered and said, "You have baulked me, Far-Darter, most malicious of all gods, and

have drawn me away from the wall, where many another man would have bitten the dust ere he got within Ilius; you have robbed me of great glory and have saved the Trojans at no risk to yourself, for you have nothing to fear, but I would indeed have my revenge if it were in my power to do so.”

On this, with fell intent he made towards the city, and as the winning horse in a chariot race strains every nerve when he is flying over the plain, even so fast and furiously did the limbs of Achilles bear him onwards. King Priam was first to note him as he scoured the plain, all radiant as the star which men call Orion's Hound, and whose beams blaze forth in time of harvest more brilliantly than those of any other that shines by night; brightest of them all though he be, he yet bodes ill for mortals, for he brings fire and fever in his train—even so did Achilles' armour gleam on his breast as he sped onwards. Priam raised a cry and beat his head with his hands as he lifted them up and shouted out to his dear son, imploring him to return; but Hector still stayed before the gates, for his heart was set upon doing battle with Achilles. The old man reached out his arms towards him and bade him for pity's sake come within the walls. “Hector,” he cried, “my son, stay not to face this man alone and unsupported, or you will meet death at the hands of the son of Peleus, for he is mightier than you. Monster that he is; would indeed that the gods loved him no better than I do, for so, dogs and vultures would soon devour him as he lay stretched on

earth, and a load of grief would be lifted from my heart, for many a brave son has he reft from me, either by killing them or selling them away in the islands that are beyond the sea: even now I miss two sons from among the Trojans who have thronged within the city, Lycaon and Polydorus, whom Laothoe peeress among women bore me. Should they be still alive and in the hands of the Achaeans, we will ransom them with gold and bronze, of which we have store, for the old man Altes endowed his daughter richly; but if they are already dead and in the house of Hades, sorrow will it be to us two who were their parents; albeit the grief of others will be more short-lived unless you too perish at the hands of Achilles. Come, then, my son, within the city, to be the guardian of Trojan men and Trojan women, or you will both lose your own life and afford a mighty triumph to the son of Peleus. Have pity also on your unhappy father while life yet remains to him—on me, whom the son of Saturn will destroy by a terrible doom on the threshold of old age, after I have seen my sons slain and my daughters haled away as captives, my bridal chambers pillaged, little children dashed to earth amid the rage of battle, and my sons' wives dragged away by the cruel hands of the Achaeans; in the end fierce hounds will tear me in pieces at my own gates after some one has beaten the life out of my body with sword or spear—hounds that I myself reared and fed at my own table to guard my gates, but who will yet lap my blood and then lie all distraught at my doors. When a young man falls by the sword in battle, he may lie where he is and there is nothing unseemly; let what will be seen, all is honourable in death, but when an old man is slain there is nothing in this world more pitiable than that dogs should defile his grey hair and beard and all that men hide for shame.”

The old man tore his grey hair as he spoke, but he moved not the heart of Hector. His mother hard by wept and moaned aloud as she bared her bosom and pointed to the breast which had suckled him. “Hector,” she cried, weeping bitterly the while, “Hector, my son, spurn not this breast, but have pity upon me too: if I have ever given you comfort from my own bosom, think on it now, dear son, and come within the wall to protect us from this man; stand not without to meet him. Should the wretch kill you, neither I nor your richly dowered wife shall ever weep, dear offshoot of myself, over the bed on which you lie, for dogs will devour you at the ships of the Achaeans.”

Thus did the two with many tears implore their son, but they moved not the heart of Hector, and he stood his ground awaiting huge Achilles as he drew nearer towards him. As a serpent in its den upon the mountains, full fed with deadly poisons, waits for the approach of man—he is filled with fury and his eyes glare terribly as he goes writhing round his den—even so Hector leaned his shield against a tower that jutted out from the wall and stood where he was, undaunted.

“Alas,” said he to himself in the heaviness of his heart, “if I go within the gates, Polydamas will be the first to heap reproach upon me, for it was he that urged me to

lead the Trojans back to the city on that awful night when Achilles again came forth against us. I would not listen, but it would have been indeed better if I had done so. Now that my folly has destroyed the host, I dare not look Trojan men and Trojan women in the face, lest a worse man should say, ‘Hector has ruined us by his self-confidence.’ Surely it would be better for me to return after having fought Achilles and slain him, or to die gloriously here before the city. What, again, if I were to lay down my shield and helmet, lean my spear against the wall and go straight up to noble Achilles? What if I were to promise to give up Helen, who was the fountainhead of all this war, and all the treasure that Alexandrus brought with him in his ships to Troy, aye, and to let the Achaeans divide the half of everything that the city contains among themselves? I might make the Trojans, by the mouths of their princes, take a solemn oath that they would hide nothing, but would divide into two shares all that is within the city—but why argue with myself in this way? Were I to go up to him he would

show me no kind of mercy; he would kill me then and there as easily as though I were a woman, when I had off my armour. There is no parleying with him from some rock or oak tree as young men and maidens prattle with one another. Better fight him at once, and learn to which of us Jove will vouchsafe victory.”

Thus did he stand and ponder, but Achilles came up to him as it were Mars himself, plumed lord of battle. From his right shoulder he brandished his terrible spear of Pelian ash, and the bronze gleamed around him like flashing fire or the rays of the rising sun. Fear fell upon Hector as he beheld him, and he dared not stay longer where he was but fled in dismay from before the gates, while Achilles darted after him at his utmost speed. As a mountain falcon, swiftest of all birds, swoops down upon some cowering dove—the dove flies before him but the falcon with a shrill scream follows close after, resolved to have her—even so did Achilles make straight for Hector with all his might, while Hector fled under the Trojan wall as fast as his limbs could take him.

On they flew along the waggon-road that ran hard by under the wall, past the lookout station, and past the weather-beaten wild fig-tree, till they came to two fair springs which feed the river Scamander. One of these two springs is warm, and steam rises from it as smoke from a burning fire, but the other even in summer is as cold as hail or snow, or the ice that forms on water. Here, hard by the springs, are the goodly washing-troughs of stone, where in the time of peace before the coming of the Achaeans the wives and fair daughters of the Trojans used to wash their clothes. Past these did they fly, the one in front and the other giving chase behind him: good was the man that fled, but better far was he that followed after, and swiftly indeed did they run, for the prize was no mere beast for sacrifice or bullock's hide, as it might be for a common foot-race, but they ran for the life of Hector. As horses in a chariot race speed round the turning-posts when they are running for some great prize—a tripod or woman—at the games in honour of some dead hero, so did these two run full speed three times round the city of Priam. All the gods watched them, and the sire of gods and men was the first to speak.

“Alas,” said he, “my eyes behold a man who is dear to me being pursued round the walls of Troy; my heart is full of pity for Hector, who has burned the thigh-bones of many a heifer in my honour, one while on the crests of many-valleyed Ida, and again on the citadel of Troy; and now I see noble Achilles in full pursuit of him round the city of Priam. What say you? Consider among yourselves and decide whether we shall now save him or let him fall, valiant though he be, before Achilles, son of Peleus.”

Then Minerva said, “Father, wielder of the lightning, lord of cloud and storm, what mean you? Would you pluck this mortal whose doom has long been decreed out of the jaws of death? Do as you will, but we others shall not be of a mind with you.”

And Jove answered, “My child, Triton-born, take heart. I did not speak in full earnest, and I will let you have your way. Do without let or hindrance as you are minded.”

Thus did he urge Minerva who was already eager, and down she darted from the topmost summits of Olympus.

Achilles was still in full pursuit of Hector, as a hound chasing a fawn which he has started from its covert on the mountains, and hunts through glade and thicket. The fawn may try to elude him by crouching under cover of a bush, but he will scent her out and follow her up until he gets her—even so there was no escape for Hector from the fleet son of Peleus. Whenever he made a set to get near the Dardanian gates and under the walls, that his people might help him by showering down weapons from above, Achilles would gain on him and head him back towards the plain, keeping himself always on the city side. As a man in a dream who fails to lay hands upon another whom he is pursuing—the one cannot escape nor the other overtake—even so neither could Achilles come up with Hector, nor Hector break away from Achilles; nevertheless he might even yet have escaped death had not the time come when Apollo, who thus far had sustained his strength and nerved his running, was now no longer to stay by him. Achilles made signs to the Achaean host, and shook his head to show that no man was to aim a dart at Hector, lest another might win the glory of having hit him and he might himself come in second. Then, at last, as they were nearing the fountains for the fourth time, the father of all balanced his golden scales and placed a doom in each of them, one for Achilles and the other for Hector. As he held the scales by the middle, the doom of Hector fell down deep into the house of Hades—and then Phoebus Apollo left him. Thereon Minerva went close up to the son

of Peleus and said, “Noble Achilles, favoured of heaven, we two shall surely take back to the ships a triumph for the Achaeans by slaying Hector, for all his lust of battle. Do what Apollo may as he lies grovelling before his father, aegis-bearing Jove, Hector cannot escape us longer. Stay here and take breath, while I go up to him and persuade him to make a stand and fight you.”

Thus spoke Minerva. Achilles obeyed her gladly, and stood still, leaning on his bronze-pointed ashen spear, while Minerva left him and went after Hector in the form and with the voice of Deiphobus. She came close up to him and said, “Dear brother, I see you are hard pressed by Achilles who is chasing you at full speed

round the city of Priam, let us await his onset and stand on our defence.”

And Hector answered, “Deiphobus, you have always been dearest to me of all my brothers, children of Hecuba and Priam, but henceforth I shall rate you yet more highly, inasmuch as you have ventured outside the wall for my sake when all the others remain inside.”

Then Minerva said, “Dear brother, my father and mother went down on their knees and implored me, as did all my comrades, to remain inside, so great a fear has fallen upon them all; but I was in an agony of grief when I beheld you; now, therefore, let us two make a stand and fight, and let there be no keeping our spears in reserve, that we may learn whether Achilles shall kill us and bear off our spoils to the ships, or whether he shall fall before you.”

Thus did Minerva inveigle him by her cunning, and when the two were now close to one another great Hector was first to speak. “I will no longer fly you, son of Peleus,” said he, “as I have been doing hitherto. Three times have I fled round the mighty city of Priam, without daring to withstand you, but now, let me either slay or be slain, for I am in the mind to face you. Let us, then, give pledges to one another by our gods, who are the fittest witnesses and guardians of all covenants; let it be agreed between us that if Jove vouchsafes me the longer stay and I take your life, I am not to treat your dead body in any unseemly fashion, but when I have stripped you of your armour, I am to give up your body to the Achaeans. And do you likewise.”

Achilles glared at him and answered, “Fool, prate not to me about covenants. There can be no covenants between men and lions, wolves and lambs can never be of one mind, but hate each other out and out all through. Therefore there can be no understanding between you and me, nor may there be any covenants between us, till one or other shall fall and glut grim Mars with his life’s blood. Put forth all your strength; you have need now to prove yourself indeed a bold soldier and man of war. You have no more chance, and Pallas Minerva will forthwith vanquish you by my spear: you shall now pay me in full for the grief you have caused me on account of my comrades whom you have killed in battle.”

He poised his spear as he spoke and hurled it. Hector saw it coming and avoided it; he watched it and crouched down so that it flew over his head and stuck in the ground beyond; Minerva then snatched it up and gave it back to Achilles without Hector’s seeing her; Hector thereon said to the son of Peleus, “You have missed your aim, Achilles, peer of the gods, and Jove has not yet revealed to you the hour of my doom, though you made sure that he had done so. You were a false-tongued liar when you deemed that I should forget my valour and quail before you. You shall not drive your spear into the back of a runaway—drive it, should heaven so grant you power, drive it into me as I make straight towards you; and now for your own part avoid my spear if you can—would that you might receive the whole of it into your body; if you were once dead the Trojans would find the war an easier matter, for it is you who have harmed them most.”

He poised his spear as he spoke and hurled it. His aim was true for he hit the middle of Achilles’ shield, but the spear rebounded from it, and did not pierce it. Hector was angry when he saw that the weapon had sped from his hand in vain, and stood there in dismay for he had no second spear. With a loud cry he called Deiphobus and asked him for one, but there was no man; then he saw the truth and said to himself, “Alas! the gods have lured me on to my destruction. I deemed that the hero Deiphobus was by my side, but he is within the wall, and Minerva has inveigled me; death is now indeed exceedingly near at hand and there is no way out of it—for so Jove and his son Apollo the far-darter have willed it, though heretofore they have been ever ready to protect me. My doom has come upon me; let me not then die ingloriously and without a struggle, but let me first do some great thing that shall be told among men hereafter.”

As he spoke he drew the keen blade that hung so great and strong by his side, and gathering himself together he sprang on Achilles like a soaring eagle which swoops down from the clouds on to some lamb or timid hare—even so did Hector brandish his sword and spring upon Achilles. Achilles mad with rage darted towards him, with his wondrous shield before his breast, and his gleaming helmet, made with four layers of metal, nodding fiercely forward. The thick tresses of gold with which Vulcan had crested the helmet floated round it, and as the evening star that shines brighter than all others through the stillness of night, even such was the gleam of the spear which Achilles poised in his right hand, fraught with the death of noble Hector. He eyed his fair flesh over and over to see where he could best wound it, but all was protected by the goodly armour of which Hector had spoiled Patroclus after he had slain him, save only the throat where the collar-bones divide the neck from the shoulders, and this is a most deadly place: here then did Achilles strike him as he was coming on towards him, and the point of his spear went right through the fleshy part of the neck, but it did not sever his windpipe so that he could still speak. Hector fell headlong, and Achilles vaunted over him saying, “Hector, you deemed that you should come off scatheless when you were spoiling Patroclus, and recked not of myself who was not with him. Fool that you were: for I, his comrade, mightier far than he, was still left behind him at the ships, and now I have laid you low. The Achaeans shall give him all due funeral rites, while dogs and vultures shall work their will upon yourself.”

Then Hector said, as the life ebbed out of him, "I pray you by your life and knees, and by your parents, let not dogs devour me at the ships of the Achaeans, but accept the rich treasure of gold and bronze which my father and mother will offer you, and send my body home, that the Trojans and their wives may give me my dues of fire when I am dead."

Achilles glared at him and answered, "Dog, talk not to me neither of knees nor parents; would that I could be as sure of being able to cut your flesh into pieces and eat it raw, for the ill you have done me, as I am that nothing shall save you from the dogs—it shall not be, though they bring ten or twenty-fold ransom and weigh it out for me on the spot, with promise of yet more hereafter. Though Priam son of Dardanus should bid them offer me your weight in gold, even so your mother shall never lay you out and make lament over the son she bore, but dogs and vultures shall eat you utterly up."

Hector with his dying breath then said, "I know you what you are, and was sure that I should not move you, for your heart is hard as iron; look to it that I bring not heaven's anger upon you on the day when Paris and Phoebus Apollo, valiant though you be, shall slay you at the Scaean gates."

When he had thus said the shrouds of death enfolded him, whereon his soul went out of him and flew down to the house of Hades, lamenting its sad fate that it should enjoy youth and strength no longer. But Achilles said, speaking to the dead body, "Die; for my part I will accept my fate whensoever Jove and the other gods see fit to send it."

As he spoke he drew his spear from the body and set it on one side; then he stripped the blood-stained armour from Hector's shoulders while the other Achaeans came running up to view his wondrous strength and beauty; and no one came near him without giving him a fresh wound. Then would one turn to his neighbour and say, "It is easier to handle Hector now than when he was flinging fire on to our ships"—and as he spoke he would thrust his spear into him anew.

When Achilles had done spoiling Hector of his armour, he stood among the Argives and said, "My friends, princes and counsellors of the Argives, now that heaven has vouchsafed us to overcome this man, who has done us more hurt than all the others together, consider whether we should not attack the city in force, and discover in what mind the Trojans may be. We should thus learn whether they will desert their city now that Hector has fallen, or will still hold out even though he is no longer living. But why argue with myself in this way, while Patroclus is still lying at the ships unburied, and unmourned—he whom I can never forget so long as I am alive and my strength fails not? Though men forget their dead when once they are within the house of Hades, yet not even there will I forget the comrade whom I have lost. Now, therefore, Achaean youths, let us raise the song of victory and go back to the ships taking this man along with us; for we have achieved a mighty triumph and have slain noble Hector to whom the Trojans prayed throughout their city as though he were a god."

On this he treated the body of Hector with contumely: he pierced the sinews at the back of both his feet from heel to ankle and passed thongs of ox-hide through the slits he had made: thus he made the body fast to his chariot, letting the head trail upon the ground. Then when he had put the goodly armour on the chariot and had himself mounted, he lashed his horses on and they flew forward nothing loth. The dust rose from Hector as he was being dragged along, his dark hair flew all abroad, and his head once so comely was laid low on earth, for Jove had now delivered him into the hands of his foes to do him outrage in his own land.

Thus was the head of Hector being dishonoured in the dust. His mother tore her hair, and flung her veil from her with a loud cry as she looked upon her son. His father made piteous moan, and throughout the city the people fell to weeping and wailing. It was as though the whole of frowning Ilius was being smirched with fire. Hardly could the people hold Priam back in his hot haste to rush without the gates of the city. He grovelled in the mire and besought them, calling each one of them by his name. "Let be, my friends," he cried, "and for all your sorrow, suffer me to go single-handed to the ships of the Achaeans. Let me beseech this cruel and terrible man, if maybe he will respect the feeling of his fellow-men, and have compassion on my old age. His own father is even such another as myself—Peleus, who bred him and reared him to be the bane of us Trojans, and of myself more than of all others. Many a son of mine has he slain in the flower of his youth, and yet, grieve for these as I may, I do so for one—Hector—more than for them all, and the bitterness of my sorrow will bring me down to the house of Hades. Would that he had died in my arms, for so both his ill-starred mother who bore him, and myself, should have had the comfort of weeping and mourning over him."

Thus did he speak with many tears, and all the people of the city joined in his lament. Hecuba then raised the cry of wailing among the Trojans. "Alas, my son," she cried, "what have I left to live for now that you are no more? Night and day did I glory in you throughout the city, for you were a tower of strength to all in Troy, and both men and women alike hailed you as a god. So long as you lived you were their pride, but now death and destruction have fallen upon you."

Hector's wife had as yet heard nothing, for no one had come to tell her that her husband had remained

without the gates. She was at her loom in an inner part of the house, weaving a double purple web, and embroidering it with many flowers. She told her maids to set a large tripod on the fire, so as to have a warm bath ready for Hector when he came out of battle; poor woman, she knew not that he was now beyond the reach of baths, and that Minerva had laid him low by the hands of Achilles. She heard the cry coming as from the wall, and trembled in every limb; the shuttle fell from her hands, and again she spoke to her waiting-women. "Two of you," she said, "come with me that I may learn what it is that has befallen; I heard the voice of my husband's honoured mother; my own heart beats as though it would come into my mouth and my limbs refuse to carry me; some great misfortune for Priam's children must be at hand. May I never live to hear it, but I greatly fear that Achilles has cut off the retreat of brave Hector and has chased him on to the plain where he was single-handed; I fear he may have put an end to the reckless daring which possessed my husband, who would never remain with the body of his men, but would dash on far in front, foremost of them all in valour."

Her heart beat fast, and as she spoke she flew from the house like a maniac, with her waiting-women following after. When she reached the battlements and the crowd of people, she stood looking out upon the wall, and saw Hector being borne away in front of the city—the horses dragging him without heed or care over the ground towards the ships of the Achaeans. Her eyes were then shrouded as with the darkness of night and she fell fainting backwards. She tore the attiring from her head and flung it from her, the frontlet and net with its plaited band, and the veil which golden Venus had given her on the day when Hector took her with him from the house of Eetion, after having given countless gifts of wooing for her sake. Her husband's sisters and the wives of his brothers crowded round her and supported her, for she was fain to die in her distraction; when she again presently breathed and came to herself, she sobbed and made lament among the Trojans saying, "Woe is me, O Hector; woe, indeed, that to share a common lot we were born, you at Troy in the house of Priam, and I at Thebes under the wooded mountain of Placus in the house of Eetion who brought me up when I was a child—ill-starred sire of an ill-starred daughter—would that he had never begotten me. You are now going into the house of Hades under the secret places of the earth, and you leave me a sorrowing widow in your house. The child, of whom

you and I are the unhappy parents, is as yet a mere infant. Now that you are gone, O Hector, you can do nothing for him nor he for you. Even though he escape the horrors of this woeful war with the Achaeans, yet shall his life henceforth be one of labour and sorrow, for others will seize his lands. The day that robs a child of his parents severs him from his own kind; his head is bowed, his cheeks are wet with tears, and he will go about destitute among the friends of his father, plucking one by the cloak and another by the shirt. Some one or other of these may so far pity him as to hold the cup for a moment towards him and let him moisten his lips, but he must not drink enough to wet the roof of his mouth; then one whose parents are alive will drive him from the table with blows and angry words. 'Out with you,' he will say, 'you have no father here,' and the child will go crying back to his widowed mother—he, Astyanax, who erewhile would sit upon his father's knees, and have none but the daintiest and choicest morsels set before him. When he had played till he was tired and went to sleep, he would lie in a bed, in the arms of his nurse, on a soft couch, knowing neither want nor care, whereas now that he has lost his father his lot will be full of hardship—he, whom the Trojans name Astyanax, because you, O Hector, were the only defence of their gates and battlements. The wriggling writhing worms will now eat you at the ships, far from your parents, when the dogs have glutted themselves upon you. You will lie naked, although in your house you have fine and goodly raiment made by hands of women. This will I now burn; it is of no use to you, for you can never again wear it, and thus you will have respect shown you by the Trojans both men and women."

In such wise did she cry aloud amid her tears, and the women joined in her lament.

Book XXIII Summary

The funeral of Patroclus, and the funeral games.

Book XXIV

Priam ransoms the body of Hector—Hector's funeral.

THE assembly now broke up and the people went their ways each to his own ship. There they made ready their supper, and then bethought them of the blessed boon of sleep; but Achilles still wept for thinking of his dear comrade, and sleep, before whom all things bow, could take no hold upon him. This way and that did he turn as he yearned after the might and manfulness of Patroclus; he thought of all they had done together, and all they had gone through both on the field of battle and on the waves of the weary sea. As he dwelt on these things he wept bitterly and lay now on his side, now on his back, and now face downwards, till at last

he rose and went out as one distraught to wander upon the seashore. Then, when he saw dawn breaking over beach and sea, he yoked his horses to his chariot, and bound the body of Hector behind it that he might drag it about. Thrice did he drag it round the tomb of the son of Menoetius, and then went back into his tent, leaving the body on the ground full length and with its face downwards. But Apollo would not suffer it to be disfigured, for he pitied the man, dead though he now was; therefore he shielded him with his golden aegis continually, that he might take no hurt while Achilles was dragging him.

Thus shamefully did Achilles in his fury dishonour Hector; but the blessed gods looked down in pity from heaven, and urged Mercury, slayer of Argus, to steal the body. All were of this mind save only Juno, Neptune, and Jove's grey-eyed daughter, who persisted in the hate which they had ever borne towards Ilius with Priam and his people; for they forgave not the wrong done them by Alexandrus in disdaining the goddesses who came to him when he was in his sheepyards, and preferring her who had offered him a wanton to his ruin.

When, therefore, the morning of the twelfth day had now come, Phoebus Apollo spoke among the immortals saying, "You gods ought to be ashamed of yourselves; you are cruel and hard-hearted. Did not Hector burn you thigh-bones of heifers and of unblemished goats? And now dare you not rescue even his dead body, for his wife to look upon, with his mother and child, his father Priam, and his people, who would forthwith commit him to the flames, and give him his due funeral rites? So, then, you would all be on the side of mad Achilles, who knows neither right nor ruth? He is like some savage lion that in the pride of his great strength and daring springs upon men's flocks and gorges on them. Even so has Achilles flung aside all pity, and all that conscience which at once so greatly banes yet greatly boons him that will heed it. A man may lose one far dearer than Achilles has lost—a son, it may be, or a brother born from his own mother's womb; yet when he has mourned him and wept over him he will let him bide, for it takes much sorrow to kill a man; whereas Achilles, now that he has slain noble Hector, drags him behind his chariot round the tomb of his comrade. It were better of him, and for him, that he should not do so, for brave though he be we gods may take it ill that he should vent his fury upon dead clay."

Juno spoke up in a rage. "This were well," she cried, "O lord of the silver bow, if you would give like honour to Hector and to Achilles; but Hector was mortal and suckled at a woman's breast, whereas Achilles is the offspring of a goddess whom I myself reared and brought up. I married her to Peleus, who is above measure dear to the immortals; you gods came all of you to her wedding; you feasted along with them yourself and brought your lyre—false, and fond of low company, that you have ever been."

Then said Jove, "Juno, be not so bitter. Their honour shall not be equal, but of all that dwell in Ilius, Hector was dearest to the gods, as also to myself, for his offerings never failed me. Never was my altar stinted of its dues, nor of the drink-offerings and savour of sacrifice which we claim of right. I shall therefore permit the body of mighty Hector to be stolen; and yet this may hardly be without Achilles coming to know it, for his mother keeps night and day beside him. Let some one of you, therefore, send Thetis to me, and I will impart my counsel to her, namely that Achilles is to accept a ransom from Priam, and give up the body."

On this Iris fleet as the wind went forth to carry his message. Down she plunged into the dark sea midway between Samos and rocky Imbrus; the waters hissed as they closed over her, and she sank into the bottom as the lead at the end of an ox-horn, that is sped to carry death to fishes. She found Thetis sitting in a great cave with the other sea-goddesses gathered round her; there she sat in the midst of them weeping for her noble son who was to fall far from his own land, on the rich plains of Troy. Iris went up to her and said, "Rise Thetis; Jove, whose counsels fail not, bids you come to him." And Thetis answered, "Why does the mighty god so bid me? I am in great grief, and shrink from going in and out among the immortals. Still, I will go, and the word that he may speak shall not be spoken in vain."

The goddess took her dark veil, than which there can be no robe more sombre, and went forth with fleet Iris leading the way before her. The waves of the sea opened them a path, and when they reached the shore they flew up into the heavens, where they found the all-seeing son of Saturn with the blessed gods that live for ever assembled near him. Minerva gave up her seat to her, and she sat down by the side of father Jove. Juno then placed a fair golden cup in her hand, and spoke to her in words of comfort, whereon Thetis drank and gave her back the cup; and the sire of gods and men was the first to speak.

"So, goddess," said he, "for all your sorrow, and the grief that I well know reigns ever in your heart, you have come hither to Olympus, and I will tell you why I have sent for you. This nine days past the immortals have been quarrelling about Achilles waster of cities and the body of Hector. The gods would have Mercury slayer of Argus steal the body, but in furtherance of our peace and amity henceforward, I will concede such honour to your son as I will now tell you. Go, then, to the host and lay these commands upon him; say that the gods are angry with him, and that I am myself more angry than them all, in that he keeps Hector at the ships and will not give him up. He may thus fear me and let the body go. At the same time I will send Iris to great Priam to bid him go to the ships of the Achaeans, and ransom his son, taking with him such gifts for Achilles

as may give him satisfaction.”

Silver-footed Thetis did as the god had told her, and forthwith down she darted from the topmost summits of Olympus. She went to her son's tents where she found him grieving bitterly, while his trusty comrades round him were busy preparing their morning meal, for which they had killed a great woolly sheep. His mother sat down beside him and caressed him with her hand saying, “My son, how long will you keep on thus grieving and making moan? You are gnawing at your own heart, and think neither of food nor of woman's embraces; and yet these too were well, for you have no long time to live, and death with the strong hand of fate are already close beside you. Now, therefore, heed what I say, for I come as a messenger from Jove; he says that the gods are angry with you, and himself more angry than them all, in that you keep Hector at the ships and will not give him up. Therefore let him go, and accept a ransom for his body.”

And Achilles answered, “So be it. If Olympian Jove of his own motion thus commands me, let him that brings the ransom bear the body away.”

[Priam with the help of Mercury sneaks into the Greek camp and Achilles' tent]

King Priam entered without their seeing him, and going right up to Achilles he clasped his knees and kissed the dread murderous hands that had slain so many of his sons.

As when some cruel spite has befallen a man that he should have killed some one in his own country, and must fly to a great man's protection in a land of strangers, and all marvel who see him, even so did Achilles marvel as he beheld Priam. The others looked one to another and marvelled also, but Priam besought Achilles saying, “Think of your father, O Achilles like unto the gods, who is such even as I am, on the sad threshold of old age. It may be that those who dwell near him harass him, and there is none to keep war and ruin from him. Yet when he hears of you being still alive, he is glad, and his days are full of hope that he shall see his dear son come home to him from Troy; but I, wretched man that I am, had the bravest in all Troy for my sons, and there is not one of them left. I had fifty sons when the Achaeans came here; nineteen of them were from a single womb, and the others were borne to me by the women of my household. The greater part of them has fierce Mars laid low, and Hector, him who was alone left, him who was the guardian of the city and ourselves, him have you lately slain; therefore I am now come to the ships of the Achaeans to ransom his body from you with a great ransom. Fear, O Achilles, the wrath of heaven; think on your own father and have compassion upon me, who am the more pitiable, for I have

steeled myself as no man yet has ever steeled himself before me, and have raised to my lips the hand of him who slew my son.”

Thus spoke Priam, and the heart of Achilles yearned as he bethought him of his father. He took the old man's hand and moved him gently away. The two wept bitterly—Priam, as he lay at Achilles' feet, weeping for Hector, and Achilles now for his father and now for Patroclus, till the house was filled with their lamentation. But when Achilles was now sated with grief and had unburdened the bitterness of his sorrow, he left his seat and raised the old man by the hand, in pity for his white hair and beard; then he said, “Unhappy man, you have indeed been greatly daring; how could you venture to come alone to the ships of the Achaeans, and enter the presence of him who has slain so many of your brave sons? You must have iron courage: sit now upon this seat, and for all our grief we will hide our sorrows in our hearts, for weeping will not avail us. The immortals know no care, yet the lot they spin for man is full of sorrow; on the floor of Jove's palace there stand two urns, the one filled with evil gifts, and the other with good ones. He for whom Jove the lord of thunder mixes the gifts he sends, will meet now with good and now with evil fortune; but he to whom Jove sends none but evil gifts will be pointed at by the finger of scorn, the hand of famine will pursue him to the ends of the world, and he will go up and down the face of the earth, respected neither by gods nor men. Even so did it befall Peleus; the gods endowed him with all good things from his birth upwards, for he reigned over the Myrmidons excelling all men in prosperity and wealth, and mortal though he was they gave him a goddess for his bride. But even on him too did heaven send misfortune, for there is no race of royal children born to him in his house, save one son who is doomed to die all untimely; nor may I take care of him now that he is growing old, for I must stay here at Troy to be the bane of you and your children. And you too, O Priam, I have heard that you were aforesaid happy. They say that in wealth and plenitude of offspring you surpassed all that is in Lesbos, the realm of Makar to the northward, Phrygia that is more inland, and those that dwell upon the great Hellespont; but from the day when the dwellers in heaven sent this evil upon you, war and slaughter have been about your city continually. Bear up against it, and let there be some intervals in your sorrow. Mourn as you may for your brave son, you will take nothing by it. You cannot raise him from the dead, ere you do so yet another sorrow shall befall you.”

And Priam answered, “O king, bid me not be seated, while Hector is still lying uncared for in your tents, but accept the great ransom which I have brought you, and give him to me at once that I may look upon him. May you prosper with the ransom and reach your own land in safety, seeing that you have suffered me to live

and to look upon the light of the sun.”

Achilles looked at him sternly and said, “Vex me, sir, no longer; I am of myself minded to give up the body of Hector. My mother, daughter of the old man of the sea, came to me from Jove to bid me deliver it to you. Moreover I know well, O Priam, and you cannot hide it, that some god has brought you to the ships of the Achaeans, for else, no man however strong and in his prime would dare to come to our host; he could neither pass our guard unseen, nor draw the bolt of my gates thus easily; therefore, provoke me no further, lest I sin against the word of Jove, and suffer you not, suppliant though you are, within my tents.”

The old man feared him and obeyed. Then the son of Peleus sprang like a lion through the door of his house, not alone, but with him went his two squires Automedon and Alcimus who were closer to him than any others of his comrades now that Patroclus was no more. These unyoked the horses and mules, and bade Priam’s herald and attendant be seated within the house. They lifted the ransom for Hector’s body from the waggon, but they left two mantles and a goodly shirt, that Achilles might wrap the body in them when he gave it to be taken home. Then he called to his servants and ordered them to wash the body and anoint it, but he first took it to a place where Priam should not see it, lest if he did so, he should break out in the bitterness of his grief, and enrage Achilles, who might then kill him and sin against the word of Jove. When the servants had washed the body and anointed it, and had wrapped it in a fair shirt and mantle, Achilles himself lifted it on to a bier, and he and his men then laid it on the waggon. He cried aloud as he did so and called on the name of his dear comrade, “Be not angry with me, Patroclus,” he said, “if you hear even in the house of Hades that I have given Hector to his father for a ransom. It has been no unworthy one, and I will share it equitably with you.”

Achilles then went back into the tent and took his place on the richly inlaid seat from which he had risen, by the wall that was at right angles to the one against which Priam was sitting. “Sir,” he said, “your son is now laid upon his bier and is ransomed according to desire; you shall look upon him when you take him away at daybreak; for the present let us prepare our supper. Even lovely Niobe had to think about eating, though her twelve children—six daughters and six lusty sons—had been all slain in her house. Apollo killed the sons with arrows from his silver bow, to punish Niobe, and Diana slew the daughters, because Niobe had vaunted herself against Leto; she said Leto had borne two children only, whereas she had herself borne many—whereon the two killed the many. Nine days did they lie weltering, and there was none to bury them, for the son of Saturn turned the people into stone; but on the tenth day the gods in heaven themselves buried them, and Niobe then took food, being worn out with weeping. They say that somewhere among the rocks on the mountain pastures of Sipylus, where the nymphs live that haunt the river Achelous, there, they say, she lives in stone and still nurses the sorrows sent upon her by the hand of heaven.

Therefore, noble sir, let us two now take food; you can weep for your dear son hereafter as you are bearing him back to Ilius—and many a tear will he cost you.”

With this Achilles sprang from his seat and killed a sheep of silvery whiteness, which his followers skinned and made ready all in due order. They cut the meat carefully up into smaller pieces, spitted them, and drew them off again when they were well roasted. Automedon brought bread in fair baskets and served it round the table, while Achilles dealt out the meat, and they laid their hands on the good things that were before them. As soon as they had had enough to eat and drink, Priam, descendant of Dardanus, marvelled at the strength and beauty of Achilles for he was as a god to see, and Achilles marvelled at Priam as he listened to him and looked upon his noble presence. When they had gazed their fill Priam spoke first. “And now, O king,” he said, “take me to my couch that we may lie down and enjoy the blessed boon of sleep. Never once have my eyes been closed from the day your hands took the life of my son; I have grovelled without ceasing in the mire of my stable-yard, making moan and brooding over my countless sorrows. Now, moreover, I have eaten bread and drunk wine; hitherto I have tasted nothing.”

As he spoke Achilles told his men and the women-servants to set beds in the room that was in the gate-house, and make them with good red rugs, and spread coverlets on the top of them with woollen cloaks for Priam and Idaeus to wear. So the maids went out carrying a torch and got the two beds ready in all haste. Then Achilles said laughingly to Priam, “Dear sir, you shall lie outside, lest some counsellor of those who in due course keep coming to advise with me should see you here in the darkness of the flying night, and tell it to Agamemnon. This might cause delay in the delivery of the body. And now tell me and tell me true, for how many days would you celebrate the funeral rites of noble Hector? Tell me, that I may hold aloof from war and restrain the host.”

And Priam answered, “Since, then, you suffer me to bury my noble son with all due rites, do thus, Achilles, and I shall be grateful. You know how we are pent up within our city; it is far for us to fetch wood from the mountain, and the people live in fear. Nine days, therefore, will we mourn Hector in my house; on the tenth day we will bury him and there shall be a public feast in his honour; on the eleventh we will build a mound

over his ashes, and on the twelfth, if there be need, we will fight.”

And Achilles answered, “All, King Priam, shall be as you have said. I will stay our fighting for as long a time as you have named.”

As he spoke he laid his hand on the old man’s right wrist, in token that he should have no fear; thus then did Priam and his attendant sleep there in the forecourt, full of thought, while Achilles lay in an inner room of the house, with fair Briseis by his side.

And now both gods and mortals were fast asleep through the livelong night, but upon Mercury alone, the bringer of good luck, sleep could take no hold for he was thinking all the time how to get King Priam away from the ships without his being seen by the strong force of sentinels. He hovered therefore over Priam’s head and said, “Sir, now that Achilles has spared your life, you seem to have no fear about sleeping in the thick of your foes. You have paid a great ransom, and have received the body of your son; were you still alive and a prisoner the sons whom you have left at home would have to give three times as much to free you; and so it would be if Agamemnon and the other Achaeans were to know of your being here.”

When he heard this the old man was afraid and roused his servant. Mercury then yoked their horses and mules, and drove them quickly through the host so that no man perceived them. When they came to the ford of eddying Xanthus, begotten of immortal Jove, Mercury went back to high Olympus, and dawn in robe of saffron began to break over all the land. Priam and Idaeus then drove on toward the city lamenting and making moan, and the mules drew the body of Hector. No one neither man nor woman saw them, till Cassandra, fair as golden Venus standing on Pergamus, caught sight of her dear father in his chariot, and his servant that was the city’s herald with him. Then she saw him that was lying upon the bier, drawn by the mules, and with a loud cry she went about the city saying, “Come hither Trojans, men and women, and look on Hector; if ever you rejoiced to see him coming from battle when he was alive, look now on him that was the glory of our city and all our people.”

At this there was not man nor woman left in the city, so great a sorrow had possessed them. Hard by the gates they met Priam as he was bringing in the body. Hector’s wife and his mother were the first to mourn him: they flew towards the waggon and laid their hands upon his head, while the crowd stood weeping round them. They would have stayed before the gates, weeping and lamenting the livelong day to the going down of the sun, had not Priam spoken to them from the chariot and said, “Make way for the mules to pass you. Afterwards when I have taken the body home you shall have your fill of weeping.”

On this the people stood asunder, and made a way for the waggon. When they had borne the body within the house they laid it upon a bed and seated minstrels round it to lead the dirge, whereon the women joined in the sad music of their lament. Foremost among them all Andromache led their wailing as she clasped the head of mighty Hector in her embrace. “Husband,” she cried, “you have died young, and leave me in your house a widow; he of whom we are the ill-starred parents is still a mere child, and I fear he may not reach manhood. Ere he can do so our city will be razed and overthrown, for you who watched over it are no more—you who were its saviour, the guardian of our wives and children. Our women will be carried away captives to the ships, and I among them; while you, my child, who will be with me will be put to some unseemly tasks, working for a cruel master. Or, may be, some Achaean will hurl you (O miserable death) from our walls, to avenge some brother, son, or father whom Hector slew; many of them have indeed bitten the dust at his hands, for your father’s hand in battle was no light one. Therefore do the people mourn him. You have left, O Hector, sorrow unutterable to your parents, and my own grief is greatest of all, for you did not stretch forth your arms and embrace me as you lay dying, nor say to me any words that might have lived with me in my tears night and day for evermore.”

Bitterly did she weep the while, and the women joined in her lament. Hecuba in her turn took up the strains of woe. “Hector,” she cried, “dearest to me of all my children. So long as you were alive the gods loved you well, and even in death they have not been utterly unmindful of you; for when Achilles took any other of my sons, he would sell him beyond the seas, to Samos Imbrus or rugged Lemnos; and when he had slain you too with his sword, many a time did he drag you round the sepulchre of his comrade—though this could not give him life—yet here you lie all fresh as dew, and comely as one whom Apollo has slain with his painless shafts.”

Thus did she too speak through her tears with bitter moan, and then Helen for a third time took up the strain of lamentation. “Hector,” said she, “dearest of all my brothers-in-law—for I am wife to Alexandrus who brought me hither to Troy—would that I had died ere he did so—twenty years are come and gone since I left my home and came from over the sea, but I have never heard one word of insult or unkindness from you. When another would chide with me, as it might be one of your brothers or sisters or of your brothers’ wives, or my mother-in-law—for Priam was as kind to me as though he were my own father—you would rebuke and check them with words of gentleness and goodwill. Therefore my tears flow both for you and for my unhappy

self, for there is no one else in Troy who is kind to me, but all shrink and shudder as they go by me.”

She wept as she spoke and the vast crowd that was gathered round her joined in her lament. Then King Priam spoke to them saying, “Bring wood, O Trojans, to the city, and fear no cunning ambush of the Argives, for Achilles when he dismissed me from the ships gave me his word that they should not attack us until the morning of the twelfth day.”

Forthwith they yoked their oxen and mules and gathered together before the city. Nine days long did they bring in great heaps of wood, and on the morning of the tenth day with many tears they took brave Hector forth, laid his dead body upon the summit of the pile, and set the fire thereto. Then when the child of morning, rosy-fingered dawn, appeared on the eleventh day, the people again assembled, round the pyre of mighty Hector. When they were got together, they first quenched the fire with wine wherever it was burning, and then his brothers and comrades with many a bitter tear

gathered his white bones, wrapped them in soft robes of purple, and laid them in a golden urn, which they placed in a grave and covered over with large stones set close together. Then they built a barrow hurriedly over it keeping guard on every side lest the Achaeans should attack them before they had finished. When they had heaped up the barrow they went back again into the city, and being well assembled they held high feast in the house of Priam their king.

Thus, then, did they celebrate the funeral of Hector tamer of horses.

THE ODYSSEY

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Homer, translated by Samuel Butler

Book I

TELL ME, O MUSE, of that ingenious hero who travelled far and wide after he had sacked the famous town of Troy. Many cities did he visit, and many were the nations with whose manners and customs he was acquainted; moreover he suffered much by sea while trying to save his own life and bring his men safely home; but do what he might he could not save his men, for they perished through their own sheer folly in eating the cattle of the Sun-god Hyperion; so the god prevented them from ever reaching home. Tell me, too, about all these things, O daughter of Jove, from whatsoever source you may know them.

So now all who escaped death in battle or by shipwreck had got safely home except Ulysses, and he, though he was longing to return to his wife and country, was detained by the goddess Calypso, who had got him into a large cave and wanted to marry him. But as years went by, there came a time when the gods settled that he should go back to Ithaca; even then, however, when he was among his own people, his troubles were not yet over; nevertheless all the gods had now begun to pity him except Neptune, who still persecuted him without ceasing and would not let him get home.

Now Neptune had gone off to the Ethiopians, who are at the world's end, and lie in two halves, the one looking West and the other East. He had gone there to accept a hecatomb of sheep and oxen, and was enjoying himself at his festival; but the other gods met in the house of Olympian Jove, and the sire of gods and men spoke first. At that moment he was thinking of Aegisthus, who had been killed by Agamemnon's son Orestes; so he said to the other gods:

“See now, how men lay blame upon us gods for what is after all nothing but their own folly. Look at Aegisthus; he must needs make love to Agamemnon's wife unrighteously and then kill Agamemnon, though he knew it would be the death of him; for I sent Mercury to warn him not to do either of these things, inasmuch as Orestes would be sure to take his revenge when he grew up and wanted to return home. Mercury told him this in all good will but he would not listen, and now he has paid for everything in full.”

Then Minerva said, “Father, son of Saturn, King of kings, it served Aegisthus right, and so it would any one else who does as he did; but Aegisthus is neither here nor there; it is for Ulysses that my heart bleeds, when I think of his sufferings in that lonely sea-girt island, far away, poor man, from all his friends. It is an island covered with forest, in the very middle of the sea, and a goddess lives there, daughter of the magician Atlas, who looks after the bottom of the ocean, and carries the great columns that keep heaven and earth asunder. This daughter of Atlas has got hold of poor unhappy Ulysses, and keeps trying by every kind of blandishment to make him forget his home, so that he is tired of life, and thinks of nothing but how he may once more see the smoke of his own chimneys. You, sir, take no heed of this, and yet when Ulysses was before Troy did he not propitiate you with many a burnt sacrifice? Why then should you keep on being so angry with him?”

And Jove said, “My child, what are you talking about? How can I forget Ulysses than whom there is no more

capable man on earth, nor more liberal in his offerings to the immortal gods that live in heaven? Bear in mind, however, that Neptune is still furious with Ulysses for having blinded an eye of Polyphemus king of the Cyclopes. Polyphemus is son to Neptune by the nymph Thoosa, daughter to the sea-king Phorcys; therefore though he will not kill Ulysses outright, he torments him by preventing him from getting home. Still, let us lay our heads together and see how we can help him to return; Neptune will then be pacified, for if we are all of a mind he can hardly stand out against us.”

And Minerva said, “Father, son of Saturn, King of kings, if, then, the gods now mean that Ulysses should get home, we should first send Mercury to the Ogygian island to tell Calypso that we have made up our minds and that he is to return. In the meantime I will go to Ithaca, to put heart into Ulysses’ son Telemachus; I will embolden him to call the Achaeans in assembly, and speak out to the suitors of his mother Penelope, who persist in eating up any number of his sheep and oxen; I will also conduct him to Sparta and to Pylos, to see if he can hear anything about the return of his dear father—for this will make people speak well of him.”

So saying she bound on her glittering golden sandals, imperishable, with which she can fly like the wind over land or sea; she grasped the redoubtable bronze-shod spear, so stout and sturdy and strong, wherewith she quells the ranks of heroes who have displeased her, and down she darted from the topmost summits of Olympus, whereon forthwith she was in Ithaca, at the gateway of Ulysses’ house, disguised as a visitor, Mentès, chief of the Taphians, and she held a bronze spear in her hand. There she found the lordly suitors seated on hides of the oxen which they had killed and eaten, and playing draughts in front of the house. Men-servants and pages were bustling about to wait upon them, some mixing wine with water in the mixing-bowls, some cleaning down the tables with wet sponges and laying them out again, and some cutting up great quantities of meat.

Telemachus saw her long before any one else did. He was sitting moodily among the suitors thinking about his brave father, and how he would send them flying out of the house, if he were to come to his own again and be honoured as in days gone by. Thus brooding as he sat among them, he caught sight of Minerva and went straight to the gate, for he was vexed that a stranger should be kept waiting for admittance. He took her right hand in his own, and bade her give him her spear. “Welcome,” said he, “to our house, and when you have partaken of food you shall tell us what you have come for.”

He led the way as he spoke, and Minerva followed him. When they were within he took her spear and set it in the spear—stand against a strong bearing-post along with the many other spears of his unhappy father, and he conducted her to a richly decorated seat under which he threw a cloth of damask. There was a footstool also for her feet, and he set another seat near her for himself, away from the suitors, that she might not be annoyed while eating by their noise and insolence, and that he might ask her more freely about his father.

A maid servant then brought them water in a beautiful golden ewer and poured it into a silver basin for them to wash their hands, and she drew a clean table beside them. An upper servant brought them bread, and offered them many good things of what there was in the house, the carver fetched them plates of all manner of meats and set cups of gold by their side, and a man-servant brought them wine and poured it out for them.

Then the suitors came in and took their places on the benches and seats. Forthwith men servants poured water over their hands, maids went round with the bread-baskets, pages filled the mixing-bowls with wine and water, and they laid their hands upon the good things that were before them. As soon as they had had enough to eat and drink they wanted music and dancing, which are the crowning embellishments of a banquet, so a servant brought a lyre to Phemius, whom they compelled perforce to sing to them. As soon as he touched his lyre and began to sing Telemachus spoke low to Minerva, with his head close to hers that no man might hear.

“I hope, sir,” said he, “that you will not be offended with what I am going to say. Singing comes cheap to those who do not pay for it, and all this is done at the cost of one whose bones lie rotting in some wilderness or grinding to powder in the surf. If these men were to see my father come back to Ithaca they would pray for longer legs rather than a longer purse, for money would not serve them; but he, alas, has fallen on an ill fate, and even when people do sometimes say that he is coming, we no longer heed them; we shall never see him again. And now, sir, tell me and tell me true, who you are and where you come from. Tell me of your town and parents, what manner of ship you came in, how your crew brought you to Ithaca, and of what nation they declared themselves to be—for you cannot have come by land. Tell me also truly, for I want to know, are you a stranger to this house, or have you been here in my father’s time? In the old days we had many visitors for my father went about much himself.”

And Minerva answered, “I will tell you truly and particularly all about it. I am Mentès, son of Anchialus, and I am King of the Taphians. I have come here with my ship and crew, on a voyage to men of a foreign tongue being bound for Temesa with a cargo of iron, and I shall bring back copper. As for my ship, it lies over yonder off the open country away from the town, in the harbour Rheithron under the wooded mountain Neritum. Our fathers were friends before us, as old Laertes will tell you, if you will go and ask him. They say, however, that he never comes to town now, and lives by himself in the country, faring hardly, with an old woman to look after him and get his dinner for him, when he comes in tired from pottering about his vineyard. They told me your father was at home again,

and that was why I came, but it seems the gods are still keeping him back, for he is not dead yet not on the mainland. It is more likely he is on some sea-girt island in mid ocean, or a prisoner among savages who are detaining him against his will I am no prophet, and know very little about omens, but I speak as it is borne in upon me from heaven, and assure you that he will not be away much longer; for he is a man of such resource that even though he were in chains of iron he would find some means of getting home again. But tell me, and tell me true, can Ulysses really have such a fine looking fellow for a son? You are indeed wonderfully like him about the head and eyes, for we were close friends before he set sail for Troy where the flower of all the Argives went also. Since that time we have never either of us seen the other.”

“My mother,” answered Telemachus, tells me I am son to Ulysses, but it is a wise child that knows his own father. Would that I were son to one who had grown old upon his own estates, for, since you ask me, there is no more ill-starred man under heaven than he who they tell me is my father.”

And Minerva said, “There is no fear of your race dying out yet, while Penelope has such a fine son as you are. But tell me, and tell me true, what is the meaning of all this feasting, and who are these people? What is it all about? Have you some banquet, or is there a wedding in the family—for no one seems to be bringing any provisions of his own? And the guests—how atrociously they are behaving; what riot they make over the whole house; it is enough to disgust any respectable person who comes near them.”

“Sir,” said Telemachus, “as regards your question, so long as my father was here it was well with us and with the house, but the gods in their displeasure have willed it otherwise, and have hidden him away more closely than mortal man was ever yet hidden. I could have borne it better even though he were dead, if he had fallen with his men before Troy, or had died with friends around him when the days of his fighting were done; for then the Achaeans would have built a mound over his ashes, and I should myself have been heir to his renown; but now the storm-winds have spirited him away we know not wither; he is gone without leaving so much as a trace behind him, and I inherit nothing but dismay. Nor does the matter end simply with grief for the loss of my father; heaven has laid sorrows upon me of yet another kind; for the chiefs from all our islands, Dulichium, Same, and the woodland island of Zacynthus, as also all the principal men of Ithaca itself, are eating up my house under the pretext of paying their court to my mother, who will neither point blank say that she will not marry, nor yet bring matters to an end; so they are making havoc of my estate, and before long will do so also with myself.”

“Is that so?” exclaimed Minerva, “then you do indeed want Ulysses home again. Give him his helmet, shield, and a couple lances, and if he is the man he was when I first knew him in our house, drinking and making merry, he would soon lay his hands about these rascally suitors, were he to stand once more upon his own threshold. He was then coming from Ephyra, where he had been to beg poison for his arrows from Ilus, son of Mermerus. Ilus feared the ever-living gods and would not give him any, but my father let him have some, for he was very fond of him. If Ulysses is the man he then was these suitors will have a short shrift and a sorry wedding.

“But there! It rests with heaven to determine whether he is to return, and take his revenge in his own house or no; I would, however, urge you to set about trying to get rid of these suitors at once. Take my advice, call the Achaean heroes in assembly to-morrow—lay your case before them, and call heaven to bear you witness. Bid the suitors take themselves off, each to his own place, and if your mother’s mind is set on marrying again, let her go back to her father, who will find her a husband and provide her with all the marriage gifts that so dear a daughter may expect. As for yourself, let me prevail upon you to take the best ship you can get, with a crew of twenty men, and go in quest of your father who has so long been missing. Some one may tell you something, or (and people often hear things in this way) some heaven-sent message may direct you. First go to Pylos and ask Nestor; thence go on to Sparta and visit Menelaus, for he got home last of all the Achaeans; if you hear that your father is alive and on his way home, you can put up with the waste these suitors will make for yet another twelve months. If on the other hand you hear of his death, come home at once, celebrate his funeral rites with all due pomp, build a barrow to his memory, and make your mother marry again. Then, having done all this, think it well over in your mind how, by fair means or foul, you may kill these suitors in your own house. You are too old to plead infancy any longer; have you not heard how people are singing Orestes’ praises for having killed his father’s murderer Aegisthus? You are a fine, smart looking fellow; show your mettle, then, and make yourself a name in story. Now, however, I must go back to my ship and to my crew, who will be impatient if I keep them waiting longer; think the matter over for yourself, and remember what I have said to you.”

“Sir,” answered Telemachus, “it has been very kind of you to talk to me in this way, as though I were your own son, and I will do all you tell me; I know you want to be getting on with your voyage, but stay a little longer till you have taken a bath and refreshed yourself. I will then give you a present, and you shall go on your way rejoicing; I will give you one of great beauty and value—a keepsake such as only dear friends give to one another.”

Minerva answered, “Do not try to keep me, for I would be on my way at once. As for any present you may be disposed to make me, keep it till I come again, and I will take it home with me. You shall give me a very good one, and I will give you one of no less value in return.”

With these words she flew away like a bird into the air, but she had given Telemachus courage, and had made him think more than ever about his father. He felt the change, wondered at it, and knew that the stranger had been a god, so he went straight to where the suitors were sitting.

Phemius was still singing, and his hearers sat rapt in silence as he told the sad tale of the return from Troy, and the ills Minerva had laid upon the Achaeans. Penelope, daughter of Icarius, heard his song from her room upstairs, and came down by the great staircase, not alone, but attended by two of her handmaids. When she reached the suitors she stood by one of the bearing posts that supported the roof of the cloisters with a staid maiden on either side of her. She held a veil, moreover, before her face, and was weeping bitterly.

“Phemius,” she cried, “you know many another feat of gods and heroes, such as poets love to celebrate. Sing the suitors some one of these, and let them drink their wine in silence, but cease this sad tale, for it breaks my sorrowful heart, and reminds me of my lost husband whom I mourn ever without ceasing, and whose name was great over all Hellas and middle Argos.”

“Mother,” answered Telemachus, “let the bard sing what he has a mind to; bards do not make the ills they sing of; it is Jove, not they, who makes them, and who sends weal or woe upon mankind according to his own good pleasure. This fellow means no harm by singing the ill-fated return of the Danaans, for people always applaud the latest songs most warmly. Make up your mind to it and bear it; Ulysses is not the only man who never came back from Troy, but many another went down as well as he. Go, then, within the house and busy yourself with your daily duties, your loom, your distaff, and the ordering of your servants; for speech is man’s matter, and mine above all others—for it is I who am master here.”

She went wondering back into the house, and laid her son’s saying in her heart. Then, going upstairs with her handmaids into her room, she mourned her dear husband till Minerva shed sweet sleep over her eyes. But the suitors were clamorous throughout the covered cloisters, and prayed each one that he might be her bed fellow.

Then Telemachus spoke, “Shameless,” he cried, “and insolent suitors, let us feast at our pleasure now, and let there be no brawling, for it is a rare thing to hear a man with such a divine voice as Phemius has; but in the morning meet me in full assembly that I may give you formal notice to depart, and feast at one another’s houses, turn and turn about, at your own cost. If on the other hand you choose to persist in spunging upon one man, heaven help me, but Jove shall reckon with you in full, and when you fall in my father’s house there shall be no man to avenge you.”

The suitors bit their lips as they heard him, and marvelled at the boldness of his speech. Then, Antinous, son of Eupheithes, said, “The gods seem to have given you lessons in bluster and tall talking; may Jove never grant you to be chief in Ithaca as your father was before you.”

Telemachus answered, “Antinous, do not chide with me, but, god willing, I will be chief too if I can. Is this the worst fate you can think of for me? It is no bad thing to be a chief, for it brings both riches and honour. Still, now that Ulysses is dead there are many great men in Ithaca both old and young, and some other may take the lead among them; nevertheless I will be chief in my own house, and will rule those whom Ulysses has won for me.”

Then Eurymachus, son of Polybus, answered, “It rests with heaven to decide who shall be chief among us, but you shall be master in your own house and over your own possessions; no one while there is a man in Ithaca shall do you violence nor rob you. And now, my good fellow, I want to know about this stranger. What country does he come from? Of what family is he, and where is his estate? Has he brought you news about the return of your father, or was he on business of his own? He seemed a well-to-do man, but he hurried off so suddenly that he was gone in a moment before we could get to know him.”

“My father is dead and gone,” answered Telemachus, “and even if some rumour reaches me I put no more faith in it now. My mother does indeed sometimes send for a soothsayer and question him, but I give his prophecies no heed. As for the stranger, he was Mentès, son of Anchialus, chief of the Taphians, an old friend of my father’s.” But in his heart he knew that it had been the goddess.

The suitors then returned to their singing and dancing until the evening; but when night fell upon their pleasuring they went home to bed each in his own abode. Telemachus’s room was high up in a tower that looked on to the outer court; hither, then, he hied, brooding and full of thought. A good old woman, Euryclea, daughter of Ops, the son of Pisenor, went before him with a couple of blazing torches. Laertes had bought her with his own money when she was quite young; he gave the worth of twenty oxen for her, and shewed as much respect to her in his household as he did to his own wedded wife, but he did not take her to his bed for he feared his wife’s resentment. She it was who now lighted Telemachus to his room, and she loved him better than any of the other women in the house did, for she had nursed him when he was a baby. He opened the door of his bed room and sat down upon the bed; as he took off his shirt he gave it to the good old woman, who folded it tidily up, and hung it for him over a peg by his bed side, after which she went out, pulled the door to by a silver catch, and drew the bolt home by means of the strap. But Telemachus as he lay covered with a woollen fleece kept thinking all night through of his intended voyage of the counsel that Minerva had given him.

Book II

NOW when the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, Telemachus rose and dressed himself. He bound his sandals on to his comely feet, girded his sword about his shoulder, and left his room looking like an immortal god. He at once sent the criers round to call the people in assembly, so they called them and the people gathered thereon; then, when they were got together, he went to the place of assembly spear in hand—not alone, for his two hounds went with him. Minerva endowed him with a presence of such divine comeliness that all marvelled at him as he went by, and when he took his place in his father's seat even the oldest councillors made way for him.

Aegyptius, a man bent double with age, and of infinite experience, the first to speak His son Antiphus had gone with Ulysses to Ilius, land of noble steeds, but the savage Cyclops had killed him when they were all shut up in the cave, and had cooked his last dinner for him, He had three sons left, of whom two still worked on their father's land, while the third, Eurynomus, was one of the suitors; nevertheless their father could not get over the loss of Antiphus, and was still weeping for him when he began his speech.

"Men of Ithaca," he said, "hear my words. From the day Ulysses left us there has been no meeting of our councillors until now; who then can it be, whether old or young, that finds it so necessary to convene us? Has he got wind of some host approaching, and does he wish to warn us, or would he speak upon some other matter of public moment? I am sure he is an excellent person, and I hope Jove will grant him his heart's desire."

Telemachus took this speech as of good omen and rose at once, for he was bursting with what he had to say. He stood in the middle of the assembly and the good herald Pisenor brought him his staff. Then, turning to Aegyptius, "Sir," said he, "it is I, as you will shortly learn, who have convened you, for it is I who am the most aggrieved. I have not got wind of any host approaching about which I would warn you, nor is there any matter of public moment on which I would speak. My grievance is purely personal, and turns on two great misfortunes which have fallen upon my house. The first of these is the loss of my excellent father, who was chief among all you here present, and was like a father to every one of you; the second is much more serious, and ere long will be the utter ruin of my estate. The sons of all the chief men among you are pestering my mother to marry them against her will. They are afraid to go to her father Icarius, asking him to choose the one he likes best, and to provide marriage gifts for his daughter, but day by day they keep hanging about my father's house, sacrificing our oxen, sheep, and fat goats for their banquets, and never giving so much as a thought to the quantity of wine they drink. No estate can stand such recklessness; we have now no Ulysses to ward off harm from our doors, and I cannot hold my own against them. I shall never all my days be as good a man as he was, still I would indeed defend myself if I had power to do so, for I cannot stand such treatment any longer; my house is being disgraced and ruined. Have respect, therefore, to your own consciences and to public opinion. Fear, too, the wrath of heaven, lest the gods should be displeased and turn upon you. I pray you by Jove and Themis, who is the beginning and the end of councils, [do not] hold back, my friends, and leave me singlehanded — unless it be that my brave father Ulysses did some wrong to the Achaeans which you would now avenge on me, by aiding and abetting these suitors. Moreover, if I am to be eaten out of house and home at all, I had rather you did the eating yourselves, for I could then take action against you to some purpose, and serve you with notices from house to house till I got paid in full, whereas now I have no remedy."

With this Telemachus dashed his staff to the ground and burst into tears. Every one was very sorry for him, but they all sat still and no one ventured to make him an angry answer, save only Antinous, who spoke thus:

"Telemachus, insolent braggart that you are, how dare you try to throw the blame upon us suitors? It is your mother's fault not ours, for she is a very artful woman. This three years past, and close on four, she has been driving us out of our minds, by encouraging each one of us, and sending him messages without meaning one word of what she says. And then there was that other trick she played us. She set up a great tambour frame in her room, and began to work on an enormous piece of fine needlework. 'Sweet hearts,' said she, 'Ulysses is indeed dead, still do not press me to marry again immediately, wait—for I would not have skill in needlework perish unrecorded—till I have completed a pall for the hero Laertes, to be in readiness against the time when death shall take him. He is very rich, and the women of the place will talk if he is laid out without a pall.'

"This was what she said, and we assented; whereon we could see her working on her great web all day long, but at night she would unpick the stitches again by torchlight. She fooled us in this way for three years and we never found her out, but as time wore on and she was now in her fourth year, one of her maids who knew what she was doing told us, and we caught her in the act of undoing her work, so she had to finish it whether she would or no. The suitors, therefore, make you this answer, that both you and the Achaeans may understand—'Send your mother away, and bid her marry the man of her own and of her father's choice'; for I do not know what will happen if she goes on plaguing us much longer with the airs she gives herself on the score of the accomplishments Minerva has taught her, and because she is so clever. We never yet heard of such a woman; we know all about Tyro, Alcmena, Mycene, and the famous women of old, but they were nothing to your mother, any one of them. It was not fair of

her to treat us in that way, and as long as she continues in the mind with which heaven has now endowed her, so long shall we go on eating up your estate; and I do not see why she should change, for she gets all the honour and glory, and it is you who pay for it, not she. Understand, then, that we will not go back to our lands, neither here nor elsewhere, till she has made her choice and married some one or other of us.”

Telemachus answered, “Antinous, how can I drive the mother who bore me from my father’s house? My father is abroad and we do not know whether he is alive or dead. It will be hard on me if I have to pay Icarius the large sum which I must give him if I insist on sending his daughter back to him. Not only will he deal rigorously with me, but heaven will also punish me; for my mother when she leaves the house will call on the Erinyes to avenge her; besides, it would not be a creditable thing to do, and I will have nothing to say to it. If you choose to take offence at this, leave the house and feast elsewhere at one another’s houses at your own cost turn and turn about. If, on the other hand, you elect to persist in spunging upon one man, heaven help me, but Jove shall reckon with you in full, and when you fall in my father’s house there shall be no man to avenge you.”

As he spoke Jove sent two eagles from the top of the mountain, and they flew on and on with the wind, sailing side by side in their own lordly flight. When they were right over the middle of the assembly they wheeled and circled about, beating the air with their wings and glaring death into the eyes of them that were below; then, fighting fiercely and tearing at one another, they flew off towards the right over the town. The people wondered as they saw them, and asked each other what an this might be; whereon Halitherses, who was the best prophet and reader of omens among them, spoke to them plainly and in all honesty, saying:

“Hear me, men of Ithaca, and I speak more particularly to the suitors, for I see mischief brewing for them. Ulysses is not going to be away much longer; indeed he is close at hand to deal out death and destruction, not on them alone, but on many another of us who live in Ithaca. Let us then be wise in time, and put a stop to this wickedness before he comes. Let the suitors do so of their own accord; it will be better for them, for I am not prophesying without due knowledge; everything has happened to Ulysses as I foretold when the Argives set out for Troy, and he with them. I said that after going through much hardship and losing all his men he should come home again in the twentieth year and that no one would know him; and now all this is coming true.”

Eurymachus son of Polybus then said, “Go home, old man, and prophesy to your own children, or it may be worse for them. I can read these omens myself much better than you can; birds are always flying about in the sunshine somewhere or other, but they seldom mean anything. Ulysses has died in a far country, and it is a pity you are not dead along with him, instead of prating here about omens and adding fuel to the anger of Telemachus which is fierce enough as it is. I suppose you think he will give you something for your family, but I tell you—and it shall surely be—when an old man like you, who should know better, talks a young one over till he becomes troublesome, in the first place his young friend will only fare so much the worse—he will take nothing by it, for the suitors will prevent this—and in the next, we will lay a heavier fine, sir, upon yourself than you will at all like paying, for it will bear hardly upon you. As for Telemachus, I warn him in the presence of you all to send his mother back to her father, who will find her a husband and provide her with all the marriage gifts so dear a daughter may expect. Till we shall go on harassing him with our suit; for we fear no man, and care neither for him, with all his fine speeches, nor for any fortune-telling of yours. You may preach as much as you please, but we shall only hate you the more. We shall go back and continue to eat up Telemachus’s estate without paying him, till such time as his mother leaves off tormenting us by keeping us day after day on the tiptoe of expectation, each vying with the other in his suit for a prize of such rare perfection. Besides we cannot go after the other women whom we should marry in due course, but for the way in which she treats us.”

Then Telemachus said, “Eurymachus, and you other suitors, I shall say no more, and entreat you no further, for the gods and the people of Ithaca now know my story. Give me, then, a ship and a crew of twenty men to take me hither and thither, and I will go to Sparta and to Pylos in quest of my father who has so long been missing. Some one may tell me something, or (and people often hear things in this way) some heaven-sent message may direct me. If I can hear of him as alive and on his way home I will put up with the waste you suitors will make for yet another twelve months. If on the other hand I hear of his death, I will return at once, celebrate his funeral rites with all due pomp, build a barrow to his memory, and make my mother marry again.”

With these words he sat down, and Mentor who had been a friend of Ulysses, and had been left in charge of everything with full authority over the servants, rose to speak. He, then, plainly and in all honesty addressed them thus:

“Hear me, men of Ithaca, I hope that you may never have a kind and well-disposed ruler any more, nor one who will govern you equitably; I hope that all your chiefs henceforward may be cruel and unjust, for there is not one of you but has forgotten Ulysses, who ruled you as though he were your father. I am not half so angry with the suitors, for if they choose to do violence in the naughtiness of their hearts, and wager their heads that Ulysses will not return, they can take the high hand and eat up his estate, but as for you others I am shocked at the way in which you all sit still without even trying to stop such scandalous goings on—which you could do if you chose, for you are

many and they are few.”

Leiocritus, son of Evenor, answered him saying, “Mentor, what folly is all this, that you should set the people to stay us? It is a hard thing for one man to fight with many about his victuals. Even though Ulysses himself were to set upon us while we are feasting in his house, and do his best to oust us, his wife, who wants him back so very badly, would have small cause for rejoicing, and his blood would be upon his own head if he fought against such great odds. There is no sense in what you have been saying. Now, therefore, do you people go about your business, and let his father’s old friends, Mentor and Halitherses, speed this boy on his journey, if he goes at all—which I do not think he will, for he is more likely to stay where he is till some one comes and tells him something.”

On this he broke up the assembly, and every man went back to his own abode, while the suitors returned to the house of Ulysses.

Then Telemachus went all alone by the sea side, washed his hands in the grey waves, and prayed to Minerva.

“Hear me,” he cried, “you god who visited me yesterday, and bade me sail the seas in search of my father who has so long been missing. I would obey you, but the Achaeans, and more particularly the wicked suitors, are hindering me that I cannot do so.”

As he thus prayed, Minerva came close up to him in the likeness and with the voice of Mentor. “Telemachus,” said she, “if you are made of the same stuff as your father you will be neither fool nor coward henceforward, for Ulysses never broke his word nor left his work half done. If, then, you take after him, your voyage will not be fruitless, but unless you have the blood of Ulysses and of Penelope in your veins I see no likelihood of your succeeding. Sons are seldom as good men as their fathers; they are generally worse, not better; still, as you are not going to be either fool or coward henceforward, and are not entirely without some share of your father’s wise discernment, I look with hope upon your undertaking. But mind you never make common cause with any of those foolish suitors, for they have neither sense nor virtue, and give no thought to death and to the doom that will shortly fall on one and all of them, so that they shall perish on the same day. As for your voyage, it shall not be long delayed; your father was such an old friend of mine that I will find you a ship, and will come with you myself. Now, however, return home, and go about among the suitors; begin getting provisions ready for your voyage; see everything well stowed, the wine in jars, and the barley meal, which is the staff of life, in leathern bags, while I go round the town and beat up volunteers at once. There are many ships in Ithaca both old and new; I will run my eye over them for you and will choose the best; we will get her ready and will put out to sea without delay.”

Thus spoke Minerva daughter of Jove, and Telemachus lost no time in doing as the goddess told him. He went moodily and found the suitors flaying goats and singeing pigs in the outer court. Antinous came up to him at once and laughed as he took his hand in his own, saying, “Telemachus, my fine fire-eater, bear no more ill blood neither in word nor deed, but eat and drink with us as you used to do. The Achaeans will find you in everything—a ship and a picked crew to boot—so that you can set sail for Pylos at once and get news of your noble father.”

“Antinous,” answered Telemachus, “I cannot eat in peace, nor take pleasure of any kind with such men as you are. Was it not enough that you should waste so much good property of mine while I was yet a boy? Now that I am older and know more about it, I am also stronger, and whether here among this people, or by going to Pylos, I will do you all the harm I can. I shall go, and my going will not be in vain though, thanks to you suitors, I have neither ship nor crew of my own, and must be passenger not captain.”

As he spoke he snatched his hand from that of Antinous. Meanwhile the others went on getting dinner ready about the buildings, jeering at him tauntingly as they did so.

“Telemachus,” said one youngster, “means to be the death of us; I suppose he thinks he can bring friends to help him from Pylos, or again from Sparta, where he seems bent on going. Or will he go to Ephyra as well, for poison to put in our wine and kill us?”

Another said, “Perhaps if Telemachus goes on board ship, he will be like his father and perish far from his friends. In this case we should have plenty to do, for we could then divide up his property amongst us: as for the house we can let his mother and the man who marries her have that.”

This was how they talked. But Telemachus went down into the lofty and spacious store-room where his father’s treasure of gold and bronze lay heaped up upon the floor, and where the linen and spare clothes were kept in open chests. Here, too, there was a store of fragrant olive oil, while casks of old, well-ripened wine, unblended and fit for a god to drink, were ranged against the wall in case Ulysses should come home again after all. The room was closed with well-made doors opening in the middle; moreover the faithful old house-keeper Euryclea, daughter of Ops the son of Pisenor, was in charge of everything both night and day. Telemachus called her to the store-room and said:

“Nurse, draw me off some of the best wine you have, after what you are keeping for my father’s own drinking, in case, poor man, he should escape death, and find his way home again after all. Let me have twelve jars, and see that they all have lids; also fill me some well-sewn leathern bags with barley meal—about twenty measures in all. Get these things put together at once, and say nothing about it. I will take everything away this evening as soon as my mother has gone upstairs for the night. I am going to Sparta and to Pylos to see if I can hear anything about the

return of my dear father.

When Euryclea heard this she began to cry, and spoke fondly to him, saying, "My dear child, what ever can have put such notion as that into your head? Where in the world do you want to go to—you, who are the one hope of the house? Your poor father is dead and gone in some foreign country nobody knows where, and as soon as your back is turned these wicked ones here will be scheming to get you put out of the way, and will share all your possessions among themselves; stay where you are among your own people, and do not go wandering and worrying your life out on the barren ocean."

"Fear not, nurse," answered Telemachus, "my scheme is not without heaven's sanction; but swear that you will say nothing about all this to my mother, till I have been away some ten or twelve days, unless she hears of my having gone, and asks you; for I do not want her to spoil her beauty by crying."

The old woman swore most solemnly that she would not, and when she had completed her oath, she began drawing off the wine into jars, and getting the barley meal into the bags, while Telemachus went back to the suitors.

Then Minerva bethought her of another matter. She took his shape, and went round the town to each one of the crew, telling them to meet at the ship by sundown. She went also to Noemon son of Phronius, and asked him to let her have a ship—which he was very ready to do. When the sun had set and darkness was over all the land, she got the ship into the water, put all the tackle on board her that ships generally carry, and stationed her at the end of the harbour. Presently the crew came up, and the goddess spoke encouragingly to each of them.

Furthermore she went to the house of Ulysses, and threw the suitors into a deep slumber. She caused their drink to fuddle them, and made them drop their cups from their hands, so that instead of sitting over their wine, they went back into the town to sleep, with their eyes heavy and full of drowsiness. Then she took the form and voice of Mentor, and called Telemachus to come outside.

"Telemachus," said she, "the men are on board and at their oars, waiting for you to give your orders, so make haste and let us be off."

On this she led the way, while Telemachus followed in her steps. When they got to the ship they found the crew waiting by the water side, and Telemachus said, "Now my men, help me to get the stores on board; they are all put together in the cloister, and my mother does not know anything about it, nor any of the maid servants except one."

With these words he led the way and the others followed after. When they had brought the things as he told them, Telemachus went on board, Minerva going before him and taking her seat in the stern of the vessel, while Telemachus sat beside her. Then the men loosed the hawsers and took their places on the benches. Minerva sent them a fair wind from the West, that whistled over the deep blue waves whereon Telemachus told them to catch hold of the ropes and hoist sail, and they did as he told them. They set the mast in its socket in the cross plank, raised it, and made it fast with the forestays; then they hoisted their white sails aloft with ropes of twisted ox hide. As the sail bellied out with the wind, the ship flew through the deep blue water, and the foam hissed against her bows as she sped onward. Then they made all fast throughout the ship, filled the mixing-bowls to the brim, and made drink offerings to the immortal gods that are from everlasting, but more particularly to the grey-eyed daughter of Jove.

Thus, then, the ship sped on her way through the watches of the night from dark till dawn.

Book III

BUT as the sun was rising from the fair sea into the firmament of heaven to shed Blight on mortals and immortals, they reached Pylos the city of Neleus. Now the people of Pylos were gathered on the sea shore to offer sacrifice of black bulls to Neptune lord of the Earthquake. There were nine guilds with five hundred men in each, and there were nine bulls to each guild. As they were eating the inward meats and burning the thigh bones [on the embers] in the name of Neptune, Telemachus and his crew arrived, furled their sails, brought their ship to anchor, and went ashore.

Minerva led the way and Telemachus followed her. Presently she said, "Telemachus, you must not be in the least shy or nervous; you have taken this voyage to try and find out where your father is buried and how he came by his end; so go straight up to Nestor that we may see what he has got to tell us. Beg of him to speak the truth, and he will tell no lies, for he is an excellent person."

"But how, Mentor," replied Telemachus, "dare I go up to Nestor, and how am I to address him? I have never yet been used to holding long conversations with people, and am ashamed to begin questioning one who is so much older than myself."

"Some things, Telemachus," answered Minerva, "will be suggested to you by your own instinct, and heaven will prompt you further; for I am assured that the gods have been with you from the time of your birth until now."

She then went quickly on, and Telemachus followed in her steps till they reached the place where the guilds of the Pylian people were assembled. There they found Nestor sitting with his sons, while his company round him

were busy getting dinner ready, and putting pieces of meat on to the spits while other pieces were cooking. When they saw the strangers they crowded round them, took them by the hand and bade them take their places. Nestor's son Pisistratus at once offered his hand to each of them, and seated them on some soft sheepskins that were lying on the sands near his father and his brother Thrasymedes. Then he gave them their portions of the inward meats and poured wine for them into a golden cup, handing it to Minerva first, and saluting her at the same time.

"Offer a prayer, sir," said he, "to King Neptune, for it is his feast that you are joining; when you have duly prayed and made your drink-offering, pass the cup to your friend that he may do so also. I doubt not that he too lifts his hands in prayer, for man cannot live without God in the world. Still he is younger than you are, and is much of an age with myself, so I he handed I will give you the precedence."

As he spoke he handed her the cup. Minerva thought it very right and proper of him to have given it to herself first; she accordingly began praying heartily to Neptune. "O thou," she cried, "that encirclest the earth, vouchsafe to grant the prayers of thy servants that call upon thee. More especially we pray thee send down thy grace on Nestor and on his sons; thereafter also make the rest of the Pylia people some handsome return for the goodly hecatomb they are offering you. Lastly, grant Telemachus and myself a happy issue, in respect of the matter that has brought us in our to Pylos."

When she had thus made an end of praying, she handed the cup to Telemachus and he prayed likewise. By and by, when the outer meats were roasted and had been taken off the spits, the carvers gave every man his portion and they all made an excellent dinner. As soon as they had had enough to eat and drink, Nestor, knight of Gerene, began to speak.

"Now," said he, "that our guests have done their dinner, it will be best to ask them who they are. Who, then, sir strangers, are you, and from what port have you sailed? Are you traders? or do you sail the seas as rovers with your hand against every man, and every man's hand against you?"

Telemachus answered boldly, for Minerva had given him courage to ask about his father and get himself a good name.

"Nestor," said he, "son of Neleus, honour to the Achaean name, you ask whence we come, and I will tell you. We come from Ithaca under Neritum, and the matter about which I would speak is of private not public import. I seek news of my unhappy father Ulysses, who is said to have sacked the town of Troy in company with yourself. We know what fate befell each one of the other heroes who fought at Troy, but as regards Ulysses heaven has hidden from us the knowledge even that he is dead at all, for no one can certify us in what place he perished, nor say whether he fell in battle on the mainland, or was lost at sea amid the waves of Amphitrite. Therefore I am suppliant at your knees, if haply you may be pleased to tell me of his melancholy end, whether you saw it with your own eyes, or heard it from some other traveller, for he was a man born to trouble. Do not soften things out of any pity for me, but tell me in all plainness exactly what you saw. If my brave father Ulysses ever did you loyal service, either by word or deed, when you Achaeans were harassed among the Trojans, bear it in mind now as in my favour and tell me truly all."

"My friend," answered Nestor, "you recall a time of much sorrow to my mind, for the brave Achaeans suffered much both at sea, while privateering under Achilles, and when fighting before the great city of king Priam. Our best men all of them fell there—Ajax, Achilles, Patroclus peer of gods in counsel, and my own dear son Antilochus, a man singularly fleet of foot and in fight valiant. But we suffered much more than this; what mortal tongue indeed could tell the whole story? Though you were to stay here and question me for five years, or even six, I could not tell you all that the Achaeans suffered, and you would turn homeward weary of my tale before it ended. Nine long years did we try every kind of stratagem, but the hand of heaven was against us; during all this time there was no one who could compare with your father in subtlety—if indeed you are his son—I can hardly believe my eyes—and you talk just like him too—no one would say that people of such different ages could speak so much alike. He and I never had any kind of difference from first to last neither in camp nor council, but in singleness of heart and purpose we advised the Argives how all might be ordered for the best.

"When however, we had sacked the city of Priam, and were setting sail in our ships as heaven had dispersed us, then Jove saw fit to vex the Argives on their homeward voyage; for they had Not all been either wise or understanding, and hence many came to a bad end through the displeasure of Jove's daughter Minerva, who brought about a quarrel between the two sons of Atreus.

"The sons of Atreus called a meeting which was not as it should be, for it was sunset and the Achaeans were heavy with wine. When they explained why they had called—the people together, it seemed that Menelaus was for sailing homeward at once, and this displeased Agamemnon, who thought that we should wait till we had offered hecatombs to appease the anger of Minerva. Fool that he was, he might have known that he would not prevail with her, for when the gods have made up their minds they do not change them lightly. So the two stood bandying hard words, whereon the Achaeans sprang to their feet with a cry that rent the air, and were of two minds as to what they should do.

“That night we rested and nursed our anger, for Jove was hatching mischief against us. But in the morning some of us drew our ships into the water and put our goods with our women on board, while the rest, about half in number, stayed behind with Agamemnon. We—the other half—embarked and sailed; and the ships went well, for heaven had smoothed the sea. When we reached Tenedos we offered sacrifices to the gods, for we were longing to get home; cruel Jove, however, did not yet mean that we should do so, and raised a second quarrel in the course of which some among us turned their ships back again, and sailed away under Ulysses to make their peace with Agamemnon; but I, and all the ships that were with me pressed forward, for I saw that mischief was brewing. The son of Tydeus went on also with me, and his crews with him. Later on Menelaus joined us at Lesbos, and found us making up our minds about our course—for we did not know whether to go outside Chios by the island of Psyra, keeping this to our left, or inside Chios, over against the stormy headland of Mimas. So we asked heaven for a sign, and were shown one to the effect that we should be soonest out of danger if we headed our ships across the open sea to Euboea. This we therefore did, and a fair wind sprang up which gave us a quick passage during the night to Ger-aestus, where we offered many sacrifices to Neptune for having helped us so far on our way. Four days later Diomed and his men stationed their ships in Argos, but I held on for Pylos, and the wind never fell light from the day when heaven first made it fair for me.

“Therefore, my dear young friend, I returned without hearing anything about the others. I know neither who got home safely nor who were lost but, as in duty bound, I will give you without reserve the reports that have reached me since I have been here in my own house. They say the Myrmidons returned home safely under Achilles’ son Neoptolemus; so also did the valiant son of Poias, Philoctetes. Idomeneus, again, lost no men at sea, and all his followers who escaped death in the field got safe home with him to Crete. No matter how far out of the world you live, you will have heard of Agamemnon and the bad end he came to at the hands of Aegisthus—and a fearful reckoning did Aegisthus presently pay. See what a good thing it is for a man to leave a son behind him to do as Orestes did, who killed false Aegisthus the murderer of his noble father. You too, then—for you are a tall, smart-looking fellow—show your mettle and make yourself a name in story.”

“Nestor son of Neleus,” answered Telemachus, “honour to the Achaean name, the Achaeans applaud Orestes and his name will live through all time for he has avenged his father nobly. Would that heaven might grant me to do like vengeance on the insolence of the wicked suitors, who are ill treating me and plotting my ruin; but the gods have no such happiness in store for me and for my father, so we must bear it as best we may.”

“My friend,” said Nestor, “now that you remind me, I remember to have heard that your mother has many suitors, who are ill disposed towards you and are making havoc of your estate. Do you submit to this tamely, or are public feeling and the voice of heaven against you? Who knows but what Ulysses may come back after all, and pay these scoundrels in full, either single-handed or with a force of Achaeans behind him? If Minerva were to take as great a liking to you as she did to Ulysses when we were fighting before Troy (for I never yet saw the gods so openly fond of any one as Minerva then was of your father), if she would take as good care of you as she did of him, these wooers would soon some of them him, forget their wooing.”

Telemachus answered, “I can expect nothing of the kind; it would be far too much to hope for. I dare not let myself think of it. Even though the gods themselves willed it no such good fortune could befall me.”

On this Minerva said, “Telemachus, what are you talking about? Heaven has a long arm if it is minded to save a man; and if it were me, I should not care how much I suffered before getting home, provided I could be safe when I was once there. I would rather this, than get home quickly, and then be killed in my own house as Agamemnon was by the treachery of Aegisthus and his wife. Still, death is certain, and when a man’s hour is come, not even the gods can save him, no matter how fond they are of him.”

“Mentor,” answered Telemachus, “do not let us talk about it any more. There is no chance of my father’s ever coming back; the gods have long since counselled his destruction. There is something else, however, about which I should like to ask Nestor, for he knows much more than any one else does. They say he has reigned for three generations so that it is like talking to an immortal. Tell me, therefore, Nestor, and tell me true; how did Agamemnon come to die in that way? What was Menelaus doing? And how came false Aegisthus to kill so far better a man than himself? Was Menelaus away from Achaean Argos, voyaging elsewhere among mankind, that Aegisthus took heart and killed Agamemnon?”

“I will tell you truly,” answered Nestor, “and indeed you have yourself divined how it all happened. If Menelaus when he got back from Troy had found Aegisthus still alive in his house, there would have been no barrow heaped up for him, not even when he was dead, but he would have been thrown outside the city to dogs and vultures, and not a woman would have mourned him, for he had done a deed of great wickedness; but we were over there, fighting hard at Troy, and Aegisthus who was taking his ease quietly in the heart of Argos, cajoled Agamemnon’s wife Clytemnestra with incessant flattery.

“At first she would have nothing to do with his wicked scheme, for she was of a good natural disposition; moreover there was a bard with her, to whom Agamemnon had given strict orders on setting out for Troy, that he was to

keep guard over his wife; but when heaven had counselled her destruction, Aegisthus thus this bard off to a desert island and left him there for crows and seagulls to batten upon—after which she went willingly enough to the house of Aegisthus. Then he offered many burnt sacrifices to the gods, and decorated many temples with tapestries and gilding, for he had succeeded far beyond his expectations.

“Meanwhile Menelaus and I were on our way home from Troy, on good terms with one another. When we got to Sunium, which is the point of Athens, Apollo with his painless shafts killed Phrontis the steersman of Menelaus’ ship (and never man knew better how to handle a vessel in rough weather) so that he died then and there with the helm in his hand, and Menelaus, though very anxious to press forward, had to wait in order to bury his comrade and give him his due funeral rites. Presently, when he too could put to sea again, and had sailed on as far as the Malean heads, Jove counselled evil against him and made it it blow hard till the waves ran mountains high. Here he divided his fleet and took the one half towards Crete where the Cydonians dwell round about the waters of the river Iardanus. There is a high headland hereabouts stretching out into the sea from a place called Gortyn, and all along this part of the coast as far as Phaestus the sea runs high when there is a south wind blowing, but after Phaestus the coast is more protected, for a small headland can make a great shelter. Here this part of the fleet was driven on to the rocks and wrecked; but the crews just managed to save themselves. As for the other five ships, they were taken by winds and seas to Egypt, where Menelaus gathered much gold and substance among people of an alien speech. Meanwhile Aegisthus here at home plotted his evil deed. For seven years after he had killed Agamemnon he ruled in Mycene, and the people were obedient under him, but in the eighth year Orestes came back from Athens to be his bane, and killed the murderer of his father. Then he celebrated the funeral rites of his mother and of false Aegisthus by a banquet to the people of Argos, and on that very day Menelaus came home, with as much treasure as his ships could carry.

“Take my advice then, and do not go travelling about for long so far from home, nor leave your property with such dangerous people in your house; they will eat up everything you have among them, and you will have been on a fool’s errand. Still, I should advise you by all means to go and visit Menelaus, who has lately come off a voyage among such distant peoples as no man could ever hope to get back from, when the winds had once carried him so far out of his reckoning; even birds cannot fly the distance in a twelvemonth, so vast and terrible are the seas that they must cross. Go to him, therefore, by sea, and take your own men with you; or if you would rather travel by land you can have a chariot, you can have horses, and here are my sons who can escort you to Lacedaemon where Menelaus lives. Beg of him to speak the truth, and he will tell you no lies, for he is an excellent person.”

As he spoke the sun set and it came on dark, whereon Minerva said, “Sir, all that you have said is well; now, however, order the tongues of the victims to be cut, and mix wine that we may make drink-offerings to Neptune, and the other immortals, and then go to bed, for it is bed time. People should go away early and not keep late hours at a religious festival.”

Thus spoke the daughter of Jove, and they obeyed her saying. Men servants poured water over the hands of the guests, while pages filled the mixing-bowls with wine and water, and handed it round after giving every man his drink-offering; then they threw the tongues of the victims into the fire, and stood up to make their drink-offerings. When they had made their offerings and had drunk each as much as he was minded, Minerva and Telemachus were forgoing on board their ship, but Nestor caught them up at once and stayed them.

“Heaven and the immortal gods,” he exclaimed, “forbid that you should leave my house to go on board of a ship. Do you think I am so poor and short of clothes, or that I have so few cloaks and as to be unable to find comfortable beds both for myself and for my guests? Let me tell you I have store both of rugs and cloaks, and shall not permit the son of my old friend Ulysses to camp down on the deck of a ship—not while I live—nor yet will my sons after me, but they will keep open house as have done.”

Then Minerva answered, “Sir, you have spoken well, and it will be much better that Telemachus should do as you have said; he, therefore, shall return with you and sleep at your house, but I must go back to give orders to my crew, and keep them in good heart. I am the only older person among them; the rest are all young men of Telemachus’ own age, who have taken this voyage out of friendship; so I must return to the ship and sleep there. Moreover to-morrow I must go to the Cauconians where I have a large sum of money long owing to me. As for Telemachus, now that he is your guest, send him to Lacedaemon in a chariot, and let one of your sons go with him. Be pleased also to provide him with your best and fleetest horses.”

When she had thus spoken, she flew away in the form of an eagle, and all marvelled as they beheld it. Nestor was astonished, and took Telemachus by the hand. “My friend,” said he, “I see that you are going to be a great hero some day, since the gods wait upon you thus while you are still so young. This can have been none other of those who dwell in heaven than Jove’s redoubtable daughter, the Triton-born, who showed such favour towards your brave father among the Argives.” “Holy queen,” he continued, “vouchsafe to send down thy grace upon myself, my good wife, and my children. In return, I will offer you in sacrifice a broad-browed heifer of a year old, unbroken, and never yet brought by man under the yoke. I will gild her horns, and will offer her up to you in sacrifice.”

Thus did he pray, and Minerva heard his prayer. He then led the way to his own house, followed by his sons and sons-in-law. When they had got there and had taken their places on the benches and seats, he mixed them a bowl of sweet wine that was eleven years old when the housekeeper took the lid off the jar that held it. As he mixed the wine, he prayed much and made drink-offerings to Minerva, daughter of Aegis-bearing Jove. Then, when they had made their drink-offerings and had drunk each as much as he was minded, the others went home to bed each in his own abode; but Nestor put Telemachus to sleep in the room that was over the gateway along with Pisistratus, who was the only unmarried son now left him. As for himself, he slept in an inner room of the house, with the queen his wife by his side.

Now when the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, Nestor left his couch and took his seat on the benches of white and polished marble that stood in front of his house. Here aforetime sat Neleus, peer of gods in counsel, but he was now dead, and had gone to the house of Hades; so Nestor sat in his seat, sceptre in hand, as guardian of the public weal. His sons as they left their rooms gathered round him, Echephron, Stratius, Perseus, Aretus, and Thrasymedes; the sixth son was Pisistratus, and when Telemachus joined them they made him sit with them. Nestor then addressed them.

“My sons,” said he, “make haste to do as I shall bid you. I wish first and foremost to propitiate the great goddess Minerva, who manifested herself visibly to me during yesterday’s festivities. Go, then, one or other of you to the plain, tell the stockman to look me out a heifer, and come on here with it at once. Another must go to Telemachus’s ship, and invite all the crew, leaving two men only in charge of the vessel. Some one else will run and fetch Laerceus the goldsmith to gild the horns of the heifer. The rest, stay all of you where you are; tell the maids in the house to prepare an excellent dinner, and to fetch seats, and logs of wood for a burnt offering. Tell them also—to bring me some clear spring water.”

On this they hurried off on their several errands. The heifer was brought in from the plain, and Telemachus’s crew came from the ship; the goldsmith brought the anvil, hammer, and tongs, with which he worked his gold, and Minerva herself came to the sacrifice. Nestor gave out the gold, and the smith gilded the horns of the heifer that the goddess might have pleasure in their beauty. Then Stratius and Echephron brought her in by the horns; Aretus fetched water from the house in a ewer that had a flower pattern on it, and in his other hand he held a basket of barley meal; sturdy Thrasymedes stood by with a sharp axe, ready to strike the heifer, while Perseus held a bucket. Then Nestor began with washing his hands and sprinkling the barley meal, and he offered many a prayer to Minerva as he threw a lock from the heifer’s head upon the fire.

When they had done praying and sprinkling the barley meal Thrasymedes dealt his blow, and brought the heifer down with a stroke that cut through the tendons at the base of her neck, whereon the daughters and daughters-in-law of Nestor, and his venerable wife Eurydice (she was eldest daughter to Clymenus) screamed with delight. Then they lifted the heifer’s head from off the ground, and Pisistratus cut her throat. When she had done bleeding and was quite dead, they cut her up. They cut out the thigh bones all in due course, wrapped them round in two layers of fat, and set some pieces of raw meat on the top of them; then Nestor laid them upon the wood fire and poured wine over them, while the young men stood near him with five-pronged spits in their hands. When the thighs were burned and they had tasted the inward meats, they cut the rest of the meat up small, put the pieces on the spits and toasted them over the fire.

Meanwhile lovely Polycaste, Nestor’s youngest daughter, washed Telemachus. When she had washed him and anointed him with oil, she brought him a fair mantle and shirt, and he looked like a god as he came from the bath and took his seat by the side of Nestor. When the outer meats were done they drew them off the spits and sat down to dinner where they were waited upon by some worthy henchmen, who kept pouring them out their wine in cups of gold. As soon as they had had had enough to eat and drink Nestor said, “Sons, put Telemachus’s horses to the chariot that he may start at once.”

Thus did he speak, and they did even as he had said, and yoked the fleet horses to the chariot. The housekeeper packed them up a provision of bread, wine, and sweetmeats fit for the sons of princes. Then Telemachus got into the chariot, while Pisistratus gathered up the reins and took his seat beside him. He lashed the horses on and they flew forward nothing loth into the open country, leaving the high citadel of Pylos behind them. All that day did they travel, swaying the yoke upon their necks till the sun went down and darkness was over all the land. Then they reached Pherae where Diocles lived, who was son to Ortilochus and grandson to Alpheus. Here they passed the night and Diocles entertained them hospitably. When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn; appeared, they again yoked their horses and drove out through the gateway under the echoing gatehouse. Pisistratus lashed the horses on and they flew forward nothing loth; presently they came to the corn lands Of the open country, and in the course of time completed their journey, so well did their steeds take them.

Now when the sun had set and darkness was over the land,

Book IV

THEY reached the low lying city of Lacedaemon them where they drove straight to the of abode Menelaus [and found him in his own house, feasting with his many clansmen in honour of the wedding of his son, and also of his daughter, whom he was marrying to the son of that valiant warrior Achilles. He had given his consent and promised her to him while he was still at Troy, and now the gods were bringing the marriage about; so he was sending her with chariots and horses to the city of the Myrmidons over whom Achilles' son was reigning. For his only son he had found a bride from Sparta, daughter of Alector. This son, Megapenthes, was born to him of a bondwoman, for heaven vouchsafed Helen no more children after she had borne Hermione, who was fair as golden Venus herself.]

So the neighbours and kinsmen of Menelaus were feasting and making merry in his house. There was a bard also to sing to them and play his lyre, while two tumblers went about performing in the midst of them when the man struck up with his tune.]

Telemachus and the son of Nestor stayed their horses at the gate, whereon Eteoneus servant to Menelaus came out, and as soon as he saw them ran hurrying back into the house to tell his Master. He went close up to him and said, "Menelaus, there are some strangers come here, two men, who look like sons of Jove. What are we to do? Shall we take their horses out, or tell them to find friends elsewhere as they best can?"

Menelaus was very angry and said, "Eteoneus, son of Boethous, you never used to be a fool, but now you talk like a simpleton. Take their horses out, of course, and show the strangers in that they may have supper; you and I have stayed often enough at other people's houses before we got back here, where heaven grant that we may rest in peace henceforward."

So Eteoneus bustled back and bade other servants come with him. They took their sweating hands from under the yoke, made them fast to the mangers, and gave them a feed of oats and barley mixed. Then they leaned the chariot against the end wall of the courtyard, and led the way into the house. Telemachus and Pisistratus were astonished when they saw it, for its splendour was as that of the sun and moon; then, when they had admired everything to their heart's content, they went into the bath room and washed themselves.

When the servants had washed them and anointed them with oil, they brought them woollen cloaks and shirts, and the two took their seats by the side of Menelaus. A maidservant brought them water in a beautiful golden ewer, and poured it into a silver basin for them to wash their hands; and she drew a clean table beside them. An upper servant brought them bread, and offered them many good things of what there was in the house, while the carver fetched them plates of all manner of meats and set cups of gold by their side.

Menelaus then greeted them saying, "Fall to, and welcome; when you have done supper I shall ask who you are, for the lineage of such men as you cannot have been lost. You must be descended from a line of sceptre-bearing kings, for poor people do not have such sons as you are."

On this he handed them a piece of fat roast loin, which had been set near him as being a prime part, and they laid their hands on the good things that were before them; as soon as they had had enough to eat and drink, Telemachus said to the son of Nestor, with his head so close that no one might hear, "Look, Pisistratus, man after my own heart, see the gleam of bronze and gold—of amber, ivory, and silver. Everything is so splendid that it is like seeing the palace of Olympian Jove. I am lost in admiration."

Menelaus overheard him and said, "No one, my sons, can hold his own with Jove, for his house and everything about him is immortal; but among mortal men—well, there may be another who has as much wealth as I have, or there may not; but at all events I have travelled much and have undergone much hardship, for it was nearly eight years before I could get home with my fleet. I went to Cyprus, Phoenicia and the Egyptians; I went also to the Ethiopians, the Sidonians, and the Erembians, and to Libya where the lambs have horns as soon as they are born, and the sheep lamb down three times a year. Every one in that country, whether master or man, has plenty of cheese, meat, and good milk, for the ewes yield all the year round. But while I was travelling and getting great riches among these people, my brother was secretly and shockingly murdered through the perfidy of his wicked wife, so that I have no pleasure in being lord of all this wealth. Whoever your parents may be they must have told you about all this, and of my heavy loss in the ruin of a stately mansion fully and magnificently furnished. Would that I had only a third of what I now have so that I had stayed at home, and all those were living who perished on the plain of Troy, far from Argos. I of grieve, as I sit here in my house, for one and all of them. At times I cry aloud for sorrow, but presently I leave off again, for crying is cold comfort and one soon tires of it. Yet grieve for these as I may, I do so for one man more than for them all. I cannot even think of him without loathing both food and sleep, so miserable does he make me, for no one of all the Achaeans worked so hard or risked so much as he did. He took nothing by it, and has left a legacy of sorrow to myself, for he has been gone a long time, and we know not whether he is alive or dead. His old father, his long-suffering wife Penelope, and his son Telemachus, whom he left behind him an infant in arms, are plunged in grief on his account."

Thus spoke Menelaus, and the heart of Telemachus yearned as he bethought him of his father. Tears fell from his eyes as he heard him thus mentioned, so that he held his cloak before his face with both hands. When Menelaus

saw this he doubted whether to let him choose his own time for speaking, or to ask him at once and find what it was all about.

While he was thus in two minds Helen came down from her high vaulted and perfumed room, looking as lovely as Diana herself. Adraste brought her a seat, Alcippe a soft woollen rug while Phylo fetched her the silver work-box which Alcandra wife of Polybus had given her. Polybus lived in Egyptian Thebes, which is the richest city in the whole world; he gave Menelaus two baths, both of pure silver, two tripods, and ten talents of gold; besides all this, his wife gave Helen some beautiful presents, to wit, a golden distaff, and a silver work-box that ran on wheels, with a gold band round the top of it. Phylo now placed this by her side, full of fine spun yarn, and a distaff charged with violet coloured wool was laid upon the top of it. Then Helen took her seat, put her feet upon the footstool, and began to question her husband.

“Do we know, Menelaus,” said she, “the names of these strangers who have come to visit us? Shall I guess right or wrong?—but I cannot help saying what I think. Never yet have I seen either man or woman so like somebody else (indeed when I look at him I hardly know what to think) as this young man is like Telemachus, whom Ulysses left as a baby behind him, when you Achaeans went to Troy with battle in your hearts, on account of my most shameless self.”

“My dear wife,” replied Menelaus, “I see the likeness just as you do. His hands and feet are just like Ulysses’; so is his hair, with the shape of his head and the expression of his eyes. Moreover, when I was talking about Ulysses, and saying how much he had suffered on my account, tears fell from his eyes, and he hid his face in his mantle.”

Then Pisistratus said, “Menelaus, son of Atreus, you are right in thinking that this young man is Telemachus, but he is very modest, and is ashamed to come here and begin opening up discourse with one whose conversation is so divinely interesting as your own. My father, Nestor, sent me to escort him hither, for he wanted to know whether you could give him any counsel or suggestion. A son has always trouble at home when his father has gone away leaving him without supporters; and this is how Telemachus is now placed, for his father is absent, and there is no one among his own people to stand by him.”

“Bless my heart,” replied Menelaus, “then I am receiving a visit from the son of a very dear friend, who suffered much hardship for my sake. I had always hoped to entertain him with most marked distinction when heaven had granted us a safe return from beyond the seas. I should have founded a city for him in Argos, and built him a house. I should have made him leave Ithaca with his goods, his son, and all his people, and should have sacked for them some one of the neighbouring cities that are subject to me. We should thus have seen one another continually, and nothing but death could have interrupted so close and happy an intercourse. I suppose, however, that heaven grudged us such great good fortune, for it has prevented the poor fellow from ever getting home at all.”

Thus did he speak, and his words set them all a weeping. Helen wept, Telemachus wept, and so did Menelaus, nor could Pisistratus keep his eyes from filling, when he remembered his dear brother Antilochus whom the son of bright Dawn had killed. Thereon he said to Menelaus,

“Sir, my father Nestor, when we used to talk about you at home, told me you were a person of rare and excellent understanding. If, then, it be possible, do as I would urge you. I am not fond of crying while I am getting my supper. Morning will come in due course, and in the forenoon I care not how much I cry for those that are dead and gone. This is all we can do for the poor things. We can only shave our heads for them and wring the tears from our cheeks. I had a brother who died at Troy; he was by no means the worst man there; you are sure to have known him—his name was Antilochus; I never set eyes upon him myself, but they say that he was singularly fleet of foot and in fight valiant.”

“Your discretion, my friend,” answered Menelaus, “is beyond your years. It is plain you take after your father. One can soon see when a man is son to one whom heaven has blessed both as regards wife and offspring—and it has blessed Nestor from first to last all his days, giving him a green old age in his own house, with sons about him who are both well disposed and valiant. We will put an end therefore to all this weeping, and attend to our supper again. Let water be poured over our hands. Telemachus and I can talk with one another fully in the morning.”

On this Asphalion, one of the servants, poured water over their hands and they laid their hands on the good things that were before them.

Then Jove’s daughter Helen bethought her of another matter. She drugged the wine with an herb that banishes all care, sorrow, and ill humour. Whoever drinks wine thus drugged cannot shed a single tear all the rest of the day, not even though his father and mother both of them drop down dead, or he sees a brother or a son hewn in pieces before his very eyes. This drug, of such sovereign power and virtue, had been given to Helen by Polydamna wife of Thon, a woman of Egypt, where there grow all sorts of herbs, some good to put into the mixing-bowl and others poisonous. Moreover, every one in the whole country is a skilled physician, for they are of the race of Paeon. When Helen had put this drug in the bowl, and had told the servants to serve the wine round, she said:

“Menelaus, son of Atreus, and you my good friends, sons of honourable men (which is as Jove wills, for he is the giver both of good and evil, and can do what he chooses), feast here as you will, and listen while I tell you a tale

in season. I cannot indeed name every single one of the exploits of Ulysses, but I can say what he did when he was before Troy, and you Achaeans were in all sorts of difficulties. He covered himself with wounds and bruises, dressed himself all in rags, and entered the enemy's city looking like a menial or a beggar. and quite different from what he did when he was among his own people. In this disguise he entered the city of Troy, and no one said anything to him. I alone recognized him and began to question him, but he was too cunning for me. When, however, I had washed and anointed him and had given him clothes, and after I had sworn a solemn oath not to betray him to the Trojans till he had got safely back to his own camp and to the ships, he told me all that the Achaeans meant to do. He killed many Trojans and got much information before he reached the Argive camp, for all which things the Trojan women made lamentation, but for my own part I was glad, for my heart was beginning to oam after my home, and I was unhappy about wrong that Venus had done me in taking me over there, away from my country, my girl, and my lawful wedded husband, who is indeed by no means deficient either in person or understanding."

Then Menelaus said, "All that you have been saying, my dear wife, is true. I have travelled much, and have had much to do with heroes, but I have never seen such another man as Ulysses. What endurance too, and what courage he displayed within the wooden horse, wherein all the bravest of the Argives were lying in wait to bring death and destruction upon the Trojans. At that moment you came up to us; some god who wished well to the Trojans must have set you on to it and you had Deiphobus with you. Three times did you go all round our hiding place and pat it; you called our chiefs each by his own name, and mimicked all our wives—Diomed, Ulysses, and I from our seats inside heard what a noise you made. Diomed and I could not make up our minds whether to spring out then and there, or to answer you from inside, but Ulysses held us all in check, so we sat quite still, all except Anticlus, who was beginning to answer you, when Ulysses clapped his two brawny hands over his mouth, and kept them there. It was this that saved us all, for he muzzled Anticlus till Minerva took you away again."

"How sad," exclaimed Telemachus, "that all this was of no avail to save him, nor yet his own iron courage. But now, sir, be pleased to send us all to bed, that we may lie down and enjoy the blessed boon of sleep."

On this Helen told the maid servants to set beds in the room that was in the gatehouse, and to make them with good red rugs, and spread coverlets on the top of them with woollen cloaks for the guests to wear. So the maids went out, carrying a torch, and made the beds, to which a man-servant presently conducted the strangers. Thus, then, did Telemachus and Pisistratus sleep there in the forecourt, while the son of Atreus lay in an inner room with lovely Helen by his side.

When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, Menelaus rose and dressed himself. He bound his sandals on to his comely feet, girded his sword about his shoulders, and left his room looking like an immortal god. Then, taking a seat near Telemachus he said:

"And what, Telemachus, has led you to take this long sea voyage to Lacedaemon? Are you on public or private business? Tell me all about it."

"I have come, sir replied Telemachus, "to see if you can tell me anything about my father. I am being eaten out of house and home; my fair estate is being wasted, and my house is full of miscreants who keep killing great numbers of my sheep and oxen, on the pretence of paying their addresses to my mother. Therefore, I am suppliant at your knees if haply you may tell me about my father's melancholy end, whether you saw it with your own eyes, or heard it from some other traveller; for he was a man born to trouble. Do not soften things out of any pity for myself, but tell me in all plainness exactly what you saw. If my brave father Ulysses ever did you loyal service either by word or deed, when you Achaeans were harassed by the Trojans, bear it in mind now as in my favour and tell me truly all."

Menelaus on hearing this was very much shocked. "So," he exclaimed, "these cowards would usurp a brave man's bed? A hind might as well lay her new born young in the lair of a lion, and then go off to feed in the forest or in some grassy dell: the lion when he comes back to his lair will make short work with the pair of them—and so will Ulysses with these suitors. By father Jove, Minerva, and Apollo, if Ulysses is still the man that he was when he wrestled with Philomeleides in Lesbos, and threw him so heavily that all the Achaeans cheered him — if he is still such and were to come near these suitors, they would have a short shrift and a sorry wedding. As regards your questions, however, I will not prevaricate nor deceive you, but will tell you without concealment all that the old man of the sea told me.

"I was trying to come on here, but the gods detained me in Egypt, for my hecatombs had not given them full satisfaction, and the gods are very strict about having their dues. Now off Egypt, about as far as a ship can sail in a day with a good stiff breeze behind her, there is an island called Pharos—it has a good harbour from which vessels can get out into open sea when they have taken in water—and the gods becalmed me twenty days without so much as a breath of fair wind to help me forward. We should have run clean out of provisions and my men would have starved, if a goddess had not taken pity upon me and saved me in the person of Idothea, daughter to Proteus, the old man of the sea, for she had taken a great fancy to me.

"She came to me one day when I was by myself, as I often was, for the men used to go with their barbed hooks,

all over the island in the hope of catching a fish or two to save them from the pangs of hunger. ‘Stranger,’ said she, ‘it seems to me that you like starving in this way—at any rate it does not greatly trouble you, for you stick here day after day, without even trying to get away though your men are dying by inches.’

“Let me tell you,’ said I, ‘whichever of the goddesses you may happen to be, that I am not staying here of my own accord, but must have offended the gods that live in heaven. Tell me, therefore, for the gods know everything, which of the immortals it is that is hindering me in this way, and tell me also how I may sail the sea so as to reach my home.’

“Stranger,’ replied she, ‘I will make it all quite clear to you. There is an old immortal who lives under the sea hereabouts and whose name is Proteus. He is an Egyptian, and people say he is my father; he is Neptune’s head man and knows every inch of ground all over the bottom of the sea. If you can snare him and hold him tight, he will tell you about your voyage, what courses you are to take, and how you are to sail the sea so as to reach your home. He will also tell you, if you so will, all that has been going on at your house both good and bad, while you have been away on your long and dangerous journey.’

“Can you show me,’ said I, ‘some stratagem by means of which I may catch this old god without his suspecting it and finding me out? For a god is not easily caught—not by a mortal man.’

“Stranger,’ said she, ‘I will make it all quite clear to you. About the time when the sun shall have reached mid heaven, the old man of the sea comes up from under the waves, heralded by the West wind that furs the water over his head. As soon as he has come up he lies down, and goes to sleep in a great sea cave, where the seals—Halo-sydne’s chickens as they call them—come up also from the grey sea, and go to sleep in shoals all round him; and a very strong and fish-like smell do they bring with them. Early to-morrow morning I will take you to this place and will lay you in ambush. Pick out, therefore, the three best men you have in your fleet, and I will tell you all the tricks that the old man will play you.

“First he will look over all his seals, and count them; then, when he has seen them and tallied them on his five fingers, he will go to sleep among them, as a shepherd among his sheep. The moment you see that he is asleep seize him; put forth all your strength and hold him fast, for he will do his very utmost to get away from you. He will turn himself into every kind of creature that goes upon the earth, and will become also both fire and water; but you must hold him fast and grip him tighter and tighter, till he begins to talk to you and comes back to what he was when you saw him go to sleep; then you may slacken your hold and let him go; and you can ask him which of the gods it is that is angry with you, and what you must do to reach your home over the seas.’

“Having so said she dived under the waves, whereon I turned back to the place where my ships were ranged upon the shore; and my heart was clouded with care as I went along. When I reached my ship we got supper ready, for night was falling, and camped down upon the beach.

“When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, I took the three men on whose prowess of all kinds I could most rely, and went along by the sea-side, praying heartily to heaven. Meanwhile the goddess fetched me up four seal skins from the bottom of the sea, all of them just skinned, for she meant playing a trick upon her father. Then she dug four pits for us to lie in, and sat down to wait till we should come up. When we were close to her, she made us lie down in the pits one after the other, and threw a seal skin over each of us. Our ambush would have been intolerable, for the stench of the fishy seals was most distressing—who would go to bed with a sea monster if he could help it?—but here, too, the goddess helped us, and thought of something that gave us great relief, for she put some ambrosia under each man’s nostrils, which was so fragrant that it killed the smell of the seals.

“We waited the whole morning and made the best of it, watching the seals come up in hundreds to bask upon the sea shore, till at noon the old man of the sea came up too, and when he had found his fat seals he went over them and counted them. We were among the first he counted, and he never suspected any guile, but laid himself down to sleep as soon as he had done counting. Then we rushed upon him with a shout and seized him; on which he began at once with his old tricks, and changed himself first into a lion with a great mane; then all of a sudden he became a dragon, a leopard, a wild boar; the next moment he was running water, and then again directly he was a tree, but we stuck to him and never lost hold, till at last the cunning old creature became distressed, and said, Which of the gods was it, Son of Atreus, that hatched this plot with you for snaring me and seizing me against my will? What do you want?’

“You know that yourself, old man,’ I answered, ‘you will gain nothing by trying to put me off. It is because I have been kept so long in this island, and see no sign of my being able to get away. I am losing all heart; tell me, then, for you gods know everything, which of the immortals it is that is hindering me, and tell me also how I may sail the sea so as to reach my home?’

“Then,’ he said, ‘if you would finish your voyage and get home quickly, you must offer sacrifices to Jove and to the rest of the gods before embarking; for it is decreed that you shall not get back to your friends, and to your own house, till you have returned to the heaven fed stream of Egypt, and offered holy hecatombs to the immortal gods that reign in heaven. When you have done this they will let you finish your voyage.’

“I was broken hearted when I heard that I must go back all that long and terrible voyage to Egypt; nevertheless, I answered, ‘I will do all, old man, that you have laid upon me; but now tell me, and tell me true, whether all the Achaeans whom Nestor and I left behind us when we set sail from Troy have got home safely, or whether any one of them came to a bad end either on board his own ship or among his friends when the days of his fighting were done.’

“Son of Atreus,’ he answered, ‘why ask me? You had better not know what I can tell you, for your eyes will surely fill when you have heard my story. Many of those about whom you ask are dead and gone, but many still remain, and only two of the chief men among the Achaeans perished during their return home. As for what happened on the field of battle—you were there yourself. A third Achaean leader is still at sea, alive, but hindered from returning. Ajax was wrecked, for Neptune drove him on to the great rocks of Gyrae; nevertheless, he let him get safe out of the water, and in spite of all Minerva’s hatred he would have escaped death, if he had not ruined himself by boasting. He said the gods could not drown him even though they had tried to do so, and when Neptune heard this large talk, he seized his trident in his two brawny hands, and split the rock of Gyrae in two pieces. The base remained where it was, but the part on which Ajax was sitting fell headlong into the sea and carried Ajax with it; so he drank salt water and was drowned.

“Your brother and his ships escaped, for Juno protected him, but when he was just about to reach the high promontory of Malea, he was caught by a heavy gale which carried him out to sea again sorely against his will, and drove him to the foreland where Thyestes used to dwell, but where Aegisthus was then living. By and by, however, it seemed as though he was to return safely after all, for the gods backed the wind into its old quarter and they reached home; whereon Agamemnon kissed his native soil, and shed tears of joy at finding himself in his own country.

“Now there was a watchman whom Aegisthus kept always on the watch, and to whom he had promised two talents of gold. This man had been looking out for a whole year to make sure that Agamemnon did not give him the slip and prepare war; when, therefore, this man saw Agamemnon go by, he went and told Aegisthus who at once began to lay a plot for him. He picked twenty of his bravest warriors and placed them in ambush on one side the cloister, while on the opposite side he prepared a banquet. Then he sent his chariots and horsemen to Agamemnon, and invited him to the feast, but he meant foul play. He got him there, all unsuspecting of the doom that was awaiting him, and killed him when the banquet was over as though he were butchering an ox in the shambles; not one of Agamemnon’s followers was left alive, nor yet one of Aegisthus,’ but they were all killed there in the cloisters.’

“Thus spoke Proteus, and I was broken hearted as I heard him. I sat down upon the sands and wept; I felt as though I could no longer bear to live nor look upon the light of the sun. Presently, when I had had my fill of weeping and writhing upon the ground, the old man of the sea said, ‘Son of Atreus, do not waste any more time in crying so bitterly; it can do no manner of good; find your way home as fast as ever you can, for Aegisthus be still alive, and even though Orestes has beforehand with you in kilting him, you may yet come in for his funeral.’

“On this I took comfort in spite of all my sorrow, and said, ‘I know, then, about these two; tell me, therefore, about the third man of whom you spoke; is he still alive, but at sea, and unable to get home? or is he dead? Tell me, no matter how much it may grieve me.’

“The third man,’ he answered, ‘is Ulysses who dwells in Ithaca. I can see him in an island sorrowing bitterly in the house of the nymph Calypso, who is keeping him prisoner, and he cannot reach his home for he has no ships nor sailors to take him over the sea. As for your own end, Menelaus, you shall not die in Argos, but the gods will take you to the Elysian plain, which is at the ends of the world. There fair-haired Rhadamanthus reigns, and men lead an easier life than any where else in the world, for in Elysium there falls not rain, nor hail, nor snow, but Oceanus breathes ever with a West wind that sings softly from the sea, and gives fresh life to all men. This will happen to you because you have married Helen, and are Jove’s son-in-law.’

“As he spoke he dived under the waves, whereon I turned back to the ships with my companions, and my heart was clouded with care as I went along. When we reached the ships we got supper ready, for night was falling, and camped down upon the beach. When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn appeared, we drew our ships into the water, and put our masts and sails within them; then we went on board ourselves, took our seats on the benches, and smote the grey sea with our oars. I again stationed my ships in the heaven-fed stream of Egypt, and offered hecatombs that were full and sufficient. When I had thus appeased heaven’s anger, I raised a barrow to the memory of Agamemnon that his name might live for ever, after which I had a quick passage home, for the gods sent me a fair wind.

“And now for yourself—stay here some ten or twelve days longer, and I will then speed you on your way. I will make you a noble present of a chariot and three horses. I will also give you a beautiful chalice that so long as you live you may think of me whenever you make a drink-offering to the immortal gods.”

“Son of Atreus,” replied Telemachus, “do not press me to stay longer; I should be contented to remain with you for another twelve months; I find your conversation so delightful that I should never once wish myself at home with my parents; but my crew whom I have left at Pylos are already impatient, and you are detaining me from them. As

for any present you may be disposed to make me, I had rather that it should be a piece of plate. I will take no horses back with me to Ithaca, but will leave them to adorn your own stables, for you have much flat ground in your kingdom where lotus thrives, as also meadowsweet and wheat and barley, and oats with their white and spreading ears; whereas in Ithaca we have neither open fields nor racecourses, and the country is more fit for goats than horses, and I like it the better for that. None of our islands have much level ground, suitable for horses, and Ithaca least of all.”

Menelaus smiled and took Telemachus’s hand within his own. “What you say,” said he, “shows that you come of good family. I both can, and will, make this exchange for you, by giving you the finest and most precious piece of plate in all my house. It is a mixing-bowl by Vulcan’s own hand, of pure silver, except the rim, which is inlaid with gold. Phaedimus, king of the Sidonians, gave it me in the course of a visit which I paid him when I returned thither on my homeward journey. I will make you a present of it.”

Thus did they converse [and guests kept coming to the king’s house. They brought sheep and wine, while their wives had put up bread for them to take with them; so they were busy cooking their dinners in the courts].

Meanwhile the suitors were throwing discs or aiming with spears at a mark on the levelled ground in front of Ulysses’ house, and were behaving with all their old insolence. Antinous and Eurymachus, who were their ringleaders and much the foremost among them all, were sitting together when Noemon son of Phronius came up and said to Antinous,

“Have we any idea, Antinous, on what day Telemachus returns from Pylos? He has a ship of mine, and I want it, to cross over to Elis: I have twelve brood mares there with yearling mule foals by their side not yet broken in, and I want to bring one of them over here and break him.”

They were astounded when they heard this, for they had made sure that Telemachus had not gone to the city of Neleus. They thought he was only away somewhere on the farms, and was with the sheep, or with the swineherd; so Antinous said, “When did he go? Tell me truly, and what young men did he take with him? Were they freemen or his own bondsmen—for he might manage that too? Tell me also, did you let him have the ship of your own free will because he asked you, or did he take it without your leave?”

“I lent it him,” answered Noemon, “what else could I do when a man of his position said he was in a difficulty, and asked me to oblige him? I could not possibly refuse. As for those who went with him they were the best young men we have, and I saw Mentor go on board as captain—or some god who was exactly like him. I cannot understand it, for I saw Mentor here myself yesterday morning, and yet he was then setting out for Pylos.”

Noemon then went back to his father’s house, but Antinous and Eurymachus were very angry. They told the others to leave off playing, and to come and sit down along with themselves. When they came, Antinous son of Eupheithes spoke in anger. His heart was black with rage, and his eyes flashed fire as he said:

“Good heavens, this voyage of Telemachus is a very serious matter; we had made sure that it would come to nothing, but the young fellow has got away in spite of us, and with a picked crew too. He will be giving us trouble presently; may Jove take him before he is full grown. Find me a ship, therefore, with a crew of twenty men, and I will lie in wait for him in the straits between Ithaca and Samos; he will then rue the day that he set out to try and get news of his father.”

Thus did he speak, and the others applauded his saying; they then all of them went inside the buildings.

It was not long ere Penelope came to know what the suitors were plotting; for a man servant, Medon, overheard them from outside the outer court as they were laying their schemes within, and went to tell his mistress. As he crossed the threshold of her room Penelope said: “Medon, what have the suitors sent you here for? Is it to tell the maids to leave their master’s business and cook dinner for them? I wish they may neither woo nor dine henceforward, neither here nor anywhere else, but let this be the very last time, for the waste you all make of my son’s estate. Did not your fathers tell you when you were children how good Ulysses had been to them—never doing anything high-handed, nor speaking harshly to anybody? Kings may say things sometimes, and they may take a fancy to one man and dislike another, but Ulysses never did an unjust thing by anybody—which shows what bad hearts you have, and that there is no such thing as gratitude left in this world.”

Then Medon said, “I wish, Madam, that this were all; but they are plotting something much more dreadful now—may heaven frustrate their design. They are going to try and murder Telemachus as he is coming home from Pylos and Lacedaemon, where he has been to get news of his father.”

Then Penelope’s heart sank within her, and for a long time she was speechless; her eyes filled with tears, and she could find no utterance. At last, however, she said, “Why did my son leave me? What business had he to go sailing off in ships that make long voyages over the ocean like sea-horses? Does he want to die without leaving any one behind him to keep up his name?”

“I do not know,” answered Medon, “whether some god set him on to it, or whether he went on his own impulse to see if he could find out if his father was dead, or alive and on his way home.”

Then he went downstairs again, leaving Penelope in an agony of grief. There were plenty of seats in the house, but she had no heart for sitting on any one of them; she could only fling herself on the floor of her own room and

cry; whereon all the maids in the house, both old and young, gathered round her and began to cry too, till at last in a transport of sorrow she exclaimed,

“My dears, heaven has been pleased to try me with more affliction than any other woman of my age and country. First I lost my brave and lion-hearted husband, who had every good quality under heaven, and whose name was great over all Hellas and middle Argos, and now my darling son is at the mercy of the winds and waves, without my having heard one word about his leaving home. You hussies, there was not one of you would so much as think of giving me a call out of my bed, though you all of you very well knew when he was starting. If I had known he meant taking this voyage, he would have had to give it up, no matter how much he was bent upon it, or leave me a corpse behind him—one or other. Now, however, go some of you and call old Dolius, who was given me by my father on my marriage, and who is my gardener. Bid him go at once and tell everything to Laertes, who may be able to hit on some plan for enlisting public sympathy on our side, as against those who are trying to exterminate his own race and that of Ulysses.”

Then the dear old nurse Euryclea said, “You may kill me, Madam, or let me live on in your house, whichever you please, but I will tell you the real truth. I knew all about it, and gave him everything he wanted in the way of bread and wine, but he made me take my solemn oath that I would not tell you anything for some ten or twelve days, unless you asked or happened to hear of his having gone, for he did not want you to spoil your beauty by crying. And now, Madam, wash your face, change your dress, and go upstairs with your maids to offer prayers to Minerva, daughter of Aegis-bearing Jove, for she can save him even though he be in the jaws of death. Do not trouble Laertes: he has trouble enough already. Besides, I cannot think that the gods hate the race of the son of Arceisus so much, but there will be a son left to come up after him, and inherit both the house and the fair fields that lie far all round it.”

With these words she made her mistress leave off crying, and dried the tears from her eyes. Penelope washed her face, changed her dress, and went upstairs with her maids. She then put some bruised barley into a basket and began praying to Minerva.

“Hear me,” she cried, “Daughter of Aegis-bearing Jove, unwearable. If ever Ulysses while he was here burned you fat thigh bones of sheep or heifer, bear it in mind now as in my favour, and save my darling son from the villainy of the suitors.”

She cried aloud as she spoke, and the goddess heard her prayer; meanwhile the suitors were clamorous throughout the covered cloister, and one of them said:

“The queen is preparing for her marriage with one or other of us. Little does she dream that her son has now been doomed to die.”

This was what they said, but they did not know what was going to happen. Then Antinous said, “Comrades, let there be no loud talking, lest some of it get carried inside. Let us be up and do that in silence, about which we are all of a mind.”

He then chose twenty men, and they went down to their ship and to the sea side; they drew the vessel into the water and got her mast and sails inside her; they bound the oars to the thole-pins with twisted thongs of leather, all in due course, and spread the white sails aloft, while their fine servants brought them their armour. Then they made the ship fast a little way out, came on shore again, got their suppers, and waited till night should fall.

But Penelope lay in her own room upstairs unable to eat or drink, and wondering whether her brave son would escape, or be overpowered by the wicked suitors. Like a lioness caught in the toils with huntsmen hemming her in on every side she thought and thought till she sank into a slumber, and lay on her bed bereft of thought and motion.

Then Minerva bethought her of another matter, and made a vision in the likeness of Penelope’s sister Iphthime daughter of Icarius who had married Eumelus and lived in Pherae. She told the vision to go to the house of Ulysses, and to make Penelope leave off crying, so it came into her room by the hole through which the thong went for pulling the door to, and hovered over her head, saying,

“You are asleep, Penelope: the gods who live at ease will not suffer you to weep and be so sad. Your son has done them no wrong, so he will yet come back to you.”

Penelope, who was sleeping sweetly at the gates of dreamland, answered, “Sister, why have you come here? You do not come very often, but I suppose that is because you live such a long way off. Am I, then, to leave off crying and refrain from all the sad thoughts that torture me? I, who have lost my brave and lion-hearted husband, who had every good quality under heaven, and whose name was great over all Hellas and middle Argos; and now my darling son has gone off on board of a ship—a foolish fellow who has never been used to roughing it, nor to going about among gatherings of men. I am even more anxious about him than about my husband; I am all in a tremble when I think of him, lest something should happen to him, either from the people among whom he has gone, or by sea, for he has many enemies who are plotting against him, and are bent on killing him before he can return home.”

Then the vision said, “Take heart, and be not so much dismayed. There is one gone with him whom many a man would be glad enough to have stand by his side, I mean Minerva; it is she who has compassion upon you, and

who has sent me to bear you this message.”

“Then,” said Penelope, “if you are a god or have been sent here by divine commission, tell me also about that other unhappy one—is he still alive, or is he already dead and in the house of Hades?”

And the vision said, “I shall not tell you for certain whether he is alive or dead, and there is no use in idle conversation.”

Then it vanished through the thong-hole of the door and was dissipated into thin air; but Penelope rose from her sleep refreshed and comforted, so vivid had been her dream.

Meantime the suitors went on board and sailed their ways over the sea, intent on murdering Telemachus. Now there is a rocky islet called Asteris, of no great size, in mid channel between Ithaca and Samos, and there is a harbour on either side of it where a ship can lie. Here then the Achaeans placed themselves in ambush.

Book V

AND NOW, as Dawn rose from her couch beside Tithonus—harbinger of light alike to mortals and immortals—the gods met in council and with them, Jove the lord of thunder, who is their king. Thereon Minerva began to tell them of the many sufferings of Ulysses, for she pitied him away there in the house of the nymph Calypso.

“Father Jove,” said she, “and all you other gods that live in everlasting bliss, I hope there may never be such a thing as a kind and well-disposed ruler any more, nor one who will govern equitably. I hope they will be all henceforth cruel and unjust, for there is not one of his subjects but has forgotten Ulysses, who ruled them as though he were their father. There he is, lying in great pain in an island where dwells the nymph Calypso, who will not let him go; and he cannot get back to his own country, for he can find neither ships nor sailors to take him over the sea. Furthermore, wicked people are now trying to murder his only son Telemachus, who is coming home from Pylos and Lacedaemon, where he has been to see if he can get news of his father.”

“What, my dear, are you talking about?” replied her father, “did you not send him there yourself, because you thought it would help Ulysses to get home and punish the suitors? Besides, you are perfectly able to protect Telemachus, and to see him safely home again, while the suitors have to come hurry-skurrying back without having killed him.”

When he had thus spoken, he said to his son Mercury, “Mercury, you are our messenger, go therefore and tell Calypso we have decreed that poor Ulysses is to return home. He is to be convoyed neither by gods nor men, but after a perilous voyage of twenty days upon a raft he is to reach fertile Scheria, the land of the Phaeacians, who are near of kin to the gods, and will honour him as though he were one of ourselves. They will send him in a ship to his own country, and will give him more bronze and gold and raiment than he would have brought back from Troy, if he had had had all his prize money and had got home without disaster. This is how we have settled that he shall return to his country and his friends.”

Thus he spoke, and Mercury, guide and guardian, slayer of Argus, did as he was told. Forthwith he bound on his glittering golden sandals with which he could fly like the wind over land and sea. He took the wand with which he seals men’s eyes in sleep or wakes them just as he pleases, and flew holding it in his hand over Pieria; then he swooped down through the firmament till he reached the level of the sea, whose waves he skimmed like a cormorant that flies fishing every hole and corner of the ocean, and drenching its thick plumage in the spray. He flew and flew over many a weary wave, but when at last he got to the island which was his journey’s end, he left the sea and went on by land till he came to the cave where the nymph Calypso lived.

He found her at home. There was a large fire burning on the hearth, and one could smell from far the fragrant reek of burning cedar and sandal wood. As for herself, she was busy at her loom, shooting her golden shuttle through the warp and singing beautifully. Round her cave there was a thick wood of alder, poplar, and sweet smelling cypress trees, wherein all kinds of great birds had built their nests—owls, hawks, and chattering sea-crows that occupy their business in the waters. A vine loaded with grapes was trained and grew luxuriantly about the mouth of the cave; there were also four running rills of water in channels cut pretty close together, and turned hither and thither so as to irrigate the beds of violets and luscious herbage over which they flowed. Even a god could not help being charmed with such a lovely spot, so Mercury stood still and looked at it; but when he had admired it sufficiently he went inside the cave.

Calypso knew him at once—for the gods all know each other, no matter how far they live from one another—but Ulysses was not within; he was on the sea-shore as usual, looking out upon the barren ocean with tears in his eyes, groaning and breaking his heart for sorrow. Calypso gave Mercury a seat and said: “Why have you come to see me, Mercury—honoured, and ever welcome—for you do not visit me often? Say what you want; I will do it for you at once if I can, and if it can be done at all; but come inside, and let me set refreshment before you.

As she spoke she drew a table loaded with ambrosia beside him and mixed him some red nectar, so Mercury ate and drank till he had had enough, and then said:

“We are speaking god and goddess to one another, one another, and you ask me why I have come here, and I will tell you truly as you would have me do. Jove sent me; it was no doing of mine; who could possibly want to come all this way over the sea where there are no cities full of people to offer me sacrifices or choice hecatombs? Nevertheless I had to come, for none of us other gods can cross Jove, nor transgress his orders. He says that you have here the most ill-starred of all those who fought nine years before the city of King Priam and sailed home in the tenth year after having sacked it. On their way home they sinned against Minerva, who raised both wind and waves against them, so that all his brave companions perished, and he alone was carried hither by wind and tide. Jove says that you are to let this by man go at once, for it is decreed that he shall not perish here, far from his own people, but shall return to his house and country and see his friends again.”

Calypso trembled with rage when she heard this, “You gods,” she exclaimed, to be ashamed of yourselves. You are always jealous and hate seeing a goddess take a fancy to a mortal man, and live with him in open matrimony. So when rosy-fingered Dawn made love to Orion, you precious gods were all of you furious till Diana went and killed him in Ortygia. So again when Ceres fell in love with Iasion, and yielded to him in a thrice ploughed fallow field, Jove came to hear of it before so long and killed Iasion with his thunder-bolts. And now you are angry with me too because I have a man here. I found the poor creature sitting all alone astride of a keel, for Jove had struck his ship with lightning and sunk it in mid ocean, so that all his crew were drowned, while he himself was driven by wind and waves on to my island. I got fond of him and cherished him, and had set my heart on making him immortal, so that he should never grow old all his days; still I cannot cross Jove, nor bring his counsels to nothing; therefore, if he insists upon it, let the man go beyond the seas again; but I cannot send him anywhere myself for I have neither ships nor men who can take him. Nevertheless I will readily give him such advice, in all good faith, as will be likely to bring him safely to his own country.”

“Then send him away,” said Mercury, “or Jove will be angry with you and punish you”

On this he took his leave, and Calypso went out to look for Ulysses, for she had heard Jove’s message. She found him sitting upon the beach with his eyes ever filled with tears, and dying of sheer home-sickness; for he had got tired of Calypso, and though he was forced to sleep with her in the cave by night, it was she, not he, that would have it so. As for the day time, he spent it on the rocks and on the sea-shore, weeping, crying aloud for his despair, and always looking out upon the sea. Calypso then went close up to him said:

“My poor fellow, you shall not stay here grieving and fretting your life out any longer. I am going to send you away of my own free will; so go, cut some beams of wood, and make yourself a large raft with an upper deck that it may carry you safely over the sea. I will put bread, wine, and water on board to save you from starving. I will also give you clothes, and will send you a fair wind to take you home, if the gods in heaven so will it—or they know more about these things, and can settle them better than I can.”

Ulysses shuddered as he heard her. “Now goddess,” he answered, “there is something behind all this; you cannot be really meaning to help me home when you bid me do such a dreadful thing as put to sea on a raft. Not even a well-found ship with a fair wind could venture on such a distant voyage: nothing that you can say or do shall make me go on board a raft unless you first solemnly swear that you mean me no mischief.”

Calypso smiled at this and caressed him with her hand: “You know a great deal,” said she, “but you are quite wrong here. May heaven above and earth below be my witnesses, with the waters of the river Styx—and this is the most solemn oath which a blessed god can take—that I mean you no sort of harm, and am only advising you to do exactly what I should do myself in your place. I am dealing with you quite straightforwardly; my heart is not made of iron, and I am very sorry for you.”

When she had thus spoken she led the way rapidly before him, and Ulysses followed in her steps; so the pair, goddess and man, went on and on till they came to Calypso’s cave, where Ulysses took the seat that Mercury had just left. Calypso set meat and drink before him of the food that mortals eat; but her maids brought ambrosia and nectar for herself, and they laid their hands on the good things that were before them. When they had satisfied themselves with meat and drink, Calypso spoke, saying:

“Ulysses, noble son of Laertes, so you would start home to your own land at once? Good luck go with you, but if you could only know how much suffering is in store for you before you get back to your own country, you would stay where you are, keep house along with me, and let me make you immortal, no matter how anxious you may be to see this wife of yours, of whom you are thinking all the time day after day; yet I flatter myself that I am no whit less tall or well-looking than she is, for it is not to be expected that a mortal woman should compare in beauty with an immortal.”

“Goddess,” replied Ulysses, “do not be angry with me about this. I am quite aware that my wife Penelope is nothing like so tall or so beautiful as yourself. She is only a woman, whereas you are an immortal. Nevertheless, I want to get home, and can think of nothing else. If some god wrecks me when I am on the sea, I will bear it and make the best of it. I have had infinite trouble both by land and sea already, so let this go with the rest.”

Presently the sun set and it became dark, whereon the pair retired into the inner part of the cave and went to

bed.

When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, Ulysses put on his shirt and cloak, while the goddess wore a dress of a light gossamer fabric, very fine and graceful, with a beautiful golden girdle about her waist and a veil to cover her head. She at once set herself to think how she could speed Ulysses on his way. So she gave him a great bronze axe that suited his hands; it was sharpened on both sides, and had a beautiful olive-wood handle fitted firmly on to it. She also gave him a sharp adze, and then led the way to the far end of the island where the largest trees grew—alder, poplar and pine, that reached the sky—very dry and well seasoned, so as to sail light for him in the water. Then, when she had shown him where the best trees grew, Calypso went home, leaving him to cut them, which he soon finished doing. He cut down twenty trees in all and adzed them smooth, squaring them by rule in good workmanlike fashion. Meanwhile Calypso came back with some augers, so he bored holes with them and fitted the timbers together with bolts and rivets. He made the raft as broad as a skilled shipwright makes the beam of a large vessel, and he filed a deck on top of the ribs, and ran a gunwale all round it. He also made a mast with a yard arm, and a rudder to steer with. He fenced the raft all round with wicker hurdles as a protection against the waves, and then he threw on a quantity of wood. By and by Calypso brought him some linen to make the sails, and he made these too, excellently, making them fast with braces and sheets. Last of all, with the help of levers, he drew the raft down into the water.

In four days he had completed the whole work, and on the fifth Calypso sent him from the island after washing him and giving him some clean clothes. She gave him a goat skin full of black wine, and another larger one of water; she also gave him a wallet full of provisions, and found him in much good meat. Moreover, she made the wind fair and warm for him, and gladly did Ulysses spread his sail before it, while he sat and guided the raft skilfully by means of the rudder. He never closed his eyes, but kept them fixed on the Pleiads, on late-setting Bootes, and on the Bear—which men also call the wain, and which turns round and round where it is, facing Orion, and alone never dipping into the stream of Oceanus—for Calypso had told him to keep this to his left. Days seven and ten did he sail over the sea, and on the eighteenth the dim outlines of the mountains on the nearest part of the Phaeacian coast appeared, rising like a shield on the horizon.

But King Neptune, who was returning from the Ethiopians, caught sight of Ulysses a long way off, from the mountains of the Solymi. He could see him sailing upon the sea, and it made him very angry, so he wagged his head and muttered to himself, saying, heavens, so the gods have been changing their minds about Ulysses while I was away in Ethiopia, and now he is close to the land of the Phaeacians, where it is decreed that he shall escape from the calamities that have befallen him. Still, he shall have plenty of hardship yet before he has done with it.”

Thereon he gathered his clouds together, grasped his trident, stirred it round in the sea, and roused the rage of every wind that blows till earth, sea, and sky were hidden in cloud, and night sprang forth out of the heavens. Winds from East, South, North, and West fell upon him all at the same time, and a tremendous sea got up, so that Ulysses’ heart began to fail him. “Alas,” he said to himself in his dismay, “what ever will become of me? I am afraid Calypso was right when she said I should have trouble by sea before I got back home. It is all coming true. How black is Jove making heaven with his clouds, and what a sea the winds are raising from every quarter at once. I am now safe to perish. Blest and thrice blest were those Danaans who fell before Troy in the cause of the sons of Atreus. Would that had been killed on the day when the Trojans were pressing me so sorely about the dead body of Achilles, for then I should have had due burial and the Achaeans would have honoured my name; but now it seems that I shall come to a most pitiable end.”

As he spoke a sea broke over him with such terrific fury that the raft reeled again, and he was carried overboard a long way off. He let go the helm, and the force of the hurricane was so great that it broke the mast half way up, and both sail and yard went over into the sea. For a long time Ulysses was under water, and it was all he could do to rise to the surface again, for the clothes Calypso had given him weighed him down; but at last he got his head above water and spat out the bitter brine that was running down his face in streams. In spite of all this, however, he did not lose sight of his raft, but swam as fast as he could towards it, got hold of it, and climbed on board again so as to escape drowning. The sea took the raft and tossed it about as Autumn winds whirl thistledown round and round upon a road. It was as though the South, North, East, and West winds were all playing battledore and shuttlecock with it at once.

When he was in this plight, Ino daughter of Cadmus, also called Leucothea, saw him. She had formerly been a mere mortal, but had been since raised to the rank of a marine goddess. Seeing in what great distress Ulysses now was, she had compassion upon him, and, rising like a sea-gull from the waves, took her seat upon the raft.

“My poor good man,” said she, “why is Neptune so furiously angry with you? He is giving you a great deal of trouble, but for all his bluster he will not kill you. You seem to be a sensible person, do then as I bid you; strip, leave your raft to drive before the wind, and swim to the Phaeacian coast where better luck awaits you. And here, take my veil and put it round your chest; it is enchanted, and you can come to no harm so long as you wear it. As soon as you touch land take it off, throw it back as far as you can into the sea, and then go away again.” With these words

she took off her veil and gave it him. Then she dived down again like a sea-gull and vanished beneath the dark blue waters.

But Ulysses did not know what to think. "Alas," he said to himself in his dismay, "this is only some one or other of the gods who is luring me to ruin by advising me to will quit my raft. At any rate I will not do so at present, for the land where she said I should be quit of all troubles seemed to be still a good way off. I know what I will do—I am sure it will be best—no matter what happens I will stick to the raft as long as her timbers hold together, but when the sea breaks her up I will swim for it; I do not see how I can do any better than this."

While he was thus in two minds, Neptune sent a terrible great wave that seemed to rear itself above his head till it broke right over the raft, which then went to pieces as though it were a heap of dry chaff tossed about by a whirlwind. Ulysses got astride of one plank and rode upon it as if he were on horseback; he then took off the clothes Calypso had given him, bound Ino's veil under his arms, and plunged into the sea—meaning to swim on shore. King Neptune watched him as he did so, and wagged his head, muttering to himself and saying, "There now, swim up and down as you best can till you fall in with well-to-do people. I do not think you will be able to say that I have let you off too lightly." On this he lashed his horses and drove to Aegae where his palace is.

But Minerva resolved to help Ulysses, so she bound the ways of all the winds except one, and made them lie quite still; but she roused a good stiff breeze from the North that should lay the waters till Ulysses reached the land of the Phaeacians where he would be safe.

Thereon he floated about for two nights and two days in the water, with a heavy swell on the sea and death staring him in the face; but when the third day broke, the wind fell and there was a dead calm without so much as a breath of air stirring. As he rose on the swell he looked eagerly ahead, and could see land quite near. Then, as children rejoice when their dear father begins to get better after having for a long time borne sore affliction sent him by some angry spirit, but the gods deliver him from evil, so was Ulysses thankful when he again saw land and trees, and swam on with all his strength that he might once more set foot upon dry ground. When, however, he got within earshot, he began to hear the surf thundering up against the rocks, for the swell still broke against them with a terrific roar. Everything was enveloped in spray; there were no harbours where a ship might ride, nor shelter of any kind, but only headlands, low-lying rocks, and mountain tops.

Ulysses' heart now began to fail him, and he said despairingly to himself, "Alas, Jove has let me see land after swimming so far that I had given up all hope, but I can find no landing place, for the coast is rocky and surf-beaten, the rocks are smooth and rise sheer from the sea, with deep water close under them so that I cannot climb out for want of foothold. I am afraid some great wave will lift me off my legs and dash me against the rocks as I leave the water—which would give me a sorry landing. If, on the other hand, I swim further in search of some shelving beach or harbour, a hurricane may carry me out to sea again sorely against my will, or heaven may send some great monster of the deep to attack me; for Amphitrite breeds many such, and I know that Neptune is very angry with me."

While he was thus in two minds a wave caught him and took him with such force against the rocks that he would have been smashed and torn to pieces if Minerva had not shown him what to do. He caught hold of the rock with both hands and clung to it groaning with pain till the wave retired, so he was saved that time; but presently the wave came on again and carried him back with it far into the sea-tearing his hands as the suckers of a polypus are torn when some one plucks it from its bed, and the stones come up along with it even so did the rocks tear the skin from his strong hands, and then the wave drew him deep down under the water.

Here poor Ulysses would have certainly perished even in spite of his own destiny, if Minerva had not helped him to keep his wits about him. He swam seaward again, beyond reach of the surf that was beating against the land, and at the same time he kept looking towards the shore to see if he could find some haven, or a spit that should take the waves aslant. By and by, as he swam on, he came to the mouth of a river, and here he thought would be the best place, for there were no rocks, and it afforded shelter from the wind. He felt that there was a current, so he prayed inwardly and said:

"Hear me, O King, whoever you may be, and save me from the anger of the sea-god Neptune, for I approach you prayerfully. Any one who has lost his way has at all times a claim even upon the gods, wherefore in my distress I draw near to your stream, and cling to the knees of your riverhood. Have mercy upon me, O king, for I declare myself your suppliant."

Then the god stayed his stream and stilled the waves, making all calm before him, and bringing him safely into the mouth of the river. Here at last Ulysses' knees and strong hands failed him, for the sea had completely broken him. His body was all swollen, and his mouth and nostrils ran down like a river with sea-water, so that he could neither breathe nor speak, and lay swooning from sheer exhaustion; presently, when he had got his breath and came to himself again, he took off the scarf that Ino had given him and threw it back into the salt stream of the river, whereon Ino received it into her hands from the wave that bore it towards her. Then he left the river, laid himself down among the rushes, and kissed the bounteous earth.

"Alas," he cried to himself in his dismay, "what ever will become of me, and how is it all to end? If I stay here

upon the river bed through the long watches of the night, I am so exhausted that the bitter cold and damp may make an end of me—for towards sunrise there will be a keen wind blowing from off the river. If, on the other hand, I climb the hill side, find shelter in the woods, and sleep in some thicket, I may escape the cold and have a good night's rest, but some savage beast may take advantage of me and devour me."

In the end he deemed it best to take to the woods, and he found one upon some high ground not far from the water. There he crept beneath two shoots of olive that grew from a single stock—the one an ungrafted sucker, while the other had been grafted. No wind, however squally, could break through the cover they afforded, nor could the sun's rays pierce them, nor the rain get through them, so closely did they grow into one another. Ulysses crept under these and began to make himself a bed to lie on, for there was a great litter of dead leaves lying about—enough to make a covering for two or three men even in hard winter weather. He was glad enough to see this, so he laid himself down and heaped the leaves all round him. Then, as one who lives alone in the country, far from any neighbor, hides a brand as fire-seed in the ashes to save himself from having to get a light elsewhere, even so did Ulysses cover himself up with leaves; and Minerva shed a sweet sleep upon his eyes, closed his eyelids, and made him lose all memories of his sorrows.

Book VI

SO HERE Ulysses slept, overcome by sleep and toil; but Minerva went off to the country and city of the Phaeacians—a people who used to live in the fair town of Hypereia, near the lawless Cyclopes. Now the Cyclopes were stronger than they and plundered them, so their king Nausithous moved them thence and settled them in Scheria, far from all other people. He surrounded the city with a wall, built houses and temples, and divided the lands among his people; but he was dead and gone to the house of Hades, and King Alcinous, whose counsels were inspired of heaven, was now reigning. To his house, then, did Minerva hie in furtherance of the return of Ulysses.

She went straight to the beautifully decorated bedroom in which there slept a girl who was as lovely as a goddess, Nausicaa, daughter to King Alcinous. Two maid servants were sleeping near her, both very pretty, one on either side of the doorway, which was closed with well-made folding doors. Minerva took the form of the famous sea captain Dymas's daughter, who was a bosom friend of Nausicaa and just her own age; then, coming up to the girl's bedside like a breath of wind, she hovered over her head and said:

"Nausicaa, what can your mother have been about, to have such a lazy daughter? Here are your clothes all lying in disorder, yet you are going to be married almost immediately, and should not only be well dressed yourself, but should find good clothes for those who attend you. This is the way to get yourself a good name, and to make your father and mother proud of you. Suppose, then, that we make tomorrow a washing day, and start at daybreak. I will come and help you so that you may have everything ready as soon as possible, for all the best young men among your own people are courting you, and you are not going to remain a maid much longer. Ask your father, therefore, to have a waggon and mules ready for us at daybreak, to take the rugs, robes, and girdles; and you can ride, too, which will be much pleasanter for you than walking, for the washing-cisterns are some way from the town."

When she had said this Minerva went away to Olympus, which they say is the everlasting home of the gods. Here no wind beats roughly, and neither rain nor snow can fall; but it abides in everlasting sunshine and in a great peacefulness of light, wherein the blessed gods are illumined for ever and ever. This was the place to which the goddess went when she had given instructions to the girl.

By and by morning came and woke Nausicaa, who began wondering about her dream; she therefore went to the other end of the house to tell her father and mother all about it, and found them in their own room. Her mother was sitting by the fireside spinning her purple yarn with her maids around her, and she happened to catch her father just as he was going out to attend a meeting of the town council, which the Phaeacian aldermen had convened. She stopped him and said:

"Papa dear, could you manage to let me have a good big waggon? I want to take all our dirty clothes to the river and wash them. You are the chief man here, so it is only right that you should have a clean shirt when you attend meetings of the council. Moreover, you have five sons at home, two of them married, while the other three are good-looking bachelors; you know they always like to have clean linen when they go to a dance, and I have been thinking about all this."

She did not say a word about her own wedding, for she did not like to, but her father knew and said, "You shall have the mules, my love, and whatever else you have a mind for. Be off with you, and the men shall get you a good strong waggon with a body to it that will hold all your clothes."

On this he gave his orders to the servants, who got the waggon out, harnessed the mules, and put them to, while the girl brought the clothes down from the linen room and placed them on the waggon. Her mother prepared her a basket of provisions with all sorts of good things, and a goat skin full of wine; the girl now got into the waggon, and her mother gave her also a golden cruse of oil, that she and her women might anoint themselves. Then she took

the whip and reins and lashed the mules on, whereon they set off, and their hoofs clattered on the road. They pulled without flagging, and carried not only Nausicaa and her wash of clothes, but the maids also who were with her.

When they reached the water side they went to the washing-cisterns, through which there ran at all times enough pure water to wash any quantity of linen, no matter how dirty. Here they unharnessed the mules and turned them out to feed on the sweet juicy herbage that grew by the water side. They took the clothes out of the waggon, put them in the water, and vied with one another in treading them in the pits to get the dirt out. After they had washed them and got them quite clean, they laid them out by the sea side, where the waves had raised a high beach of shingle, and set about washing themselves and anointing themselves with olive oil. Then they got their dinner by the side of the stream, and waited for the sun to finish drying the clothes. When they had done dinner they threw off the veils that covered their heads and began to play at ball, while Nausicaa sang for them. As the huntress Diana goes forth upon the mountains of Taygetus or Erymanthus to hunt wild boars or deer, and the wood-nymphs, daughters of Aegis-bearing Jove, take their sport along with her (then is Leto proud at seeing her daughter stand a full head taller than the others, and eclipse the loveliest amid a whole bevy of beauties), even so did the girl out-shine her handmaids.

When it was time for them to start home, and they were folding the clothes and putting them into the waggon, Minerva began to consider how Ulysses should wake up and see the handsome girl who was to conduct him to the city of the Phaeacians. The girl, therefore, threw a ball at one of the maids, which missed her and fell into deep water. On this they all shouted, and the noise they made woke Ulysses, who sat up in his bed of leaves and began to wonder what it might all be.

“Alas,” said he to himself, “what kind of people have I come amongst? Are they cruel, savage, and uncivilized, or hospitable and humane? I seem to hear the voices of young women, and they sound like those of the nymphs that haunt mountain tops, or springs of rivers and meadows of green grass. At any rate I am among a race of men and women. Let me try if I cannot manage to get a look at them.”

As he said this he crept from under his bush, and broke off a bough covered with thick leaves to hide his nakedness. He looked like some lion of the wilderness that stalks about exulting in his strength and defying both wind and rain; his eyes glare as he prowls in quest of oxen, sheep, or deer, for he is famished, and will dare break even into a well-fenced homestead, trying to get at the sheep—even such did Ulysses seem to the young women, as he drew near to them all naked as he was, for he was in great want. On seeing one so unkempt and so begrimed with salt water, the others scampered off along the spits that jutted out into the sea, but the daughter of Alcinous stood firm, for Minerva put courage into her heart and took away all fear from her. She stood right in front of Ulysses, and he doubted whether he should go up to her, throw himself at her feet, and embrace her knees as a suppliant, or stay where he was and entreat her to give him some clothes and show him the way to the town. In the end he deemed it best to entreat her from a distance in case the girl should take offence at his coming near enough to clasp her knees, so he addressed her in honeyed and persuasive language.

“O queen,” he said, “I implore your aid—but tell me, are you a goddess or are you a mortal woman? If you are a goddess and dwell in heaven, I can only conjecture that you are Jove’s daughter Diana, for your face and figure resemble none but hers; if on the other hand you are a mortal and live on earth, thrice happy are your father and mother—thrice happy, too, are your brothers and sisters; how proud and delighted they must feel when they see so fair a scion as yourself going out to a dance; most happy, however, of all will he be whose wedding gifts have been the richest, and who takes you to his own home. I never yet saw any one so beautiful, neither man nor woman, and am lost in admiration as I behold you. I can only compare you to a young palm tree which I saw when I was at Delos growing near the altar of Apollo—for I was there, too, with much people after me, when I was on that journey which has been the source of all my troubles. Never yet did such a young plant shoot out of the ground as that was, and I admired and wondered at it exactly as I now admire and wonder at yourself. I dare not clasp your knees, but I am in great distress; yesterday made the twentieth day that I had been tossing about upon the sea. The winds and waves have taken me all the way from the Ogygian island, and now fate has flung me upon this coast that I may endure still further suffering; for I do not think that I have yet come to the end of it, but rather that heaven has still much evil in store for me.

“And now, O queen, have pity upon me, for you are the first person I have met, and I know no one else in this country. Show me the way to your town, and let me have anything that you may have brought hither to wrap your clothes in. May heaven grant you in all things your heart’s desire—husband, house, and a happy, peaceful home; for there is nothing better in this world than that man and wife should be of one mind in a house. It discomfits their enemies, makes the hearts of their friends glad, and they themselves know more about it than any one.”

To this Nausicaa answered, “Stranger, you appear to be a sensible, well-disposed person. There is no accounting for luck; Jove gives prosperity to rich and poor just as he chooses, so you must take what he has seen fit to send you, and make the best of it. Now, however, that you have come to this our country, you shall not want for clothes nor for anything else that a foreigner in distress may reasonably look for. I will show you the way to the town, and

will tell you the name of our people; we are called Phaeacians, and I am daughter to Alcinous, in whom the whole power of the state is vested."

Then she called her maids and said, "Stay where you are, you girls. Can you not see a man without running away from him? Do you take him for a robber or a murderer? Neither he nor any one else can come here to do us Phaeacians any harm, for we are dear to the gods, and live apart on a land's end that juts into the sounding sea, and have nothing to do with any other people. This is only some poor man who has lost his way, and we must be kind to him, for strangers and foreigners in distress are under Jove's protection, and will take what they can get and be thankful; so, girls, give the poor fellow something to eat and drink, and wash him in the stream at some place that is sheltered from the wind."

On this the maids left off running away and began calling one another back. They made Ulysses sit down in the shelter as Nausicaa had told them, and brought him a shirt and cloak. They also brought him the little golden cruse of oil, and told him to go wash in the stream. But Ulysses said, "Young women, please to stand a little on one side that I may wash the brine from my shoulders and anoint myself with oil, for it is long enough since my skin has had a drop of oil upon it. I cannot wash as long as you all keep standing there. I am ashamed to strip before a number of good-looking young women."

Then they stood on one side and went to tell the girl, while Ulysses washed himself in the stream and scrubbed the brine from his back and from his broad shoulders. When he had thoroughly washed himself, and had got the brine out of his hair, he anointed himself with oil, and put on the clothes which the girl had given him; Minerva then made him look taller and stronger than before, she also made the hair grow thick on the top of his head, and flow down in curls like hyacinth blossoms; she glorified him about the head and shoulders as a skilful workman who has studied art of all kinds under Vulcan and Minerva enriches a piece of silver plate by gilding it—and his work is full of beauty. Then he went and sat down a little way off upon the beach, looking quite young and handsome, and the girl gazed on him with admiration; then she said to her maids:

"Hush, my dears, for I want to say something. I believe the gods who live in heaven have sent this man to the Phaeacians. When I first saw him I thought him plain, but now his appearance is like that of the gods who dwell in heaven. I should like my future husband to be just such another as he is, if he would only stay here and not want to go away. However, give him something to eat and drink."

They did as they were told, and set food before Ulysses, who ate and drank ravenously, for it was long since he had had food of any kind. Meanwhile, Nausicaa bethought her of another matter. She got the linen folded and placed in the waggon, she then yoked the mules, and, as she took her seat, she called Ulysses:

"Stranger," said she, "rise and let us be going back to the town; I will introduce you at the house of my excellent father, where I can tell you that you will meet all the best people among the Phaeacians. But be sure and do as I bid you, for you seem to be a sensible person. As long as we are going past the fields—and farm lands, follow briskly behind the waggon along with the maids and I will lead the way myself. Presently, however, we shall come to the town, where you will find a high wall running all round it, and a good harbour on either side with a narrow entrance into the city, and the ships will be drawn up by the road side, for every one has a place where his own ship can lie. You will see the market place with a temple of Neptune in the middle of it, and paved with large stones bedded in the earth. Here people deal in ship's gear of all kinds, such as cables and sails, and here, too, are the places where oars are made, for the Phaeacians are not a nation of archers; they know nothing about bows and arrows, but are a sea-faring folk, and pride themselves on their masts, oars, and ships, with which they travel far over the sea.

"I am afraid of the gossip and scandal that may be set on foot against me later on; for the people here are very ill-natured, and some low fellow, if he met us, might say, 'Who is this fine-looking stranger that is going about with Nausicaa? Where did she find him? I suppose she is going to marry him. Perhaps he is a vagabond sailor whom she has taken from some foreign vessel, for we have no neighbours; or some god has at last come down from heaven in answer to her prayers, and she is going to live with him all the rest of her life. It would be a good thing if she would take herself off for she and find a husband somewhere else, for she will not look at one of the many excellent young Phaeacians who are in with her.' This is the kind of disparaging remark that would be made about me, and I could not complain, for I should myself be scandalized at seeing any other girl do the like, and go about with men in spite of everybody, while her father and mother were still alive, and without having been married in the face of all the world.

"If, therefore, you want my father to give you an escort and to help you home, do as I bid you; you will see a beautiful grove of poplars by the road side dedicated to Minerva; it has a well in it and a meadow all round it. Here my father has a field of rich garden ground, about as far from the town as a man's voice will carry. Sit down there and wait for a while till the rest of us can get into the town and reach my father's house. Then, when you think we must have done this, come into the town and ask the way to the house of my father Alcinous. You will have no difficulty in finding it; any child will point it out to you, for no one else in the whole town has anything like such a fine house as he has. When you have got past the gates and through the outer court, go right across the inner court till you

come to my mother. You will find her sitting by the fire and spinning her purple wool by firelight. It is a fine sight to see her as she leans back against one of the bearing-posts with her maids all ranged behind her. Close to her seat stands that of my father, on which he sits and toposes like an immortal god. Never mind him, but go up to my mother, and lay your hands upon her knees if you would get home quickly. If you can gain her over, you may hope to see your own country again, no matter how distant it may be.”

So saying she lashed the mules with her whip and they left the river. The mules drew well and their hoofs went up and down upon the road. She was careful not to go too fast for Ulysses and the maids who were following on foot along with the waggon, so she plied her whip with judgement. As the sun was going down they came to the sacred grove of Minerva, and there Ulysses sat down and prayed to the mighty daughter of Jove.

“Hear me,” he cried, “daughter of Aegis-bearing Jove, unweariable, hear me now, for you gave no heed to my prayers when Neptune was wrecking me. Now, therefore, have pity upon me and grant that I may find friends and be hospitably received by the Phaeacians.”

Thus did he pray, and Minerva heard his prayer, but she would not show herself to him openly, for she was afraid of her uncle Neptune, who was still furious in his endeavors to prevent Ulysses from getting home.

Book VII

THUS, then, did Ulysses wait and pray; but the girl drove on to the town. When she reached her father’s house she drew up at the gateway, and her brothers—comely as the gods—gathered round her, took the mules out of the waggon, and carried the clothes into the house, while she went to her own room, where an old servant, Eurymedusa of Apeira, lit the fire for her. This old woman had been brought by sea from Apeira, and had been chosen as a prize for Alcinous because he was king over the Phaeacians, and the people obeyed him as though he were a god. She had been nurse to Nausicaa, and had now lit the fire for her, and brought her supper for her into her own room.

Presently Ulysses got up to go towards the town; and Minerva shed a thick mist all round him to hide him in case any of the proud Phaeacians who met him should be rude to him, or ask him who he was. Then, as he was just entering the town, she came towards him in the likeness of a little girl carrying a pitcher. She stood right in front of him, and Ulysses said:

“My dear, will you be so kind as to show me the house of king Alcinous? I am an unfortunate foreigner in distress, and do not know one in your town and country.”

Then Minerva said, “Yes, father stranger, I will show you the house you want, for Alcinous lives quite close to my own father. I will go before you and show the way, but say not a word as you go, and do not look at any man, nor ask him questions; for the people here cannot abide strangers, and do not like men who come from some other place. They are a sea-faring folk, and sail the seas by the grace of Neptune in ships that glide along like thought, or as a bird in the air.”

On this she led the way, and Ulysses followed in her steps; but not one of the Phaeacians could see him as he passed through the city in the midst of them; for the great goddess Minerva in her good will towards him had hidden him in a thick cloud of darkness. He admired their harbours, ships, places of assembly, and the lofty walls of the city, which, with the palisade on top of them, were very striking, and when they reached the king’s house Minerva said:

“This is the house, father stranger, which you would have me show you. You will find a number of great people sitting at table, but do not be afraid; go straight in, for the bolder a man is the more likely he is to carry his point, even though he is a stranger. First find the queen. Her name is Arete, and she comes of the same family as her husband Alcinous. They both descend originally from Neptune, who was father to Nausithous by Periboea, a woman of great beauty. Periboea was the youngest daughter of Eurymedon, who at one time reigned over the giants, but he ruined his ill-fated people and lost his own life to boot.

“Neptune, however, lay with his daughter, and she had a son by him, the great Nausithous, who reigned over the Phaeacians. Nausithous had two sons Rhexenor and Alcinous; Apollo killed the first of them while he was still a bridegroom and without male issue; but he left a daughter Arete, whom Alcinous married, and honours as no other woman is honoured of all those that keep house along with their husbands.

“Thus she both was, and still is, respected beyond measure by her children, by Alcinous himself, and by the whole people, who look upon her as a goddess, and greet her whenever she goes about the city, for she is a thoroughly good woman both in head and heart, and when any women are friends of hers, she will help their husbands also to settle their disputes. If you can gain her good will, you may have every hope of seeing your friends again, and getting safely back to your home and country.”

Then Minerva left Scheria and went away over the sea. She went to Marathon and to the spacious streets of Athens, where she entered the abode of Erechtheus; but Ulysses went on to the house of Alcinous, and he pondered much as he paused a while before reaching the threshold of bronze, for the splendour of the palace was like that of

the sun or moon. The walls on either side were of bronze from end to end, and the cornice was of blue enamel. The doors were gold, and hung on pillars of silver that rose from a floor of bronze, while the lintel was silver and the hook of the door was of gold.

On either side there stood gold and silver mastiffs which Vulcan, with his consummate skill, had fashioned expressly to keep watch over the palace of king Alcinous; so they were immortal and could never grow old. Seats were ranged all along the wall, here and there from one end to the other, with coverings of fine woven work which the women of the house had made. Here the chief persons of the Phaeacians used to sit and eat and drink, for there was abundance at all seasons; and there were golden figures of young men with lighted torches in their hands, raised on pedestals, to give light by night to those who were at table. There are fifty maid servants in the house, some of whom are always grinding rich yellow grain at the mill, while others work at the loom, or sit and spin, and their shuttles go, backwards and forwards like the fluttering of aspen leaves, while the linen is so closely woven that it will turn oil. As the Phaeacians are the best sailors in the world, so their women excel all others in weaving, for Minerva has taught them all manner of useful arts, and they are very intelligent.

Outside the gate of the outer court there is a large garden of about four acres with a wall all round it. It is full of beautiful trees—pears, pomegranates, and the most delicious apples. There are luscious figs also, and olives in full growth. The fruits never rot nor fail all the year round, neither winter nor summer, for the air is so soft that a new crop ripens before the old has dropped. Pear grows on pear, apple on apple, and fig on fig, and so also with the grapes, for there is an excellent vineyard: on the level ground of a part of this, the grapes are being made into raisins; in another part they are being gathered; some are being trodden in the wine tubs, others further on have shed their blossom and are beginning to show fruit, others again are just changing colour. In the furthest part of the ground there are beautifully arranged beds of flowers that are in bloom all the year round. Two streams go through it, the one turned in ducts throughout the whole garden, while the other is carried under the ground of the outer court to the house itself, and the town's people draw water from it. Such, then, were the splendours with which the gods had endowed the house of king Alcinous.

So here Ulysses stood for a while and looked about him, but when he had looked long enough he crossed the threshold and went within the precincts of the house. There he found all the chief people among the Phaeacians making their drink-offerings to Mercury, which they always did the last thing before going away for the night. He went straight through the court, still hidden by the cloak of darkness in which Minerva had enveloped him, till he reached Arete and King Alcinous; then he laid his hands upon the knees of the queen, and at that moment the miraculous darkness fell away from him and he became visible. Every one was speechless with surprise at seeing a man there, but Ulysses began at once with his petition.

“Queen Arete,” he exclaimed, “daughter of great Rhexenor, in my distress I humbly pray you, as also your husband and these your guests (whom may heaven prosper with long life and happiness, and may they leave their possessions to their children, and all the honours conferred upon them by the state) to help me home to my own country as soon as possible; for I have been long in trouble and away from my friends.”

Then he sat down on the hearth among the ashes and they all held their peace, till presently the old hero Eche-neus, who was an excellent speaker and an elder among the Phaeacians, plainly and in all honesty addressed them thus:

“Alcinous,” said he, “it is not creditable to you that a stranger should be seen sitting among the ashes of your hearth; every one is waiting to hear what you are about to say; tell him, then, to rise and take a seat on a stool inlaid with silver, and bid your servants mix some wine and water that we may make a drink-offering to Jove the lord of thunder, who takes all well-disposed suppliants under his protection; and let the housekeeper give him some supper, of whatever there may be in the house.”

When Alcinous heard this he took Ulysses by the hand, raised him from the hearth, and bade him take the seat of Laodamas, who had been sitting beside him, and was his favourite son. A maid servant then brought him water in a beautiful golden ewer and poured it into a silver basin for him to wash his hands, and she drew a clean table beside him; an upper servant brought him bread and offered him many good things of what there was in the house, and Ulysses ate and drank. Then Alcinous said to one of the servants, “Pontonous, mix a cup of wine and hand it round that we may make drink-offerings to Jove the lord of thunder, who is the protector of all well-disposed suppliants.”

Pontonous then mixed wine and water, and handed it round after giving every man his drink-offering. When they had made their offerings, and had drunk each as much as he was minded, Alcinous said:

“Aldermen and town councillors of the Phaeacians, hear my words. You have had your supper, so now go home to bed. To-morrow morning I shall invite a still larger number of aldermen, and will give a sacrificial banquet in honour of our guest; we can then discuss the question of his escort, and consider how we may at once send him back rejoicing to his own country without trouble or inconvenience to himself, no matter how distant it may be. We must see that he comes to no harm while on his homeward journey, but when he is once at home he will have

to take the luck he was born with for better or worse like other people. It is possible, however, that the stranger is one of the immortals who has come down from heaven to visit us; but in this case the gods are departing from their usual practice, for hitherto they have made themselves perfectly clear to us when we have been offering them hecatombs. They come and sit at our feasts just like one of our selves, and if any solitary wayfarer happens to stumble upon some one or other of them, they affect no concealment, for we are as near of kin to the gods as the Cyclopes and the savage giants are.”

Then Ulysses said: “Pray, Alcinous, do not take any such notion into your head. I have nothing of the immortal about me, neither in body nor mind, and most resemble those among you who are the most afflicted. Indeed, were I to tell you all that heaven has seen fit to lay upon me, you would say that I was still worse off than they are. Nevertheless, let me sup in spite of sorrow, for an empty stomach is a very importunate thing, and thrusts itself on a man’s notice no matter how dire is his distress. I am in great trouble, yet it insists that I shall eat and drink, bids me lay aside all memory of my sorrows and dwell only on the due replenishing of itself. As for yourselves, do as you propose, and at break of day set about helping me to get home. I shall be content to die if I may first once more behold my property, my bondsmen, and all the greatness of my house.”

Thus did he speak. Every one approved his saying, and agreed that he should have his escort inasmuch as he had spoken reasonably. Then when they had made their drink-offerings, and had drunk each as much as he was minded they went home to bed every man in his own abode, leaving Ulysses in the cloister with Arete and Alcinous while the servants were taking the things away after supper. Arete was the first to speak, for she recognized the shirt, cloak, and good clothes that Ulysses was wearing, as the work of herself and of her maids; so she said, “Stranger, before we go any further, there is a question I should like to ask you. Who, and whence are you, and who gave you those clothes? Did you not say you had come here from beyond the sea?”

And Ulysses answered, “It would be a long story Madam, were I to relate in full the tale of my misfortunes, for the hand of heaven has been laid heavy upon me; but as regards your question, there is an island far away in the sea which is called ‘the Ogygian.’ Here dwells the cunning and powerful goddess Calypso, daughter of Atlas. She lives by herself far from all neighbours human or divine. Fortune, however, me to her hearth all desolate and alone, for Jove struck my ship with his thunderbolts, and broke it up in mid-ocean. My brave comrades were drowned every man of them, but I stuck to the keel and was carried hither and thither for the space of nine days, till at last during the darkness of the tenth night the gods brought me to the Ogygian island where the great goddess Calypso lives. She took me in and treated me with the utmost kindness; indeed she wanted to make me immortal that I might never grow old, but she could not persuade me to let her do so.

“I stayed with Calypso seven years straight on end, and watered the good clothes she gave me with my tears during the whole time; but at last when the eighth year came round she bade me depart of her own free will, either because Jove had told her she must, or because she had changed her mind. She sent me from her island on a raft, which she provisioned with abundance of bread and wine. Moreover she gave me good stout clothing, and sent me a wind that blew both warm and fair. Days seven and ten did I sail over the sea, and on the eighteenth I caught sight of the first outlines of the mountains upon your coast—and glad indeed was I to set eyes upon them. Nevertheless there was still much trouble in store for me, for at this point Neptune would let me go no further, and raised a great storm against me; the sea was so terribly high that I could no longer keep to my raft, which went to pieces under the fury of the gale, and I had to swim for it, till wind and current brought me to your shores.

“There I tried to land, but could not, for it was a bad place and the waves dashed me against the rocks, so I again took to the sea and swam on till I came to a river that seemed the most likely landing place, for there were no rocks and it was sheltered from the wind. Here, then, I got out of the water and gathered my senses together again. Night was coming on, so I left the river, and went into a thicket, where I covered myself all over with leaves, and presently heaven sent me off into a very deep sleep. Sick and sorry as I was I slept among the leaves all night, and through the next day till afternoon, when I woke as the sun was westering, and saw your daughter’s maid servants playing upon the beach, and your daughter among them looking like a goddess. I besought her aid, and she proved to be of an excellent disposition, much more so than could be expected from so young a person—for young people are apt to be thoughtless. She gave me plenty of bread and wine, and when she had had me washed in the river she also gave me the clothes in which you see me. Now, therefore, though it has pained me to do so, I have told you the whole truth.”

Then Alcinous said, “Stranger, it was very wrong of my daughter not to bring you on at once to my house along with the maids, seeing that she was the first person whose aid you asked.”

“Pray do not scold her,” replied Ulysses; “she is not to blame. She did tell me to follow along with the maids, but I was ashamed and afraid, for I thought you might perhaps be displeased if you saw me. Every human being is sometimes a little suspicious and irritable.”

“Stranger,” replied Alcinous, “I am not the kind of man to get angry about nothing; it is always better to be reasonable; but by Father Jove, Minerva, and Apollo, now that I see what kind of person you are, and how much you

think as I do, I wish you would stay here, marry my daughter, and become my son-in-law. If you will stay I will give you a house and an estate, but no one (heaven forbid) shall keep you here against your own wish, and that you may be sure of this I will attend to-morrow to the matter of your escort. You can sleep during the whole voyage if you like, and the men shall sail you over smooth waters either to your own home, or wherever you please, even though it be a long way further off than Euboea, which those of my people who saw it when they took yellow-haired Rhadamanthus to see Tityus the son of Gaia, tell me is the furthest of any place—and yet they did the whole voyage in a single day without distressing themselves, and came back again afterwards. You will thus see how much my ships excel all others, and what magnificent oarsmen my sailors are.”

Then was Ulysses glad and prayed aloud saying, “Father Jove, grant that Alcinous may do all as he has said, for so he will win an imperishable name among mankind, and at the same time I shall return to my country.”

Thus did they converse. Then Arete told her maids to set a bed in the room that was in the gatehouse, and make it with good red rugs, and to spread coverlets on the top of them with woollen cloaks for Ulysses to wear. The maids thereon went out with torches in their hands, and when they had made the bed they came up to Ulysses and said, “Rise, sir stranger, and come with us for your bed is ready,” and glad indeed was he to go to his rest.

So Ulysses slept in a bed placed in a room over the echoing gateway; but Alcinous lay in the inner part of the house, with the queen his wife by his side.

Book VIII

NOW when the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, Alcinous and Ulysses both rose, and Alcinous led the way to the Phaeacian place of assembly, which was near the ships. When they got there they sat down side by side on a seat of polished stone, while Minerva took the form of one of Alcinous’ servants, and went round the town in order to help Ulysses to get home. She went up to the citizens, man by man, and said, “Aldermen and town councillors of the Phaeacians, come to the assembly all of you and listen to the stranger who has just come off a long voyage to the house of King Alcinous; he looks like an immortal god.”

With these words she made them all want to come, and they flocked to the assembly till seats and standing room were alike crowded. Every one was struck with the appearance of Ulysses, for Minerva had beautified him about the head and shoulders, making him look taller and stouter than he really was, that he might impress the Phaeacians favourably as being a very remarkable man, and might come off well in the many trials of skill to which they would challenge him. Then, when they were got together, Alcinous spoke:

“Hear me,” said he, “aldermen and town councillors of the Phaeacians, that I may speak even as I am minded. This stranger, whoever he may be, has found his way to my house from somewhere or other either East or West. He wants an escort and wishes to have the matter settled. Let us then get one ready for him, as we have done for others before him; indeed, no one who ever yet came to my house has been able to complain of me for not speeding on his way soon enough. Let us draw a ship into the sea—one that has never yet made a voyage—and man her with two and fifty of our smartest young sailors. Then when you have made fast your oars each by his own seat, leave the ship and come to my house to prepare a feast. I will find you in everything. I am giving will these instructions to the young men who will form the crew, for as regards you aldermen and town councillors, you will join me in entertaining our guest in the cloisters. I can take no excuses, and we will have Demodocus to sing to us; for there is no bard like him whatever he may choose to sing about.”

Alcinous then led the way, and the others followed after, while a servant went to fetch Demodocus. The fifty-two picked oarsmen went to the sea shore as they had been told, and when they got there they drew the ship into the water, got her mast and sails inside her, bound the oars to the thole-pins with twisted thongs of leather, all in due course, and spread the white sails aloft. They moored the vessel a little way out from land, and then came on shore and went to the house of King Alcinous. The outhouses, yards, and all the precincts were filled with crowds of men in great multitudes both old and young; and Alcinous killed them a dozen sheep, eight full grown pigs, and two oxen. These they skinned and dressed so as to provide a magnificent banquet.

A servant presently led in the famous bard Demodocus, whom the muse had dearly loved, but to whom she had given both good and evil, for though she had endowed him with a divine gift of song, she had robbed him of his eyesight. Pontonous set a seat for him among the guests, leaning it up against a bearing-post. He hung the lyre for him on a peg over his head, and showed him where he was to feel for it with his hands. He also set a fair table with a basket of victuals by his side, and a cup of wine from which he might drink whenever he was so disposed.

The company then laid their hands upon the good things that were before them, but as soon as they had had enough to eat and drink, the muse inspired Demodocus to sing the feats of heroes, and more especially a matter that was then in the mouths of all men, to wit, the quarrel between Ulysses and Achilles, and the fierce words that they heaped on one another as they gat together at a banquet. But Agamemnon was glad when he heard his chiefs quarrelling with one another, for Apollo had foretold him this at Pytho when he crossed the stone floor to

consult the oracle. Here was the beginning of the evil that by the will of Jove fell both Danaans and Trojans.

Thus sang the bard, but Ulysses drew his purple mantle over his head and covered his face, for he was ashamed to let the Phaeacians see that he was weeping. When the bard left off singing he wiped the tears from his eyes, uncovered his face, and, taking his cup, made a drink-offering to the gods; but when the Phaeacians pressed Demodocus to sing further, for they delighted in his lays, then Ulysses again drew his mantle over his head and wept bitterly. No one noticed his distress except Alcinous, who was sitting near him, and heard the heavy sighs that he was heaving. So he at once said, "Aldermen and town councillors of the Phaeacians, we have had enough now, both of the feast, and of the minstrelsy that is its due accompaniment; let us proceed therefore to the athletic sports, so that our guest on his return home may be able to tell his friends how much we surpass all other nations as boxers, wrestlers, jumpers, and runners."

With these words he led the way, and the others followed after. A servant hung Demodocus's lyre on its peg for him, led him out of the cloister, and set him on the same way as that along which all the chief men of the Phaeacians were going to see the sports; a crowd of several thousands of people followed them, and there were many excellent competitors for all the prizes. Acroneos, Ocyalus, Elatreus, Nauteus, Prymneus, Anchialus, Eretmeus, Ponteus, Proreus, Thoon, Anabesineus, and Amphialus son of Polyneus son of Tecton. There was also Euryalus son of Naubolus, who was like Mars himself, and was the best looking man among the Phaeacians except Laodamas. Three sons of Alcinous, Laodamas, Halios, and Clytoneus, competed also.

The foot races came first. The course was set out for them from the starting post, and they raised a dust upon the plain as they all flew forward at the same moment. Clytoneus came in first by a long way; he left every one else behind him by the length of the furrow that a couple of mules can plough in a fallow field. They then turned to the painful art of wrestling, and here Euryalus proved to be the best man. Amphialus excelled all the others in jumping, while at throwing the disc there was no one who could approach Elatreus. Alcinous's son Laodamas was the best boxer, and he it was who presently said, when they had all been diverted with the games, "Let us ask the stranger whether he excels in any of these sports; he seems very powerfully built; his thighs, calves, hands, and neck are of prodigious strength, nor is he at all old, but he has suffered much lately, and there is nothing like the sea for making havoc with a man, no matter how strong he is."

"You are quite right, Laodamas," replied Euryalus, "go up to your guest and speak to him about it yourself."

When Laodamas heard this he made his way into the middle of the crowd and said to Ulysses, "I hope, Sir, that you will enter yourself for some one or other of our competitions if you are skilled in any of them—and you must have gone in for many a one before now. There is nothing that does any one so much credit all his life long as the showing himself a proper man with his hands and feet. Have a try therefore at something, and banish all sorrow from your mind. Your return home will not be long delayed, for the ship is already drawn into the water, and the crew is found."

Ulysses answered, "Laodamas, why do you taunt me in this way? my mind is set rather on cares than contests; I have been through infinite trouble, and am come among you now as a suppliant, praying your king and people to further me on my return home."

Then Euryalus reviled him outright and said, "I gather, then, that you are unskilled in any of the many sports that men generally delight in. I suppose you are one of those grasping traders that go about in ships as captains or merchants, and who think of nothing but of their outward freights and homeward cargoes. There does not seem to be much of the athlete about you."

"For shame, Sir," answered Ulysses, fiercely, "you are an insolent fellow—so true is it that the gods do not grace all men alike in speech, person, and understanding. One man may be of weak presence, but heaven has adorned this with such a good conversation that he charms every one who sees him; his honeyed moderation carries his hearers with him so that he is leader in all assemblies of his fellows, and wherever he goes he is looked up to. Another may be as handsome as a god, but his good looks are not crowned with discretion. This is your case. No god could make a finer looking fellow than you are, but you are a fool. Your ill-judged remarks have made me exceedingly angry, and you are quite mistaken, for I excel in a great many athletic exercises; indeed, so long as I had youth and strength, I was among the first athletes of the age. Now, however, I am worn out by labour and sorrow, for I have gone through much both on the field of battle and by the waves of the weary sea; still, in spite of all this I will compete, for your taunts have stung me to the quick."

So he hurried up without even taking his cloak off, and seized a disc, larger, more massive and much heavier than those used by the Phaeacians when disc-throwing among themselves. Then, swinging it back, he threw it from his brawny hand, and it made a humming sound in the air as he did so. The Phaeacians quailed beneath the rushing of its flight as it sped gracefully from his hand, and flew beyond any mark that had been made yet. Minerva, in the form of a man, came and marked the place where it had fallen. "A blind man, Sir," said she, "could easily tell your mark by groping for it—it is so far ahead of any other. You may make your mind easy about this contest, for no Phaeacian can come near to such a throw as yours."

Ulysses was glad when he found he had a friend among the lookers-on, so he began to speak more pleasantly. "Young men," said he, "come up to that throw if you can, and I will throw another disc as heavy or even heavier. If anyone wants to have a bout with me let him come on, for I am exceedingly angry; I will box, wrestle, or run, I do not care what it is, with any man of you all except Laodamas, but not with him because I am his guest, and one cannot compete with one's own personal friend. At least I do not think it a prudent or a sensible thing for a guest to challenge his host's family at any game, especially when he is in a foreign country. He will cut the ground from under his own feet if he does; but I make no exception as regards any one else, for I want to have the matter out and know which is the best man. I am a good hand at every kind of athletic sport known among mankind. I am an excellent archer. In battle I am always the first to bring a man down with my arrow, no matter how many more are taking aim at him alongside of me. Philoctetes was the only man who could shoot better than I could when we Achaeans were before Troy and in practice. I far excel every one else in the whole world, of those who still eat bread upon the face of the earth, but I should not like to shoot against the mighty dead, such as Hercules, or Eurytus the Cechalian-men who could shoot against the gods themselves. This in fact was how Eurytus came prematurely by his end, for Apollo was angry with him and killed him because he challenged him as an archer. I can throw a dart farther than any one else can shoot an arrow. Running is the only point in respect of which I am afraid some of the Phaeacians might beat me, for I have been brought down very low at sea; my provisions ran short, and therefore I am still weak."

They all held their peace except King Alcinous, who began, "Sir, we have had much pleasure in hearing all that you have told us, from which I understand that you are willing to show your prowess, as having been displeased with some insolent remarks that have been made to you by one of our athletes, and which could never have been uttered by any one who knows how to talk with propriety. I hope you will apprehend my meaning, and will explain to any be one of your chief men who may be dining with yourself and your family when you get home, that we have an hereditary aptitude for accomplishments of all kinds. We are not particularly remarkable for our boxing, nor yet as wrestlers, but we are singularly fleet of foot and are excellent sailors. We are extremely fond of good dinners, music, and dancing; we also like frequent changes of linen, warm baths, and good beds, so now, please, some of you who are the best dancers set about dancing, that our guest on his return home may be able to tell his friends how much we surpass all other nations as sailors, runners, dancers, minstrels. Demodocus has left his lyre at my house, so run some one or other of you and fetch it for him."

On this a servant hurried off to bring the lyre from the king's house, and the nine men who had been chosen as stewards stood forward. It was their business to manage everything connected with the sports, so they made the ground smooth and marked a wide space for the dancers. Presently the servant came back with Demodocus's lyre, and he took his place in the midst of them, whereon the best young dancers in the town began to foot and trip it so nimbly that Ulysses was delighted with the merry twinkling of their feet.

Meanwhile the bard began to sing the loves of Mars and Venus, and how they first began their intrigue in the house of Vulcan. Mars made Venus many presents, and defiled King Vulcan's marriage bed, so the sun, who saw what they were about, told Vulcan. Vulcan was very angry when he heard such dreadful news, so he went to his smithy brooding mischief, got his great anvil into its place, and began to forge some chains which none could either unloose or break, so that they might stay there in that place. When he had finished his snare he went into his bedroom and festooned the bed-posts all over with chains like cobwebs; he also let many hang down from the great beam of the ceiling. Not even a god could see them, so fine and subtle were they. As soon as he had spread the chains all over the bed, he made as though he were setting out for the fair state of Lemnos, which of all places in the world was the one he was most fond of. But Mars kept no blind look out, and as soon as he saw him start, hurried off to his house, burning with love for Venus.

Now Venus was just come in from a visit to her father Jove, and was about sitting down when Mars came inside the house, and said as he took her hand in his own, "Let us go to the couch of Vulcan: he is not at home, but is gone off to Lemnos among the Sintians, whose speech is barbarous."

She was nothing loth, so they went to the couch to take their rest, whereon they were caught in the toils which cunning Vulcan had spread for them, and could neither get up nor stir hand or foot, but found too late that they were in a trap. Then Vulcan came up to them, for he had turned back before reaching Lemnos, when his scout the sun told him what was going on. He was in a furious passion, and stood in the vestibule making a dreadful noise as he shouted to all the gods.

"Father Jove," he cried, "and all you other blessed gods who live for ever, come here and see the ridiculous and disgraceful sight that I will show you. Jove's daughter Venus is always dishonouring me because I am lame. She is in love with Mars, who is handsome and clean built, whereas I am a cripple—but my parents are to blame for that, not I; they ought never to have begotten me. Come and see the pair together asleep on my bed. It makes me furious to look at them. They are very fond of one another, but I do not think they will lie there longer than they can help, nor do I think that they will sleep much; there, however, they shall stay till her father has repaid me the sum I gave him

for his baggage of a daughter, who is fair but not honest.”

On this the gods gathered to the house of Vulcan. Earth-encircling Neptune came, and Mercury the bringer of luck, and King Apollo, but the goddesses stayed at home all of them for shame. Then the givers of all good things stood in the doorway, and the blessed gods roared with inextinguishable laughter, as they saw how cunning Vulcan had been, whereon one would turn towards his neighbour saying:

“Ill deeds do not prosper, and the weak confound the strong. See how limping Vulcan, lame as he is, has caught Mars who is the fleetest god in heaven; and now Mars will be cast in heavy damages.”

Thus did they converse, but King Apollo said to Mercury, “Messenger Mercury, giver of good things, you would not care how strong the chains were, would you, if you could sleep with Venus?”

“King Apollo,” answered Mercury, “I only wish I might get the chance, though there were three times as many chains—and you might look on, all of you, gods and goddesses, but would sleep with her if I could.”

The immortal gods burst out laughing as they heard him, but Neptune took it all seriously, and kept on imploring Vulcan to set Mars free again. “Let him go,” he cried, “and I will undertake, as you require, that he shall pay you all the damages that are held reasonable among the immortal gods.”

“Do not,” replied Vulcan, “ask me to do this; a bad man’s bond is bad security; what remedy could I enforce against you if Mars should go away and leave his debts behind him along with his chains?”

“Vulcan,” said Neptune, “if Mars goes away without paying his damages, I will pay you myself.” So Vulcan answered, “In this case I cannot and must not refuse you.”

Thereon he loosed the bonds that bound them, and as soon as they were free they scampered off, Mars to Thrace and laughter-loving Venus to Cyprus and to Paphos, where is her grove and her altar fragrant with burnt offerings. Here the Graces hated her, and anointed her with oil of ambrosia such as the immortal gods make use of, and they clothed her in raiment of the most enchanting beauty.

Thus sang the bard, and both Ulysses and the seafaring Phaeacians were charmed as they heard him.

Then Alcinous told Laodamas and Halios to dance alone, for there was no one to compete with them. So they took a red ball which Polybus had made for them, and one of them bent himself backwards and threw it up towards the clouds, while the other jumped from off the ground and caught it with ease before it came down again. When they had done throwing the ball straight up into the air they began to dance, and at the same time kept on throwing it backwards and forwards to one another, while all the young men in the ring applauded and made a great stamping with their feet. Then Ulysses said:

“King Alcinous, you said your people were the nimblest dancers in the world, and indeed they have proved themselves to be so. I was astonished as I saw them.”

The king was delighted at this, and exclaimed to the Phaeacians “Aldermen and town councillors, our guest seems to be a person of singular judgement; let us give him such proof of our hospitality as he may reasonably expect. There are twelve chief men among you, and counting myself there are thirteen; contribute, each of you, a clean cloak, a shirt, and a talent of fine gold; let us give him all this in a lump down at once, so that when he gets his supper he may do so with a light heart. As for Euryalus he will have to make a formal apology and a present too, for he has been rude.”

Thus did he speak. The others all of them applauded his saying, and sent their servants to fetch the presents. Then Euryalus said, “King Alcinous, I will give the stranger all the satisfaction you require. He shall have sword, which is of bronze, all but the hilt, which is of silver. I will also give him the scabbard of newly sawn ivory into which it fits. It will be worth a great deal to him.”

As he spoke he placed the sword in the hands of Ulysses and said, “Good luck to you, father stranger; if anything has been said amiss may the winds blow it away with them, and may heaven grant you a safe return, for I understand you have been long away from home, and have gone through much hardship.”

To which Ulysses answered, “Good luck to you too my friend, and may the gods grant you every happiness. I hope you will not miss the sword you have given me along with your apology.”

With these words he girded the sword about his shoulders and towards sundown the presents began to make their appearance, as the servants of the donors kept bringing them to the house of King Alcinous; here his sons received them, and placed them under their mother’s charge. Then Alcinous led the way to the house and bade his guests take their seats.

“Wife,” said he, turning to Queen Arete, “Go, fetch the best chest we have, and put a clean cloak and shirt in it. Also, set a copper on the fire and heat some water; our guest will take a warm bath; see also to the careful packing of the presents that the noble Phaeacians have made him; he will thus better enjoy both his supper and the singing that will follow. I shall myself give him this golden goblet—which is of exquisite workmanship—that he may be reminded of me for the rest of his life whenever he makes a drink-offering to Jove, or to any of the gods.”

Then Arete told her maids to set a large tripod upon the fire as fast as they could, whereon they set a tripod full of bath water on to a clear fire; they threw on sticks to make it blaze, and the water became hot as the flame played

about the belly of the tripod. Meanwhile Arete brought a magnificent chest her own room, and inside it she packed all the beautiful presents of gold and raiment which the Phaeacians had brought. Lastly she added a cloak and a good shirt from Alcinous, and said to Ulysses:

“See to the lid yourself, and have the whole bound round at once, for fear any one should rob you by the way when you are asleep in your ship.”

When Ulysses heard this he put the lid on the chest and made it fast with a bond that Circe had taught him. He had done so before an upper servant told him to come to the bath and wash himself. He was very glad of a warm bath, for he had had no one to wait upon him ever since he left the house of Calypso, who as long as he remained with her had taken as good care of him as though he had been a god. When the servants had done washing and anointing him with oil, and had given him a clean cloak and shirt, he left the bath room and joined the guests who were sitting over their wine. Lovely Nausicaa stood by one of the bearing-posts supporting the roof of the cloister, and admired him as she saw him pass. “Farewell stranger,” said she, “do not forget me when you are safe at home again, for it is to me first that you owe a ransom for having saved your life.”

And Ulysses said, “Nausicaa, daughter of great Alcinous, may Jove the mighty husband of Juno, grant that I may reach my home; so shall I bless you as my guardian angel all my days, for it was you who saved me.”

When he had said this, he seated himself beside Alcinous. Supper was then served, and the wine was mixed for drinking. A servant led in the favourite bard Demodocus, and set him in the midst of the company, near one of the bearing-posts supporting the cloister, that he might lean against it. Then Ulysses cut off a piece of roast pork with plenty of fat (for there was abundance left on the joint) and said to a servant, “Take this piece of pork over to Demodocus and tell him to eat it; for all the pain his lays may cause me I will salute him none the less; bards are honoured and respected throughout the world, for the muse teaches them their songs and loves them.”

The servant carried the pork in his fingers over to Demodocus, who took it and was very much pleased. They then laid their hands on the good things that were before them, and as soon as they had had to eat and drink, Ulysses said to Demodocus, “Demodocus, there is no one in the world whom I admire more than I do you. You must have studied under the Muse, Jove’s daughter, and under Apollo, so accurately do you sing the return of the Achaeans with all their sufferings and adventures. If you were not there yourself, you must have heard it all from some one who was. Now, however, change your song and tell us of the wooden horse which Epeus made with the assistance of Minerva, and which Ulysses got by stratagem into the fort of Troy after freighting it with the men who afterwards sacked the city. If you will sing this tale aright I will tell all the world how magnificently heaven has endowed you.”

The bard inspired of heaven took up the story at the point where some of the Argives set fire to their tents and sailed away while others, hidden within the horse, were waiting with Ulysses in the Trojan place of assembly. For the Trojans themselves had drawn the horse into their fortress, and it stood there while they sat in council round it, and were in three minds as to what they should do. Some were for breaking it up then and there; others would have it dragged to the top of the rock on which the fortress stood, and then thrown down the precipice; while yet others were for letting it remain as an offering and propitiation for the gods. And this was how they settled it in the end, for the city was doomed when it took in that horse, within which were all the bravest of the Argives waiting to bring death and destruction on the Trojans. Anon he sang how the sons of the Achaeans issued from the horse, and sacked the town, breaking out from their ambuscade. He sang how they over ran the city hither and thither and ravaged it, and how Ulysses went raging like Mars along with Menelaus to the house of Deiphobus. It was there that the fight raged most furiously, nevertheless by Minerva’s help he was victorious.

All this he told, but Ulysses was overcome as he heard him, and his cheeks were wet with tears. He wept as a woman weeps when she throws herself on the body of her husband who has fallen before his own city and people, fighting bravely in defence of his home and children. She screams aloud and flings her arms about him as he lies gasping for breath and dying, but her enemies beat her from behind about the back and shoulders, and carry her off into slavery, to a life of labour and sorrow, and the beauty fades from her cheeks—even so piteously did Ulysses weep, but none of those present perceived his tears except Alcinous, who was sitting near him, and could hear the sobs and sighs that he was heaving. The king, therefore, at once rose and said:

“Aldermen and town councillors of the Phaeacians, let Demodocus cease his song, for there are those present who do not seem to like it. From the moment that we had done supper and Demodocus began to sing, our guest has been all the time groaning and lamenting. He is evidently in great trouble, so let the bard leave off, that we may all enjoy ourselves, hosts and guest alike. This will be much more as it should be, for all these festivities, with the escort and the presents that we are making with so much good will, are wholly in his honour, and any one with even a moderate amount of right feeling knows that he ought to treat a guest and a suppliant as though he were his own brother.

“Therefore, Sir, do you on your part affect no more concealment nor reserve in the matter about which I shall ask you; it will be more polite in you to give me a plain answer; tell me the name by which your father and mother

over yonder used to call you, and by which you were known among your neighbours and fellow-citizens. There is no one, neither rich nor poor, who is absolutely without any name whatever, for people's fathers and mothers give them names as soon as they are born. Tell me also your country, nation, and city, that our ships may shape their purpose accordingly and take you there. For the Phaeacians have no pilots; their vessels have no rudders as those of other nations have, but the ships themselves understand what it is that we are thinking about and want; they know all the cities and countries in the whole world, and can traverse the sea just as well even when it is covered with mist and cloud, so that there is no danger of being wrecked or coming to any harm. Still I do remember hearing my father say that Neptune was angry with us for being too easy-going in the matter of giving people escorts. He said that one of these days he should wreck a ship of ours as it was returning from having escorted some one, and bury our city under a high mountain. This is what my used to say, but whether the god will carry out his threat or no is a matter which he will decide for himself.

"And now, tell me and tell me true. Where have you been wandering, and in what countries have you travelled? Tell us of the peoples themselves, and of their cities—who were hostile, savage and uncivilized, and who, on the other hand, hospitable and humane. Tell us also why you are made unhappy on hearing about the return of the Argive Danaans from Troy. The gods arranged all this, and sent them their misfortunes in order that future generations might have something to sing about. Did you lose some brave kinsman of your wife's when you were before Troy? a son-in-law or father-in-law—which are the nearest relations a man has outside his own flesh and blood? or was it some brave and kindly-natured comrade—for a good friend is as dear to a man as his own brother?"

Book IX

AND ULYSSES answered, "King Alcinous, it is a good thing to hear a bard with such a divine voice as this man has. There is nothing better or more delightful than when a whole people make merry together, with the guests sitting orderly to listen, while the table is loaded with bread and meats, and the cup-bearer draws wine and fills his cup for every man. This is indeed as fair a sight as a man can see. Now, however, since you are inclined to ask the story of my sorrows, and rekindle my own sad memories in respect of them, I do not know how to begin, nor yet how to continue and conclude my tale, for the hand of heaven has been laid heavily upon me.

"Firstly, then, I will tell you my name that you too may know it, and one day, if I outlive this time of sorrow, may become my there guests though I live so far away from all of you. I am Ulysses son of Laertes, reknowned among mankind for all manner of subtlety, so that my fame ascends to heaven. I live in Ithaca, where there is a high mountain called Neritum, covered with forests; and not far from it there is a group of islands very near to one another—Dulichium, Same, and the wooded island of Zacynthus. It lies squat on the horizon, all highest up in the sea towards the sunset, while the others lie away from it towards dawn. It is a rugged island, but it breeds brave men, and my eyes know none that they better love to look upon. The goddess Calypso kept me with her in her cave, and wanted me to marry her, as did also the cunning Aeaean goddess Circe; but they could neither of them persuade me, for there is nothing dearer to a man than his own country and his parents, and however splendid a home he may have in a foreign country, if it be far from father or mother, he does not care about it. Now, however, I will tell you of the many hazardous adventures which by Jove's will I met with on my return from Troy.

"When I had set sail thence the wind took me first to Ismarus, which is the city of the Cicons. There I sacked the town and put the people to the sword. We took their wives and also much booty, which we divided equitably amongst us, so that none might have reason to complain. I then said that we had better make off at once, but my men very foolishly would not obey me, so they stayed there drinking much wine and killing great numbers of sheep and oxen on the sea shore. Meanwhile the Cicons cried out for help to other Cicons who lived inland. These were more in number, and stronger, and they were more skilled in the art of war, for they could fight, either from chariots or on foot as the occasion served; in the morning, therefore, they came as thick as leaves and bloom in summer, and the hand of heaven was against us, so that we were hard pressed. They set the battle in array near the ships, and the hosts aimed their bronze-shod spears at one another. So long as the day waxed and it was still morning, we held our own against them, though they were more in number than we; but as the sun went down, towards the time when men loose their oxen, the Cicons got the better of us, and we lost half a dozen men from every ship we had; so we got away with those that were left.

"Thence we sailed onward with sorrow in our hearts, but glad to have escaped death though we had lost our comrades, nor did we leave till we had thrice invoked each one of the poor fellows who had perished by the hands of the Cicons. Then Jove raised the North wind against us till it blew a hurricane, so that land and sky were hidden in thick clouds, and night sprang forth out of the heavens. We let the ships run before the gale, but the force of the wind tore our sails to tatters, so we took them down for fear of shipwreck, and rowed our hardest towards the land. There we lay two days and two nights suffering much alike from toil and distress of mind, but on the morning of the third day we again raised our masts, set sail, and took our places, letting the wind and steersmen direct our ship.

I should have got home at that time unharmed had not the North wind and the currents been against me as I was doubling Cape Malea, and set me off my course hard by the island of Cythera.

“I was driven thence by foul winds for a space of nine days upon the sea, but on the tenth day we reached the land of the Lotus-eater, who live on a food that comes from a kind of flower. Here we landed to take in fresh water, and our crews got their mid-day meal on the shore near the ships. When they had eaten and drunk I sent two of my company to see what manner of men the people of the place might be, and they had a third man under them. They started at once, and went about among the Lotus-eaters, who did them no hurt, but gave them to eat of the lotus, which was so delicious that those who ate of it left off caring about home, and did not even want to go back and say what had happened to them, but were for staying and munching lotus with the Lotus-eater without thinking further of their return; nevertheless, though they wept bitterly I forced them back to the ships and made them fast under the benches. Then I told the rest to go on board at once, lest any of them should taste of the lotus and leave off wanting to get home, so they took their places and smote the grey sea with their oars.

“We sailed hence, always in much distress, till we came to the land of the lawless and inhuman Cyclopes. Now the Cyclopes neither plant nor plough, but trust in providence, and live on such wheat, barley, and grapes as grow wild without any kind of tillage, and their wild grapes yield them wine as the sun and the rain may grow them. They have no laws nor assemblies of the people, but live in caves on the tops of high mountains; each is lord and master in his family, and they take no account of their neighbours.

“Now off their harbour there lies a wooded and fertile island not quite close to the land of the Cyclopes, but still not far. It is overrun with wild goats, that breed there in great numbers and are never disturbed by foot of man; for sportsmen—who as a rule will suffer so much hardship in forest or among mountain precipices—do not go there, nor yet again is it ever ploughed or fed down, but it lies a wilderness untilled and unsown from year to year, and has no living thing upon it but only goats. For the Cyclopes have no ships, nor yet shipwrights who could make ships for them; they cannot therefore go from city to city, or sail over the sea to one another’s country as people who have ships can do; if they had had these they would have colonized the island, for it is a very good one, and would yield everything in due season. There are meadows that in some places come right down to the sea shore, well watered and full of luscious grass; grapes would do there excellently; there is level land for ploughing, and it would always yield heavily at harvest time, for the soil is deep. There is a good harbour where no cables are wanted, nor yet anchors, nor need a ship be moored, but all one has to do is to beach one’s vessel and stay there till the wind becomes fair for putting out to sea again. At the head of the harbour there is a spring of clear water coming out of a cave, and there are poplars growing all round it.

“Here we entered, but so dark was the night that some god must have brought us in, for there was nothing whatever to be seen. A thick mist hung all round our ships; the moon was hidden behind a mass of clouds so that no one could have seen the island if he had looked for it, nor were there any breakers to tell us we were close in shore before we found ourselves upon the land itself; when, however, we had beached the ships, we took down the sails, went ashore and camped upon the beach till daybreak.

“When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, we admired the island and wandered all over it, while the nymphs Jove’s daughters roused the wild goats that we might get some meat for our dinner. On this we fetched our spears and bows and arrows from the ships, and dividing ourselves into three bands began to shoot the goats. Heaven sent us excellent sport; I had twelve ships with me, and each ship got nine goats, while my own ship had ten; thus through the livelong day to the going down of the sun we ate and drank our fill—and we had plenty of wine left, for each one of us had taken many jars full when we sacked the city of the Cicons, and this had not yet run out. While we were feasting we kept turning our eyes towards the land of the Cyclopes, which was hard by, and saw the smoke of their stubble fires. We could almost fancy we heard their voices and the bleating of their sheep and goats, but when the sun went down and it came on dark, we camped down upon the beach, and next morning I called a council.

“‘Stay here, my brave fellows,’ said I, ‘all the rest of you, while I go with my ship and exploit these people myself: I want to see if they are uncivilized savages, or a hospitable and humane race.’

“I went on board, bidding my men to do so also and loose the hawsers; so they took their places and smote the grey sea with their oars. When we got to the land, which was not far, there, on the face of a cliff near the sea, we saw a great cave overhung with laurels. It was a station for a great many sheep and goats, and outside there was a large yard, with a high wall round it made of stones built into the ground and of trees both pine and oak. This was the abode of a huge monster who was then away from home shepherding his flocks. He would have nothing to do with other people, but led the life of an outlaw. He was a horrid creature, not like a human being at all, but resembling rather some crag that stands out boldly against the sky on the top of a high mountain.

“I told my men to draw the ship ashore, and stay where they were, all but the twelve best among them, who were to go along with myself. I also took a goatskin of sweet black wine which had been given me by Maron, Apollo son of Euanthes, who was priest of Apollo the patron god of Ismarus, and lived within the wooded precincts of the

temple. When we were sacking the city we respected him, and spared his life, as also his wife and child; so he made me some presents of great value—seven talents of fine gold, and a bowl of silver, with twelve jars of sweet wine, unblended, and of the most exquisite flavour. Not a man nor maid in the house knew about it, but only himself, his wife, and one housekeeper: when he drank it he mixed twenty parts of water to one of wine, and yet the fragrance from the mixing-bowl was so exquisite that it was impossible to refrain from drinking. I filled a large skin with this wine, and took a wallet full of provisions with me, for my mind misgave me that I might have to deal with some savage who would be of great strength, and would respect neither right nor law.

“We soon reached his cave, but he was out shepherding, so we went inside and took stock of all that we could see. His cheese-racks were loaded with cheeses, and he had more lambs and kids than his pens could hold. They were kept in separate flocks; first there were the hoggets, then the oldest of the younger lambs and lastly the very young ones all kept apart from one another; as for his dairy, all the vessels, bowls, and milk pails into which he milked, were swimming with whey. When they saw all this, my men begged me to let them first steal some cheeses, and make off with them to the ship; they would then return, drive down the lambs and kids, put them on board and sail away with them. It would have been indeed better if we had done so but I would not listen to them, for I wanted to see the owner himself, in the hope that he might give me a present. When, however, we saw him my poor men found him ill to deal with.

“We lit a fire, offered some of the cheeses in sacrifice, ate others of them, and then sat waiting till the Cyclops should come in with his sheep. When he came, he brought in with him a huge load of dry firewood to light the fire for his supper, and this he flung with such a noise on to the floor of his cave that we hid ourselves for fear at the far end of the cavern. Meanwhile he drove all the ewes inside, as well as the she-goats that he was going to milk, leaving the males, both rams and he-goats, outside in the yards. Then he rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the cave—so huge that two and twenty strong four-wheeled waggons would not be enough to draw it from its place against the doorway. When he had so done he sat down and milked his ewes and goats, all in due course, and then let each of them have her own young. He curdled half the milk and set it aside in wicker strainers, but the other half he poured into bowls that he might drink it for his supper. When he had got through with all his work, he lit the fire, and then caught sight of us, whereon he said:

“Strangers, who are you? Where do sail from? Are you traders, or do you sail the as rovers, with your hands against every man, and every man’s hand against you?”

“We were frightened out of our senses by his loud voice and monstrous form, but I managed to say, ‘We are Achaeans on our way home from Troy, but by the will of Jove, and stress of weather, we have been driven far out of our course. We are the people of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, who has won infinite renown throughout the whole world, by sacking so great a city and killing so many people. We therefore humbly pray you to show us some hospitality, and otherwise make us such presents as visitors may reasonably expect. May your excellency fear the wrath of heaven, for we are your suppliants, and Jove takes all respectable travellers under his protection, for he is the avenger of all suppliants and foreigners in distress.’

“To this he gave me but a pitiless answer, ‘Stranger,’ said he, ‘you are a fool, or else you know nothing of this country. Talk to me, indeed, about fearing the gods or shunning their anger? We Cyclopes do not care about Jove or any of your blessed gods, for we are ever so much stronger than they. I shall not spare either yourself or your companions out of any regard for Jove, unless I am in the humour for doing so. And now tell me where you made your ship fast when you came on shore. Was it round the point, or is she lying straight off the land?’

“He said this to draw me out, but I was too cunning to be caught in that way, so I answered with a lie; ‘Neptune,’ said I, ‘sent my ship on to the rocks at the far end of your country, and wrecked it. We were driven on to them from the open sea, but I and those who are with me escaped the jaws of death.’

“The cruel wretch vouchsafed me not one word of answer, but with a sudden clutch he gripped up two of my men at once and dashed them down upon the ground as though they had been puppies. Their brains were shed upon the ground, and the earth was wet with their blood. Then he tore them limb from limb and supped upon them. He gobbled them up like a lion in the wilderness, flesh, bones, marrow, and entrails, without leaving anything uneaten. As for us, we wept and lifted up our hands to heaven on seeing such a horrid sight, for we did not know what else to do; but when the Cyclops had filled his huge paunch, and had washed down his meal of human flesh with a drink of neat milk, he stretched himself full length upon the ground among his sheep, and went to sleep. I was at first inclined to seize my sword, draw it, and drive it into his vitals, but I reflected that if I did we should all certainly be lost, for we should never be able to shift the stone which the monster had put in front of the door. So we stayed sobbing and sighing where we were till morning came.

“When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, he again lit his fire, milked his goats and ewes, all quite rightly, and then let each have her own young one; as soon as he had got through with all his work, he clutched up two more of my men, and began eating them for his morning’s meal. Presently, with the utmost ease, he rolled the stone away from the door and drove out his sheep, but he at once put it back again—as easily as though

he were merely clapping the lid on to a quiver full of arrows. As soon as he had done so he shouted, and cried 'Shoo, shoo,' after his sheep to drive them on to the mountain; so I was left to scheme some way of taking my revenge and covering myself with glory.

"In the end I deemed it would be the best plan to do as follows. The Cyclops had a great club which was lying near one of the sheep pens; it was of green olive wood, and he had cut it intending to use it for a staff as soon as it should be dry. It was so huge that we could only compare it to the mast of a twenty-oared merchant vessel of large burden, and able to venture out into open sea. I went up to this club and cut off about six feet of it; I then gave this piece to the men and told them to fine it evenly off at one end, which they proceeded to do, and lastly I brought it to a point myself, charring the end in the fire to make it harder. When I had done this I hid it under dung, which was lying about all over the cave, and told the men to cast lots which of them should venture along with myself to lift it and bore it into the monster's eye while he was asleep. The lot fell upon the very four whom I should have chosen, and I myself made five. In the evening the wretch came back from shepherding, and drove his flocks into the cave—this time driving them all inside, and not leaving any in the yards; I suppose some fancy must have taken him, or a god must have prompted him to do so. As soon as he had put the stone back to its place against the door, he sat down, milked his ewes and his goats all quite rightly, and then let each have her own young one; when he had got through with all this work, he gripped up two more of my men, and made his supper off them. So I went up to him with an ivy-wood bowl of black wine in my hands:

"Look here, Cyclops,' said I, you have been eating a great deal of man's flesh, so take this and drink some wine, that you may see what kind of liquor we had on board my ship. I was bringing it to you as a drink-offering, in the hope that you would take compassion upon me and further me on my way home, whereas all you do is to go on ramping and raving most intolerably. You ought to be ashamed yourself; how can you expect people to come see you any more if you treat them in this way?"

"He then took the cup and drank. He was so delighted with the taste of the wine that he begged me for another bowl full. 'Be so kind,' he said, 'as to give me some more, and tell me your name at once. I want to make you a present that you will be glad to have. We have wine even in this country, for our soil grows grapes and the sun ripens them, but this drinks like nectar and ambrosia all in one.'

"I then gave him some more; three times did I fill the bowl for him, and three times did he drain it without thought or heed; then, when I saw that the wine had got into his head, I said to him as plausibly as I could: 'Cyclops, you ask my name and I will tell it you; give me, therefore, the present you promised me; my name is Noman; this is what my father and mother and my friends have always called me.'

"But the cruel wretch said, 'Then I will eat all Noman's comrades before Noman himself, and will keep Noman for the last. This is the present that I will make him.'

As he spoke he reeled, and fell sprawling face upwards on the ground. His great neck hung heavily backwards and a deep sleep took hold upon him. Presently he turned sick, and threw up both wine and the gobbets of human flesh on which he had been gorging, for he was very drunk. Then I thrust the beam of wood far into the embers to heat it, and encouraged my men lest any of them should turn faint-hearted. When the wood, green though it was, was about to blaze, I drew it out of the fire glowing with heat, and my men gathered round me, for heaven had filled their hearts with courage. We drove the sharp end of the beam into the monster's eye, and bearing upon it with all my weight I kept turning it round and round as though I were boring a hole in a ship's plank with an auger, which two men with a wheel and strap can keep on turning as long as they choose. Even thus did we bore the red hot beam into his eye, till the boiling blood bubbled all over it as we worked it round and round, so that the steam from the burning eyeball scalded his eyelids and eyebrows, and the roots of the eye sputtered in the fire. As a blacksmith plunges an axe or hatchet into cold water to temper it—for it is this that gives strength to the iron—and it makes a great hiss as he does so, even thus did the Cyclops' eye hiss round the beam of olive wood, and his hideous yells made the cave ring again. We ran away in a fright, but he plucked the beam all besmirched with gore from his eye, and hurled it from him in a frenzy of rage and pain, shouting as he did so to the other Cyclopes who lived on the bleak headlands near him; so they gathered from all quarters round his cave when they heard him crying, and asked what was the matter with him.

"What ails you, Polyphemus,' said they, 'that you make such a noise, breaking the stillness of the night, and preventing us from being able to sleep? Surely no man is carrying off your sheep? Surely no man is trying to kill you either by fraud or by force?"

"But Polyphemus shouted to them from inside the cave, 'Noman is killing me by fraud! Noman is killing me by force!"

"Then,' said they, 'if no man is attacking you, you must be ill; when Jove makes people ill, there is no help for it, and you had better pray to your father Neptune.'

"Then they went away, and I laughed inwardly at the success of my clever stratagem, but the Cyclops, groaning and in an agony of pain, felt about with his hands till he found the stone and took it from the door; then he sat in

the doorway and stretched his hands in front of it to catch anyone going out with the sheep, for he thought I might be foolish enough to attempt this.

“As for myself I kept on puzzling to think how I could best save my own life and those of my companions; I schemed and schemed, as one who knows that his life depends upon it, for the danger was very great. In the end I deemed that this plan would be the best. The male sheep were well grown, and carried a heavy black fleece, so I bound them noiselessly in threes together, with some of the withies on which the wicked monster used to sleep. There was to be a man under the middle sheep, and the two on either side were to cover him, so that there were three sheep to each man. As for myself there was a ram finer than any of the others, so I caught hold of him by the back, esconced myself in the thick wool under his belly, and flung on patiently to his fleece, face upwards, keeping a firm hold on it all the time.

“Thus, then, did we wait in great fear of mind till morning came, but when the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, the male sheep hurried out to feed, while the ewes remained bleating about the pens waiting to be milked, for their udders were full to bursting; but their master in spite of all his pain felt the backs of all the sheep as they stood upright, without being sharp enough to find out that the men were underneath their bellies. As the ram was going out, last of all, heavy with its fleece and with the weight of my crafty self; Polyphemus laid hold of it and said:

“My good ram, what is it that makes you the last to leave my cave this morning? You are not wont to let the ewes go before you, but lead the mob with a run whether to flowery mead or bubbling fountain, and are the first to come home again at night; but now you lag last of all. Is it because you know your master has lost his eye, and are sorry because that wicked Noman and his horrid crew have got him down in his drink and blinded him? But I will have his life yet. If you could understand and talk, you would tell me where the wretch is hiding, and I would dash his brains upon the ground till they flew all over the cave. I should thus have some satisfaction for the harm a this no-good Noman has done me.”

“As spoke he drove the ram outside, but when we were a little way out from the cave and yards, I first got from under the ram’s belly, and then freed my comrades; as for the sheep, which were very fat, by constantly heading them in the right direction we managed to drive them down to the ship. The crew rejoiced greatly at seeing those of us who had escaped death, but wept for the others whom the Cyclops had killed. However, I made signs to them by nodding and frowning that they were to hush their crying, and told them to get all the sheep on board at once and put out to sea; so they went aboard, took their places, and smote the grey sea with their oars. Then, when I had got as far out as my voice would reach, I began to jeer at the Cyclops.

“Cyclops,’ said I, ‘you should have taken better measure of your man before eating up his comrades in your cave. You wretch, eat up your visitors in your own house? You might have known that your sin would find you out, and now Jove and the other gods have punished you.’

“He got more and more furious as he heard me, so he tore the top from off a high mountain, and flung it just in front of my ship so that it was within a little of hitting the end of the rudder. The sea quaked as the rock fell into it, and the wash of the wave it raised carried us back towards the mainland, and forced us towards the shore. But I snatched up a long pole and kept the ship off, making signs to my men by nodding my head, that they must row for their lives, whereon they laid out with a will. When we had got twice as far as we were before, I was for jeering at the Cyclops again, but the men begged and prayed of me to hold my tongue.

“Do not,’ they exclaimed, ‘be mad enough to provoke this savage creature further; he has thrown one rock at us already which drove us back again to the mainland, and we made sure it had been the death of us; if he had then heard any further sound of voices he would have pounded our heads and our ship’s timbers into a jelly with the rugged rocks he would have heaved at us, for he can throw them a long way.’

“But I would not listen to them, and shouted out to him in my rage, ‘Cyclops, if any one asks you who it was that put your eye out and spoiled your beauty, say it was the valiant warrior Ulysses, son of Laertes, who lives in Ithaca.’

“On this he groaned, and cried out, ‘Alas, alas, then the old prophecy about me is coming true. There was a prophet here, at one time, a man both brave and of great stature, Telemus son of Eurymus, who was an excellent seer, and did all the prophesying for the Cyclopes till he grew old; he told me that all this would happen to me some day, and said I should lose my sight by the hand of Ulysses. I have been all along expecting some one of imposing presence and superhuman strength, whereas he turns out to be a little insignificant weakling, who has managed to blind my eye by taking advantage of me in my drink; come here, then, Ulysses, that I may make you presents to show my hospitality, and urge Neptune to help you forward on your journey—for Neptune and I are father and son. He, if he so will, shall heal me, which no one else neither god nor man can do.’

“Then I said, ‘I wish I could be as sure of killing you outright and sending you down to the house of Hades, as I am that it will take more than Neptune to cure that eye of yours.’

“On this he lifted up his hands to the firmament of heaven and prayed, saying, ‘Hear me, great Neptune; if I am

indeed your own true-begotten son, grant that Ulysses may never reach his home alive; or if he must get back to his friends at last, let him do so late and in sore plight after losing all his men [let him reach his home in another man's ship and find trouble in his house.']

"Thus did he pray, and Neptune heard his prayer. Then he picked up a rock much larger than the first, swung it aloft and hurled it with prodigious force. It fell just short of the ship, but was within a little of hitting the end of the rudder. The sea quaked as the rock fell into it, and the wash of the wave it raised drove us onwards on our way towards the shore of the island.

"When at last we got to the island where we had left the rest of our ships, we found our comrades lamenting us, and anxiously awaiting our return. We ran our vessel upon the sands and got out of her on to the sea shore; we also landed the Cyclops' sheep, and divided them equitably amongst us so that none might have reason to complain. As for the ram, my companions agreed that I should have it as an extra share; so I sacrificed it on the sea shore, and burned its thigh bones to Jove, who is the lord of all. But he heeded not my sacrifice, and only thought how he might destroy my ships and my comrades.

"Thus through the livelong day to the going down of the sun we feasted our fill on meat and drink, but when the sun went down and it came on dark, we camped upon the beach. When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, I bade my men on board and loose the hawsers. Then they took their places and smote the grey sea with their oars; so we sailed on with sorrow in our hearts, but glad to have escaped death though we had lost our comrades.

Book X

THENCE we went on to the Aeoli island where lives Aeolus son of Hippotas, dear to the immortal gods. It is an island that floats (as it were) upon the sea, iron bound with a wall that girds it. Now, Aeolus has six daughters and six lusty sons, so he made the sons marry the daughters, and they all live with their dear father and mother, feasting and enjoying every conceivable kind of luxury. All day long the atmosphere of the house is loaded with the savour of roasting meats till it groans again, yard and all; but by night they sleep on their well-made bedsteads, each with his own wife between the blankets. These were the people among whom we had now come.

"Aeolus entertained me for a whole month asking me questions all the time about Troy, the Argive fleet, and the return of the Achaeans. I told him exactly how everything had happened, and when I said I must go, and asked him to further me on my way, he made no sort of difficulty, but set about doing so at once. Moreover, he flayed me a prime ox-hide to hold the ways of the roaring winds, which he shut up in the hide as in a sack—for Jove had made him captain over the winds, and he could stir or still each one of them according to his own pleasure. He put the sack in the ship and bound the mouth so tightly with a silver thread that not even a breath of a side-wind could blow from any quarter. The West wind which was fair for us did he alone let blow as it chose; but it all came to nothing, for we were lost through our own folly.

"Nine days and nine nights did we sail, and on the tenth day our native land showed on the horizon. We got so close in that we could see the stubble fires burning, and I, being then dead beat, fell into a light sleep, for I had never let the rudder out of my own hands, that we might get home the faster. On this the men fell to talking among themselves, and said I was bringing back gold and silver in the sack that Aeolus had given me. 'Bless my heart,' would one turn to his neighbour, saying, 'how this man gets honoured and makes friends to whatever city or country he may go. See what fine prizes he is taking home from Troy, while we, who have travelled just as far as he has, come back with hands as empty as we set out with—and now Aeolus has given him ever so much more. Quick—let us see what it all is, and how much gold and silver there is in the sack he gave him.'

"Thus they talked and evil counsels prevailed. They loosed the sack, whereupon the wind flew howling forth and raised a storm that carried us weeping out to sea and away from our own country. Then I awoke, and knew not whether to throw myself into the sea or to live on and make the best of it; but I bore it, covered myself up, and lay down in the ship, while the men lamented bitterly as the fierce winds bore our fleet back to the Aeolian island.

"When we reached it we went ashore to take in water, and dined hard by the ships. Immediately after dinner I took a herald and one of my men and went straight to the house of Aeolus, where I found him feasting with his wife and family; so we sat down as suppliants on the threshold. They were astounded when they saw us and said, 'Ulysses, what brings you here? What god has been ill-treating you? We took great pains to further you on your way home to Ithaca, or wherever it was that you wanted to go to.'

"Thus did they speak, but I answered sorrowfully, 'My men have undone me; they, and cruel sleep, have ruined me. My friends, mend me this mischief, for you can if you will.'

"I spoke as movingly as I could, but they said nothing, till their father answered, 'Vilest of mankind, get you gone at once out of the island; him whom heaven hates will I in no wise help. Be off, for you come here as one abhorred of heaven. "And with these words he sent me sorrowing from his door.

“Thence we sailed sadly on till the men were worn out with long and fruitless rowing, for there was no longer any wind to help them. Six days, night and day did we toil, and on the seventh day we reached the rocky stronghold of Lamus—Telepylus, the city of the Laestrygonians, where the shepherd who is driving in his sheep and goats [to be milked] salutes him who is driving out his flock [to feed] and this last answers the salute. In that country a man who could do without sleep might earn double wages, one as a herdsman of cattle, and another as a shepherd, for they work much the same by night as they do by day.

“When we reached the harbour we found it land-locked under steep cliffs, with a narrow entrance between two headlands. My captains took all their ships inside, and made them fast close to one another, for there was never so much as a breath of wind inside, but it was always dead calm. I kept my own ship outside, and moored it to a rock at the very end of the point; then I climbed a high rock to reconnoitre, but could see no sign neither of man nor cattle, only some smoke rising from the ground. So I sent two of my company with an attendant to find out what sort of people the inhabitants were.

“The men when they got on shore followed a level road by which the people draw their firewood from the mountains into the town, till presently they met a young woman who had come outside to fetch water, and who was daughter to a Laestrygonian named Antiphates. She was going to the fountain Artacia from which the people bring in their water, and when my men had come close up to her, they asked her who the king of that country might be, and over what kind of people he ruled; so she directed them to her father’s house, but when they got there they found his wife to be a giantess as huge as a mountain, and they were horrified at the sight of her.

“She at once called her husband Antiphates from the place of assembly, and forthwith he set about killing my men. He snatched up one of them, and began to make his dinner off him then and there, whereon the other two ran back to the ships as fast as ever they could. But Antiphates raised a hue and cry after them, and thousands of sturdy Laestrygonians sprang up from every quarter—ogres, not men. They threw vast rocks at us from the cliffs as though they had been mere stones, and I heard the horrid sound of the ships crunching up against one another, and the death cries of my men, as the Laestrygonians speared them like fishes and took them home to eat them. While they were thus killing my men within the harbour I drew my sword, cut the cable of my own ship, and told my men to row with all their might if they too would not fare like the rest; so they laid out for their lives, and we were thankful enough when we got into open water out of reach of the rocks they hurled at us. As for the others there was not one of them left.

“Thence we sailed sadly on, glad to have escaped death, though we had lost our comrades, and came to the Aeaean island, where Circe lives a great and cunning goddess who is own sister to the magician Aeetes—for they are both children of the sun by Perse, who is daughter to Oceanus. We brought our ship into a safe harbour without a word, for some god guided us thither, and having landed we there for two days and two nights, worn out in body and mind. When the morning of the third day came I took my spear and my sword, and went away from the ship to reconnoitre, and see if I could discover signs of human handiwork, or hear the sound of voices. Climbing to the top of a high look-out I espied the smoke of Circe’s house rising upwards amid a dense forest of trees, and when I saw this I doubted whether, having seen the smoke, I would not go on at once and find out more, but in the end I deemed it best to go back to the ship, give the men their dinners, and send some of them instead of going myself.

“When I had nearly got back to the ship some god took pity upon my solitude, and sent a fine antlered stag right into the middle of my path. He was coming down his pasture in the forest to drink of the river, for the heat of the sun drove him, and as he passed I struck him in the middle of the back; the bronze point of the spear went clean through him, and he lay groaning in the dust until the life went out of him. Then I set my foot upon him, drew my spear from the wound, and laid it down; I also gathered rough grass and rushes and twisted them into a fathom or so of good stout rope, with which I bound the four feet of the noble creature together; having so done I hung him round my neck and walked back to the ship leaning upon my spear, for the stag was much too big for me to be able to carry him on my shoulder, steadying him with one hand. As I threw him down in front of the ship, I called the men and spoke cheerfully man by man to each of them. ‘Look here my friends,’ said I, ‘we are not going to die so much before our time after all, and at any rate we will not starve so long as we have got something to eat and drink on board.’ On this they uncovered their heads upon the sea shore and admired the stag, for he was indeed a splendid fellow. Then, when they had feasted their eyes upon him sufficiently, they washed their hands and began to cook him for dinner.

“Thus through the livelong day to the going down of the sun we stayed there eating and drinking our fill, but when the sun went down and it came on dark, we camped upon the sea shore. When the child of morning, fingered Dawn, appeared, I called a council and said, ‘My friends, we are in very great difficulties; listen therefore to me. We have no idea where the sun either sets or rises, so that we do not even know East from West. I see no way out of it; nevertheless, we must try and find one. We are certainly on an island, for I went as high as I could this morning, and saw the sea reaching all round it to the horizon; it lies low, but towards the middle I saw smoke rising from out of a thick forest of trees.’

“Their hearts sank as they heard me, for they remembered how they had been treated by the Laestrygonian Antiphates, and by the savage ogre Polyphemus. They wept bitterly in their dismay, but there was nothing to be got by crying, so I divided them into two companies and set a captain over each; I gave one company to Eurylochus, while I took command of the other myself. Then we cast lots in a helmet, and the lot fell upon Eurylochus; so he set out with his twenty-two men, and they wept, as also did we who were left behind.

“When they reached Circe’s house they found it built of cut stones, on a site that could be seen from far, in the middle of the forest. There were wild mountain wolves and lions prowling all round it—poor bewitched creatures whom she had tamed by her enchantments and drugged into subjection. They did not attack my men, but wagged their great tails, fawned upon them, and rubbed their noses lovingly against them. As hounds crowd round their master when they see him coming from dinner—for they know he will bring them something—even so did these wolves and lions with their great claws fawn upon my men, but the men were terribly frightened at seeing such strange creatures. Presently they reached the gates of the goddess’s house, and as they stood there they could hear Circe within, singing most beautifully as she worked at her loom, making a web so fine, so soft, and of such dazzling colours as no one but a goddess could weave. On this Polites, whom I valued and trusted more than any other of my men, said, ‘There is some one inside working at a loom and singing most beautifully; the whole place resounds with it, let us call her and see whether she is woman or goddess.’

“They called her and she came down, unfastened the door, and bade them enter. They, thinking no evil, followed her, all except Eurylochus, who suspected mischief and stayed outside. When she had got them into her house, she set them upon benches and seats and mixed them a mess with cheese, honey, meal, and Pramnian but she drugged it with wicked poisons to make them forget their homes, and when they had drunk she turned them into pigs by a stroke of her wand, and shut them up in her pigsties. They were like pigs-head, hair, and all, and they grunted just as pigs do; but their senses were the same as before, and they remembered everything.

“Thus then were they shut up squealing, and Circe threw them some acorns and beech masts such as pigs eat, but Eurylochus hurried back to tell me about the sad fate of our comrades. He was so overcome with dismay that though he tried to speak he could find no words to do so; his eyes filled with tears and he could only sob and sigh, till at last we forced his story out of him, and he told us what had happened to the others.

“‘We went,’ said he, as you told us, through the forest, and in the middle of it there was a fine house built with cut stones in a place that could be seen from far. There we found a woman, or else she was a goddess, working at her loom and singing sweetly; so the men shouted to her and called her, whereon she at once came down, opened the door, and invited us in. The others did not suspect any mischief so they followed her into the house, but I stayed where I was, for I thought there might be some treachery. From that moment I saw them no more, for not one of them ever came out, though I sat a long time watching for them.’

“Then I took my sword of bronze and slung it over my shoulders; I also took my bow, and told Eurylochus to come back with me and show me the way. But he laid hold of me with both his hands and spoke piteously, saying, ‘Sir, do not force me to go with you, but let me stay here, for I know you will not bring one of them back with you, nor even return alive yourself; let us rather see if we cannot escape at any rate with the few that are left us, for we may still save our lives.’

“‘Stay where you are, then,’ answered I, ‘eating and drinking at the ship, but I must go, for I am most urgently bound to do so.’

“With this I left the ship and went up inland. When I got through the charmed grove, and was near the great house of the enchantress Circe, I met Mercury with his golden wand, disguised as a young man in the hey-day of his youth and beauty with the down just coming upon his face. He came up to me and took my hand within his own, saying, ‘My poor unhappy man, whither are you going over this mountain top, alone and without knowing the way? Your men are shut up in Circe’s pigsties, like so many wild boars in their lairs. You surely do not fancy that you can set them free? I can tell you that you will never get back and will have to stay there with the rest of them. But never mind, I will protect you and get you out of your difficulty. Take this herb, which is one of great virtue, and keep it about you when you go to Circe’s house, it will be a talisman to you against every kind of mischief.’

“And I will tell you of all the wicked witchcraft that Circe will try to practise upon you. She will mix a mess for you to drink, and she will drug the meal with which she makes it, but she will not be able to charm you, for the virtue of the herb that I shall give you will prevent her spells from working. I will tell you all about it. When Circe strikes you with her wand, draw your sword and spring upon her as though you were going to kill her. She will then be frightened and will desire you to go to bed with her; on this you must not point blank refuse her, for you want her to set your companions free, and to take good care also of yourself, but you make her swear solemnly by all the blessed that she will plot no further mischief against you, or else when she has got you naked she will unman you and make you fit for nothing.’

“As he spoke he pulled the herb out of the ground and showed me what it was like. The root was black, while the flower was as white as milk; the gods call it Moly, and mortal men cannot uproot it, but the gods can do whatever

they like.

“Then Mercury went back to high Olympus passing over the wooded island; but I fared onward to the house of Circe, and my heart was clouded with care as I walked along. When I got to the gates I stood there and called the goddess, and as soon as she heard me she came down, opened the door, and asked me to come in; so I followed her—much troubled in my mind. She set me on a richly decorated seat inlaid with silver, there was a footstool also under my feet, and she mixed a mess in a golden goblet for me to drink; but she drugged it, for she meant me mischief. When she had given it me, and I had drunk it without its charming me, she struck me, struck me with her wand. ‘There now,’ she cried, ‘be off to the pigsty, and make your lair with the rest of them.’

“But I rushed at her with my sword drawn as though I would kill her, whereon she fell with a loud scream, clasped my knees, and spoke piteously, saying, ‘Who and whence are you? from what place and people have you come? How can it be that my drugs have no power to charm you? Never yet was any man able to stand so much as a taste of the herb I gave you; you must be spell-proof; surely you can be none other than the bold hero Ulysses, who Mercury always said would come here some day with his ship while on his way home from Troy; so be it then; sheathe your sword and let us go to bed, that we may make friends and learn to trust each other.’

“And I answered, ‘Circe, how can you expect me to be friendly with you when you have just been turning all my men into pigs? And now that you have got me here myself, you mean me mischief when you ask me to go to bed with you, and will unman me and make me fit for nothing. I shall certainly not consent to go to bed with you unless you will first take your solemn oath to plot no further harm against me.’

“So she swore at once as I had told her, and when she had completed her oath then I went to bed with her.

“Meanwhile her four servants, who are her housemaids, set about their work. They are the children of the groves and fountains, and of the holy waters that run down into the sea. One of them spread a fair purple cloth over a seat, and laid a carpet underneath it. Another brought tables of silver up to the seats, and set them with baskets of gold. A third mixed some sweet wine with water in a silver bowl and put golden cups upon the tables, while the fourth she brought in water and set it to boil in a large cauldron over a good fire which she had lighted. When the water in the cauldron was boiling, she poured cold into it till it was just as I liked it, and then she set me in a bath and began washing me from the cauldron about the head and shoulders, to take the tire and stiffness out of my limbs. As soon as she had done washing me and anointing me with oil, she arrayed me in a good cloak and shirt and led me to a richly decorated seat inlaid with silver; there was a footstool also under my feet. A maid servant then brought me water in a beautiful golden ewer and poured it into a silver basin for me to wash my hands, and she drew a clean table beside me; an upper servant brought me bread and offered me many things of what there was in the house, and then Circe bade me eat, but I would not, and sat without heeding what was before me, still moody and suspicious.

“When Circe saw me sitting there without eating, and in great grief, she came to me and said, ‘Ulysses, why do you sit like that as though you were dumb, gnawing at your own heart, and refusing both meat and drink? Is it that you are still suspicious? You ought not to be, for I have already sworn solemnly that I will not hurt you.’

“And I said, ‘Circe, no man with any sense of what is right can think of either eating or drinking in your house until you have set his friends free and let him see them. If you want me to eat and drink, you must free my men and bring them to me that I may see them with my own eyes.’

“When I had said this she went straight through the court with her wand in her hand and opened the pigsty doors. My men came out like so many prime hogs and stood looking at her, but she went about among them and anointed each with a second drug, whereon the bristles that the bad drug had given them fell off, and they became men again, younger than they were before, and much taller and better looking. They knew me at once, seized me each of them by the hand, and wept for joy till the whole house was filled with the sound of their hullabalooing, and Circe herself was so sorry for them that she came up to me and said, ‘Ulysses, noble son of Laertes, go back at once to the sea where you have left your ship, and first draw it on to the land. Then, hide all your ship’s gear and property in some cave, and come back here with your men.’

“I agreed to this, so I went back to the sea shore, and found the men at the ship weeping and wailing most piteously. When they saw me the silly blubbing fellows began frisking round me as calves break out and gambol round their mothers, when they see them coming home to be milked after they have been feeding all day, and the homestead resounds with their lowing. They seemed as glad to see me as though they had got back to their own rugged Ithaca, where they had been born and bred. ‘Sir,’ said the affectionate creatures, ‘we are as glad to see you back as though we had got safe home to Ithaca; but tell us all about the fate of our comrades.’

“I spoke comfortingly to them and said, ‘We must draw our ship on to the land, and hide the ship’s gear with all our property in some cave; then come with me all of you as fast as you can to Circe’s house, where you will find your comrades eating and drinking in the midst of great abundance.’

“On this the men would have come with me at once, but Eurylochus tried to hold them back and said, ‘Alas, poor wretches that we are, what will become of us? Rush not on your ruin by going to the house of Circe, who will

turn us all into pigs or wolves or lions, and we shall have to keep guard over her house. Remember how the Cyclops treated us when our comrades went inside his cave, and Ulysses with them. It was all through his sheer folly that those men lost their lives.’

“When I heard him I was in two minds whether or no to draw the keen blade that hung by my sturdy thigh and cut his head off in spite of his being a near relation of my own; but the men interceded for him and said, ‘Sir, if it may so be, let this fellow stay here and mind the ship, but take the rest of us with you to Circe’s house.’

“On this we all went inland, and Eurylochus was not left behind after all, but came on too, for he was frightened by the severe reprimand that I had given him.

“Meanwhile Circe had been seeing that the men who had been left behind were washed and anointed with olive oil; she had also given them woollen cloaks and shirts, and when we came we found them all comfortably at dinner in her house. As soon as the men saw each other face to face and knew one another, they wept for joy and cried aloud till the whole palace rang again. Thereon Circe came up to me and said, ‘Ulysses, noble son of Laertes, tell your men to leave off crying; I know how much you have all of you suffered at sea, and how ill you have fared among cruel savages on the mainland, but that is over now, so stay here, and eat and drink till you are once more as strong and hearty as you were when you left Ithaca; for at present you are weakened both in body and mind; you keep all the time thinking of the hardships—you have suffered during your travels, so that you have no more cheerfulness left in you.’

“Thus did she speak and we assented. We stayed with Circe for a whole twelvemonth feasting upon an untold quantity both of meat and wine. But when the year had passed in the waning of moons and the long days had come round, my men called me apart and said, ‘Sir, it is time you began to think about going home, if so be you are to be spared to see your house and native country at all.’

“Thus did they speak and I assented. Thereon through the livelong day to the going down of the sun we feasted our fill on meat and wine, but when the sun went down and it came on dark the men laid themselves down to sleep in the covered cloisters. I, however, after I had got into bed with Circe, besought her by her knees, and the goddess listened to what I had got to say. ‘Circe,’ said I, ‘please to keep the promise you made me about furthering me on my homeward voyage. I want to get back and so do my men, they are always pestering me with their complaints as soon as ever your back is turned.’

“And the goddess answered, ‘Ulysses, noble son of Laertes, you shall none of you stay here any longer if you do not want to, but there is another journey which you have got to take before you can sail homewards. You must go to the house of Hades and of dread Proserpine to consult the ghost of the blind Theban prophet Teiresias whose reason is still unshaken. To him alone has Proserpine left his understanding even in death, but the other ghosts flit about aimlessly.’

“I was dismayed when I heard this. I sat up in bed and wept, and would gladly have lived no longer to see the light of the sun, but presently when I was tired of weeping and tossing myself about, I said, ‘And who shall guide me upon this voyage—for the house of Hades is a port that no ship can reach.’

“‘You will want no guide,’ she answered; ‘raise you mast, set your white sails, sit quite still, and the North Wind will blow you there of itself. When your ship has traversed the waters of Oceanus, you will reach the fertile shore of Proserpine’s country with its groves of tall poplars and willows that shed their fruit untimely; here beach your ship upon the shore of Oceanus, and go straight on to the dark abode of Hades. You will find it near the place where the rivers Pyriphlegethon and Cocytus (which is a branch of the river Styx) flow into Acheron, and you will see a rock near it, just where the two roaring rivers run into one another.’

“‘When you have reached this spot, as I now tell you, dig a trench a cubit or so in length, breadth, and depth, and pour into it as a drink-offering to all the dead, first, honey mixed with milk, then wine, and in the third place water-sprinkling white barley meal over the whole. Moreover you must offer many prayers to the poor feeble ghosts, and promise them that when you get back to Ithaca you will sacrifice a barren heifer to them, the best you have, and will load the pyre with good things. More particularly you must promise that Teiresias shall have a black sheep all to himself, the finest in all your flocks.’

“‘When you shall have thus besought the ghosts with your prayers, offer them a ram and a black ewe, bending their heads towards Erebus; but yourself turn away from them as though you would make towards the river. On this, many dead men’s ghosts will come to you, and you must tell your men to skin the two sheep that you have just killed, and offer them as a burnt sacrifice with prayers to Hades and to Proserpine. Then draw your sword and sit there, so as to prevent any other poor ghost from coming near the split blood before Teiresias shall have answered your questions. The seer will presently come to you, and will tell you about your voyage—what stages you are to make, and how you are to sail the sea so as to reach your home.’

“It was day-break by the time she had done speaking, so she dressed me in my shirt and cloak. As for herself she threw a beautiful light gossamer fabric over her shoulders, fastening it with a golden girdle round her waist, and she covered her head with a mantle. Then I went about among the men everywhere all over the house, and spoke

kindly to each of them man by man: ‘You must not lie sleeping here any longer,’ said I to them, ‘we must be going, for Circe has told me all about it.’ And this they did as I bade them.

“Even so, however, I did not get them away without misadventure. We had with us a certain youth named Elpenor, not very remarkable for sense or courage, who had got drunk and was lying on the house-top away from the rest of the men, to sleep off his liquor in the cool. When he heard the noise of the men bustling about, he jumped up on a sudden and forgot all about coming down by the main staircase, so he tumbled right off the roof and broke his neck, and his soul went down to the house of Hades.

“When I had got the men together I said to them, ‘You think you are about to start home again, but Circe has explained to me that instead of this, we have got to go to the house of Hades and Proserpine to consult the ghost of the Theban prophet Teiresias.’

“The men were broken-hearted as they heard me, and threw themselves on the ground groaning and tearing their hair, but they did not mend matters by crying. When we reached the sea shore, weeping and lamenting our fate, Circe brought the ram and the ewe, and we made them fast hard by the ship. She passed through the midst of us without our knowing it, for who can see the comings and goings of a god, if the god does not wish to be seen?

Book XI

THEN, when we had got down to the sea shore we drew our ship into the water and got her mast and sails into her; we also put the sheep on board and took our places, weeping and in great distress of mind. Circe, that great and cunning goddess, sent us a fair wind that blew dead aft and stayed steadily with us keeping our sails all the time well filled; so we did whatever wanted doing to the ship’s gear and let her go as the wind and helmsman headed her. All day long her sails were full as she held her course over the sea, but when the sun went down and darkness was over all the earth, we got into the deep waters of the river Oceanus, where lie the land and city of the Cimmerians who live enshrouded in mist and darkness which the rays of the sun never pierce neither at his rising nor as he goes down again out of the heavens, but the poor wretches live in one long melancholy night. When we got there we beached the ship, took the sheep out of her, and went along by the waters of Oceanus till we came to the place of which Circe had told us.

“Here Perimedes and Eurylochus held the victims, while I drew my sword and dug the trench a cubit each way. I made a drink-offering to all the dead, first with honey and milk, then with wine, and thirdly with water, and I sprinkled white barley meal over the whole, praying earnestly to the poor feckless ghosts, and promising them that when I got back to Ithaca I would sacrifice a barren heifer for them, the best I had, and would load the pyre with good things. I also particularly promised that Teiresias should have a black sheep to himself, the best in all my flocks. When I had prayed sufficiently to the dead, I cut the throats of the two sheep and let the blood run into the trench, whereon the ghosts came trooping up from Erebus—brides, young bachelors, old men worn out with toil, maids who had been crossed in love, and brave men who had been killed in battle, with their armour still smirched with blood; they came from every quarter and flitted round the trench with a strange kind of screaming sound that made me turn pale with fear. When I saw them coming I told the men to be quick and flay the carcasses of the two dead sheep and make burnt offerings of them, and at the same time to repeat prayers to Hades and to Proserpine; but I sat where I was with my sword drawn and would not let the poor feckless ghosts come near the blood till Teiresias should have answered my questions.

“The first ghost ‘that came was that of my comrade Elpenor, for he had not yet been laid beneath the earth. We had left his body unawaked and unburied in Circe’s house, for we had had too much else to do. I was very sorry for him, and cried when I saw him: ‘Elpenor,’ said I, ‘how did you come down here into this gloom and darkness? You have here on foot quicker than I have with my ship.’

“Sir,’ he answered with a groan, ‘it was all bad luck, and my own unspeakable drunkenness. I was lying asleep on the top of Circe’s house, and never thought of coming down again by the great staircase but fell right off the roof and broke my neck, so my soul down to the house of Hades. And now I beseech you by all those whom you have left behind you, though they are not here, by your wife, by the father who brought you up when you were a child, and by Telemachus who is the one hope of your house, do what I shall now ask you. I know that when you leave this limbo you will again hold your ship for the Aean island. Do not go thence leaving me unawaked and unburied behind you, or I may bring heaven’s anger upon you; but burn me with whatever armour I have, build a barrow for me on the sea shore, that may tell people in days to come what a poor unlucky fellow I was, and plant over my grave the oar I used to row with when I was yet alive and with my messmates.’ And I said, ‘My poor fellow, I will do all that you have asked of me.’

“Thus, then, did we sit and hold sad talk with one another, I on the one side of the trench with my sword held over the blood, and the ghost of my comrade saying all this to me from the other side. Then came the ghost of my

dead mother Anticlea, daughter to Autolycus. I had left her alive when I set out for Troy and was moved to tears when I saw her, but even so, for all my sorrow I would not let her come near the blood till I had asked my questions of Teiresias.

“Then came also the ghost of Theban Teiresias, with his golden sceptre in his hand. He knew me and said, ‘Ulysses, noble son of Laertes, why, poor man, have you left the light of day and come down to visit the dead in this sad place? Stand back from the trench and withdraw your sword that I may drink of the blood and answer your questions truly.’

“So I drew back, and sheathed my sword, whereon when he had drank of the blood he began with his prophecy.

“You want to know,’ said he, ‘about your return home, but heaven will make this hard for you. I do not think that you will escape the eye of Neptune, who still nurses his bitter grudge against you for having blinded his son. Still, after much suffering you may get home if you can restrain yourself and your companions when your ship reaches the Thrinacian island, where you will find the sheep and cattle belonging to the sun, who sees and gives ear to everything. If you leave these flocks unharmed and think of nothing but of getting home, you may yet after much hardship reach Ithaca; but if you harm them, then I forewarn you of the destruction both of your ship and of your men. Even though you may yourself escape, you will return in bad plight after losing all your men, [in another man’s ship, and you will find trouble in your house, which will be overrun by high-handed people, who are devouring your substance under the pretext of paying court and making presents to your wife.

“When you get home you will take your revenge on these suitors; and after you have killed them by force or fraud in your own house, you must take a well-made oar and carry it on and on, till you come to a country where the people have never heard of the sea and do not even mix salt with their food, nor do they know anything about ships, and oars that are as the wings of a ship. I will give you this certain token which cannot escape your notice. A wayfarer will meet you and will say it must be a winnowing shovel that you have got upon your shoulder; on this you must fix the oar in the ground and sacrifice a ram, a bull, and a boar to Neptune. Then go home and offer hecatombs to an the gods in heaven one after the other. As for yourself, death shall come to you from the sea, and your life shall ebb away very gently when you are full of years and peace of mind, and your people shall bless you. All that I have said will come true].’

“This,’ I answered, ‘must be as it may please heaven, but tell me and tell me and tell me true, I see my poor mother’s ghost close by us; she is sitting by the blood without saying a word, and though I am her own son she does not remember me and speak to me; tell me, Sir, how I can make her know me.’

“That,’ said he, ‘I can soon do Any ghost that you let taste of the blood will talk with you like a reasonable being, but if you do not let them have any blood they will go away again.’

“On this the ghost of Teiresias went back to the house of Hades, for his prophecyings had now been spoken, but I sat still where I was until my mother came up and tasted the blood. Then she knew me at once and spoke fondly to me, saying, ‘My son, how did you come down to this abode of darkness while you are still alive? It is a hard thing for the living to see these places, for between us and them there are great and terrible waters, and there is Oceanus, which no man can cross on foot, but he must have a good ship to take him. Are you all this time trying to find your way home from Troy, and have you never yet got back to Ithaca nor seen your wife in your own house?’

“Mother,’ said I, ‘I was forced to come here to consult the ghost of the Theban prophet Teiresias. I have never yet been near the Achaean land nor set foot on my native country, and I have had nothing but one long series of misfortunes from the very first day that I set out with Agamemnon for Ilius, the land of noble steeds, to fight the Trojans. But tell me, and tell me true, in what way did you die? Did you have a long illness, or did heaven vouchsafe you a gentle easy passage to eternity? Tell me also about my father, and the son whom I left behind me; is my property still in their hands, or has some one else got hold of it, who thinks that I shall not return to claim it? Tell me again what my wife intends doing, and in what mind she is; does she live with my son and guard my estate securely, or has she made the best match she could and married again?’

“My mother answered, ‘Your wife still remains in your house, but she is in great distress of mind and spends her whole time in tears both night and day. No one as yet has got possession of your fine property, and Telemachus still holds your lands undisturbed. He has to entertain largely, as of course he must, considering his position as a magistrate, and how every one invites him; your father remains at his old place in the country and never goes near the town. He has no comfortable bed nor bedding; in the winter he sleeps on the floor in front of the fire with the men and goes about all in rags, but in summer, when the warm weather comes on again, he lies out in the vineyard on a bed of vine leaves thrown anyhow upon the ground. He grieves continually about your never having come home, and suffers more and more as he grows older. As for my own end it was in this wise: heaven did not take me swiftly and painlessly in my own house, nor was I attacked by any illness such as those that generally wear people out and kill them, but my longing to know what you were doing and the force of my affection for you—this it was that was the death of me.’

“Then I tried to find some way of embracing my mother’s ghost. Thrice I sprang towards her and tried to clasp

her in my arms, but each time she flitted from my embrace as it were a dream or phantom, and being touched to the quick I said to her, 'Mother, why do you not stay still when I would embrace you? If we could throw our arms around one another we might find sad comfort in the sharing of our sorrows even in the house of Hades; does Proserpine want to lay a still further load of grief upon me by mocking me with a phantom only?'

"My son," she answered, 'most ill-fated of all mankind, it is not Proserpine that is beguiling you, but all people are like this when they are dead. The sinews no longer hold the flesh and bones together; these perish in the fierceness of consuming fire as soon as life has left the body, and the soul flits away as though it were a dream. Now, however, go back to the light of day as soon as you can, and note all these things that you may tell them to your wife hereafter.'

"Thus did we converse, and anon Proserpine sent up the ghosts of the wives and daughters of all the most famous men. They gathered in crowds about the blood, and I considered how I might question them severally. In the end I deemed that it would be best to draw the keen blade that hung by my sturdy thigh, and keep them from all drinking the blood at once. So they came up one after the other, and each one as I questioned her told me her race and lineage.

"The first I saw was Tyro. She was daughter of Salmoneus and wife of Cretheus the son of Aeolus. She fell in love with the river Enipeus who is much the most beautiful river in the whole world. Once when she was taking a walk by his side as usual, Neptune, disguised as her lover, lay with her at the mouth of the river, and a huge blue wave arched itself like a mountain over them to hide both woman and god, whereon he loosed her virgin girdle and laid her in a deep slumber. When the god had accomplished the deed of love, he took her hand in his own and said, 'Tyro, rejoice in all good will; the embraces of the gods are not fruitless, and you will have fine twins about this time twelve months. Take great care of them. I am Neptune, so now go home, but hold your tongue and do not tell any one.'

"Then he dived under the sea, and she in due course bore Pelias and Neleus, who both of them served Jove with all their might. Pelias was a great breeder of sheep and lived in Iolcus, but the other lived in Pylos. The rest of her children were by Cretheus, namely, Aeson, Pheres, and Amythaon, who was a mighty warrior and charioteer.

"Next to her I saw Antiope, daughter to Asopus, who could boast of having slept in the arms of even Jove himself, and who bore him two sons Amphion and Zethus. These founded Thebes with its seven gates, and built a wall all round it; for strong though they were they could not hold Thebes till they had walled it.

"Then I saw Alcmena, the wife of Amphitryon, who also bore to Jove indomitable Hercules; and Megara who was daughter to great King Creon, and married the redoubtable son of Amphitryon.

"I also saw fair Epicaste mother of king Oedipodes whose awful lot it was to marry her own son without suspecting it. He married her after having killed his father, but the gods proclaimed the whole story to the world; whereon he remained king of Thebes, in great grief for the spite the gods had borne him; but Epicaste went to the house of the mighty jailor Hades, having hanged herself for grief, and the avenging spirits haunted him as for an outraged mother—to his ruing bitterly thereafter.

"Then I saw Chloris, whom Neleus married for her beauty, having given priceless presents for her. She was youngest daughter to Amphion son of Iasus and king of Minyan Orchomenus, and was Queen in Pylos. She bore Nestor, Chromius, and Periclymenus, and she also bore that marvellously lovely woman Pero, who was wooed by all the country round; but Neleus would only give her to him who should raid the cattle of Iphicles from the grazing grounds of Phylace, and this was a hard task. The only man who would undertake to raid them was a certain excellent seer, but the will of heaven was against him, for the rangers of the cattle caught him and put him in prison; nevertheless when a full year had passed and the same season came round again, Iphicles set him at liberty, after he had expounded all the oracles of heaven. Thus, then, was the will of Jove accomplished.

"And I saw Leda the wife of Tyndarus, who bore him two famous sons, Castor breaker of horses, and Pollux the mighty boxer. Both these heroes are lying under the earth, though they are still alive, for by a special dispensation of Jove, they die and come to life again, each one of them every other day throughout all time, and they have the rank of gods.

"After her I saw Iphimedeia wife of Aloeus who boasted the embrace of Neptune. She bore two sons Otus and Ephialtes, but both were short lived. They were the finest children that were ever born in this world, and the best looking, Orion only excepted; for at nine years old they were nine fathoms high, and measured nine cubits round the chest. They threatened to make war with the gods in Olympus, and tried to set Mount Ossa on the top of Mount Olympus, and Mount Pelion on the top of Ossa, that they might scale heaven itself, and they would have done it too if they had been grown up, but Apollo, son of Leto, killed both of them, before they had got so much as a sign of hair upon their cheeks or chin.

"Then I saw Phaedra, and Procris, and fair Ariadne daughter of the magician Minos, whom Theseus was carrying off from Crete to Athens, but he did not enjoy her, for before he could do so Diana killed her in the island of Dia on account of what Bacchus had said against her.

"I also saw Maera and Clymene and hateful Eriphyle, who sold her own husband for gold. But it would take me all night if I were to name every single one of the wives and daughters of heroes whom I saw, and it is time for me to go to bed, either on board ship with my crew, or here. As for my escort, heaven and yourselves will see to it."

Here he ended, and the guests sat all of them enthralled and speechless throughout the covered cloister. Then Arete said to them:

"What do you think of this man, O Phaeacians? Is he not tall and good looking, and is he not Clever? True, he is my own guest, but all of you share in the distinction. Do not he a hurry to send him away, nor niggardly in the presents you make to one who is in such great need, for heaven has blessed all of you with great abundance."

Then spoke the aged hero Echeneus who was one of the oldest men among them, "My friends," said he, "what our august queen has just said to us is both reasonable and to the purpose, therefore be persuaded by it; but the decision whether in word or deed rests ultimately with King Alcinous."

"The thing shall be done," exclaimed Alcinous, "as surely as I still live and reign over the Phaeacians. Our guest is indeed very anxious to get home, still we must persuade him to remain with us until to-morrow, by which time I shall be able to get together the whole sum that I mean to give him. As regards—his escort it will be a matter for you all, and mine above all others as the chief person among you."

And Ulysses answered, "King Alcinous, if you were to bid me to stay here for a whole twelve months, and then speed me on my way, loaded with your noble gifts, I should obey you gladly and it would redound greatly to my advantage, for I should return fuller-handed to my own people, and should thus be more respected and beloved by all who see me when I get back to Ithaca."

"Ulysses," replied Alcinous, "not one of us who sees you has any idea that you are a charlatan or a swindler. I know there are many people going about who tell such plausible stories that it is very hard to see through them, but there is a style about your language which assures me of your good disposition. Moreover you have told the story of your own misfortunes, and those of the Argives, as though you were a practised bard; but tell me, and tell me true, whether you saw any of the mighty heroes who went to Troy at the same time with yourself, and perished there. The evenings are still at their longest, and it is not yet bed time—go on, therefore, with your divine story, for I could stay here listening till to-morrow morning, so long as you will continue to tell us of your adventures."

"Alcinous," answered Ulysses, "there is a time for making speeches, and a time for going to bed; nevertheless, since you so desire, I will not refrain from telling you the still sadder tale of those of my comrades who did not fall fighting with the Trojans, but perished on their return, through the treachery of a wicked woman."

"When Proserpine had dismissed the female ghosts in all directions, the ghost of Agamemnon son of Atreus came sadly up to me, surrounded by those who had perished with him in the house of Aegisthus. As soon as he had tasted the blood he knew me, and weeping bitterly stretched out his arms towards me to embrace me; but he had no strength nor substance any more, and I too wept and pitied him as I beheld him. 'How did you come by your death,' said I, 'King Agamemnon? Did Neptune raise his winds and waves against you when you were at sea, or did your enemies make an end of you on the mainland when you were cattle-lifting or sheep-stealing, or while they were fighting in defence of their wives and city?'

"Ulysses,' he answered, 'noble son of Laertes, was not lost at sea in any storm of Neptune's raising, nor did my foes despatch me upon the mainland, but Aegisthus and my wicked wife were the death of me between them. He asked me to his house, feasted me, and then butchered me most miserably as though I were a fat beast in a slaughter house, while all around me my comrades were slain like sheep or pigs for the wedding breakfast, or picnic, or gorgeous banquet of some great nobleman. You must have seen numbers of men killed either in a general engagement, or in single combat, but you never saw anything so truly pitiable as the way in which we fell in that cloister, with the mixing-bowl and the loaded tables lying all about, and the ground reeking with our-blood. I heard Priam's daughter Cassandra scream as Clytemnestra killed her close beside me. I lay dying upon the earth with the sword in my body, and raised my hands to kill the slut of a murderess, but she slipped away from me; she would not even close my lips nor my eyes when I was dying, for there is nothing in this world so cruel and so shameless as a woman when she has fallen into such guilt as hers was. Fancy murdering her own husband! I thought I was going to be welcomed home by my children and my servants, but her abominable crime has brought disgrace on herself and all women who shall come after—even on the good ones.'

"And I said, 'In truth Jove has hated the house of Atreus from first to last in the matter of their women's counsels. See how many of us fell for Helen's sake, and now it seems that Clytemnestra hatched mischief against too during your absence.'

"Be sure, therefore,' continued Agamemnon, 'and not be too friendly even with your own wife. Do not tell her all that you know perfectly well yourself. Tell her a part only, and keep your own counsel about the rest. Not that your wife, Ulysses, is likely to murder you, for Penelope is a very admirable woman, and has an excellent nature. We left her a young bride with an infant at her breast when we set out for Troy. This child no doubt is now grown up happily to man's estate, and he and his father will have a joyful meeting and embrace one another as it is right they

should do, whereas my wicked wife did not even allow me the happiness of looking upon my son, but killed me ere I could do so. Furthermore I say—and lay my saying to your heart—do not tell people when you are bringing your ship to Ithaca, but steal a march upon them, for after all this there is no trusting women. But now tell me, and tell me true, can you give me any news of my son Orestes? Is he in Orchomenus, or at Pylos, or is he at Sparta with Menelaus—for I presume that he is still living.’

“And I said, ‘Agamemnon, why do you ask me? I do not know whether your son is alive or dead, and it is not right to talk when one does not know.’

“As we two sat weeping and talking thus sadly with one another the ghost of Achilles came up to us with Patroclus, Antilochus, and Ajax who was the finest and goodliest man of all the Danaans after the son of Peleus. The fleet descendant of Aeacus knew me and spoke piteously, saying, ‘Ulysses, noble son of Laertes, what deed of daring will you undertake next, that you venture down to the house of Hades among us silly dead, who are but the ghosts of them that can labour no more?’

“And I said, ‘Achilles, son of Peleus, foremost champion of the Achaeans, I came to consult Teiresias, and see if he could advise me about my return home to Ithaca, for I have never yet been able to get near the Achaean land, nor to set foot in my own country, but have been in trouble all the time. As for you, Achilles, no one was ever yet so fortunate as you have been, nor ever will be, for you were adored by all us Argives as long as you were alive, and now that you are here you are a great prince among the dead. Do not, therefore, take it so much to heart even if you are dead.’

“‘Say not a word,’ he answered, ‘in death’s favour; I would rather be a paid servant in a poor man’s house and be above ground than king of kings among the dead. But give me news about son; is he gone to the wars and will he be a great soldier, or is this not so? Tell me also if you have heard anything about my father Peleus—does he still rule among the Myrmidons, or do they show him no respect throughout Hellas and Phthia now that he is old and his limbs fail him? Could I but stand by his side, in the light of day, with the same strength that I had when I killed the bravest of our foes upon the plain of Troy—could I but be as I then was and go even for a short time to my father’s house, any one who tried to do him violence or supersede him would soon me it.’

“‘I have heard nothing,’ I answered, ‘of Peleus, but I can tell you all about your son Neoptolemus, for I took him in my own ship from Scyros with the Achaeans. In our councils of war before Troy he was always first to speak, and his judgement was unerring. Nestor and I were the only two who could surpass him; and when it came to fighting on the plain of Troy, he would never remain with the body of his men, but would dash on far in front, foremost of them all in valour. Many a man did he kill in battle—I cannot name every single one of those whom he slew while fighting on the side of the Argives, but will only say how he killed that valiant hero Eurypylos son of Telephus, who was the handsomest man I ever saw except Memnon; many others also of the Ceteians fell around him by reason of a woman’s bribes. Moreover, when all the bravest of the Argives went inside the horse that Epeus had made, and it was left to me to settle when we should either open the door of our ambushade, or close it, though all the other leaders and chief men among the Danaans were drying their eyes and quaking in every limb, I never once saw him turn pale nor wipe a tear from his cheek; he was all the time urging me to break out from the horse—grasping the handle of his sword and his bronze-shod spear, and breathing fury against the foe. Yet when we had sacked the city of Priam he got his handsome share of the prize money and went on board (such is the fortune of war) without a wound upon him, neither from a thrown spear nor in close combat, for the rage of Mars is a matter of great chance.’

“When I had told him this, the ghost of Achilles strode off across a meadow full of asphodel, exulting over what I had said concerning the prowess of his son.

“The ghosts of other dead men stood near me and told me each his own melancholy tale; but that of Ajax son of Telamon alone held aloof—still angry with me for having won the cause in our dispute about the armour of Achilles. Thetis had offered it as a prize, but the Trojan prisoners and Minerva were the judges. Would that I had never gained the day in such a contest, for it cost the life of Ajax, who was foremost of all the Danaans after the son of Peleus, alike in stature and prowess.

“When I saw him I tried to pacify him and said, ‘Ajax, will you not forget and forgive even in death, but must the judgement about that hateful armour still rankle with you? It cost us Argives dear enough to lose such a tower of strength as you were to us. We mourned you as much as we mourned Achilles son of Peleus himself, nor can the blame be laid on anything but on the spite which Jove bore against the Danaans, for it was this that made him counsel your destruction—come hither, therefore, bring your proud spirit into subjection, and hear what I can tell you.’

“He would not answer, but turned away to Erebus and to the other ghosts; nevertheless, I should have made him talk to me in spite of his being so angry, or I should have gone talking to him, only that there were still others among the dead whom I desired to see.

“Then I saw Minos son of Jove with his golden sceptre in his hand sitting in judgement on the dead, and the ghosts were gathered sitting and standing round him in the spacious house of Hades, to learn his sentences upon them.

“After him I saw huge Orion in a meadow full of asphodel driving the ghosts of the wild beasts that he had killed upon the mountains, and he had a great bronze club in his hand, unbreakable for ever and ever.

“And I saw Tityus son of Gaia stretched upon the plain and covering some nine acres of ground. Two vultures on either side of him were digging their beaks into his liver, and he kept on trying to beat them off with his hands, but could not; for he had violated Jove’s mistress Leto as she was going through Panopeus on her way to Pytho.

“I saw also the dreadful fate of Tantalus, who stood in a lake that reached his chin; he was dying to quench his thirst, but could never reach the water, for whenever the poor creature stooped to drink, it dried up and vanished, so that there was nothing but dry ground—parched by the spite of heaven. There were tall trees, moreover, that shed their fruit over his head—pears, pomegranates, apples, sweet figs and juicy olives, but whenever the poor creature stretched out his hand to take some, the wind tossed the branches back again to the clouds.

“And I saw Sisyphus at his endless task raising his prodigious stone with both his hands. With hands and feet he tried to roll it up to the top of the hill, but always, just before he could roll it over on to the other side, its weight would be too much for him, and the pitiless stone would come thundering down again on to the plain. Then he would begin trying to push it up hill again, and the sweat ran off him and the steam rose after him.

“After him I saw mighty Hercules, but it was his phantom only, for he is feasting ever with the immortal gods, and has lovely Hebe to wife, who is daughter of Jove and Juno. The ghosts were screaming round him like scared birds flying all whithers. He looked black as night with his bare bow in his hands and his arrow on the string, glaring around as though ever on the point of taking aim. About his breast there was a wondrous golden belt adorned in the most marvellous fashion with bears, wild boars, and lions with gleaming eyes; there was also war, battle, and death. The man who made that belt, do what he might, would never be able to make another like it. Hercules knew me at once when he saw me, and spoke piteously, saying, my poor Ulysses, noble son of Laertes, are you too leading the same sorry kind of life that I did when I was above ground? I was son of Jove, but I went through an infinity of suffering, for I became bondsman to one who was far beneath me—a low fellow who set me all manner of labours. He once sent me here to fetch the hell-hound—for he did not think he could find anything harder for me than this, but I got the hound out of Hades and brought him to him, for Mercury and Minerva helped me.’

“On this Hercules went down again into the house of Hades, but I stayed where I was in case some other of the mighty dead should come to me. And I should have seen still other of them that are gone before, whom I would fain have seen—Theseus and Pirithous glorious children of the gods, but so many thousands of ghosts came round me and uttered such appalling cries, that I was panic stricken lest Proserpine should send up from the house of Hades the head of that awful monster Gorgon. On this I hastened back to my ship and ordered my men to go on board at once and loose the hawsers; so they embarked and took their places, whereon the ship went down the stream of the river Oceanus. We had to row at first, but presently a fair wind sprang up.

Book XII

“AFTER we were clear of the river Oceanus, and had got out into the open sea, we went on till we reached the Aeaean island where there is dawn and sunrise as in other places. We then drew our ship on to the sands and got out of her on to the shore, where we went to sleep and waited till day should break.

“Then, when the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, I sent some men to Circe’s house to fetch the body of Elpenor. We cut firewood from a wood where the headland jutted out into the sea, and after we had wept over him and lamented him we performed his funeral rites. When his body and armour had been burned to ashes, we raised a cairn, set a stone over it, and at the top of the cairn we fixed the oar that he had been used to row with.

“While we were doing all this, Circe, who knew that we had got back from the house of Hades, dressed herself and came to us as fast as she could; and her maid servants came with her bringing us bread, meat, and wine. Then she stood in the midst of us and said, ‘You have done a bold thing in going down alive to the house of Hades, and you will have died twice, to other people’s once; now, then, stay here for the rest of the day, feast your fill, and go on with your voyage at daybreak tomorrow morning. In the meantime I will tell Ulysses about your course, and will explain everything to him so as to prevent your suffering from misadventure either by land or sea.’

“We agreed to do as she had said, and feasted through the livelong day to the going down of the sun, but when the sun had set and it came on dark, the men laid themselves down to sleep by the stern cables of the ship. Then Circe took me by the hand and bade me be seated away from the others, while she reclined by my side and asked me all about our adventures.

“So far so good,’ said she, when I had ended my story, ‘and now pay attention to what I am about to tell you—heaven itself, indeed, will recall it to your recollection. First you will come to the Sirens who enchant all who come near them. If any one unwarily draws in too close and hears the singing of the Sirens, his wife and children will never welcome him home again, for they sit in a green field and warble him to death with the sweetness of their song. There is a great heap of dead men’s bones lying all around, with the flesh still rotting off them. Therefore pass these

Sirens by, and stop your men's ears with wax that none of them may hear; but if you like you can listen yourself, for you may get the men to bind you as you stand upright on a cross-piece half way up the mast, and they must lash the rope's ends to the mast itself, that you may have the pleasure of listening. If you beg and pray the men to unloose you, then they must bind you faster.

"When your crew have taken you past these Sirens, I cannot give you coherent directions as to which of two courses you are to take; I will lay the two alternatives before you, and you must consider them for yourself. On the one hand there are some overhanging rocks against which the deep blue waves of Amphitrite beat with terrific fury; the blessed gods call these rocks the Wanderers. Here not even a bird may pass, no, not even the timid doves that bring ambrosia to Father Jove, but the sheer rock always carries off one of them, and Father Jove has to send another to make up their number; no ship that ever yet came to these rocks has got away again, but the waves and whirlwinds of fire are freighted with wreckage and with the bodies of dead men. The only vessel that ever sailed and got through, was the famous Argo on her way from the house of Aetes, and she too would have gone against these great rocks, only that Juno piloted her past them for the love she bore to Jason.

"Of these two rocks the one reaches heaven and its peak is lost in a dark cloud. This never leaves it, so that the top is never clear not even in summer and early autumn. No man though he had twenty hands and twenty feet could get a foothold on it and climb it, for it runs sheer up, as smooth as though it had been polished. In the middle of it there is a large cavern, looking West and turned towards Erebus; you must take your ship this way, but the cave is so high up that not even the stoutest archer could send an arrow into it. Inside it Scylla sits and yelps with a voice that you might take to be that of a young hound, but in truth she is a dreadful monster and no one—not even a god—could face her without being terror-struck. She has twelve mis-shapen feet, and six necks of the most prodigious length; and at the end of each neck she has a frightful head with three rows of teeth in each, all set very close together, so that they would crunch any one to death in a moment, and she sits deep within her shady cell thrusting out her heads and peering all round the rock, fishing for dolphins or dogfish or any larger monster that she can catch, of the thousands with which Amphitrite teems. No ship ever yet got past her without losing some men, for she shoots out all her heads at once, and carries off a man in each mouth.

"You will find the other rocks lie lower, but they are so close together that there is not more than a bowshot between them. [A large fig tree in full leaf grows upon it], and under it lies the sucking whirlpool of Charybdis. Three times in the day does she vomit forth her waters, and three times she sucks them down again; see that you be not there when she is sucking, for if you are, Neptune himself could not save you; you must hug the Scylla side and drive ship by as fast as you can, for you had better lose six men than your whole crew."

"Is there no way," said I, "of escaping Charybdis, and at the same time keeping Scylla off when she is trying to harm my men?"

"You dare-devil," replied the goddess, "you are always wanting to fight somebody or something; you will not let yourself be beaten even by the immortals. For Scylla is not mortal; moreover she is savage, extreme, rude, cruel and invincible. There is no help for it; your best chance will be to get by her as fast as ever you can, for if you dawdle about her rock while you are putting on your armour, she may catch you with a second cast of her six heads, and snap up another half dozen of your men; so drive your ship past her at full speed, and roar out lustily to Crataeis who is Scylla's dam, bad luck to her; she will then stop her from making a second raid upon you.

"You will now come to the Thrinacian island, and here you will see many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep belonging to the sun-god—seven herds of cattle and seven flocks of sheep, with fifty head in each flock. They do not breed, nor do they become fewer in number, and they are tended by the goddesses Phaethusa and Lampetie, who are children of the sun-god Hyperion by Neaera. Their mother when she had borne them and had done suckling them sent them to the Thrinacian island, which was a long way off, to live there and look after their father's flocks and herds. If you leave these flocks unharmed, and think of nothing but getting home, you may yet after much hardship reach Ithaca; but if you harm them, then I forewarn you of the destruction both of your ship and of your comrades; and even though you may yourself escape, you will return late, in bad plight, after losing all your men."

"Here she ended, and dawn enthroned in gold began to show in heaven, whereon she returned inland. I then went on board and told my men to loose the ship from her moorings; so they at once got into her, took their places, and began to smite the grey sea with their oars. Presently the great and cunning goddess Circe befriended us with a fair wind that blew dead aft, and stayed steadily with us, keeping our sails well filled, so we did whatever wanted doing to the ship's gear, and let her go as wind and helmsman headed her.

"Then, being much troubled in mind, I said to my men, 'My friends, it is not right that one or two of us alone should know the prophecies that Circe has made me, I will therefore tell you about them, so that whether we live or die we may do so with our eyes open. First she said we were to keep clear of the Sirens, who sit and sing most beautifully in a field of flowers; but she said I might hear them myself so long as no one else did. Therefore, take me and bind me to the crosspiece half way up the mast; bind me as I stand upright, with a bond so fast that I cannot possibly break away, and lash the rope's ends to the mast itself. If I beg and pray you to set me free, then bind me

more tightly still.’

“I had hardly finished telling everything to the men before we reached the island of the two Sirens, for the wind had been very favourable. Then all of a sudden it fell dead calm; there was not a breath of wind nor a ripple upon the water, so the men furled the sails and stowed them; then taking to their oars they whitened the water with the foam they raised in rowing. Meanwhile I took a large wheel of wax and cut it up small with my sword. Then I kneaded the wax in my strong hands till it became soft, which it soon did between the kneading and the rays of the sun-god son of Hyperion. Then I stopped the ears of all my men, and they bound me hands and feet to the mast as I stood upright on the crosspiece; but they went on rowing themselves. When we had got within earshot of the land, and the ship was going at a good rate, the Sirens saw that we were getting in shore and began with their singing.

“Come here,’ they sang, ‘renowned Ulysses, honour to the Achaean name, and listen to our two voices. No one ever sailed past us without staying to hear the enchanting sweetness of our song—and he who listens will go on his way not only charmed, but wiser, for we know all the ills that the gods laid upon the Argives and Trojans before Troy, and can tell you everything that is going to happen over the whole world.’

“They sang these words most musically, and as I longed to hear them further I made by frowning to my men that they should set me free; but they quickened their stroke, and Eurylochus and Perimedes bound me with still stronger bonds till we had got out of hearing of the Sirens’ voices. Then my men took the wax from their ears and unbound me.

“Immediately after we had got past the island I saw a great wave from which spray was rising, and I heard a loud roaring sound. The men were so frightened that they loosed hold of their oars, for the whole sea resounded with the rushing of the waters, but the ship stayed where it was, for the men had left off rowing. I went round, therefore, and exhorted them man by man not to lose heart.

“My friends,’ said I, ‘this is not the first time that we have been in danger, and we are in nothing like so bad a case as when the Cyclops shut us up in his cave; nevertheless, my courage and wise counsel saved us then, and we shall live to look back on all this as well. Now, therefore, let us all do as I say, trust in Jove and row on with might and main. As for you, coxswain, these are your orders; attend to them, for the ship is in your hands; turn her head away from these steaming rapids and hug the rock, or she will give you the slip and be over yonder before you know where you are, and you will be the death of us.’

“So they did as I told them; but I said nothing about the awful monster Scylla, for I knew the men would not on rowing if I did, but would huddle together in the hold. In one thing only did I disobey Circe’s strict instructions—I put on my armour. Then seizing two strong spears I took my stand on the ship’s bows, for it was there that I expected first to see the monster of the rock, who was to do my men so much harm; but I could not make her out anywhere, though I strained my eyes with looking the gloomy rock all over and over

“Then we entered the Straits in great fear of mind, for on the one hand was Scylla, and on the other dread Charybdis kept sucking up the salt water. As she vomited it up, it was like the water in a cauldron when it is boiling over upon a great fire, and the spray reached the top of the rocks on either side. When she began to suck again, we could see the water all inside whirling round and round, and it made a deafening sound as it broke against the rocks. We could see the bottom of the whirlpool all black with sand and mud, and the men were at their wit’s ends for fear. While we were taken up with this, and were expecting each moment to be our last, Scylla pounced down suddenly upon us and snatched up my six best men. I was looking at once after both ship and men, and in a moment I saw their hands and feet ever so high above me, struggling in the air as Scylla was carrying them off, and I heard them call out my name in one last despairing cry. As a fisherman, seated, spear in hand, upon some jutting rock throws bait into the water to deceive the poor little fishes, and spears them with the ox’s horn with which his spear is shod, throwing them gasping on to the land as he catches them one by one—even so did Scylla land these panting creatures on her rock and munch them up at the mouth of her den, while they screamed and stretched out their hands to me in their mortal agony. This was the most sickening sight that I saw throughout all my voyages.

“When we had passed the [Wandering] rocks, with Scylla and terrible Charybdis, we reached the noble island of the sun-god, where were the goodly cattle and sheep belonging to the sun Hyperion. While still at sea in my ship I could bear the cattle lowing as they came home to the yards, and the sheep bleating. Then I remembered what the blind Theban prophet Teiresias had told me, and how carefully Aeaean Circe had warned me to shun the island of the blessed sun-god. So being much troubled I said to the men, ‘My men, I know you are hard pressed, but listen while I tell you the prophecy that Teiresias made me, and how carefully Aeaean Circe warned me to shun the island of the blessed sun-god, for it was here, she said, that our worst danger would lie. Head the ship, therefore, away from the island.’

“The men were in despair at this, and Eurylochus at once gave me an insolent answer. ‘Ulysses,’ said he, ‘you are cruel; you are very strong yourself and never get worn out; you seem to be made of iron, and now, though your men are exhausted with toil and want of sleep, you will not let them land and cook themselves a good supper upon this island, but bid them put out to sea and go faring fruitlessly on through the watches of the flying night. It is by night

that the winds blow hardest and do so much damage; how can we escape should one of those sudden squalls spring up from South West or West, which so often wreck a vessel when our lords the gods are unpropitious? Now, therefore, let us obey the of night and prepare our supper here hard by the ship; to-morrow morning we will go on board again and put out to sea.

“Thus spoke Eurylochus, and the men approved his words. I saw that heaven meant us a mischief and said, ‘You force me to yield, for you are many against one, but at any rate each one of you must take his solemn oath that if he meet with a herd of cattle or a large flock of sheep, he will not be so mad as to kill a single head of either, but will be satisfied with the food that Circe has given us.’

“They all swore as I bade them, and when they had completed their oath we made the ship fast in a harbour that was near a stream of fresh water, and the men went ashore and cooked their suppers. As soon as they had had enough to eat and drink, they began talking about their poor comrades whom Scylla had snatched up and eaten; this set them weeping and they went on crying till they fell off into a sound sleep.

“In the third watch of the night when the stars had shifted their places, Jove raised a great gale of wind that flew a hurricane so that land and sea were covered with thick clouds, and night sprang forth out of the heavens. When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, we brought the ship to land and drew her into a cave wherein the sea-nymphs hold their courts and dances, and I called the men together in council.

“My friends,’ said I, ‘we have meat and drink in the ship, let us mind, therefore, and not touch the cattle, or we shall suffer for it; for these cattle and sheep belong to the mighty sun, who sees and gives ear to everything. And again they promised that they would obey.

“For a whole month the wind blew steadily from the South, and there was no other wind, but only South and East. As long as corn and wine held out the men did not touch the cattle when they were hungry; when, however, they had eaten all there was in the ship, they were forced to go further afield, with hook and line, catching birds, and taking whatever they could lay their hands on; for they were starving. One day, therefore, I went up inland that I might pray heaven to show me some means of getting away. When I had gone far enough to be clear of all my men, and had found a place that was well sheltered from the wind, I washed my hands and prayed to all the gods in Olympus till by and by they sent me off into a sweet sleep.

“Meanwhile Eurylochus had been giving evil counsel to the men, ‘Listen to me,’ said he, ‘my poor comrades. All deaths are bad enough but there is none so bad as famine. Why should not we drive in the best of these cows and offer them in sacrifice to the immortal Gods? If we ever get back to Ithaca, we can build a fine temple to the sun-god and enrich it with every kind of ornament; if, however, he is determined to sink our ship out of revenge for these homed cattle, and the other gods are of the same mind, I for one would rather drink salt water once for all and have done with it, than be starved to death by inches in such a desert island as this is.’

“Thus spoke Eurylochus, and the men approved his words. Now the cattle, so fair and goodly, were feeding not far from the ship; the men, therefore drove in the best of them, and they all stood round them saying their prayers, and using young oak-shoots instead of barley-meal, for there was no barley left. When they had done praying they killed the cows and dressed their carcasses; they cut out the thigh bones, wrapped them round in two layers of fat, and set some pieces of raw meat on top of them. They had no wine with which to make drink-offerings over the sacrifice while it was cooking, so they kept pouring on a little water from time to time while the inward meats were being grilled; then, when the thigh bones were burned and they had tasted the inward meats, they cut the rest up small and put the pieces upon the spits.

“By this time my deep sleep had left me, and I turned back to the ship and to the sea shore. As I drew near I began to smell hot roast meat, so I groaned out a prayer to the immortal gods. ‘Father Jove,’ I exclaimed, ‘and all you other gods who live in everlasting bliss, you have done me a cruel mischief by the sleep into which you have sent me; see what fine work these men of mine have been making in my absence.’

“Meanwhile Lampetie went straight off to the sun and told him we had been killing his cows, whereon he flew into a great rage, and said to the immortals, ‘Father Jove, and all you other gods who live in everlasting bliss, I must have vengeance on the crew of Ulysses’ ship: they have had the insolence to kill my cows, which were the one thing I loved to look upon, whether I was going up heaven or down again. If they do not square accounts with me about my cows, I will go down to Hades and shine there among the dead.’

“Sun,’ said Jove, ‘go on shining upon us gods and upon mankind over the fruitful earth. I will shiver their ship into little pieces with a bolt of white lightning as soon as they get out to sea.’

“I was told all this by Calypso, who said she had heard it from the mouth of Mercury.

“As soon as I got down to my ship and to the sea shore I rebuked each one of the men separately, but we could see no way out of it, for the cows were dead already. And indeed the gods began at once to show signs and wonders among us, for the hides of the cattle crawled about, and the joints upon the spits began to low like cows, and the meat, whether cooked or raw, kept on making a noise just as cows do.

“For six days my men kept driving in the best cows and feasting upon them, but when Jove the son of Saturn

had added a seventh day, the fury of the gale abated; we therefore went on board, raised our masts, spread sail, and put out to sea. As soon as we were well away from the island, and could see nothing but sky and sea, the son of Saturn raised a black cloud over our ship, and the sea grew dark beneath it. We not get on much further, for in another moment we were caught by a terrific squall from the West that snapped the forestays of the mast so that it fell aft, while all the ship's gear tumbled about at the bottom of the vessel. The mast fell upon the head of the helmsman in the ship's stern, so that the bones of his head were crushed to pieces, and he fell overboard as though he were diving, with no more life left in him.

"Then Jove let fly with his thunderbolts, and the ship went round and round, and was filled with fire and brimstone as the lightning struck it. The men all fell into the sea; they were carried about in the water round the ship, looking like so many sea-gulls, but the god presently deprived them of all chance of getting home again.

"I stuck to the ship till the sea knocked her sides from her keel (which drifted about by itself) and struck the mast out of her in the direction of the keel; but there was a backstay of stout ox-thong still hanging about it, and with this I lashed the mast and keel together, and getting astride of them was carried wherever the winds chose to take me.

"[The gale from the West had now spent its force, and the wind got into the South again, which frightened me lest I should be taken back to the terrible whirlpool of Charybdis. This indeed was what actually happened, for I was borne along by the waves all night, and by sunrise had reached the rock of Scylla, and the whirlpool. She was then sucking down the salt sea water, but I was carried aloft toward the fig tree, which I caught hold of and clung on to like a bat. I could not plant my feet anywhere so as to stand securely, for the roots were a long way off and the boughs that overshadowed the whole pool were too high, too vast, and too far apart for me to reach them; so I hung patiently on, waiting till the pool should discharge my mast and raft again—and a very long while it seemed. A juryman is not more glad to get home to supper, after having been long detained in court by troublesome cases, than I was to see my raft beginning to work its way out of the whirlpool again. At last I let go with my hands and feet, and fell heavily into the sea, bard by my raft on to which I then got, and began to row with my hands. As for Scylla, the father of gods and men would not let her get further sight of me—otherwise I should have certainly been lost.]

"Hence I was carried along for nine days till on the tenth night the gods stranded me on the Ogygian island, where dwells the great and powerful goddess Calypso. She took me in and was kind to me, but I need say no more about this, for I told you and your noble wife all about it yesterday, and I hate saying the same thing over and over again."

Book XIII

THUS did he speak, and they all held their peace throughout the covered cloister, enthralled by the charm of his story, till presently Alcinous began to speak.

"Ulysses," said he, "now that you have reached my house I doubt not you will get home without further misadventure no matter how much you have suffered in the past. To you others, however, who come here night after night to drink my choicest wine and listen to my bard, I would insist as follows. Our guest has already packed up the clothes, wrought gold, and other valuables which you have brought for his acceptance; let us now, therefore, present him further, each one of us, with a large tripod and a cauldron. We will recoup ourselves by the levy of a general rate; for private individuals cannot be expected to bear the burden of such a handsome present."

Every one approved of this, and then they went home to bed each in his own abode. When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, they hurried down to the ship and brought their cauldrons with them. Alcinous went on board and saw everything so securely stowed under the ship's benches that nothing could break adrift and injure the rowers. Then they went to the house of Alcinous to get dinner, and he sacrificed a bull for them in honour of Jove who is the lord of all. They set the steaks to grill and made an excellent dinner, after which the inspired bard, Demodocus, who was a favourite with every one, sang to them; but Ulysses kept on turning his eyes towards the sun, as though to hasten his setting, for he was longing to be on his way. As one who has been all day ploughing a fallow field with a couple of oxen keeps thinking about his supper and is glad when night comes that he may go and get it, for it is all his legs can do to carry him, even so did Ulysses rejoice when the sun went down, and he at once said to the Phaeacians, addressing himself more particularly to King Alcinous:

"Sir, and all of you, farewell. Make your drink-offerings and send me on my way rejoicing, for you have fulfilled my heart's desire by giving me an escort, and making me presents, which heaven grant that I may turn to good account; may I find my admirable wife living in peace among friends, and may you whom I leave behind me give satisfaction to your wives and children; may heaven vouchsafe you every good grace, and may no evil thing come among your people."

Thus did he speak. His hearers all of them approved his saying and agreed that he should have his escort inasmuch as he had spoken reasonably. Alcinous therefore said to his servant, "Pontonous, mix some wine and hand it

round to everybody, that we may offer a prayer to father Jove, and speed our guest upon his way.”

Pontonus mixed the wine and handed it to every one in turn; the others each from his own seat made a drink-offering to the blessed gods that live in heaven, but Ulysses rose and placed the double cup in the hands of queen Arete.

“Farewell, queen,” said he, “henceforward and for ever, till age and death, the common lot of mankind, lay their hands upon you. I now take my leave; be happy in this house with your children, your people, and with king Alcinous.”

As he spoke he crossed the threshold, and Alcinous sent a man to conduct him to his ship and to the sea shore. Arete also sent some maid servants with him—one with a clean shirt and cloak, another to carry his strong-box, and a third with corn and wine. When they got to the water side the crew took these things and put them on board, with all the meat and drink; but for Ulysses they spread a rug and a linen sheet on deck that he might sleep soundly in the stern of the ship. Then he too went on board and lay down without a word, but the crew took every man his place and loosed the hawser from the pierced stone to which it had been bound. Thereon, when they began rowing out to sea, Ulysses fell into a deep, sweet, and almost deathlike slumber.

The ship bounded forward on her way as a four in hand chariot flies over the course when the horses feel the whip. Her prow curveted as it were the neck of a stallion, and a great wave of dark blue water seethed in her wake. She held steadily on her course, and even a falcon, swiftest of all birds, could not have kept pace with her. Thus, then, she cut her way through the water, carrying one who was as cunning as the gods, but who was now sleeping peacefully, forgetful of all that he had suffered both on the field of battle and by the waves of the weary sea.

When the bright star that heralds the approach of dawn began to show, the ship drew near to land. Now there is in Ithaca a haven of the old merman Phorcys, which lies between two points that break the line of the sea and shut the harbour in. These shelter it from the storms of wind and sea that rage outside, so that, when once within it, a ship may lie without being even moored. At the head of this harbour there is a large olive tree, and at no distance a fine overarching cavern sacred to the nymphs who are called Naiads. There are mixing-bowls within it and wine-jars of stone, and the bees hive there. Moreover, there are great looms of stone on which the nymphs weave their robes of sea purple—very curious to see—and at all times there is water within it. It has two entrances, one facing North by which mortals can go down into the cave, while the other comes from the South and is more mysterious; mortals cannot possibly get in by it, it is the way taken by the gods.

Into this harbour, then, they took their ship, for they knew the place, she had so much way upon her that she ran half her own length on to the shore; when, however, they had landed, the first thing they did was to lift Ulysses with his rug and linen sheet out of the ship, and lay him down upon the sand still fast asleep. Then they took out the presents which Minerva had persuaded the Phaeacians to give him when he was setting out on his voyage homeward. They put these all together by the root of the olive tree, away from the road, for fear some passer by might come and steal them before Ulysses awoke; and then they made the best of their way home again.

But Neptune did not forget the threats with which he had already threatened Ulysses, so he took counsel with Jove. “Father Jove,” said he, “I shall no longer be held in any sort of respect among you gods, if mortals like the Phaeacians, who are my own flesh and blood, show such small regard for me. I said I would Ulysses get home when he had suffered sufficiently. I did not say that he should never get home at all, for I knew you had already nodded your head about it, and promised that he should do so; but now they have brought him in a ship fast asleep and have landed him in Ithaca after loading him with more magnificent presents of bronze, gold, and raiment than he would ever have brought back from Troy, if he had had his share of the spoil and got home without misadventure.”

And Jove answered, “What, O Lord of the Earthquake, are you talking about? The gods are by no means wanting in respect for you. It would be monstrous were they to insult one so old and honoured as you are. As regards mortals, however, if any of them is indulging in insolence and treating you disrespectfully, it will always rest with yourself to deal with him as you may think proper, so do just as you please.”

“I should have done so at once,” replied Neptune, “if I were not anxious to avoid anything that might displease you; now, therefore, I should like to wreck the Phaeacian ship as it is returning from its escort. This will stop them from escorting people in future; and I should also like to bury their city under a huge mountain.”

“My good friend,” answered Jove, “I should recommend you at the very moment when the people from the city are watching the ship on her way, to turn it into a rock near the land and looking like a ship. This will astonish everybody, and you can then bury their city under the mountain.”

When earth-encircling Neptune heard this he went to Scheria where the Phaeacians live, and stayed there till the ship, which was making rapid way, had got close-in. Then he went up to it, turned it into stone, and drove it down with the flat of his hand so as to root it in the ground. After this he went away.

The Phaeacians then began talking among themselves, and one would turn towards his neighbour, saying, “Bless my heart, who is it that can have rooted the ship in the sea just as she was getting into port? We could see the whole of her only moment ago.”

This was how they talked, but they knew nothing about it; and Alcinous said, "I remember now the old prophecy of my father. He said that Neptune would be angry with us for taking every one so safely over the sea, and would one day wreck a Phaeacian ship as it was returning from an escort, and bury our city under a high mountain. This was what my old father used to say, and now it is all coming true. Now therefore let us all do as I say; in the first place we must leave off giving people escorts when they come here, and in the next let us sacrifice twelve picked bulls to Neptune that he may have mercy upon us, and not bury our city under the high mountain." When the people heard this they were afraid and got ready the bulls.

Thus did the chiefs and rulers of the Phaeacians to king Neptune, standing round his altar; and at the same time Ulysses woke up once more upon his own soil. He had been so long away that he did not know it again; moreover, Jove's daughter Minerva had made it a foggy day, so that people might not know of his having come, and that she might tell him everything without either his wife or his fellow citizens and friends recognizing him until he had taken his revenge upon the wicked suitors. Everything, therefore, seemed quite different to him—the long straight tracks, the harbours, the precipices, and the goodly trees, appeared all changed as he started up and looked upon his native land. So he smote his thighs with the flat of his hands and cried aloud despairingly.

"Alas," he exclaimed, "among what manner of people am I fallen? Are they savage and uncivilized or hospitable and humane? Where shall I put all this treasure, and which way shall I go? I wish I had stayed over there with the Phaeacians; or I could have gone to some other great chief who would have been good to me and given me an escort. As it is I do not know where to put my treasure, and I cannot leave it here for fear somebody else should get hold of it. In good truth the chiefs and rulers of the Phaeacians have not been dealing fairly by me, and have left me in the wrong country; they said they would take me back to Ithaca and they have not done so: may Jove the protector of suppliants chastise them, for he watches over everybody and punishes those who do wrong. Still, I suppose I must count my goods and see if the crew have gone off with any of them."

He counted his goodly coppers and cauldrons, his gold and all his clothes, but there was nothing missing; still he kept grieving about not being in his own country, and wandered up and down by the shore of the sounding sea bewailing his hard fate. Then Minerva came up to him disguised as a young shepherd of delicate and princely mien, with a good cloak folded double about her shoulders; she had sandals on her comely feet and held a javelin in her hand. Ulysses was glad when he saw her, and went straight up to her.

"My friend," said he, "you are the first person whom I have met with in this country; I salute you, therefore, and beg you to be well disposed towards me. Protect these my goods, and myself too, for I embrace your knees and pray to you as though you were a god. Tell me, then, and tell me truly, what land and country is this? Who are its inhabitants? Am I on an island, or is this the sea board of some continent?"

Minerva answered, "Stranger, you must be very simple, or must have come from somewhere a long way off, not to know what country this is. It is a very celebrated place, and everybody knows it East and West. It is rugged and not a good driving country, but it is by no means a bad island for what there is of it. It grows any quantity of corn and also wine, for it is watered both by rain and dew; it breeds cattle also and goats; all kinds of timber grow here, and there are watering places where the water never runs dry; so, sir, the name of Ithaca is known even as far as Troy, which I understand to be a long way off from this Achaean country."

Ulysses was glad at finding himself, as Minerva told him, in his own country, and he began to answer, but he did not speak the truth, and made up a lying story in the instinctive wiliness of his heart.

"I heard of Ithaca," said he, "when I was in Crete beyond the seas, and now it seems I have reached it with all these treasures. I have left as much more behind me for my children, but am flying because I killed Orsilochus son of Idomeneus, the fleetest runner in Crete. I killed him because he wanted to rob me of the spoils I had got from Troy with so much trouble and danger both on the field of battle and by the waves of the weary sea; he said I had not served his father loyally at Troy as vassal, but had set myself up as an independent ruler, so I lay in wait for him and with one of my followers by the road side, and speared him as he was coming into town from the country. It was a very dark night and nobody saw us; it was not known, therefore, that I had killed him, but as soon as I had done so I went to a ship and besought the owners, who were Phoenicians, to take me on board and set me in Pylos or in Elis where the Epeans rule, giving them as much spoil as satisfied them. They meant no guile, but the wind drove them off their course, and we sailed on till we came hither by night. It was all we could do to get inside the harbour, and none of us said a word about supper though we wanted it badly, but we all went on shore and lay down just as we were. I was very tired and fell asleep directly, so they took my goods out of the ship, and placed them beside me where I was lying upon the sand. Then they sailed away to Sidonia, and I was left here in great distress of mind."

Such was his story, but Minerva smiled and caressed him with her hand. Then she took the form of a woman, fair, stately, and wise, "He must be indeed a shifty lying fellow," said she, "who could surpass you in all manner of craft even though you had a god for your antagonist. Dare-devil that you are, full of guile, unwearying in deceit, can you not drop your tricks and your instinctive falsehood, even now that you are in your own country again? We

will say no more, however, about this, for we can both of us deceive upon occasion—you are the most accomplished counsellor and orator among all mankind, while I for diplomacy and subtlety have no equal among the gods. Did you not know Jove's daughter Minerva — me, who have been ever with you, who kept watch over you in all your troubles, and who made the Phaeacians take so great a liking to you? And now, again, I am come here to talk things over with you, and help you to hide the treasure I made the Phaeacians give you; I want to tell you about the troubles that await you in your own house; you have got to face them, but tell no one, neither man nor woman, that you have come home again. Bear everything, and put up with every man's insolence, without a word."

And Ulysses answered, "A man, goddess, may know a great deal, but you are so constantly changing your appearance that when he meets you it is a hard matter for him to know whether it is you or not. This much, however, I know exceedingly well; you were very kind to me as long as we Achaeans were fighting before Troy, but from the day on which we went on board ship after having sacked the city of Priam, and heaven dispersed us—from that day, Minerva, I saw no more of you, and cannot ever remember your coming to my ship to help me in a difficulty; I had to wander on sick and sorry till the gods delivered me from evil and I reached the city of the Phaeacians, where you encouraged me and took me into the town. And now, I beseech you in your father's name, tell me the truth, for I do not believe I am really back in Ithaca. I am in some other country and you are mocking me and deceiving me in all you have been saying. Tell me then truly, have I really got back to my own country?"

"You are always taking something of that sort into your head," replied Minerva, "and that is why I cannot desert you in your afflictions; you are so plausible, shrewd and shifty. Any one but yourself on returning from so long a voyage would at once have gone home to see his wife and children, but you do not seem to care about asking after them or hearing any news about them till you have exploited your wife, who remains at home vainly grieving for you, and having no peace night or day for the tears she sheds on your behalf. As for my not coming near you, I was never uneasy about you, for I was certain you would get back safely though you would lose all your men, and I did not wish to quarrel with my uncle Neptune, who never forgave you for having blinded his son. I will now, however, point out to you the lie of the land, and you will then perhaps believe me. This is the haven of the old merman Phorcys, and here is the olive tree that grows at the head of it; [near it is the cave sacred to the Naiads;] here too is the overarching cavern in which you have offered many an acceptable hecatomb to the nymphs, and this is the wooded mountain Neritum."

As she spoke the goddess dispersed the mist and the land appeared. Then Ulysses rejoiced at finding himself again in his own land, and kissed the bounteous soil; he lifted up his hands and prayed to the nymphs, saying, "Naiad nymphs, daughters of Jove, I made sure that I was never again to see you, now therefore I greet you with all loving salutations, and I will bring you offerings as in the old days, if Jove's redoubtable daughter will grant me life, and bring my son to manhood."

"Take heart, and do not trouble yourself about that," rejoined Minerva, "let us rather set about stowing your things at once in the cave, where they will be quite safe. Let us see how we can best manage it all."

Therewith she went down into the cave to look for the safest hiding places, while Ulysses brought up all the treasure of gold, bronze, and good clothing which the Phaeacians had given him. They stowed everything carefully away, and Minerva set a stone against the door of the cave. Then the two sat down by the root of the great olive, and consulted how to compass the destruction of the wicked suitors.

"Ulysses," said Minerva, "noble son of Laertes, think how you can lay hands on these disreputable people who have been lording it in your house these three years, courting your wife and making wedding presents to her, while she does nothing but lament your absence, giving hope and sending your encouraging messages to every one of them, but meaning the very opposite of all she says"

And Ulysses answered, "In good truth, goddess, it seems I should have come to much the same bad end in my own house as Agamemnon did, if you had not given me such timely information. Advise me how I shall best avenge myself. Stand by my side and put your courage into my heart as on the day when we loosed Troy's fair diadem from her brow. Help me now as you did then, and I will fight three hundred men, if you, goddess, will be with me."

"Trust me for that," said she, "I will not lose sight of you when once we set about it, and I would imagine that some of those who are devouring your substance will then bespatter the pavement with their blood and brains. I will begin by disguising you so that no human being shall know you; I will cover your body with wrinkles; you shall lose all your yellow hair; I will clothe you in a garment that shall fill all who see it with loathing; I will blear your fine eyes for you, and make you an unseemly object in the sight of the suitors, of your wife, and of the son whom you left behind you. Then go at once to the swineherd who is in charge of your pigs; he has been always well affected towards you, and is devoted to Penelope and your son; you will find him feeding his pigs near the rock that is called Raven by the fountain Arethusa, where they are fattening on beechmast and spring water after their manner. Stay with him and find out how things are going, while I proceed to Sparta and see your son, who is with Menelaus at Lacedaemon, where he has gone to try and find out whether you are still alive."

"But why," said Ulysses, "did you not tell him, for you knew all about it? Did you want him too to go sailing

about amid all kinds of hardship while others are eating up his estate?”

Minerva answered, “Never mind about him, I sent him that he might be well spoken of for having gone. He is in no sort of difficulty, but is staying quite comfortably with Menelaus, and is surrounded with abundance of every kind. The suitors have put out to sea and are lying in wait for him, for they mean to kill him before he can get home. I do not much think they will succeed, but rather that some of those who are now eating up your estate will first find a grave themselves.”

As she spoke Minerva touched him with her wand and covered him with wrinkles, took away all his yellow hair, and withered the flesh over his whole body; she bleared his eyes, which were naturally very fine ones; she changed his clothes and threw an old rag of a wrap about him, and a tunic, tattered, filthy, and begrimed with smoke; she also gave him an undressed deer skin as an outer garment, and furnished him with a staff and a wallet all in holes, with a twisted thong for him to sling it over his shoulder.

When the pair had thus laid their plans they parted, and the goddess went straight to Lacedaemon to fetch Telemachus.

Book XIV

ULYSSES now left the haven, and took the rough track up through the wooded country and over the crest of the mountain till he reached the place where Minerva had said that he would find the swineherd, who was the most thrifty servant he had. He found him sitting in front of his hut, which was by the yards that he had built on a site which could be seen from far. He had made them spacious and fair to see, with a free ran for the pigs all round them; he had built them during his master’s absence, of stones which he had gathered out of the ground, without saying anything to Penelope or Laertes, and he had fenced them on top with thorn bushes. Outside the yard he had run a strong fence of oaken posts, split, and set pretty close together, while inside he had built twelve sties near one another for the sows to lie in. There were fifty pigs wallowing in each sty, all of them breeding sows; but the boars slept outside and were much fewer in number, for the suitors kept on eating them, and the swineherd had to send them the best he had continually. There were three hundred and sixty boar pigs, and the herdsman’s four hounds, which were as fierce as wolves, slept always with them. The swineherd was at that moment cutting out a pair of sandals from a good stout ox hide. Three of his men were out herding the pigs in one place or another, and he had sent the fourth to town with a boar that he had been forced to send the suitors that they might sacrifice it and have their fill of meat.

When the hounds saw Ulysses they set up a furious barking and flew at him, but Ulysses was cunning enough to sit down and loose his hold of the stick that he had in his hand: still, he would have been torn by them in his own homestead had not the swineherd dropped his ox hide, rushed full speed through the gate of the yard and driven the dogs off by shouting and throwing stones at them. Then he said to Ulysses, “Old man, the dogs were likely to have made short work of you, and then you would have got me into trouble. The gods have given me quite enough worries without that, for I have lost the best of masters, and am in continual grief on his account. I have to attend swine for other people to eat, while he, if he yet lives to see the light of day, is starving in some distant land. But come inside, and when you have had your fill of bread and wine, tell me where you come from, and all about your misfortunes.”

On this the swineherd led the way into the hut and bade him sit down. He strewed a good thick bed of rushes upon the floor, and on the top of this he threw the shaggy chamois skin—a great thick one—on which he used to sleep by night. Ulysses was pleased at being made thus welcome, and said “May Jove, sir, and the rest of the gods grant you your heart’s desire in return for the kind way in which you have received me.”

To this you answered, O swineherd Eumaeus, “Stranger, though a still poorer man should come here, it would not be right for me to insult him, for all strangers and beggars are from Jove. You must take what you can get and be thankful, for servants live in fear when they have young lords for their masters; and this is my misfortune now, for heaven has hindered the return of him who would have been always good to me and given me something of my own—a house, a piece of land, a good looking wife, and all else that a liberal master allows a servant who has worked hard for him, and whose labour the gods have prospered as they have mine in the situation which I hold. If my master had grown old here he would have done great things by me, but he is gone, and I wish that Helen’s whole race were utterly destroyed, for she has been the death of many a good man. It was this matter that took my master to Ilius, the land of noble steeds, to fight the Trojans in the cause of kin Agamemnon.”

As he spoke he bound his girdle round him and went to the sties where the young sucking pigs were penned. He picked out two which he brought back with him and sacrificed. He singed them, cut them up, and spitted on them; when the meat was cooked he brought it all in and set it before Ulysses, hot and still on the spit, whereon Ulysses sprinkled it over with white barley meal. The swineherd then mixed wine in a bowl of ivy-wood, and taking a seat opposite Ulysses told him to begin.

“Fall to, stranger,” said he, “on a dish of servant’s pork. The fat pigs have to go to the suitors, who eat them up without shame or scruple; but the blessed gods love not such shameful doings, and respect those who do what is lawful and right. Even the fierce free-booters who go raiding on other people’s land, and Jove gives them their spoil—even they, when they have filled their ships and got home again live conscience-stricken, and look fearfully for judgement; but some god seems to have told these people that Ulysses is dead and gone; they will not, therefore, go back to their own homes and make their offers of marriage in the usual way, but waste his estate by force, without fear or stint. Not a day or night comes out of heaven, but they sacrifice not one victim nor two only, and they take the run of his wine, for he was exceedingly rich. No other great man either in Ithaca or on the mainland is as rich as he was; he had as much as twenty men put together. I will tell you what he had. There are twelve herds of cattle upon the mainland, and as many flocks of sheep, there are also twelve droves of pigs, while his own men and hired strangers feed him twelve widely spreading herds of goats. Here in Ithaca he runs even large flocks of goats on the far end of the island, and they are in the charge of excellent goatherds. Each one of these sends the suitors the best goat in the flock every day. As for myself, I am in charge of the pigs that you see here, and I have to keep picking out the best I have and sending it to them.”

This was his story, but Ulysses went on eating and drinking ravenously without a word, brooding his revenge. When he had eaten enough and was satisfied, the swineherd took the bowl from which he usually drank, filled it with wine, and gave it to Ulysses, who was pleased, and said as he took it in his hands, “My friend, who was this master of yours that bought you and paid for you, so rich and so powerful as you tell me? You say he perished in the cause of King Agamemnon; tell me who he was, in case I may have met with such a person. Jove and the other gods know, but I may be able to give you news of him, for I have travelled much.”

Eumaeus answered, “Old man, no traveller who comes here with news will get Ulysses’ wife and son to believe his story. Nevertheless, tramps in want of a lodging keep coming with their mouths full of lies, and not a word of truth; every one who finds his way to Ithaca goes to my mistress and tells her falsehoods, whereon she takes them in, makes much of them, and asks them all manner of questions, crying all the time as women will when they have lost their husbands. And you too, old man, for a shirt and a cloak would doubtless make up a very pretty story. But the wolves and birds of prey have long since torn Ulysses to pieces, or the fishes of the sea have eaten him, and his bones are lying buried deep in sand upon some foreign shore; he is dead and gone, and a bad business it is for all his friends—for me especially; go where I may I shall never find so good a master, not even if I were to go home to my mother and father where I was bred and born. I do not so much care, however, about my parents now, though I should dearly like to see them again in my own country; it is the loss of Ulysses that grieves me most; I cannot speak of him without reverence though he is here no longer, for he was very fond of me, and took such care of me that wherever he may be I shall always honour his memory.”

“My friend,” replied Ulysses, “you are very positive, and very hard of belief about your master’s coming home again, nevertheless I will not merely say, but will swear, that he is coming. Do not give me anything for my news till he has actually come, you may then give me a shirt and cloak of good wear if you will. I am in great want, but I will not take anything at all till then, for I hate a man, even as I hate hell fire, who lets his poverty tempt him into lying. I swear by king Jove, by the rites of hospitality, and by that hearth of Ulysses to which I have now come, that all will surely happen as I have said it will. Ulysses will return in this self same year; with the end of this moon and the beginning of the next he will be here to do vengeance on all those who are ill treating his wife and son.”

To this you answered, O swineherd Eumaeus, “Old man, you will neither get paid for bringing good news, nor will Ulysses ever come home; drink you wine in peace, and let us talk about something else. Do not keep on reminding me of all this; it always pains me when any one speaks about my honoured master. As for your oath we will let it alone, but I only wish he may come, as do Penelope, his old father Laertes, and his son Telemachus. I am terribly unhappy too about this same boy of his; he was running up fast into manhood, and bade fare to be no worse man, face and figure, than his father, but some one, either god or man, has been unsettling his mind, so he has gone off to Pylos to try and get news of his father, and the suitors are lying in wait for him as he is coming home, in the hope of leaving the house of Arceisius without a name in Ithaca. But let us say no more about him, and leave him to be taken, or else to escape if the son of Saturn holds his hand over him to protect him. And now, old man, tell me your own story; tell me also, for I want to know, who you are and where you come from. Tell me of your town and parents, what manner of ship you came in, how crew brought you to Ithaca, and from what country they professed to come—for you cannot have come by land.”

And Ulysses answered, “I will tell you all about it. If there were meat and wine enough, and we could stay here in the hut with nothing to do but to eat and drink while the others go to their work, I could easily talk on for a whole twelve months without ever finishing the story of the sorrows with which it has pleased heaven to visit me.

“I am by birth a Cretan; my father was a well-to-do man, who had many sons born in marriage, whereas I was the son of a slave whom he had purchased for a concubine; nevertheless, my father Castor son of Hylax (whose lineage I claim, and who was held in the highest honour among the Cretans for his wealth, prosperity, and the valour

of his sons) put me on the same level with my brothers who had been born in wedlock. When, however, death took him to the house of Hades, his sons divided his estate and cast lots for their shares, but to me they gave a holding and little else; nevertheless, my valour enabled me to marry into a rich family, for I was not given to bragging, or shirking on the field of battle. It is all over now; still, if you look at the straw you can see what the ear was, for I have had trouble enough and to spare. Mars and Minerva made me doughty in war; when I had picked my men to surprise the enemy with an ambush I never gave death so much as a thought, but was the first to leap forward and spear all whom I could overtake. Such was I in battle, but I did not care about farm work, nor the frugal home life of those who would bring up children. My delight was in ships, fighting, javelins, and arrows—things that most men shudder to think of; but one man likes one thing and another another, and this was what I was most naturally inclined to. Before the Achaeans went to Troy, nine times was I in command of men and ships on foreign service, and I amassed much wealth. I had my pick of the spoil in the first instance, and much more was allotted to me later on.

“My house grew apace and I became a great man among the Cretans, but when Jove counselled that terrible expedition, in which so many perished, the people required me and Idomeneus to lead their ships to Troy, and there was no way out of it, for they insisted on our doing so. There we fought for nine whole years, but in the tenth we sacked the city of Priam and sailed home again as heaven dispersed us. Then it was that Jove devised evil against me. I spent but one month happily with my children, wife, and property, and then I conceived the idea of making a descent on Egypt, so I fitted out a fine fleet and manned it. I had nine ships, and the people flocked to fill them. For six days I and my men made feast, and I found them many victims both for sacrifice to the gods and for themselves, but on the seventh day we went on board and set sail from Crete with a fair North wind behind us though we were going down a river. Nothing went ill with any of our ships, and we had no sickness on board, but sat where we were and let the ships go as the wind and steersmen took them. On the fifth day we reached the river Aegyptus; there I stationed my ships in the river, bidding my men stay by them and keep guard over them while I sent out scouts to reconnoitre from every point of vantage.

“But the men disobeyed my orders, took to their own devices, and ravaged the land of the Egyptians, killing the men, and taking their wives and children captive. The alarm was soon carried to the city, and when they heard the war cry, the people came out at daybreak till the plain was filled with horsemen and foot soldiers and with the gleam of armour. Then Jove spread panic among my men, and they would no longer face the enemy, for they found themselves surrounded. The Egyptians killed many of us, and took the rest alive to do forced labour for them. Jove, however, put it in my mind to do thus—and I wish I had died then and there in Egypt instead, for there was much sorrow in store for me—I took off my helmet and shield and dropped my spear from my hand; then I went straight up to the king’s chariot, clasped his knees and kissed them, whereon he spared my life, bade me get into his chariot, and took me weeping to his own home. Many made at me with their ashen spears and tried to kill me in their fury, but the king protected me, for he feared the wrath of Jove the protector of strangers, who punishes those who do evil.

“I stayed there for seven years and got together much money among the Egyptians, for they all gave me something; but when it was now going on for eight years there came a certain Phoenician, a cunning rascal, who had already committed all sorts of villainy, and this man talked me over into going with him to Phoenicia, where his house and his possessions lay. I stayed there for a whole twelve months, but at the end of that time when months and days had gone by till the same season had come round again, he set me on board a ship bound for Libya, on a pretence that I was to take a cargo along with him to that place, but really that he might sell me as a slave and take the money I fetched. I suspected his intention, but went on board with him, for I could not help it.

“The ship ran before a fresh North wind till we had reached the sea that lies between Crete and Libya; there, however, Jove counselled their destruction, for as soon as we were well out from Crete and could see nothing but sea and sky, he raised a black cloud over our ship and the sea grew dark beneath it. Then Jove let fly with his thunderbolts and the ship went round and round and was filled with fire and brimstone as the lightning struck it. The men fell all into the sea; they were carried about in the water round the ship looking like so many sea-gulls, but the god presently deprived them of all chance of getting home again. I was all dismayed; Jove, however, sent the ship’s mast within my reach, which saved my life, for I clung to it, and drifted before the fury of the gale. Nine days did I drift but in the darkness of the tenth night a great wave bore me on to the Thesprotian coast. There Pheidon king of the Thesprotians entertained me hospitably without charging me anything at all for his son found me when I was nearly dead with cold and fatigue, whereon he raised me by the hand, took me to his father’s house and gave me clothes to wear.

“There it was that I heard news of Ulysses, for the king told me he had entertained him, and shown him much hospitality while he was on his homeward journey. He showed me also the treasure of gold, and wrought iron that Ulysses had got together. There was enough to keep his family for ten generations, so much had he left in the house of king Pheidon. But the king said Ulysses had gone to Dodona that he might learn Jove’s mind from the god’s high

oak tree, and know whether after so long an absence he should return to Ithaca openly, or in secret. Moreover the king swore in my presence, making drink-offerings in his own house as he did so, that the ship was by the water side, and the crew found, that should take him to his own country. He sent me off however before Ulysses returned, for there happened to be a Thesprotian ship sailing for the wheat-growing island of Dulichium, and he told those in charge of her to be sure and take me safely to King Acastus.

“These men hatched a plot against me that would have reduced me to the very extreme of misery, for when the ship had got some way out from land they resolved on selling me as a slave. They stripped me of the shirt and cloak that I was wearing, and gave me instead the tattered old cloths in which you now see me; then, towards nightfall, they reached the tilled lands of Ithaca, and there they bound me with a strong rope fast in the ship, while they went on shore to get supper by the sea side. But the gods soon undid my bonds for me, and having drawn my rags over my head I slid down the rudder into the sea, where I struck out and swam till I was well clear of them, and came ashore near a thick wood in which I lay concealed. They were very angry at my having escaped and went searching about for me, till at last they thought it was no further use and went back to their ship. The gods, having hidden me thus easily, then took me to a good man’s door—for it seems that I am not to die yet awhile.”

To this you answered, O swineherd Eumaeus, “Poor unhappy stranger, I have found the story of your misfortunes extremely interesting, but that part about Ulysses is not right; and you will never get me to believe it. Why should a man like you go about telling lies in this way? I know all about the return of my master. The gods one and all of them detest him, or they would have taken him before Troy, or let him die with friends around him when the days of his fighting were done; for then the Achaeans would have built a mound over his ashes and his son would have been heir to his renown, but now the storm winds have spirited him away we know not whither.

“As for me I live out of the way here with the pigs, and never go to the town unless when Penelope sends for me on the arrival of some news about Ulysses. Then they all sit round and ask questions, both those who grieve over the king’s absence, and those who rejoice at it because they can eat up his property without paying for it. For my own part I have never cared about asking anyone else since the time when I was taken in by an Aetolian, who had killed a man and come a long way till at last he reached my station, and I was very kind to him. He said he had seen Ulysses with Idomeneus among the Cretans, refitting his ships which had been damaged in a gale. He said Ulysses would return in the following summer or autumn with his men, and that he would bring back much wealth. And now you, you unfortunate old man, since fate has brought you to my door, do not try to flatter me in this way with vain hopes. It is not for any such reason that I shall treat you kindly, but only out of respect for Jove the god of hospitality, as fearing him and pitying you.”

Ulysses answered, “I see that you are of an unbelieving mind; I have given you my oath, and yet you will not credit me; let us then make a bargain, and call all the gods in heaven to witness it. If your master comes home, give me a cloak and shirt of good wear, and send me to Dulichium where I want to go; but if he does not come as I say he will, set your men on to me, and tell them to throw me from yonder preceps, as a warning to tramps not to go about the country telling lies.”

“And a pretty figure I should cut then,” replied Eumaeus, both now and hereafter, if I were to kill you after receiving you into my hut and showing you hospitality. I should have to say my prayers in good earnest if I did; but it is just supper time and I hope my men will come in directly, that we may cook something savoury for supper.”

Thus did they converse, and presently the swineherds came up with the pigs, which were then shut up for the night in their sties, and a tremendous squealing they made as they were being driven into them. But Eumaeus called to his men and said, “Bring in the best pig you have, that I may sacrifice for this stranger, and we will take toll of him ourselves. We have had trouble enough this long time feeding pigs, while others reap the fruit of our labour.”

On this he began chopping firewood, while the others brought in a fine fat five year old boar pig, and set it at the altar. Eumaeus did not forget the gods, for he was a man of good principles, so the first thing he did was to cut bristles from the pig’s face and throw them into the fire, praying to all the gods as he did so that Ulysses might return home again. Then he clubbed the pig with a billet of oak which he had kept back when he was chopping the firewood, and stunned it, while the others slaughtered and singed it. Then they cut it up, and Eumaeus began by putting raw pieces from each joint on to some of the fat; these he sprinkled with barley meal, and laid upon the embers; they cut the rest of the meat up small, put the pieces upon the spits and roasted them till they were done; when they had taken them off the spits they threw them on to the dresser in a heap. The swineherd, who was a most equitable man, then stood up to give every one his share. He made seven portions; one of these he set apart for Mercury the son of Maia and the nymphs, praying to them as he did so; the others he dealt out to the men man by man. He gave Ulysses some slices cut lengthways down the loin as a mark of especial honour, and Ulysses was much pleased. “I hope, Eumaeus,” said he, “that Jove will be as well disposed towards you as I am, for the respect you are showing to an outcast like myself.”

To this you answered, O swineherd Eumaeus, “Eat, my good fellow, and enjoy your supper, such as it is. God grants this, and withholds that, just as he thinks right, for he can do whatever he chooses.”

As he spoke he cut off the first piece and offered it as a burnt sacrifice to the immortal gods; then he made them a drink-offering, put the cup in the hands of Ulysses, and sat down to his own portion. Mesaulius brought them their bread; the swineherd had bought this man on his own account from among the Taphians during his master's absence, and had paid for him with his own money without saying anything either to his mistress or Laertes. They then laid their hands upon the good things that were before them, and when they had had enough to eat and drink, Mesaulius took away what was left of the bread, and they all went to bed after having made a hearty supper.

Now the night came on stormy and very dark, for there was no moon. It poured without ceasing, and the wind blew strong from the West, which is a wet quarter, so Ulysses thought he would see whether Eumaeus, in the excellent care he took of him, would take off his own cloak and give it him, or make one of his men give him one. "Listen to me," said he, "Eumaeus and the rest of you; when I have said a prayer I will tell you something. It is the wine that makes me talk in this way; wine will make even a wise man fall to singing; it will make him chuckle and dance and say many a word that he had better leave unspoken; still, as I have begun, I will go on. Would that I were still young and strong as when we got up an ambushade before Troy. Menelaus and Ulysses were the leaders, but I was in command also, for the other two would have it so. When we had come up to the wall of the city we crouched down beneath our armour and lay there under cover of the reeds and thick brush-wood that grew about the swamp. It came on to freeze with a North wind blowing; the snow fell small and fine like hoar frost, and our shields were coated thick with rime. The others had all got cloaks and shirts, and slept comfortably enough with their shields about their shoulders, but I had carelessly left my cloak behind me, not thinking that I should be too cold, and had gone off in nothing but my shirt and shield. When the night was two-thirds through and the stars had shifted their their places, I nudged Ulysses who was close to me with my elbow, and he at once gave me his ear.

"Ulysses," said I, 'this cold will be the death of me, for I have no cloak; some god fooled me into setting off with nothing on but my shirt, and I do not know what to do.'

"Ulysses, who was as crafty as he was valiant, hit upon the following plan:

"Keep still," said he in a low voice, 'or the others will hear you.' Then he raised his head on his elbow.

"My friends," said he, 'I have had a dream from heaven in my sleep. We are a long way from the ships; I wish some one would go down and tell Agamemnon to send us up more men at once.'

"On this Thoas son of Andraemon threw off his cloak and set out running to the ships, whereon I took the cloak and lay in it comfortably enough till morning. Would that I were still young and strong as I was in those days, for then some one of you swineherds would give me a cloak both out of good will and for the respect due to a brave soldier; but now people look down upon me because my clothes are shabby."

And Eumaeus answered, "Old man, you have told us an excellent story, and have said nothing so far but what is quite satisfactory; for the present, therefore, you shall want neither clothing nor anything else that a stranger in distress may reasonably expect, but to-morrow morning you have to shake your own old rags about your body again, for we have not many spare cloaks nor shirts up here, but every man has only one. When Ulysses' son comes home again he will give you both cloak and shirt, and send you wherever you may want to go."

With this he got up and made a bed for Ulysses by throwing some goatskins and sheepskins on the ground in front of the fire. Here Ulysses lay down, and Eumaeus covered him over with a great heavy cloak that he kept for a change in case of extraordinarily bad weather.

Thus did Ulysses sleep, and the young men slept beside him. But the swineherd did not like sleeping away from his pigs, so he got ready to go and Ulysses was glad to see that he looked after his property during his master's absence. First he slung his sword over his brawny shoulders and put on a thick cloak to keep out the wind. He also took the skin of a large and well fed goat, and a javelin in case of attack from men or dogs. Thus equipped he went to his rest where the pigs were camping under an overhanging rock that gave them shelter from the North wind.

Book XV

BUT Minerva went to the fair city of Lacedaemon to tell Ulysses' son that he was to return at once. She found him and Pisistratus sleeping in the forecourt of Menelaus's house; Pisistratus was fast asleep, but Telemachus could get no rest all night for thinking of his unhappy father, so Minerva went close up to him and said:

"Telemachus, you should not remain so far away from home any longer, nor leave your property with such dangerous people in your house; they will eat up everything you have among them, and you will have been on a fool's errand. Ask Menelaus to send you home at once if you wish to find your excellent mother still there when you get back. Her father and brothers are already urging her to marry Eurymachus, who has given her more than any of the others, and has been greatly increasing his wedding presents. I hope nothing valuable may have been taken from the house in spite of you, but you know what women are—they always want to do the best they can for the man who marries them, and never give another thought to the children of their first husband, nor to their father either when he is dead and done with. Go home, therefore, and put everything in charge of the most respectable

woman servant that you have, until it shall please heaven to send you a wife of your own. Let me tell you also of another matter which you had better attend to. The chief men among the suitors are lying in wait for you in the Strait between Ithaca and Samos, and they mean to kill you before you can reach home. I do not much think they will succeed; it is more likely that some of those who are now eating up your property will find a grave themselves. Sail night and day, and keep your ship well away from the islands; the god who watches over you and protects you will send you a fair wind. As soon as you get to Ithaca send your ship and men on to the town, but yourself go straight to the swineherd who has charge your pigs; he is well disposed towards you, stay with him, therefore, for the night, and then send him to Penelope to tell her that you have got back safe from Pylos."

Then she went back to Olympus; but Telemachus stirred Pisistratus with his heel to rouse him, and said, "Wake up Pisistratus, and yoke the horses to the chariot, for we must set off home."

But Pisistratus said, "No matter what hurry we are in we cannot drive in the dark. It will be morning soon; wait till Menelaus has brought his presents and put them in the chariot for us; and let him say good-bye to us in the usual way. So long as he lives a guest should never forget a host who has shown him kindness."

As he spoke day began to break, and Menelaus, who had already risen, leaving Helen in bed, came towards them. When Telemachus saw him he put on his shirt as fast as he could, threw a great cloak over his shoulders, and went out to meet him. "Menelaus," said he, "let me go back now to my own country, for I want to get home."

And Menelaus answered, "Telemachus, if you insist on going I will not detain you. not like to see a host either too fond of his guest or too rude to him. Moderation is best in all things, and not letting a man go when he wants to do so is as bad as telling him to go if he would like to stay. One should treat a guest well as long as he is in the house and speed him when he wants to leave it. Wait, then, till I can get your beautiful presents into your chariot, and till you have yourself seen them. I will tell the women to prepare a sufficient dinner for you of what there may be in the house; it will be at once more proper and cheaper for you to get your dinner before setting out on such a long journey. If, moreover, you have a fancy for making a tour in Hellas or in the Peloponnese, I will yoke my horses, and will conduct you myself through all our principal cities. No one will send us away empty handed; every one will give us something—a bronze tripod, a couple of mules, or a gold cup."

"Menelaus," replied Telemachus, "I want to go home at once, for when I came away I left my property without protection, and fear that while looking for my father I shall come to ruin myself, or find that something valuable has been stolen during my absence."

When Menelaus heard this he immediately told his wife and servants to prepare a sufficient dinner from what there might be in the house. At this moment Eteoneus joined him, for he lived close by and had just got up; so Menelaus told him to light the fire and cook some meat, which he at once did. Then Menelaus went down into his fragrant store room, not alone, but Helen went too, with Megapenthes. When he reached the place where the treasures of his house were kept, he selected a double cup, and told his son Megapenthes to bring also a silver mixing-bowl. Meanwhile Helen went to the chest where she kept the lovely dresses which she had made with her own hands, and took out one that was largest and most beautifully enriched with embroidery; it glittered like a star, and lay at the very bottom of the chest. Then they all came back through the house again till they got to Telemachus, and Menelaus said, "Telemachus, may Jove, the mighty husband of Juno, bring you safely home according to your desire. I will now present you with the finest and most precious piece of plate in all my house. It is a mixing-bowl of pure silver, except the rim, which is inlaid with gold, and it is the work of Vulcan. Phaedimus king of the Sidonians made me a present of it in the course of a visit that I paid him while I was on my return home. I should like to give it to you."

With these words he placed the double cup in the hands of Telemachus, while Megapenthes brought the beautiful mixing-bowl and set it before him. Hard by stood lovely Helen with the robe ready in her hand.

"I too, my son," said she, "have something for you as a keepsake from the hand of Helen; it is for your bride to wear upon her wedding day. Till then, get your dear mother to keep it for you; thus may you go back rejoicing to your own country and to your home."

So saying she gave the robe over to him and he received it gladly. Then Pisistratus put the presents into the chariot, and admired them all as he did so. Presently Menelaus took Telemachus and Pisistratus into the house, and they both of them sat down to table. A maid servant brought them water in a beautiful golden ewer, and poured it into a silver basin for them to wash their hands, and she drew a clean table beside them; an upper servant brought them bread and offered them many good things of what there was in the house. Eteoneus carved the meat and gave them each their portions, while Megapenthes poured out the wine. Then they laid their hands upon the good things that were before them, but as soon as they had had had enough to eat and drink Telemachus and Pisistratus yoked the horses, and took their places in the chariot. They drove out through the inner gateway and under the echoing gatehouse of the outer court, and Menelaus came after them with a golden goblet of wine in his right hand that they might make a drink-offering before they set out. He stood in front of the horses and pledged them, saying, "Farewell to both of you; see that you tell Nestor how I have treated you, for he was as kind to me as any father could be

while we Achaeans were fighting before Troy.”

“We will be sure, sir,” answered Telemachus, “to tell him everything as soon as we see him. I wish I were as certain of finding Ulysses returned when I get back to Ithaca, that I might tell him of the very great kindness you have shown me and of the many beautiful presents I am taking with me.”

As he was thus speaking a bird flew on his right hand—an eagle with a great white goose in its talons which it had carried off from the farm yard—and all the men and women were running after it and shouting. It came quite close up to them and flew away on their right hands in front of the horses. When they saw it they were glad, and their hearts took comfort within them, whereon Pisistratus said, “Tell me, Menelaus, has heaven sent this omen for us or for you?”

Menelaus was thinking what would be the most proper answer for him to make, but Helen was too quick for him and said, “I will read this matter as heaven has put it in my heart, and as I doubt not that it will come to pass. The eagle came from the mountain where it was bred and has its nest, and in like manner Ulysses, after having travelled far and suffered much, will return to take his revenge—if indeed he is not back already and hatching mischief for the suitors.”

“May Jove so grant it,” replied Telemachus; “if it should prove to be so, I will make vows to you as though you were a god, even when I am at home.”

As he spoke he lashed his horses and they started off at full speed through the town towards the open country. They swayed the yoke upon their necks and travelled the whole day long till the sun set and darkness was over all the land. Then they reached Pherae, where Diocles lived who was son of Ortilochus, the son of Alpheus. There they passed the night and were treated hospitably. When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, they again yoked their horses and their places in the chariot. They drove out through the inner gateway and under the echoing gatehouse of the outer court. Then Pisistratus lashed his horses on and they flew forward nothing loath; ere long they came to Pylos, and then Telemachus said:

“Pisistratus, I hope you will promise to do what I am going to ask you. You know our fathers were old friends before us; moreover, we are both of an age, and this journey has brought us together still more closely; do not, therefore, take me past my ship, but leave me there, for if I go to your father’s house he will try to keep me in the warmth of his good will towards me, and I must go home at once.”

Pisistratus thought how he should do as he was asked, and in the end he deemed it best to turn his horses towards the ship, and put Menelaus’s beautiful presents of gold and raiment in the stern of the vessel. Then he said, “Go on board at once and tell your men to do so also before I can reach home to tell my father. I know how obstinate he is, and am sure he will not let you go; he will come down here to fetch you, and he will not go back without you. But he will be very angry.”

With this he drove his goodly steeds back to the city of the Pylians and soon reached his home, but Telemachus called the men together and gave his orders. “Now, my men,” said he, “get everything in order on board the ship, and let us set out home.”

Thus did he speak, and they went on board even as he had said. But as Telemachus was thus busied, praying also and sacrificing to Minerva in the ship’s stern, there came to him a man from a distant country, a seer, who was flying from Argos because he had killed a man. He was descended from Melampus, who used to live in Pylos, the land of sheep; he was rich and owned a great house, but he was driven into exile by the great and powerful king Neleus. Neleus seized his goods and held them for a whole year, during which he was a close prisoner in the house of king Phylacus, and in much distress of mind both on account of the daughter of Neleus and because he was haunted by a great sorrow that dread Erinyes had laid upon him. In the end, however, he escaped with his life, drove the cattle from Phylace to Pylos, avenged the wrong that had been done him, and gave the daughter of Neleus to his brother. Then he left the country and went to Argos, where it was ordained that he should reign over much people. There he married, established himself, and had two famous sons Antiphates and Mantius. Antiphates became father of Oicleus, and Oicleus of Amphiaraus, who was dearly loved both by Jove and by Apollo, but he did not live to old age, for he was killed in Thebes by reason of a woman’s gifts. His sons were Alcmaeon and Amphilocheus. Mantius, the other son of Melampus, was father to Polyphoides and Cleitus. Aurora, throned in gold, carried off Cleitus for his beauty’s sake, that he might dwell among the immortals, but Apollo made Polyphoides the greatest seer in the whole world now that Amphiaraus was dead. He quarrelled with his father and went to live in Hyperesia, where he remained and prophesied for all men.

His son, Theoclymenus, it was who now came up to Telemachus as he was making drink-offerings and praying in his ship. “Friend” said he, “now that I find you sacrificing in this place, I beseech you by your sacrifices themselves, and by the god to whom you make them, I pray you also by your own head and by those of your followers, tell me the truth and nothing but the truth. Who and whence are you? Tell me also of your town and parents.”

Telemachus said, “I will answer you quite truly. I am from Ithaca, and my father is Ulysses, as surely as that he ever lived. But he has come to some miserable end. Therefore I have taken this ship and got my crew together to see

if I can hear any news of him, for he has been away a long time.”

“I too,” answered Theoclymenus, am an exile, for I have killed a man of my own race. He has many brothers and kinsmen in Argos, and they have great power among the Argives. I am flying to escape death at their hands, and am thus doomed to be a wanderer on the face of the earth. I am your suppliant; take me, therefore, on board your ship that they may not kill me, for I know they are in pursuit.”

“I will not refuse you,” replied Telemachus, “if you wish to join us. Come, therefore, and in Ithaca we will treat you hospitably according to what we have.”

On this he received Theoclymenus’ spear and laid it down on the deck of the ship. He went on board and sat in the stern, bidding Theoclymenus sit beside him; then the men let go the hawsers. Telemachus told them to catch hold of the ropes, and they made all haste to do so. They set the mast in its socket in the cross plank, raised it and made it fast with the forestays, and they hoisted their white sails with sheets of twisted ox hide. Minerva sent them a fair wind that blew fresh and strong to take the ship on her course as fast as possible. Thus then they passed by Crouni and Chalcis.

Presently the sun set and darkness was over all the land. The vessel made a quick pass sage to Pheae and thence on to Elis, where the Epeans rule. Telemachus then headed her for the flying islands, wondering within himself whether he should escape death or should be taken prisoner.

Meanwhile Ulysses and the swineherd were eating their supper in the hut, and the men supped with them. As soon as they had had to eat and drink, Ulysses began trying to prove the swineherd and see whether he would continue to treat him kindly, and ask him to stay on at the station or pack him off to the city; so he said:

“Eumaeus, and all of you, to-morrow I want to go away and begin begging about the town, so as to be no more trouble to you or to your men. Give me your advice therefore, and let me have a good guide to go with me and show me the way. I will go the round of the city begging as I needs must, to see if any one will give me a drink and a piece of bread. I should like also to go to the house of Ulysses and bring news of her husband to queen Penelope. I could then go about among the suitors and see if out of all their abundance they will give me a dinner. I should soon make them an excellent servant in all sorts of ways. Listen and believe when I tell you that by the blessing of Mercury who gives grace and good name to the works of all men, there is no one living who would make a more handy servant than I should—to put fresh wood on the fire, chop fuel, carve, cook, pour out wine, and do all those services that poor men have to do for their betters.”

The swineherd was very much disturbed when he heard this. “Heaven help me,” he exclaimed, “what ever can have put such a notion as that into your head? If you go near the suitors you will be undone to a certainty, for their pride and insolence reach the very heavens. They would never think of taking a man like you for a servant. Their servants are all young men, well dressed, wearing good cloaks and shirts, with well looking faces and their hair always tidy, the tables are kept quite clean and are loaded with bread, meat, and wine. Stay where you are, then; you are not in anybody’s way; I do not mind your being here, no more do any of the others, and when Telemachus comes home he will give you a shirt and cloak and will send you wherever you want to go.”

Ulysses answered, “I hope you may be as dear to the gods as you are to me, for having saved me from going about and getting into trouble; there is nothing worse than being always ways on the tramp; still, when men have once got low down in the world they will go through a great deal on behalf of their miserable bellies. Since however you press me to stay here and await the return of Telemachus, tell about Ulysses’ mother, and his father whom he left on the threshold of old age when he set out for Troy. Are they still living or are they already dead and in the house of Hades?”

“I will tell you all about them,” replied Eumaeus, “Laertes is still living and prays heaven to let him depart peacefully his own house, for he is terribly distressed about the absence of his son, and also about the death of his wife, which grieved him greatly and aged him more than anything else did. She came to an unhappy end through sorrow for her son: may no friend or neighbour who has dealt kindly by me come to such an end as she did. As long as she was still living, though she was always grieving, I used to like seeing her and asking her how she did, for she brought me up along with her daughter Ctimene, the youngest of her children; we were boy and girl together, and she made little difference between us. When, however, we both grew up, they sent Ctimene to Same and received a splendid dowry for her. As for me, my mistress gave me a good shirt and cloak with a pair of sandals for my feet, and sent me off into the country, but she was just as fond of me as ever. This is all over now. Still it has pleased heaven to prosper my work in the situation which I now hold. I have enough to eat and drink, and can find something for any respectable stranger who comes here; but there is no getting a kind word or deed out of my mistress, for the house has fallen into the hands of wicked people. Servants want sometimes to see their mistress and have a talk with her; they like to have something to eat and drink at the house, and something too to take back with them into the country. This is what will keep servants in a good humour.”

Ulysses answered, “Then you must have been a very little fellow, Eumaeus, when you were taken so far away from your home and parents. Tell me, and tell me true, was the city in which your father and mother lived sacked

and pillaged, or did some enemies carry you off when you were alone tending sheep or cattle, ship you off here, and sell you for whatever your master gave them?"

"Stranger," replied Eumaeus, "as regards your question: sit still, make yourself comfortable, drink your wine, and listen to me. The nights are now at their longest; there is plenty of time both for sleeping and sitting up talking together; you ought not to go to bed till bed time, too much sleep is as bad as too little; if any one of the others wishes to go to bed let him leave us and do so; he can then take my master's pigs out when he has done breakfast in the morning. We two will sit here eating and drinking in the hut, and telling one another stories about our misfortunes; for when a man has suffered much, and been buffeted about in the world, he takes pleasure in recalling the memory of sorrows that have long gone by. As regards your question, then, my tale is as follows:

"You may have heard of an island called Syra that lies over above Ortygia, where the land begins to turn round and look in another direction. It is not very thickly peopled, but the soil is good, with much pasture fit for cattle and sheep, and it abounds with wine and wheat. Dearth never comes there, nor are the people plagued by any sickness, but when they grow old Apollo comes with Diana and kills them with his painless shafts. It contains two communities, and the whole country is divided between these two. My father Ctesius son of Ormenus, a man comparable to the gods, reigned over both.

"Now to this place there came some cunning traders from Phoenicia (for the Phoenicians are great mariners) in a ship which they had freighted with gewgaws of all kinds. There happened to be a Phoenician woman in my father's house, very tall and comely, and an excellent servant; these scoundrels got hold of her one day when she was washing near their ship, seduced her, and cajoled her in ways that no woman can resist, no matter how good she may be by nature. The man who had seduced her asked her who she was and where she came from, and on this she told him her father's name. 'I come from Sidon,' said she, 'and am daughter to Arybas, a man rolling in wealth. One day as I was coming into the town from the country some Taphian pirates seized me and took me here over the sea, where they sold me to the man who owns this house, and he gave them their price for me.'

"The man who had seduced her then said, 'Would you like to come along with us to see the house of your parents and your parents themselves? They are both alive and are said to be well off.'

"I will do so gladly,' answered she, 'if you men will first swear me a solemn oath that you will do me no harm by the way.'

"They all swore as she told them, and when they had completed their oath the woman said, 'Hush; and if any of your men meets me in the street or at the well, do not let him speak to me, for fear some one should go and tell my master, in which case he would suspect something. He would put me in prison, and would have all of you murdered; keep your own counsel therefore; buy your merchandise as fast as you can, and send me word when you have done loading. I will bring as much gold as I can lay my hands on, and there is something else also that I can do towards paying my fare. I am nurse to the son of the good man of the house, a funny little fellow just able to run about. I will carry him off in your ship, and you will get a great deal of money for him if you take him and sell him in foreign parts.'

"On this she went back to the house. The Phoenicians stayed a whole year till they had loaded their ship with much precious merchandise, and then, when they had got freight enough, they sent to tell the woman. Their messenger, a very cunning fellow, came to my father's house bringing a necklace of gold with amber beads strung among it; and while my mother and the servants had it in their hands admiring it and bargaining about it, he made a sign quietly to the woman and then went back to the ship, whereon she took me by the hand and led me out of the house. In the fore part of the house she saw the tables set with the cups of guests who had been feasting with my father, as being in attendance on him; these were now all gone to a meeting of the public assembly, so she snatched up three cups and carried them off in the bosom of her dress, while I followed her, for I knew no better. The sun was now set, and darkness was over all the land, so we hurried on as fast as we could till we reached the harbour, where the Phoenician ship was lying. When they had got on board they sailed their ways over the sea, taking us with them, and Jove sent then a fair wind; six days did we sail both night and day, but on the seventh day Diana struck the woman and she fell heavily down into the ship's hold as though she were a sea gull alighting on the water; so they threw her overboard to the seals and fishes, and I was left all sorrowful and alone. Presently the winds and waves took the ship to Ithaca, where Laertes gave sundry of his chattels for me, and thus it was that ever I came to set eyes upon this country."

Ulysses answered, "Eumaeus, I have heard the story of your misfortunes with the most lively interest and pity, but Jove has given you good as well as evil, for in spite of everything you have a good master, who sees that you always have enough to eat and drink; and you lead a good life, whereas I am still going about begging my way from city to city."

Thus did they converse, and they had only a very little time left for sleep, for it was soon daybreak. In the meantime Telemachus and his crew were nearing land, so they loosed the sails, took down the mast, and rowed the ship into the harbour. They cast out their mooring stones and made fast the hawsers; they then got out upon the

sea shore, mixed their wine, and got dinner ready. As soon as they had had enough to eat and drink Telemachus said, "Take the ship on to the town, but leave me here, for I want to look after the herdsmen on one of my farms. In the evening, when I have seen all I want, I will come down to the city, and to-morrow morning in return for your trouble I will give you all a good dinner with meat and wine."

Then Theoclymenus said, 'And what, my dear young friend, is to become of me? To whose house, among all your chief men, am I to repair? or shall I go straight to your own house and to your mother?'

"At any other time," replied Telemachus, "I should have bidden you go to my own house, for you would find no want of hospitality; at the present moment, however, you would not be comfortable there, for I shall be away, and my mother will not see you; she does not often show herself even to the suitors, but sits at her loom weaving in an upper chamber, out of their way; but I can tell you a man whose house you can go to—I mean Eurymachus the son of Polybus, who is held in the highest estimation by every one in Ithaca. He is much the best man and the most persistent wooer, of all those who are paying court to my mother and trying to take Ulysses' place. Jove, however, in heaven alone knows whether or no they will come to a bad end before the marriage takes place."

As he was speaking a bird flew by upon his right hand — a hawk, Apollo's messenger. It held a dove in its talons, and the feathers, as it tore them off, fell to the ground midway between Telemachus and the ship. On this Theoclymenus called him apart and caught him by the hand. "Telemachus," said he, "that bird did not fly on your right hand without having been sent there by some god. As soon as I saw it I knew it was an omen; it means that you will remain powerful and that there will be no house in Ithaca more royal than your own."

"I wish it may prove so," answered Telemachus. "If it does, I will show you so much good will and give you so many presents that all who meet you will congratulate you."

Then he said to his friend Piraeus, "Piraeus, son of Clytius, you have throughout shown yourself the most willing to serve me of all those who have accompanied me to Pylos; I wish you would take this stranger to your own house and entertain him hospitably till I can come for him."

And Piraeus answered, "Telemachus, you may stay away as long as you please, but I will look after him for you, and he shall find no lack of hospitality."

As he spoke he went on board, and bade the others do so also and loose the hawsers, so they took their places in the ship. But Telemachus bound on his sandals, and took a long and doughty spear with a head of sharpened bronze from the deck of the ship. Then they loosed the hawsers, thrust the ship off from land, and made on towards the city as they had been told to do, while Telemachus strode on as fast as he could, till he reached the homestead where his countless herds of swine were feeding, and where dwelt the excellent swineherd, who was so devoted a servant to his master.

Book XVI

MEANWHILE Ulysses and the swineherd had lit a fire in the hut and were getting breakfast ready at day-break for they had sent the men out with the pigs. When Telemachus came up, the dogs did not bark, but fawned upon him, so Ulysses, hearing the sound of feet and noticing that the dogs did not bark, said to Eumaeus:

"Eumaeus, I hear footsteps; I suppose one of your men or some one of your acquaintance is coming here, for the dogs are fawning upon him and not barking."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before his son stood at the door. Eumaeus sprang to his feet, and the bowls in which he was mixing wine fell from his hands, as he made towards his master. He kissed his head and both his beautiful eyes, and wept for joy. A father could not be more delighted at the return of an only son, the child of his old age, after ten years' absence in a foreign country and after having gone through much hardship. He embraced him, kissed him all over as though he had come back from the dead, and spoke fondly to him saying:

"So you are come, Telemachus, light of my eyes that you are. When I heard you had gone to Pylos I made sure I was never going to see you any more. Come in, my dear child, and sit down, that I may have a good look at you now you are home again; it is not very often you come into the country to see us herdsmen; you stick pretty close to the town generally. I suppose you think it better to keep an eye on what the suitors are doing."

"So be it, old friend," answered Telemachus, "but I am come now because I want to see you, and to learn whether my mother is still at her old home or whether some one else has married her, so that the bed of Ulysses is without bedding and covered with cobwebs."

"She is still at the house," replied Eumaeus, "grieving and breaking her heart, and doing nothing but weep, both night and day continually."

As he spoke he took Telemachus' spear, whereon he crossed the stone threshold and came inside. Ulysses rose from his seat to give him place as he entered, but Telemachus checked him; "Sit down, stranger," said he, "I can easily find another seat, and there is one here who will lay it for me."

Ulysses went back to his own place, and Eumaeus strewed some green brushwood on the floor and threw a

sheepskin on top of it for Telemachus to sit upon. Then the swineherd brought them platters of cold meat, the remains from what they had eaten the day before, and he filled the bread baskets with bread as fast as he could. He mixed wine also in bowls of ivy-wood, and took his seat facing Ulysses. Then they laid their hands on the good things that were before them, and as soon as they had had enough to eat and drink Telemachus said to Eumaeus, "Old friend, where does this stranger come from? How did his crew bring him to Ithaca, and who were they?—for assuredly he did not come here by land"

To this you answered, O swineherd Eumaeus, "My son, I will tell you the real truth. He says he is a Cretan, and that he has been a great traveller. At this moment he is running away from a Thesprotian ship, and has refuge at my station, so I will put him into your hands. Do whatever you like with him, only remember that he is your suppliant."

"I am very much distressed," said Telemachus, "by what you have just told me. How can I take this stranger into my house? I am as yet young, and am not strong enough to hold my own if any man attacks me. My mother cannot make up her mind whether to stay where she is and look after the house out of respect for public opinion and the memory of her husband, or whether the time is now come for her to take the best man of those who are wooing her, and the one who will make her the most advantageous offer; still, as the stranger has come to your station I will find him a cloak and shirt of good wear, with a sword and sandals, and will send him wherever he wants to go. Or if you like you can keep him here at the station, and I will send him clothes and food that he may be no burden on you and on your men; but I will not have him go near the suitors, for they are very insolent, and are sure to ill-treat him in a way that would greatly grieve me; no matter how valiant a man may be he can do nothing against numbers, for they will be too strong for him."

Then Ulysses said, "Sir, it is right that I should say something myself. I am much shocked about what you have said about the insolent way in which the suitors are behaving in despite of such a man as you are. Tell me, do you submit to such treatment tamely, or has some god set your people against you? May you not complain of your brothers—for it is to these that a man may look for support, however great his quarrel may be? I wish I were as young as you are and in my present mind; if I were son to Ulysses, or, indeed, Ulysses himself, I would rather some one came and cut my head off, but I would go to the house and be the bane of every one of these men. If they were too many for me—I being single-handed—I would rather die fighting in my own house than see such disgraceful sights day after day, strangers grossly maltreated, and men dragging the women servants about the house in an unseemly way, wine drawn recklessly, and bread wasted all to no purpose for an end that shall never be accomplished."

And Telemachus answered, "I will tell you truly everything. There is no enmity between me and my people, nor can I complain of brothers, to whom a man may look for support however great his quarrel may be. Jove has made us a race of only sons. Laertes was the only son of Arceisius, and Ulysses only son of Laertes. I am myself the only son of Ulysses who left me behind him when he went away, so that I have never been of any use to him. Hence it comes that my house is in the hands of numberless marauders; for the chiefs from all the neighbouring islands, Dulichium, Same, Zacynthus, as also all the principal men of Ithaca itself, are eating up my house under the pretext of paying court to my mother, who will neither say point blank that she will not marry, nor yet bring matters to an end, so they are making havoc of my estate, and before long will do so with myself into the bargain. The issue, however, rests with heaven. But do you, old friend Eumaeus, go at once and tell Penelope that I am safe and have returned from Pylos. Tell it to herself alone, and then come back here without letting any one else know, for there are many who are plotting mischief against me."

"I understand and heed you," replied Eumaeus; "you need instruct me no further, only I am going that way say whether I had not better let poor Laertes know that you are returned. He used to superintend the work on his farm in spite of his bitter sorrow about Ulysses, and he would eat and drink at will along with his servants; but they tell me that from the day on which you set out for Pylos he has neither eaten nor drunk as he ought to do, nor does he look after his farm, but sits weeping and wasting the flesh from off his bones."

"More's the pity," answered Telemachus, "I am sorry for him, but we must leave him to himself just now. If people could have everything their own way, the first thing I should choose would be the return of my father; but go, and give your message; then make haste back again, and do not turn out of your way to tell Laertes. Tell my mother to send one of her women secretly with the news at once, and let him hear it from her."

Thus did he urge the swineherd; Eumaeus, therefore, took his sandals, bound them to his feet, and started for the town. Minerva watched him well off the station, and then came up to it in the form of a woman—fair, stately, and wise. She stood against the side of the entry, and revealed herself to Ulysses, but Telemachus could not see her, and knew not that she was there, for the gods do not let themselves be seen by everybody. Ulysses saw her, and so did the dogs, for they did not bark, but went scared and whining off to the other side of the yards. She nodded her head and motioned to Ulysses with her eyebrows; whereon he left the hut and stood before her outside the main wall of the yards. Then she said to him:

"Ulysses, noble son of Laertes, it is now time for you to tell your son: do not keep him in the dark any longer, but lay your plans for the destruction of the suitors, and then make for the town. I will not be long in joining you,

for I too am eager for the fray.”

As she spoke she touched him with her golden wand. First she threw a fair clean shirt and cloak about his shoulders; then she made him younger and of more imposing presence; she gave him back his colour, filled out his cheeks, and let his beard become dark again. Then she went away and Ulysses came back inside the hut. His son was astounded when he saw him, and turned his eyes away for fear he might be looking upon a god.

“Stranger,” said he, “how suddenly you have changed from what you were a moment or two ago. You are dressed differently and your colour is not the same. Are you some one or other of the gods that live in heaven? If so, be propitious to me till I can make you due sacrifice and offerings of wrought gold. Have mercy upon me.”

And Ulysses said, “I am no god, why should you take me for one? I am your father, on whose account you grieve and suffer so much at the hands of lawless men.”

As he spoke he kissed his son, and a tear fell from his cheek on to the ground, for he had restrained all tears till now, but Telemachus could not yet believe that it was his father, and said:

“You are not my father, but some god is flattering me with vain hopes that I may grieve the more hereafter; no mortal man could of himself contrive to do as you have been doing, and make yourself old and young at a moment’s notice, unless a god were with him. A second ago you were old and all in rags, and now you are like some god come down from heaven.”

Ulysses answered, “Telemachus, you ought not to be so immeasurably astonished at my being really here. There is no other Ulysses who will come hereafter. Such as I am, it is I, who after long wandering and much hardship have got home in the twentieth year to my own country. What you wonder at is the work of the redoubtable goddess Minerva, who does with me whatever she will, for she can do what she pleases. At one moment she makes me like a beggar, and the next I am a young man with good clothes on my back; it is an easy matter for the gods who live in heaven to make any man look either rich or poor.”

As he spoke he sat down, and Telemachus threw his arms about his father and wept. They were both so much moved that they cried aloud like eagles or vultures with crooked talons that have been robbed of their half fledged young by peasants. Thus piteously did they weep, and the sun would have gone down upon their mourning if Telemachus had not suddenly said, “In what ship, my dear father, did your crew bring you to Ithaca? Of what nation did they declare themselves to be—for you cannot have come by land?”

“I will tell you the truth, my son,” replied Ulysses. “It was the Phaeacians who brought me here. They are great sailors, and are in the habit of giving escorts to any one who reaches their coasts. They took me over the sea while I was fast asleep, and landed me in Ithaca, after giving me many presents in bronze, gold, and raiment. These things by heaven’s mercy are lying concealed in a cave, and I am now come here on the suggestion of Minerva that we may consult about killing our enemies. First, therefore, give me a list of the suitors, with their number, that I may learn who, and how many, they are. I can then turn the matter over in my mind, and see whether we two can fight the whole body of them ourselves, or whether we must find others to help us.”

To this Telemachus answered, “Father, I have always heard of your renown both in the field and in council, but the task you talk of is a very great one: I am awed at the mere thought of it; two men cannot stand against many and brave ones. There are not ten suitors only, nor twice ten, but ten many times over; you shall learn their number at once. There are fifty-two chosen youths from Dulichium, and they have six servants; from Same there are twenty-four; twenty young Achaeans from Zacynthus, and twelve from Ithaca itself, all of them well born. They have with them a servant Medon, a bard, and two men who can carve at table. If we face such numbers as this, you may have bitter cause to rue your coming, and your revenge. See whether you cannot think of some one who would be willing to come and help us.”

“Listen to me,” replied Ulysses, “and think whether Minerva and her father Jove may seem sufficient, or whether I am to try and find some one else as well.”

“Those whom you have named,” answered Telemachus, “are a couple of good allies, for though they dwell high up among the clouds they have power over both gods and men.”

“These two,” continued Ulysses, “will not keep long out of the fray, when the suitors and we join fight in my house. Now, therefore, return home early to-morrow morning, and go about among the suitors as before. Later on the swineherd will bring me to the city disguised as a miserable old beggar. If you see them ill-treating me, steel your heart against my sufferings; even though they drag me feet foremost out of the house, or throw things at me, look on and do nothing beyond gently trying to make them behave more reasonably; but they will not listen to you, for the day of their reckoning is at hand. Furthermore I say, and lay my saying to your heart, when Minerva shall put it in my mind, I will nod my head to you, and on seeing me do this you must collect all the armour that is in the house and hide it in the strong store room. Make some excuse when the suitors ask you why you are removing it; say that you have taken it to be out of the way of the smoke, inasmuch as it is no longer what it was when Ulysses went away, but has become soiled and begrimed with soot. Add to this more particularly that you are afraid Jove may set them on to quarrel over their wine, and that they may do each other some harm which may disgrace both

banquet and wooing, for the sight of arms sometimes tempts people to use them. But leave a sword and a spear apiece for yourself and me, and a couple oxhide shields so that we can snatch them up at any moment; Jove and Minerva will then soon quiet these people. There is also another matter; if you are indeed my son and my blood runs in your veins, let no one know that Ulysses is within the house—neither Laertes, nor yet the swineherd, nor any of the servants, nor even Penelope herself. Let you and me exploit the women alone, and let us also make trial of some other of the men servants, to see who is on our side and whose hand is against us.”

“Father,” replied Telemachus, “you will come to know me by and by, and when you do you will find that I can keep your counsel. I do not think, however, the plan you propose will turn out well for either of us. Think it over. It will take us a long time to go the round of the farms and exploit the men, and all the time the suitors will be wasting your estate with impunity and without compunction. Prove the women by all means, to see who are disloyal and who guiltless, but I am not in favour of going round and trying the men. We can attend to that later on, if you really have some sign from Jove that he will support you.”

Thus did they converse, and meanwhile the ship which had brought Telemachus and his crew from Pylos had reached the town of Ithaca. When they had come inside the harbour they drew the ship on to the land; their servants came and took their armour from them, and they left all the presents at the house of Clytius. Then they sent a servant to tell Penelope that Telemachus had gone into the country, but had sent the ship to the town to prevent her from being alarmed and made unhappy. This servant and Eumaeus happened to meet when they were both on the same errand of going to tell Penelope. When they reached the House, the servant stood up and said to the queen in the presence of the waiting women, “Your son, Madam, is now returned from Pylos”; but Eumaeus went close up to Penelope, and said privately that her son had given bidden him tell her. When he had given his message he left the house with its outbuildings and went back to his pigs again.

The suitors were surprised and angry at what had happened, so they went outside the great wall that ran round the outer court, and held a council near the main entrance. Eurymachus, son of Polybus, was the first to speak.

“My friends,” said he, “this voyage of Telemachus’s is a very serious matter; we had made sure that it would come to nothing. Now, however, let us draw a ship into the water, and get a crew together to send after the others and tell them to come back as fast as they can.”

He had hardly done speaking when Amphinomus turned in his place and saw the ship inside the harbour, with the crew lowering her sails, and putting by their oars; so he laughed, and said to the others, “We need not send them any message, for they are here. Some god must have told them, or else they saw the ship go by, and could not overtake her.”

On this they rose and went to the water side. The crew then drew the ship on shore; their servants took their armour from them, and they went up in a body to the place of assembly, but they would not let any one old or young sit along with them, and Antinous, son of Eupheithes, spoke first.

“Good heavens,” said he, “see how the gods have saved this man from destruction. We kept a succession of scouts upon the headlands all day long, and when the sun was down we never went on shore to sleep, but waited in the ship all night till morning in the hope of capturing and killing him; but some god has conveyed him home in spite of us. Let us consider how we can make an end of him. He must not escape us; our affair is never likely to come off while he is alive, for he is very shrewd, and public feeling is by no means all on our side. We must make haste before he can call the Achaeans in assembly; he will lose no time in doing so, for he will be furious with us, and will tell all the world how we plotted to kill him, but failed to take him. The people will not like this when they come to know of it; we must see that they do us no hurt, nor drive us from our own country into exile. Let us try and lay hold of him either on his farm away from the town, or on the road hither. Then we can divide up his property amongst us, and let his mother and the man who marries her have the house. If this does not please you, and you wish Telemachus to live on and hold his father’s property, then we must not gather here and eat up his goods in this way, but must make our offers to Penelope each from his own house, and she can marry the man who will give the most for her, and whose lot it is to win her.”

They all held their peace until Amphinomus rose to speak. He was the son of Nisus, who was son to king Aretias, and he was foremost among all the suitors from the wheat-growing and well grassed island of Dulichium; his conversation, moreover, was more agreeable to Penelope than that of any of the other for he was a man of good natural disposition. “My friends,” said he, speaking to them plainly and in all honesty, “I am not in favour of killing Telemachus. It is a heinous thing to kill one who is of noble blood. Let us first take counsel of the gods, and if the oracles of Jove advise it, I will both help to kill him myself, and will urge everyone else to do so; but if they dissuade us, I would have you hold your hands.”

Thus did he speak, and his words pleased them well, so they rose forthwith and went to the house of Ulysses where they took their accustomed seats.

Then Penelope resolved that she would show herself to the suitors. She knew of the plot against Telemachus, for the servant Medon had overheard their counsels and had told her; she went down therefore to the court attended

by her maidens, and when she reached the suitors she stood by one of the bearing-posts supporting the roof of the cloister holding a veil before her face, and rebuked Antinous saying:

“Antinous, insolent and wicked schemer, they say you are the best speaker and counsellor of any man your own age in Ithaca, but you are nothing of the kind. Madman, why should you try to compass the death of Telemachus, and take no heed of suppliants, whose witness is Jove himself? It is not right for you to plot thus against one another. Do you not remember how your father fled to this house in fear of the people, who were enraged against him for having gone with some Taphian pirates and plundered the Thesprotians who were at peace with us? They wanted to tear him in pieces and eat up everything he had, but Ulysses stayed their hands although they were infuriated, and now you devour his property without paying for it, and break my heart by his wooing his wife and trying to kill his son. Leave off doing so, and stop the others also.”

To this Eurymachus son of Polybus answered, “Take heart, Queen Penelope daughter of Icarius, and do not trouble yourself about these matters. The man is not yet born, nor never will be, who shall lay hands upon your son Telemachus, while I yet live to look upon the face of the earth. I say—and it shall surely be—that my spear shall be reddened with his blood; for many a time has Ulysses taken me on his knees, held wine up to my lips to drink, and put pieces of meat into my hands. Therefore Telemachus is much the dearest friend I have, and has nothing to fear from the hands of us suitors. Of course, if death comes to him from the gods, he cannot escape it.” He said this to quiet her, but in reality he was plotting against Telemachus.

Then Penelope went upstairs again and mourned her husband till Minerva shed sleep over her eyes. In the evening Eumaeus got back to Ulysses and his son, who had just sacrificed a young pig of a year old and were ready; helping one another to get supper ready; Minerva therefore came up to Ulysses, turned him into an old man with a stroke of her wand, and clad him in his old clothes again, for fear that the swineherd might recognize him and not keep the secret, but go and tell Penelope.

Telemachus was the first to speak. “So you have got back, Eumaeus,” said he. “What is the news of the town? Have the suitors returned, or are they still waiting over yonder, to take me on my way home?”

“I did not think of asking about that,” replied Eumaeus, “when I was in the town. I thought I would give my message and come back as soon as I could. I met a man sent by those who had gone with you to Pylos, and he was the first to tell the news to your mother, but I can say what I saw with my own eyes; I had just got on to the crest of the hill of Mercury above the town when I saw a ship coming into harbour with a number of men in her. They had many shields and spears, and I thought it was the suitors, but I cannot be sure.”

On hearing this Telemachus smiled to his father, but so that Eumaeus could not see him.

Then, when they had finished their work and the meal was ready, they ate it, and every man had his full share so that all were satisfied. As soon as they had had enough to eat and drink, they laid down to rest and enjoyed the boon of sleep.

Book XVII

WHEN the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, Telemachus bound on his sandals and took a strong spear that suited his hands, for he wanted to go into the city. “Old friend,” said he to the swineherd, “I will now go to the town and show myself to my mother, for she will never leave off grieving till she has seen me. As for this unfortunate stranger, take him to the town and let him beg there of any one who will give him a drink and a piece of bread. I have trouble enough of my own, and cannot be burdened with other people. If this makes him angry so much the worse for him, but I like to say what I mean.”

Then Ulysses said, “Sir, I do not want to stay here; a beggar can always do better in town than country, for any one who likes can give him something. I am too old to care about remaining here at the beck and call of a master. Therefore let this man do as you have just told him, and take me to the town as soon as I have had a warm by the fire, and the day has got a little heat in it. My clothes are wretchedly thin, and this frosty morning I shall be perished with cold, for you say the city is some way off.”

On this Telemachus strode off through the yards, brooding his revenge upon the When he reached home he stood his spear against a bearing-post of the cloister, crossed the stone floor of the cloister itself, and went inside.

Nurse Euryclea saw him long before any one else did. She was putting the fleeces on to the seats, and she burst out crying as she ran up to him; all the other maids came up too, and covered his head and shoulders with their kisses. Penelope came out of her room looking like Diana or Venus, and wept as she flung her arms about her son. She kissed his forehead and both his beautiful eyes, “Light of my eyes,” she cried as she spoke fondly to him, “so you are come home again; I made sure I was never going to see you any more. To think of your having gone off to Pylos without saying anything about it or obtaining my consent. But come, tell me what you saw.”

“Do not scold me, mother,” answered Telemachus, “nor vex me, seeing what a narrow escape I have had, but wash your face, change your dress, go upstairs with your maids, and promise full and sufficient hecatombs to all

the gods if Jove will only grant us our revenge upon the suitors. I must now go to the place of assembly to invite a stranger who has come back with me from Pylos. I sent him on with my crew, and told Piraeus to take him home and look after him till I could come for him myself.”

She heeded her son’s words, washed her face, changed her dress, and vowed full and sufficient hecatombs to all the gods if they would only vouchsafe her revenge upon the suitors.

Telemachus went through, and out of, the cloisters spear in hand—not alone, for his two fleet dogs went with him. Minerva endowed him with a presence of such divine comeliness that all marvelled at him as he went by, and the suitors gathered round him with fair words in their mouths and malice in their hearts; but he avoided them, and went to sit with Mentor, Antiphus, and Halitherses, old friends of his father’s house, and they made him tell them all that had happened to him. Then Piraeus came up with Theoclymenus, whom he had escorted through the town to the place of assembly, whereon Telemachus at once joined them. Piraeus was first to speak: “Telemachus,” said he, “I wish you would send some of your women to my house to take away the presents Menelaus gave you.”

“We do not know, Piraeus,” answered Telemachus, “what may happen. If the suitors kill me in my own house and divide my property among them, I would rather you had the presents than that any of those people should get hold of them. If on the other hand I manage to kill them, I shall be much obliged if you will kindly bring me my presents.”

With these words he took Theoclymenus to his own house. When they got there they laid their cloaks on the benches and seats, went into the baths, and washed themselves. When the maids had washed and anointed them, and had given them cloaks and shirts, they took their seats at table. A maid servant then brought them water in a beautiful golden ewer, and poured it into a silver basin for them to wash their hands; and she drew a clean table beside them. An upper servant brought them bread and offered them many good things of what there was in the house. Opposite them sat Penelope, reclining on a couch by one of the bearing-posts of the cloister, and spinning. Then they laid their hands on the good things that were before them, and as soon as they had had enough to eat and drink Penelope said:

“Telemachus, I shall go upstairs and lie down on that sad couch, which I have not ceased to water with my tears, from the day Ulysses set out for Troy with the sons of Atreus. You failed, however, to make it clear to me before the suitors came back to the house, whether or no you had been able to hear anything about the return of your father.”

“I will tell you then truth,” replied her son. “We went to Pylos and saw Nestor, who took me to his house and treated me as hospitably as though I were a son of his own who had just returned after a long absence; so also did his sons; but he said he had not heard a word from any human being about Ulysses, whether he was alive or dead. He sent me, therefore, with a chariot and horses to Menelaus. There I saw Helen, for whose sake so many, both Argives and Trojans, were in heaven’s wisdom doomed to suffer. Menelaus asked me what it was that had brought me to Lacedaemon, and I told him the whole truth, whereon he said, ‘So, then, these cowards would usurp a brave man’s bed? A hind might as well lay her new-born young in the lair of a lion, and then go off to feed in the forest or in some grassy dell. The lion, when he comes back to his lair, will make short work with the pair of them, and so will Ulysses with these suitors. By father Jove, Minerva, and Apollo, if Ulysses is still the man that he was when he wrestled with Philomeleides in Lesbos, and threw him so heavily that all the Greeks cheered him—if he is still such, and were to come near these suitors, they would have a short shrift and a sorry wedding. As regards your question, however, I will not prevaricate nor deceive you, but what the old man of the sea told me, so much will I tell you in full. He said he could see Ulysses on an island sorrowing bitterly in the house of the nymph Calypso, who was keeping him prisoner, and he could not reach his home, for he had no ships nor sailors to take him over the sea.’ This was what Menelaus told me, and when I had heard his story I came away; the gods then gave me a fair wind and soon brought me safe home again.”

With these words he moved the heart of Penelope. Then Theoclymenus said to her:

“Madam, wife of Ulysses, Telemachus does not understand these things; listen therefore to me, for I can divine them surely, and will hide nothing from you. May Jove the king of heaven be my witness, and the rites of hospitality, with that hearth of Ulysses to which I now come, that Ulysses himself is even now in Ithaca, and, either going about the country or staying in one place, is enquiring into all these evil deeds and preparing a day of reckoning for the suitors. I saw an omen when I was on the ship which meant this, and I told Telemachus about it.”

“May it be even so,” answered Penelope; “if your words come true, you shall have such gifts and such good will from me that all who see you shall congratulate you.”

Thus did they converse. Meanwhile the suitors were throwing discs, or aiming with spears at a mark on the levelled ground in front of the house, and behaving with all their old insolence. But when it was now time for dinner, and the flock of sheep and goats had come into the town from all the country round, with their shepherds as usual, then Medon, who was their favourite servant, and who waited upon them at table, said, “Now then, my young masters, you have had enough sport, so come inside that we may get dinner ready. Dinner is not a bad thing, at dinner time.”

They left their sports as he told them, and when they were within the house, they laid their cloaks on the benches and seats inside, and then sacrificed some sheep, goats, pigs, and a heifer, all of them fat and well grown. Thus they made ready for their meal. In the meantime Ulysses and the swineherd were about starting for the town, and the swineherd said, "Stranger, I suppose you still want to go to town to-day, as my master said you were to do; for my own part I should have liked you to stay here as a station hand, but I must do as my master tells me, or he will scold me later on, and a scolding from one's master is a very serious thing. Let us then be off, for it is now broad day; it will be night again directly and then you will find it colder."

"I know, and understand you," replied Ulysses; "you need say no more. Let us be going, but if you have a stick ready cut, let me have it to walk with, for you say the road is a very rough one."

As he spoke he threw his shabby old tattered wallet over his shoulders, by the cord from which it hung, and Eumaeus gave him a stick to his liking. The two then started, leaving the station in charge of the dogs and herdsmen who remained behind; the swineherd led the way and his master followed after, looking like some broken-down old tramp as he leaned upon his staff, and his clothes were all in rags. When they had got over the rough steep ground and were nearing the city, they reached the fountain from which the citizens drew their water. This had been made by Ithacus, Neritus, and Polyctor. There was a grove of water-loving poplars planted in a circle all round it, and the clear cold water came down to it from a rock high up, while above the fountain there was an altar to the nymphs, at which all wayfarers used to sacrifice. Here Melanthius son of Dolius overtook them as he was driving down some goats, the best in his flock, for the suitors' dinner, and there were two shepherds with him. When he saw Eumaeus and Ulysses he reviled them with outrageous and unseemly language, which made Ulysses very angry.

"There you go," cried he, "and a precious pair you are. See how heaven brings birds of the same feather to one another. Where, pray, master swineherd, are you taking this poor miserable object? It would make any one sick to see such a creature at table. A fellow like this never won a prize for anything in his life, but will go about rubbing his shoulders against every man's door post, and begging, not for swords and cauldrons like a man, but only for a few scraps not worth begging for. If you would give him to me for a hand on my station, he might do to clean out the folds, or bring a bit of sweet feed to the kids, and he could fatten his thighs as much as he pleased on whey; but he has taken to bad ways and will not go about any kind of work; he will do nothing but beg victuals all the town over, to feed his insatiable belly. I say, therefore and it shall surely be—if he goes near Ulysses' house he will get his head broken by the stools they will fling at him, till they turn him out."

On this, as he passed, he gave Ulysses a kick on the hip out of pure wantonness, but Ulysses stood firm, and did not budge from the path. For a moment he doubted whether or no to fly at Melanthius and kill him with his staff, or fling him to the ground and beat his brains out; he resolved, however, to endure it and keep himself in check, but the swineherd looked straight at Melanthius and rebuked him, lifting up his hands and praying to heaven as he did so.

"Fountain nymphs," he cried, "children of Jove, if ever Ulysses burned you thigh bones covered with fat whether of lambs or kids, grant my prayer that heaven may send him home. He would soon put an end to the swaggering threats with which such men as you go about insulting people-gadding all over the town while your flocks are going to ruin through bad shepherding."

Then Melanthius the goatherd answered, "You ill-conditioned cur, what are you talking about? Some day or other I will put you on board ship and take you to a foreign country, where I can sell you and pocket the money you will fetch. I wish I were as sure that Apollo would strike Telemachus dead this very day, or that the suitors would kill him, as I am that Ulysses will never come home again."

With this he left them to come on at their leisure, while he went quickly forward and soon reached the house of his master. When he got there he went in and took his seat among the suitors opposite Eurymachus, who liked him better than any of the others. The servants brought him a portion of meat, and an upper woman servant set bread before him that he might eat. Presently Ulysses and the swineherd came up to the house and stood by it, amid a sound of music, for Phemius was just beginning to sing to the suitors. Then Ulysses took hold of the swineherd's hand, and said:

"Eumaeus, this house of Ulysses is a very fine place. No matter how far you go you will find few like it. One building keeps following on after another. The outer court has a wall with battlements all round it; the doors are double folding, and of good workmanship; it would be a hard matter to take it by force of arms. I perceive, too, that there are many people banqueting within it, for there is a smell of roast meat, and I hear a sound of music, which the gods have made to go along with feasting."

Then Eumaeus said, "You have perceived aright, as indeed you generally do; but let us think what will be our best course. Will you go inside first and join the suitors, leaving me here behind you, or will you wait here and let me go in first? But do not wait long, or some one may see you loitering about outside, and throw something at you. Consider this matter I pray you."

And Ulysses answered, "I understand and heed. Go in first and leave me here where I am. I am quite used to

being beaten and having things thrown at me. I have been so much buffeted about in war and by sea that I am case-hardened, and this too may go with the rest. But a man cannot hide away the cravings of a hungry belly; this is an enemy which gives much trouble to all men; it is because of this that ships are fitted out to sail the seas, and to make war upon other people."

As they were thus talking, a dog that had been lying asleep raised his head and pricked up his ears. This was Argos, whom Ulysses had bred before setting out for Troy, but he had never had any work out of him. In the old days he used to be taken out by the young men when they went hunting wild goats, or deer, or hares, but now that his master was gone he was lying neglected on the heaps of mule and cow dung that lay in front of the stable doors till the men should come and draw it away to manure the great close; and he was full of fleas. As soon as he saw Ulysses standing there, he dropped his ears and wagged his tail, but he could not get close up to his master. When Ulysses saw the dog on the other side of the yard, dashed a tear from his eyes without Eumaeus seeing it, and said:

"Eumaeus, what a noble hound that is over yonder on the manure heap: his build is splendid; is he as fine a fellow as he looks, or is he only one of those dogs that come begging about a table, and are kept merely for show?"

"This hound," answered Eumaeus, "belonged to him who has died in a far country. If he were what he was when Ulysses left for Troy, he would soon show you what he could do. There was not a wild beast in the forest that could get away from him when he was once on its tracks. But now he has fallen on evil times, for his master is dead and gone, and the women take no care of him. Servants never do their work when their master's hand is no longer over them, for Jove takes half the goodness out of a man when he makes a slave of him."

As he spoke he went inside the buildings to the cloister where the suitors were, but Argos died as soon as he had recognized his master.

Telemachus saw Eumaeus long before any one else did, and beckoned him to come and sit beside him; so he looked about and saw a seat lying near where the carver sat serving out their portions to the suitors; he picked it up, brought it to Telemachus's table, and sat down opposite him. Then the servant brought him his portion, and gave him bread from the bread-basket.

Immediately afterwards Ulysses came inside, looking like a poor miserable old beggar, leaning on his staff and with his clothes all in rags. He sat down upon the threshold of ash-wood just inside the doors leading from the outer to the inner court, and against a bearing-post of cypress-wood which the carpenter had skillfully planed, and had made to join truly with rule and line. Telemachus took a whole loaf from the bread-basket, with as much meat as he could hold in his two hands, and said to Eumaeus, "Take this to the stranger, and tell him to go the round of the suitors, and beg from them; a beggar must not be shamefaced."

So Eumaeus went up to him and said, "Stranger, Telemachus sends you this, and says you are to go the round of the suitors begging, for beggars must not be shamefaced."

Ulysses answered, "May King Jove grant all happiness to Telemachus, and fulfil the desire of his heart."

Then with both hands he took what Telemachus had sent him, and laid it on the dirty old wallet at his feet. He went on eating it while the bard was singing, and had just finished his dinner as he left off. The suitors applauded the bard, whereon Minerva went up to Ulysses and prompted him to beg pieces of bread from each one of the suitors, that he might see what kind of people they were, and tell the good from the bad; but come what might she was not going to save a single one of them. Ulysses, therefore, went on his round, going from left to right, and stretched out his hands to beg as though he were a real beggar. Some of them pitied him, and were curious about him, asking one another who he was and where he came from; whereon the goatherd Melanthius said, "Suitors of my noble mistress, I can tell you something about him, for I have seen him before. The swineherd brought him here, but I know nothing about the man himself, nor where he comes from."

On this Antinous began to abuse the swineherd. "You precious idiot," he cried, "what have you brought this man to town for? Have we not tramps and beggars enough already to pester us as we sit at meat? Do you think it a small thing that such people gather here to waste your master's property and must you needs bring this man as well?"

And Eumaeus answered, "Antinous, your birth is good but your words evil. It was no doing of mine that he came here. Who is likely to invite a stranger from a foreign country, unless it be one of those who can do public service as a seer, a healer of hurts, a carpenter, or a bard who can charm us with his Such men are welcome all the world over, but no one is likely to ask a beggar who will only worry him. You are always harder on Ulysses' servants than any of the other suitors are, and above all on me, but I do not care so long as Telemachus and Penelope are alive and here."

But Telemachus said, "Hush, do not answer him; Antinous has the bitterest tongue of all the suitors, and he makes the others worse."

Then turning to Antinous he said, "Antinous, you take as much care of my interests as though I were your son. Why should you want to see this stranger turned out of the house? Heaven forbid; take something and give it him yourself; I do not grudge it; I bid you take it. Never mind my mother, nor any of the other servants in the house;

but I know you will not do what I say, for you are more fond of eating things yourself than of giving them to other people.”

“What do you mean, Telemachus,” replied Antinous, “by this swaggering talk? If all the suitors were to give him as much as I will, he would not come here again for another three months.”

As he spoke he drew the stool on which he rested his dainty feet from under the table, and made as though he would throw it at Ulysses, but the other suitors all gave him something, and filled his wallet with bread and meat; he was about, therefore, to go back to the threshold and eat what the suitors had given him, but he first went up to Antinous and said:

“Sir, give me something; you are not, surely, the poorest man here; you seem to be a chief, foremost among them all; therefore you should be the better giver, and I will tell far and wide of your bounty. I too was a rich man once, and had a fine house of my own; in those days I gave to many a tramp such as I now am, no matter who he might be nor what he wanted. I had any number of servants, and all the other things which people have who live well and are accounted wealthy, but it pleased Jove to take all away from me. He sent me with a band of roving robbers to Egypt; it was a long voyage and I was undone by it. I stationed my bade ships in the river Aegyptus, and bade my men stay by them and keep guard over them, while sent out scouts to reconnoitre from every point of vantage.

“But the men disobeyed my orders, took to their own devices, and ravaged the land of the Egyptians, killing the men, and taking their wives and children captives. The alarm was soon carried to the city, and when they heard the war-cry, the people came out at daybreak till the plain was filled with soldiers horse and foot, and with the gleam of armour. Then Jove spread panic among my men, and they would no longer face the enemy, for they found themselves surrounded. The Egyptians killed many of us, and took the rest alive to do forced labour for them; as for myself, they gave me to a friend who met them, to take to Cyprus, Dmetor by name, son of Iasus, who was a great man in Cyprus. Thence I am come hither in a state of great misery.”

Then Antinous said, “What god can have sent such a pestilence to plague us during our dinner? Get out, into the open part of the court, or I will give you Egypt and Cyprus over again for your insolence and importunity; you have begged of all the others, and they have given you lavishly, for they have abundance round them, and it is easy to be free with other people’s property when there is plenty of it.”

On this Ulysses began to move off, and said, “Your looks, my fine sir, are better than your breeding; if you were in your own house you would not spare a poor man so much as a pinch of salt, for though you are in another man’s, and surrounded with abundance, you cannot find it in you to give him even a piece of bread.”

This made Antinous very angry, and he scowled at him saying, “You shall pay for this before you get clear of the court.” With these words he threw a footstool at him, and hit him on the right shoulder-blade near the top of his back. Ulysses stood firm as a rock and the blow did not even stagger him, but he shook his head in silence as he brooded on his revenge. Then he went back to the threshold and sat down there, laying his well-filled wallet at his feet.

“Listen to me,” he cried, “you suitors of Queen Penelope, that I may speak even as I am minded. A man knows neither ache nor pain if he gets hit while fighting for his money, or for his sheep or his cattle; and even so Antinous has hit me while in the service of my miserable belly, which is always getting people into trouble. Still, if the poor have gods and avenging deities at all, I pray them that Antinous may come to a bad end before his marriage.”

“Sit where you are, and eat your victuals in silence, or be off elsewhere,” shouted Antinous. “If you say more I will have you dragged hand and foot through the courts, and the servants shall flay you alive.”

The other suitors were much displeased at this, and one of the young men said, “Antinous, you did ill in striking that poor wretch of a tramp: it will be worse for you if he should turn out to be some god — and we know the gods go about disguised in all sorts of ways as people from foreign countries, and travel about the world to see who do amiss and who righteously.”

Thus said the suitors, but Antinous paid them no heed. Meanwhile Telemachus was furious about the blow that had been given to his father, and though no tear fell from him, he shook his head in silence and brooded on his revenge.

Now when Penelope heard that the beggar had been struck in the banqueting-cloister, she said before her maids, “Would that Apollo would so strike you, Antinous,” and her waiting woman Eurynome answered, “If our prayers were answered not one of the suitors would ever again see the sun rise.” Then Penelope said, “Nurse, I hate every single one of them, for they mean nothing but mischief, but I hate Antinous like the darkness of death itself. A poor unfortunate tramp has come begging about the house for sheer want. Every one else has given him something to put in his wallet, but Antinous has hit him on the right shoulder-blade with a footstool.”

Thus did she talk with her maids as she sat in her own room, and in the meantime Ulysses was getting his dinner. Then she called for the swineherd and said, “Eumaeus, go and tell the stranger to come here, I want to see him and ask him some questions. He seems to have travelled much, and he may have seen or heard something of my

unhappy husband.”

To this you answered, O swineherd Eumaeus, “If these Achaeans, Madam, would only keep quiet, you would be charmed with the history of his adventures. I had him three days and three nights with me in my hut, which was the first place he reached after running away from his ship, and he has not yet completed the story of his misfortunes. If he had been the most heaven-taught minstrel in the whole world, on whose lips all hearers hang entranced, I could not have been more charmed as I sat in my hut and listened to him. He says there is an old friendship between his house and that of Ulysses, and that he comes from Crete where the descendants of Minos live, after having been driven hither and thither by every kind of misfortune; he also declares that he has heard of Ulysses as being alive and near at hand among the Thesprotians, and that he is bringing great wealth home with him.”

“Call him here, then,” said Penelope, “that I too may hear his story. As for the suitors, let them take their pleasure indoors or out as they will, for they have nothing to fret about. Their corn and wine remain unwasted in their houses with none but servants to consume them, while they keep hanging about our house day after day sacrificing our oxen, sheep, and fat goats for their banquets, and never giving so much as a thought to the quantity of wine they drink. No estate can stand such recklessness, for we have now no Ulysses to protect us. If he were to come again, he and his son would soon have their revenge.”

As she spoke Telemachus sneezed so loudly that the whole house resounded with it. Penelope laughed when she heard this, and said to Eumaeus, “Go and call the stranger; did you not hear how my son sneezed just as I was speaking? This can only mean that all the suitors are going to be killed, and that not one of them shall escape. Furthermore I say, and lay my saying to your heart: if I am satisfied that the stranger is speaking the truth I shall give him a shirt and cloak of good wear.”

When Eumaeus heard this he went straight to Ulysses and said, “Father stranger, my mistress Penelope, mother of Telemachus, has sent for you; she is in great grief, but she wishes to hear anything you can tell her about her husband, and if she is satisfied that you are speaking the truth, she will give you a shirt and cloak, which are the very things that you are most in want of. As for bread, you can get enough of that to fill your belly, by begging about the town, and letting those give that will.”

“I will tell Penelope,” answered Ulysses, “nothing but what is strictly true. I know all about her husband, and have been partner with him in affliction, but I am afraid of passing, through this crowd of cruel suitors, for their pride and insolence reach heaven. Just now, moreover, as I was going about the house without doing any harm, a man gave me a blow that hurt me very much, but neither Telemachus nor any one else defended me. Tell Penelope, therefore, to be patient and wait till sundown. Let her give me a seat close up to the fire, for my clothes are worn very thin — you know they are, for you have seen them ever since I first asked you to help me — she can then ask me about the return of her husband.”

The swineherd went back when he heard this, and Penelope said as she saw him cross the threshold, “Why do you not bring him here, Eumaeus? Is he afraid that some one will ill-treat him, or is he shy of coming inside the house at all? Beggars should not be shamefaced.”

To this you answered, O swineherd Eumaeus, “The stranger is quite reasonable. He is avoiding the suitors, and is only doing what any one else would do. He asks you to wait till sundown, and it will be much better, madam, that you should have him all to yourself, when you can hear him and talk to him as you will.”

“The man is no fool,” answered Penelope, “it would very likely be as he says, for there are no such abominable people in the whole world as these men are.”

When she had done speaking Eumaeus went back to the suitors, for he had explained everything. Then he went up to Telemachus and said in his ear so that none could overhear him, “My dear sir, I will now go back to the pigs, to see after your property and my own business. You will look to what is going on here, but above all be careful to keep out of danger, for there are many who bear you ill will. May Jove bring them to a bad end before they do us a mischief.”

“Very well,” replied Telemachus, “go home when you have had your dinner, and in the morning come here with the victims we are to sacrifice for the day. Leave the rest to heaven and me.”

On this Eumaeus took his seat again, and when he had finished his dinner he left the courts and the cloister with the men at table, and went back to his pigs. As for the suitors, they presently began to amuse themselves with singing and dancing, for it was now getting on towards evening.

Book XVIII

NOW there came a certain common tramp who used to go begging all over the city of Ithaca, and was notorious as an incorrigible glutton and drunkard. This man had no strength nor stay in him, but he was a great hulking fellow to look at; his real name, the one his mother gave him, was Arnaeus, but the young men of the place called him Irus, because he used to run errands for any one who would send him. As soon as he came he began to insult

Ulysses, and to try and drive him out of his own house.

“Be off, old man,” he cried, “from the doorway, or you shall be dragged out neck and heels. Do you not see that they are all giving me the wink, and wanting me to turn you out by force, only I do not like to do so? Get up then, and go of yourself, or we shall come to blows.”

Ulysses frowned on him and said, “My friend, I do you no manner of harm; people give you a great deal, but I am not jealous. There is room enough in this doorway for the pair of us, and you need not grudge me things that are not yours to give. You seem to be just such another tramp as myself, but perhaps the gods will give us better luck by and by. Do not, however, talk too much about fighting or you will incense me, and old though I am, I shall cover your mouth and chest with blood. I shall have more peace to-morrow if I do, for you will not come to the house of Ulysses any more.”

Irus was very angry and answered, “You filthy glutton, you run on trippingly like an old fish-fag. I have a good mind to lay both hands about you, and knock your teeth out of your head like so many boar’s tusks. Get ready, therefore, and let these people here stand by and look on. You will never be able to fight one who is so much younger than yourself.”

Thus roundly did they rate one another on the smooth pavement in front of the doorway, and when Antinous saw what was going on he laughed heartily and said to the others, “This is the finest sport that you ever saw; heaven never yet sent anything like it into this house. The stranger and Irus have quarreled and are going to fight, let us set them on to do so at once.”

The suitors all came up laughing, and gathered round the two ragged tramps. “Listen to me,” said Antinous, “there are some goats’ paunches down at the fire, which we have filled with blood and fat, and set aside for supper; he who is victorious and proves himself to be the better man shall have his pick of the lot; he shall be free of our table and we will not allow any other beggar about the house at all.”

The others all agreed, but Ulysses, to throw them off the scent, said, “Sirs, an old man like myself, worn out with suffering, cannot hold his own against a young one; but my irrepressible belly urges me on, though I know it can only end in my getting a drubbing. You must swear, however that none of you will give me a foul blow to favour Irus and secure him the victory.”

They swore as he told them, and when they had completed their oath Telemachus put in a word and said, “Stranger, if you have a mind to settle with this fellow, you need not be afraid of any one here. Whoever strikes you will have to fight more than one. I am host, and the other chiefs, Antinous and Eurymachus, both of them men of understanding, are of the same mind as I am.”

Every one assented, and Ulysses girded his old rags about his loins, thus baring his stalwart thighs, his broad chest and shoulders, and his mighty arms; but Minerva came up to him and made his limbs even stronger still. The suitors were beyond measure astonished, and one would turn towards his neighbour saying, “The stranger has brought such a thigh out of his old rags that there will soon be nothing left of Irus.”

Irus began to be very uneasy as he heard them, but the servants girded him by force, and brought him [into the open part of the court] in such a fright that his limbs were all of a tremble. Antinous scolded him and said, “You swaggering bully, you ought never to have been born at all if you are afraid of such an old broken-down creature as this tramp is. I say, therefore—and it shall surely be—if he beats you and proves himself the better man, I shall pack you off on board ship to the mainland and send you to king Echetus, who kills every one that comes near him. He will cut off your nose and ears, and draw out your entrails for the dogs to eat.”

This frightened Irus still more, but they brought him into the middle of the court, and the two men raised their hands to fight. Then Ulysses considered whether he should let drive so hard at him as to make an end of him then and there, or whether he should give him a lighter blow that should only knock him down; in the end he deemed it best to give the lighter blow for fear the Achaeans should begin to suspect who he was. Then they began to fight, and Irus hit Ulysses on the right shoulder; but Ulysses gave Irus a blow on the neck under the ear that broke in the bones of his skull, and the blood came gushing out of his mouth; he fell groaning in the dust, gnashing his teeth and kicking on the ground, but the suitors threw up their hands and nearly died of laughter, as Ulysses caught hold of him by the foot and dragged him into the outer court as far as the gate-house. There he propped him up against the wall and put his staff in his hands. “Sit here,” said he, “and keep the dogs and pigs off; you are a pitiful creature, and if you try to make yourself king of the beggars any more you shall fare still worse.”

Then he threw his dirty old wallet, all tattered and torn, over his shoulder with the cord by which it hung, and went back to sit down upon the threshold; but the suitors went within the cloisters, laughing and saluting him, “May Jove, and all the other gods,” said they, ‘grant you whatever you want for having put an end to the importunity of this insatiable tramp. We will take him over to the mainland presently, to king Echetus, who kills every one that comes near him.’

Ulysses hailed this as of good omen, and Antinous set a great goat’s paunch before him filled with blood and fat. Amphinomus took two loaves out of the bread-basket and brought them to him, pledging him as he did so in a

golden goblet of wine. "Good luck to you," he said, "father stranger, you are very badly off at present, but I hope you will have better times by and by."

To this Ulysses answered, "Amphinomus, you seem to be a man of good understanding, as indeed you may well be, seeing whose son you are. I have heard your father well spoken of; he is Nisus of Dulichium, a man both brave and wealthy. They tell me you are his son, and you appear to be a considerable person; listen, therefore, and take heed to what I am saying. Man is the vainest of all creatures that have their being upon earth. As long as heaven vouchsafes him health and strength, he thinks that he shall come to no harm hereafter, and even when the blessed gods bring sorrow upon him, he bears it as he needs must, and makes the best of it; for God Almighty gives men their daily minds day by day. I know all about it, for I was a rich man once, and did much wrong in the stubbornness of my pride, and in the confidence that my father and my brothers would support me; therefore let a man fear God in all things always, and take the good that heaven may see fit to send him without vainglory. Consider the infamy of what these suitors are doing; see how they are wasting the estate, and doing dishonour to the wife, of one who is certain to return some day, and that, too, not long hence. Nay, he will be here soon; may heaven send you home quietly first that you may not meet with him in the day of his coming, for once he is here the suitors and he will not part bloodlessly."

With these words he made a drink-offering, and when he had drunk he put the gold cup again into the hands of Amphinomus, who walked away serious and bowing his head, for he foreboded evil. But even so he did not escape destruction, for Minerva had doomed him fall by the hand of Telemachus. So he took his seat again at the place from which he had come.

Then Minerva put it into the mind of Penelope to show herself to the suitors, that she might make them still more enamoured of her, and win still further honour from her son and husband. So she feigned a mocking laugh and said, "Eurynome, I have changed my mind and have a fancy to show myself to the suitors although I detest them. I should like also to give my son a hint that he had better not have anything more to do with them. They speak fairly enough but they mean mischief."

"My dear child," answered Eurynome, "all that you have said is true, go and tell your son about it, but first wash yourself and anoint your face. Do not go about with your cheeks all covered with tears; it is not right that you should grieve so incessantly; for Telemachus, whom you always prayed that you might live to see with a beard, is already grown up."

"I know, Eurynome," replied Penelope, "that you mean well, but do not try and persuade me to wash and to anoint myself, for heaven robbed me of all my beauty on the day my husband sailed; nevertheless, tell Autonoe and Hippodamia that I want them. They must be with me when I am in the cloister; I am not going among the men alone; it would not be proper for me to do so."

On this the old woman went out of the room to bid the maids go to their mistress. In the meantime Minerva bethought her of another matter, and sent Penelope off into a sweet slumber; so she lay down on her couch and her limbs became heavy with sleep. Then the goddess shed grace and beauty over her that all the Achaeans might admire her. She washed her face with the ambrosial loveliness that Venus wears when she goes dancing with the Graces; she made her taller and of a more commanding figure, while as for her complexion it was whiter than sawn ivory. When Minerva had done all this she went away, whereon the maids came in from the women's room and woke Penelope with the sound of their talking.

"What an exquisitely delicious sleep I have been having," said she, as she passed her hands over her face, "in spite of all my misery. I wish Diana would let me die so sweetly now at this very moment, that I might no longer waste in despair for the loss of my dear husband, who possessed every kind of good quality and was the most distinguished man among the Achaeans."

With these words she came down from her upper room, not alone but attended by two of her maidens, and when she reached the suitors she stood by one of the bearing-posts supporting the roof of the cloister, holding a veil before her face, and with a staid maid servant on either side of her. As they beheld her the suitors were so overpowered and became so desperately enamoured of her, that each one prayed he might win her for his own bed fellow.

"Telemachus," said she, addressing her son, "I fear you are no longer so discreet and well conducted as you used to be. When you were younger you had a greater sense of propriety; now, however, that you are grown up, though a stranger to look at you would take you for the son of a well-to-do father as far as size and good looks go, your conduct is by no means what it should be. What is all this disturbance that has been going on, and how came you to allow a stranger to be so disgracefully ill-treated? What would have happened if he had suffered serious injury while a suppliant in our house? Surely this would have been very discreditable to you."

"I am not surprised, my dear mother, at your displeasure," replied Telemachus, "I understand all about it and know when things are not as they should be, which I could not do when I was younger; I cannot, however, behave with perfect propriety at all times. First one and then another of these wicked people here keeps driving me out of my mind, and I have no one to stand by me. After all, however, this fight between Irus and the stranger did not turn

out as the suitors meant it to do, for the stranger got the best of it. I wish Father Jove, Minerva, and Apollo would break the neck of every one of these wooers of yours, some inside the house and some out; and I wish they might all be as limp as Irus is over yonder in the gate of the outer court. See how he nods his head like a drunken man; he has had such a thrashing that he cannot stand on his feet nor get back to his home, wherever that may be, for has no strength left in him.”

Thus did they converse. Eurymachus then came up and said, “Queen Penelope, daughter of Icarius, if all the Achaeans in Iasian Argos could see you at this moment, you would have still more suitors in your house by tomorrow morning, for you are the most admirable woman in the whole world both as regards personal beauty and strength of understanding.”

To this Penelope replied, “Eurymachus, heaven robbed me of all my beauty whether of face or figure when the Argives set sail for Troy and my dear husband with them. If he were to return and look after my affairs, I should both be more respected and show a better presence to the world. As it is, I am oppressed with care, and with the afflictions which heaven has seen fit to heap upon me. My husband foresaw it all, and when he was leaving home he took my right wrist in his hand—‘Wife,’ he said, ‘we shall not all of us come safe home from Troy, for the Trojans fight well both with bow and spear. They are excellent also at fighting from chariots, and nothing decides the issue of a fight sooner than this. I know not, therefore, whether heaven will send me back to you, or whether I may not fall over there at Troy. In the meantime do you look after things here. Take care of my father and mother as at present, and even more so during my absence, but when you see our son growing a beard, then marry whom you will, and leave this your present home. This is what he said and now it is all coming true. A night will come when I shall have to yield myself to a marriage which I detest, for Jove has taken from me all hope of happiness. This further grief, moreover, cuts me to the very heart. You suitors are not wooing me after the custom of my country. When men are courting a woman who they think will be a good wife to them and who is of noble birth, and when they are each trying to win her for himself, they usually bring oxen and sheep to feast the friends of the lady, and they make her magnificent presents, instead of eating up other people’s property without paying for it.”

This was what she said, and Ulysses was glad when he heard her trying to get presents out of the suitors, and flattering them with fair words which he knew she did not mean.

Then Antinous said, “Queen Penelope, daughter of Icarius, take as many presents as you please from any one who will give them to you; it is not well to refuse a present; but we will not go about our business nor stir from where we are, till you have married the best man among us whoever he may be.”

The others applauded what Antinous had said, and each one sent his servant to bring his present. Antinous’s man returned with a large and lovely dress most exquisitely embroidered. It had twelve beautifully made brooch pins of pure gold with which to fasten it. Eurymachus immediately brought her a magnificent chain of gold and amber beads that gleamed like sunlight. Eurydamas’s two men returned with some earrings fashioned into three brilliant pendants which glistened most beautifully; while king Pisander son of Polyctor gave her a necklace of the rarest workmanship, and every one else brought her a beautiful present of some kind.

Then the queen went back to her room upstairs, and her maids brought the presents after her. Meanwhile the suitors took to singing and dancing, and stayed till evening came. They danced and sang till it grew dark; they then brought in three braziers to give light, and piled them up with chopped firewood very and dry, and they lit torches from them, which the maids held up turn and turn about. Then Ulysses said:

“Maids, servants of Ulysses who has so long been absent, go to the queen inside the house; sit with her and amuse her, or spin, and pick wool. I will hold the light for all these people. They may stay till morning, but shall not beat me, for I can stand a great deal.”

The maids looked at one another and laughed, while pretty Melanthe began to gibe at him contemptuously. She was daughter to Dolius, but had been brought up by Penelope, who used to give her toys to play with, and looked after her when she was a child; but in spite of all this she showed no consideration for the sorrows of her mistress, and used to misconduct herself with Eurymachus, with whom she was in love.

“Poor wretch,” said she, “are you gone clean out of your mind? Go and sleep in some smithy, or place of public gossips, instead of chattering here. Are you not ashamed of opening your mouth before your betters—so many of them too? Has the wine been getting into your head, or do you always babble in this way? You seem to have lost your wits because you beat the tramp Irus; take care that a better man than he does not come and cudgel you about the head till he pack you bleeding out of the house.”

“Vixen,” replied Ulysses, scowling at her, “I will go and tell Telemachus what you have been saying, and he will have you torn limb from limb.”

With these words he scared the women, and they went off into the body of the house. They trembled all aver, for they thought he would do as he said. But Ulysses took his stand near the burning braziers, holding up torches and looking at the people—brooding the while on things that should surely come to pass.

But Minerva would not let the suitors for one moment cease their insolence, for she wanted Ulysses to become

even more bitter against them; she therefore set Eurymachus son of Polybus on to gibe at him, which made the others laugh. “Listen to me,” said he, “you suitors of Queen Penelope, that I may speak even as I am minded. It is not for nothing that this man has come to the house of Ulysses; I believe the light has not been coming from the torches, but from his own head—for his hair is all gone, every bit of it.”

Then turning to Ulysses he said, “Stranger, will you work as a servant, if I send you to the wolds and see that you are well paid? Can you build a stone fence, or plant trees? I will have you fed all the year round, and will find you in shoes and clothing. Will you go, then? Not you; for you have got into bad ways, and do not want to work; you had rather fill your belly by going round the country begging.”

“Eurymachus,” answered Ulysses, “if you and I were to work one against the other in early summer when the days are at their longest—give me a good scythe, and take another yourself, and let us see which will fast the longer or mow the stronger, from dawn till dark when the mowing grass is about. Or if you will plough against me, let us each take a yoke of tawny oxen, well-mated and of great strength and endurance: turn me into a four acre field, and see whether you or I can drive the straighter furrow. If, again, war were to break out this day, give me a shield, a couple of spears and a helmet fitting well upon my temples—you would find me foremost in the fray, and would cease your gibes about my belly. You are insolent and cruel, and think yourself a great man because you live in a little world, and that a bad one. If Ulysses comes to his own again, the doors of his house are wide, but you will find them narrow when you try to fly through them.”

Eurymachus was furious at all this. He scowled at him and cried, “You wretch, I will soon pay you out for daring to say such things to me, and in public too. Has the wine been getting into your head or do you always babble in this way? You seem to have lost your wits because you beat the tramp Irus. With this he caught hold of a footstool, but Ulysses sought protection at the knees of Amphinomus of Dulichium, for he was afraid. The stool hit the cupbearer on his right hand and knocked him down: the man fell with a cry flat on his back, and his wine-jug fell ringing to the ground. The suitors in the covered cloister were now in an uproar, and one would turn towards his neighbour, saying, “I wish the stranger had gone somewhere else, bad luck to hide, for all the trouble he gives us. We cannot permit such disturbance about a beggar; if such ill counsels are to prevail we shall have no more pleasure at our banquet.”

On this Telemachus came forward and said, “Sirs, are you mad? Can you not carry your meat and your liquor decently? Some evil spirit has possessed you. I do not wish to drive any of you away, but you have had your suppers, and the sooner you all go home to bed the better.”

The suitors bit their lips and marvelled at the boldness of his speech; but Amphinomus the son of Nisus, who was son to Aretias, said, “Do not let us take offence; it is reasonable, so let us make no answer. Neither let us do violence to the stranger nor to any of Ulysses’ servants. Let the cupbearer go round with the drink-offerings, that we may make them and go home to our rest. As for the stranger, let us leave Telemachus to deal with him, for it is to his house that he has come.”

Thus did he speak, and his saying pleased them well, so Mulus of Dulichium, servant to Amphinomus, mixed them a bowl of wine and water and handed it round to each of them man by man, whereon they made their drink-offerings to the blessed gods: Then, when they had made their drink-offerings and had drunk each one as he was minded, they took their several ways each of them to his own abode.

Book XIX

ULYSSES was left in the cloister, pondering on the means whereby with Minerva’s help he might be able to kill the suitors. Presently he said to Telemachus, “Telemachus, we must get the armour together and take it down inside. Make some excuse when the suitors ask you why you have removed it. Say that you have taken it to be out of the way of the smoke, inasmuch as it is no longer what it was when Ulysses went away, but has become soiled and begrimed with soot. Add to this more particularly that you are afraid Jove may set them on to quarrel over their wine, and that they may do each other some harm which may disgrace both banquet and wooing, for the sight of arms sometimes tempts people to use them.”

Telemachus approved of what his father had said, so he called nurse Euryclea and said, “Nurse, shut the women up in their room, while I take the armour that my father left behind him down into the store room. No one looks after it now my father is gone, and it has got all smirched with soot during my own boyhood. I want to take it down where the smoke cannot reach it.”

“I wish, child,” answered Euryclea, “that you would take the management of the house into your own hands altogether, and look after all the property yourself. But who is to go with you and light you to the store room? The maids would have so, but you would not let them.

“The stranger,” said Telemachus, “shall show me a light; when people eat my bread they must earn it, no matter where they come from.”

Euryclea did as she was told, and bolted the women inside their room. Then Ulysses and his son made all haste to take the helmets, shields, and spears inside; and Minerva went before them with a gold lamp in her hand that shed a soft and brilliant radiance, whereon Telemachus said, "Father, my eyes behold a great marvel: the walls, with the rafters, crossbeams, and the supports on which they rest are all aglow as with a flaming fire. Surely there is some god here who has come down from heaven."

"Hush," answered Ulysses, "hold your peace and ask no questions, for this is the manner of the gods. Get you to your bed, and leave me here to talk with your mother and the maids. Your mother in her grief will ask me all sorts of questions."

On this Telemachus went by torch-light to the other side of the inner court, to the room in which he always slept. There he lay in his bed till morning, while Ulysses was left in the cloister pondering on the means whereby with Minerva's help he might be able to kill the suitors.

Then Penelope came down from her room looking like Venus or Diana, and they set her a seat inlaid with scrolls of silver and ivory near the fire in her accustomed place. It had been made by Icmalius and had a footstool all in one piece with the seat itself; and it was covered with a thick fleece: on this she now sat, and the maids came from the women's room to join her. They set about removing the tables at which the wicked suitors had been dining, and took away the bread that was left, with the cups from which they had drunk. They emptied the embers out of the braziers, and heaped much wood upon them to give both light and heat; but Melanthe began to rail at Ulysses a second time and said, "Stranger, do you mean to plague us by hanging about the house all night and spying upon the women? Be off, you wretch, outside, and eat your supper there, or you shall be driven out with a firebrand."

Ulysses scowled at her and answered, "My good woman, why should you be so angry with me? Is it because I am not clean, and my clothes are all in rags, and because I am obliged to go begging about after the manner of tramps and beggars generally? I too was a rich man once, and had a fine house of my own; in those days I gave to many a tramp such as I now am, no matter who he might be nor what he wanted. I had any number of servants, and all the other things which people have who live well and are accounted wealthy, but it pleased Jove to take all away from me; therefore, woman, beware lest you too come to lose that pride and place in which you now wanton above your fellows; have a care lest you get out of favour with your mistress, and lest Ulysses should come home, for there is still a chance that he may do so. Moreover, though he be dead as you think he is, yet by Apollo's will he has left a son behind him, Telemachus, who will note anything done amiss by the maids in the house, for he is now no longer in his boyhood."

Penelope heard what he was saying and scolded the maid, "Impudent baggage, said she, "I see how abominably you are behaving, and you shall smart for it. You knew perfectly well, for I told you myself, that I was going to see the stranger and ask him about my husband, for whose sake I am in such continual sorrow."

Then she said to her head waiting woman Eurynome, "Bring a seat with a fleece upon it, for the stranger to sit upon while he tells his story, and listens to what I have to say. I wish to ask him some questions."

Eurynome brought the seat at once and set a fleece upon it, and as soon as Ulysses had sat down Penelope began by saying, "Stranger, I shall first ask you who and whence are you? Tell me of your town and parents."

"Madam," answered Ulysses, "who on the face of the whole earth can dare to chide with you? Your fame reaches the firmament of heaven itself; you are like some blameless king, who upholds righteousness, as the monarch over a great and valiant nation: the earth yields its wheat and barley, the trees are loaded with fruit, the ewes bring forth lambs, and the sea abounds with fish by reason of his virtues, and his people do good deeds under him. Nevertheless, as I sit here in your house, ask me some other question and do not seek to know my race and family, or you will recall memories that will yet more increase my sorrow. I am full of heaviness, but I ought not to sit weeping and wailing in another person's house, nor is it well to be thus grieving continually. I shall have one of the servants or even yourself complaining of me, and saying that my eyes swim with tears because I am heavy with wine."

Then Penelope answered, "Stranger, heaven robbed me of all beauty, whether of face or figure, when the Argives set sail for Troy and my dear husband with them. If he were to return and look after my affairs I should be both more respected and should show a better presence to the world. As it is, I am oppressed with care, and with the afflictions which heaven has seen fit to heap upon me. The chiefs from all our islands — Dulichium, Same, and Zacynthus, as also from Ithaca itself, are wooing me against my will and are wasting my estate. I can therefore show no attention to strangers, nor suppliants, nor to people who say that they are skilled artisans, but am all the time brokenhearted about Ulysses. They want me to marry again at once, and I have to invent stratagems in order to deceive them. In the first place heaven put it in my mind to set up a great tambour-frame in my room, and to begin working upon an enormous piece of fine needlework. Then I said to them, 'Sweethearts, Ulysses is indeed dead, still, do not press me to marry again immediately; wait — for I would not have my skill in needlework perish unrecorded—till I have finished making a pall for the hero Laertes, to be ready against the time when death shall take him. He is very rich, and the women of the place will talk if he is laid out without a pall.' This was what I said, and they assented; whereon I used to keep working at my great web all day long, but at night I would unpick the stitches

again by torch light. I fooled them in this way for three years without their finding it out, but as time wore on and I was now in my fourth year, in the waning of moons, and many days had been accomplished, those good-for-nothing hussies my maids betrayed me to the suitors, who broke in upon me and caught me; they were very angry with me, so I was forced to finish my work whether I would or no. And now I do not see how I can find any further shift for getting out of this marriage. My parents are putting great pressure upon me, and my son chafes at the ravages the suitors are making upon his estate, for he is now old enough to understand all about it and is perfectly able to look after his own affairs, for heaven has blessed him with an excellent disposition. Still, notwithstanding all this, tell me who you are and where you come from—for you must have had father and mother of some sort; you cannot be the son of an oak or of a rock.”

Then Ulysses answered, “madam, wife of Ulysses, since you persist in asking me about my family, I will answer, no matter what it costs me: people must expect to be pained when they have been exiles as long as I have, and suffered as much among as many peoples. Nevertheless, as regards your question I will tell you all you ask. There is a fair and fruitful island in mid-ocean called Crete; it is thickly peopled and there are nine cities in it: the people speak many different languages which overlap one another, for there are Achaeans, brave Eteocretans, Dorians of three-fold race, and noble Pelasgi. There is a great town there, Cnossus, where Minos reigned who every nine years had a conference with Jove himself. Minos was father to Deucalion, whose son I am, for Deucalion had two sons Idomeneus and myself. Idomeneus sailed for Troy, and I, who am the younger, am called Aethon; my brother, however, was at once the older and the more valiant of the two; hence it was in Crete that I saw Ulysses and showed him hospitality, for the winds took him there as he was on his way to Troy, carrying him out of his course from cape Malea and leaving him in Amnisus off the cave of Ilithuia, where the harbours are difficult to enter and he could hardly find shelter from the winds that were then xaging. As soon as he got there he went into the town and asked for Idomeneus, claiming to be his old and valued friend, but Idomeneus had already set sail for Troy some ten or twelve days earlier, so I took him to my own house and showed him every kind of hospitality, for I had abundance of everything. Moreover, I fed the men who were with him with barley meal from the public store, and got subscriptions of wine and oxen for them to sacrifice to their heart’s content. They stayed with me twelve days, for there was a gale blowing from the North so strong that one could hardly keep one’s feet on land. I suppose some unfriendly god had raised it for them, but on the thirteenth day the wind dropped, and they got away.”

Many a plausible tale did Ulysses further tell her, and Penelope wept as she listened, for her heart was melted. As the snow wastes upon the mountain tops when the winds from South East and West have breathed upon it and thawed it till the rivers run bank full with water, even so did her cheeks overflow with tears for the husband who was all the time sitting by her side. Ulysses felt for her and was for her, but he kept his eyes as hard as or iron without letting them so much as quiver, so cunningly did he restrain his tears. Then, when she had relieved herself by weeping, she turned to him again and said: “Now, stranger, I shall put you to the test and see whether or no you really did entertain my husband and his men, as you say you did. Tell me, then, how he was dressed, what kind of a man he was to look at, and so also with his companions.”

“Madam,” answered Ulysses, “it is such a long time ago that I can hardly say. Twenty years are come and gone since he left my home, and went elsewhere; but I will tell you as well as I can recollect. Ulysses wore a mantle of purple wool, double lined, and it was fastened by a gold brooch with two catches for the pin. On the face of this there was a device that showed a dog holding a spotted fawn between his fore paws, and watching it as it lay panting upon the ground. Every one marvelled at the way in which these things had been done in gold, the dog looking at the fawn, and strangling it, while the fawn was struggling convulsively to escape. As for the shirt that he wore next his skin, it was so soft that it fitted him like the skin of an onion, and glistened in the sunlight to the admiration of all the women who beheld it. Furthermore I say, and lay my saying to your heart, that I do not know whether Ulysses wore these clothes when he left home, or whether one of his companions had given them to him while he was on his voyage; or possibly some one at whose house he was staying made him a present of them, for he was a man of many friends and had few equals among the Achaeans. I myself gave him a sword of bronze and a beautiful purple mantle, double lined, with a shirt that went down to his feet, and I sent him on board his ship with every mark of honour. He had a servant with him, a little older than himself, and I can tell you what he was like; his shoulders were hunched, he was dark, and he had thick curly hair. His name was Eurybates, and Ulysses treated him with greater familiarity than he did any of the others, as being the most like-minded with himself.”

Penelope was moved still more deeply as she heard the indisputable proofs that Ulysses laid before her; and when she had again found relief in tears she said to him, “Stranger, I was already disposed to pity you, but henceforth you shall be honoured and made welcome in my house. It was I who gave Ulysses the clothes you speak of. I took them out of the store room and folded them up myself, and I gave him also the gold brooch to wear as an ornament. Alas! I shall never welcome him home again. It was by an ill fate that he ever set out for that detested city whose very name I cannot bring myself even to mention.”

Then Ulysses answered, “Madam, wife of Ulysses, do not disfigure yourself further by grieving thus bitterly for

your loss, though I can hardly blame you for doing so. A woman who has loved her husband and borne him children, would naturally be grieved at losing him, even though he were a worse man than Ulysses, who they say was like a god. Still, cease your tears and listen to what I can tell I will hide nothing from you, and can say with perfect truth that I have lately heard of Ulysses as being alive and on his way home; he is among the Thesprotians, and is bringing back much valuable treasure that he has begged from one and another of them; but his ship and all his crew were lost as they were leaving the Thrinacian island, for Jove and the sun-god were angry with him because his men had slaughtered the sun-god's cattle, and they were all drowned to a man. But Ulysses stuck to the keel of the ship and was drifted on to the land of the Phaeacians, who are near of kin to the immortals, and who treated him as though he had been a god, giving him many presents, and wishing to escort him home safe and sound. In fact Ulysses would have been here long ago, had he not thought better to go from land to land gathering wealth; for there is no man living who is so wily as he is; there is no one can compare with him. Pheidon king of the Thesprotians told me all this, and he swore to me—making drink-offerings in his house as he did so—that the ship was by the water side and the crew found who would take Ulysses to his own country. He sent me off first, for there happened to be a Thesprotian ship sailing for the wheat-growing island of Dulichium, but he showed me all treasure Ulysses had got together, and he had enough lying in the house of king Pheidon to keep his family for ten generations; but the king said Ulysses had gone to Dodona that he might learn Jove's mind from the high oak tree, and know whether after so long an absence he should return to Ithaca openly or in secret. So you may know he is safe and will be here shortly; he is close at hand and cannot remain away from home much longer; nevertheless I will confirm my words with an oath, and call Jove who is the first and mightiest of all gods to witness, as also that hearth of Ulysses to which I have now come, that all I have spoken shall surely come to pass. Ulysses will return in this self same year; with the end of this moon and the beginning of the next he will be here."

"May it be even so," answered Penelope; "if your words come true you shall have such gifts and such good will from me that all who see you shall congratulate you; but I know very well how it will be. Ulysses will not return, neither will you get your escort hence, for so surely as that Ulysses ever was, there are now no longer any such masters in the house as he was, to receive honourable strangers or to further them on their way home. And now, you maids, wash his feet for him, and make him a bed on a couch with rugs and blankets, that he may be warm and quiet till morning. Then, at day break wash him and anoint him again, that he may sit in the cloister and take his meals with Telemachus. It shall be the worse for any one of these hateful people who is uncivil to him; like it or not, he shall have no more to do in this house. For how, sir, shall you be able to learn whether or no I am superior to others of my sex both in goodness of heart and understanding, if I let you dine in my cloisters squalid and ill clad? Men live but for a little season; if they are hard, and deal hardly, people wish them ill so long as they are alive, and speak contemptuously of them when they are dead, but he that is righteous and deals righteously, the people tell of his praise among all lands, and many shall call him blessed."

Ulysses answered, "Madam, I have foresworn rugs and blankets from the day that I left the snowy ranges of Crete to go on shipboard. I will lie as I have lain on many a sleepless night hitherto. Night after night have I passed in any rough sleeping place, and waited for morning. Nor, again, do I like having my feet washed; I shall not let any of the young hussies about your house touch my feet; but, if you have any old and respectable woman who has gone through as much trouble as I have, I will allow her to wash them."

To this Penelope said, "My dear sir, of all the guests who ever yet came to my house there never was one who spoke in all things with such admirable propriety as you do. There happens to be in the house a most respectable old woman—the same who received my poor dear husband in her arms the night he was born, and nursed him in infancy. She is very feeble now, but she shall wash your feet." "Come here," said she, "Euryclea, and wash your master's age-mate; I suppose Ulysses' hands and feet are very much the same now as his are, for trouble ages all of us dreadfully fast."

On these words the old woman covered her face with her hands; she began to weep and made lamentation saying, "My dear child, I cannot think whatever I am to do with you. I am certain no one was ever more god-fearing than yourself, and yet Jove hates you. No one in the whole world ever burned him more thigh bones, nor gave him finer hecatombs when you prayed you might come to a green old age yourself and see your son grow up to take after you; yet see how he has prevented you alone from ever getting back to your own home. I have no doubt the women in some foreign palace which Ulysses has got to are gibing at him as all these sluts here have been gibing you. I do not wonder at your not choosing to let them wash you after the manner in which they have insulted you; I will wash your feet myself gladly enough, as Penelope has said that I am to do so; I will wash them both for Penelope's sake and for your own, for you have raised the most lively feelings of compassion in my mind; and let me say this moreover, which pray attend to; we have had all kinds of strangers in distress come here before now, but I make bold to say that no one ever yet came who was so like Ulysses in figure, voice, and feet as you are."

"Those who have seen us both," answered Ulysses, "have always said we were wonderfully like each other, and now you have noticed it too."

Then the old woman took the cauldron in which she was going to wash his feet, and poured plenty of cold water into it, adding hot till the bath was warm enough. Ulysses sat by the fire, but ere long he turned away from the light, for it occurred to him that when the old woman had hold of his leg she would recognize a certain scar which it bore, whereon the whole truth would come out. And indeed as soon as she began washing her master, she at once knew the scar as one that had been given him by a wild boar when he was hunting on Mount Parnassus with his excellent grandfather Autolycus—who was the most accomplished thief and perjurer in the whole world—and with the sons of Autolycus. Mercury himself had endowed him with this gift, for he used to burn the thigh bones of goats and kids to him, so he took pleasure in his companionship. It happened once that Autolycus had gone to Ithaca and had found the child of his daughter just born. As soon as he had done supper Euryclea set the infant upon his knees and said, you must find a name for your grandson; you greatly wished that you might have one.”

‘Son-in-law and daughter,’ replied Autolycus, ‘call the child thus: I am highly displeased with a large number of people in one place and another, both men and women; so name the child ‘Ulysses,’ or the child of anger. When he grows up and comes to visit his mother’s family on Mount Parnassus, where my possessions lie, I will make him a present and will send him on his way rejoicing.’

Ulysses, therefore, went to Parnassus to get the presents from Autolycus, who with his sons shook hands with him and gave him welcome. His grandmother Amphithea threw her arms about him, and kissed his head, and both his beautiful eyes, while Autolycus desired his sons to get dinner ready, and they did as he told them. They brought in a five year old bull, flayed it, made it ready and divided it into joints; these they then cut carefully up into smaller pieces and spitted them; they roasted them sufficiently and served the portions round. Thus through the livelong day to the going down of the sun they feasted, and every man had his full share so that all were satisfied; but when the sun set and it came on dark, they went to bed and enjoyed the boon of sleep.

When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, the sons of Autolycus went out with their hounds hunting, and Ulysses went too. They climbed the wooded slopes of Parnassus and soon reached its breezy upland valleys; but as the sun was beginning to beat upon the fields, fresh-risen from the slow still currents of Oceanus, they came to a mountain dell. The dogs were in front searching for the tracks of the beast they were chasing, and after them came the sons of Autolycus, among whom was Ulysses, close behind the dogs, and he had a long spear in his hand. Here was the lair of a huge boar among some thick brushwood, so dense that the wind and rain could not get through it, nor could the sun’s rays pierce it, and the ground underneath lay thick with fallen leaves. The boar heard the noise of the men’s feet, and the hounds baying on every side as the huntsmen came up to him, so rushed from his lair, raised the bristles on his neck, and stood at bay with fire flashing from his eyes. Ulysses was the first to raise his spear and try to drive it into the brute, but the boar was too quick for him, and charged him sideways, ripping him above the knee with a gash that tore deep though it did not reach the bone. As for the boar, Ulysses hit him on the right shoulder, and the point of the spear went right through him, so that he fell groaning in the dust until the life went out of him. The sons of Autolycus busied themselves with the carcass of the boar, and bound Ulysses’ wound; then, after saying a spell to stop the bleeding, they went home as fast as they could. But when Autolycus and his sons had thoroughly healed Ulysses, they made him some splendid presents, and sent him back to Ithaca with much mutual good will. When he got back, his father and mother were rejoiced to see him, and asked him all about it, and how he had hurt himself to get the scar; so he told them how the boar had ripped him when he was out hunting with Autolycus and his sons on Mount Parnassus.

As soon as Euryclea had got the scarred limb in her hands and had well hold of it, she recognized it and dropped the foot at once. The leg fell into the bath, which rang out and was overturned, so that all the water was spilt on the ground; Euryclea’s eyes between her joy and her grief filled with tears, and she could not speak, but she caught Ulysses by the beard and said, ‘My dear child, I am sure you must be Ulysses himself, only I did not know you till I had actually touched and handled you.’

As she spoke she looked towards Penelope, as though wanting to tell her that her dear husband was in the house, but Penelope was unable to look in that direction and observe what was going on, for Minerva had diverted her attention; so Ulysses caught Euryclea by the throat with his right hand and with his left drew her close to him, and said, ‘Nurse, do you wish to be the ruin of me, you who nursed me at your own breast, now that after twenty years of wandering I am at last come to my own home again? Since it has been borne in upon you by heaven to recognize me, hold your tongue, and do not say a word about it any one else in the house, for if you do I tell you—and it shall surely be—that if heaven grants me to take the lives of these suitors, I will not spare you, though you are my own nurse, when I am killing the other women.’

‘My child,’ answered Euryclea, ‘what are you talking about? You know very well that nothing can either bend or break me. I will hold my tongue like a stone or a piece of iron; furthermore let me say, and lay my saying to your heart, when heaven has delivered the suitors into your hand, I will give you a list of the women in the house who have been ill-behaved, and of those who are guiltless.’

And Ulysses answered, ‘Nurse, you ought not to speak in that way; I am well able to form my own opinion

about one and all of them; hold your tongue and leave everything to heaven.”

As he said this Euryclea left the cloister to fetch some more water, for the first had been all spilt; and when she had washed him and anointed him with oil, Ulysses drew his seat nearer to the fire to warm himself, and hid the scar under his rags. Then Penelope began talking to him and said:

“Stranger, I should like to speak with you briefly about another matter. It is indeed nearly bed time—for those, at least, who can sleep in spite of sorrow. As for myself, heaven has given me a life of such unmeasurable woe, that even by day when I am attending to my duties and looking after the servants, I am still weeping and lamenting during the whole time; then, when night comes, and we all of us go to bed, I lie awake thinking, and my heart comes a prey to the most incessant and cruel tortures. As the dun nightingale, daughter of Pandareus, sings in the early spring from her seat in shadiest covert hid, and with many a plaintive trill pours out the tale how by mishap she killed her own child Itylus, son of king Zethus, even so does my mind toss and turn in its uncertainty whether I ought to stay with my son here, and safeguard my substance, my bondsmen, and the greatness of my house, out of regard to public opinion and the memory of my late husband, or whether it is not now time for me to go with the best of these suitors who are wooing me and making me such magnificent presents. As long as my son was still young, and unable to understand, he would not hear of my leaving my husband’s house, but now that he is full grown he begs and prays me to do so, being incensed at the way in which the suitors are eating up his property. Listen, then, to a dream that I have had and interpret it for me if you can. I have twenty geese about the house that eat mash out of a trough, and of which I am exceedingly fond. I dreamed that a great eagle came swooping down from a mountain, and dug his curved beak into the neck of each of them till he had killed them all. Presently he soared off into the sky, and left them lying dead about the yard; whereon I wept in my room till all my maids gathered round me, so piteously was I grieving because the eagle had killed my geese. Then he came back again, and perching on a projecting rafter spoke to me with human voice, and told me to leave off crying. ‘Be of good courage,’ he said, ‘daughter of Icarius; this is no dream, but a vision of good omen that shall surely come to pass. The geese are the suitors, and I am no longer an eagle, but your own husband, who am come back to you, and who will bring these suitors to a disgraceful end.’ On this I woke, and when I looked out I saw my geese at the trough eating their mash as usual.”

“This dream, Madam,” replied Ulysses, “can admit but of one interpretation, for had not Ulysses himself told you how it shall be fulfilled? The death of the suitors is portended, and not one single one of them will escape.”

And Penelope answered, “Stranger, dreams are very curious and unaccountable things, and they do not by any means invariably come true. There are two gates through which these unsubstantial fancies proceed; the one is of horn, and the other ivory. Those that come through the gate of ivory are fatuous, but those from the gate of horn mean something to those that see them. I do not think, however, that my own dream came through the gate of horn, though I and my son should be most thankful if it proves to have done so. Furthermore I say—and lay my saying to your heart—the coming dawn will usher in the ill-omened day that is to sever me from the house of Ulysses, for I am about to hold a tournament of axes. My husband used to set up twelve axes in the court, one in front of the other, like the stays upon which a ship is built; he would then go back from them and shoot an arrow through the whole twelve. I shall make the suitors try to do the same thing, and whichever of them can string the bow most easily, and send his arrow through all the twelve axes, him will I follow, and quit this house of my lawful husband, so goodly and so abounding in wealth. But even so, I doubt not that I shall remember it in my dreams.”

Then Ulysses answered, “Madam wife of Ulysses, you need not defer your tournament, for Ulysses will return ere ever they can string the bow, handle it how they will, and send their arrows through the iron.”

To this Penelope said, “As long, sir, as you will sit here and talk to me, I can have no desire to go to bed. Still, people cannot do permanently without sleep, and heaven has appointed us dwellers on earth a time for all things. I will therefore go upstairs and recline upon that couch which I have never ceased to flood with my tears from the day Ulysses set out for the city with a hateful name.”

She then went upstairs to her own room, not alone, but attended by her maidens, and when there, she lamented her dear husband till Minerva shed sweet sleep over her eyelids.

Book XX

ULYSSES slept in the cloister upon an undressed bullock’s hide, on the top of which he threw several skins of the sheep the suitors had eaten, and Eurynome threw a cloak over him after he had laid himself down. There, then, Ulysses lay wakefully brooding upon the way in which he should kill the suitors; and by and by, the women who had been in the habit of misconducting themselves with them, left the house giggling and laughing with one another. This made Ulysses very angry, and he doubted whether to get up and kill every single one of them then and there, or to let them sleep one more and last time with the suitors. His heart growled within him, and as a bitch with puppies growls and shows her teeth when she sees a stranger, so did his heart growl with anger at the evil

deeds that were being done: but he beat his breast and said, "Heart, be still, you had worse than this to bear on the day when the terrible Cyclops ate your brave companions; yet you bore it in silence till your cunning got you safe out of the cave, though you made sure of being killed."

Thus he chided with his heart, and checked it into endurance, but he tossed about as one who turns a paunch full of blood and fat in front of a hot fire, doing it first on one side and then on the other, that he may get it cooked as soon as possible, even so did he turn himself about from side to side, thinking all the time how, single handed as he was, he should contrive to kill so large a body of men as the wicked suitors. But by and by Minerva came down from heaven in the likeness of a woman, and hovered over his head saying, "My poor unhappy man, why do you lie awake in this way? This is your house: your wife is safe inside it, and so is your son who is just such a young man as any father may be proud of."

"Goddess," answered Ulysses, "all that you have said is true, but I am in some doubt as to how I shall be able to kill these wicked suitors single handed, seeing what a number of them there always are. And there is this further difficulty, which is still more considerable. Supposing that with Jove's and your assistance I succeed in killing them, I must ask you to consider where I am to escape to from their avengers when it is all over."

"For shame," replied Minerva, "why, any one else would trust a worse ally than myself, even though that ally were only a mortal and less wise than I am. Am I not a goddess, and have I not protected you throughout in all your troubles? I tell you plainly that even though there were fifty bands of men surrounding us and eager to kill us, you should take all their sheep and cattle, and drive them away with you. But go to sleep; it is a very bad thing to lie awake all night, and you shall be out of your troubles before long."

As she spoke she shed sleep over his eyes, and then went back to Olympus.

While Ulysses was thus yielding himself to a very deep slumber that eased the burden of his sorrows, his admirable wife awoke, and sitting up in her bed began to cry. When she had relieved herself by weeping she prayed to Diana saying, "Great Goddess Diana, daughter of Jove, drive an arrow into my heart and slay me; or let some whirlwind snatch me up and bear me through paths of darkness till it drop me into the mouths of overflowing Oceanus, as it did the daughters of Pandareus. The daughters of Pandareus lost their father and mother, for the gods killed them, so they were left orphans. But Venus took care of them, and fed them on cheese, honey, and sweet wine. Juno taught them to excel all women in beauty of form and understanding; Diana gave them an imposing presence, and Minerva endowed them with every kind of accomplishment; but one day when Venus had gone up to Olympus to see Jove about getting them married (for well does he know both what shall happen and what not happen to every one) the storm winds came and spirited them away to become handmaids to the dread Erinyes. Even so I wish that the gods who live in heaven would hide me from mortal sight, or that fair Diana might strike me, for I would fain go even beneath the sad earth if I might do so still looking towards Ulysses only, and without having to yield myself to a worse man than he was. Besides, no matter how much people may grieve by day, they can put up with it so long as they can sleep at night, for when the eyes are closed in slumber people forget good and ill alike; whereas my misery haunts me even in my dreams. This very night methought there was one lying by my side who was like Ulysses as he was when he went away with his host, and I rejoiced, for I believed that it was no dream, but the very truth itself."

On this the day broke, but Ulysses heard the sound of her weeping, and it puzzled him, for it seemed as though she already knew him and was by his side. Then he gathered up the cloak and the fleeces on which he had lain, and set them on a seat in the cloister, but he took the bullock's hide out into the open. He lifted up his hands to heaven, and prayed, saying "Father Jove, since you have seen fit to bring me over land and sea to my own home after all the afflictions you have laid upon me, give me a sign out of the mouth of some one or other of those who are now waking within the house, and let me have another sign of some kind from outside."

Thus did he pray. Jove heard his prayer and forthwith thundered high up among the from the splendour of Olympus, and Ulysses was glad when he heard it. At the same time within the house, a miller-woman from hard by in the mill room lifted up her voice and gave him another sign. There were twelve miller-women whose business it was to grind wheat and barley which are the staff of life. The others had ground their task and had gone to take their rest, but this one had not yet finished, for she was not so strong as they were, and when she heard the thunder she stopped grinding and gave the sign to her master. "Father Jove," said she, "you who rule over heaven and earth, you have thundered from a clear sky without so much as a cloud in it, and this means something for somebody; grant the prayer, then, of me your poor servant who calls upon you, and let this be the very last day that the suitors dine in the house of Ulysses. They have worn me out with the labour of grinding meal for them, and I hope they may never have another dinner anywhere at all."

Ulysses was glad when he heard the omens conveyed to him by the woman's speech, and by the thunder, for he knew they meant that he should avenge himself on the suitors.

Then the other maids in the house rose and lit the fire on the hearth; Telemachus also rose and put on his clothes. He girded his sword about his shoulder, bound his sandals on his comely feet, and took a doughty spear

with a point of sharpened bronze; then he went to the threshold of the cloister and said to Euryclea, "Nurse, did you make the stranger comfortable both as regards bed and board, or did you let him shift for himself?—for my mother, good woman though she is, has a way of paying great attention to second-rate people, and of neglecting others who are in reality much better men."

"Do not find fault child," said Euryclea, "when there is no one to find fault with. The stranger sat and drank his wine as long as he liked: your mother did ask him if he would take any more bread and he said he would not. When he wanted to go to bed she told the servants to make one for him, but he said he was re such wretched outcast that he would not sleep on a bed and under blankets; he insisted on having an undressed bullock's hide and some sheepskins put for him in the cloister and I threw a cloak over him myself."

Then Telemachus went out of the court to the place where the Achaeans were meeting in assembly; he had his spear in his hand, and he was not alone, for his two dogs went with him. But Euryclea called the maids and said, "Come, wake up; set about sweeping the cloisters and sprinkling them with water to lay the dust; put the covers on the seats; wipe down the tables, some of you, with a wet sponge; clean out the mixing-jugs and the cups, and for water from the fountain at once; the suitors will be here directly; they will be here early, for it is a feast day."

Thus did she speak, and they did even as she had said: twenty of them went to the fountain for water, and the others set themselves busily to work about the house. The men who were in attendance on the suitors also came up and began chopping firewood. By and by the women returned from the fountain, and the swineherd came after them with the three best pigs he could pick out. These he let feed about the premises, and then he said good-humouredly to Ulysses, "Stranger, are the suitors treating you any better now, or are they as insolent as ever?"

"May heaven," answered Ulysses, "requite to them the wickedness with which they deal high-handedly in another man's house without any sense of shame."

Thus did they converse; meanwhile Melanthius the goatherd came up, for he too was bringing in his best goats for the suitors' dinner; and he had two shepherds with him. They tied the goats up under the gatehouse, and then Melanthius began gibing at Ulysses. "Are you still here, stranger," said he, "to pester people by begging about the house? Why can you not go elsewhere? You and I shall not come to an understanding before we have given each other a taste of our fists. You beg without any sense of decency: are there not feasts elsewhere among the Achaeans, as well as here?"

Ulysses made no answer, but bowed his head and brooded. Then a third man, Philoetius, joined them, who was bringing in a barren heifer and some goats. These were brought over by the boatmen who are there to take people over when any one comes to them. So Philoetius made his heifer and his goats secure under the gatehouse, and then went up to the swineherd. "Who, Swineherd," said he, "is this stranger that is lately come here? Is he one of your men? What is his family? Where does he come from? Poor fellow, he looks as if he had been some great man, but the gods give sorrow to whom they will—even to kings if it so pleases them

As he spoke he went up to Ulysses and saluted him with his right hand; "Good day to you, father stranger," said he, "you seem to be very poorly off now, but I hope you will have better times by and by. Father Jove, of all gods you are the most malicious. We are your own children, yet you show us no mercy in all our misery and afflictions. A sweat came over me when I saw this man, and my eyes filled with tears, for he reminds me of Ulysses, who I fear is going about in just such rags as this man's are, if indeed he is still among the living. If he is already dead and in the house of Hades, then, alas! for my good master, who made me his stockman when I was quite young among the Cephalenians, and now his cattle are countless; no one could have done better with them than I have, for they have bred like ears of corn; nevertheless I have to keep bringing them in for others to eat, who take no heed of his son though he is in the house, and fear not the wrath of heaven, but are already eager to divide Ulysses' property among them because he has been away so long. I have often thought—only it would not be right while his son is living—of going off with the cattle to some foreign country; bad as this would be, it is still harder to stay here and be ill-treated about other people's herds. My position is intolerable, and I should long since have run away and put myself under the protection of some other chief, only that I believe my poor master will yet return, and send all these suitors flying out of the house."

"Stockman," answered Ulysses, "you seem to be a very well-disposed person, and I can see that you are a man of sense. Therefore I will tell you, and will confirm my words with an oath: by Jove, the chief of all gods, and by that hearth of Ulysses to which I am now come, Ulysses shall return before you leave this place, and if you are so minded you shall see him killing the suitors who are now masters here."

"If Jove were to bring this to pass," replied the stockman, "you should see how I would do my very utmost to help him."

And in like manner Eumaeus prayed that Ulysses might return home.

Thus did they converse. Meanwhile the suitors were hatching a plot to murder Telemachus: but a bird flew near them on their left hand—an eagle with a dove in its talons. On this Amphinomus said, "My friends, this plot of ours to murder Telemachus will not succeed; let us go to dinner instead."

The others assented, so they went inside and laid their cloaks on the benches and seats. They sacrificed the sheep, goats, pigs, and the heifer, and when the inward meats were cooked they served them round. They mixed the wine in the mixing-bowls, and the swineherd gave every man his cup, while Philoetius handed round the bread in the breadbaskets, and Melanthius poured them out their wine. Then they laid their hands upon the good things that were before them.

Telemachus purposely made Ulysses sit in the part of the cloister that was paved with stone; he gave him a shabby-looking seat at a little table to himself, and had his portion of the inward meats brought to him, with his wine in a gold cup. "Sit there," said he, "and drink your wine among the great people. I will put a stop to the gibes and blows of the suitors, for this is no public house, but belongs to Ulysses, and has passed from him to me. Therefore, suitors, keep your hands and your tongues to yourselves, or there will be mischief."

The suitors bit their lips, and marvelled at the boldness of his speech; then Antinous said, "We do not like such language but we will put up with it, for Telemachus is threatening us in good earnest. If Jove had let us we should have put a stop to his brave talk ere now."

Thus spoke Antinous, but Telemachus heeded him not. Meanwhile the heralds were bringing the holy hecatomb through the city, and the Achaeans gathered under the shady grove of Apollo.

Then they roasted the outer meat, drew it off the spits, gave every man his portion, and feasted to their hearts' content; those who waited at table gave Ulysses exactly the same portion as the others had, for Telemachus had told them to do so.

But Minerva would not let the suitors for one moment drop their insolence, for she wanted Ulysses to become still more bitter against them. Now there happened to be among them a ribald fellow, whose name was Ctesippus, and who came from Same. This man, confident in his great wealth, was paying court to the wife of Ulysses, and said to the suitors, "Hear what I have to say. The stranger has already had as large a portion as any one else; this is well, for it is not right nor reasonable to ill-treat any guest of Telemachus who comes here. I will, however, make him a present on my own account, that he may have something to give to the bath-woman, or to some other of Ulysses' servants."

As he spoke he picked up a heifer's foot from the meat-basket in which it lay, and threw it at Ulysses, but Ulysses turned his head a little aside, and avoided it, smiling grimly Sardinian fashion as he did so, and it hit the wall, not him. On this Telemachus spoke fiercely to Ctesippus, "It is a good thing for you," said he, "that the stranger turned his head so that you missed him. If you had hit him I should have run you through with my spear, and your father would have had to see about getting you buried rather than married in this house. So let me have no more unseemly behaviour from any of you, for I am grown up now to the knowledge of good and evil and understand what is going on, instead of being the child that I have been heretofore. I have long seen you killing my sheep and making free with my corn and wine: I have put up with this, for one man is no match for many, but do me no further violence. Still, if you wish to kill me, kill me; I would far rather die than see such disgraceful scenes day after day—guests insulted, and men dragging the women servants about the house in an unseemly way."

They all held their peace till at last Agelaus son of Damastor said, "No one should take offence at what has just been said, nor gainsay it, for it is quite reasonable. Leave off, therefore, ill-treating the stranger, or any one else of the servants who are about the house; I would say, however, a friendly word to Telemachus and his mother, which I trust may commend itself to both. 'As long,' I would say, 'as you had ground for hoping that Ulysses would one day come home, no one could complain of your waiting and suffering the suitors to be in your house. It would have been better that he should have returned, but it is now sufficiently clear that he will never do so; therefore talk all this quietly over with your mother, and tell her to marry the best man, and the one who makes her the most advantageous offer. Thus you will yourself be able to manage your own inheritance, and to eat and drink in peace, while your mother will look after some other man's house, not yours.'"

To this Telemachus answered, "By Jove, Agelaus, and by the sorrows of my unhappy father, who has either perished far from Ithaca, or is wandering in some distant land, I throw no obstacles in the way of my mother's marriage; on the contrary I urge her to choose whomsoever she will, and I will give her numberless gifts into the bargain, but I dare not insist point blank that she shall leave the house against her own wishes. Heaven forbid that I should do this."

Minerva now made the suitors fall to laughing immoderately, and set their wits wandering; but they were laughing with a forced laughter. Their meat became smeared with blood; their eyes filled with tears, and their hearts were heavy with forebodings. Theoclymenus saw this and said, "Unhappy men, what is it that ails you? There is a shroud of darkness drawn over you from head to foot, your cheeks are wet with tears; the air is alive with wailing voices; the walls and roof-beams drip blood; the gate of the cloisters and the court beyond them are full of ghosts trooping down into the night of hell; the sun is blotted out of heaven, and a blighting gloom is over all the land."

Thus did he speak, and they all of them laughed heartily. Eurymachus then said, "This stranger who has lately come here has lost his senses. Servants, turn him out into the streets, since he finds it so dark here."

But Theoclymenus said, “Eurymachus, you need not send any one with me. I have eyes, ears, and a pair of feet of my own, to say nothing of an understanding mind. I will take these out of the house with me, for I see mischief overhanging you, from which not one of you men who are insulting people and plotting ill deeds in the house of Ulysses will be able to escape.”

He left the house as he spoke, and went back to Piraeus who gave him welcome, but the suitors kept looking at one another and provoking Telemachus fly laughing at the strangers. One insolent fellow said to him, “Telemachus, you are not happy in your guests; first you have this importunate tramp, who comes begging bread and wine and has no skill for work or for hard fighting, but is perfectly useless, and now here is another fellow who is setting himself up as a prophet. Let me persuade you, for it will be much better, to put them on board ship and send them off to the Sicels to sell for what they will bring.”

Telemachus gave him no heed, but sat silently watching his father, expecting every moment that he would begin his attack upon the suitors.

Meanwhile the daughter of Icarus, wise Penelope, had had had a rich seat placed for her facing the court and cloisters, so that she could hear what every one was saying. The dinner indeed had been prepared amid merriment; it had been both good and abundant, for they had sacrificed many victims; but the supper was yet to come, and nothing can be conceived more gruesome than the meal which a goddess and a brave man were soon to lay before them—for they had brought their doom upon themselves.

Book XXI

MINERVA now put it in Penelope’s mind to make the suitors try their skill with the bow and with the iron axes, in contest among themselves, as a means of bringing about their destruction. She went upstairs and got the store room key, which was made of bronze and had a handle of ivory; she then went with her maidens into the store room at the end of the house, where her husband’s treasures of gold, bronze, and wrought iron were kept, and where was also his bow, and the quiver full of deadly arrows that had been given him by a friend whom he had met in Lacedaemon—Iphitus the son of Eurytus. The two fell in with one another in Messene at the house of Ortilochus, where Ulysses was staying in order to recover a debt that was owing from the whole people; for the Messenians had carried off three hundred sheep from Ithaca, and had sailed away with them and with their shepherds. In quest of these Ulysses took a long journey while still quite young, for his father and the other chieftains sent him on a mission to recover them. Iphitus had gone there also to try and get back twelve brood mares that he had lost, and the mule foals that were running with them. These mares were the death of him in the end, for when he went to the house of Jove’s son, mighty Hercules, who performed such prodigies of valour, Hercules to his shame killed him, though he was his guest, for he feared not heaven’s vengeance, nor yet respected his own table which he had set before Iphitus, but killed him in spite of everything, and kept the mares himself. It was when claiming these that Iphitus met Ulysses, and gave him the bow which mighty Eurytus had been used to carry, and which on his death had been left by him to his son. Ulysses gave him in return a sword and a spear, and this was the beginning of a fast friendship, although they never visited at one another’s houses, for Jove’s son Hercules killed Iphitus ere they could do so. This bow, then, given him by Iphitus, had not been taken with him by Ulysses when he sailed for Troy; he had used it so long as he had been at home, but had left it behind as having been a keepsake from a valued friend.

Penelope presently reached the oak threshold of the store room; the carpenter had planed this duly, and had drawn a line on it so as to get it quite straight; he had then set the door posts into it and hung the doors. She loosed the strap from the handle of the door, put in the key, and drove it straight home to shoot back the bolts that held the doors; these flew open with a noise like a bull bellowing in a meadow, and Penelope stepped upon the raised platform, where the chests stood in which the fair linen and clothes were laid by along with fragrant herbs: reaching thence, she took down the bow with its bow case from the peg on which it hung. She sat down with it on her knees, weeping bitterly as she took the bow out of its case, and when her tears had relieved her, she went to the cloister where the suitors were, carrying the bow and the quiver, with the many deadly arrows that were inside it. Along with her came her maidens, bearing a chest that contained much iron and bronze which her husband had won as prizes. When she reached the suitors, she stood by one of the bearing-posts supporting the roof of the cloister, holding a veil before her face, and with a maid on either side of her. Then she said:

“Listen to me you suitors, who persist in abusing the hospitality of this house because its owner has been long absent, and without other pretext than that you want to marry me; this, then, being the prize that you are contending for, I will bring out the mighty bow of Ulysses, and whomsoever of you shall string it most easily and send his arrow through each one of twelve axes, him will I follow and quit this house of my lawful husband, so goodly, and so abounding in wealth. But even so I doubt not that I shall remember it in my dreams.”

As she spoke, she told Eumaeus to set the bow and the pieces of iron before the suitors, and Eumaeus wept as he took them to do as she had bidden him. Hard by, the stockman wept also when he saw his master’s bow, but An-

tinous scolded them. “You country louts,” said he, “silly simpletons; why should you add to the sorrows of your mistress by crying in this way? She has enough to grieve her in the loss of her husband; sit still, therefore, and eat your dinners in silence, or go outside if you want to cry, and leave the bow behind you. We suitors shall have to contend for it with might and main, for we shall find it no light matter to string such a bow as this is. There is not a man of us all who is such another as Ulysses; for I have seen him and remember him, though I was then only a child.”

This was what he said, but all the time he was expecting to be able to string the bow and shoot through the iron, whereas in fact he was to be the first that should taste of the arrows from the hands of Ulysses, whom he was dishonouring in his own house—egging the others on to do so also.

Then Telemachus spoke. “Great heavens!” he exclaimed, “Jove must have robbed me of my senses. Here is my dear and excellent mother saying she will quit this house and marry again, yet I am laughing and enjoying myself as though there were nothing happening. But, suitors, as the contest has been agreed upon, let it go forward. It is for a woman whose peer is not to be found in Pylos, Argos, or Mycene, nor yet in Ithaca nor on the mainland. You know this as well as I do; what need have I to speak in praise of my mother? Come on, then, make no excuses for delay, but let us see whether you can string the bow or no. I too will make trial of it, for if I can string it and shoot through the iron, I shall not suffer my mother to quit this house with a stranger, not if I can win the prizes which my father won before me.”

As he spoke he sprang from his seat, threw his crimson cloak from him, and took his sword from his shoulder. First he set the axes in a row, in a long groove which he had dug for them, and had Wade straight by line. Then he stamped the earth tight round them, and everyone was surprised when they saw him set up so orderly, though he had never seen anything of the kind before. This done, he went on to the pavement to make trial of the bow; thrice did he tug at it, trying with all his might to draw the string, and thrice he had to leave off, though he had hoped to string the bow and shoot through the iron. He was trying for the fourth time, and would have strung it had not Ulysses made a sign to check him in spite of all his eagerness. So he said:

“Alas! I shall either be always feeble and of no prowess, or I am too young, and have not yet reached my full strength so as to be able to hold my own if any one attacks me. You others, therefore, who are stronger than I, make trial of the bow and get this contest settled.”

On this he put the bow down, letting it lean against the door [that led into the house] with the arrow standing against the top of the bow. Then he sat down on the seat from which he had risen, and Antinous said:

“Come on each of you in his turn, going towards the right from the place at which the cupbearer begins when he is handing round the wine.”

The rest agreed, and Leiodes son of OEnops was the first to rise. He was sacrificial priest to the suitors, and sat in the corner near the mixing-bowl. He was the only man who hated their evil deeds and was indignant with the others. He was now the first to take the bow and arrow, so he went on to the pavement to make his trial, but he could not string the bow, for his hands were weak and unused to hard work, they therefore soon grew tired, and he said to the suitors, “My friends, I cannot string it; let another have it; this bow shall take the life and soul out of many a chief among us, for it is better to die than to live after having missed the prize that we have so long striven for, and which has brought us so long together. Some one of us is even now hoping and praying that he may marry Penelope, but when he has seen this bow and tried it, let him woo and make bridal offerings to some other woman, and let Penelope marry whoever makes her the best offer and whose lot it is to win her.”

On this he put the bow down, letting it lean against the door, with the arrow standing against the tip of the bow. Then he took his seat again on the seat from which he had risen; and Antinous rebuked him saying:

“Leiodes, what are you talking about? Your words are monstrous and intolerable; it makes me angry to listen to you. Shall, then, this bow take the life of many a chief among us, merely because you cannot bend it yourself? True, you were not born to be an archer, but there are others who will soon string it.”

Then he said to Melanthius the goatherd, “Look sharp, light a fire in the court, and set a seat hard by with a sheep skin on it; bring us also a large ball of lard, from what they have in the house. Let us warm the bow and grease it we will then make trial of it again, and bring the contest to an end.”

Melanthius lit the fire, and set a seat covered with sheep skins beside it. He also brought a great ball of lard from what they had in the house, and the suitors warmed the bow and again made trial of it, but they were none of them nearly strong enough to string it. Nevertheless there still remained Antinous and Eurymachus, who were the ring-leaders among the suitors and much the foremost among them all.

Then the swineherd and the stockman left the cloisters together, and Ulysses followed them. When they had got outside the gates and the outer yard, Ulysses said to them quietly:

“Stockman, and you swineherd, I have something in my mind which I am in doubt whether to say or no; but I think I will say it. What manner of men would you be to stand by Ulysses, if some god should bring him back here all of a sudden? Say which you are disposed to do—to side with the suitors, or with Ulysses?”

“Father Jove,” answered the stockman, “would indeed that you might so ordain it. If some god were but to bring

Ulysses back, you should see with what might and main I would fight for him.”

In like words Eumaeus prayed to all the gods that Ulysses might return; when, therefore, he saw for certain what mind they were of, Ulysses said, “It is I, Ulysses, who am here. I have suffered much, but at last, in the twentieth year, I am come back to my own country. I find that you two alone of all my servants are glad that I should do so, for I have not heard any of the others praying for my return. To you two, therefore, will I unfold the truth as it shall be. If heaven shall deliver the suitors into my hands, I will find wives for both of you, will give you house and holding close to my own, and you shall be to me as though you were brothers and friends of Telemachus. I will now give you convincing proofs that you may know me and be assured. See, here is the scar from the boar’s tooth that ripped me when I was out hunting on Mount Parnassus with the sons of Autolycus.”

As he spoke he drew his rags aside from the great scar, and when they had examined it thoroughly, they both of them wept about Ulysses, threw their arms round him and kissed his head and shoulders, while Ulysses kissed their hands and faces in return. The sun would have gone down upon their mourning if Ulysses had not checked them and said:

“Cease your weeping, lest some one should come outside and see us, and tell those who are within. When you go in, do so separately, not both together; I will go first, and do you follow afterwards; Let this moreover be the token between us; the suitors will all of them try to prevent me from getting hold of the bow and quiver; do you, therefore, Eumaeus, place it in my hands when you are carrying it about, and tell the women to close the doors of their apartment. If they hear any groaning or uproar as of men fighting about the house, they must not come out; they must keep quiet, and stay where they are at their work. And I charge you, Philoetius, to make fast the doors of the outer court, and to bind them securely at once.”

When he had thus spoken, he went back to the house and took the seat that he had left. Presently, his two servants followed him inside.

At this moment the bow was in the hands of Eurymachus, who was warming it by the fire, but even so he could not string it, and he was greatly grieved. He heaved a deep sigh and said, “I grieve for myself and for us all; I grieve that I shall have to forgo the marriage, but I do not care nearly so much about this, for there are plenty of other women in Ithaca and elsewhere; what I feel most is the fact of our being so inferior to Ulysses in strength that we cannot string his bow. This will disgrace us in the eyes of those who are yet unborn.”

“It shall not be so, Eurymachus,” said Antinous, “and you know it yourself. To-day is the feast of Apollo throughout all the land; who can string a bow on such a day as this? Put it on one side—as for the axes they can stay where they are, for no one is likely to come to the house and take them away: let the cupbearer go round with his cups, that we may make our drink-offerings and drop this matter of the bow; we will tell Melanthius to bring us in some goats to-morrow—the best he has; we can then offer thigh bones to Apollo the mighty archer, and again make trial of the bow, so as to bring the contest to an end.”

The rest approved his words, and thereon men servants poured water over the hands of the guests, while pages filled the mixing-bowls with wine and water and handed it round after giving every man his drink-offering. Then, when they had made their offerings and had drunk each as much as he desired, Ulysses craftily said:

“Suitors of the illustrious queen, listen that I may speak even as I am minded. I appeal more especially to Eurymachus, and to Antinous who has just spoken with so much reason. Cease shooting for the present and leave the matter to the gods, but in the morning let heaven give victory to whom it will. For the moment, however, give me the bow that I may prove the power of my hands among you all, and see whether I still have as much strength as I used to have, or whether travel and neglect have made an end of it.”

This made them all very angry, for they feared he might string the bow; Antinous therefore rebuked him fiercely saying, “Wretched creature, you have not so much as a grain of sense in your whole body; you ought to think yourself lucky in being allowed to dine unharmed among your betters, without having any smaller portion served you than we others have had, and in being allowed to hear our conversation. No other beggar or stranger has been allowed to hear what we say among ourselves; the wine must have been doing you a mischief, as it does with all those drink immoderately. It was wine that inflamed the Centaur Eurytion when he was staying with Peirithous among the Lapithae. When the wine had got into his head he went mad and did ill deeds about the house of Peirithous; this angered the heroes who were there assembled, so they rushed at him and cut off his ears and nostrils; then they dragged him through the doorway out of the house, so he went away crazed, and bore the burden of his crime, bereft of understanding. Henceforth, therefore, there was war between mankind and the centaurs, but he brought it upon himself through his own drunkenness. In like manner I can tell you that it will go hardly with you if you string the bow: you will find no mercy from any one here, for we shall at once ship you off to king Echetus, who kills every one that comes near him: you will never get away alive, so drink and keep quiet without getting into a quarrel with men younger than yourself.”

Penelope then spoke to him. “Antinous,” said she, “it is not right that you should ill-treat any guest of Telemachus who comes to this house. If the stranger should prove strong enough to string the mighty bow of Ulysses, can

you suppose that he would take me home with him and make me his wife? Even the man himself can have no such idea in his mind: none of you need let that disturb his feasting; it would be out of all reason.”

“Queen Penelope,” answered Eurymachus, “we do not suppose that this man will take you away with him; it is impossible; but we are afraid lest some of the baser sort, men or women among the Achaeans, should go gossiping about and say, ‘These suitors are a feeble folk; they are paying court to the wife of a brave man whose bow not one of them was able to string, and yet a beggarly tramp who came to the house strung it at once and sent an arrow through the iron.’ This is what will be said, and it will be a scandal against us.”

“Eurymachus,” Penelope answered, “people who persist in eating up the estate of a great chieftain and dishonouring his house must not expect others to think well of them. Why then should you mind if men talk as you think they will? This stranger is strong and well-built, he says moreover that he is of noble birth. Give him the bow, and let us see whether he can string it or no. I say—and it shall surely be—that if Apollo vouchsafes him the glory of stringing it, I will give him a cloak and shirt of good wear, with a javelin to keep off dogs and robbers, and a sharp sword. I will also give him sandals, and will see him sent safely wherever he wants to go.”

Then Telemachus said, “Mother, I am the only man either in Ithaca or in the islands that are over against Elis who has the right to let any one have the bow or to refuse it. No one shall force me one way or the other, not even though I choose to make the stranger a present of the bow outright, and let him take it away with him. Go, then, within the house and busy yourself with your daily duties, your loom, your distaff, and the ordering of your servants. This bow is a man’s matter, and mine above all others, for it is I who am master here.”

She went wondering back into the house, and laid her son’s saying in her heart. Then going upstairs with her handmaids into her room, she mourned her dear husband till Minerva sent sweet sleep over her eyelids.

The swineherd now took up the bow and was for taking it to Ulysses, but the suitors clamoured at him from all parts of the cloisters, and one of them said, “You idiot, where are you taking the bow to? Are you out of your wits? If Apollo and the other gods will grant our prayer, your own boarhounds shall get you into some quiet little place, and worry you to death.”

Eumaeus was frightened at the outcry they all raised, so he put the bow down then and there, but Telemachus shouted out at him from the other side of the cloisters, and threatened him saying, “Father Eumaeus, bring the bow on in spite of them, or young as I am I will pelt you with stones back to the country, for I am the better man of the two. I wish I was as much stronger than all the other suitors in the house as I am than you, I would soon send some of them off sick and sorry, for they mean mischief.”

Thus did he speak, and they all of them laughed heartily, which put them in a better humour with Telemachus; so Eumaeus brought the bow on and placed it in the hands of Ulysses. When he had done this, he called Euryclea apart and said to her, “Euryclea, Telemachus says you are to close the doors of the women’s apartments. If they hear any groaning or uproar as of men fighting about the house, they are not to come out, but are to keep quiet and stay where they are at their work.”

Euryclea did as she was told and closed the doors of the women’s apartments.

Meanwhile Philoetius slipped quietly out and made fast the gates of the outer court. There was a ship’s cable of byblus fibre lying in the gatehouse, so he made the gates fast with it and then came in again, resuming the seat that he had left, and keeping an eye on Ulysses, who had now got the bow in his hands, and was turning it every way about, and proving it all over to see whether the worms had been eating into its two horns during his absence. Then would one turn towards his neighbour saying, “This is some tricky old bow-fancier; either he has got one like it at home, or he wants to make one, in such workmanlike style does the old vagabond handle it.”

Another said, “I hope he may be no more successful in other things than he is likely to be in stringing this bow.”

But Ulysses, when he had taken it up and examined it all over, strung it as easily as a skilled bard strings a new peg of his lyre and makes the twisted gut fast at both ends. Then he took it in his right hand to prove the string, and it sang sweetly under his touch like the twittering of a swallow. The suitors were dismayed, and turned colour as they heard it; at that moment, moreover, Jove thundered loudly as a sign, and the heart of Ulysses rejoiced as he heard the omen that the son of scheming Saturn had sent him.

He took an arrow that was lying upon the table—for those which the Achaeans were so shortly about to taste were all inside the quiver—he laid it on the centre-piece of the bow, and drew the notch of the arrow and the string toward him, still seated on his seat. When he had taken aim he let fly, and his arrow pierced every one of the handle-holes of the axes from the first onwards till it had gone right through them, and into the outer courtyard. Then he said to Telemachus:

“Your guest has not disgraced you, Telemachus. I did not miss what I aimed at, and I was not long in stringing my bow. I am still strong, and not as the suitors twit me with being. Now, however, it is time for the Achaeans to prepare supper while there is still daylight, and then otherwise to disport themselves with song and dance which are the crowning ornaments of a banquet.”

As he spoke he made a sign with his eyebrows, and Telemachus girded on his sword, grasped his spear, and

stood armed beside his father's seat.

Book XXII

THEN Ulysses tore off his rags, and sprang on to the broad pavement with his bow and his quiver full of arrows. He shed the arrows on to the ground at his feet and said, "The mighty contest is at an end. I will now see whether Apollo will vouchsafe it to me to hit another mark which no man has yet hit."

On this he aimed a deadly arrow at Antinous, who was about to take up a two-handled gold cup to drink his wine and already had it in his hands. He had no thought of death—who amongst all the revellers would think that one man, however brave, would stand alone among so many and kill him? The arrow struck Antinous in the throat, and the point went clean through his neck, so that he fell over and the cup dropped from his hand, while a thick stream of blood gushed from his nostrils. He kicked the table from him and upset the things on it, so that the bread and roasted meats were all soiled as they fell over on to the ground. The suitors were in an uproar when they saw that a man had been hit; they sprang in dismay one and all of them from their seats and looked everywhere towards the walls, but there was neither shield nor spear, and they rebuked Ulysses very angrily. "Stranger," said they, "you shall pay for shooting people in this way: om yi you shall see no other contest; you are a doomed man; he whom you have slain was the foremost youth in Ithaca, and the vultures shall devour you for having killed him."

Thus they spoke, for they thought that he had killed Antinous by mistake, and did not perceive that death was hanging over the head of every one of them. But Ulysses glared at them and said:

"Dogs, did you think that I should not come back from Troy? You have wasted my substance, have forced my women servants to lie with you, and have wooed my wife while I was still living. You have feared neither Cod nor man, and now you shall die."

They turned pale with fear as he spoke, and every man looked round about to see whither he might fly for safety, but Eurymachus alone spoke.

"If you are Ulysses," said he, "then what you have said is just. We have done much wrong on your lands and in your house. But Antinous who was the head and front of the offending lies low already. It was all his doing. It was not that he wanted to marry Penelope; he did not so much care about that; what he wanted was something quite different, and Jove has not vouchsafed it to him; he wanted to kill your son and to be chief man in Ithaca. Now, therefore, that he has met the death which was his due, spare the lives of your people. We will make everything good among ourselves, and pay you in full for all that we have eaten and drunk. Each one of us shall pay you a fine worth twenty oxen, and we will keep on giving you gold and bronze till your heart is softened. Until we have done this no one can complain of your being enraged against us."

Ulysses again glared at him and said, "Though you should give me all that you have in the world both now and all that you ever shall have, I will not stay my hand till I have paid all of you in full. You must fight, or fly for your lives; and fly, not a man of you shall."

Their hearts sank as they heard him, but Eurymachus again spoke saying:

"My friends, this man will give us no quarter. He will stand where he is and shoot us down till he has killed every man among us. Let us then show fight; draw your swords, and hold up the tables to shield you from his arrows. Let us have at him with a rush, to drive him from the pavement and doorway: we can then get through into the town, and raise such an alarm as shall soon stay his shooting."

As he spoke he drew his keen blade of bronze, sharpened on both sides, and with a loud cry sprang towards Ulysses, but Ulysses instantly shot an arrow into his breast that caught him by the nipple and fixed itself in his liver. He dropped his sword and fell doubled up over his table. The cup and all the meats went over on to the ground as he smote the earth with his forehead in the agonies of death, and he kicked the stool with his feet until his eyes were closed in darkness.

Then Amphinomus drew his sword and made straight at Ulysses to try and get him away from the door; but Telemachus was too quick for him, and struck him from behind; the spear caught him between the shoulders and went right through his chest, so that he fell heavily to the ground and struck the earth with his forehead. Then Telemachus sprang away from him, leaving his spear still in the body, for he feared that if he stayed to draw it out, some one of the Achaeans might come up and hack at him with his sword, or knock him down, so he set off at a run, and immediately was at his father's side. Then he said:

"Father, let me bring you a shield, two spears, and a brass helmet for your temples. I will arm myself as well, and will bring other armour for the swineherd and the stockman, for we had better be armed."

"Run and fetch them," answered Ulysses, "while my arrows hold out, or when I am alone they may get me away from the door."

Telemachus did as his father said, and went off to the store room where the armour was kept. He chose four shields, eight spears, and four brass helmets with horse-hair plumes. He brought them with all speed to his father,

and armed himself first, while the stockman and the swineherd also put on their armour, and took their places near Ulysses. Meanwhile Ulysses, as long as his arrows lasted, had been shooting the suitors one by one, and they fell thick on one another: when his arrows gave out, he set the bow to stand against the end wall of the house by the door post, and hung a shield four hides thick about his shoulders; on his comely head he set his helmet, well wrought with a crest of horse-hair that nodded menacingly above it, and he grasped two redoubtable bronze-shod spears.

Now there was a trap door on the wall, while at one end of the pavement there was an exit leading to a narrow passage, and this exit was closed by a well-made door. Ulysses told Philoetius to stand by this door and guard it, for only one person could attack it at a time. But Agelaus shouted out, "Cannot some one go up to the trap door and tell the people what is going on? Help would come at once, and we should soon make an end of this man and his shooting."

"This may not be, Agelaus," answered Melanthius, "the mouth of the narrow passage is dangerously near the entrance to the outer court. One brave man could prevent any number from getting in. But I know what I will do, I will bring you arms from the store room, for I am sure it is there that Ulysses and his son have put them."

On this the goatherd Melanthius went by back passages to the store room of Ulysses, house. There he chose twelve shields, with as many helmets and spears, and brought them back as fast as he could to give them to the suitors. Ulysses' heart began to fail him when he saw the suitors putting on their armour and brandishing their spears. He saw the greatness of the danger, and said to Telemachus, "Some one of the women inside is helping the suitors against us, or it may be Melanthius."

Telemachus answered, "The fault, father, is mine, and mine only; I left the store room door open, and they have kept a sharper look out than I have. Go, Eumaeus, put the door to, and see whether it is one of the women who is doing this, or whether, as I suspect, it is Melanthius the son of Dolius."

Thus did they converse. Meanwhile Melanthius was again going to the store room to fetch more armour, but the swineherd saw him and said to Ulysses who was beside him, "Ulysses, noble son of Laertes, it is that scoundrel Melanthius, just as we suspected, who is going to the store room. Say, shall I kill him, if I can get the better of him, or shall I bring him here that you may take your own revenge for all the many wrongs that he has done in your house?"

Ulysses answered, "Telemachus and I will hold these suitors in check, no matter what they do; go back both of you and bind Melanthius' hands and feet behind him. Throw him into the store room and make the door fast behind you; then fasten a noose about his body, and string him close up to the rafters from a high bearing-post, that he may linger on in an agony."

Thus did he speak, and they did even as he had said; they went to the store room, which they entered before Melanthius saw them, for he was busy searching for arms in the innermost part of the room, so the two took their stand on either side of the door and waited. By and by Melanthius came out with a helmet in one hand, and an old dry-rotted shield in the other, which had been borne by Laertes when he was young, but which had been long since thrown aside, and the straps had become unsewn; on this the two seized him, dragged him back by the hair, and threw him struggling to the ground. They bent his hands and feet well behind his back, and bound them tight with a painful bond as Ulysses had told them; then they fastened a noose about his body and strung him up from a high pillar till he was close up to the rafters, and over him did you then vaunt, O swineherd Eumaeus, saying, "Melanthius, you will pass the night on a soft bed as you deserve. You will know very well when morning comes from the streams of Oceanus, and it is time for you to be driving in your goats for the suitors to feast on."

There, then, they left him in very cruel bondage, and having put on their armour they closed the door behind them and went back to take their places by the side of Ulysses; whereon the four men stood in the cloister, fierce and full of fury; nevertheless, those who were in the body of the court were still both brave and many. Then Jove's daughter Minerva came up to them, having assumed the voice and form of Mentor. Ulysses was glad when he saw her and said, "Mentor, lend me your help, and forget not your old comrade, nor the many good turns he has done you. Besides, you are my age-mate."

But all the time he felt sure it was Minerva, and the suitors from the other side raised an uproar when they saw her. Agelaus was the first to reproach her. "Mentor," he cried, "do not let Ulysses beguile you into siding with him and fighting the suitors. This is what we will do: when we have killed these people, father and son, we will kill you too. You shall pay for it with your head, and when we have killed you, we will take all you have, in doors or out, and bring it into hotch-pot with Ulysses' property; we will not let your sons live in your house, nor your daughters, nor shall your widow continue to live in the city of Ithaca."

This made Minerva still more furious, so she scolded Ulysses very angrily. "Ulysses," said she, "your strength and prowess are no longer what they were when you fought for nine long years among the Trojans about the noble lady Helen. You killed many a man in those days, and it was through your stratagem that Priam's city was taken. How comes it that you are so lamentably less valiant now that you are on your own ground, face to face with the

suitors in your own house? Come on, my good fellow, stand by my side and see how Mentor, son of Alcinous shall fight your foes and requite your kindnesses conferred upon him.”

But she would not give him full victory as yet, for she wished still further to prove his own prowess and that of his brave son, so she flew up to one of the rafters in the roof of the cloister and sat upon it in the form of a swallow.

Meanwhile Agelaus son of Damastor, Eurynomus, Amphimedon, Demoptolemus, Pisander, and Polybus son of Polycctor bore the brunt of the fight upon the suitors' side; of all those who were still fighting for their lives they were by far the most valiant, for the others had already fallen under the arrows of Ulysses. Agelaus shouted to them and said, “My friends, he will soon have to leave off, for Mentor has gone away after having done nothing for him but brag. They are standing at the doors unsupported. Do not aim at him all at once, but six of you throw your spears first, and see if you cannot cover yourselves with glory by killing him. When he has fallen we need not be uneasy about the others.”

They threw their spears as he bade them, but Minerva made them all of no effect. One hit the door post; another went against the door; the pointed shaft of another struck the wall; and as soon as they had avoided all the spears of the suitors Ulysses said to his own men, “My friends, I should say we too had better let drive into the middle of them, or they will crown all the harm they have done us by us outright.”

They therefore aimed straight in front of them and threw their spears. Ulysses killed Demoptolemus, Telemachus Euryades, Eumaeus Elatus, while the stockman killed Pisander. These all bit the dust, and as the others drew back into a corner Ulysses and his men rushed forward and regained their spears by drawing them from the bodies of the dead.

The suitors now aimed a second time, but again Minerva made their weapons for the most part without effect. One hit a bearing-post of the cloister; another went against the door; while the pointed shaft of another struck the wall. Still, Amphimedon just took a piece of the top skin from off Telemachus's wrist, and Ctesippus managed to graze Eumaeus's shoulder above his shield; but the spear went on and fell to the ground. Then Ulysses and his men let drive into the crowd of suitors. Ulysses hit Eurydamas, Telemachus Amphimedon, and Eumaeus Polybus. After this the stockman hit Ctesippus in the breast, and taunted him saying, “Foul-mouthed son of Polytherses, do not be so foolish as to talk wickedly another time, but let heaven direct your speech, for the gods are far stronger than men. I make you a present of this advice to repay you for the foot which you gave Ulysses when he was begging about in his own house.”

Thus spoke the stockman, and Ulysses struck the son of Damastor with a spear in close fight, while Telemachus hit Leocritus son of Evenor in the belly, and the dart went clean through him, so that he fell forward full on his face upon the ground. Then Minerva from her seat on the rafter held up her deadly aegis, and the hearts of the suitors quailed. They fled to the other end of the court like a herd of cattle maddened by the gadfly in early summer when the days are at their longest. As eagle-beaked, crook-taloned vultures from the mountains swoop down on the smaller birds that cower in flocks upon the ground, and kill them, for they cannot either fight or fly, and lookers on enjoy the sport — even so did Ulysses and his men fall upon the suitors and smite them on every side. They made a horrible groaning as their brains were being battered in, and the ground seethed with their blood.

Leiodes then caught the knees of Ulysses and said, “Ulysses I beseech you have mercy upon me and spare me. I never wronged any of the women in your house either in word or deed, and I tried to stop the others. I saw them, but they would not listen, and now they are paying for their folly. I was their sacrificing priest; if you kill me, I shall die without having done anything to deserve it, and shall have got no thanks for all the good that I did.”

Ulysses looked sternly at him and answered, “If you were their sacrificing priest, you must have prayed many a time that it might be long before I got home again, and that you might marry my wife and have children by her. Therefore you shall die.”

With these words he picked up the sword that Agelaus had dropped when he was being killed, and which was lying upon the ground. Then he struck Leiodes on the back of his neck, so that his head fell rolling in the dust while he was yet speaking.

The minstrel Phemius son of Terpes—he who had been forced by the suitors to sing to them—now tried to save his life. He was standing near towards the trap door, and held his lyre in his hand. He did not know whether to fly out of the cloister and sit down by the altar of Jove that was in the outer court, and on which both Laertes and Ulysses had offered up the thigh bones of many an ox, or whether to go straight up to Ulysses and embrace his knees, but in the end he deemed it best to embrace Ulysses' knees. So he laid his lyre on the ground the ground between the mixing-bowl and the silver-studded seat; then going up to Ulysses he caught hold of his knees and said, “Ulysses, I beseech you have mercy on me and spare me. You will be sorry for it afterwards if you kill a bard who can sing both for gods and men as I can. I make all my lays myself, and heaven visits me with every kind of inspiration. I would sing to you as though you were a god, do not therefore be in such a hurry to cut my head off. Your own son Telemachus will tell you that I did not want to frequent your house and sing to the suitors after their meals, but they were too many and too strong for me, so they made me.”

Telemachus heard him, and at once went up to his father. "Hold!" he cried, "the man is guiltless, do him no hurt; and we will Medon too, who was always good to me when I was a boy, unless Philoetius or Eumaeus has already killed him, or he has fallen in your way when you were raging about the court."

Medon caught these words of Telemachus, for he was crouching under a seat beneath which he had hidden by covering himself up with a freshly flayed heifer's hide, so he threw off the hide, went up to Telemachus, and laid hold of his knees.

"Here I am, my dear sir," said he, "stay your hand therefore, and tell your father, or he will kill me in his rage against the suitors for having wasted his substance and been so foolishly disrespectful to yourself."

Ulysses smiled at him and answered, "Fear not; Telemachus has saved your life, that you may know in future, and tell other people, how greatly better good deeds prosper than evil ones. Go, therefore, outside the cloisters into the outer court, and be out of the way of the slaughter—you and the bard—while I finish my work here inside."

The pair went into the outer court as fast as they could, and sat down by Jove's great altar, looking fearfully round, and still expecting that they would be killed. Then Ulysses searched the whole court carefully over, to see if anyone had managed to hide himself and was still living, but he found them all lying in the dust and weltering in their blood. They were like fishes which fishermen have netted out of the sea, and thrown upon the beach to lie gasping for water till the heat of the sun makes an end of them. Even so were the suitors lying all huddled up one against the other.

Then Ulysses said to Telemachus, "Call nurse Euryclea; I have something to say to her."

Telemachus went and knocked at the door of the women's room. "Make haste," said he, "you old woman who have been set over all the other women in the house. Come outside; my father wishes to speak to you."

When Euryclea heard this she unfastened the door of the women's room and came out, following Telemachus. She found Ulysses among the corpses bespattered with blood and filth like a lion that has just been devouring an ox, and his breast and both his cheeks are all bloody, so that he is a fearful sight; even so was Ulysses besmirched from head to foot with gore. When she saw all the corpses and such a quantity of blood, she was beginning to cry out for joy, for she saw that a great deed had been done; but Ulysses checked her, "Old woman," said he, "rejoice in silence; restrain yourself, and do not make any noise about it; it is an unholy thing to vaunt over dead men. Heaven's doom and their own evil deeds have brought these men to destruction, for they respected no man in the whole world, neither rich nor poor, who came near them, and they have come to a bad end as a punishment for their wickedness and folly. Now, however, tell me which of the women in the house have misconducted themselves, and who are innocent."

"I will tell you the truth, my son," answered Euryclea. "There are fifty women in the house whom we teach to do things, such as carding wool, and all kinds of household work. Of these, twelve in all have misbehaved, and have been wanting in respect to me, and also to Penelope. They showed no disrespect to Telemachus, for he has only lately grown and his mother never permitted him to give orders to the female servants; but let me go upstairs and tell your wife all that has happened, for some god has been sending her to sleep."

"Do not wake her yet," answered Ulysses, "but tell the women who have misconducted themselves to come to me."

Euryclea left the cloister to tell the women, and make them come to Ulysses; in the meantime he called Telemachus, the stockman, and the swineherd. "Begin," said he, "to remove the dead, and make the women help you. Then, get sponges and clean water to swill down the tables and seats. When you have thoroughly cleansed the whole cloisters, take the women into the space between the domed room and the wall of the outer court, and run them through with your swords till they are quite dead, and have forgotten all about love and the way in which they used to lie in secret with the suitors."

On this the women came down in a body, weeping and wailing bitterly. First they carried the dead bodies out, and propped them up against one another in the gatehouse. Ulysses ordered them about and made them do their work quickly, so they had to carry the bodies out. When they had done this, they cleaned all the tables and seats with sponges and water, while Telemachus and the two others shovelled up the blood and dirt from the ground, and the women carried it all away and put it out of doors. Then when they had made the whole place quite clean and orderly, they took the women out and hemmed them in the narrow space between the wall of the domed room and that of the yard, so that they could not get away: and Telemachus said to the other two, "I shall not let these women die a clean death, for they were insolent to me and my mother, and used to sleep with the suitors."

So saying he made a ship's cable fast to one of the bearing-posts that supported the roof of the domed room, and secured it all around the building, at a good height, lest any of the women's feet should touch the ground; and as thrushes or doves beat against a net that has been set for them in a thicket just as they were getting to their nest, and a terrible fate awaits them, even so did the women have to put their heads in nooses one after the other and die most miserably. Their feet moved convulsively for a while, but not for very long.

As for Melanthius, they took him through the cloister into the inner court. There they cut off his nose and his ears;

they drew out his vitals and gave them to the dogs raw, and then in their fury they cut off his hands and his feet.

When they had done this they washed their hands and feet and went back into the house, for all was now over; and Ulysses said to the dear old nurse Euryclea, "Bring me sulphur, which cleanses all pollution, and fetch fire also that I may burn it, and purify the cloisters. Go, moreover, and tell Penelope to come here with her attendants, and also all the maid servants that are in the house."

"All that you have said is true," answered Euryclea, "but let me bring you some clean clothes—a shirt and cloak. Do not keep these rags on your back any longer. It is not right."

"First light me a fire," replied Ulysses.

She brought the fire and sulphur, as he had bidden her, and Ulysses thoroughly purified the cloisters and both the inner and outer courts. Then she went inside to call the women and tell them what had happened; whereon they came from their apartment with torches in their hands, and pressed round Ulysses to embrace him, kissing his head and shoulders and taking hold of his hands. It made him feel as if he should like to weep, for he remembered every one of them.

Book XXIII

EURYCLEA now went upstairs laughing to tell her mistress that her dear husband had come home. Her aged knees became young again and her feet were nimble for joy as she went up to her mistress and bent over her head to speak to her. "Wake up Penelope, my dear child," she exclaimed, "and see with your own eyes something that you have been wanting this long time past. Ulysses has at last indeed come home again, and has killed the suitors who were giving so much trouble in his house, eating up his estate and ill-treating his son."

"My good nurse," answered Penelope, "you must be mad. The gods sometimes send some very sensible people out of their minds, and make foolish people become sensible. This is what they must have been doing to you; for you always used to be a reasonable person. Why should you thus mock me when I have trouble enough already—talking such nonsense, and waking me up out of a sweet sleep that had taken possession of my eyes and closed them? I have never slept so soundly from the day my poor husband went to that city with the ill-omened name. Go back again into the women's room; if it had been any one else, who had woke me up to bring me such absurd news I should have sent her away with a severe scolding. As it is, your age shall protect you."

"My dear child," answered Euryclea, "I am not mocking you. It is quite true as I tell you that Ulysses is come home again. He was the stranger whom they all kept on treating so badly in the cloister. Telemachus knew all the time that he was come back, but kept his father's secret that he might have his revenge on all these wicked people.

Then Penelope sprang up from her couch, threw her arms round Euryclea, and wept for joy. "But my dear nurse," said she, "explain this to me; if he has really come home as you say, how did he manage to overcome the wicked suitors single handed, seeing what a number of them there always were?"

"I was not there," answered Euryclea, "and do not know; I only heard them groaning while they were being killed. We sat crouching and huddled up in a corner of the women's room with the doors closed, till your son came to fetch me because his father sent him. Then I found Ulysses standing over the corpses that were lying on the ground all round him, one on top of the other. You would have enjoyed it if you could have seen him standing there all bespattered with blood and filth, and looking just like a lion. But the corpses are now all piled up in the gatehouse that is in the outer court, and Ulysses has lit a great fire to purify the house with sulphur. He has sent me to call you, so come with me that you may both be happy together after all; for now at last the desire of your heart has been fulfilled; your husband is come home to find both wife and son alive and well, and to take his revenge in his own house on the suitors who behaved so badly to him."

"My dear nurse," said Penelope, "do not exult too confidently over all this. You know how delighted every one would be to see Ulysses come home—more particularly myself, and the son who has been born to both of us; but what you tell me cannot be really true. It is some god who is angry with the suitors for their great wickedness, and has made an end of them; for they respected no man in the whole world, neither rich nor poor, who came near them, who came near them, and they have come to a bad end in consequence of their iniquity. Ulysses is dead far away from the Achaean land; he will never return home again."

Then nurse Euryclea said, "My child, what are you talking about? but you were all hard of belief and have made up your mind that your husband is never coming, although he is in the house and by his own fire side at this very moment. Besides I can give you another proof; when I was washing him I perceived the scar which the wild boar gave him, and I wanted to tell you about it, but in his wisdom he would not let me, and clapped his hands over my mouth; so come with me and I will make this bargain with you—if I am deceiving you, you may have me killed by the most cruel death you can think of."

"My dear nurse," said Penelope, "however wise you may be you can hardly fathom the counsels of the gods. Nevertheless, we will go in search of my son, that I may see the corpses of the suitors, and the man who has killed them."

On this she came down from her upper room, and while doing so she considered whether she should keep at a distance from her husband and question him, or whether she should at once go up to him and embrace him. When, however, she had crossed the stone floor of the cloister, she sat down opposite Ulysses by the fire, against the wall at right angles [to that by which she had entered], while Ulysses sat near one of the bearing-posts, looking upon the ground, and waiting to see what his wife would say to him when she saw him. For a long time she sat silent and as one lost in amazement. At one moment she looked him full in the face, but then again directly, she was misled by his shabby clothes and failed to recognize him, till Telemachus began to reproach her and said:

“Mother—but you are so hard that I cannot call you by such a name—why do you keep away from my father in this way? Why do you not sit by his side and begin talking to him and asking him questions? No other woman could bear to keep away from her husband when he had come back to her after twenty years of absence, and after having gone through so much; but your heart always was as hard as a stone.”

Penelope answered, “My son, I am so lost in astonishment that I can find no words in which either to ask questions or to answer them. I cannot even look him straight in the face. Still, if he really is Ulysses come back to his own home again, we shall get to understand one another better by and by, for there are tokens with which we two are alone acquainted, and which are hidden from all others.”

Ulysses smiled at this, and said to Telemachus, “Let your mother put me to any proof she likes; she will make up her mind about it presently. She rejects me for the moment and believes me to be somebody else, because I am covered with dirt and have such bad clothes on; let us, however, consider what we had better do next. When one man has killed another, even though he was not one who would leave many friends to take up his quarrel, the man who has killed him must still say good bye to his friends and fly the country; whereas we have been killing the stay of a whole town, and all the picked youth of Ithaca. I would have you consider this matter.”

“Look to it yourself, father,” answered Telemachus, “for they say you are the wisest counsellor in the world, and that there is no other mortal man who can compare with you. We will follow you with right good will, nor shall you find us fail you in so far as our strength holds out.”

“I will say what I think will be best,” answered Ulysses. “First wash and put your shirts on; tell the maids also to go to their own room and dress; Phemius shall then strike up a dance tune on his lyre, so that if people outside hear, or any of the neighbours, or some one going along the street happens to notice it, they may think there is a wedding in the house, and no rumours about the death of the suitors will get about in the town, before we can escape to the woods upon my own land. Once there, we will settle which of the courses heaven vouchsafes us shall seem wisest.”

Thus did he speak, and they did even as he had said. First they washed and put their shirts on, while the women got ready. Then Phemius took his lyre and set them all longing for sweet song and stately dance. The house echoed with the sound of men and women dancing, and the people outside said, “I suppose the queen has been getting married at last. She ought to be ashamed of herself for not continuing to protect her husband’s property until he comes home.”

This was what they said, but they did not know what it was that had been happening. The upper servant Eurynome washed and anointed Ulysses in his own house and gave him a shirt and cloak, while Minerva made him look taller and stronger than before; she also made the hair grow thick on the top of his head, and flow down in curls like hyacinth blossoms; she glorified him about the head and shoulders just as a skilful workman who has studied art of all kinds under Vulcan or Minerva—and his work is full of beauty—enriches a piece of silver plate by gilding it. He came from the bath looking like one of the immortals, and sat down opposite his wife on the seat he had left. “My dear,” said he, “heaven has endowed you with a heart more unyielding than woman ever yet had. No other woman could bear to keep away from her husband when he had come back to her after twenty years of absence, and after having gone through so much. But come, nurse, get a bed ready for me; I will sleep alone, for this woman has a heart as hard as iron.”

“My dear,” answered Penelope, “I have no wish to set myself up, nor to depreciate you; but I am not struck by your appearance, for I very well remember what kind of a man you were when you set sail from Ithaca. Nevertheless, Euryclea, take his bed outside the bed chamber that he himself built. Bring the bed outside this room, and put bedding upon it with fleeces, good coverlets, and blankets.”

She said this to try him, but Ulysses was very angry and said, “Wife, I am much displeased at what you have just been saying. Who has been taking my bed from the place in which I left it? He must have found it a hard task, no matter how skilled a workman he was, unless some god came and helped him to shift it. There is no man living, however strong and in his prime, who could move it from its place, for it is a marvellous curiosity which I made with my very own hands. There was a young olive growing within the precincts of the house, in full vigour, and about as thick as a bearing-post. I built my room round this with strong walls of stone and a roof to cover them, and I made the doors strong and well-fitting. Then I cut off the top boughs of the olive tree and left the stump standing. This I dressed roughly from the root upwards and then worked with carpenter’s tools well and skilfully, straightening my work by drawing a line on the wood, and making it into a bed-prop. I then bored a hole down the middle,

and made it the centre-post of my bed, at which I worked till I had finished it, inlaying it with gold and silver; after this I stretched a hide of crimson leather from one side of it to the other. So you see I know all about it, and I desire to learn whether it is still there, or whether any one has been removing it by cutting down the olive tree at its roots.”

When she heard the sure proofs Ulysses now gave her, she fairly broke down. She flew weeping to his side, flung her arms about his neck, and kissed him. “Do not be angry with me Ulysses,” she cried, “you, who are the wisest of mankind. We have suffered, both of us. Heaven has denied us the happiness of spending our youth, and of growing old, together; do not then be aggrieved or take it amiss that I did not embrace you thus as soon as I saw you. I have been shuddering all the time through fear that someone might come here and deceive me with a lying story; for there are many very wicked people going about. Jove’s daughter Helen would never have yielded herself to a man from a foreign country, if she had known that the sons of Achaeans would come after her and bring her back. Heaven put it in her heart to do wrong, and she gave no thought to that sin, which has been the source of all our sorrows. Now, however, that you have convinced me by showing that you know all about our bed (which no human being has ever seen but you and I and a single maid servant, the daughter of Actor, who was given me by my father on my marriage, and who keeps the doors of our room) hard of belief though I have been I can mistrust no longer.”

Then Ulysses in his turn melted, and wept as he clasped his dear and faithful wife to his bosom. As the sight of land is welcome to men who are swimming towards the shore, when Neptune has wrecked their ship with the fury of his winds and waves—a few alone reach the land, and these, covered with brine, are thankful when they find themselves on firm ground and out of danger—even so was her husband welcome to her as she looked upon him, and she could not tear her two fair arms from about his neck. Indeed they would have gone on indulging their sorrow till rosy-fingered morn appeared, had not Minerva determined otherwise, and held night back in the far west, while she would not suffer Dawn to leave Oceanus, nor to yoke the two steeds Lampus and Phaethon that bear her onward to break the day upon mankind.

At last, however, Ulysses said, “Wife, we have not yet reached the end of our troubles. I have an unknown amount of toil still to undergo. It is long and difficult, but I must go through with it, for thus the shade of Teiresias prophesied concerning me, on the day when I went down into Hades to ask about my return and that of my companions. But now let us go to bed, that we may lie down and enjoy the blessed boon of sleep.”

“You shall go to bed as soon as you please,” replied Penelope, “now that the gods have sent you home to your own good house and to your country. But as heaven has put it in your mind to speak of it, tell me about the task that lies before you. I shall have to hear about it later, so it is better that I should be told at once.”

“My dear,” answered Ulysses, “why should you press me to tell you? Still, I will not conceal it from you, though you will not like it. I do not like it myself, for Teiresias bade me travel far and wide, carrying an oar, till I came to a country where the people have never heard of the sea, and do not even mix salt with their food. They know nothing about ships, nor oars that are as the wings of a ship. He gave me this certain token which I will not hide from you. He said that a wayfarer should meet me and ask me whether it was a winnowing shovel that I had on my shoulder. On this, I was to fix my oar in the ground and sacrifice a ram, a bull, and a boar to Neptune; after which I was to go home and offer hecatombs to all the gods in heaven, one after the other. As for myself, he said that death should come to me from the sea, and that my life should ebb away very gently when I was full of years and peace of mind, and my people should bless me. All this, he said, should surely come to pass.”

And Penelope said, “If the gods are going to vouchsafe you a happier time in your old age, you may hope then to have some respite from misfortune.”

Thus did they converse. Meanwhile Eurynome and the nurse took torches and made the bed ready with soft coverlets; as soon as they had laid them, the nurse went back into the house to go to her rest, leaving the bed chamber woman Eurynome to show Ulysses and Penelope to bed by torch light. When she had conducted them to their room she went back, and they then came joyfully to the rites of their own old bed. Telemachus, Philoetius, and the swine-herd now left off dancing, and made the women leave off also. They then laid themselves down to sleep in the cloisters.

When Ulysses and Penelope had had their fill of love they fell talking with one another. She told him how much she had had to bear in seeing the house filled with a crowd of wicked suitors who had killed so many sheep and oxen on her account, and had drunk so many casks of wine. Ulysses in his turn told her what he had suffered, and how much trouble he had himself given to other people. He told her everything, and she was so delighted to listen that she never went to sleep till he had ended his whole story.

He began with his victory over the Cicons, and how he thence reached the fertile land of the Lotus-eaters. He told her all about the Cyclops and how he had punished him for having so ruthlessly eaten his brave comrades; how he then went on to Aeolus, who received him hospitably and furthered him on his way, but even so he was not to reach home, for to his great grief a hurricane carried him out to sea again; how he went on to the Laestrygonian city Telepylos, where the people destroyed all his ships with their crews, save himself and his own ship only. Then he told of cunning Circe and her craft, and how he sailed to the chill house of Hades, to consult the ghost of the Theban prophet Teiresias, and how he saw his old comrades in arms, and his mother who bore him and brought

him up when he was a child; how he then heard the wondrous singing of the Sirens, and went on to the wandering rocks and terrible Charybdis and to Scylla, whom no man had ever yet passed in safety; how his men then ate the cattle of the sun-god, and how Jove therefore struck the ship with his thunderbolts, so that all his men perished together, himself alone being left alive; how at last he reached the Ogygian island and the nymph Calypso, who kept him there in a cave, and fed him, and wanted him to marry her, in which case she intended making him immortal so that he should never grow old, but she could not persuade him to let her do so; and how after much suffering he had found his way to the Phaeacians, who had treated him as though he had been a god, and sent him back in a ship to his own country after having given him gold, bronze, and raiment in great abundance. This was the last thing about which he told her, for here a deep sleep took hold upon him and eased the burden of his sorrows.

Then Minerva bethought her of another matter. When she deemed that Ulysses had had both of his wife and of repose, she bade gold-enthroned Dawn rise out of Oceanus that she might shed light upon mankind. On this, Ulysses rose from his comfortable bed and said to Penelope, "Wife, we have both of us had our full share of troubles, you, here, in lamenting my absence, and I in being prevented from getting home though I was longing all the time to do so. Now, however, that we have at last come together, take care of the property that is in the house. As for the sheep and goats which the wicked suitors have eaten, I will take many myself by force from other people, and will compel the Achaeans to make good the rest till they shall have filled all my yards. I am now going to the wooded lands out in the country to see my father who has so long been grieved on my account, and to yourself I will give these instructions, though you have little need of them. At sunrise it will at once get abroad that I have been killing the suitors; go upstairs, therefore, and stay there with your women. See nobody and ask no questions."

As he spoke he girded on his armour. Then he roused Telemachus, Philoetius, and Eumaeus, and told them all to put on their armour also. This they did, and armed themselves. When they had done so, they opened the gates and sallied forth, Ulysses leading the way. It was now daylight, but Minerva nevertheless concealed them in darkness and led them quickly out of the town.

Book XXIV

THEN Mercury of Cyllene summoned the ghosts of the suitors, and in his hand he held the fair golden wand with which he seals men's eyes in sleep or wakes them just as he pleases; with this he roused the ghosts and led them, while they followed whining and gibbering behind him. As bats fly squealing in the hollow of some great cave, when one of them has fallen out of the cluster in which they hang, even so did the ghosts whine and squeal as Mercury the healer of sorrow led them down into the dark abode of death. When they had passed the waters of Oceanus and the rock Leucas, they came to the gates of the sun and the land of dreams, whereon they reached the meadow of asphodel where dwell the souls and shadows of them that can labour no more.

Here they found the ghost of Achilles son of Peleus, with those of Patroclus, Antilochus, and Ajax, who was the finest and handsomest man of all the Danaans after the son of Peleus himself.

They gathered round the ghost of the son of Peleus, and the ghost of Agamemnon joined them, sorrowing bitterly. Round him were gathered also the ghosts of those who had perished with him in the house of Aeisthus; and the ghost of Achilles spoke first.

"Son of Atreus," it said, "we used to say that Jove had loved you better from first to last than any other hero, for you were captain over many and brave men, when we were all fighting together before Troy; yet the hand of death, which no mortal can escape, was laid upon you all too early. Better for you had you fallen at Troy in the hey-day of your renown, for the Achaeans would have built a mound over your ashes, and your son would have been heir to your good name, whereas it has now been your lot to come to a most miserable end."

"Happy son of Peleus," answered the ghost of Agamemnon, "for having died at Troy far from Argos, while the bravest of the Trojans and the Achaeans fell round you fighting for your body. There you lay in the whirling clouds of dust, all huge and hugely, heedless now of your chivalry. We fought the whole of the livelong day, nor should we ever have left off if Jove had not sent a hurricane to stay us. Then, when we had borne you to the ships out of the fray, we laid you on your bed and cleansed your fair skin with warm water and with ointments. The Danaans tore their hair and wept bitterly round about you. Your mother, when she heard, came with her immortal nymphs from out of the sea, and the sound of a great wailing went forth over the waters so that the Achaeans quaked for fear. They would have fled panic-stricken to their ships had not wise old Nestor whose counsel was ever truest checked them saying, 'Hold, Argives, fly not sons of the Achaeans, this is his mother coming from the sea with her immortal nymphs to view the body of her son.'

"Thus he spoke, and the Achaeans feared no more. The daughters of the old man of the sea stood round you weeping bitterly, and clothed you in immortal raiment. The nine muses also came and lifted up their sweet voices in lament—calling and answering one another; there was not an Argive but wept for pity of the dirge they chaunted. Days and nights seven and ten we mourned you, mortals and immortals, but on the eighteenth day we gave you to

the flames, and many a fat sheep with many an ox did we slay in sacrifice around you. You were burnt in raiment of the gods, with rich resins and with honey, while heroes, horse and foot, clashed their armour round the pile as you were burning, with the tramp as of a great multitude. But when the flames of heaven had done their work, we gathered your white bones at daybreak and laid them in ointments and in pure wine. Your mother brought us a golden vase to hold them—gift of Bacchus, and work of Vulcan himself; in this we mingled your bleached bones with those of Patroclus who had gone before you, and separate we enclosed also those of Antilochus, who had been closer to you than any other of your comrades now that Patroclus was no more.

“Over these the host of the Argives built a noble tomb, on a point jutting out over the open Hellespont, that it might be seen from far out upon the sea by those now living and by them that shall be born hereafter. Your mother begged prizes from the gods, and offered them to be contended for by the noblest of the Achaeans. You must have been present at the funeral of many a hero, when the young men gird themselves and make ready to contend for prizes on the death of some great chieftain, but you never saw such prizes as silver-footed Thetis offered in your honour; for the gods loved you well. Thus even in death your fame, Achilles, has not been lost, and your name lives evermore among all mankind. But as for me, what solace had I when the days of my fighting were done? For Jove willed my destruction on my return, by the hands of Aegisthus and those of my wicked wife.”

Thus did they converse, and presently Mercury came up to them with the ghosts of the suitors who had been killed by Ulysses. The ghosts of Agamemnon and Achilles were astonished at seeing them, and went up to them at once. The ghost of Agamemnon recognized Amphimedon son of Melaneus, who lived in Ithaca and had been his host, so it began to talk to him.

“Amphimedon,” it said, “what has happened to all you fine young men—all of an age too—that you are come down here under the ground? One could pick no finer body of men from any city. Did Neptune raise his winds and waves against you when you were at sea, or did your enemies make an end of you on the mainland when you were cattle-lifting or sheep-stealing, or while fighting in defence of their wives and city? Answer my question, for I have been your guest. Do you not remember how I came to your house with Menelaus, to persuade Ulysses to join us with his ships against Troy? It was a whole month ere we could resume our voyage, for we had hard work to persuade Ulysses to come with us.”

And the ghost of Amphimedon answered, “Agamemnon, son of Atreus, king of men, I remember everything that you have said, and will tell you fully and accurately about the way in which our end was brought about. Ulysses had been long gone, and we were courting his wife, who did not say point blank that she would not marry, nor yet bring matters to an end, for she meant to compass our destruction: this, then, was the trick she played us. She set up a great tambour frame in her room and began to work on an enormous piece of fine needlework. ‘Sweethearts,’ said she, ‘Ulysses is indeed dead, still, do not press me to marry again immediately; wait—for I would not have my skill in needlework perish unrecorded—till I have completed a pall for the hero Laertes, against the time when death shall take him. He is very rich, and the women of the place will talk if he is laid out without a pall.’ This is what she said, and we assented; whereupon we could see her working upon her great web all day long, but at night she would unpick the stitches again by torchlight. She fooled us in this way for three years without our finding it out, but as time wore on and she was now in her fourth year, in the waning of moons and many days had been accomplished, one of her maids who knew what she was doing told us, and we caught her in the act of undoing her work, so she had to finish it whether she would or no; and when she showed us the robe she had made, after she had had it washed, its splendour was as that of the sun or moon.

“Then some malicious god conveyed Ulysses to the upland farm where his swineherd lives. Thither presently came also his son, returning from a voyage to Pylos, and the two came to the town when they had hatched their plot for our destruction. Telemachus came first, and then after him, accompanied by the swineherd, came Ulysses, clad in rags and leaning on a staff as though he were some miserable old beggar. He came so unexpectedly that none of us knew him, not even the older ones among us, and we reviled him and threw things at him. He endured both being struck and insulted without a word, though he was in his own house; but when the will of Aegis-bearing Jove inspired him, he and Telemachus took the armour and hid it in an inner chamber, bolting the doors behind them. Then he cunningly made his wife offer his bow and a quantity of iron to be contended for by us ill-fated suitors; and this was the beginning of our end, for not one of us could string the bow—nor nearly do so. When it was about to reach the hands of Ulysses, we all of us shouted out that it should not be given him, no matter what he might say, but Telemachus insisted on his having it. When he had got it in his hands he strung it with ease and sent his arrow through the iron. Then he stood on the floor of the cloister and poured his arrows on the ground, glaring fiercely about him. First he killed Antinous, and then, aiming straight before him, he let fly his deadly darts and they fell thick on one another. It was plain that some one of the gods was helping them, for they fell upon us with might and main throughout the cloisters, and there was a hideous sound of groaning as our brains were being battered in, and the ground seethed with our blood. This, Agamemnon, is how we came by our end, and our bodies are lying still un-cared for in the house of Ulysses, for our friends at home do not yet know what has happened, so that they cannot lay us out and wash the black blood from our wounds, making moan over us according to the offices

due to the departed.”

“Happy Ulysses, son of Laertes,” replied the ghost of Agamemnon, “you are indeed blessed in the possession of a wife endowed with such rare excellence of understanding, and so faithful to her wedded lord as Penelope the daughter of Icarius. The fame, therefore, of her virtue shall never die, and the immortals shall compose a song that shall be welcome to all mankind in honour of the constancy of Penelope. How far otherwise was the wickedness of the daughter of Tyndareus who killed her lawful husband; her song shall be hateful among men, for she has brought disgrace on all womankind even on the good ones.”

Thus did they converse in the house of Hades deep down within the bowels of the earth. Meanwhile Ulysses and the others passed out of the town and soon reached the fair and well-tilled farm of Laertes, which he had reclaimed with infinite labour. Here was his house, with a lean-to running all round it, where the slaves who worked for him slept and sat and ate, while inside the house there was an old Sicel woman, who looked after him in this his country-farm. When Ulysses got there, he said to his son and to the other two:

“Go to the house, and kill the best pig that you can find for dinner. Meanwhile I want to see whether my father will know me, or fail to recognize me after so long an absence.”

He then took off his armour and gave it to Eumaeus and Philoetius, who went straight on to the house, while he turned off into the vineyard to make trial of his father. As he went down into the great orchard, he did not see Dolius, nor any of his sons nor of the other bondsmen, for they were all gathering thorns to make a fence for the vineyard, at the place where the old man had told them; he therefore found his father alone, hoeing a vine. He had on a dirty old shirt, patched and very shabby; his legs were bound round with thongs of oxhide to save him from the brambles, and he also wore sleeves of leather; he had a goat skin cap on his head, and was looking very woe-begone. When Ulysses saw him so worn, so old and full of sorrow, he stood still under a tall pear tree and began to weep. He doubted whether to embrace him, kiss him, and tell him all about his having come home, or whether he should first question him and see what he would say. In the end he deemed it best to be crafty with him, so in this mind he went up to his father, who was bending down and digging about a plant.

“I see, sir,” said Ulysses, “that you are an excellent gardener—what pains you take with it, to be sure. There is not a single plant, not a fig tree, vine, olive, pear, nor flower bed, but bears the trace of your attention. I trust, however, that you will not be offended if I say that you take better care of your garden than of yourself. You are old, unsavoury, and very meanly clad. It cannot be because you are idle that your master takes such poor care of you, indeed your face and figure have nothing of the slave about them, and proclaim you of noble birth. I should have said that you were one of those who should wash well, eat well, and lie soft at night as old men have a right to do; but tell me, and tell me true, whose bondman are you, and in whose garden are you working? Tell me also about another matter. Is this place that I have come to really Ithaca? I met a man just now who said so, but he was a dull fellow, and had not the patience to hear my story out when I was asking him about an old friend of mine, whether he was still living, or was already dead and in the house of Hades. Believe me when I tell you that this man came to my house once when I was in my own country and never yet did any stranger come to me whom I liked better. He said that his family came from Ithaca and that his father was Laertes, son of Arceisius. I received him hospitably, making him welcome to all the abundance of my house, and when he went away I gave him all customary presents. I gave him seven talents of fine gold, and a cup of solid silver with flowers chased upon it. I gave him twelve light cloaks, and as many pieces of tapestry; I also gave him twelve cloaks of single fold, twelve rugs, twelve fair mantles, and an equal number of shirts. To all this I added four good looking women skilled in all useful arts, and I let him take his choice.”

His father shed tears and answered, “Sir, you have indeed come to the country that you have named, but it is fallen into the hands of wicked people. All this wealth of presents has been given to no purpose. If you could have found your friend here alive in Ithaca, he would have entertained you hospitably and would have required your presents amply when you left him—as would have been only right considering what you have already given him. But tell me, and tell me true, how many years is it since you entertained this guest—my unhappy son, as ever was? Alas! He has perished far from his own country; the fishes of the sea have eaten him, or he has fallen a prey to the birds and wild beasts of some continent. Neither his mother, nor I his father, who were his parents, could throw our arms about him and wrap him in his shroud, nor could his excellent and richly dowered wife Penelope bewail her husband as was natural upon his death bed, and close his eyes according to the offices due to the departed. But now, tell me truly for I want to know. Who and whence are you—tell me of your town and parents? Where is the ship lying that has brought you and your men to Ithaca? Or were you a passenger on some other man’s ship, and those who brought you here have gone on their way and left you?”

“I will tell you everything,” answered Ulysses, “quite truly. I come from Alybas, where I have a fine house. I am son of king Apheidas, who is the son of Polypemon. My own name is Eperitus; heaven drove me off my course as I was leaving Sicania, and I have been carried here against my will. As for my ship it is lying over yonder, off the open country outside the town, and this is the fifth year since Ulysses left my country. Poor fellow, yet the omens were good for him when he left me. The birds all flew on our right hands, and both he and I rejoiced to see them as we

parted, for we had every hope that we should have another friendly meeting and exchange presents.”

A dark cloud of sorrow fell upon Laertes as he listened. He filled both hands with the dust from off the ground and poured it over his grey head, groaning heavily as he did so. The heart of Ulysses was touched, and his nostrils quivered as he looked upon his father; then he sprang towards him, flung his arms about him and kissed him, saying, “I am he, father, about whom you are asking—I have returned after having been away for twenty years. But cease your sighing and lamentation—we have no time to lose, for I should tell you that I have been killing the suitors in my house, to punish them for their insolence and crimes.”

“If you really are my son Ulysses,” replied Laertes, “and have come back again, you must give me such manifest proof of your identity as shall convince me.”

“First observe this scar,” answered Ulysses, “which I got from a boar’s tusk when I was hunting on Mount Parnassus. You and my mother had sent me to Autolycus, my mother’s father, to receive the presents which when he was over here he had promised to give me. Furthermore I will point out to you the trees in the vineyard which you gave me, and I asked you all about them as I followed you round the garden. We went over them all, and you told me their names and what they all were. You gave me thirteen pear trees, ten apple trees, and forty fig trees; you also said you would give me fifty rows of vines; there was corn planted between each row, and they yield grapes of every kind when the heat of heaven has been laid heavy upon them.”

Laertes’ strength failed him when he heard the convincing proofs which his son had given him. He threw his arms about him, and Ulysses had to support him, or he would have gone off into a swoon; but as soon as he came to, and was beginning to recover his senses, he said, “O father Jove, then you gods are still in Olympus after all, if the suitors have really been punished for their insolence and folly. Nevertheless, I am much afraid that I shall have all the townspeople of Ithaca up here directly, and they will be sending messengers everywhere throughout the cities of the Cephallenians.”

Ulysses answered, “Take heart and do not trouble yourself about that, but let us go into the house hard by your garden. I have already told Telemachus, Philoetius, and Eumaeus to go on there and get dinner ready as soon as possible.”

Thus conversing the two made their way towards the house. When they got there they found Telemachus with the stockman and the swineherd cutting up meat and mixing wine with water. Then the old Sicel woman took Laertes inside and washed him and anointed him with oil. She put him on a good cloak, and Minerva came up to him and gave him a more imposing presence, making him taller and stouter than before. When he came back his son was surprised to see him looking so like an immortal, and said to him, “My dear father, some one of the gods has been making you much taller and better-looking.”

Laertes answered, “Would, by Father Jove, Minerva, and Apollo, that I were the man I was when I ruled among the Cephallenians, and took Nericum, that strong fortress on the foreland. If I were still what I then was and had been in our house yesterday with my armour on, I should have been able to stand by you and help you against the suitors. I should have killed a great many of them, and you would have rejoiced to see it.”

Thus did they converse; but the others, when they had finished their work and the feast was ready, left off working, and took each his proper place on the benches and seats. Then they began eating; by and by old Dolius and his sons left their work and came up, for their mother, the Sicel woman who looked after Laertes now that he was growing old, had been to fetch them. When they saw Ulysses and were certain it was he, they stood there lost in astonishment; but Ulysses scolded them good-naturedly and said, “Sit down to your dinner, old man, and never mind about your surprise; we have been wanting to begin for some time and have been waiting for you.”

Then Dolius put out both his hands and went up to Ulysses. “Sir,” said he, seizing his master’s hand and kissing it at the wrist, “we have long been wishing you home: and now heaven has restored you to us after we had given up hoping. All hail, therefore, and may the gods prosper you. But tell me, does Penelope already know of your return, or shall we send some one to tell her?”

“Old man,” answered Ulysses, “she knows already, so you need not trouble about that.” On this he took his seat, and the sons of Dolius gathered round Ulysses to give him greeting and embrace him one after the other; then they took their seats in due order near Dolius their father.

While they were thus busy getting their dinner ready, Rumour went round the town, and noised abroad the terrible fate that had befallen the suitors; as soon, therefore, as the people heard of it they gathered from every quarter, groaning and hooting before the house of Ulysses. They took the dead away, buried every man his own, and put the bodies of those who came from elsewhere on board the fishing vessels, for the fishermen to take each of them to his own place. They then met angrily in the place of assembly, and when they were got together Eupheithes rose to speak. He was overwhelmed with grief for the death of his son Antinous, who had been the first man killed by Ulysses, so he said, weeping bitterly, “My friend, this man has done the Achaeans great wrong. He took many of our best men away with him in his fleet, and he has lost both ships and men; now, moreover, on his return he has been killing all the foremost men among the Cephallenians. Let us be up and doing before he can get away to Pylos or to Elis where the Epeans rule, or we shall be ashamed of ourselves for ever afterwards. It will be an everlasting disgrace

to us if we do not avenge the murder of our sons and brothers. For my own part I should have no mote pleasure in life, but had rather die at once. Let us be up, then, and after them, before they can cross over to the mainland.”

He wept as he spoke and every one pitied him. But Medon and the bard Phemius had now woke up, and came to them from the house of Ulysses. Every one was astonished at seeing them, but they stood in the middle of the assembly, and Medon said, “Hear me, men of Ithaca. Ulysses did not do these things against the will of heaven. I myself saw an immortal god take the form of Mentor and stand beside him. This god appeared, now in front of him encouraging him, and now going furiously about the court and attacking the suitors whereon they fell thick on one another.”

On this pale fear laid hold of them, and old Halitherses, son of Mastor, rose to speak, for he was the only man among them who knew both past and future; so he spoke to them plainly and in all honesty, saying,

“Men of Ithaca, it is all your own fault that things have turned out as they have; you would not listen to me, nor yet to Mentor, when we bade you check the folly of your sons who were doing much wrong in the wantonness of their hearts—wasting the substance and dishonouring the wife of a chieftain who they thought would not return. Now, however, let it be as I say, and do as I tell you. Do not go out against Ulysses, or you may find that you have been drawing down evil on your own heads.”

This was what he said, and more than half raised a loud shout, and at once left the assembly. But the rest stayed where they were, for the speech of Halitherses displeased them, and they sided with Eupheithes; they therefore hurried off for their armour, and when they had armed themselves, they met together in front of the city, and Eupheithes led them on in their folly. He thought he was going to avenge the murder of his son, whereas in truth he was never to return, but was himself to perish in his attempt.

Then Minerva said to Jove, “Father, son of Saturn, king of kings, answer me this question—What do you propose to do? Will you set them fighting still further, or will you make peace between them?”

And Jove answered, “My child, why should you ask me? Was it not by your own arrangement that Ulysses came home and took his revenge upon the suitors? Do whatever you like, but I will tell you what I think will be most reasonable arrangement. Now that Ulysses is revenged, let them swear to a solemn covenant, in virtue of which he shall continue to rule, while we cause the others to forgive and forget the massacre of their sons and brothers. Let them then all become friends as heretofore, and let peace and plenty reign.”

This was what Minerva was already eager to bring about, so down she darted from off the topmost summits of Olympus.

Now when Laertes and the others had done dinner, Ulysses began by saying, “Some of you go out and see if they are not getting close up to us.” So one of Dolius’s sons went as he was bid. Standing on the threshold he could see them all quite near, and said to Ulysses, “Here they are, let us put on our armour at once.”

They put on their armour as fast as they could—that is to say Ulysses, his three men, and the six sons of Dolius. Laertes also and Dolius did the same—warriors by necessity in spite of their grey hair. When they had all put on their armour, they opened the gate and sallied forth, Ulysses leading the way.

Then Jove’s daughter Minerva came up to them, having assumed the form and voice of Mentor. Ulysses was glad when he saw her, and said to his son Telemachus, “Telemachus, now that are about to fight in an engagement, which will show every man’s mettle, be sure not to disgrace your ancestors, who were eminent for their strength and courage all the world over.”

“You say truly, my dear father,” answered Telemachus, “and you shall see, if you will, that I am in no mind to disgrace your family.”

Laertes was delighted when he heard this. “Good heavens, he exclaimed, “what a day I am enjoying: I do indeed rejoice at it. My son and grandson are vying with one another in the matter of valour.”

On this Minerva came close up to him and said, “Son of Arceisius—best friend I have in the world—pray to the blue-eyed damsel, and to Jove her father; then poise your spear and hurl it.”

As she spoke she infused fresh vigour into him, and when he had prayed to her he poised his spear and hurled it. He hit Eupheithes’ helmet, and the spear went right through it, for the helmet stayed it not, and his armour rang rattling round him as he fell heavily to the ground. Meantime Ulysses and his son fell the front line of the foe and smote them with their swords and spears; indeed, they would have killed every one of them, and prevented them from ever getting home again, only Minerva raised her voice aloud, and made every one pause. “Men of Ithaca,” she cried, cease this dreadful war, and settle the matter at once without further bloodshed.”

On this pale fear seized every one; they were so frightened that their arms dropped from their hands and fell upon the ground at the sound of the goddess’s voice, and they fled back to the city for their lives. But Ulysses gave a great cry, and gathering himself together swooped down like a soaring eagle. Then the son of Saturn sent a thunderbolt of fire that fell just in front of Minerva, so she said to Ulysses, “Ulysses, noble son of Laertes, stop this warful strife, or Jove will be angry with you.”

Thus spoke Minerva, and Ulysses obeyed her gladly. Then Minerva assumed the form and voice of Mentor, and presently made a covenant of peace between the two contending parties.

MEDEA

Euripides (ca. 484-ca.407 B.C.E.)

First performed in 431 B.C.E.

Greece

Of the three great ancient Greek tragedians (including Aeschylus and Sophocles), Euripides was perhaps the most controversial, and intentionally so. He did not win many of the Dionysian festival competitions among Greek dramatists with his shocking depictions of well-known stories, but nineteen of his over ninety plays have survived. As with most of his plays, Euripides' version of the story of Medea focuses on the psychological aspects of the character. Medea, the niece of the sorceress Circe, had earlier helped Jason take the Golden Fleece from the land of Colchis, betraying both her family and her country in the process (including killing her own brother). Medea also had used her magic to restore youth to Jason's father, Aeson. Before meeting Medea, Jason had already abandoned his previous "wife," Hypsipyle, and his twin children with her; the play begins with Medea learning that she and her children with Jason are about to be abandoned for a new wife.

Written by Laura J. Getty

MEDEA

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Euripedes, explanatory notes by Gilbert Murray, M.A., LL.D. and Rhonda Kelley

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

Medea, *daughter of Aiêtês, King of Colchis.*

Jason, *chief of the Argonauts; nephew of Pelias, King of Iólcos in Thessaly.*

Creon, *ruler of Corinth.*

Aegeus, *King of Athens.*

Nurse of Medea.

Two Children of Jason and Medea.

Attendant on the children.

A Messenger.

Chorus of Corinthian Women, with their Leader.

Soldiers and Attendants.

*The scene is laid in Corinth.*²³

The Scene represents the front of Medea's House in Corinth. A road to the right leads towards the royal castle, one on the left to the harbour. The Nurse is discovered alone.

NURSE

Would God no Argo²⁴ e'er had winged the seas

²³ The play was first acted when Pythodôrus was Archon, Olympiad 87, year 1 (B.C. 431). Euphorion was first, Sophocles second, Euripides third, with Medea, Philoctêtes, Dictys, and the Harvesters, a Satyr-play.

²⁴ Jason's famed ship.



IMAGE 1.9: SEATED EURIPIDES | This incomplete statue shows Euripides sitting down, with some of his works listed on the stone slab behind him.

Author: Jastrow

Source: Wikimedia Commons

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To Colchis²⁵ through the blue Symplêgades:²⁶
 No shaft of riven²⁷ pine in Pêlion's²⁸ glen
 Shaped that first oar-blade in the hands of men
 Valiant, who won, to save King Pelias' vow,
The fleece All-golden! Never then, I trow,²⁹
 Mine own princess,³⁰ her spirit wounded sore
 With love of Jason, to the encastled³¹ shore
 Had sailed of old Iôlcos:³² never wrought
 The daughters of King Pelias, knowing not,
 To spill their father's life:³³ nor fled in fear,
 Hunted for that fierce sin, to Corinth here
 With Jason and her babes. This folk at need
 Stood friend to her, and she in word and deed
 Served alway Jason. Surely this doth bind,
 Through all ill days, the hurts of humankind,
 When man and woman in one music move.

But now, the world is angry, and true love
 Sick as with poison. Jason doth forsake
 My mistress and his own two sons, to make
 His couch in a king's chamber. He must wed:³⁴
 Wed with this Creon's child, who now is head
 And chief of Corinth. Wherefore sore betrayed
 Medea calleth up the oath they made,
 They two, and wakes the claspèd hands again,
 The troth surpassing speech, and cries amain³⁵
 On God in heaven to mark the end, and how
 Jason hath paid his debt.

All fasting now
 And cold, her body yielded up to pain,
 Her days a waste of weeping, she hath lain,
 Since first she knew that he was false. Her eyes
 Are lifted not; and all her visage lies
 In the dust. If friends will speak, she hears no more
 Than some dead rock or wave that beats the shore:
 Only the white throat in a sudden shame
 May writhe, and all alone she moans the name
 Of father, and land, and home, forsook that day
 For this man's sake, who casteth her away.

25 Medea's homeland.

26 "The Symplêgades ("Clashing") or Kuaneai ("Dark blue") were two rocks in the sea which used to clash together and crush anything that was between them. They stood above the north end of the Bosphorus and formed the Gate to the Axeinos Pontos, or "Stranger-less Sea," where all Greeks were murdered. At the farthest eastern end of that sea was the land of Colchis." (Euripides, *The Medea of Euripides*, 8th ed., trans. Gilbert Murray [London: G. Allen, 1910], 81.)

27 Split.

28 "The great mountain in Thessaly. Iôlcos, a little kingdom between Pêlion and the sea, ruled originally by Aeson, Jason's father, then by the usurping Pêlias." (Murray, 81.)

29 Believe.

30 Medea.

31 Fortified.

32 Of old Iolcos: from Iolcos, Jason's homeland.

33 Pelias is Jason's uncle who usurped his throne; Pelias' daughters were tricked by Medea into killing their father; it is for this reason that Jason cannot return to Iolcos.

34 "Medea was not legally married to Jason, and could not be, though in common parlance he is sometimes called her husband. Intermarriage between the subjects of two separate states was not possible in antiquity without a special treaty. And naturally there was no such treaty with Colchis.

"This is, I think, the view of the play, and corresponds to the normal Athenian conceptions of society. In the original legend it is likely enough that Medea belongs to "matriarchal" times before the institution of marriage." (Murray, 81.)

35 Vehemently.

Not to be quite shut out from home . . . alas,
 She knoweth now how rare a thing that was!
 Methinks she hath a dread, not joy, to see
 Her children near. 'Tis this that maketh me
 Most tremble, lest she do I know not what.
 Her heart is no light thing, and useth not
 To brook much wrong. I know that woman, aye,
 And dread her! Will she creep alone to die
 Bleeding in that old room, where still is laid
 Lord Jason's bed? She hath for that a blade
 Made keen.³⁶ Or slay the bridegroom and the king,
 And win herself God knows what direr thing?
 'Tis a fell spirit. Few, I ween,³⁷ shall stir
 Her hate unscathed, or lightly humble her.

Ha! 'Tis the children from their games again,
 Rested and gay; and all their mother's pain
 Forgotten! Young lives ever turn from gloom!
 [*The Children and their Attendant*³⁸ *come in.*]

ATTENDANT

Thou ancient treasure of my lady's room,
 What mak'st thou here before the gates alone,
 And alway turning on thy lips some moan
 Of old mischances? Will our mistress be
 Content, this long time to be left by thee?

NURSE

Grey³⁹ guard of Jason's children, a good thrall
 Hath his own grief, if any hurt befall
 His masters. Aye, it holds one's heart! . . .
 Meseems⁴⁰

I have strayed out so deep in evil dreams,
 I longed to rest me here alone, and cry
 Medea's wrongs to this still Earth and Sky.⁴¹

ATTENDANT

How? Are the tears yet running in her eyes?

NURSE

'Twere good to be like thee! . . . Her sorrow lies
 Scarce wakened yet, not half its perils wrought.

ATTENDANT

Mad spirit! . . . if a man may speak his thought
 Of masters mad.—And nothing in her ears
 Hath sounded yet of her last cause for tears!
 [*He moves towards the house, but the Nurse checks him.*]

NURSE

What cause, old man? . . . Nay, grudge me not one word.

ATTENDANT

'Tis nothing. Best forget what thou hast heard.

NURSE

36 "These lines are repeated in a different context [later on](#). The sword which to the Nurse suggested suicide was really meant for murder." (Murray, 82.)

37 Think.

38 "Greek *Paidagōgos*, or "pedagogue"; a confidential servant who escorted the boys to and from school, and in similar ways looked after them. Notice the rather light and cynical character of this man, compared with the tenderness of the Nurse." (Murray, 82.)

39 As in gray-haired, elderly.

40 It seems to me.

41 "It was the ancient practice, if you had bad dreams or terrors of the night, to "show" them to the Sun in the morning, that he might clear them away." (Murray, 82.)

Nay, housemate, by thy beard! Hold it not hid
From me. . . . I will keep silence if thou bid.

ATTENDANT

I heard an old man talking, where he sate
At draughts in the sun, beside the fountain gate,
And never thought of me, there standing still
Beside him. And he said, 'Twas Creon's will,
Being lord of all this land, that she be sent,
And with her her two sons, to banishment.
Maybe 'tis all false. For myself, I know
No further, and I would it were not so.

NURSE

Jason will never bear it —his own sons
Banished,—however hot his anger runs
Against their mother!

ATTENDANT

Old love burneth low
When new love wakes, men say. He is not now
Husband nor father here, nor any kin.

NURSE

But this is ruin! New waves breaking in
To wreck us, ere we are righted from the old!

ATTENDANT

Well, hold thy peace. Our mistress will be told
All in good time. Speak thou no word hereof.

NURSE

My babes! What think ye of your father's love?
God curse him not, he is my master still:
But, oh, to them that loved him, 'tis an ill
Friend. . . .

ATTENDANT

And what man on earth is different? How?
Hast thou lived all these years, and learned but now
That every man more loveth his own head
Than other men's? He dreameth of the bed
Of this new bride, and thinks not of his sons.

NURSE

Go: run into the house, my little ones:
All will end happily! . . . Keep them apart:
Let not their mother meet them while her heart
Is darkened. Yester night I saw a flame
Stand in her eye, as though she hated them,
And would I know not what. For sure her wrath
Will never turn nor slumber, till she hath . . .
Go: and if some must suffer, may it be
Not we who love her, but some enemy!
Voice (*within*).

Oh shame and pain: O woe is me!
Would I could die in my misery!
[*The Children and the Attendant go in.*]

NURSE

Ah, children, hark! She moves again
Her frozen heart, her sleeping wrath.
In, quick! And never cross her path,
Nor rouse that dark eye in its pain;

That fell sea-spirit, and the dire
 Spring of a will untaught, unbowed.
 Quick, now!—Methinks this weeping cloud
 Hath in its heart some thunder-fire,

Slow gathering, that must flash ere long.
 I know not how, for ill or well,
 It turns, this uncontrollable
 Tempestuous spirit, blind with wrong.

Voice (*within*).

Have I not suffered? Doth it call
 No tears? . . . Ha, ye beside the wall
 Unfathered children, God hate you
 As I am hated, and him, too,
 That gat you, and this house and all!

NURSE

For pity! What have they to do,
 Babes, with their father's sin? Why call
 Thy curse on these? . . . Ah, children, all
 These days my bosom bleeds for you.

Rude are the wills of princes: yea,
 Prevailing alway, seldom crossed,
 On fitful winds their moods are tossed:
 'Tis best men tread the equal way.

Aye, not with glory but with peace
 May the long summers find me crowned:
 For gentleness—her very sound
 Is magic, and her usages.

All wholesome: but the fiercely great
 Hath little music on his road,
 And falleth, when the hand of God
 Shall move, most deep and desolate.

[*During the last words the Leader of the Chorus⁴² has entered. Other women follow her.*]

LEADER

I heard a voice and a moan,
 A voice of the eastern seas:
 Hath she found not yet her ease?
 Speak, O aged one.
 For I stood afar at the gate,
 And there came from within a cry,
 And wailing desolate.
 Ah, no more joy have I,
 For the griefs this house doth see,
 And the love it hath wrought in me.

42 "As Dr. Verrall has remarked, the presence of the Chorus is in this play unusually awkward from the dramatic point of view. Medea's plot demands most absolute secrecy; and it is incredible that fifteen Corinthian women, simply because they were women, should allow a half-mad foreigner to murder several people, including their own Corinthian king and princess—who was a woman also—rather than reveal her plot. We must remember in palliation (1) that these women belong to the faction in Corinth which was friendly to Medea and hostile to Creon; (2) that the appeal to them as women had more force in antiquity than it would now, and the princess had really turned traitor to her sex. . . . (3) The non-interference of the Chorus seems monstrous: yet in ancient times, when law was weak and punishment was chiefly the concern of the injured persons, and of no one else, the reluctance of bystanders to interfere was much greater than it is now in an ordered society. Some oriental countries, and perhaps even California or Texas, could afford us some startling instances of impassiveness among bystanders." (Murray, 82-83.)

NURSE

There is no house! 'Tis gone. The lord
 Seeketh a prouder⁴³ bed: and she
 Wastes in her chamber, not one word
 Will hear of care or charity.

Voice (*within*).

O Zeus, O Earth, O Light,
 Will the fire not stab my brain?
 What profiteth living? Oh,
 Shall I not lift the slow
 Yoke, and let Life go,
 As a beast out in the night,
 To lie, and be rid of pain?

CHORUS

Some Women

A.

“O Zeus, O Earth, O Light:”
 The cry of a bride forlorn
 Heard ye, and wailing born
 Of lost delight?

B.

Why weariest thou this day,
 Wild heart, for the bed abhorred,
 The cold bed in the clay?
 Death cometh though no man pray,
 Ungarlanded, un-adorèd.
 Call him not thou.

C.

If another's arms be now
 Where thine have been,
 On his head be the sin:
 Rend not thy brow!

D.

All that thou sufferest,
 God seeth: Oh, not so sore
 Waste nor weep for the breast
 That was thine of yore.

Voice (*within*).

Virgin of Righteousness,
 Virgin of hallowed Troth,⁴⁴
 Ye marked me when with an oath
 I bound him; mark no less
 That oath's end. Give me to see
 Him and his bride, who sought
 My grief when I wronged her not,
 Broken in misery,
 And all her house. . . . O God,
 My mother's home, and the dim
 Shore that I left for him,
 And the voice of my brother's blood. . . .⁴⁵

NURSE

43 That of a princess, younger, richer, and Greek.

44 Themis, goddess of customs and mores.

45 “The Nurse breaks in, hoping to drown her mistress's dangerous self-betrayal. Medea's murder of her brother was by ordinary standards her worst act, and seems not to have been known in Corinth. It forms [the climax of Jason's denunciation](#).” (Murray, 83.)

Oh, wild words! Did ye hear her cry
 To them that guard man's faith forsworn,
 Themis and Zeus? . . . This wrath new-born
 Shall make mad workings ere it die.

CHORUS

Other Women.

A.

Would she but come to seek
 Our faces, that love her well,
 And take to her heart the spell
 Of words that speak?

B.

Alas for the heavy hate
 And anger that burneth ever!
 Would it but now abate,
 Ah God, I love her yet.
 And surely my love's endeavour
 Shall fail not here.

C.

Go: from that chamber drear
 Forth to the day
 Lead her, and say, Oh, say
 That we love her dear.

D.

Go, lest her hand be hard
 On the innocent: Ah, let be!
 For her grief moves hitherward,
 Like an angry sea.

NURSE

That will I: though what words of mine
 Or love shall move her? Let them lie
 With the old lost labours! . . . Yet her eye—
 Know ye the eyes of the wild kine,

The lion flash that guards their brood?
 So looks she now if any thrall
 Speak comfort, or draw near at all
 My mistress in her evil mood.

[*The Nurse goes into the house.*]

CHORUS

A Woman

Alas, the bold blithe bards of old⁴⁶
 That all for joy their music made,
 For feasts and dancing manifold,
 That Life might listen and be glad.

But all the darkness and the wrong,
 Quick deaths and dim heart-aching things,
 Would no man ease them with a song
 Or music of a thousand strings?

46 "Who is the speaker? According to the MSS. the Nurse, and there is some difficulty in taking the lines from her. Yet (1) she has no reason to sing a song outside after saying that she is going in; and (2) it is quite necessary that she should take a little time indoors persuading Medea to come out. The words seem to suit the lips of an impersonal Chorus.

"The general sense of the poem is interesting. It is an apology for tragedy. It gives the tragic poet's conception of the place of his art in the service of humanity, as against the usual feeling of the public, whose serious work is devoted to something else, and who 'go to a play to be amused.'" (Murray, 83-84.)

Then song had served us in our need.
 What profit, o'er the banquet's swell
 That lingering cry that none may heed?
 The feast hath filled them: all is well!

Others.

I heard a song, but it comes no more.
 Where the tears ran over:
 A keen cry but tired, tired:
 A woman's cry for her heart's desired,
 For a traitor's kiss and a lost lover.
 But a prayer, methinks, yet riseth sore
 To God, to Faith, God's ancient daughter—
 The Faith that over sundering seas
 Drew her to Hellas, and the breeze
 Of midnight shivered, and the door
 Closed of the salt unsounded water.

[*During the last words Medea has come out from the house.*]

MEDEA

Women of Corinth, I am come to show
 My face, lest ye despise me. For I know
 Some heads stand high and fail not, even at night
 Alone—far less like this, in all men's sight:
 And we, who study not our wayfarings
 But feel and cry—Oh we are drifting things,
 And evil! For what truth is in men's eyes,
 Which search no heart, but in a flash despise
 A strange face, shuddering back from one that ne'er
 Hath wronged them? . . . Sure, far-comers anywhere,
 I know, must bow them and be gentle. Nay,
 A Greek himself men praise not, who always
 Should seek his own will recking not. . . . But I—
 This thing undreamed of, sudden from on high,
 Hath sapped my soul: I dazzle where I stand,
 The cup of all life shattered in my hand,
 Longing to die—O friends! He, even he,
 Whom to know well was all the world to me,
 The man I loved, hath proved most evil.—Oh,
 Of all things upon earth that bleed and grow,
 A herb most bruised is woman.⁴⁷ We must pay
 Our store of gold, hoarded for that one day,
 To buy us some man's love; and lo, they bring
 A master of our flesh! There comes the sting
 Of the whole shame. And then the jeopardy,
 For good or ill, what shall that master be;
 Reject she cannot: and if he but stays
 His suit, 'tis shame on all that woman's days.
 So thrown amid new laws, new places, why,
 'Tis magic she must have, or prophecy—
Home never taught her that—how best to guide

⁴⁷ "This fine statement of the wrongs of women in Athens doubtless contains a great deal of the poet's own mind; but from the dramatic point of view it is justified in several ways. (1) Medea is seeking for a common ground on which to appeal to the Corinthian women. (2) She herself is now in the position of all others in which a woman is most hardly treated as compared with a man. (3) Besides this, one can see that, being a person of great powers and vehement will, she feels keenly her lack of outlet. If she had men's work to do, she could be a hero: debarred from proper action (from τὸ πράσσειν, *Hip.* 1019) she is bound to make mischief. . . .
 "There is a slight anachronism in applying the Attic system of doweries to primitive times. Medea's contemporaries either lived in a "matriarchal" system without any marriage, or else were bought by their husbands for so many cows." (Murray, 84-85).

Toward peace this thing that sleepeth at her side.
 And she who, labouring long, shall find some way
 Whereby her lord may bear with her, nor fray
 His yoke too fiercely, blessed is the breath
 That woman draws! Else, let her pray for death.
 Her lord, if he be wearied of the face
 Withindoors, gets him forth; some merrier place
 Will ease his heart: but she waits on, her whole
 Vision enchained on a single soul.
 And then, forsooth, 'tis they that face the call
 Of war, while we sit sheltered, hid from all
 Peril!—False mocking! Sooner would I stand
 Three times to face their battles, shield in hand,
 Than bear one child.

But peace! There cannot be
 Ever the same tale told of thee and me.
 Thou hast this city, and thy father's home,
 And joy of friends, and hope in days to come:
 But I, being citiless, am cast aside
 By him that wedded me, a savage bride
 Won in far seas and left—no mother near,
 No brother, not one kinsman anywhere
 For harbour in this storm. Therefore of thee
 I ask one thing. If chance yet ope to me
 Some path, if even now my hand can win
 Strength to requite this Jason for his sin,
 Betray me not! Oh, in all things but this,
 I know how full of fears a woman is,
 And faint at need, and shrinking from the light
 Of battle: but once spoil her of her right
 In man's love, and there moves, I warn thee well,
 No bloodier spirit between heaven and hell.

LEADER

I will betray thee not. It is but just,
 Thou smite him.—And that weeping in the dust
 And stormy tears, how should I blame them? . . .
 Stay:

'Tis Creon, lord of Corinth, makes his way
 Hither, and bears, methinks, some word of weight.
Enter from the right Creon, the King, with armed Attendants.

CREON

Thou woman sullen-eyed and hot with hate
 Against thy lord, Medea, I here command
 That thou and thy two children from this land
 Go forth to banishment. Make no delay:
 Seeing ourselves, the King, are come this day
 To see our charge fulfilled; nor shall again
 Look homeward ere we have led thy children twain
 And thee beyond our realm's last boundary.

MEDEA

Lost! Lost!
 Mine haters at the helm with sail flung free
 Pursuing; and for us no beach nor shore
 In the endless waters! . . . Yet, though stricken sore,
 I still will ask thee, for what crime, what thing
 Unlawful, wilt thou cast me out, O King?

CREON

What crime? I fear thee, woman—little need
 To cloak my reasons—lest thou work some deed
 Of darkness on my child. And in that fear
 Reasons enough have part. Thou comest here
 A wise-woman confessed, and full of lore
 In unknown ways of evil.⁴⁸ Thou art sore
 In heart, being parted from thy lover's arms.
 And more, thou hast made menace . . . so the alarms
 But now have reached mine ear . . . on bride and groom,
 And him who gave the bride, to work thy doom
 Of vengeance. Which, ere yet it be too late,
 I sweep aside. I choose to earn thine hate
 Of set will now, not palter with the mood
 Of mercy, and hereafter weep in blood.

MEDEA

'Tis not the first nor second time, O King,
 That fame hath hurt me, and come nigh to bring
 My ruin. . . . How can any man, whose eyes
 Are wholesome, seek to rear his children wise
 Beyond men's wont? Much helplessness in arts
 Of common life, and in their townsmen's hearts
 Envy deep-set . . . so much their learning brings!
 Come unto fools with knowledge of new things,
 They deem it vanity, not knowledge. Aye,
 And men that erst for wisdom were held high,
 Feel thee a thorn to fret them, privily
 Held higher than they. So hath it been with me.
 A wise-woman I am; and for that sin
 To divers ill names men would pen me in;
 A seed of strife; an eastern dreamer; one
 Of brand not theirs; one hard to play upon . . .
 Ah, I am not so wondrous wise!—And now,
 To thee, I am terrible! What fearest thou?
 What dire deed? Do I tread so proud a path—
 Fear me not thou!—that I should brave the wrath
 Of princes? Thou: what has thou ever done
 To wrong me? Granted thine own child to one
 Whom thy soul chose.—Ah, *him* out of my heart
 I hate; but thou, meseems, hast done thy part
 Not ill. And for thine houses' happiness
 I hold no grudge. Go: marry, and God bless
 Your issues. Only suffer me to rest
 Somewhere within this land. Though sore oppressed,
 I will be still, knowing mine own defeat.

CREON

Thy words be gentle: but I fear me yet
 Lest even now there creep some wickedness
 Deep hid within thee. And for that the less
 I trust thee now than ere these words began.
 A woman quick of wrath, aye, or a man,
 Is easier watching than the cold and still.
 Up, straight, and find thy road! Mock not my will
 With words. This doom is passed beyond recall;

48 "Medea was a 'wise woman' which in her time meant much the same as a witch or enchantress. She did really know more than other women; but most of this extra knowledge consisted—or was supposed to consist—either in lore of poisons and charms, or in useless learning and speculation." (Murray, 85)

Nor all thy crafts shall help thee, being withal
 My manifest foe, to linger at my side.
 Medea (*suddenly throwing herself down and clinging to Creon*).
 Oh, by thy knees! By that new-wedded bride . . .

CREON

‘Tis waste of words. Thou shalt not weaken me.

MEDEA

Wilt hunt me? Spurn me when I kneel to thee?

CREON

‘Tis mine own house that kneels to me, not thou.

MEDEA

Home, my lost home, how I desire thee now!

CREON

And I mine, and my child, beyond all things.

MEDEA

O Loves of man, what curse is on your wings!

CREON

Blessing or curse, ‘tis as their chances flow.

MEDEA

Remember, Zeus, the cause of all this woe!

CREON

Oh, rid me of my pains! Up, get thee gone!

MEDEA

What would I with thy pains? I have mine own.⁴⁹

CREON

Up: or, ‘fore God, my soldiers here shall fling . . .

MEDEA

Not that! Not that!⁵⁰ . . . I do but pray, O King . . .

CREON

Thou wilt not? I must face the harsher task?

MEDEA

I accept mine exile. ‘Tis not that I ask.

CREON

Why then so wild? Why clinging to mine hand?

Medea (*rising*).

For one day only leave me in thy land
 At peace, to find some counsel, ere the strain
 Of exile fall, some comfort for these twain,
 Mine innocents; since others take no thought,
 It seems, to save the babes that they begot.

Ah! Thou wilt pity them! Thou also art
 A father: thou hast somewhere still a heart
 That feels. . . . I reckon not of myself: ‘tis they
 That break me, fallen upon so dire a day.

CREON

Mine is no tyrant’s mood. Aye, many a time
 Ere this my tenderness hath marred the chime
 Of wisest counsels. And I know that now
 I do mere folly. But so be it! Thou
 Shalt have this grace . . . But this I warn thee clear,
 If once the morrow’s sunlight find thee here

49 “A conceit almost in the Elizabethan style, as if by taking “pains” away from Creon, she would have them herself” (Murray, 85.)

50 “Observe what a dislike Medea has of being touched: cf. l. 370 (“[my flesh been never stained](#),” &c.) and l. 496 (“[poor, poor right hand of mine!](#)”)” (Murray, 85.)

Within my borders, thee or child of thine,
 Thou diest! . . . Of this judgment not a line
 Shall waver nor abate. So linger on,
 If thou needs must, till the next risen sun;
 No further. . . . In one day there scarce can be
 Those perils wrought whose dread yet haunteth me.
 [*Exit Creon with his suite.*]

CHORUS

O woman, woman of sorrow,
 Where wilt thou turn and flee?
 What town shall be thine to-morrow,
 What land of all lands that be,
 What door of a strange man's home?
 Yea, God hath hunted thee,
 Medea, forth to the foam
 Of a trackless sea.

MEDEA

Defeat on every side; what else?⁵¹—But Oh,
 Not here the end is: think it not! I know
 For bride and groom one battle yet untried,
 And goodly pains for him that gave the bride.
 Dost dream I would have grovelled to this man,
 Save that I won mine end, and shaped my plan
 For merry deeds? My lips had never deigned
 Speak word with him: my flesh been never stained
 With touching. . . . Fool, Oh, triple fool! It lay
 So plain for him to kill my whole essay⁵²
 By exile swift: and, lo, he sets me free
 This one long day: wherein mine haters three
 Shall lie here dead, the father and the bride
 And husband—mine, not hers! Oh, I have tried
 So many thoughts of murder to my turn,
 I know not which best likes me. Shall I burn
 Their house with fire? Or stealing past unseen
 To Jason's bed—I have a blade made keen
 For that—stab, breast to breast, that wedded pair?
 Good, but for one thing. When I am taken there,
 And killed, they will laugh loud who hate me. . . .

Nay,

I love the old way best, the simple way
 Of poison, where we too are strong as men.⁵³
 Ah me!
 And they being dead—what place shall hold me then?
 What friend shall rise, with land inviolate
 And trusty doors, to shelter from their hate
 This flesh? . . . None anywhere! . . . A little more
 I needs must wait: and, if there ope some door
 Of refuge, some strong tower to shield me, good:
 In craft and darkness I will hunt this blood.

51 "Observe (1) that in this speech Medea's vengeance is to take the form of a clear fight to the death against the three guilty persons. It is both courageous and, judged by the appropriate standard, just. (2) She wants to save her own life, not from cowardice, but simply to make her revenge more complete. To kill her enemies and escape is victory. To kill them and die with them is only a drawn battle. Other enemies will live and "laugh." (3) Already in this first soliloquy there is a suggestion of that strain of madness which becomes unmistakable later on in the play. ('Oh, I have tried so many thoughts of murder,' &c., and especially the lashing of her own fury, 'Awake thee now, Medea.')

52 Attack.

53 Medea, touting the advantages of the "woman's weapon," makes it sound both honorable and reasonable.

Else, if mine hour be come and no hope nigh,
Then sword in hand, full-willed and sure to die,
I yet will live to slay them. I will wend
Man-like, their road of daring to the end.

So help me She who of all Gods hath been
The best to me, of all my chosen queen
And helpmate, Hecatê, who dwells apart,
The flame of flame, in my fire's inmost heart:
For all their strength, they shall not stab my soul
And laugh thereafter! Dark and full of dole
Their bridal feast shall be, most dark the day
They joined their hands, and hunted me away.

Awake thee now, Medea! Whatso plot
Thou hast, or cunning, strive and falter not.
On to the peril-point! Now comes the strain
Of daring. Shall they trample thee again?
How? And with Hellas laughing o'er thy fall
While this thief's daughter weds, and weds withal
Jason? . . . A true king was thy father, yea,
And born of the ancient Sun!⁵⁴ . . . Thou know'st the way;
And God hath made thee woman,⁵⁵ things most vain
For help, but wondrous in the paths of pain.
[Medea goes into the House.]

CHORUS⁵⁶

Back streams the wave on the ever running river:⁵⁷
Life, life is changed and the laws of it oërtrod.
Man shall be the slave, the affrighted, the low-liver!
Man hath forgotten God.
And woman, yea, woman, shall be terrible in story:
The tales too, meseemeth, shall be other than of yore.
For a fear there is that cometh out of Woman and a glory,
And the hard hating voices shall encompass her no more!

The old bards⁵⁸ shall cease, and their memory that lingers
Of frail brides and faithless, shall be shrivelled as with fire.
For they loved us not, nor knew us: and our lips were dumb, our fingers
Could wake not the secret of the lyre.
Else, else, O God the Singer, I had sung amid their rages
A long tale of Man and his deeds for good and ill.
But the old World knoweth—'tis the speech of all his ages—
Man's wrong and ours: he knoweth and is still.
Some Women.

Forth from thy father's home
Thou camest, O heart of fire,
To the Dark Blue Rocks, to the clashing foam,
To the seas of thy desire:

54 Medea is the granddaughter of Helios, the sun god.

55 Note well Medea's gendering of her situation: Though poison is a woman's weapon, she will be "man-like" in her assault on her three enemies, because as a woman she understands pain and helplessness.

56 "It is curious how the four main Choruses of the *Medea* are divided each into two parts, distinct in subject and in metre." (Murray, 86-87.)

57 "The song celebrates the coming triumph of Woman in her rebellion against Man; not by any means Woman as typifying the domestic virtues, but rather as the downtrodden, uncivilised, unreasoning, and fiercely emotional half of humanity. A woman who in defence of her honour and her rights will die sword in hand, slaying the man who wronged her, seems to the Chorus like a deliverer of the whole sex." (Murray, 86.)

58 "Early literature in most countries contains a good deal of heavy satire on women: e.g. Hesiod's 'Who trusts a woman trusts a thief;' or Phocylides' 'Two days of a woman are very sweet: when you marry her and when you carry her to her grave.'" (Murray, 86.)

Till the Dark Blue Bar was crossed;
 And, lo, by an alien river
 Standing, thy lover lost,
 Void-armed for ever,

Forth yet again, O lowest
 Of landless women, a ranger
 Of desolate ways, thou goest,
 From the walls of the stranger.

Others.

And the great Oath waxeth weak;
 And Ruth, as a thing outstriven,
 Is fled, fled, from the shores of the Greek,
 Away on the winds of heaven.

Dark is the house afar,
 Where an old king called thee daughter;
 All that was once thy star
 In stormy water,

Dark: and, lo, in the nearer
 House that was sworn to love thee,
 Another, queenlier, dearer,
 Is thronèd above thee.

Enter from the right Jason.

JASON

Oft have I seen, in other days than these,
 How a dark temper maketh maladies
 No friend can heal. 'Twas easy to have kept
 Both land and home. It needed but to accept
 Unstrivingly the pleasure of our lords.
 But thou, for mere delight in stormy words,
 Wilt lose all! . . . Now thy speech provokes not me.
 Rail on. Of all mankind let Jason be
 Most evil; none shall check thee. But for these
 Dark threats cast out against the majesties
 Of Corinth, count as veriest gain thy path
 Of exile. I myself, when princely wrath
 Was hot against thee, strove with all good will
 To appease the wrath, and wished to keep thee still
 Beside me. But thy mouth would never stay
 From vanity, blaspheming night and day
 Our masters. Therefore thou shalt fly the land.

Yet, even so, I will not hold my hand
 From succouring mine own people. Here am I
 To help thee, woman, pondering heedfully
 Thy new state. For I would not have thee flung
 Provisionless away—aye, and the young
 Children as well; nor lacking aught that will
 Of mine can bring thee. Many a lesser ill
 Hangs on the heels of exile. . . . Aye, and though
 Thou hate me, dream not that my heart can know
 Or fashion aught of angry will to thee.

MEDEA

Evil, most evil! . . . since thou grantest me
 That comfort, the worst weapon left me now
 To smite a coward. . . . Thou comest to me, thou,

Mine enemy! (*Turning to the Chorus.*) Oh, say, how call ye this,
 To face, and smile, the comrade whom his kiss
 Betrayed? Scorn? Insult? Courage? None of these:
 'Tis but of all man's inward sicknesses
 The vilest, that he knoweth not of shame
 Nor pity! Yet I praise him that he came . . .
 To me it shall bring comfort, once to clear
 My heart on thee, and thou shalt wince to hear.

I will begin with that, 'twixt me and thee,
 That first befell. I saved thee. I saved thee—
 Let thine own Greeks be witness, every one
 That sailed on Argo—saved thee, sent alone
 To yoke with yokes the bulls of fiery breath,
 And sow that Acre of the Lords of Death;
 And mine own ancient Serpent, who did keep
 The Golden Fleece, the eyes that knew not sleep,
 And shining coils, him also did I smite
 Dead for thy sake, and lifted up the light
 That bade thee live. Myself, uncounsellèd,
 Stole forth from father and from home, and fled
 Where dark Iólcos under Pelion lies,
 With thee—Oh, single-hearted more than wise!
 I murdered Pelias, yea, in agony,
 By his own daughters' hands, for sake of thee;
 I swept their house like War.—And hast thou then
 Accepted all—O evil yet again!—
 And cast me off and taken thee for bride
 Another? And with children at thy side!
 One could forgive a childless man. But no:
 I have borne thee children . . .

Is sworn faith so low
 And weak a thing? I understand it not.
 Are the old gods dead? Are the old laws forgot,
 And new laws made? Since not my passioning,
 But thine own heart, doth cry thee for a thing
 Forsworn.

[*She catches sight of her own hand which she has
 thrown out to denounce him.*]

Poor, poor right hand of mine, whom he
 Did cling to, and these knees, so cravingly,
 We are unclean, thou and I; we have caught the stain
 Of bad men's flesh . . . and dreamed our dreams in vain.

Thou comest to befriend me? Give me, then,
 Thy counsel. 'Tis not that I dream again
 For good from thee: but, questioned, thou wilt show
 The viler. Say: now whither shall I go?
 Back to my father? Him I did betray,
 And all his land, when we two fled away.
 To those poor Peliad maids? For them 'twere good
 To take me in, who spilled their father's blood. . . .
 Aye, so my whole life stands! There were at home
 Who loved me well: to them I am become
 A curse. And the first friends who sheltered me,⁵⁹
 Whom most I should have spared, to pleasure thee
 I have turned to foes. Oh, therefore hast thou laid
 My crown upon me, blest of many a maid

59 "i.e. the kindred of Pelias." (Murray, 87.)

In Hellas, now I have won what all did crave,
 Thee, the world-wondered lover and the brave;⁶⁰
 Who this day looks and sees me banished, thrown
 Away with these two babes, all, all, alone . . .
 Oh, merry mocking when the lamps are red:
 “Where go the bridegroom’s babes to beg their bread
 In exile, and the woman who gave all
 To save him?”

O great God, shall gold withal
 Bear thy clear mark, to sift the base and fine,
 And o’er man’s living visage runs no sign
 To show the lie within, ere all too late?

LEADER

Dire and beyond all healing is the hate
 When hearts that loved are turned to enmity.

JASON

In speech at least, meseemeth, I must be
 Not evil;⁶¹ but, as some old pilot goes
 Furl’d to his sail’s last edge, when danger blows
 Too fiery, run before the wind and swell,
 Woman, of thy loud storms.—And thus I tell
 My tale. Since thou wilt build so wondrous high
 Thy deeds of service in my jeopardy,
 To all my crew and quest I know but one
 Saviour, of Gods or mortals one alone,
 The Cyprian. Oh, thou hast both brain and wit,
 Yet underneath . . . nay, all the tale of it
 Were graceless telling; how sheer love, a fire
 Of poison-shafts, compelled thee with desire
 To save me. But enough. I will not score
 That count too close. ‘Twas good help: and therefor
 I give thee thanks, howe’er the help was wrought.
 Howbeit, in my deliverance, thou hast got
 Far more than given. A good Greek land hath been
 Thy lasting home, not barbary.⁶² Thou hast seen
 Our ordered life, and justice,⁶³ and the long
 Still grasp of law not changing with the strong
 Man’s pleasure. Then, all Hellas far and near
 Hath learned thy wisdom, and in every ear
 Thy fame is. Had thy days run by unseen
 On that last edge of the world, where then had been
 The story of great Medea? Thou and I . . .
 What worth to us were treasures heap’d high
 In rich kings’ rooms; what worth a voice of gold
 More sweet than ever rang from Orpheus old,
 Unless our deeds have glory?⁶⁴

Speak I so,

Touching the Quest I wrought, thyself did throw

60 “Jason was, of course, the great romantic hero of his time. Cf. [his own words](#).” (Murray, 87.)

61 “Jason’s defence is made the weaker by his reluctance to be definitely insulting to Medea. He dares not say: “You think that, because you conceived a violent passion for me,—to which, I admit, I partly responded—I must live with you always; but the truth is, you are a savage with whom a civilised man cannot go on living.” This point comes out unveiled in [his later speech](#).” (Murray, 87-88.)

62 Barbarian lands, i.e. her homeland, Colchis.

63 “Jason has brought the benefits of civilisation to Medea! He is doubtless sincere, but the peculiar ironic cruelty of the plea is obvious.” (Murray, 88.)

64 “This, I think, is absolutely sincere. To Jason ambition is everything. And, as Medea has largely shared his great deeds with him, he thinks that she cannot but feel the same. It seems to him contemptible that her mere craving for personal love should outweigh all the possible glories of life.” (Murray, 88.)

The challenge down. Next for thy cavilling
 Of wrath at mine alliance with a king,
 Here thou shalt see I both was wise, and free
 From touch of passion, and a friend to thee
 Most potent, and my children . . . Nay, be still!

When first I stood in Corinth, clogged with ill
 From many a desperate mischance, what bliss
 Could I that day have dreamed of, like to this,
 To wed with a king's daughter, I exiled
 And beggared? Not—what makes thy passion wild—
 From loathing of thy bed; not over-fraught
 With love for this new bride; not that I sought
 To upbuild mine house with offspring: 'tis enough,
 What thou hast borne: I make no word thereof:
 But, first and greatest, that we all might dwell
 In a fair house and want not, knowing well
 That poor men have no friends, but far and near
 Shunning and silence. Next, I sought to rear
 Our sons in nurture worthy of my race,
 And, raising brethren to them, in one place
 Join both my houses, and be all from now
 Prince-like and happy. What more need hast thou
 Of children?⁶⁵ And for me, it serves my star
 To link in strength the children that now are
 With those that shall be.

Have I counselled ill?

Not thine own self would say it, couldst thou still
 One hour thy jealous flesh.—'Tis ever so!
 Who looks for more in women? When the flow
 Of love runs plain, why, all the world is fair:
 But, once there fall some ill chance anywhere
 To baulk that thirst, down in swift hate are trod
 Men's dearest aims and noblest. Would to God
 We mortals by some other seed could raise
 Our fruits, and no blind women block our ways!
 Then had there been no curse to wreck mankind.

LEADER

Lord Jason, very subtly hast thou twined
 Thy speech: but yet, though all athwart thy will
 I speak, this is not well thou dost, but ill,
 Betraying her who loved thee and was true.

MEDEA

Surely I have my thoughts, and not a few
 Have held me strange. To me it seemeth, when
 A crafty tongue is given to evil men
 'Tis like to wreck, not help them. Their own brain
 Tempts them with lies to dare and dare again,
 Till . . . no man hath enough of subtlety.
 As thou—be not so seeming-fair to me
 Nor deft of speech. One word will make thee fall.
 Wert thou not false, 'twas thine to tell me all,
 And charge me help thy marriage path, as I
 Did love thee; not befool me with a lie.

JASON

An easy task had that been! Aye, and thou

65 "He only means, 'of more children than you now have.' But the words suggest to Medea a different meaning, and sow in her mind the first seed of the child-murder. See on the Aegaeus scene below." (Murray, 88.)

A loving aid, who canst not, even now,
Still that loud heart that surges like the tide!

MEDEA

That moved thee not. Thine old barbarian bride,
The dog out of the east who loved thee sore,
She grew grey-haired, she served thy pride no more.

JASON

Now understand for once! The girl to me
Is nothing, in this web of sovranty
I hold. I do but seek to save, even yet,
Thee: and for brethren to our sons beget
Young kings, to prosper all our lives again.

MEDEA

God shelter me from prosperous days of pain,
And wealth that maketh wounds about my heart.

JASON

Wilt change that prayer, and choose a wiser part?
Pray not to hold true sense for pain, nor rate
Thyself unhappy, being too fortunate.

MEDEA

Aye, mock me; thou hast where to lay thine head,
But I go naked to mine exile.

JASON

Tread
Thine own path! Thou hast made it all to be.

MEDEA

How? By seducing and forsaking thee?

JASON

By those vile curses on the royal halls
Let loose. . . .

MEDEA

On thy house also, as chance falls,
I am a living curse.⁶⁶

JASON

Oh, peace! Enough
Of these vain wars: I will no more thereof.
If thou wilt take from all that I possess
Aid for these babes and thine own helplessness
Of exile, speak thy bidding. Here I stand
Full-willed to succour thee with stintless hand,
And send my signet to old friends that dwell
On foreign shores, who will entreat thee well.
Refuse, and thou shalt do a deed most vain.
But cast thy rage away, and thou shalt gain
Much, and lose little for thine anger's sake.

MEDEA

I will not seek thy friends. I will not take
Thy givings. Give them not. Fruits of a stem
Unholy bring no blessing after them.

JASON

Now God in heaven be witness, all my heart
Is willing, in all ways, to do its part
For thee and for thy babes. But nothing good

66 "Though she spoke no word, the existence of a being so deeply wronged would be a curse on her oppressors. So a murdered man's blood, or an involuntary cry of pain (Aesch. Ag. 237) on the part of an injured person is in itself fraught with a curse." (Murray, 88.)

Can please thee. In sheer savageness of mood
 Thou drivest from thee every friend. Wherefore
 I warrant thee, thy pains shall be the more.
 [*He goes slowly away.*]

MEDEA

Go: thou art weary for the new delight
 Thou wooest, so long tarrying out of sight
 Of her sweet chamber. Go, fulfil thy pride,
 O bridegroom! For it may be, such a bride
 Shall wait thee,—yea, God heareth me in this—
 As thine own heart shall sicken ere it kiss.

CHORUS

Alas, the Love⁶⁷ that falleth like a flood,
 Strong-winged and transitory:
 Why praise ye him? What beareth he of good
 To man, or glory?
 Yet Love there is that moves in gentleness,
 Heart-filling, sweetest of all powers that bless.
 Loose not on me, O Holder of man's heart,
 Thy golden quiver,
 Nor steep in poison of desire the dart
 That heals not ever.

The pent hate of the word that cavilleth,
 The strife that hath no fill,
 Where once was fondness; and the mad heart's breath
 For strange love panting still:
 O Cyprian, cast me not on these; but sift,
 Keen-eyed, of love the good and evil gift.
 Make Innocence my friend, God's fairest star,
 Yea, and abate not
 The rare sweet beat of bosoms without war,
 That love, and hate not.

Others.

Home of my heart, land of my own,
 Cast me not, nay, for pity,
 Out on my ways, helpless, alone,
 Where the feet fail in the mire and stone,
 A woman without a city.
 Ah, not that! Better the end:
 The green grave cover me rather,
 If a break must come in the days I know,
 And the skies be changed and the earth below;
 For the weariest road that man may wend
 Is forth from the home of his father.

Lo, we have seen: 'tis not a song
 Sung, nor learned of another.
 For whom hast thou in thy direst wrong
 For comfort? Never a city strong
 To hide thee, never a brother.
 Ah, but the man—cursèd be he,
 Cursèd beyond recover,
 Who openeth, shattering, seal by seal,

67 "A highly characteristic Euripidean poem, keenly observant of fact, yet with a lyrical note penetrating all its realism. A love which really produces 'good to man and glory,' is treated in [the next chorus](#)." (Murray, 88.)

A friend's clean heart, then turns his heel,
Deaf unto love: never in me
Friend shall he know nor lover.

[While Medea is waiting downcast, seated upon her door-step, there passes from the left a traveller with followers. As he catches sight of Medea he stops.⁶⁸]

AEGEUS

Have joy, Medea! 'Tis the homeliest
Word that old friends can greet with, and the best.
Medea (*looking up, surprised*).
Oh, joy on thee, too, Aegeus, gentle king
Of Athens!—But whence com'st thou journeying?

AEGEUS

From Delphi now and the old encavern'd stair. . . .

MEDEA

Where Earth's heart speaks in song? What mad'st thou there?

AEGEUS

Prayed heaven for children—the same search alway.

MEDEA

Children? Ah God! Art childless to this day?

AEGEUS

So God hath willed. Childless and desolate.

MEDEA

What word did Phoebus⁶⁹ speak, to change thy fate?

AEGEUS

Riddles, too hard for mortal man to read.

MEDEA

Which I may hear?

AEGEUS

Assuredly: they need

A rarer wit.

68 "This scene is generally considered to be a mere blot on the play, not, I think, justly. It is argued that the obvious purpose which the scene serves, the provision of an asylum for Medea, has no keen dramatic interest. The spectator would just as soon, or sooner, have her die. And, besides, her actual mode of escape is largely independent of Aegeus. Further, the arrival of Aegeus at this moment seems to be a mere coincidence (*Ar. Poetics*, 61 b, 23), and one cannot help suspecting that the Athenian poet was influenced by mere local interests in dragging in the Athenian king and the praises of Athens where they were not specially appropriate.

"To these criticisms one may make some answer. (1) As to the coincidence, it is important to remember always that Greek tragedies are primarily historical plays, not works of fiction. They are based on definite *Logoi* or traditions (*Frogs*, l. 1052. p. 254) and therefore can, and should, represent accidental coincidences when it was a datum of the tradition that these coincidences actually happened. By Aristotle's time the practice had changed. The tragedies of his age were essentially fiction; and he tends to criticise the ancient tragedies by fictional standards. "Now it was certainly a datum in the Medea legend that she took refuge with Aegeus, King of Athens, and was afterwards an enemy to his son Theseus; but I think we may go further. This play pretty certainly has for its foundation the rites performed by the Corinthians at the Grave of the Children of Medea in the precinct of Hera Acraia near Corinth. See [here](#). The legend in such cases is usually invented to explain the ritual; and I suspect that in the ritual, and, consequently, in the legend, there were two other data: first, a pursuit of Medea and her flight on a dragon-chariot, and, secondly, a meeting between Medea and Aegeus. (Both subjects are frequent on vase paintings, and may well be derived from historical pictures in some temple at Corinth.)

"Thus, the meeting with Aegeus is probably not the free invention of Euripides, but one of the data supplied to him by his subject. But he has made it serve, as von Arnim was the first to perceive, a remarkable dramatic purpose. Aegeus was under a curse of childlessness, and his desolate condition suggests to Medea the ultimate form of her vengeance. She will make Jason childless. Cf. l. 670, 'Children! Ah God, art childless?' (A childless king in antiquity was a miserable object: likely to be deposed and dishonoured, and to miss his due worship after death. See the fragments of Euripides' *Oineus*.)

"There is also a further purpose in the scene, of a curious and characteristic kind. In several plays of Euripides, when a heroine hesitates on the verge of a crime, the thing that drives her over the brink is some sudden and violent lowering of her self-respect. Thus Phædra writes her false letter immediately after her public shame. Creûsa in the *Ion* turns murderous only after crying in the god's ears the story of her seduction. Medea, a princess and, as we have seen, a woman of rather proud chastity, feels, after the offer which she makes to Aegeus in this scene . . . that she need shrink from nothing." (Murray, 88-90).

69 Apollo, the god of the Delphic oracle.

How said he?
 Not to spill
 Life's wine, nor seek for more. . . .

Until?
 Until
 I tread the hearth-stone of my sires of yore.⁷⁰

And what should bring thee here, by Creon's shore?
 One Pittheus know'st thou, high lord of Trozên?
 Aye, Pelops' son, a man most pure of sin.
 Him I would ask, touching Apollo's will.
 Much use in God's ways hath he, and much skill.
 And, long years back he was my battle-friend,
 The truest e'er man had.

Well, may God send
 Good hap to thee, and grant all thy desire.

But thou . . . ? Thy frame is wasted, and the fire
 Dead in thine eyes.

Aegeus, my husband is
 The falsest man in the world.

What word is this?
 Say clearly what thus makes thy visage dim?
 He is false to me, who never injured him.
 What hath he done? Show all, that I may see.
 Ta'en him a wife; a wife, set over me
 To rule his house.

He hath not dared to do,
 Jason, a thing so shameful?

Aye, 'tis true:
 And those he loved of yore have no place now.

Some passion sweepeth him? Or is it thou
 He turns from?

MEDEA

AEGEUS

⁷⁰ "This sounds as if it meant Aegeus' own house: in reality, by an oracular riddle, it meant the house of Pittheus, by whose daughter, Aethra, Aegeus became the father of Theseus." (Murray, 91.)

Passion, passion to betray
 His dearest!

Shame be his, so fallen away
 From honour!

Passion to be near a throne,
 A king's heir!

How, who gives the bride? Say on.

Creon, who o'er all Corinth standeth chief.

Woman, thou hast indeed much cause for grief.

'Tis ruin.—And they have cast me out as well.

Who? 'Tis a new wrong this, and terrible.

Creon the king, from every land and shore. . . .

And Jason suffers him? Oh, 'tis too sore!

He loveth to bear bravely ills like these!
 But, Aegeus, by thy beard, oh, by thy knees,
 I pray thee, and I give me for thine own,
 Thy suppliant, pity me! Oh, pity one
 So miserable. Thou never wilt stand there
 And see me cast out friendless to despair.
 Give me a home in Athens . . . by the fire
 Of thine own hearth! Oh, so may thy desire
 Of children be fulfilled of God, and thou
 Die happy! . . . Thou canst know not; even now
 Thy prize is won! I, I will make of thee
 A childless man no more. The seed shall be,
 I swear it, sown. Such magic herbs I know.

Woman, indeed my heart goes forth to show
 This help to thee, first for religion's sake,
 Then for thy promised hope, to heal my ache
 Of childlessness. 'Tis this hath made mine whole
 Life as a shadow, and starved out my soul.
 But thus it stands with me. Once make thy way
 To Attic earth, I, as in law I may,
 Will keep thee and befriend. But in this land,
 Where Creon rules, I may not raise my hand
 To shelter thee. Move of thine own essay
 To seek my house, there thou shalt always stay,
 Inviolable, never to be seized again.
 But come thyself from Corinth. I would fain
 Even in foreign eyes be always just.

MEDEA

AEGEUS

MEDEA

AEGEUS

MEDEA

AEGEUS

MEDEA

AEGEUS

MEDEA

AEGEUS

MEDEA

AEGEUS

MEDEA

'Tis well. Give me an oath wherein to trust⁷¹

71 "Observe that Medea is deceiving Aegeus. She intends to commit a murder before going to him, and therefore wishes to bind him

And all that man could ask thou hast granted me.

AEGEUS

Dost trust me not? Or what thing troubleth thee?

MEDEA

I trust thee. But so many, far and near,
Do hate me—all King Pelias' house, and here
Creon. Once bound by oaths and sanctities
Thou canst not yield me up for such as these
To drag from Athens. But a spoken word,
No more, to bind thee, which no God hath heard. . .
The embassies, methinks, would come and go:
They all are friends to thee. . . . Ah me, I know
Thou wilt not list to me! So weak am I,
And they full-filled with gold and majesty.

AEGEUS

Methinks 'tis a far foresight, this thine oath.
Still, if thou so wilt have it, nothing loath
Am I to serve thee. Mine own hand is so
The stronger, if I have this plea to show
Thy persecutors: and for thee withal
The bond more sure.—On what God shall I call?

MEDEA

Swear by the Earth thou treadest, by the Sun,
Sire of my sires, and all the gods as one. . . .

AEGEUS

To do what thing or not do? Make all plain.

MEDEA

Never thyself to cast me out again.
Nor let another, whatsoever his plea,
Take me, while thou yet livest and art free.

AEGEUS

Never: so hear me, Earth, and the great star
Of daylight, and all other gods that are!

MEDEA

'Tis well: and if thou falter from thy vow . . . ?

AEGEUS

God's judgment on the godless break my brow!

MEDEA

Go! Go thy ways rejoicing.—All is bright
And clear before me. Go: and ere the night
Myself will follow, when the deed is done
I purpose, and the end I thirst for won.
[*Aegeus and his train depart.*]

CHORUS

Farewell: and Maia's guiding Son
Back lead thee to thy hearth and fire,
Aegeus; and all the long desire
That wasteth thee, at last be won:
Our eyes have seen thee as thou art,
A gentle and a righteous heart.

MEDEA

God, and God's Justice, and ye blinding Skies!
At last the victory dawneth! Yea, mine eyes

down so firmly that, however much he wish to repudiate her, he shall be unable. Hence this insistence on the oath and the exact form of the oath. (At this time, apparently, she scarcely thinks of the children, only of her revenge.)" (Murray, 91.)

See, and my foot is on the mountain's brow.
 Mine enemies! Mine enemies, oh, now
 Atonement cometh! Here at my worst hour
 A friend is found, a very port of power
 To save my shipwreck. Here will I make fast
 Mine anchor, and escape them at the last
 In Athens' wallèd hill.—But ere the end
 'Tis meet I show thee all my counsel, friend:
 Take it, no tale to make men laugh withal!

Straightway to Jason I will send some thrall
 To entreat him to my presence. Comes he here,
 Then with soft reasons will I feed his ear,
 How his will now is my will, how all things
 Are well, touching this marriage-bed of kings
 For which I am betrayed—all wise and rare
 And profitable! Yet will I make one prayer,
 That my two children be no more exiled
 But stay. . . . Oh, not that I would leave a child
 Here upon angry shores till those have laughed
 Who hate me: 'tis that I will slay by craft
 The king's daughter. With gifts they shall be sent,
 Gifts to the bride to spare their banishment,
 Fine robings and a carcanet of gold.
 Which raiment let her once but take, and fold
 About her, a foul death that girl shall die
 And all who touch her in her agony.
 Such poison shall they drink, my robe and wreath!

Howbeit, of that no more. I gnash my teeth
 Thinking on what a path my feet must tread
 Thereafter. I shall lay those children dead—
 Mine, whom no hand shall steal from me away!
 Then, leaving Jason childless, and the day
 As night above him, I will go my road
 To exile, flying, flying from the blood
 Of these my best-beloved, and having wrought
 All horror, so but one thing reach me not,
 The laugh of them that hate us.

Let it come!

What profits life to me? I have no home,
 No country now, nor shield from any wrong.
 That was my evil hour, when down the long
 Halls of my father out I stole, my will
 Chained by a Greek man's voice, who still, oh, still,
 If God yet live, shall all requited be.
 For never child of mine shall Jason see
 Hereafter living, never child beget
 From his new bride, who this day, desolate
 Even as she made me desolate, shall die
 Shrieking amid my poisons. . . . Names have I
 Among your folk? One light? One weak of hand?
 An eastern dreamer?—Nay, but with the brand
 Of strange suns burnt, my hate, by God above,
 A perilous thing, and passing sweet my love!
 For these it is that make life glorious.

LEADER

Since thou has bared thy fell intent to us
 I, loving thee, and helping in their need

Man's laws, adjure thee, dream not of this deed!

MEDEA

There is no other way.—I pardon thee
Thy littleness, who art not wronged like me.

LEADER

Thou canst not kill the fruit thy body bore!

MEDEA

Yes: if the man I hate be pained the more.

LEADER

And thou made miserable, most miserable?

MEDEA

Oh, let it come! All words of good or ill
Are wasted now.

[*She claps her hands: the Nurse comes out*⁷² *from the house.*]

Ho, woman; get thee gone
And lead lord Jason hither. . . . There is none
Like thee, to work me these high services.
But speak no word of what my purpose is,
As thou art faithful, thou, and bold to try
All succours, and a woman even as I!⁷³
[*The Nurse departs.*]

CHORUS

The sons of Erechtheus, the olden,⁷⁴
Whom high gods planted of yore
In an old land of heaven upholden,
A proud land untrodden of war:
They are hungered, and, lo, their desire
With wisdom is fed as with meat:
In their skies is a shining of fire,
A joy in the fall of their feet:
And thither, with manifold dowers,
From the North, from the hills, from the morn,
The Muses did gather their powers,
That a child of the Nine should be born;
And Harmony, sown as the flowers,
Grew gold in the acres of corn.

And Cephisus, the fair-flowing river—
The Cyprian dipping her hand
Hath drawn of his dew, and the shiver

72 "There is no indication in the original to show who comes out. But it is certainly a woman; as certainly it is not one of the Chorus; and Medea's words suit the Nurse well. It is an almost devilish act to send the Nurse, who would have died rather than take such a message had she understood it." (Murray, 91.)

73 Note well Medea's appeal to the Nurse "as a woman." Medea and the Chorus repeatedly define women as an oppressed class that must stand together. They are thus able to dismiss the king's daughter as a traitor to their class because she has wronged a member of it.

74 "This poem is interesting as showing the ideal conception of Athens entertained by a fifth century Athenian. One might compare with it Pericles' famous speech in Thucydides, ii., where the emphasis is laid on Athenian "plain living and high thinking" and the freedom of daily life. Or, again, the speeches of Aethra in Euripides' *Suppliant Women*, where more stress is laid on mercy and championship of the oppressed.

"The allegory of 'Harmony,' as a sort of Korê, or Earth-maiden, planted by all the Muses in the soil of Attica, seems to be an invention of the poet. Not any given Art or Muse, but a spirit which unites and harmonises all, is the special spirit of Athens. The Attic connection with Erôs, on the other hand, is old and traditional. But Euripides has transformed the primitive nature-god into a mystic and passionate longing for 'all manner of high deed,' a Love which, different from that described in the preceding chorus, really ennobles human life.

"This first part of the Chorus is, of course, suggested by Aegeus; the second is more closely connected with the action of the play. 'How can Medea dream of asking that stainless land to shelter her crimes? But the whole plan of her revenge is not only wicked but impossible. She simply could not do such a thing, if she tried.'" (Murray, 91-92.)

Of her touch is as joy in the land.
 For her breathing in fragrance is written,
 And in music her path as she goes,
 And the cloud of her hair, it is litten
 With stars of the wind-woven rose.
 So fareth she ever and ever,
 And forth of her bosom is blown,
 As dews on the winds of the river,
 An hunger of passions unknown.
 Strong Loves of all godlike endeavour,
 Whom Wisdom shall throne on her throne.

Some Women.

But Cephîsus the fair-flowing,
 Will he bear thee on his shore?
 Shall the land that succours all, succour thee,
 Who art foul among thy kind,
 With the tears of children blind?
 Dost thou see the red gash growing,
 Thine own burden dost thou see?
 Every side, Every way,
 Lo, we kneel to thee and pray:
 By thy knees, by thy soul, O woman wild!
 One at least thou canst not slay,
 Not thy child!

Others.

Hast thou ice that thou shalt bind it
 To thy breast, and make thee dead
 To thy children, to thine own spirit's pain?
 When the hand knows what it dares,
 When thine eyes look into theirs,
 Shalt thou keep by tears unblinded
 Thy dividing of the slain?
 These be deeds Not for thee:
 These be things that cannot be!
 Thy babes—though thine hardihood be fell,
 When they cling about thy knee,
 "Twill be well!

*Enter Jason.*⁷⁵

JASON

I answer to thy call. Though full of hate
 Thou be, I yet will not so far abate
 My kindness for thee, nor refuse mine ear.
 Say in what new desire thou hast called me here.

MEDEA

Jason, I pray thee, for my words but now
 Spoken, forgive me. My bad moods. . . . Oh, thou
 At least wilt strive to bear with them! There be
 Many old deeds of love 'twixt me and thee.
 Lo, I have reasoned with myself apart
 And chidden: "Why must I be mad, O heart
 Of mine: and raging against one whose word
 Is wisdom: making me a thing abhorred

⁷⁵ "Dicæarchus, and perhaps his master Aristotle also, seems to have complained of Medea's bursting into tears in this scene, instead of acting her part consistently—a very prejudiced criticism. What strikes one about Medea's assumed rôle is that in it she remains so like herself and so unlike another woman. Had she really determined to yield to Jason, she would have done so in just this way, keen-sighted and yet passionate. One is reminded of the deceits of half-insane persons, which are due not so much to conscious art as to the emergence of another side of the personality." (Murray, 92.)

To them that rule the land, and to mine own
 Husband, who doth but that which, being done,
 Will help us all—to wed a queen, and get
 Young kings for brethren to my sons? And yet
 I rage alone, and cannot quit my rage—
 What aileth me?—when God sends harbourage
 So simple? Have I not my children? Know
 I not we are but exiles, and must go
 Beggared and friendless else?” Thought upon thought
 So pressed me, till I knew myself full-fraught
 With bitterness of heart and blinded eyes.
 So now—I give thee thanks: and hold thee wise
 To have caught this anchor for our aid. The fool
 Was I; who should have been thy friend, thy tool;
 Gone wooing with thee, stood at thy bed-side
 Serving, and welcomed duteously thy bride.
 But, as we are, we are—I will not say
 Mere evil—women! Why must thou to-day
 Turn strange, and make thee like some evil thing,
 Childish, to meet my childish passioning?
 See, I surrender: and confess that then
 I had bad thoughts, but now have turned again
 And found my wiser mind. [She claps her hands.]

Ho, children! Run

Quickly! Come hither, out into the sun,
 [The Children come from the house, followed by their Attendant.]
 And greet your father. Welcome him with us,
 And throw quite, quite away, as mother does,
 Your anger against one so dear. Our peace
 Is made, and all the old bad war shall cease
 For ever.—Go, and take his hand. . . .

[As the Children go to Jason, she suddenly bursts into tears. The Children quickly return to her: she recovers herself, smiling amid her tears.]

Ah me,

I am full of hidden horrors! . . . Shall it be
 A long time more, my children, that ye live
 To reach to me those dear, dear arms? . . . Forgive!
 I am so ready with my tears to-day,
 And full of dread. . . . I sought to smooth away
 The long strife with your father, and, lo, now
 I have all drowned with tears this little brow!
 [She wipes the child's face.]

LEADER

O'er mine eyes too there stealeth a pale tear:
 Let the evil rest, O God, let it rest here!

JASON

Woman, indeed I praise thee now, nor say
 Ill of thine other hour. 'Tis nature's way,
 A woman needs must stir herself to wrath,
 When work of marriage by so strange a path
 Crosseth her lord. But thou, thine heart doth wend
 The happier road. Thou hast seen, ere quite the end,
 What choice must needs be stronger: which to do
 Shows a wise-minded woman. . . . And for you,
 Children; your father never has forgot
 Your needs. If God but help him, he hath wrought
 A strong deliverance for your weakness. Yea,

I think you, with your brethren, yet one day
 Shall be the mightiest voices in this land.
 Do you grow tall and strong. Your father's hand
 Guideth all else, and whatso power divine
 Hath alway helped him. . . . Ah, may it be mine
 To see you yet in manhood, stern of brow,
 Strong-armed, set high o'er those that hate me. . . .

How?

Woman, thy face is turned. Thy cheek is swept
 With pallor of strange tears. Dost not accept
 Gladly and of good will my benisons?

MEDEA

'Tis nothing. Thinking of these little ones. . . .

JASON

Take heart, then. I will guard them from all ill.

MEDEA

I do take heart. Thy word I never will
 Mistrust. Alas, a woman's bosom bears
 But woman's courage, a thing born for tears.

JASON

What ails thee?—All too sore thou weepst there.

MEDEA

I was their mother! When I heard thy prayer
 Of long life for them, there swept over me
 A horror, wondering how these things shall be.
 But for the matter of my need that thou
 Should speak with me, part I have said, and now
 Will finish.—Seeing it is the king's behest
 To cast me out from Corinth . . . aye, and best,
 Far best, for me—I know it—not to stay
 Longer to trouble thee and those who sway
 The realm, being held to all their house a foe. . . .
 Behold, I spread my sails, and meekly go
 To exile. But our children. . . . Could this land
 Be still their home awhile: could thine own hand
 But guide their boyhood. . . . Seek the king, and pray
 His pity, that he bid thy children stay!

JASON

He is hard to move. Yet surely 'twere well done.

MEDEA

Bid her—for thy sake, for a daughters boon. . . .

JASON

Well thought! Her I can fashion to my mind.

MEDEA

Surely. She is a woman like her kind. . . .
 Yet I will aid thee in thy labour; I
 Will send her gifts, the fairest gifts that lie
 In the hands of men, things of the days of old,
 Fine robings and a carcanet of gold,⁷⁶
 By the boys' hands.—Go, quick, some handmaiden,
 And fetch the raiment.

[A handmaid goes into the house.]

Ah, her cup shall then

76 "Repeated from [l. 786](#), where it came full in the midst of Medea's avowal of her murderous purpose. It startles one here, almost as though she had spoken out the word "murder" in some way which Jason could not understand." (Murray, 92.)

Be filled indeed! What more should woman crave,
 Being wed with thee, the bravest of the brave,
 And girt with raiment which of old the sire
 Of all my house, the Sun, gave, steeped in fire,
 To his own fiery race?

[*The handmaid has returned bearing the Gifts.*]

Come, children, lift

With heed these caskets. Bear them as your gift
 To her, being bride and princess and of right
 Blessed!—I think she will not hold them light.

JASON

Fond woman, why wilt empty thus thine hand
 Of treasure? Doth King Creon's castle stand
 In stint of raiment, or in stint of gold?
 Keep these, and make no gift. For if she hold
 Jason of any worth at all, I swear
 Chattels like these will not weigh more with her.

MEDEA

Ah, chide me not! 'Tis written, gifts persuade
 The gods in heaven; and gold is stronger made
 Than words innumerable to bend men's ways.
 Fortune is hers. God maketh great her days:
 Young and a crownèd queen! And banishment
 For those two babes. . . . I would not gold were spent,
 But life's blood, ere that come.

My children, go

Forth into those rich halls, and, bowing low,
 Beseech your father's bride, whom I obey,
 Ye be not, of her mercy, cast away
 Exiled: and give the caskets—above all
 Mark this!—to none but her, to hold withal
 And keep. . . . Go quick! And let your mother know
 Soon the good tiding that she longs for. . . . Go!

[*She goes quickly into the house. Jason and the Children with their Attendant depart.*]

CHORUS

Now I have no hope more of the children's living;
 No hope more. They are gone forth unto death.
 The bride, she taketh the poison of their giving:
 She taketh the bounden gold and openeth;
 And the crown, the crown, she lifteth about her brow,
 Where the light brown curls are clustering. No hope now!

O sweet and cloudy gleam of the garments golden!
 The robe, it hath clasped her breast and the crown her head.
 Then, then, she decketh the bride, as a bride of olden
 Story, that goeth pale to the kiss of the dead.
 For the ring hath closed, and the portion of death is there;
 And she flieth not, but perisheth unaware.

Some Women.

O bridegroom, bridegroom of the kiss so cold,
 Art thou wed with princes, art thou girt with gold,
 Who know'st not, suing
 For thy child's undoing,
 And, on her thou lovest, for a doom untold?
 How art thou fallen from thy place of old!

Others.

O Mother, Mother, what hast thou to reap,
When the harvest cometh, between wake and sleep?
 For a heart unslaken,
 For a troth forsaken,

Lo, babes that call thee from a bloody deep:
And thy love returns not. Get thee forth and weep!

Enter the Attendant with the two Children: Medea comes out from the house.

ATTENDANT

Mistress, these children from their banishment
Are spared. The royal bride hath mildly bent
Her hand to accept thy gifts, and all is now
Peace for the children.—Ha, why standest thou
Confounded, when good fortune draweth near?

MEDEA

Ah God!

ATTENDANT

 This chimes not with the news I bear.

MEDEA

O God, have mercy!

ATTENDANT

 Is some word of wrath
Here hidden that I knew not of? And hath
My hope to give thee joy so cheated me?

MEDEA

Thou givest what thou givest: I blame not thee.

ATTENDANT

Thy brows are all o'ercast: thine eyes are filled. . . .

MEDEA

For bitter need, Old Man! The gods have willed,
And my own evil mind, that this should come.

ATTENDANT

Take heart! Thy sons one day will bring thee home.

MEDEA

Home? . . . I have others to send home. Woe's me!

ATTENDANT

Be patient. Many a mother before thee
Hath parted from her children. We poor things
Of men must needs endure what fortune brings.

MEDEA

I will endure.—Go thou within, and lay
All ready that my sons may need to-day.
[*The Attendant goes into the house.*]
O children, children mine: and you have found
A land and home, where, leaving me discrowned
And desolate, forever you will stay,
Motherless children! And I go my way
To other lands, an exile, ere you bring
Your fruits home, ere I see you prospering
Or know your brides, or deck the bridal bed,
All flowers, and lift your torches overhead.

 Oh cursèd be mine own hard heart! 'Twas all
In vain, then, that I reared you up, so tall
And fair; in vain I bore you, and was torn
With those long pitiless pains, when you were born.

Ah, wondrous hopes my poor heart had in you,
 How you would tend me in mine age, and do
 The shroud about me with your own dear hands,
 When I lay cold, blessèd in all the lands
 That knew us. And that gentle thought is dead!
 You go, and I live on, to eat the bread
 Of long years, to myself most full of pain.
 And never your dear eyes, never again,
 Shall see your mother, far away being thrown
 To other shapes of life. . . . My babes, my own,
 Why gaze ye so?—What is it that ye see?—
 And laugh with that last laughter? . . . Woe is me,
 What shall I do?

Women, my strength is gone,
 Gone like a dream, since once I looked upon
 Those shining faces. . . . I can do it not.
 Good-bye to all the thoughts that burned so hot
 Aforetime! I will take and hide them far,
 Far, from men's eyes. Why should I seek a war
 So blind: by these babes' wounds to sting again
 Their father's heart, and win myself a pain
 Twice deeper? Never, never! I forget
 Henceforward all I laboured for.

And yet,
 What is it with me? Would I be a thing
 Mocked at, and leave mine enemies to sting
 Unsmitten? It must be. O coward heart,
 Ever to harbour such soft words!—Depart
 Out of my sight, ye twain. [*The Children go in.*]
 And they whose eyes
 Shall hold it sin to share my sacrifice,
 On their heads be it! My hand shall swerve not now.

Ah, Ah, thou Wrath within me! Do not thou,
 Do not. . . . Down, down, thou tortured thing, and spare
 My children! They will dwell with us, aye, there
 Far off, and give thee peace.

Too late, too late!
 By all Hell's living agonies of hate,
 They shall not take my little ones alive
 To make their mock with! Howsoever I strive
 The thing is doomed; it shall not escape now
 From being. Aye, the crown is on the brow,
 And the robe girt, and in the robe that high
 Queen dying.

I know all. Yet . . . seeing that I
 Must go so long a journey, and these twain
 A longer yet and darker, I would fain
 Speak with them, ere I go.

[*A handmaid brings the Children out again.*]

Come, children; stand
 A little from me. There. Reach out your hand,
 Your right hand—so—to mother: and good-bye!
 [*She has kept them hitherto at arm's length: but at the touch of their hands, her resolution breaks down, and she gathers them passionately into her arms.*]
 Oh, darling hand! Oh, darling mouth, and eye,
 And royal mien, and bright brave faces clear,

May you be blessed, but not here! What here
 Was yours, your father stole. . . . Ah God, the glow
 Of cheek on cheek, the tender touch; and Oh,
 Sweet scent of childhood. . . . Go! Go! . . . Am I blind? . . .
 Mine eyes can see not, when I look to find
 Their places. I am broken by the wings
 Of evil. . . . Yea, I know to what bad things
 I go, but louder than all thought doth cry
 Anger, which maketh man's worst misery.
 [*She follows the Children into the house.*]

CHORUS

My thoughts have roamed a cloudy land,
 And heard a fierier music fall
 Than woman's heart should stir withal:
 And yet some Muse majestic,
 Unknown, hath hold of woman's hand,
 Seeking for Wisdom—not in all:
 A feeble seed, a scattered band,
 Thou yet shalt find in lonely places,
 Not dead amongst us, nor our faces
 Turned away from the Muses' call.

And thus my thought would speak: that she
 Who ne'er hath borne a child nor known
 Is nearer to felicity:
 Unlit she goeth and alone,
 With little understanding what
 A child's touch means of joy or woe,
 And many toils she beareth not.

But they within whose garden fair
 That gentle plant hath blown, they go
 Deep-written all their days with care—
 To rear the children, to make fast
 Their hold, to win them wealth; and then
 Much darkness, if the seed at last
 Bear fruit in good or evil men!
 And one thing at the end of all
 Abideth, that which all men dread:
 The wealth is won, the limbs are bred
 To manhood, and the heart withal
 Honest: and, lo, where Fortune smiled,
 Some change, and what hath fallen? Hark!
 'Tis death slow winging to the dark,
 And in his arms what was thy child.

What therefore doth it bring of gain
 To man, whose cup stood full before,
 That God should send this one thing more
 Of hunger and of dread, a door
 Set wide to every wind of pain?

[*Medea comes out alone from the house.*]

MEDEA

Friends, this long hour I wait on Fortune's eyes,
 And strain my senses in a hot surmise
 What passeth on that hill.—Ha! even now
 There comes . . . 'tis one of Jason's men, I trow.

His wild-perturbèd breath doth warrant me
The tidings of some strange calamity.
[Enter Messenger.]

MESSENGER

O dire and ghastly deed! Get thee away,
Medea! Fly! Nor let behind thee stay
One chariot's wing, one keel that sweeps the seas. . . .

MEDEA

And what hath chanced, to cause such flights as these?

MESSENGER

The maiden princess lieth—and her sire,
The king—both murdered by thy poison-fire.

MEDEA

Most happy tiding! Which thy name prefers
Henceforth among my friends and well-wishers.

MESSENGER

What say'st thou? Woman, is thy mind within
Clear, and not raving? Thou art found in sin
Most bloody wrought against the king's high head,
And laughest at the tale, and hast no dread?

MEDEA

I have words also that could answer well
Thy word. But take thine ease, good friend, and tell,
How died they? Hath it been a very foul
Death, prithee? That were comfort to my soul.

MESSENGER

When thy two children, hand in hand entwined,
Came with their father, and passed on to find
The new-made bridal rooms, Oh, we were glad,
We thralls, who ever loved thee well, and had
Grief in thy grief. And straight there passed a word
From ear to ear, that thou and thy false lord
Had poured peace offering upon wrath foregone.
A right glad welcome gave we them, and one
Kissed the small hand, and one the shining hair:
Myself, for very joy, I followed where
The women's rooms are. There our mistress . . . she
Whom now we name so . . . thinking not to see
Thy little pair, with glad and eager brow
Sate waiting Jason. Then she saw, and slow
Shrouded her eyes, and backward turned again,
Sick that thy children should come near her. Then
Thy husband quick went forward, to entreat
The young maid's fitful wrath. "Thou will not meet
Love's coming with unkindness? Nay, refrain
Thy suddenness, and turn thy face again,
Holding as friends all that to me are dear,
Thine husband. And accept these robes they bear
As gifts: and beg thy father to unmake
His doom of exile on them—for my sake."
When once she saw the raiment, she could still
Her joy no more, but gave him all his will.
And almost ere the father and the two
Children were gone from out the room, she drew
The flowerèd garments forth, and sate her down
To her arraying: bound the golden crown

Through her long curls, and in a mirror fair
 Arranged their separate clusters, smiling there
 At the dead self that faced her. Then aside
 She pushed her seat, and paced those chambers wide
 Alone, her white foot poising delicately—
 So passing joyful in those gifts was she!—
 And many a time would pause, straight-limbed, and wheel
 Her head to watch the long fold to her heel
 Sweeping. And then came something strange. Her cheek
 Seemed pale, and back with crooked steps and weak
 Groping of arms she walked, and scarcely found
 Her old seat, that she fell not to the ground.

Among the handmaids was a woman old
 And grey, who deemed, I think, that Pan had hold
 Upon her, or some spirit, and raised a keen
 Awakening shout; till through her lips was seen
 A white foam crawling, and her eyeballs back
 Twisted, and all her face dead pale for lack
 Of life: and while that old dame called, the cry
 Turned strangely to its opposite, to die
 Sobbing. Oh, swiftly then one woman flew
 To seek her father's rooms, one for the new
 Bridegroom, to tell the tale. And all the place
 Was loud with hurrying feet.

So long a space

As a swift walker on a measured way
 Would pace a furlong's course in, there she lay
 Speechless, with veiled lids. Then wide her eyes
 She opened, and wildly, as she strove to rise,
 Shrieked: for two diverse waves upon her rolled
 Of stabbing death. The carcanet of gold
 That gripped her brow was molten in a dire
 And wondrous river of devouring fire.
 And those fine robes, the gift thy children gave—
 God's mercy!—everywhere did lap and lave
 The delicate flesh; till up she sprang, and fled,
 A fiery pillar, shaking locks and head
 This way and that, seeking to cast the crown
 Somewhere away. But like a thing nailed down
 The burning gold held fast the anadem,
 And through her locks, the more she scattered them,
 Came fire the fiercer, till to earth she fell
 A thing—save to her sire—scarce nameable,
 And strove no more. That cheek of royal mien,
 Where was it—or the place where eyes had been?
 Only from crown and temples came faint blood
 Shot through with fire. The very flesh, it stood
 Out from the bones, as from a wounded pine
 The gum starts, where those gnawing poisons fine
 Bit in the dark—a ghastly sight! And touch
 The dead we durst not. We had seen too much.

But that poor father, knowing not, had sped,
 Swift to his daughter's room, and there the dead
 Lay at his feet. He knelt, and groaning low,
 Folded her in his arms, and kissed her: "Oh,
 Unhappy child, what thing unnatural hath
 So hideously undone thee? Or what wrath

Of gods, to make this old grey sepulchre
 Childless of thee? Would God but lay me there
 To die with thee, my daughter!" So he cried.
 But after, when he stayed from tears, and tried
 To uplift his old bent frame, lo, in the folds
 Of those fine robes it held, as ivy holds
 Strangling among your laurel boughs. Oh, then
 A ghastly struggle came! Again, again,
 Up on his knee he writhed; but that dead breast
 Clung still to his: till, wild, like one possessed,
 He dragged himself half free; and, lo, the live
 Flesh parted; and he laid him down to strive
 No more with death, but perish; for the deep
 Had risen above his soul. And there they sleep,
 At last, the old proud father and the bride,
 Even as his tears had craved it, side by side.

For thee—Oh, no word more! Thyself will know
 How best to baffle vengeance. . . . Long ago
 I looked upon man's days, and found a grey
 Shadow. And this thing more I surely say,
 That those of all men who are counted wise,
 Strong wits, devisers of great policies,
 Do pay the bitterest toll. Since life began,
 Hath there in God's eye stood one happy man?
 Fair days roll on, and bear more gifts or less
 Of fortune, but to no man happiness.
 [*Exit Messenger.*]

CHORUS

Some Women.

Wrath upon wrath, meseems, this day shall fall
 From God on Jason! He hath earned it all.

Other Women.

O miserable maiden, all my heart
 Is torn for thee, so sudden to depart
 From thy king's chambers and the light above
 To darkness, all for sake of Jason's love!

MEDEA

Women, my mind is clear. I go to slay
 My children with all speed, and then, away
 From hence; not wait yet longer till they stand
 Beneath another and an angrier hand
 To die. Yea, howsoe'er I shield them, die
 They must. And, seeing that they must, 'tis I
 Shall slay them, I their mother, touched of none
 Beside. Oh, up and get thine armour on,
 My heart! Why longer tarry we to win
 Our crown of dire inevitable sin?
 Take up thy sword, O poor right hand of mine,
 Thy sword: then onward to the thin-drawn line
 Where life turns agony. Let there be naught
 Of softness now: and keep thee from that thought,
 'Born of thy flesh,' 'thine own beloved.' Now,
 For one brief day, forget thy children: thou
 Shalt weep hereafter. Though thou slay them, yet
 Sweet were they. . . . I am sore unfortunate.
 [*She goes into the house.*]

CHORUS

Some Women.

O Earth, our mother; and thou
 All-seër, arrowy crown
 Of Sunlight, manward now
 Look down, Oh, look down!
 Look upon one accurst,
 Ere yet in blood she twine
 Red hands—blood that is thine!
 O Sun, save her first!
 She is thy daughter still,
 Of thine own golden line;
 Save her! Or shall man spill
 The life divine?

Give peace, O Fire that diest not! Send thy spell
 To stay her yet, to lift her afar, afar—
 A torture-changed spirit, a voice of Hell
 Wrought of old wrongs and war!

Others.

Alas for the mother's pain
 Wasted! Alas the dear
 Life that was born in vain!
 Woman, what mak'st thou here,
 Thou from beyond the Gate
 Where dim Symplêgades
 Clash in the dark blue seas,
 The shores where death doth wait?
 Why hast thou taken on thee,
 To make us desolate,
 This anger of misery
 And guilt of hate?

For fierce are the smittings back of blood once shed
 Where love hath been: God's wrath upon them that kill,
 And an anguished earth, and the wonder of the dead
 Haunting as music still. . . .
 [*A cry is heard within.*]

A WOMAN

Hark! Did ye hear? Heard ye the children's cry?

ANOTHER

O miserable woman! O abhorred!

A CHILD WITHIN

What shall I do? What is it? Keep me fast
 From mother!

THE OTHER CHILD

I know nothing. Brother! Oh,
 I think she means to kill us.

A WOMAN

Let me go!
 I will—Help! Help!—and save them at the last.

A CHILD

Yes, in God's name! Help quickly ere we die!

THE OTHER CHILD

She has almost caught me now. She has a sword.
 [*Many of the Women are now beating at the barred door to get in. Others are standing apart.
 Women at the door.*]

Thou stone, thou thing of iron! Wilt verily

Spill with thine hand that life, the vintage stored
Of thine own agony?

The Other Women.

A Mother slew her babes in days of yore,
One, only one, from dawn to eventide,
Ino, god-maddened, whom the Queen of Heaven
Set frenzied, flying to the dark: and she
Cast her for sorrow to the wide salt sea,
Forth from those rooms of murder unforgiven,
Wild-footed from a white crag of the shore,
And clasping still her children twain, she died.

O Love of Woman, charged with sorrow sore,
What hast thou wrought upon us? What beside
Resteth to tremble for?

[*Enter hurriedly Jason and Attendants.*

JASON

Ye women by this doorway clustering
Speak, is the doer of the ghastly thing
Yet here, or fled? What hopeth she of flight?
Shall the deep yawn to shield her? Shall the height
Send wings, and hide her in the vaulted sky
To work red murder on her lords, and fly
Unrecompensed? But let her go! My care
Is but to save my children, not for her.
Let them she wronged requite her as they may.
I care not. 'Tis my sons I must some way
Save, ere the kinsmen of the dead can win
From them the payment of their mother's sin.

LEADER

Unhappy man, indeed thou knowest not
What dark place thou art come to! Else, God wot,
Jason, no word like these could fall from thee.

JASON

What is it?—Ha! The woman would kill me?

LEADER

Thy sons are dead, slain by their mother's hand.

JASON

How? Not the children. . . . I scarce understand. . . .
O God, thou hast broken me!

LEADER

Think of those twain
As things once fair, that ne'er shall bloom again.

JASON

Where did she murder them? In that old room?

LEADER

Open, and thou shalt see thy children's doom.

JASON

Ho, thralls! Unloose me yonder bars! Make more
Of speed! Wrench out the jointing of the door.
And show my two-edged curse, the children dead,
The woman. . . . Oh, this sword upon her head. . . .

[*While the Attendants are still battering at the door Medea appears on the roof, standing on a chariot of winged Dragons, in which are the children's bodies.*]

MEDEA

What make ye at my gates? Why batter ye
 With brazen bars, seeking the dead and me
 Who slew them? Peace! . . . And thou, if aught of mine
 Thou needest, speak, though never touch of thine
 Shall scathe me more. Out of his firmament
 My fathers' father, the high Sun, hath sent
 This, that shall save me from mine enemies' rage.

JASON

Thou living hate! Thou wife in every age
 Abhorred, blood-red mother, who didst kill
 My sons, and make me as the dead: and still
 Canst take the sunshine to thine eyes, and smell
 The green earth, reeking from thy deed of hell;
 I curse thee! Now, Oh, now mine eyes can see,
 That then were blinded, when from savagery
 Of eastern chambers, from a cruel land,
 To Greece and home I gathered in mine hand
 Thee, thou incarnate curse: one that betrayed
 Her home, her father, her . . . Oh, God hath laid
 Thy sins on me!—I knew, I knew, there lay
 A brother murdered on thy hearth that day
 When thy first footstep fell on Argo's hull. . . .
 Argo, my own, my swift and beautiful

That was her first beginning. Then a wife
 I made her in my house. She bore to life
 Children: and now for love, for chambering
 And men's arms, she hath murdered them! A thing
 Not one of all the maids of Greece, not one,
 Had dreamed of; whom I spurned, and for mine own
 Chose thee, a bride of hate to me and death,
 Tigress, not woman, beast of wilder breath
 Than Skylla shrieking o'er the Tuscan sea.
 Enough! No scorn of mine can reach to thee,
 Such iron is o'er thine eyes. Out from my road,
 Thou crime-begetter, blind with children's blood!
 And let me weep alone the bitter tide
 That sweepeth Jason's days, no gentle bride
 To speak with more, no child to look upon
 Whom once I reared . . . all, all for ever gone!

MEDEA

An easy answer had I to this swell
 Of speech, but Zeus our father knoweth well,
 All I for thee have wrought, and thou for me.
 So let it rest. This thing was not to be,
 That thou shouldst live a merry life, my bed
 Forgotten and my heart uncomforted,
 Thou nor thy princess: nor the king that planned
 Thy marriage drive Medea from his land,
 And suffer not. Call me what thing thou please,
 Tigress or Skylla from the Tuscan seas:
 My claws have gripped thine heart, and all things shine.

JASON

Thou too hast grief. Thy pain is fierce as mine.

MEDEA

I love the pain, so thou shalt laugh no more.

Oh, what a womb of sin my children bore!
 Sons, did ye perish for your father's shame?
 How? It was not my hand that murdered them.
 'Twas thy false wooings, 'twas thy trampling pride.
 Thou hast said it! For thy lust of love they died.
 And love to women a slight thing should be?
 To women pure!—All thy vile life to thee!
 Think of thy torment. They are dead, they are dead!
 No: quick, great God; quick curses round thy head!
 The Gods know who began this work of woe.
 Thy heart and all its loathliness they know.
 Loathe on. . . . But, Oh, thy voice. It hurts me sore.
 Aye, and thine me. Wouldst hear me then no more?
 How? Show me but the way. 'Tis this I crave.
 Give me the dead to weep, and make their grave.
 Never! Myself will lay them in a still
 Green sepulchre, where Hera by the Hill
 Hath precinct holy, that no angry men
 May break their graves and cast them forth again
 To evil. So I lay on all this shore
 Of Corinth a high feast for evermore
 And rite, to purge them yearly of the stain
 Of this poor blood. And I, to Pallas' plain
 I go, to dwell beside Pandion's son,
 Aegeus.—For thee, behold, death draweth on,
 Evil and lonely, like thine heart: the hands
 Of thine old Argo, rotting where she stands,
 Shall smite thine head in twain, and bitter be
 To the last end thy memories of me.
[She rises on the chariot and is slowly borne away.]

May They that hear the weeping child
 Blast thee, and They that walk in blood!

Thy broken vows, thy friends beguiled
 Have shut for thee the ears of God.

Go, thou art wet with children's tears!

JASON

MEDEA

JASON

Go thou, and lay thy bride to sleep.	MEDEA
Childless, I go, to weep and weep.	JASON
Not yet! Age cometh and long years.	MEDEA
My sons, mine own!	JASON
Not thine, but mine . . .	MEDEA
. . . Who slew them!	JASON
Yes: to torture thee.	MEDEA
Once let me kiss their lips, once twine Mine arms and touch. . . Ah, woe is me!	JASON
Wouldst love them and entreat? But now They were as nothing.	MEDEA
At the last, O God, to touch that tender brow!	JASON
Thy words upon the wind are cast.	MEDEA
Thou, Zeus, wilt hear me. All is said For naught. I am but spurned away And trampled by this tigress, red With children's blood. Yet, come what may, So far as thou hast granted, yea, So far as yet my strength may stand, I weep upon these dead, and say Their last farewell, and raise my hand	JASON
To all the daemons of the air In witness of these things; how she Who slew them, will not suffer me To gather up my babes, nor bear To earth their bodies; whom, O stone Of women, would I ne'er had known Nor gotten, to be slain by thee!	
<i>[He casts himself upon the earth.]</i>	
	CHORUS
Great treasure halls hath Zeus in heaven, From whence to man strange dooms be given, Past hope or fear. And the end men looked for cometh not, And a path is there where no man thought: So hath it fallen here.	

OEDIPUS THE KING

Sophocles (ca. 496-ca. 406 B.C.E.)

Composed ca. 429-420 B.C.E.

Greece

Although Sophocles wrote over one hundred plays, only seven survive. In competitions during religious festivals for Dionysus, which required three playwrights to present three dramatic plays each (plus a farce), Sophocles won first place at least twenty times; the rest of the time, he came in second (never third). Greek plays previously had a chorus and one actor on stage; Aeschylus (ca. 525-456) introduced the idea of a second actor, while Sophocles was the first to have three actors, plus painted scenery as a backdrop for the action. Masks allowed the (all male) actors to portray men, women, children, and gods without confusion. Since the stories were familiar to the audience, the popularity of Sophocles stems from his clever wordplay and insightful grasp of psychology. The three plays that cover the story of Oedipus and his family are referred to as the Theban cycle, although they were written for different competitions over 36 years of his career: *Antigone*, which was written first, but chronologically is the last story; *Oedipus Tyrannos* (or just *Oedipus*), which was written second, but chronologically is the first story; and *Oedipus at Colonus*, which was written last, but chronologically is the second story. *Oedipus* begins *in medias res*, with the city of Thebes suffering from a plague; as the king, Oedipus is trying to discover why the gods are punishing the city.

Written by Laura J. Getty



IMAGE 1.11: SOPHOCLES | A bust of Sophocles, currently housed at the Pushkin Museum.

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OEDIPUS THE KING

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Oedipus Tyrannus

Sophocles, Translated by D. W. Myatt

CHARACTERS:

Oedipus, *King of Thebes*
 Jocasta, *his Consort and wife*
 Creon, *brother of Jocasta*
 Tiresias, *the blind prophet*
 A Priest, *of Zeus*
 First Messenger
 Second Messenger
 A Shepherd
 Chorus, *of Theban Elders*

Scene: Before the wealthy dwelling of Oedipus at Thebes

OEDIPUS

My children—you most recently reared from ancient Cadmus—
 Why do you hasten to these seats
 Wreathed in suppliant branches?
 Since the citadel is filled with incense,
 Chants and lamentations 5
 I did not deem it fitting, my children, to hear
 The report of some messenger—so I come here myself:
 I, Oedipus the renowned, who is respected by you all.
 As you, Elder, are distinguished by nature,
 You should speak for these others. Is your manner 10
 One of fear or affection? My will is to assist you
 For I would be indifferent to pain
 Were I not to have pity after such a supplication as this.

PRIEST

Oedipus, master of my land:
 You see how many sit here 15
 Before your altars—some not yet robust enough
 To fly far; some heavy as I, Priest of Zeus, with age;
 And these, chosen from our unmarried youth.
 Enwreathed like them, our people sit in the place of markets,
 By the twin shrines of Pallas 20
 And by the embers of the Ismenian oracle.
 Our clan, as you yourself behold, already heaves
 Too much—its head bent
 To the depths bloodily heaving.
 Decay is in the unfruitful seeds in the soil, 25
 Decay is in our herds of cattle—our women
 Are barren or abort, and that god of fever
 Swoops down to strike our clan with an odious plague,
 Emptying the abode of Cadmus and giving dark Hades
 An abundance of wailing and lamentation. 30
 Not as an equal of the gods do I,
 And these children who sit by your altar, behold you—
 But as the prime man in our problems of life
 And in our dealings and agreements with daimons.
 You arrived at our town of Cadmus to disentangle us 35

From the tax we paid to that harsh Songstress—
 And that with less than we knew because
 Without our experience. Rather—and it is the custom
 To say this—you had the support of a god
 And so made our lives to prosper. 40
 Thus, Oedipus—you, the most noble of all—
 We all as suppliants beseech you
 To find us a defence, whether it be from a god's oracle
 Or whether it be learnt from some man.
 For those who are practical are, by events, 45
 Seen to give counsels which are the most effective.
 Most noble among mortals—restore our clan!
 But—be cautious. For now this land of yours
 Names you their protector for your swiftness before—
 Do not let it be recorded of your leadership 50
 That you raised us up again only to let us thereafter fall:
 So make us safe, and restore our clan.
 Favourable—then—the omens, and prosperity
 You brought us: be of the same kind, again!
 For, in commanding a land, as you are master of this, 55
 It is much better to be master of men than of an emptiness!
 Of no value are a ship or a defensive tower
 If they are empty because no men dwell within them.

OEDIPUS

You, my children, who lament—I know, for I am not without knowledge,
 Of the desire which brings you here. For well do I see 60
 All your sufferings—and though you suffer, it is I
 And not one of you that suffers the most.
 For your pain comes to each of you
 By itself, with nothing else, while my psyche
 Mourns for myself, for you and the clan. 65
 You have not awakened me from a resting sleep
 For indeed you should know of my many tears
 And the many paths of reflection I have wandered upon and tried.
 And, as I pondered, I found one cure
 Which I therefore took. The son of Menoeceus, 70
 Creon—he who is my kin by marriage—I have sent to that Pythian dwelling
 Of Phoebus to learn how I
 By word or deed can give deliverance to the clan.
 But I have already measured the duration
 And am concerned: for where is he? He is longer than expected 75
 For his absence is, in duration, greater than is necessary.
 Yet when he does arrive, it would dishonourable
 For me not to act upon all that the gods makes clear.

PRIEST

It is fitting that you spoke thus—for observe that now
 We are signalled that Creon is approaching. 80

OEDIPUS

Lord Apollo! Let our fate be such
 That we are saved—and as bright as his face now is!

PRIEST

I conjecture it is pleasing since he arrives with his head crowned
 By laurel wreaths bearing many berries.

	OEDIPUS	
Soon we will know, for, in distance, he can hear us now. <i>[Enter Creon]</i>		85
Lord—son of Menoeceus—my kin by marriage: Give to us the saying you received from the god!		
	CREON	
It is propitious, for I call it fortunate when what is difficult to bear Is taken from us, enabling us thus to prosper again.		
	OEDIPUS	
But what is it? I am not given more courage Nor more fear by your words.		90
	CREON	
Do you insist upon hearing it here, Within reach of these others—or shall we go within?		
	OEDIPUS	
Speak it to all. For my concern for their suffering Is more than even that for my own psyche.		95
	CREON	
Then I shall speak to you what I heard from the god. The command of Lord Phoebus was clear— That defilement nourished by our soil Must be driven away, not given nourishment until it cannot be cured.		
	OEDIPUS	
When came this misfortune? How to be cleansed?		100
	CREON	
Banishment of a man—or a killing in return for the killing To release us from the blood and thus this tempest upon our clan.		
	OEDIPUS	
What man is thus fated to be so denounced?		
	CREON	
My Lord, Laius was the Chief Of this land, before you guided us.		105
	OEDIPUS	
That I have heard and know well although I never saw him.		
	CREON	
Because he was slaughtered it is clearly ordered that you Must punish the killing hands, whosoever they are.		
	OEDIPUS	
But are they in this land? Can we still find The now faded marks of the ancient tracks of those so accused?		110
	CREON	
Still in our land, he said. What is sought Can be caught, but will escape if not attended to.		

OEDIPUS

Was Laius in his dwelling, in his fields,
Or in another land when he met his death?

CREON

He said he was journeying to a shrine:
But, having gone, he did not return.

115

OEDIPUS

Was there no messenger, no other with him
Who saw anything and whom we could consult and thus learn from?

CREON

No—killed: all of them. Except one who fled in fear
And so saw nothing except the one thing he did speak of seeing.

120

OEDIPUS

What? One thing may help us learn many more
And such a small beginning may bring us hope.

CREON

He announced that robbers came upon them and, there being so many,
In their strength slew them with their many hands.

OEDIPUS

How could robbers do that? Unless—unless silver
Was paid to them, from here! Otherwise, they would not have the courage!

125

CREON

Such was the opinion. But with Laius killed
No one arose to be his avenger since we had other troubles.

OEDIPUS

What troubles were before you that with your King fallen
You were kept from looking?

130

CREON

The convoluted utterances of the Sphinx made us consider what was before us
And leave unknown what was dark.

OEDIPUS

Then, as a start, I shall go back to make it visible.
It is fitting for Phoebus, and fitting also for you
For the sake of him dead, to return your concern there
And fair that I am seen as an ally
In avenging this land and the god.

135

Yet not in the name of remote kin
But for myself will I banish the abomination
Since that person who killed may—and soon—
And by his own hand, wish to avenge me.

140

Thus in this way by so giving aid, I also benefit myself.
Now and swiftly, my children, stand up from these steps—
Raising your suppliant branches—

And go to summon here the people of Cadmus
For I shall do all that is required. Either good fortune—
If the gods wills—will be shown to be ours, or we shall perish.

145

[Exit Oedipus]

PRIEST

Stand, children, for that favour
 For which we came he has announced he will do.
 May Phoebus—who delivered this oracle— 150
 Be our Saviour and cause our suffering to cease.
[Exit Priest. Enter Chorus]

CHORUS

Zeus—your pleasing voice has spoken
 But in what manner from gold-rich Pytho do you come
 To the splendour that is Thebes?
 My reason is stretched by dread as fear shakes me— 155
 O Delian Paeon I invoke you!—
 And I am in awe. For is this new
 Or the continuation of that obligation
 Which each season brings again?
 Speak to me with your divine voice, 160
 You born from she whom we treasure—our Hope!
 You I shall name first—you the daughter of Zeus, the divine Athene!
 And then you, her sister, who defends our lands—Artemis!—
 Whose illustrious throne is the circle of our market.
 And you, Phoebus with your far-reaching arrows! 165
 You—the triad who guard us from death! Appear to me!
 When misfortune moved over our clan before
 You came to completely drive away that injuring fire—
 So now come to us, again!
 Beyond count are the injuries I bear 170
 And all my comrades are sick;
 There is no spear of thought to defend us—
 The offspring of our fertile soil do not grow
 While at the birth there are no cries of joy
 For the women stretched by their labour: 175
 I behold one after another rushing forth—swifter than feathered birds,
 Swifter than invincible fire—
 Toward the land of the twilight god!
 They are beyond count and make the clan to die:
 For her descendants lie unpitied, unmourned on the ground 180
 Condemning others to death
 As both the child-less and the mothers gather
 Around the base of the altars
 To labour as suppliants with their injurious laments
 Although clear are the hymns to the Healer 185
 Above those accompanying wailing voices!
 In answer, you whom we hold precious—daughter of Zeus—
 Send us She of strength with the beautiful eyes!
 Grant that fiery Ares—he who fights not with shield of bronze
 But who burns as he encircles with his battle-cry— 190
 Turns around to swiftly run back, away from our fatherland
 With a fair wind following, to that great Chamber of Amphitrite
 Or to that Thracian harbour where strangers are dashed,
 Since what he neglects at night He achieves when day arrives.
 Thus—you who carry fire, 195
 Who bestows the power of lighting—
 All-father Zeus: waste him beneath your thunder!
 Lord Lyceus! From your gold-bound bowstring

I wish you to deal out the hardest of your arrows
 So they rise before us as a defence! 200
 And you—Artemis—who by your gleaming light
 Rushes through the mountains of Lycia.
 And you of the golden mitre whose name
 Is that of our land—I invoke you
 Ruddied Bacchus with E-U-O-I!— 205
 With your roaming Maenads
 Come near to us with your blazing pine-torch
 And gleaming eyes, to be our ally
 Against that god given no honour by gods!
[Enter Oedipus]

OEDIPUS

You ask and what you ask will come— 210
 For if you in your sickness listen and accept and assist me
 You shall receive the strength to lift you out of this trouble.
 I here make the declaration even though I am a stranger to that report
 And a stranger to that deed. I, myself, would not have delayed
 Tracking this, even had there been no signs. 215
 But since it was after these things I became a tax-paying citizen among you citizens,
 I proclaim this now to all who are of Cadmus:
 Whosoever, concerning Laius son of Labdacus,
 Knows the man who killed him
 I command him to declare everything to me. 220
 But if he is afraid, he can himself remove the accusation
 Against him since what awaits him
 Shall not be hostile since he shall pass uninjured to another land.
 But if you know of another from another region
 Whose hand did it, do not be silent 225
 For I shall reward and confer favours upon you.
 But if you keep silent because he is your own kin
 Or because you yourself are afraid and so reject this—
 Then hear what I of necessity must do.
 I forbid that man, whoever he is, to be in this land— 230
 This land where I have power and authority:
 No one is to receive him nor speak to him;
 Neither is he to share in your offering thanks to the gods,
 Nor in the sacrifices or in the libations before them.
 Instead, everyone shall push him away—for our defilement 235
 Is, in truth, him: as the Pythian god
 By his oracle just now announced to me.
 Thus in such a way do I and this god
 And the man who was killed become allies—
 And so this pact I make concerning he who did that deed 240
 Whether alone or together with others in secret:
 Being ignoble, may his miserable life ignobly waste away.
 And I also make this pact—that should he arrive at my dwelling
 And with my consent stay by my hearth, then may that disease
 I desired for those ones come to me! 245
 So I command you to accomplish this
 On behalf of me, the god and this land
 Now barren, lain waste and without gods.
 For even had no god sent you to deal with this matter
 It would not have been fitting to leave it uncleaned 250

For the man killed was both brave and your own lord:
 You should have enquired. However, I now have the authority
 And hold the command that was his,
 And now possess his chambers and his woman—seeded by us both—
 And by whom we might have children shared in common had that family 255
 Not had its misfortune and thus there had been a birth:
 But it was not to be, for fate bore down upon him.
 Thus, I—as if he were my own father—
 Will fight for him and will go to any place
 To search for and to seize the one whose hand killed 260
 That son of Labdacus—he of Polydorus,
 Of Cadmus before that and before then of ancient Agenor.
 As to those who do not do this for me, I ask the god
 That the seeds they sow in the earth shall not bring forth shoots
 Nor their women children, and also that it be their destiny 265
 To be destroyed by this thing—or one that is much worse.
 But as for you others, of Cadmus, to whom this is pleasing—
 May the goddess, Judgement, who is on our side,
 And all of the gods, be with us forever.

CHORUS

Bound by your oath, my Lord, I speak: 270
 I am not the killer—nor can I point out he who did the killing.
 It is he who sent us on this search—
 Phoebus—who should say who did that work.

OEDIPUS

That would be fair. But to compel the gods
 Against their will is not within the power of any man. 275

CHORUS

Shall I speak of what I consider is the second best thing to do?

OEDIPUS

Do not neglect to explain to me even what is third!

CHORUS

He who sees the most of what Lord Phoebus knows
 Is Lord Tiresias—and it is from his watching, and clearness,
 My Lord, that we might learn the most. 280

OEDIPUS

I have not been inactive in attending to that:
 Since Creon spoke of it, I have sent two escorts—
 And it is a wonder after this long why he is not here.

CHORUS

What can still be told of those things is blunt from age.

OEDIPUS

What is there? For I am watching for any report. 285

CHORUS

It was said that he was killed by travellers.

OEDIPUS

That I have heard—but no one sees here he who observed that.

CHORUS

But he will have had his share of fear
Having heard your pact—and will not have stayed here.

OEDIPUS

And he who had no fear of the deed? Would such a one fear such words? 290

CHORUS

But here is he who can identify him. For observe,
It is the prophet of the god who is led here:
He who of all mortals has the most ability to reveal things.
[Enter Tiresias, guided by a boy]

OEDIPUS

Tiresias—you who are learned in all things: what can be taught; what is never spoken of;
What is in the heavens and what treads on the earth— 295

Although you have no sight, can you see how our clan
Has given hospitality to sickness? You are our shield,
Our protector—for you, Lord, are the only remedy we have.

Phoebus—if you have not heard it from the messengers—
Sent us as answer to our sending; release from the sickness 300

Will come only if we are skilled enough to discover who killed Laius
And kill them or drive them away from this land as fugitives.

Therefore, do not deny to us from envy the speech of birds
Or any other way of divination which you have, 305

But pull yourself and this clan—and me—
Pull us away from all that is defiled by those who lie slain.

Our being depends on you. For if a man assists someone
When he has the strength to do so, then it is a noble labour.

TIRESIAS

Ah! There is harm in judging when there is no advantage
In such a judgement. This I usefully understood 310
But then totally lost. I should not have come here.

OEDIPUS

What is this? Are you heartless, entering here so?

TIRESIAS

Permit me to return to my dwelling. Easier then will it be
For you to carry what is yours, and I what is mine, if you are persuaded in this.

OEDIPUS

Such talk is unusual because unfriendly toward this clan
Which nourishes you: will you deprive us of oracles? 315

TIRESIAS

Yes—for I know that the words you say
Are not suitable. And I will not suffer because of mine.

OEDIPUS

Before the gods! Turn aside that judgement! Here, before you,
All of us are as humble suppliants! 320

TIRESIAS

Since all of you lack judgement, I will not speak either about myself
Or you and so tell about defects.

OEDIPUS

What? If you are aware of it but will not speak,
Do you intend to betray and so totally destroy your clan?

TIRESIAS

I will not cause pain to either you or myself. Therefore, 325
Why these aimless rebukes since I will not answer.

OEDIPUS

Not...? Why, you ignoble, worthless...! A rock,
By its nature, can cause anger. Speak it!—
Or will you show there is no end to your hardness?

TIRESIAS

You rebuke me for anger—but it is with you 330
That she dwells, although you do not see this and blame me instead.

OEDIPUS

And whose being would not have anger
Hearing how you dishonour our clan!

TIRESIAS

By themselves, these things will arrive—even though my silence covers them.

OEDIPUS

Then since they shall arrive, you must speak to me about them! 335

TIRESIAS

Beyond this, I explain nothing. But if it is your will,
Become savage with wrath in anger.

OEDIPUS

Yes indeed I will yield to the anger possessing me
Since I do understand! For I know you appear to me
To have worked together with others to produce that deed, 340
Although it was not your hand that did the killing. But—had you sight—
I would say that the blow was yours and yours alone!

TIRESIAS

Is that so! I declare it is to the proclamation
You announced that you must adhere to, so that from this day
You should not speak to me or these others 345
Since you are the unhealthy pollution in our soil!

OEDIPUS

It is disrespectful to bound forth
With such speech! Do you believe you will escape?

TIRESIAS

I have escaped. For, by my revelations, I am nourished and made strong.

OEDIPUS

Where was your instruction from? Certainly not from your craft! 350

TIRESIAS

From you—for against my desire I cast out those words.

OEDIPUS

What words? Say them again so I can fully understand.

TIRESIAS

Did you not hear them before? Or are your words a test?

OEDIPUS

They expressed no meaning to me. Say them again.

TIRESIAS

I said you are the killer and thus the man you seek.

355

OEDIPUS

You shall not escape if you injure me so again!

TIRESIAS

Shall I then say more to make your anger greater?

OEDIPUS

As much as you desire for you are mistaken in what you say.

TIRESIAS

I say that with those nearest to you are you concealed
In disrespectful intimacy, not seeing the trouble you are in.

360

OEDIPUS

Do you believe you can continue to speak so and remain healthy?

TIRESIAS

Yes, if revelations have power.

OEDIPUS

They do for others, but not for you! They have none for you
Because you are blind in your ears, in your purpose as well as in your eyes!

TIRESIAS

In faulting me for that you are unfortunate
Because soon there will be no one who does not find fault with you.

365

OEDIPUS

You are nourished by night alone! It is not for me,
Or anyone here who sees by the light, to injure you.

TIRESIAS

It is not my destiny to be defeated by you—
Apollo is sufficient for that, since it is his duty to obtain vengeance.

370

OEDIPUS

Were those things Creon's inventions—or yours?

TIRESIAS

It is not Creon who harms you—it is yourself.

OEDIPUS

Ah! Wealth, Kingship and that art of arts
 Which surpasses others—these, in life, are envied: 375
 And great is the jealousy cherished because of you.
 It is because of this authority of mine—which this clan
 Gave into my hands, unasked—
 That the faithful Creon, a comrade from the beginning,
 Desires to furtively creep about to overthrow me
 And hires this performing wizard, 380
 This cunning mendicant priest who sees only
 For gain but who is blind in his art!
 So now tell me: where and when have you given clear divinations?
 For you did not—when that bitch was here chanting her verses—
 Speak out and so give deliverance to your clansfolk. 385
 Yet her enigma was not really for some passing man
 To disclose since it required a prophet's art:
 But your augury foretold nothing and neither did you learn anything
 From any god! It was I who came along—
 I, Oedipus, who sees nothing!—I who put an end to her 390
 By happening to use reason rather than a knowledge of augury.
 Now it is me you are trying to exile since your purpose
 Is to stand beside the throne among Creon's supporters.
 But I intend to make you sorry! Both of you—who worked together
 To drive me out. And if I did not respect you as an Elder, 395
 Pain would teach you a kind of judgement!

CHORUS

Yet I suspect that he has spoken
 In anger, as I believe you did, Oedipus.
 But this is not what is needed. Instead, it is the god's oracle
 That will, if examined, give us the best remedy. 400

TIRESIAS

Though you are the King, I have at least an equality of words
 In return, for I also have authority.
 I do not live as your servant—but for Loxias—
 Just as I am not inscribed on the roll as being under Creon's patronage.
 Thus, I speak for myself—since you have found fault with me because I am blind. 405
 When you look, you do not see the trouble you are in,
 Nor where you dwell, nor who you are intimate with.
 Do you know from whom your being arose? Though concealed, you are the enemy
 Of your own, below and upon this land:
 On both sides beaten by your mother and your father 410
 To be driven out from this land by a swift and angry Fury—
 And you who now see straight will then be in darkness.
 What place will not be a haven for your cries?
 What Cithaeron will not, and soon, resound with them
 When you understand your wedding-night in that abode 415
 Into where you fatefully and easily sailed but which is no haven from your voyage?
 Nor do you understand the multitude of troubles
 Which will make you equal with yourself and your children.
 Thus it is, so therefore at my mouth and at Creon's
 Throw your dirt! For there is no other mortal whose being 420
 Will be so completely overwhelmed by troubles as yours.

OEDIPUS

Am I to endure hearing such things from him?

May misfortune come to you! Go from here—without delay!
 Away from my dwelling! Turn and go!

TIRESIAS

I would not have come here, had you not invited me.

425

OEDIPUS

I did not know you would speak nonsense
 Or I would have been unwilling to ask you here to my dwelling.

TIRESIAS

So you believe I was born lacking sense?
 Yet I made sense to those who gave you birth.

OEDIPUS

What? Wait! Which mortals gave me birth?

430

TIRESIAS

It is on this day that you are born and also destroyed.

OEDIPUS

All that you have said is enigmatic or lacking in reason.

TIRESIAS

But are you not the best among us in working things out?

OEDIPUS

Do you find fault with what I have discovered is my strength?

TIRESIAS

It is that very fortune which has totally ruined you.

435

OEDIPUS

I am not concerned—if I have preserved this clan.

TIRESIAS

Then I shall depart. You—boy! Lead me away.

OEDIPUS

Let him lead you away. While here, you are under my feet
 And annoy me. When gone—you will give me no more pain.

TIRESIAS

I shall go but speak that for which I was fetched, with no dread
 Because of your countenance. For you cannot harm me.

440

I say that the man you have long searched for
 And threatened and made proclamation about for the killing
 Of Laius—he is present, here.

Although called a foreigner among us, he will be exposed as a native
 Of Thebes but have no delight in that event.

445

Blind, though recently able to see—

And a beggar, who before was rich—he shall go to foreign lands
 With a stick to guide him along the ground on his journey.

And he shall be exposed to his children as both their father
 And their brother; to the woman who gave him birth

450

As both her son and husband; and to his father
 As his killer who seeded her after him. So go

Within to reason this out and if you catch me deceiving you,
 Then say that in my prophecies there is nothing for me to be proud of. 455
[Exit Tiresias and Oedipus]

CHORUS

Who is the one that the god-inspired oracle-stone at Delphi saw
 With bloody hands doing that which it is forbidden to speak of?
 For now is the day for him to move his feet swifter
 Than storm's horses as he flees
 Since the son of Zeus—armed with fire and lightning— 460
 Is leaping toward him
 Accompanied by those angry
 And infallible Furies!
 It was not that long ago that the omen shone forth
 From the snows of Parnassus: Search everywhere for that man who is concealed; 465
 He who wanders up to the wild-woods,
 Through caves and among the rocks like some bull—
 He unlucky in his desolation who by his unlucky feet
 Seeks to elude that prophecy from the Temple at the centre of the world—
 That living doom which circles around him. 470
 There is a strange wonder—wrought by he who is skilled in augury;
 I cannot believe, yet cannot disbelieve, nor explain my confusion
 For fear hovers over me. I cannot see what is here, or what is behind!
 Yet—if there was between the family of Labdacus,
 And that son of Polybus, any strife existing 475
 Either now or before, I have not learned of it
 To thus use it as proof to examine by trial and thus attack
 The public reputation of Oedipus, becoming thus for the family of Labdacus
 Their ally in respect of that killing which has been concealed.
 Rather—this is for Zeus and Apollo, who have the skill 480
 To understand, although that other man has won more
 For his discoveries than I.
 Even so, on some things nothing decisive is discovered:
 As in learning, where by learning
 One man may overtake another. 485
 Thus not before I see that they who accuse him are speaking straight
 Will I declare myself for them
 For she was visible—that winged girl who came down against him—
 And we then saw proof of his knowledge, which was beneficial to our clan.
 So therefore my decision is not to condemn him as ignoble. 490
[Enter Creon]

CREON

Clansmen! Having learnt of a horrible accusation
 Made against me by Oedipus the King
 I hastened here! If, in these our troubles,
 He deems that he has suffered because of me—
 Been injured by some word or some deed— 495
 Then I would have no desire to live as long as I might
 Having to bear such talk! For it is not simple—
 The damage that would be done to me by such words:
 Rather, it would be great, for I would be dishonoured before my clan—
 With you and my kinsfolk hearing my name dishonoured. 500

CHORUS

That insult perhaps came forth because of anger—
Rather than being a conclusion from reason.

CREON

And it was declared that it was my reasoning
Which persuaded the prophet to utter false words?

CHORUS

It was voiced—but I do not know for what reason.

505

CREON

Were his eyes straight, was he thinking straight
When he made that allegation against me?

CHORUS

I do not know. For I do not observe what my superiors do.
But here, from out of his dwelling, comes the Chief himself.
[Enter Oedipus]

OEDIPUS

You there! Why are you here? Have you so much face
That you dare to come to my home?

510

You—the one exposed as the killer of its man
And, vividly, as a robber seeking my Kingship!
In the name of the gods, tell me if it was cowardice or stupidity
That you saw in me when you resolved to undertake this!

515

Did you reason that I would not observe your cunning treachery—
Or, if I did learn of it, I would not defend myself?
Instead, it was senseless of you to set your hand to this—
With no crowd or comrades—and go in pursuit of authority:
That which is captured by using wealth and the crowd!

520

CREON

You know what you must do—in answer to your words
Be as long in hearing my reply so that you can, with knowledge, judge for yourself.

OEDIPUS

Your words are clever—but I would be mistaken to learn from you,
Since I have found how dangerous and hostile you are to me.

CREON

That is the first thing you should hear me speak about.

525

OEDIPUS

Do not tell me: it is that you are *not* a traitor!

CREON

If you believe that what is valuable is pride, by itself,
Without a purpose, then your judgement is not right.

OEDIPUS

And if you believe you can betray a kinsman
And escape without punishment, then your judgement is no good.

530

	CREON	
I agree that such a thing is correct— So inform me what injury you say I have inflicted.		
	OEDIPUS	
Did you convince me or did you not convince me that I should Send a man to bring here that respected prophet?		
	CREON	535
I am the same person now as the one who gave that advice.		
	OEDIPUS	
How long is the duration since Laius—		
	CREON	
Since he did what? I do not understand.		
	OEDIPUS	
Since he disappeared: removed by deadly force?		
	CREON	
The measurement of that duration is great—far into the past.		
	OEDIPUS	540
So—was that prophet then at his art?		
	CREON	
Yes: of equal skill and having the same respect as now.		
	OEDIPUS	
At that period did he make mention of me?		
	CREON	
Certainly not to me nor when I was standing nearby.		
	OEDIPUS	
Was there no inquiry held about the killing?		
	CREON	545
It was indeed undertaken, although nothing was learned.		
	OEDIPUS	
So why did that clever person not speak , then?		
	CREON	
I do not know. And about things I cannot judge for myself, I prefer to be silent.		
	OEDIPUS	
But you do know why and would say it if you had good judgement!		
	CREON	
What? If I did know, then I would not deny it.		
	OEDIPUS	550
It is that if he had not met with you, He would not have spoken about “my” killing of Laius.		

CREON

You should know if he indeed said that.
Now, however, it is fair that I question you just as you have me.

OEDIPUS

Question me well—for you will never convict me as the killer!

CREON

Nevertheless. You had my sister—took her as wife?

555

OEDIPUS

That is an assertion that cannot be denied.

CREON

Does she, in this land, possess an authority the equal of yours?

OEDIPUS

Whatever is her wish, she obtains from me.

CREON

And am I—who completes the triad—not the equal of you both?

OEDIPUS

And it because of that, that you are exposed as a traitor to your kin!

560

CREON

No! For consider these reasons for yourself, as I have,
Examining this first: do you believe anyone
Would prefer authority with all its problems
To untroubled calm if they retained the same superiority?

I myself do not nurture such a desire

565

To be King rather than do the deeds of a King:
No one commanding good judgement would, whoever they were.

Now, and from you, I receive everything with no problems
But if the authority was mine, I would have to do many things against my nature.

How then could being a King bring me more pleasure

570

Than the trouble-free authority and power I have?

I am not yet so much deceived

As to want honours other than those which profit me.

Now, I greet everyone, and now, everyone bids me well

Just as, now, those who want something from you call upon me

575

Since only in that way can they possibly have success.

Why, then, would I let go of these to accept that?

A traitor cannot, because of his way of thinking, have good judgement.

I am not a lover of those whose nature is to reason so

And would not endure them if they did act.

580

As proof of this, first go yourself to Pytho

To inquire whether the message I brought from the oracle there was true

And if you detect that I and that interpreter of signs

Plotted together, then kill me—not because of a single vote,

But because of two, for you will receive mine as well as yours.

585

I should not be accused because of unclear reasoning and that alone.

It is not fair when the ignoble, rashly,

Are esteemed as worthy or the worthy as ignoble.

I say that to cast away an honourable friend is to do the same

To that which is with life and which you cherish the most.

590

It takes a while for an intuition to be made steady

For it is only after a while that a man shows if he is fair
Although an ignoble one is known as such in a day.

CHORUS

Honourable words from someone cautious of falling,
My Lord. Those swift in their judgement are unsteady. 595

OEDIPUS

But when there is a plot against me which is swiftly and furtively
Moving forward, then I must be swift in opposing that plot
Since if I remain at rest, then indeed
What is about to be done, will be—because of my mistake.

CREON

Then you still desire to cast me from this land? 600

OEDIPUS

Not so! It is your death, not your exile, that I want!

CREON

When you explain to me what is the nature of this thing “envy”—

OEDIPUS

You speak without yielding and not in good faith!

CREON

Is it not your ‘good judgement’ that is keenly being observed?

OEDIPUS

But at least it is mine! 605

CREON

And for that very reason it is but the equal of mine.

OEDIPUS

But you have a treacherous nature!

CREON

But if nothing has been proved—

OEDIPUS

Even so, there must be authority.

CREON

Not when that authority is defective. 610

OEDIPUS

My clan! My clan!

CREON

A portion of the clan is for me—not wholly for you!

CHORUS

My Lords, stop this! It is fortunate perhaps that I observe
Jocasta approaching from her dwelling, since it is fitting for her
To make right the quarrel which now excites you. 615
[Enter Jocasta]

JOCASTA

You wretches! Why this ill-advised strife
 Produced by your tongues? Are you not dishonoured—when this land
 Is suffering—by becoming moved by personal troubles?
 You should go within; while you, Creon, should go to your dwelling
 So as not to let what is only nothing become a great sorrow. 620

CREON

My kin by blood! It is horrible what your husband Oedipus,
 From two unfair things, has decided it is right to do!
 To push me from this land of my ancestors—or to seize and kill me!

OEDIPUS

Yes! For he was, my lady, caught trying to injure
 My person by a cowardly art. 625

CREON

[looking upward]
 Deny me, this day, your assistance—curse and destroy me
 If I committed that which I am accused of doing!

JOCASTA

Before the god, trust him, Oedipus!
 Chiefly because of this oath to the god
 And then because of me and these others here beside you. 630

CHORUS

My Lord—be persuaded, having agreed to reflect on this.

OEDIPUS

To what do you wish me to yield?

CHORUS

Respect he who before has never been weak—he now strengthened by that oath.

OEDIPUS

Do you know what it is that you so desire?

CHORUS

I do know. 635

OEDIPUS

Then explain what you believe it to be.

CHORUS

When a comrade is under oath, you should never accuse him
 Because of unproved rumours and brand him as being without honour.

OEDIPUS

Then attend to this well. When you seek this, it is my
 Destruction that is sought—or exile from this land. 640

CHORUS

No! By the god who is Chief of all the gods—
 Helios! Bereft of gods, bereft of kin—may the extremist death
 Of all be mine if such a judgement was ever mine!
 But ill-fated would be my breath of life—which the decay in this soil

Already wears down—if to those troubles of old
There was joined this trouble between you and him. 645

OEDIPUS

Then allow him to go—although it requires my certain death
Or that I, without honour and by force, am thrown out from this land.
And it is because of you, not because of him—the mercy coming from your mouth—
That I do this. As for him—wherever he goes—I will detest him! 650

CREON

It is clear that you are hostile as you yield—and so dangerous, even though
Your anger has gone. For natures such as yours
Are deservedly painful to those who endure them.

OEDIPUS

Then go away and leave me.

CREON

I shall depart. To you, I remain unknown—but to these, here, I am the same. 655
[Exit Creon]

CHORUS

My Lady—why do you delay in returning with him into your dwelling?

JOCASTA

Because I wish to learn what has happened.

CHORUS

Suspicion arising from unreasonable talk—and a wounding that was unfair.

JOCASTA

From both of them?

CHORUS

Indeed. 660

JOCASTA

What was the talk?

CHORUS

Too much for me, too much for this land, wearied before this.
Since it appears to have ceased, here—let it remain so.

OEDIPUS

Observe where you have come to with your prowess in reason
By me giving way and blunting my passion! 665

CHORUS

My Lord, I will not say this only this once:
My judgement would be defective—and by my purposeless judgements
Would be shown to be so—if I deserted you,
You who when this land I love was afflicted
And despairing, set her straight. 670
Now be for us our lucky escort, again!

JOCASTA

My Lord—before the god explain to me
What act roused such wrath and made you hold onto it.

OEDIPUS

It will be told. For I respect you, my lady, more than them.
It was Creon—the plot he had against me.

675

JOCASTA

Then speak about it—if you can clearly affix blame for the quarrel.

OEDIPUS

He declared that it was me who had killed Laius.

JOCASTA

Did he see it, for him self—or learn of it from someone?

OEDIPUS

It was rather that he let that treacherous prophet bring it—
So as to make his own mouth entirely exempt.

680

JOCASTA

Therefore, and this day, acquit yourself of what was spoken about
And listen to me, for you will learn for yourself
That no mortal is given the skill to make prophecies.
I bring to light evidence for this:

An oracle came to Laius once—not I say

685

From Phoebus himself but from a servant—

That his own death was destined to come from a child

Which he and I would produce.

But—as it was reported—one day foreign robbers

Slew him where three cart-tracks meet.

690

As to the child—his growth had not extended to the third day

When we yoked the joints of its feet

And threw it—by another's hand—upon a desolate mountain.

So, in those days, Apollo did not bring about, for him,

That he slay the father who begot him—nor, for Laius,

695

That horror which he feared—being killed by his son.

Such were the limits set by those words of revelation!

Therefore, do not concern yourself with them: for what a god

Wants others to find out, he will by himself unmistakably reveal.

OEDIPUS

As I heard you just now my lady,

700

My judgement became muddled as the breath of life left me.

JOCASTA

What has so divided you that you turn away to speak?

OEDIPUS

I believed I heard this from you—that Laius

Was killed near where three cart-tracks meet.

JOCASTA

It was, indeed, voiced—and is so, still.

705

	OEDIPUS	
Where is the place where came his misfortune?		
	JOCASTA	
The nearby land of Phocis—where the track splits To come from Delphi and from Daulia.		
	OEDIPUS	
How many seasons have passed since that thing was done?		
	JOCASTA	
It was just before you held this land's authority That it was revealed by a herald to the clan.		710
	OEDIPUS	
O Zeus! What was your purpose in doing this to me?		
	JOCASTA	
What is it that burdens your heart, Oedipus?		
	OEDIPUS	
Do not enquire yet; rather, explain to me the appearance Laius had: Was he at the height of his vigour?		715
	JOCASTA	
He was big—his head covered in hair but having a recent whiteness. His build was not far removed from your own.		
	OEDIPUS	
Wretch that I am! For it seems that over myself I, without looking, threw that terrible curse!		
	JOCASTA	
What are you saying? My Lord—I tremble as I look at you.		720
	OEDIPUS	
My courage is replaced by fear—that the prophet possesses sight! More can be explained—if you make known one more thing.		
	JOCASTA	
Though I still tremble, if I have knowledge of what you ask, I shall speak it.		
	OEDIPUS	
Did he have a slender one—or did he have many men As escort as befits a warrior chieftain?		725
	JOCASTA	
Altogether there were five, one of those being an official— And one carriage, which conveyed Laius.		
	OEDIPUS	
Now it becomes visible. But who was he, My lady, who gave you that report?		
	JOCASTA	
A servant—the very person who alone returned, having escaped harm.		730

OEDIPUS

Then perhaps he is to be found, at this moment, within our dwelling?

JOCASTA

Definitely not. For as soon as he returned here again and saw you
 Were the master of what the dead Laius had held,
 He beseeched me—his hand touching mine—
 To send him away to the wilds as a shepherd to a herd, 735
 Far away where he could not see the town.
 And so I sent him. For I deemed him worthy,
 As a slave, to have a greater reward than that favour.

OEDIPUS

Then swiftly—and with no delay—can he be returned here?

JOCASTA

He is around. But why do you desire it? 740

OEDIPUS

I fear, my lady, that far too much has already
 Been said by me. Yet it is my wish to see him.

JOCASTA

Then he shall be here. But it merits me to learn,
 My Lord, what burden within you is so difficult to bear.

OEDIPUS

I shall not deprive you of that—for what I fear 745
 Comes closer. Who is more important to me than you
 To whom I would speak when going through such an event as this?
 Polybus the Corinthian was my father—
 And the Dorian, Meropè, my mother. I was, in merit,
 Greater than the clansfolk there—until I was, by chance, 750
 Attacked. This, for me, was worthy of my wonder
 Although unworthy of my zeal:
 At a feast a man overfull with wine
 Mumbled into his chalice what I was falsely said to be my father's.
 I was annoyed by this during that day—scarcely able 755
 To hold myself back. On the one following that, I sought to question
 My mother and father, and they were indignant
 At he who had let loose those words at me.
 Because of this, I was glad, although I came to itch from them
 For much did they slither about. 760
 So, unobserved by my mother and father, I travelled
 To Pytho. But for that which I had come, Phoebus there
 Did not honour me; instead—suffering and strangeness
 And misery were what his words foresaw:
 That I must copulate with my mother—and show, 765
 For mortals to behold, a family who would not endure—
 And also be the killer of the father who planted me.
 I, after hearing this—and regarding Corinth—
 Thereafter by the stars measured the ground
 I fled upon so that I would never have to face— 770
 Because of that inauspicious prophecy—the disgrace of its fulfilment.
 And while so travelling I arrived in those regions
 Where you spoke of the King himself being killed.
 For you, my lady, I shall declare what has not been spoken of before.

While journeying, I came near to that three-fold track, 775
 And at that place an official and a carriage
 With young horse with a man mounted in it—such as you spoke of—
 Came toward me. And he who was in front as well as the Elder himself
 Were for driving me vigorously from the path.
 But the one who had pushed me aside—the carriage driver— 780
 I hit in anger: and the Elder, observing this
 From his chariot, watched for me to go past and then on the middle
 Of my head struck me with his forked goad.
 He was certainly repaid with more! By a quick blow
 From the staff in this, my hand, he fell back 785
 From the middle of the carriage and rolled straight out!
 And then I destroyed all the others. Yet if to that stranger
 And Laius there belongs a common relation
 Then who exists who is now as unfortunate as this man, here?
 Who of our race of mortals would have a daimon more hostile— 790
 He to whom it is not permitted for a stranger nor a clansman
 To receive into their homes, nor even speak to—
 But who, instead, must be pushed aside? And it is such things as these—
 These curses!—that I have brought upon myself.
 The wife of he who is dead has been stained by these hands 795
 Which killed him. Was I born ignoble?
 Am I not wholly unclean? For I must be exiled
 And in my exile never see my family
 Nor step into my own fatherland—or by marriage
 I will be yoked to my mother and slay my father 800
 Polybus, he who produced and nourished me.
 And would not someone who decided a savage daimon
 Did these things to me be speaking correctly?
 You awesome, powerful, gods—
 May I never see that day! May I go away 805
 From mortals, unobserved, before I see
 The stain of that misfortune come to me.

CHORUS

I also, my Lord, would wish to draw away from such things.
 But surely until you learn from he who was there, you can have expectations?

OEDIPUS

Indeed. There is for me just such an expectation, 810
 And one alone—to wait for that herdsman.

JOCASTA

And when he does appear, what is your intent?

OEDIPUS

I will explain it to you. If his report is found to be
 The same as yours, then I shall escape that suffering.

JOCASTA

Did you then hear something odd in my report? 815

OEDIPUS

You said he spoke of men—of robbers—being the ones
 Who did the killing. If, therefore, he still
 Speaks of there being many of them, then I am not the killer
 For one cannot be the same as the many of that kind.

But if he says a solitary armed traveller, then it is clear, 820
And points to me as the person who did that work.

JOCASTA

You should know that it was announced in that way.
He cannot go back and cast them away
For they were heard, here, by the clan—not just by me.
Yet even if he turns away from his former report, 825
Never, my Lord, can the death of Laius
Be revealed as a straight fit—for it was Loxias
Who disclosed he would be killed by the hand of my child.
But he—the unlucky one—could not have slain him
For he was himself destroyed before that. 830
Since then I have not by divination looked into
What is on either side of what is next.

OEDIPUS

I find that pleasing. However, that hired hand
Should be summoned here by sending someone—it should not be neglected.

JOCASTA

I will send someone, and swiftly. But let us go into our dwelling, 835
I would not do anything that would be disagreeable to you.
[Exit Oedipus and Jocasta]

CHORUS

May the goddess of destiny be with me
So that I bear an entirely honourable attitude
In what I say and in what I do—
As set forth above us in those customs born and 840
Given their being in the brightness of the heavens
And fathered only by Olympus.
For they were not brought forth by mortals,
Whose nature is to die. Not for them the lethargy
Of laying down to sleep 845
Since the god within them is strong, and never grows old.
Insolence plants the tyrant:
There is insolence if by a great foolishness
There is a useless over-filling which goes beyond
The proper limits— 850
It is an ascending to the steepest and utmost heights
And then that hurtling toward that Destiny
Where the useful foot has no use.
Yet since it is good for a clan to have combat,
I ask the god never to deliver us from it: 855
As may I never cease from having the god for my champion.
If someone goes forth and by his speaking
Or the deeds of his hands looks down upon others
With no fear of the goddess Judgement and not in awe
Of daimons appearing, 860
Then may he be seized by a destructive Fate
Because of his unlucky weakness.
If he does not gain what he gains fairly,
Does not keep himself from being disrespectful,
And in his foolishness holds onto what should not be touched, 865

Then how will such a man thereafter keep away those arrows of anger
 Which will take revenge on his breath of life?
 For if such actions are those are esteemed,
 Is this my respectful choral-dance required? 870
 No more would I go in awe to that never to be touched sacred-stone,
 Nor to that Temple at Abae,
 Nor Olympia—if those prophecies do not fit
 In such a way that all mortals can point it out.
 But you whom it is right to call my master—
 Zeus!—you who rule over everyone: do not forget this, 875
 You whose authority is, forever, immortal.
 For they begin to decay—those prophecies of Laius
 Given long ago, and are even now set aside
 And nowhere does Apollo become manifest because esteemed:
 For the rituals of the gods are being lost. 880
[Enter Jocasta]

JOCASTA

Lords of this land—the belief has been given to me
 That I should go to the Temples of our guardian gods, my hands
 Holding a garland and an offering of incense.
 For Oedipus lets his breath of life be too much possessed by his heart 885
 Because of all his afflictions—since, unlike a man who reasons
 And determines the limits of what is strange by the past,
 He is fearful when someone, in speaking, speaks of such things.
 Therefore, since none of my counsels have achieved anything,
 I come here—to you, Lycean Apollo, since you are close to us—
 To petition you by asking you with these my gifts 890
 That we are cleansed of defilement by you bringing us deliverance.
 For now all of us are afraid as we behold
 That he who is guiding our vessel is wounded.
[Enter Messenger]

MESSENGER

Is it from you, stranger, that I might learn where
 Is the dwelling of King Oedipus: 895
 Or, more particularly, if you have knowledge of where he himself is?

CHORUS

Here are his chambers, stranger, and he himself is within.
 But here is his wife and mother of his children.

MESSENGER

May she always prosper in her prospering descent
 Since by them her marriage is complete. 900

JOCASTA

And may you, also, stranger, because of your worthy eloquence.
 But explain to me what you seek in arriving here
 Or what it is that you wish to make known.

MESSENGER

What is profitable, my lady, for both your family and your husband.

JOCASTA
 What is it? And who sent you here, to us? 905

MESSENGER
 I am from Corinth. And when, presently, I have said my speech,
 There will be joy—of that I have no doubt—but also an equal sorrowing.

JOCASTA
 How can that be? What has a double strength that it could cause that?

MESSENGER
 He, as their King: for they who inhabit the land
 Of Isthmia would make him so—so they have said. 910

JOCASTA
 How is that? For is not Polybus, the Elder, their Master?

MESSENGER
 Not now—because death holds him in a tomb.

JOCASTA
 What are you saying? That the father of Oedipus—has died?

MESSENGER
 Is my report is not correct, then I merit death.

JOCASTA
 Swiftly—my handmaiden—go to your master 915
 To tell him this. You prophecies from the gods!—
 Where is your reality? This was the man whom Oedipus long ago from fear
 Avoided lest he kill him. And now it is because
 Of his own destiny that he died rather than through that of another.
[Enter Oedipus]

OEDIPUS
 My Lady, Jocasta: 920
 Why did you summon me here from my chamber?

JOCASTA
 Hear this man and, as you listen, watch to where
 It is that those solemn prophecies of the gods lead.

OEDIPUS
 What report has he—wherever he is from—for me?

JOCASTA
 He is from Corinth with the message that your father 925
 Polybus is no more—he is dead.

OEDIPUS
 Then announce it, stranger—leading it out yourself, old one.

MESSENGER
 If that is what I must relate first and clearly
 Then know well that his death has come upon him.

OEDIPUS
Was it by treachery—or by dealing with sickness? 930

MESSENGER
A small turn downwards, and the ageing body lies in sleep.

OEDIPUS
Am I to assume that he unfortunately perished from a sickness?

MESSENGER
Indeed—for he had been allocated a great many seasons.

OEDIPUS
Ah! Then why, my lady, look toward
The altar of some Pythian prophet, or above to those 935
Screeching birds—whose guidance was that I would
Assuredly kill my father? But he is dead
And hidden within the earth, while I am here

Without having to clean my spear. Unless—it was a longing for me
Which destroyed him, and thus he is dead because of me. 940
But then—that divine prophecy has been, by that circumstance, taken away
By Polybus lying in Hades, and thus has no importance.

JOCASTA
Did I not declare such things to you, just now?

OEDIPUS
Such was said—but I turned away because of my fear of them.

JOCASTA
Do not anymore wound your heart by such things. 945

OEDIPUS
But how can I not distance myself from that intercourse with my mother?

JOCASTA
What is there for mortals to fear, for it is chance
Which rules over them, and who can clearly foresee what does not exist?
It is most excellent to live without a plan—according to one's ability.
You should not fear being married to your mother: 950
For many are the mortals who have—in dreams also—
Lain with their mothers, and he to whom such things as these
Are as nothing, provides himself with a much easier life.

OEDIPUS
All that you expressed is fine, except for this:
She who gave me birth is alive, and since she is now still living, 955
It is necessary that I—despite your fine words—distance myself from her.

JOCASTA
Yet the death of your father is a great revelation for you.

OEDIPUS
Yes—a great one. But I fear she who is living.

MESSENGER
Who is this woman that you so fear?

OEDIPUS
Meropè, old one: she who belonged with Polybus. 960

MESSENGER
And what, concerning her, could produce fear in you?

OEDIPUS
A strange god-inspired prophecy.

MESSENGER
Is it forbidden for someone else to know—or can it be told?

OEDIPUS
Certainly. Once, Loxias said to me
That I must copulate with my own mother
And by my own hands take my father's blood. 965
Therefore, and long ago, I left Corinth
And have kept far away from there. And good fortune has been mine,
Although it is very pleasing to behold the eye's of one's parents.

MESSENGER
Was that what distanced you from your clan? 970

OEDIPUS
Yes, old one: I did not want to slaughter my father.

MESSENGER
Then why, my Lord, have I not released you from that fear—
Since I came here as a favour to you?

OEDIPUS
Certainly you would merit receiving a reward from me.

MESSENGER
And that was chiefly why I came here—
That on your arrival home I would obtain something useful. 975

OEDIPUS
But I will not rejoin those who planted me.

MESSENGER
My son! It is clearly evident you cannot see what you are doing—

OEDIPUS
Why, old one? Before the gods, enlighten me!

MESSENGER
—If it was because of that, that you avoided returning to your home. 980

OEDIPUS
Yes, out of respect for Phoebus so that what he explained could not be fulfilled.

MESSENGER
A defilement brought to you by they who planted you?

OEDIPUS
That, Elder, is the thing I have always feared.

MESSENGER
Then you should know that there is nothing to make you tremble.

OEDIPUS
Nothing? Why—if I was the child born to them? 985

MESSENGER
Because you and Polybus are not kin by blood.

OEDIPUS
Are you saying that Polybus did not sire me?

MESSENGER
The same as but no more than this man, here!

OEDIPUS
How can he who sired me be the same as he who did not?

MESSENGER
Because he did not beget you—as I did not. 990

OEDIPUS
But then why did he name me as his son?

MESSENGER
Know that you were accepted from my hands as a gift.

OEDIPUS
And he strongly loved what came from the hand of another?

MESSENGER
He was persuaded because before then he was without children.

OEDIPUS
When I was given to him—had you purchased or begotten me? 995

MESSENGER
You were found in a forest valley on Cithaeron.

OEDIPUS
And why were you travelling in that region?

MESSENGER
I was there to oversee the mountain sheep.

OEDIPUS
A shepherd—who wandered in search of work?

MESSENGER
Yes—and that season the one who, my son, was your saviour. 1000

OEDIPUS
What ailment possessed me when you took me into your hands?

MESSENGER
The joints of your feet are evidence of it.

OEDIPUS

What makes you speak of that old defect?

MESSENGER

I undid what held and pierced your ankles.

OEDIPUS

A strange disgrace—to carry such a token with me.

1005

MESSENGER

Such was the fortune that named you who you are.

OEDIPUS

Before the gods, tell me whether that thing was done by my father or my mother.

MESSENGER

I do not know—he who gave you to me would be the best judge of that.

OEDIPUS

What? From someone else? Then it was not by chance you found me?

MESSENGER

No—another shepherd gave you to me.

1010

OEDIPUS

Who was it? Can you point him out? Tell whom you saw?

MESSENGER

He was perhaps named among those of Laius.

OEDIPUS

He who once and long ago was King of this land?

MESSENGER

Yes—that man was his shepherd.

OEDIPUS

Is he then still living? Is it possible for me to see him?

1015

MESSENGER

You who are of this region would know that best.

OEDIPUS

Is there among you here, anyone
Whoever he might be, who knows this shepherd he speaks of
Or who has seen him either here or in the wilds?
If so, declare it—for here is the opportunity to find out about these things.

1020

CHORUS

I believe he is that one in the wilds
Whom you sought before to see.
But it is Jocasta—for certain—who could tell of him.

OEDIPUS

My lady—do you know if it is he who, before,
We desired to return to here? Is that the one about whom this person speaks?

1025

JOCASTA

The one he spoke about? Why? Do not return to it
Nor even desire to attend again to this idle talk!

OEDIPUS

It could never be that I would fail to grasp
These proofs which will shed light upon my origin.

JOCASTA

Before the gods! If you value your own life,
Do not seek that. I have enough pain now.

1030

OEDIPUS

Have courage—for even if my three mothers past
Were shown to be three slaves, you would not be the one exposed as low-born.

JOCASTA

I beseech you to be persuaded by me. Do not do this.

OEDIPUS

I cannot be persuaded not to learn of this for certain.

1035

JOCASTA

Yet my judgement is for your good—it is said for the best.

OEDIPUS

This “for the best” pained me before and does so again.

JOCASTA

You, the unlucky one—may you never find out who you are.

OEDIPUS

Someone go and bring that Shepherd here to me,
For she can still rejoice in her distinguished origins.

1040

JOCASTA

You are doomed: this and this alone will I
Say to you—and nothing hereafter!
[Exit Jocasta]

CHORUS

Why, Oedipus, has your lady gone, taken away
By some wild affliction? I am in awe
Of a misfortune bursting forth because of her silence about this.

1045

OEDIPUS

It is necessary that it does burst forth. However lowly
My seed may be, it is my wish to know about it.
Although she is a woman, she has a mature judgement—
But even so, perhaps she is ashamed of my low-born origins.
But I—who apportion myself a child of the goddess, Fortuna,
She of beneficence—will not become dishonoured,
For She was the mother who gave me birth: my kinsfolk
The moons which separated my greatness and my lowness.
As this is the nature of my being, I cannot ever go away from it

1050

To another, and so not learn about my birth. 1055

CHORUS

If indeed I am a prophet or skillful in reason,
 Then—by Olympus!—you shall not be without the experience,
 O Cithaeron, on the rising of the full moon,
 Of me exalting you—the kinsfolk of Oedipus,
 His mother and provider—by my choral-dance 1060
 Since a joy has been brought to my King.
 Phoebus—I invoke you, that this may also be pleasing to you!
 Who, my son, of those whose living in years is long,
 Did the mountain-wanderer Pan come down upon
 To be your father? Or was it Loxias who slept with a woman? 1065
 For agreeable to him are all those who inhabit the wilds!
 Or perhaps it was he who is the sovereign of Cyllene:
 Or he the mountain-summit dwelling god of those Bacchinities
 Who gladly received you who was found by one of those Helicon Nymphs
 With whom he so often plays! 1070

OEDIPUS

If it fitting for me—who has never had dealings with him—
 To make an estimate, Elders, then I believe I see that Shepherd
 Whom we saught before. For his great age
 Would conform and be in accord with that of this man.
 Also, those who are escorting him are servants 1075
 Of my own family. But, about this, your experience
 Has the advantage over mine since you have seen that Shepherd before.

CHORUS

I see him clearly—and, yes, I know him. For if Laius ever had
 A faithful Shepherd, it was this man.
[Enter Shepherd]

OEDIPUS

You, the stranger from Corinth, I question you first— 1080
 Is this he whom you talked about.

MESSENGER

Indeed—you behold him.

OEDIPUS

You there, old man! Here, look at me, and answer
 My questions. Did you once belong to Laius?

SHEPHERD

Yes—nourished by him, not purchased as a slave. 1085

OEDIPUS

What work did you share in or was your livelihood?

SHEPHERD

For the greater part, my living was the way of a shepherd.

OEDIPUS

And in what region did you mostly dwell with them?

SHEPHERD

It was Cithaeron—and also neighbouring regions.

OEDIPUS

This man here—did you ever observe him there and come to know him? 1090

SHEPHERD

Doing what? Which is the man you speak of?

OEDIPUS

This one, standing there. Did you have dealings with him?

SHEPHERD

Not as I recall—so as to speak about now.

MESSENGER

That is no wonder, your Lordship. But I shall bring light
Upon those things which are now unknown. For well do I know 1095

That he will see again that region of Cithaeron when he

With a double flock and I with one

Were neighbours and comrades for three entire six month

Durations from Spring to Arcturus.

Then for the Winter I would drive mine to my stables 1100

And he, his, to the pens of Laius.

Was this, of which I have spoken, done or not as I have spoken?

SHEPHERD

Your words disclose it—although it is from long ago.

MESSENGER

Well, now say you know that you offered me a boy,
A nursling to rear as my own. 1105

SHEPHERD

What do you mean? What do you ask me for?

MESSENGER

This, sir, is he who was that youngster!

SHEPHERD

May misfortune come to you! Why do you not keep silent?

OEDIPUS

You—old man. Do not restrain him for it is your speech
Which should be more restrained, not his. 1110

SHEPHERD

Most noble Lord—what is my fault?

OEDIPUS

In not telling of the child he asked about.

SHEPHERD

But he speaks without looking as he toils without an aim.

OEDIPUS

If you will not speak as a favour, you will when you cry-out.

SHEPHERD
Before the gods, do not strike someone who is old. 1115

OEDIPUS
Swiftly, one of you, twist his hands behind his back.

SHEPHERD
You unlucky one! What more do you desire to learn from me?

OEDIPUS
Did you give him that child he asked about?

SHEPHERD
I did. And it would have been to my advantage to die that day.

OEDIPUS
It will come to that if your words are not true. 1120

SHEPHERD
Yet much more will be destroyed if I do speak.

OEDIPUS
This man, it seems, pushes for a delay.

SHEPHERD
I do not. Just now I said I gave him.

OEDIPUS
Taken from where? Your abode—or from that of another?

SHEPHERD
Not from my own; I received him from someone. 1125

OEDIPUS
Who—of these clansmen here? From whose dwelling?

SHEPHERD
Your lordship, before the gods do not ask me more.

OEDIPUS
You die if I have to put that question to you again.

SHEPHERD
Then—it was one of those fathered by Laius.

OEDIPUS
From a slave? Or born from one of his own race? 1130

SHEPHERD
Ah! Here before me is what I dread. Of speaking it...

OEDIPUS
And I, of hearing it, although hear it I must.

SHEPHERD
It was said to be his own child. But of these things,
It is your lady—who is within—who could best speak of them.

Why? Because she gave it to you?	OEDIPUS	1135
Indeed, Lord.	SHEPHERD	
Why did she want that?	OEDIPUS	
So it would be destroyed.	SHEPHERD	
How grievous for she who bore the child!	OEDIPUS	
Yes—but she dreaded divine prophecies of ill-omen.	SHEPHERD	1140
Which were?	OEDIPUS	
The word was that he would kill his parents.	SHEPHERD	
Then why did you let this elderly one take him.	OEDIPUS	
	MESSENGER	
Because, your lordship, of mercy—so that to another land He might fittingly convey it: to where he himself came from. But he saved him for this mighty wound. If then you are The one he declares you to be, know how unlucky was your birth!		1145
	OEDIPUS	
Ah! All that was possible has, with certainty, passed away. You—daylight—I now look my last at what I behold by you: I, exposed as born from those who should not have borne me— As having been intimate with those I should not, and killed those I should not. <i>[Exit Oedipus, Shepherd and Messenger]</i>		1150
	CHORUS	
You descendants of mortals— I count your zest as being equivalent to nothing, For where is the person Who has won more from a lucky daimon Than just that appearance of fame Which later is peeled away? Yours—your daimon, Oedipus the unlucky— We hold as an example That nothing mortal is favoured. For, O Zeus, it was beyond the bounds of others That he shot his arrow to win An all-prospering lucky daimon: He who in destroying that virginal chantress of oracles With the curved claws,		1155 1160 1165

Arose in my country as a defence against death.
 And who since then has been called my Lord
 And greatly honoured as the chief of Thebes the magnificent!
 But now—who has heard of a greater misfortune?
 Who is there so savagely ruined that he dwells with such troubles 1170
 With his life so changed?
 Alas—Oedipus, the renowned! A mature haven
 Was enough for you
 As child and father when you fell upon
 That woman in her inner chamber! 1175
 How, how could what your father pushed into
 Have the vigour for you for so long and in silence?
 Chronos, the all-seeing, has found you, beyond your own will,
 For long ago it was determined that from that marriage which was no marriage
 Those children who have been born were the children that would be born. 1180
 But—as being the son of Laius,
 I wish, I wish that I had never known this.
 For I lament, and my cry is above all the others
 As it comes forth from my mouth.
 To speak straight: you gave me breath again 1185
 But I allowed my eyes to sleep.
[Enter Second Messenger]

MESSENGER

You who in this land have always been esteemed the most!
 What deeds you are to hear—what behold!—and how much grief
 Will weigh upon you if, on fidelity to your origins, 1190
 Your concern is still for the family of Labdacus!
 For, alas, neither the Ister nor the Phasis
 Can wash clean these chambers, so much suffering
 Do they conceal—soon to be exposed to the light
 As willed, not done outside the aid of will. Those injuries
 Which bring the most grieving, are those shown to be of our own choice. 1195

CHORUS

What I knew before could not fail to make my grieving
 Anything but grave; after that—what could you announce?

MESSENGER

What is a quick tale to say
 And to understand: the divinity, Jocasta, is dead.

CHORUS

A misfortune! From what cause? 1200

MESSENGER

By she herself. But, of those events,
 What was most painful is not for you—for you did not view them.
 Yet—as long as my Muse is with me—
 You can learn of the sufferings of her fate.
 She—coloured by emotion—passed within the hall 1205
 To run straight to that bridal-bed of hers
 Tearing at her hair with the fingers of both her hands.
 Then, she went within—thrusting the doors closed—
 To invoke Laius, he who long ago was a corpse,

Recalling that seed she received long ago by which 1210
 He was killed, to leave her to produce
 Unlucky children from his own begotten child.
 She lamented the bed of her double misfortune:
 From her husband, a husband—and children from that child.
 How, after that, she perished, I did not see 1215
 For with a war-cry Oedipus pushed in—and, because of him,
 We did not behold the end of her suffering.
 To him, we looked as he ploughed around
 For wildly he ranged about, demanding his spear,
 His lady who was not his lady, and where he might find that maternal 1220
 Double-womb which produced he himself and his children.
 He was frenzied, and a daimon guided him—
 For it was no man who was standing nearby—
 And with a fearful shout—as if someone led the way—
 He was propelled into those double-doors and, from their supports, 1225
 Bent those hollow barriers to fall into her chamber.
 And there we beheld that lady suspended
 In the swinging braided cords by which she had stricken herself.
 He, seeing this, with a fearful roar of grief
 Let down the cords which suspended her. Then when she the unfortunate 1230
 Was lain on the ground, there was something dreadful to behold:
 For he tore from her those gold brooches
 With which she had adorned herself
 And raised them to assault his own circular organs,
 Speaking such as this: that they would not have sight of 1235
 Those troubles he had suffered or had caused
 But would henceforth and in darkness have sight of what
 They should not and what he himself should not have had knowledge of.
 Then with a awesome lament not once but frequently
 He raised them to strike into his eyes. At each, blood 1240
 From his eyes dropped to his beard, not releasing blood
 Drop by drop—but all at once:
 A dark storm hailing drops of blood.
 From those two has this burst forth—not on one
 But on that man and his lady, joined by these troubles. 1245
 That old prosperity anciently theirs was indeed once
 A worthy prosperity—but now, on this day, there is
 Lamentation, misfortune, death, disgrace, and of all those troubles
 That exist and which have names, there is not one which is not here.

CHORUS

Does he who suffers now rest from injury? 1250

MESSENGER

He shouts for the barriers to be opened to expose
 To all who are of Cadmus, this patricide,
 This mother...—I will not say the profanity he speaks—
 So he can cast himself from this land, and not remain
 For this dwelling to become cursed because of his curse. 1255
 But he requires strength and a guide
 For too great for him to carry is that burden
 Which he will make known to you. You will behold a spectacle
 Which even those to whom it is horrible, will make lament for.
[Enter the blind Oedipus]

CHORUS

How strange for mortals to see such an accident as this! 1260
 It is the strangest thing of all ever
 To come before me. You—who suffer this—
 What fury came upon you? What daimon
 With great leaps from a great height
 Came upon you bringing such an unfortunate fate? 1265
 I lament for your bad-luck.
 Though I am not able to look at you—
 There is much I wish to ask, much to understand,
 Much to know
 Even though I am here, shivering. 1270

OEDIPUS

I am in agony!
 To where, in my misery, am I carried? To where
 Is my voice conveyed as it flees from me?
 You—that daimon! To where have you brought me?

CHORUS

Somewhere strange with nothing to be heard and nothing to be seen. 1275

OEDIPUS

Nothing announced the arrival of this dark cloud shrouding me!
 Something unconquerable—brought by an unfavourable wind.
 As one do the stings of those goads,
 And the recalling of those troubles, pierce me!

CHORUS

It is no surprise that because of such injuries 1280
 You endure a double mourning and a double misfortune.

OEDIPUS

My friend!
 You, at least, are my steadfast comrade
 Because you have the endurance to attend to the blind.
 For you are not hidden from me—I clearly know, 1285
 Even in this darkness, that it is your voice.

CHORUS

You of strange deeds—how did you bear
 To so extinguish your sight? What daimon carried you away?

OEDIPUS

It was Apollo—Apollo, my friend,
 Who brought such troubles to such a troubled end. 1290
 But it was my own hand, and no other, which made the assault—
 I, who suffer this. For why should I have sight
 When there was nothing pleasing to see?

CHORUS

These things are as you have said they are.

OEDIPUS

Who could I behold? 1295
 Who could be loved—or whose greeting,
 My friend, would be delightful to hear?

So, and swiftly, send me away from this place.
 Send away, my friend, this great pest—
 This bringer of a curse: the mortal whom our gods
 Detest the most. 1300

CHORUS

You are as helpless in that resolve as you were in your misfortune:
 Thus I wish you had never come to know of those things!

OEDIPUS

May death come to whosoever while roaming those grasslands loosened
 Those cruel fetters and so safely pulled me away from death!
 For it was not a favourable deed. 1305
 For had I died then no grief such as this
 Would have been caused to either me or my kin.

CHORUS

I also wish that.

OEDIPUS

I would not, then, have shed the blood of my father 1310
 As I journeyed, and not be named by mortals
 As the husband of she who gave me my birth.
 I am without a god—an unconsecrated child—
 And now of the same kind as he who gave me this miserable existence!
 If there is a trouble which is even older than these troubles, 1315
 Then it will be the lot of Oedipus.

CHORUS

I do not know if I could say that your intentions were right,
 For it is perhaps better to no longer exist than to live, blind.

OEDIPUS

But as to this being done for the best—
 You should not instruct me, nor offer me more advice. 1320
 For, if I had eyes, I would not know where to look
 When I went to Hades and saw my father
 Or my unfortunate mother, since to both
 I have done what is so outstanding that a strangling is excluded.
 Perhaps the sight of children is desirable: 1325
 To behold how those buds are mine will grow—
 But it would certainly not be to these eyes of mine.
 Nor would that of this town, or its towers, or the sacrifices
 Offered to daimons. For it was most unfortunate that I—
 Who as no one else in Thebes prospered most excellently— 1330
 Bereaved myself of such things by my own declaration
 That everyone must push aside the profane one—the one the gods
 Have exposed as unclean and of the clan of Laius.
 After I have made known this, my stain,
 How could I look those here straight in the eye? 1335
 Certainly I could not. And if what is heard could be blocked out
 At that source in my ears, I would not have held myself back
 From this miserable body and thus would be blind and also hear nothing!
 For it is pleasing to dwell away from concern about injury.
 Why, Cithaeron—why did you receive me, and having accepted, 1340
 Not directly kill me so I would never make known
 To mortals whence I was born?

O Polybus and Corinth—and you that others called the ancient clan-home
 Of my ancestors—I, the beauty that you reared
 Had bad wounds festering underneath! 1345
 For I am found to be defective having been defective from my birth.
 You three routes and concealed valley,
 You grove and narrow place of the three-fold paths:
 You took in from my hands that blood which was my father's
 But also mine—so perhaps you can still recall 1350
 Those deeds that I did there, and then, when here,
 What I also achieved? You—those rites of joy
 Which gave me my birth and which planted me anew
 By the same seed being shot up to manifest fathers,
 Brothers, sons—the blood of a kinsman— 1355
 Brides, wives, mothers: as much shame
 As can arise from deeds among mortals.
 No one should speak about things they do not favour doing.
 Swiftly then—before the gods and beyond here—
 Hide me away or kill me or upon the sea cast me 1360
 So that you will never look upon me again.
 Come, and dignify this unhappy man by your touch.
 Be persuaded—do not fear. For this misfortune is mine alone
 And no mortal except me can bear it.
[Enter Creon]

CHORUS

As to this request of yours—it is fitting that here is Creon 1365
 To act and give advice,
 For he alone is left to be guardian of this region in your place.

OEDIPUS

But what is there than I can say to him?
 What trust can with fairness be shown to me?
 For I am discovered as being false to him, previously, in everything. 1370

CREON

I did not come here, Oedipus, to laugh
 Nor to blame you for your previous error.
[Creon turns to speak to the crowd who have gathered]
 You—there—even if you do not honour those descended from mortals,
 Have respect for the all-nourishing flames of the Lord Helios
 So that this stain is not looked upon when it is uncovered— 1375
 This which neither our soil nor the sacred waters
 Nor daylight will welcome.
 Swiftly now take him into his chambers:
 For the most proper conduct is that only kinfolk
 Look at and hear a kinsman's faults. 1380

OEDIPUS

Before the gods—since you have torn from me a dread
 By you coming here—you, the most noble—to me, a most ignoble man,
 Yield me something. I say this not for myself, but for you.

CREON

What favour do you request so earnestly?

OEDIPUS	
That you throw me from this land as swiftly as you can To where it is known there will be not one mortal to greet me.	1385
CREON	
Know that this would certainly have been done—were it not necessary For me first to learn from the god what I should do.	
OEDIPUS	
But his saying was completely clear— That I, the disrespectful one, the patricide, must depart.	1390
CREON	
Those were the words—but since our needs have changed It is better to learn what must be done.	
OEDIPUS	
But you will enquire of behalf of this unhappy man?	
CREON	
Yes—as you should now pay tribute to the god.	
OEDIPUS	
Certainly—and I rely on you for this supplication: That you give to she who is within, a tomb such as you might desire To lay yourself in—for it is correct to so perform this on behalf of your own. As for me—never once let it be deemed fitting, while I happen to live, For this my father’s town to have me within it.	1395
Instead, let me dwell in the mountains—to where is Cithaeron Renowned because of me; for my mother and my father While they lived appointed it the tomb I would lay in. Thus, there I will depart, killed as they desired. Yet I do know that neither a sickness Nor anything similar will destroy me, for I would never have been saved From that death unless it was for some horrible injury. Hence I shall await that destiny which is mine—whatever its nature. As for my sons—do not, Creon, add them To your care. For they are men, and therefore will never Lack the ability—wherever they are—to survive.	1400
But as for those unfortunate ones, my girls For whom my table of food was never separate from Nor who were ever without me, so that whatever I touched Would be shared between us— Attend to them, for me. Would that you could let my hands touch them And they lament for my injuries. Let these things be, Lord— Let them be so, you of this noble race. For if my hands could reach them I would believe they were mine just as when I had my sight.	1405
<i>[Enter Antigone and Ismene]</i>	
What is this? Before the gods!—Do I not hear those whom I love, Weeping? Has Creon let them make lament for me, Sending here those who are dearest to me—my daughters? Is this right?	1410
	1415
	1420
	1425

CREON

It is right. For I prepared this for you.
I conjectured this—your present delight—since it has possessed you before.

OEDIPUS

Then good fortune to you on your path—
And may you be guarded by a better daimon than was my fate! 1430
My children—where are you? Come here—here
To these my hands of he who is your brother:
These of he who planted you and which assisted your father
To see in this way with what before were clear eyes.
He, my children, who sees nothing, who enquires about nothing— 1435
He who is exposed as fathering you from where he himself was sown.
Even though I cannot behold you, I lament for you
Because I know of the bitter life left to you
Which mortals will cause you to live.
For what gathering of townfolk could you go to? 1440
What festivals—from where you would not return, lamenting,
To your dwelling instead of watching the spectacle?
And when you become ripe for marriage
Who is there who exists, my children, who would chance it—
Accepting the rebukes that will as painful for they who begat me 1445
As they will be for you?
For what injury is not here? Your father killed his father;
He seeded her who had brought him forth
And from where he himself was sown
You were born—in the same way he himself was acquired. 1450
Such as this will you be rebuked with. Who then will marry you?
Such a person does not exist. No, my children, it is without doubt
That you must go to waste unsown and unmarried.
Son of Menoeceus! You are the only father
Who is left to them, for we who planted them are destroyed: 1455
Both of us. Watch that they do not wander
As beggars, without a man, since they are of your family—
Or that they become the equal of me in misfortune.
Rather, favour them because you see them at such an age as this,
Deserted by everyone—except for yourself. 1460
Agree to this, noble lord, and touch me with your hand.
And you, my children—had you judgement, I would even now
Have given you much advice. As it is, let your supplication be
To live where it is allowed and to obtain a life more agreeable
Than that of the father who planted you. 1465

CREON

Let this abundance of lamentation pass away—and go into those chambers.

OEDIPUS

I shall obey, although it is not pleasing.

CREON

All fine things have their season.

OEDIPUS

Do you know my conditions for going?

CREON

Speak them—and I, having heard them, will know. 1470

Send me far from this land.	OEDIPUS	
That gift comes from the gods.	CREON	
But the gods must detest me!	OEDIPUS	
Then swiftly will your wish be fulfilled.	CREON	
But do you grant this?	OEDIPUS	1475
I have no desire to speak idly about things I cannot judge.	CREON	
Then now lead me from here.	OEDIPUS	
Move away from your children—and go.	CREON	
But do not take them from me.	OEDIPUS	
Do not desire to be master in all things: For you are without the strength which assisted you during your life.	CREON	1480
	CHORUS	
You who dwell in my fatherland, Thebes, observe—here is Oedipus, He who understood that famous enigma and was a strong man: What clansman did not behold that fortune without envy? But what a tide of problems have come over him! Therefore, look toward that ending which is for us mortals To observe that particular day—calling no one lucky until, Without the pain of injury, they are conveyed beyond life's ending.		1485



IMAGE 1.12: OEDIPUS | Oedipus displaying his injuries after the climax of his drama.

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THE APOLOGY

Plato (428-347)

Written ca. 399-389 BCE

Greece

“The Apology” (which means, simply, “defense”) is Plato’s account of the three speeches that Socrates gave at his trial in 399 B.C.E. At the age of 71, Socrates was charged by the prosecutors Anytus and Miletus with corruption of the youth of Athens, sophistry (fraudulent teaching practices), and heresy. We do not know exactly what the prosecution said in its presentation, because that has not been recorded for us, but it can be assumed that mention was made of some of Socrates’ students, like the politician Critias (one of the Thirty Tyrants) and the general Alcibiades, both of whom supported Athens’ rival Sparta and were regarded as traitors. It had therefore been rumored for some time that Socrates’ teachings were dangerous because they led men to rebel against the state. In his defense, Socrates argued that he only questioned authority in an effort to keep the state healthy and that he himself had nearly been the victim of Critias for refusing to do the bidding of the Thirty Tyrants.

“The Apology” consists of the following three speeches:

1. The defense proper: Socrates answered the charges levelled against him.
2. The sentencing plea: Having been found guilty, Socrates was expected to request exile, but he refused to do so.
3. Socrates’s farewell to Athens: After being sentenced to death, Socrates spoke to both his detractors and his supporters.

Plato, Socrates’ faithful student, was an attendant at both his trial and his subsequent execution, and he gifted to us “The Apology” which stands over two millennia later as a monument to freedom and justice and truth.

Questions to consider while reading this selection:

- What is Socrates attitude toward the trial and his prosecutors? What about the judges?
- You will notice as you read that Socrates has to ask the 500 judges to settle down periodically. What is that the audience is feeling? Are they cheering or booing him? How can you tell? Does he agitate them on purpose?
- Some have said that Socrates behaves arrogantly. Do you agree? Why or why not?
- Looking at “The Apology” as Socrates’ last chance to teach the Athenians something, what do you think he tried to teach them?

Written by Rhonda L. Kelley

THE APOLOGY OF SOCRATES

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Socrates, translated by Henry Cary

Edited, annotated, and compiled by Rhonda L. Kelley

The Defense⁷⁷

“I am Not Eloquent”

I know not, O Athenians!⁷⁸ how far you have been influenced by my accusers⁷⁹ for my part, in listening to them I almost forgot myself, so plausible were their arguments however, so to speak, they have said nothing true. But of the many falsehoods which they uttered I wondered at one of them especially, that in which they said that

⁷⁷ “Apology” means “defense”. The trial of Socrates took place in 399 BC. Whether this speech represents the exact or nearly exact words of Socrates offered in his own defense or is Plato’s posthumous defense of his master put in his master’s mouth is unknowable.

⁷⁸ The 500 jurors/judges who will decide the fate of Socrates are Athenian men required to serve on the Heliaia.

⁷⁹ Anytus and Meletus, the prosecutors or presenters of the case against Socrates.

you ought to be on your guard lest you should be deceived by me, as being eloquent in speech. For that they are not ashamed of being forthwith convicted by me in fact, when I shall show that I am not by any means eloquent, this seemed to me the most shameless thing in them, unless indeed they call him eloquent who speaks the truth. For, if they mean this, then I would allow that I am an orator, but not after their fashion⁸⁰ for they, as I affirm, have said nothing true, but from me you shall hear the whole truth. Not indeed, Athenians, arguments highly wrought, as theirs were, with choice phrases and expressions, nor adorned, but you shall hear a speech uttered without premeditation in such words as first present themselves.⁸¹ For I am confident that what I say will be just, and let none of you expect otherwise, for surely it would not become my time of life to come before you like a youth with a got up⁸² speech. Above all things, therefore, I beg and implore this of you, O Athenians! if you hear me defending myself in the same language as that in which I am accustomed to speak both in the forum⁸³ at the counters, where many of you have heard me, and elsewhere, not to be surprised or disturbed⁸⁴ on this account. For the case is this: I now for the first time come before a court of justice, though more than seventy years old; I am therefore utterly a stranger to the language here. As, then, if I were really a stranger, you would have pardoned me if I spoke in the language and the manner in which I had been educated, so now I ask this of you as an act of justice, as it appears to me, to disregard the manner of my speech, for perhaps it may be somewhat worse, and perhaps better, and to consider this only, and to give your attention to this, whether I speak what is just or not; for this is the virtue of a judge, but of an orator to speak the truth.

“My First Accusers”

2. First, then, O Athenians! I am right in defending myself against the first false accusations alleged against me, and my first accusers, and then against the latest accusations, and the latest accusers. For many have been accusers of me to you, and for many years, who have asserted nothing true, of whom I am more afraid than of Anytus⁸⁵ and his party, although they too are formidable; but those are still more formidable, Athenians, who, laying hold of many of you from childhood, have persuaded you, and accused me of what is not true: “that there is one Socrates, a wise man, who occupies himself about celestial matters, and has explored everything under the earth,⁸⁶ and makes the worse appear the better reason.”⁸⁷ Those, O Athenians! who have spread abroad this report are my formidable accusers; for they who hear them think that such as search into these things do not believe that there are gods. In the next place, these accusers are numerous, and have accused me now for a long time; moreover, they said these things to you at that time of life in which you were most credulous, when you were boys and some of you youths, and they accused me altogether in my absence, when there was no one to defend me. But the most unreasonable thing of all is, that it is not possible to learn and mention their names, except that one of them happens to be a comic poet.⁸⁸ Such, however, as, influenced by envy and calumny, have persuaded you, and those who, being themselves persuaded, have persuaded others, all these are most difficult to deal with; for it is not possible to bring any of them forward here, nor to confute any;⁸⁹ but it is altogether necessary to fight, as it were with a shadow, in making my defense, and to convict when there is no one to answer. Consider, therefore, as I have said, that my accusers are twofold, some who have lately accused me, and others long since, whom I have made mention of; and believe that I ought to defend myself against these first; for you heard them accusing me first, and much more than these last.

Well. I must make my defense, then, O Athenians! and endeavor in this so short a space of time to remove from your minds the calumny which you have long entertained. I wish, indeed, it might be so, if it were at all better both for you and me, and that in making my defense I could affect something more advantageous still: I think, however, that it will be difficult, and I am not entirely ignorant what the difficulty is. Nevertheless, let this turn out as may be pleasing to God, I must obey the law and make my defense.

80 Planned, pre-written speeches with rhetorical flourishes, which Socrates sees as essentially dishonest.

81 Extempore; Socrates' refusal to plan a defense or even speak in defense of himself could be seen as arrogant, dismissive of authority, and contemptuous of Athenian justice. In fact, that is likely how the jurors who found him guilty and sentenced him to death took his informal approach.

82 Pre-planned.

83 The agora or the assembly place; an outdoor communal space.

84 Apparently, it was common for the dikasts (the jurors) to interrupt witnesses (in fact, questioning witnesses was one of the duties of the dikasts), but as you will see these jurors interrupt Socrates with angry interjections or erupt into arguing amongst themselves during his defense.

85 The prosecutor.

86 Philosophical materialism: that reality is composed of matter (particles or atoms) and that all phenomena have a natural, scientific explanation; philosophical materialism is essentially atheistic as it rejects the possibility of a spiritual reality.

87 Sophistry: as Aristophanes' depiction of Socrates in the *Clouds* attests, many believed Socrates was a sophist, a teacher who made money teaching young men how to make specious and morally unsound arguments.

88 Aristophanes.

89 Examine them as a witnesses; in other words Socrates asserts that he is being denied the ability to confront witnesses and these first accusers, as was his natural and civil right.

3. Let us, then, repeat from the beginning what the accusation is from which the calumny against me has arisen, and relying on which Meletus has preferred this indictment against me. Well. What, then, do they⁹⁰ who charge me say in their charge? For it is necessary to read their deposition as of public accusers. “Socrates acts wickedly, and is criminally curious in searching into things under the earth, and in the heavens,⁹¹ and in making the worse appear the better cause,⁹² and in teaching these same things to others.”⁹³ Such is the accusation: for such things you have yourselves seen in the comedy of Aristophanes,⁹⁴ one Socrates there carried about, saying that he walks in the air,⁹⁵ and acting many other buffooneries, of which I understand nothing whatever. Nor do I say this as disparaging such a science, if there be any one skilled in such things, only let me not be prosecuted by Meletus on a charge of this kind; but I say it, O Athenians! because I have nothing to do with such matters. And I call upon most of you as witnesses of this, and require you to inform and tell each other, as many of you as have ever heard me conversing; and there are many such among you.⁹⁶ Therefore tell each other, if any one of you has ever heard me conversing little or much on such subjects.⁹⁷ And from this you will know that other things also, which the multitude assert of me, are of a similar nature.

4. However not one of these things is true; nor, if you have heard from any one that I attempt to teach men, and require payment,⁹⁸ is this true. Though this, indeed, appears to me to be an honorable thing, if one should be able to instruct men, like Gorgias of Leontium,⁹⁹ and Prodicus of Ceos,¹⁰⁰ and Hippias of Elis.¹⁰¹ For each of these, O Athenians! is able, by going through the several cities, to persuade the young men, who can attach themselves gratuitously to such of their own fellow-citizens as they please, to abandon their fellow-citizens and associate with them, giving them money and thanks besides. There is also another wise man here, a Parian, who, I hear, is staying in the city. For I happened to visit a person who spends more money on the sophists than all others together: I mean Callias, son of Hipponicus. I therefore asked him, for he has two sons, “Callias,” I said, “if your two sons were colts or calves, we should have had to choose a master for them, and hire a person who would make them excel in such qualities as belong to their nature; and he would have been a groom or an agricultural laborer. But now, since your sons are men, what master do you intend to choose for them? Who is there skilled in the qualities that become a man and a citizen? For I suppose you must have considered this, since you have sons. Is there any one,” I said, “or not?” “Certainly,” he answered. “Who is he?” said I, “and whence does he come? and on what terms does he teach?” He replied, “Evenus the Parian, Socrates, for five minæ.”¹⁰² And I deemed Evenus happy, if he really possesses this art, and teaches admirably.¹⁰³ And I too should think highly of myself, and be very proud, if I possessed this knowledge, but I possess it not, O Athenians.

“Why I Am Called Wise”

5. Perhaps, one of you may now object: “But, Socrates, what have you done, then? Whence have these calumnies¹⁰⁴ against you arisen? For surely if you had not busied yourself more than others, such a report and story would never have got abroad, unless you had done something different from what most men do. Tell us, therefore, what it is, that we may not pass a hasty judgment on you.” He who speaks thus appears to me to speak justly, and I will endeavor to show you what it is that has occasioned me this character and imputation. Listen, then: to some of you perhaps I shall appear to jest, yet be assured that I shall tell you the whole truth. For I, O Athenians! have acquired this character through nothing else than a certain wisdom. Of what kind, then, is this wisdom? Perhaps it is merely human wisdom. For in this, in truth, I appear to be wise. They probably, whom I have just now mentioned, possessed a wisdom more than human, otherwise I know not what to say about it; for I am not acquainted with it, and

90 That is the slanderers, his first accusers.

91 Philosophical materialism or natural philosophy.

92 Sophistry.

93 Corruption of the youth of Athens (one of the official charges against Socrates).

94 Aristophanes' *The Clouds* (423 BC) is a comedic and satirical examination of the conflict of ideas, old and new; Socrates is parodied as the worst kind of sophist who, at his school The Thinkery, turns an athletic young man into a weak nerd who attacks his own father and threatens his mother.

95 In *The Clouds*, Socrates is introduced in a hanging basket trying to use the height to help him better investigate the sky.

96 Socrates has friends on the jury.

97 Socrates pauses so that his friends and students can respond.

98 Sophists famously grew wealthy off of their students.

99 The Nihilist and Father of Sophistry: “Nothing exists and even if it does it can be proven to exist.”

100 A sophist and natural philosopher who taught ethics and was a friend of Socrates.

101 Regarded by many to be an expert on everything.

102 A mina is the equivalent of about 100 drachmae, and was an exorbitant sum of money.

103 Socrates is not being facetious; he seems to be saying that knowledge is quite valuable and should be valued.

104 Slanders.

whosoever says I am, speaks falsely, and for the purpose of calumniating¹⁰⁵ me. But, O Athenians! do not cry out against me, even though I should seem to you to speak somewhat arrogantly. For the account which I am going to give you is not my own; but I shall refer to an authority whom you will deem worthy of credit. For I shall adduce to you the god at Delphi¹⁰⁶ as a witness of my wisdom, if I have any, and of what it is. You doubtless know Chærepho: he was my associate from youth, and the associate of most of you; he accompanied you in your late exile, and returned with you.¹⁰⁷ You know, then, what kind of a man Chærepho was, how earnest in whatever he undertook. Having once gone to Delphi, he ventured to make the following inquiry of the oracle (and, as I said, O Athenians! do not cry out), for he asked if there was any one wiser than I. The Pythian [oracle] thereupon answered that there was not one wiser; and of this, his brother here will give you proofs, since he himself is dead.

“The Origin of My Method”

6. Consider, then, why I mention these things: it is because I am going to show you whence the calumny against me arose. For when I heard this, I reasoned thus with myself, What does the god mean? What enigma is this? For I am not conscious to myself that I am wise, either much or little. What, then, does he¹⁰⁸ mean by saying that I am the wisest? For assuredly he does not speak falsely: that he could not do. And for a long time I was in doubt what he meant; afterward, with considerable difficulty, I had recourse to the following method of searching out his meaning. I went to one of those who have the character of being wise, thinking that there, if anywhere, I should confute¹⁰⁹ the oracle, and show in answer to the response that this man is wiser than I, though you¹¹⁰ affirmed that I was the wisest. Having, then, examined this man (for there is no occasion to mention his name; he was, however, one of our great politicians, in examining whom I felt as I proceed to describe, O Athenians!), having fallen into conversation with him, this man appeared to be wise in the opinion of most other men, and especially in his own opinion, though in fact he was not so. I thereupon endeavored to show him that he fancied himself to be wise, but really was not. Hence I became odious,¹¹¹ both to him and to many others who were present. When I left him, I reasoned thus with myself: I am wiser than this man, for neither of us appears to know anything great and good; but he fancies he knows something, although he knows nothing; whereas I, as I do not know anything, so I do not fancy I do. In this trifling particular, then, I appear to be wiser than he, because I do not fancy I know what I do not know. After that I went to another who was thought to be wiser than the former, and formed the very same opinion. Hence I became odious to him and to many others.

7. After this I went to others in turn, perceiving indeed, and grieving and alarmed, that I was making myself odious; however, it appeared necessary to regard the oracle of the god as of the greatest moment, and that, in order to discover its meaning, I must go to all who had the reputation of possessing any knowledge. And by the god, O Athenians! for I must tell you the truth, I came to some such conclusion as this: those who bore the highest reputation appeared to me to be most deficient, in my researches in obedience to the god, and others who were considered inferior more nearly approaching to the possession of understanding. But I must relate to you my wandering, and the labors which I underwent, in order that the oracle might prove incontrovertible. For after the politicians I went to the poets, as well the tragic as the dithyrambic and others, expecting that here I should in very fact find myself more ignorant than they. Taking up, therefore, some of their poems, which appeared to me most elaborately finished, I questioned them as to their meaning, that at the same time I might learn something from them. I am ashamed, O Athenians! to tell you the truth; however, it must be told. For, in a word, almost all who were present could have given a better account of them than those by whom they had been composed. I soon discovered this, therefore, with regard to the poets, that they do not affect their object by wisdom, but by a certain natural inspiration, and under the influence of enthusiasm, like prophets and seers; for these also say many fine things, but they understand nothing that they say. The poets appeared to me to be affected in a similar manner; and at the same time I perceived that they considered themselves, on account of their poetry, to be the wisest of men in other things, in which they were not. I left them, therefore, under the persuasion that I was superior to them, in the same way that I was to the politicians.

8. At last, therefore, I went to the artisans.¹¹² For I was conscious to myself that I knew scarcely anything, but I was sure that I should find them possessed of much beautiful knowledge. And in this I was not deceived; for they

105 Slandering.

106 Apollo; Delphi was a famed temple where the Oracle (a prophetic priestess) would channel the words of Apollo.

107 Unlike Socrates, Chaerephon and other supporters of the democracy suffered a temporary exile from Athens following its defeat by Sparta.

108 The god Apollo.

109 Disprove.

110 The oracle.

111 Hated.

112 Craftsmen and fine artists.

knew things which I did not, and in this respect they were wiser than I. But, O Athenians! even the best workmen appeared to me to have fallen into the same error as the poets; for each, because he excelled in the practice of his art, thought that he was very wise in other most important matters, and this mistake of theirs obscured the wisdom that they really possessed. I therefore asked myself, in behalf of the oracle, whether I should prefer to continue as I am, possessing none, either of their wisdom or their ignorance, or to have both as they have. I answered, therefore, to myself and to the oracle, that it was better for me to continue as I am.

9. From this investigation, then, O Athenians! many enmities have arisen against me, and those the most grievous and severe, so that many calumnies have sprung from them, and among them this appellation of being wise; for those who are from time to time present think that I am wise in those things, with respect to which I expose the ignorance of others. The god, however, O Athenians! appears to be really wise, and to mean this by his oracle: that human wisdom is worth little or nothing; and it is clear that he did not say this to Socrates, but made use of my name, putting me forward as an example, as if he had said, that man is the wisest among you, who, like Socrates, knows that he is in reality worth nothing with respect to wisdom. Still, therefore, I go about and search and inquire into these things, in obedience to the god, both among citizens and strangers, if I think any one of them is wise; and when he appears to me not to be so, I take the part of the god, and show that he is not wise. And, in consequence of this occupation, I have no leisure to attend in any considerable degree to the affairs of the state or my own; but I am in the greatest poverty through my devotion to the service of the god.

10. In addition to this, young men, who have much leisure and belong to the wealthiest families, following me of their own accord, take great delight in hearing men put to the test, and often imitate me, and themselves attempt to put others to the test; and then, I think, they find a great abundance of men who fancy they know something, although they know little or nothing. Hence those who are put to the test by them are angry with me, and not with them, and say that “there is one Socrates, a most pestilent fellow, who corrupts the youth.” And when any one asks them by doing or teaching what, they have nothing to say, for they do not know; but, that they may not seem to be at a loss, they say such things as are ready at hand against all philosophers: “that he searches into things in heaven and things under the earth, that he does not believe there are gods, and that he makes the worse appear the better reason.” For they would not, I think, be willing to tell the truth that they have been detected in pretending to possess knowledge, whereas they know nothing. Therefore, I think, being ambitious and vehement and numerous, and speaking systematically and persuasively about me, they have filled your ears, for a long time and diligently calumniating me. From among these, Meletus, Anytus, and Lycon¹¹³ have attacked me; Meletus being angry on account of the poets, Anytus on account of the artisans and politicians, and Lycon on account of the rhetoricians.¹¹⁴ So that, as I said in the beginning, I should wonder if I were able in so short a time to remove from your minds a calumny that has prevailed so long. This, O Athenians! is the truth; and I speak it without concealing or disguising anything from you, much or little; though I very well know that by so doing I shall expose myself to odium. This, however, is a proof that I speak the truth, and that this is the nature of the calumny against me, and that these are its causes. And if you will investigate the matter, either now or hereafter, you will find it to be so.

“Tell Me Meletus...”

11. With respect, then, to the charges which my first accusers have alleged against me, let this be a sufficient apology¹¹⁵ to you. To Meletus, that good and patriotic man, as he says, and to my later accusers, I will next endeavor to give an answer; and here, again, as there are different accusers, let us take up their deposition. It is pretty much as follows: “Socrates,” it says, “acts unjustly in corrupting the youth, and in not believing in those gods in whom the city believes, but in other strange divinities.”¹¹⁶ Such is the accusation; let us examine each particular of it. It says that I act unjustly in corrupting the youth. But I, O Athenians! say that Meletus¹¹⁷ acts unjustly, because he jests on serious subjects, rashly putting men upon trial, under pretense of being zealous and solicitous about things in which he never at any time took any concern. But that this is the case I will endeavor to prove to you.

12. Come, then, Meletus, tell me, do you not consider it of the greatest importance that the youth should be made as virtuous as possible?

Mel. I do.

113 A third prosecutor.

114 Persuasive speakers or debaters.

115 Again, in the sense of “defense” and not “regretful acknowledgement of guilt”.

116 These are the official charges against Socrates, levied by the three prosecutors.

117 Of the three prosecutors, Socrates singles out Meletus, who is the youngest of the three, a poet, and a religious zealot. It appears that Meletus is the softest of the three targets, making him an interesting choice.

Socr. Well, now, tell the judges who it is that makes them better, for it is evident that you know, since it concerns you so much; for, having detected me in corrupting them, as you say, you have cited me here, and accused me: come, then, say, and inform the judges who it is that makes them better.

[Meletus does not answer.]

Do you see, Meletus, that you are silent, and have nothing to say? But does it not appear to you to be disgraceful, and a sufficient proof of what I say, that you never took any concern about the matter? But tell me, friend, who makes them better?

Mel. The laws.

Socr. I do not ask this, most excellent sir, but what man, who surely must first know this very thing, the laws?

Mel. These, Socrates, the judges.¹¹⁸

Socr. How say you, Meletus? Are these able to instruct the youth, and make them better?

Mel. Certainly.

Socr. All [of the judges], or some of them, and others not?

Mel. All.

Socr. You say well, by Juno! and have found a great abundance of those that confer benefit. But what further? Can these hearers¹¹⁹ make them better, or not?

Mel. They, too, can.

Socr. And what of the senators?

Mel. The senators, also.

Socr. But, Meletus, do those who attend the public assemblies corrupt the younger men? or do they all make them better?

Mel. They too.

Socr. All the Athenians, therefore, as it seems, make them honorable and good, except me; but I alone corrupt them. Do you say so?

Mel. I do assert this very thing.

Socr. You charge me with great ill-fortune. But answer me: does it appear to you to be the same, with respect to horses? Do all men make them better, and is there only some one that spoils them? or does quite the contrary of this take place? Is there some one person who can make them better, or very few; that is, the trainers? But if the generality of men should meddle with and make use of horses, do they spoil them? Is not this the case, Meletus, both with respect to horses and all other animals? It certainly is so, whether you and Anytus deny it or not. For it would be a great good-fortune for the youth if only one person corrupted, and the rest benefited them. However, Meletus, you have sufficiently shown that you never bestowed any care upon youth; and you clearly evince your own negligence, in that you have never paid any attention to the things with respect to which you accuse me.

13. Tell us further, Meletus, in the name of Zeus, whether is it better to dwell with good or bad citizens?

[Meletus does not respond.]

Answer, my friend; for I ask you nothing difficult. Do not the bad work some evil to those that are continually near them, but the good some good?

Mel. Certainly.

118 The 500 dikasts.

119 The audience.

Socr. Is there any one that wishes to be injured rather than benefited by his associates?

[Meletus does not respond.]

Answer, good man; for the law requires you to answer. Is there any one who wishes to be injured?

Mel. No, surely.

Socr. Come, then, whether do you accuse me here, as one that corrupts the youth, and makes them more depraved, designedly or undesignedly?¹²⁰

Mel. Designedly, I say.

Socr. What, then, Meletus, are you at your time of life so much wiser than I at my time of life, as to know that the evil are always working some evil to those that are most near to them, and the good some good; but I have arrived at such a pitch of ignorance as not to know that if I make any one of my associates depraved, I shall be in danger of receiving some evil from him; and yet I designedly bring about this so great evil, as you say? In this I cannot believe you, Meletus, nor do I think would any other man in the world. But either I do not corrupt the youth, or, if I do corrupt them, I do it undesignedly: so that in both cases you speak falsely. But if I corrupt them undesignedly, for such involuntary offenses it is not usual to accuse one here, but to take one apart, and teach and admonish one. For it is evident that if I am taught, I shall cease doing what I do undesignedly. But you shunned me, and were not willing to associate with and instruct me; but you accuse me here, where it is usual to accuse those who need punishment, and not instruction.¹²¹

14. Thus, then, O Athenians! this now is clear that I have said; that Meletus never paid any attention to these matters, much or little. However, tell us, Meletus, how you say I corrupt the youth? Is it not evidently, according to the indictment which you have preferred, by teaching them not to believe in the gods in whom the city believes, but in other strange deities? Do you not say that, by teaching these things, I corrupt the youth?

Mel. Certainly I do say so.

Socr. By those very gods, therefore, Meletus, of whom the discussion now is, speak still more clearly both to me and to these men. For I cannot understand whether you say that I teach them to believe that there are certain gods (and in that case I do believe that there are gods, and am not altogether an atheist, nor in this respect to blame), not, however, those which the city believes in, but others; and this it is that you accuse me of, that I introduce others. Or do you say outright that I do not myself believe that there are gods, and that I teach others the same?

Mel. I say this: that you do not believe in any gods at all.

Socr. O wonderful Meletus, how come you to say this? Do I not, then, like the rest of mankind, believe that the sun and moon are gods?

Mel. No, by Zeus, O judges! for he says that the sun is a stone, and the moon an earth.¹²²

Socr. You fancy that you are accusing Anaxagoras,¹²³ my dear Meletus, and thus you put a slight on¹²⁴ these men, and suppose them to be so illiterate as not to know that the books of Anaxagoras of Clazomene are full of such assertions. And the young, moreover, learn these things from me? Things which they might purchase for a drachma, at most, in the orchestra, and so ridicule Socrates, if he pretended they were his own, especially since they are so absurd? I ask then, by Zeus, do I appear to you to believe that there is no god?

Mel. No, by Zeus, none whatever.

Socr. You say what is incredible, Meletus, and that, as appears to me, even to yourself. For this man, O Athe-

120 Intentionally or unintentionally.

121 Socrates is erroneously and perhaps cynically equating ignorance (in the moral sense) with innocence (in the legal sense). He is, in other words, employing a common (and infuriating) sophistic method.

122 Philosophical materialist speculation.

123 Anaxagoras (510 – 428 BC) was a philosophical materialist and teacher of Pericles.

124 Insult.

nians! appears to me to be very insolent and intemperate and to have preferred this indictment through downright insolence, intemperance, and wantonness. For he seems, as it were, to have composed an enigma for the purpose of making an experiment: “Will Socrates the Wise know that I am jesting, and contradict myself, or shall I deceive him and all who hear me?” For, in my opinion, he clearly contradicts himself in the indictment, as if he should say, “Socrates is guilty of wrong in not believing that there are gods, and in believing that there are gods.” And this, surely, is the act of one who is trifling.

15. Consider with me now, Athenians, in what respect he appears to me to say so. And do you, Meletus, answer me; and do ye,¹²⁵ as I besought you at the outset, remember not to make an uproar if I speak after my usual manner.

Is there any man, Meletus, who believes that there are human affairs, but does not believe that there are men? Let him answer, judges, and not make so much noise.¹²⁶ Is there any one who does not believe that there are horses, but that there are things pertaining to horses? or who does not believe that there are pipers, but that there are things pertaining to pipes?

[Meletus does not respond.]

There is not, O best of men! for since you are not willing to answer, I say it to you and to all here present. But answer to this at least: is there any one who believes that there are things relating to daimons,¹²⁷ but does not believe that there are daimons?

Mel. There is not.

Socr. How obliging you are in having hardly answered; though compelled by these judges! You assert, then, that I do believe and teach things relating to daimons, whether they be new or old;¹²⁸ therefore, according to your admission, I do believe in things relating to daimons, and this you have sworn in the bill of indictment. If, then, I believe in things relating to daimons, there is surely an absolute necessity that I should believe that there are daimons. Is it not so?

[Meletus does not respond.]

It is. For I suppose you to assent, since you do not answer. But with respect to daimons, do we not allow that they are gods, or the children of gods? Do you admit this or not?

Mel. Certainly.

Socr. Since, then, I allow that there are daimons, as you admit, if daimons are a kind of gods, this is the point in which I say you speak enigmatically and divert yourself in saying that I do not allow there are gods, and again that I do allow there are, since I allow that there are daimons? But if daimons are the children of gods, spurious ones, either from nymphs or any others, of whom they are reported to be, what man can think that there are sons of gods, and yet that there are not gods? For it would be just as absurd as if any one should think that there are mules, the offspring of horses and asses, but should not think there are horses and asses. However, Meletus, it cannot be otherwise than that you have preferred this indictment for the purpose of trying me, or because you were at a loss what real crime to allege against me; for that you should persuade any man who has the smallest degree of sense that the same person can think that there are things relating to daimons and to gods, and yet that there are neither daimons, nor gods, nor heroes, is utterly impossible.

“I Cannot Abandon My Post”

16. That I am not guilty, then, O Athenians! according to the indictment of Meletus, appears to me not to require a lengthened defense; but what I have said is sufficient. And as to what I said at the beginning, that there is a great enmity toward me among the multitude, be assured it is true. And this it is which will condemn me, if I am condemned, not Meletus, nor Anytus, but the calumny and envy of the multitude, which have already condemned many others, and those good men, and will, I think, condemn others also; for there is no danger that it will stop with me.

Perhaps, however, someone may say, “Are you not ashamed, Socrates, to have pursued a study from which you are now in danger of dying?” To such a person I should answer with good reason, you do not say well, friend, if you think that a man, who is even of the least value, ought to take into the account the risk of life or death, and ought not to consider that he is alone when he performs any action, whether he is acting justly or unjustly, and the part

125 The dikasts and the audience who are now in an uproar thanks to Socrates’ courtroom dramatics.

126 The audience is still not settled, or it erupts again. The latter would make sense as Socrates asks a seemingly unrelated question.

127 Nature spirits or spirit guides.

128 These daimons are the unapproved gods referenced in the indictment; Socrates claimed to be under the guidance of daimons who would prevent him from doing evil things.

of a good man or bad man. For, according to your reasoning, all those demi-gods¹²⁹ that died at Troy¹³⁰ would be vile characters, as well as the son of Thetis,¹³¹ who so far despised danger in comparison of submitting to disgrace, that when his mother, who was a goddess, spoke to him, in his impatience to kill Hector, something to this effect, as I think, "My son, if you revenge the death of your friend Patroclus, and slay Hector, you will yourself die, for," she said, "death awaits you immediately after Hector;" but he, on hearing this, despised death and danger, and dreading much more to live as a coward, and not avenge his friend, said, "May I die immediately when I have inflicted punishment on the guilty, that I may not stay here an object of ridicule, by the curved ships, a burden to the ground?" Do you think that he cared for death and danger? For thus it is, O Athenians! in truth: wherever any one has posted himself, either thinking it to be better, or has been posted by his chief, there, as it appears to me, he ought to remain and meet danger, taking no account either of death or anything else in comparison with disgrace.

17. I then should be acting strangely, O Athenians! if, when the generals whom you chose to command me assigned me my post at Potidaea, at Amphipolis, and at Delium,¹³² I then remained where they posted me, like any other person, and encountered the danger of death; but when the deity,¹³³ as I thought and believed, assigned it as my duty to pass my life in the study of philosophy, and examining myself and others, I should on that occasion, through fear of death or anything else whatsoever, desert my post, strange indeed would it be; and then, in truth, any one might justly bring me to trial, and accuse me of not believing in the gods, from disobeying the oracle, fearing death, and thinking myself to be wise when I am not. For to fear death, O Athenians! is nothing else than to appear to be wise, without being so; for it is to appear to know what one does not know. For no one knows but that death is the greatest of all good to man; but men fear it, as if they well knew that it is the greatest of evils. And how is not this the most reprehensible ignorance, to think that one knows what one does not know? But I, O Athenians! in this, perhaps, differ from most men; and if I should say that I am in anything wiser than another, it would be in this, that not having a competent knowledge of the things in Hades,¹³⁴ I also think that I have not such knowledge. But to act unjustly, and to disobey my superior, whether God or man, I know is evil and base. I shall never, therefore, fear or shun things which, for aught I know, maybe good, before evils which I know to be evils. So that, even if you should now dismiss me, not yielding to the instances of Anytus, who said that either I should not appear here at all, or that, if I did appear, it was impossible not to put me to death, telling you that if I escaped, your sons, studying what Socrates teaches, would all be utterly corrupted; if you should address me thus, "Socrates, we shall not now yield to Anytus, but dismiss you, on this condition, however, that you no longer persevere in your researches nor study philosophy; and if hereafter you are detected in so doing, you shall die"—if, as I said, you should dismiss me on these terms, I should say to you, "O Athenians! I honor and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you; and so long as I breathe and am able, I shall not cease studying philosophy, and exhorting you and warning any one of you I may happen to meet, saying, as I have been accustomed to do: 'O best of men! seeing you are an Athenian, of a city the most powerful and most renowned for wisdom and strength, are you not ashamed of being careful for riches, how you may acquire them in greatest abundance, and for glory, and honor, but care not nor take any thought for wisdom and truth, and for your soul, how it maybe made most perfect?'" And if any one of you should question my assertion, and affirm that he does care for these things, I shall not at once let him go, nor depart, but I shall question him, sift and prove him. And if he should appear to me not to possess virtue, but to pretend that he does, I shall reproach him for that he sets the least value on things of the greatest worth, but the highest on things that are worthless. Thus I shall act to all whom I meet, both young and old, stranger and citizen, but rather to you, my fellow-citizens, because ye are more nearly allied to me. For be well assured, this the deity commands. And I think that no greater good has ever befallen you in the city than my zeal for the service of the god. For I go about doing nothing else than persuading you, both young and old, to take no care either for the body, or for riches, prior to or so much as for the soul, how it may be made most perfect, telling you that virtue does not spring from riches, but riches and all other human blessings, both private and public, from virtue. If, then, by saying these things, I corrupt the youth, these things must be mischievous; but if any one says that I speak other things than these, he misleads you. Therefore I must say, O Athenians! either yield to Anytus, or do not, either dismiss me or not, since I shall not act otherwise, even though I must die many deaths.

"I Am God's Gift To Athens"

18. Murmur not, O Athenians! but continue to attend to my request, not to murmur at what I say, but to listen,

129	Heroes.
130	The Trojan War.
131	Achilles.
132	Famous battles of the Peloponnesian War (431-404 BC) where Socrates fought with distinction.
133	Apollo.
134	The Greek afterlife.

for, as I think, you will derive benefit from listening. For I am going to say other things to you, at which, perhaps, you will raise a clamor; but on no account do so. Be well assured, then, if you put me to death, being such a man as I say I am, you will not injure me more than yourselves. For neither will Meletus nor Anytus harm me; nor have they the power; for I do not think that it is possible for a better man to be injured by a worse. He may perhaps have me condemned to death, or banished, or deprived of civil rights; and he or others may perhaps consider these as mighty evils; I, however, do not consider them so, but that it is much more so to do what he is now doing, to endeavor to put a man to death unjustly. Now, therefore, O Athenians! I am far from making a defense on my behalf, as any one might think, but I do so on your own behalf, lest by condemning me you should offend at all with respect to the gift of the deity to you. For, if you should put me to death, you will not easily find such another, though it may be ridiculous to say so, altogether attached by the deity to this city as to a powerful and generous horse, somewhat sluggish from his size, and requiring to be roused by a gad-fly; so the deity appears to have united me, being such a person as I am, to the city, that I may rouse you, and persuade and reprove every one of you, nor ever cease besetting you throughout the whole day. Such another man, O Athenians! will not easily be found; therefore, if you will take my advice, you will spare me. But you, perhaps, being irritated like drowsy persons who are roused from sleep, will strike me, and, yielding to Anytus, will unthinkingly condemn me to death; and then you will pass the rest of your life in sleep, unless the deity, caring for you, should send someone else to you. But that I am a person who has been given by the deity to this city, you may discern from hence; for it is not like the ordinary conduct of men, that I should have neglected all my own affairs, and suffered my private interest to be neglected for so many years, and that I should constantly attend to your concerns, addressing myself to each of you separately, like a father, or elder brother, persuading you to the pursuit of virtue. And if I had derived any profit from this course, and had received pay for my exhortations, there would have been some reason for my conduct; but now you see yourselves that my accusers, who have so shamelessly calumniated me in everything else, have not had the impudence to charge me with this, and to bring witnesses to prove that I ever either exacted or demanded any reward. And I think I produce a sufficient proof that I speak the truth, namely, my poverty.

“Why I Teach But Do Not Engage In Political Life”

19. Perhaps, however, it may appear absurd that I, going about, thus advise you in private and make myself busy, but never venture to present myself in public before your assemblies and give advice to the city. The cause of this is that which you have often and in many places heard me mention; because I am moved by a certain divine and spiritual influence, which also Meletus, through mockery, has set out in the indictment. This began with me from childhood, being a kind of voice which, when present, always diverts me from what I am about to do, but never urges me on.¹³⁵ This it is which opposed my meddling in public politics; and it appears to me to have opposed me very properly. For be well assured, O Athenians! if I had long since attempted to intermeddle with politics, I should have perished long ago, and should not have at all benefited you or myself. And be not angry with me for speaking the truth. For it is not possible that any man should be safe who sincerely opposes either you, or any other multitude, and who prevents many unjust and illegal actions from being committed in a city; but it is necessary that he who in earnest contends for justice, if he will be safe for but a short time, should live privately, and take no part in public affairs.

20. I will give you strong proofs of this, not words, but what you value, facts. Hear, then, what has happened to me, that you may know that I would not yield to any one contrary to what is just, through fear of death, at the same time by not yielding I must perish. I shall tell you what will be displeasing and wearisome, yet true. For I, O Athenians! never bore any other magisterial office in the city, but have been a senator,¹³⁶ and our Antiochean tribe happened to supply the Prytanes when you chose to condemn in a body the ten generals who had not taken off those that perished in the sea-fight, in violation of the law, as you afterward all thought. At that time I alone of the Prytanes opposed your doing anything contrary to the laws, and I voted against you; and when the orators were ready to denounce me, and to carry me before a magistrate, and you urged and cheered them on, I thought I ought rather to meet the danger with law and justice on my side, than through fear of imprisonment or death, to take part with you in your unjust designs. And this happened while the city was governed by a democracy. But when it became an oligarchy, the Thirty,¹³⁷ having sent for me with four others to the Tholus, ordered us to bring Leon the Salaminian from Salamis, that he might be put to death; and they gave many similar orders to many others, wishing to involve as many as they could in guilt. Then, however, I showed, not in word but in deed, that I did not care for death, if the expression be not too rude, in the smallest degree; but that all my care was to do nothing unjust or unholy. For that government, strong as it was, did not so overawe me as to make me commit an unjust action; but

135 The daemons.

136 He was the head (Epistates) of his tribal council (Boule) in 406 BC.

137 The Thirty Tyrants. Despite Socrates' principled stand against the Thirty, the fact that their leader, Critias, was his student was arguably the real reason for the Athenians' persecution of the Socrates.

when we came out from the Tholus, the four went to Salamis, and brought back Leon; but I went away home. And perhaps for this I should have been put to death, if that government had not been speedily broken up. And of this you can have many witnesses.

21. Do you think, then, that I should have survived so many years if I had engaged in public affairs, and, acting as becomes a good man, had aided the cause of justice, and, as I ought, had deemed this of the highest importance? Far from it, O Athenians! nor would any other man have done so. But I, through the whole of my life, if I have done anything in public, shall be found to be a man, and the very same in private, who has never made a concession to any one contrary to justice, neither to any other, nor to any one of these whom my calumniators say are my disciples. I, however, was never the preceptor of any one; but if any one desired to hear me speaking, and to see me busied about my own mission, whether he were young or old, I never refused him. Nor do I discourse when I receive money, and not when I do not receive any, but I allow both rich and poor alike to question me, and, if any one wishes it, to answer me and hear what I have to say. And for these, whether any one proves to be a good man or not, I cannot justly be responsible, because I never either promised them any instruction or taught them at all. But if any one says that he has ever learned or heard anything from me in private which all others have not, be well assured that he does not speak the truth.

22. But why do some delight to spend so long a time with me? Ye have heard, O Athenians! I have told you the whole truth, that they delight to hear those closely questioned who think that they are wise but are not; for this is by no means disagreeable. But this duty, as I say, has been enjoined me by the deity, by oracles, by dreams, and by every mode by which any other divine decree has ever enjoined anything to man to do. These things, O Athenians! are both true, and easily confuted if not true. For if I am now corrupting some of the youths, and have already corrupted others, it were fitting, surely, that if any of them, having become advanced in life, had discovered that I gave them bad advice when they were young, they should now rise up against me, accuse me, and have me punished; or if they were themselves unwilling to do this, some of their kindred, their fathers, or brothers, or other relatives, if their kinsman have ever sustained any damage from me, should now call it to mind. Many of them, however, are here present, whom I see: first, Crito, my contemporary and fellow-burgher,¹³⁸ father of this Critobulus; then Lysanias of Sphettus, father of this Æschines; again, Antiphon of Cephisus, father of Epigenes. There are those others, too, whose brothers maintained the same intimacy with me, namely, Nicostratus, son of Theodotus, brother of Theodotus (Theodotus indeed is dead, so that he could not deprecate his brother's proceedings), and Paralus here, son of Demodocus, whose brother was Theages; and Adimantus, son of Ariston, whose brother is this Plato;¹³⁹ and Æantodorus, whose brother is this Apollodorus.¹⁴⁰ I could also mention many others to you, some one of whom certainly Meletus ought to have adduced in his speech as a witness. If, however, he then forgot to do so, let him now adduce them; I give him leave to do so, and let him say it, if he has anything of the kind to allege. But, quite contrary to this, you will find, O Athenians! all ready to assist me, who have corrupted and injured their relatives,¹⁴¹ as Meletus and Anytus say. For those who have been themselves corrupted might perhaps have some reason for assisting me; but those who have not been corrupted, men now advanced in life, their relatives, what other reason can they have for assisting me, except that right and just one, that they know that Meletus speaks falsely, and that I speak the truth.

“Why I Will Not Beg For Mercy”

23. Well, then, Athenians, these are pretty much the things I have to say in my defense, and others perhaps of the same kind. Perhaps, however, some among you will be indignant on recollecting his own case, if he, when engaged in a cause far less than this, implored and besought the judges with many tears, bringing forward his children in order that he might excite their utmost compassion, and many others of his relatives and friends, whereas I do none of these things, although I may appear to be incurring the extremity of danger. Perhaps, therefore, someone, taking notice of this, may become more determined against me, and, being enraged at this very conduct of mine, may give his vote under the influence of anger. If, then, any one of you is thus affected (I do not, however, suppose that there is, but if there should be), I think I may reasonably say to him: “I, too, O best of men, have relatives; for, to make use of that saying of Homer, I am not sprung from an oak, nor from a rock, but from men,¹⁴² so that I, too, O Athenians! have relatives, and three sons, one now grown up, and two boys: I shall not, however, bring any one of them forward and implore you to acquit me.” Why, then, shall I not do this? Not from contumacy,¹⁴³ O Athenians!

138 Crito was Socrates' life-long friend; both men were from the deme Alopece.

139 One of only three references to himself in the *Dialogues*.

140 Apollodorus is the narrator of the *Symposium* and a Socrates' fan-boy.

141 This phrase is dripping with sarcasm; Socrates asserts that had he corrupted the relatives of these men surely they would have the best reason to testify against him, and yet they rally to his defense.

142 *Odyssey* 19.

143 Contempt, in the legal sense.

nor disrespect toward you. Whether or not I am undaunted at the prospect of death is another question; but, out of regard to my own character, and yours, and that of the whole city, it does not appear to me to be honorable that I should do anything of this kind at my age, and with the reputation I have, whether true or false. For it is commonly agreed that Socrates in some respects excels the generality of men. If, then, those among you who appear to excel either in wisdom, or fortitude, or any other virtue whatsoever, should act in such a manner as I have often seen some when they have been brought to trial, it would be shameful, who appearing indeed to be something, have conducted themselves in a surprising manner, as thinking they should suffer something dreadful by dying, and as if they would be immortal if you did not put them to death. Such men appear to me to bring disgrace on the city, so that any stranger might suppose that such of the Athenians as excel in virtue, and whom they themselves choose in preference to themselves for magistracies and other honors, are in no respect superior to women. For these things, O Athenians! neither ought we to do who have attained to any height of reputation, nor, should we do them, ought you to suffer us; but you should make this manifest, that you will much rather condemn him who introduces these piteous dramas, and makes the city ridiculous, than him who quietly awaits your decision.

24. But, reputation apart, O Athenians! it does not appear to me to be right to entreat a judge, or to escape by entreaty; but one ought to inform and persuade him. For a judge does not sit for the purpose of administering justice out of favor, but that he may judge rightly, and he is sworn not to show favor to whom he pleases, but that he will decide according to the laws. It is, therefore, right that neither should we accustom you, nor should you accustom yourselves, to violate your oaths; for in so doing neither of us would act righteously. Think not then, O Athenians! that I ought to adopt such a course toward you as I neither consider honorable, nor just, nor holy, as well, by Zeus! on any other occasion, and now especially when I am accused of impiety by this Meletus. For clearly, if I should persuade you, and by my entreaties should put a constraint on you who are bound by an oath, I should teach you to think that there are no gods, and in reality, while making my defense, should accuse myself of not believing in the gods. This, however, is far from being the case; for I believe, O Athenians! as none of my accusers do, and I leave it to you and to the deity to judge concerning me in such way as will be best both for me and for you.¹⁴⁴

The Penalty Phase

“A Close Vote”

25. That I should not be grieved, O Athenians! at what has happened (namely, that you have condemned me) as well many other circumstances concur in bringing to pass; and, moreover this, that what has happened has not happened contrary to my expectation; but I much rather wonder at the number of votes on either side. For I did not expect that I should be condemned by so small a number, but by a large majority; but now, as it seems, if only thirty more votes had changed sides, I should have been acquitted. So far as Meletus is concerned, as it appears to me, I have been already acquitted; and not only have I been acquitted, but it is clear to everyone that had not Anytus and Lycon come forward to accuse me, he would have been fined a thousand drachmas, for not having obtained a fifth part of the votes.

“What Do I Deserve?”

26. The man, then, awards me the penalty of death. Well. But what shall I, on my part, O Athenians! award myself? Is it not clear that it will be such as I deserve? What, then, is that? Do I deserve to suffer, or to pay a fine? for that I have purposely during my life not remained quiet, but neglecting what most men seek after, money-making, domestic concerns, military command, popular oratory, and, moreover, all the magistracies, conspiracies, and cabals that are met with in the city, thinking that I was in reality too upright a man to be safe if I took part in such things, I therefore did not apply myself to those pursuits, by attending to which I should have been of no service either to you or to myself; but in order to confer the greatest benefit on each of you privately, as I affirm, I thereupon applied myself to that object, endeavoring to persuade every one of you not to take any care of his own affairs before he had taken care of himself in what way he may become the best and wisest, nor of the affairs of the city before he took care of the city itself; and that he should attend to other things in the same manner. What treatment, then, do I deserve, seeing I am such a man? Some reward, O Athenians! if, at least, I am to be estimated according to my real deserts; and, moreover, such a reward as would be suitable to me. What, then, is suitable to a poor man, a benefactor, and who has need of leisure in order to give you good advice? There is nothing so suitable, O Athenians! as that such a man should be maintained in the Prytaneum,¹⁴⁵ and this much more than if one of you had been victorious at the Olympic games in a horserace, or in the two or four horsed chariot race: for such a one makes you appear to be happy, but I, to be so; and he does not need support, but I do. If, therefore, I must award a sentence according to

144 The dikasts find Socrates guilty 280 to 220. Meletus followed the guilty verdict with the recommendation of the death penalty. It was expected that Socrates would request exile.

145 Socrates believes he deserves to be treated to free meals and shelter at the communal hearth.

my just deserts, I award this, maintenance in the Prytaneum.

27. Perhaps, however, in speaking to you thus, I appear to you to speak in the same presumptuous manner as I did respecting commiseration and entreaties; but such is not the case, O Athenians! it is rather this: I am persuaded that I never designedly injured any man, though I cannot persuade you of this, for we have conversed with each other but for a short time. For if there were the same law with you as with other men,¹⁴⁶ that in capital cases the trial should list not only one day, but many, I think you would be persuaded; but it is not easy in a short time to do away with, great calumnies. Being persuaded, then, that I have injured no one, I am far from intending to injure myself, and of pronouncing against myself that I am deserving of punishment, and from awarding myself anything of the kind. Through fear of what? Lest I should suffer that which Meletus awards me,¹⁴⁷ of which I say I know not whether it be good or evil? Instead of this, shall I choose what I well know to be evil, and award that? Shall I choose imprisonment? And why should I live in prison, a slave to the established magistracy, the Eleven?¹⁴⁸ Shall I choose a fine, and to be imprisoned until I have paid it? But this is the same as that which I just now mentioned, for I have not money to pay it. Shall I, then, award myself exile? For perhaps you would consent to this award. I should indeed be very fond of life, O Athenians! if I were so devoid of reason as not to be able to reflect that you, who are my fellow-citizens, have been unable to endure my manner of life and discourses, but they have become so burdensome and odious to you that you now seek to be rid of them: others, however, will easily bear them. Far from it, O Athenians! A fine life it would be for me at my age to go out wandering, and driven from city to city, and so to live. For I well know that, wherever I may go, the youth will listen to me when I speak, as they do here. And if I repulse them, they will themselves drive me out, persuading the elders; and if I do not repulse them, their fathers and kindred will banish me on their account.

28. Perhaps, however, someone will say, “Can you not, Socrates, when you have gone from us, live a silent and quiet life?” This is the most difficult thing of all to persuade some of you. For if I say that that would be to disobey the deity, and that, therefore, it is impossible for me to live quietly, you would not believe me, thinking I spoke ironically. If, on the other hand, I say that this is the greatest good to man, to discourse daily on virtue, and other things which you have heard me discussing, examining both myself and others, but that a life without investigation is not worth living for, still less would you believe me if I said this. Such, however, is the case, as I affirm, O Athenians! though it is not easy to persuade you. And at the same time I am not accustomed to think myself deserving of any ill. If, indeed, I were rich, I would amerce¹⁴⁹ myself in such a sum as I should be able to pay; for then I should have suffered no harm, but now—for I cannot, unless you are willing to amerce me in such a sum as I am able to pay. But perhaps I could pay you a mina of silver: in that sum, then, I amerce myself. But Plato¹⁵⁰ here, O Athenians! and Crito Critobulus, and Apollodorus bid me amerce myself in thirty minæ, and they offer to be sureties. I amerce myself, then, to you in that sum; and they will be sufficient sureties for the money.¹⁵¹

Farewell to Athens

“You Have Condemned Yourselves”

29. For the sake of no long space of time, O Athenians! you will incur the character and reproach at the hands of those who wish to defame the city, of having put that wise man, Socrates, to death. For those who wish to defame you will assert that I am wise, though I am not. If, then, you had waited for a short time, this would have happened of its own accord; for observe my age, that it is far advanced in life, and near death. But I say this not to you all, but to those only who have condemned me to die. And I say this, too, to the same persons. Perhaps you think, O Athenians! that I have been convicted through the want of arguments, by which I might have persuaded you, had I thought it right to do and say anything, so that I might escape punishment. Far otherwise: I have been convicted through want indeed, yet not of arguments, but of audacity and impudence, and of the inclination to say such things to you as would have been most agreeable for you to hear, had I lamented and bewailed and done and said many other things unworthy of me, as I affirm, but such as you are accustomed to hear from others. But neither did I then think that I ought, for the sake of avoiding danger, to do anything unworthy of a freeman, nor do I now repent of having so defended myself; but I should much rather choose to die, having so defended myself, than to live in that way. For neither in a trial nor in battle is it right that I or any one else should employ every possible means whereby he may avoid death; for in battle it is frequently evident that a man might escape death by laying down his arms, and throwing himself on the mercy of his pursuers. And there are many other devices in every danger, by

146 Namely, the Spartans who, in the interest of justice and in recognition of the gravity of a capital case, refused to try capital crimes in a single day as the Athenians did. This negative comparison to their arch-rivals cannot have sat well with the Athenian dikasts.

147 Death, which as an unknown, should not be feared.

148 Prison officials.

149 Assign a fine.

150 The second time Plato refers to himself in the *Apology*.

151 The dikasts vote for the death penalty 360 to 140.

which to avoid death, if a man dares to do and say everything. But this is not difficult, O Athenians! to escape death; but it is much more difficult to avoid depravity, for it runs swifter than death. And now I, being slow and aged, am overtaken by the slower of the two; but my accusers, being strong and active, have been overtaken by the swifter, wickedness. And now I depart, condemned by you to death; but they condemned by truth, as guilty of iniquity and injustice: and I abide my sentence, and so do they. These things, perhaps, ought so to be, and I think that they are for the best.

30. In the next place, I desire to predict to you who have condemned me, what will be your fate; for I am now in that condition in which men most frequently prophesy, namely, when they are about to die. I say, then, to you, O Athenians! who have condemned me to death, that immediately after my death a punishment will overtake you, far more severe, by Zeus! than that which you have inflicted on me. For you have done this, thinking you should be freed from the necessity of giving an account of your lives. The very contrary, however, as I affirm, will happen to you. Your accusers will be more numerous, whom I have now restrained, though you did not perceive it; and they will be more severe, inasmuch as they are younger, and you will be more indignant. For if you think that by putting men to death you will restrain any one from upbraiding you because you do not live well, you are much mistaken; for this method of escape is neither possible nor honorable; but that other is most honorable and most easy, not to put a check upon others, but for a man to take heed to himself how he may be most perfect. Having predicted thus much to those of you who have condemned me, I take my leave of you.

“Death is a Blessing”

31. But with you who have voted for my acquittal I would gladly hold converse on what has now taken place, while the magistrates are busy, and I am not yet carried to the place where I must die. Stay with me, then, so long, O Athenians! for nothing hinders our conversing with each other, while we are permitted to do so; for I wish to make known to you, as being my friends, the meaning of that which has just now befallen me. To me, then, O my judges! (and in calling you judges I call you rightly), a strange thing has happened. For the wonted prophetic voice of my guardian deity on every former occasion, even in the most trifling affairs, opposed me if I was about to do anything wrong; but now that has befallen me which ye yourselves behold, and which any one would think, and which is supposed to be the extremity of evil; yet neither when I departed from home in the morning did the warning of the god oppose me, nor when I came up here to the place of trial, nor in my address when I was about to say anything; yet on other occasions it has frequently restrained me in the midst of speaking. But now it has never, throughout this proceeding, opposed me, either in what I did or said. What, then, do I suppose to be the cause of this? I will tell you: what has befallen me appears to be a blessing; and it is impossible that we think rightly who suppose that death is an evil. A great proof of this to me is the fact that it is impossible but that the accustomed signal should have opposed me, unless I had been about to meet with some good.

32. Moreover, we may hence conclude that there is great hope that death is a blessing. For to die is one of two things: for either the dead may be annihilated, and have no sensation of anything whatever; or, as it is said, there are a certain change and passage of the soul from one place to another. And if it is a privation of all sensation, as it were a sleep in which the sleeper has no dream, death would be a wonderful gain. For I think that if any one, having selected a night in which he slept so soundly as not to have had a dream, and having compared this night with all the other nights and days of his life, should be required, on consideration, to say how many days and nights he had passed better and more pleasantly than this night throughout his life, I think that not only a private person, but even the great king himself, would find them easy to number, in comparison with other days and nights. If, therefore, death is a thing of this kind, I say it is a gain; for thus all futurity appears to be nothing more than one night. But if, on the other hand, death is a removal from hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, my judges? For if, on arriving at Hades,¹⁵² released from these who pretend to be judges, one shall find those who are true judges, and who are said to judge there, Minos and Rhadamanthus,¹⁵³ Æacus¹⁵⁴ and Triptolemus¹⁵⁵, and such others of the demi-gods as were just during their own life, would this be a sad removal? At what price would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus¹⁵⁶ and Musæus,¹⁵⁷ Hesiod¹⁵⁸ and Homer?¹⁵⁹ I indeed should be willing to die often, if this be true. For to me the sojourn

152 The Greek afterlife.

153 Minos and Rhadamanthus were brothers from Crete and were both judges of the dead, assigning them their place (and sometimes punishment) in the Underworld.

154 The third judge of the dead.

155 The cult of Triptolemus offered hope of a happy afterlife.

156 Legendary musician.

157 Legendary polymath.

158 Poet, author of the *Theogony* and *Works and Days*.

159 Poet, author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

there would be admirable, when I should meet with Palamedes, and Ajax, son of Telamon,¹⁶⁰ and any other of the ancients who has died by an unjust sentence. The comparing my sufferings with theirs would, I think, be no unpleasing occupation. But the greatest pleasure would be to spend my time in questioning and examining the people there as I have done those here, and discovering who among them is wise, and who fancies himself to be so, but is not. At what price, my judges, would not any one estimate the opportunity of questioning him who led that mighty army against Troy, or Ulysses,¹⁶¹ or Sisyphus, or ten thousand others whom one might mention both men and women, with whom to converse and associate, and to question them, would be an inconceivable happiness? Surely for that the judges there do not condemn to death; for in other respects those who live there are more happy than those who are here, and are henceforth immortal, if, at least, what is said be true.

33. You, therefore, O my judges! ought to entertain good hopes with respect to death, and to meditate on this one truth, that to a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when dead, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods. And what has befallen me is not the effect of chance; but this is clear to me, that now to die, and be freed from my cares is better for me. On this account the warning¹⁶² in no way turned me aside; and I bear no resentment toward those who condemned me, or against my accusers, although they did not condemn and accuse me with this intention, but thinking to injure me: in this they deserve to be blamed.

“Goodbye”

Thus much, however, I beg of them. Punish my sons when they grow up, O judges! paining them as I have pained you, if they appear to you to care for riches or anything else before virtue; and if they think themselves to be something when they are nothing, reproach them as I have done you, for not attending to what they ought, and for conceiving themselves to be something when they are worth nothing. If ye do this, both I and my sons shall have met with just treatment at your hands.

But it is now time to depart—for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state is unknown to everyone but God.

160 Palamedes and Ajax are Trojan War heroes.

161 Odysseus.

162 Of the daemons.

China

The dates of the selections in this chapter range from approximately the 500s B.C.E. to approximately the 200s B.C.E., which is mostly the Warring States Period in Chinese history (476-221 B.C.E.). During this time period, the different regions of China (each with a separate ruler and tradition) fought to maintain independence and defend their borders. In 221 B.C.E., the Qin/Chin ruler finished the process of unifying China by the sword, becoming the first Emperor. These texts, therefore, predate the unification of China, and some of the advice offered (in particular in the works of Confucius) are meant to be seen in the context of multiple kingdoms; Confucius suggests leaving a kingdom and going elsewhere if the leadership is corrupt, which was no longer possible post-unification.

The works in this chapter are foundational texts to later Chinese literature, politics, and philosophy. The *Analects* of Confucius, with its focus on ethical and moral issues, provides the reader with a guide to proper behavior (according to Confucius). The *Shi king* (*The Book of Songs/The Book of Odes/The Classic of Poetry*) may have been edited by Confucius, according to some sources, and the poems themselves offer a glimpse into the expectations of that society. Daoism, the other influential perspective at that time, is found in the *Zhuangzi* (both a book and the possible name of the author), which offers a challenge to the Confucian way of thinking. Finally, Sun Tzu's *Art of War* remains an influential text to this day, found as it is on the reading lists of military academies everywhere.

Students who are not familiar with Chinese literature and culture often have the same first problem: how to pronounce the names. Chinese is a complex language, so the answer is not straightforward. In Chinese, words must be pronounced using the proper tone. For example, the word “ma” can be pronounced four different ways, and in each case it is a different word.

- First tone: Rising tone (start low and go up the scale, like a rising accent mark)
- Second tone: Falling tone (start high and drop lower, like a falling accent mark)
- Third tone: Falling and Rising tone (begin high, drop low, and rise again, so that the sound is “U” shaped)
- Fourth tone: Steady and High tone (high pitched, steady sound)

Since each syllable of the word has a tone, and most translations do not mark which tone to use, there can be no way for students to know how to pronounce the word (except by taking a class in Chinese). Even then, students would have to choose between a class on Mandarin (spoken in the north) and Cantonese (spoken in the south), since they are too different to be taught as the same language. In addition to several major dialects of Chinese, there are numerous sub-dialects: some unintelligible to each other.

An additional challenge for students looking for research on these texts is that the same word can be spelled differently, depending on the pinyin system used. Pinyin is the way that Chinese characters are converted into letters, so that the sound of the character is approximated. For example, the Chinese character for “person” looks like a type of wishbone, but it is converted to “ren” in pinyin.

There are two major systems of pinyin (and some minor), and each one uses a different format to approximate sounds; both systems can be found online and in anthologies. The medieval Chinese poet Li Bo can be spelled Li Po or Li Bai, depending on the system used. In fact, the western name for “China” results from a series of translations, beginning with the pinyin “Chin” (more commonly translated as “Qin” these days) to describe the dynasty that unified the country in 221 B.C.E.; in other words, “China” is the land of the Chin/Qin.

AS YOU READ, CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

- What do Confucius and Sun Tzu expect from leaders? What is the proper behavior toward subordinates, and how do you know?

- How do Confucian ideals contrast with Daoist ideals? What seems to be the reason for the difference?
- What kind of behavior does society expect from its people, particularly in the *Shi king* (Book of Songs)? How do we know, based on the text?
- What is the definition of heroism in these works, based on the texts themselves?
- How would a Confucian hero be different from other ancient world heroes in other chapters, and why?

Written by Laura J. Getty

THE ANALECTS

Confucius (551-479 B.C.E.)

Compiled ca. 200 B.C.E.

China

Confucius (or “Kongzi” in Chinese) was deeply concerned about the problem of social chaos and explored ways to achieve social order. Inspired by the early rulers of the Zhou Dynasty (ca. 1045-256 B.C.E.), whom he considered exemplary, Confucius developed his philosophy about government, morality, ethics, social roles, and the importance of rituals. As a teacher, Confucius had a great number of disciples during his time. The *Analects*, translated as “Collected Conversations,” were compiled by later Confucian scholars, reaching their complete form around the second century B.C.E. The *Analects* are perhaps the most well-known text in Confucianism, belonging to the so-called “Four Books” of this tradition. Confucianism, which is known as *Ruxue* (Doctrine of the Sages) in China, forms a large part of the basis of many East Asian cultures.

Written by Kyounghe Kwon



IMAGE 2.1: THE TEACHING CONFUCIUS | Portrait of Confucius, one of the world's most famous philosophers and the creator of Confucianism.

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THE ANALECTS

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Confucius, translated by James Legge [1893]

BOOK I. HSIO R.

Chapter I.

The Master said, ‘Is it not pleasant to learn with a constant perseverance and application? Is it not delightful to have friends coming from distant quarters? Is he not a man of complete virtue, who feels no discomposure though men may take no note of him?’

Chapter IV.

The philosopher Tsang said, ‘I daily examine myself on three points:-- whether, in transacting business for others, I may have been not faithful;-- whether, in intercourse with friends, I may have been not sincere;-- whether I may have not mastered and practised the instructions of my teacher.’

Chapter XI.

The Master said, ‘While a man’s father is alive, look at the bent of his will; when his father is dead, look at his conduct. If for three years he does not alter from the way of his father, he may be called filial.’

BOOK II. WEI CHANG.

Chapter I.

The Master said, 'He who exercises government by means of his virtue may be compared to the north polar star, which keeps its place and all the stars turn towards it.'

Chapter II.

The Master said, 'In the Book of Poetry are three hundred pieces, but the design of them all may be embraced in one sentence-- "Having no depraved thoughts."'

Chapter IV.

The Master said, 'At fifteen, I had my mind bent on learning. At thirty, I stood firm. At forty, I had no doubts. At fifty, I knew the decrees of Heaven. At sixty, my ear was an obedient organ for the reception of truth. At seventy, I could follow what my heart desired, without transgressing what was right.'

Chapter VII.

Tsze-yu asked what filial piety was. The Master said, 'The filial piety of now-a-days means the support of one's parents. But dogs and horses likewise are able to do something in the way of support;-- without reverence, what is there to distinguish the one support given from the other?'

Chapter XI.

The Master said, 'If a man keeps cherishing his old knowledge, so as continually to be acquiring new, he may be a teacher of others.'

Chapter XIX.

The Duke Ai asked, saying, 'What should be done in order to secure the submission of the people?'

Confucius replied, 'Advance the upright and set aside the crooked, then the people will submit. Advance the crooked and set aside the upright, then the people will not submit.'

BOOK III. PA YIH.

Chapter V.

The Master said, 'The rude tribes of the east and north have their princes, and are not like the States of our great land which are without them.'

Chapter XXI.

The Duke Ai asked Tsai Wo about the altars of the spirits of the land. Tsai Wo replied, 'The Hsia sovereign planted the pine tree about them; the men of the Yin planted the cypress; and the men of the Chau planted the chestnut tree, meaning thereby to cause the people to be in awe.'

When the Master heard it, he said, 'Things that are done, it is needless to speak about; things that have had their course, it is needless to remonstrate about; things that are past, it is needless to blame.'

BOOK IV. LE JIN.

Chapter VIII.

The Master said, 'If a man in the morning hear the right way, he may die in the evening without regret.'

Chapter XV.

The Master said, 'Shan, my doctrine is that of an all-pervading unity.'

The disciple Tsang replied, 'Yes.'

The Master went out, and the other disciples asked, saying, 'What do his words mean?'

Tsang said, 'The doctrine of our master is to be true to the principles of our nature and the benevolent exercise of them to others,-- this and nothing more.'

BOOK V. KUNG-YE CH'ANG.

Chapter VIII.

The Master said to Tsze-kung, 'Which do you consider superior, yourself or Hui?'

Tsze-kung replied, 'How dare I compare myself with Hui? Hui hears one point and knows all about a subject; I hear one point, and know a second.'

The Master said, 'You are not equal to him. I grant you, you are not equal to him.'

Chapter IX.

Tsai Yu being asleep during the daytime, the Master said, 'Rotten wood cannot be carved; a wall of dirty earth will not receive the trowel. This Yu!-- what is the use of my reproving him?' The

Master said, 'At first, my way with men was to hear their words, and give them credit for their conduct. Now my way is to hear their words, and look at their conduct. It is from Yu that I have learned to make this change.'

Chapter X.

The Master said, 'I have not seen a firm and unbending man.'

Someone replied, 'There is Shan Ch'ang.'

'Ch'ang,' said the Master, 'is under the influence of his passions; how can he be pronounced firm and unbending?'

Chapter XIX.

Chi Wan thought thrice, and then acted. When the Master was informed of it, he said, 'Twice may do.'

Chapter XXV.

Yen Yuan and Chi Lu being by his side, the Master said to them, 'Come, let each of you tell his wishes.'

Tsze-lu said, 'I should like, having chariots and horses, and light fur dresses, to share them with my friends, and though they should spoil them, I would not be displeased.'

Yen Yuan said, 'I should like not to boast of my excellence, nor to make a display of my meritorious deeds.'

Tsze-lu then said, 'I should like, sir, to hear your wishes.'

The Master said, 'They are, in regard to the aged, to give them rest; in regard to friends, to show them sincerity; in regard to the young, to treat them tenderly.'

BOOK VI. YUNG YEY.

Chapter II.

The Duke Ai asked which of the disciples loved to learn. Confucius replied to him, 'There was Yen Hui; He loved to learn. He did not transfer his anger; he did not repeat a fault. Unfortunately, his appointed time was short and he died; and now there is not such another. I have not yet heard of anyone who loves to learn as he did.'

Chapter X.

Yen Ch'iu said, 'It is not that I do not delight in your doctrines, but my strength is insufficient.' The Master said, 'Those whose strength is insufficient give over in the middle of the way but now you limit yourself.'

Chapter XI.

The Master said to Tsze-hsia, 'Do you be a scholar after the style of the superior man, and not after that of the mean man.'

Chapter XVI.

The Master said, 'Where the solid qualities are in excess of accomplishments, we have rusticity; where the accomplishments are in excess of the solid qualities, we have the manners of a clerk. When the accomplishments and solid qualities are equally blended, we then have the man of virtue.'

Chapter XVIII.

The Master said, 'They who know the truth are not equal to those who love it, and they who love it are not equal to those who delight in it.'

Chapter XX.

Fan Ch'ih asked what constituted wisdom. The Master said, 'To give one's self earnestly to the duties due to men, and, while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them, may be called wisdom.'

He asked about perfect virtue. The Master said, 'The man of virtue makes the difficulty to be overcome his first business, and success only a subsequent consideration;-- this may be called perfect virtue.'

Chapter XXI.

The Master said, 'The wise find pleasure in water; the virtuous find pleasure in hills. The wise are active; the virtuous are tranquil. The wise are joyful; the virtuous are long-lived.'

BOOK VII. SHU R.

Chapter I.

The Master said, 'A transmitter and not a maker, believing in and loving the ancients, I venture to compare myself with our old P'ang.'

Chapter III.

The Master said, 'The leaving virtue without proper cultivation; the not thoroughly discussing what is learned; not being able to move towards righteousness of which a knowledge is gained; and not being able to change what is not good:— these are the things which occasion me solicitude.'

Chapter V.

The Master said, 'Extreme is my decay. For a long time, I have not dreamed, as I was wont to do, that I saw the duke of Chau.'

Chapter XV.

The Master said, 'With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and my bended arm for a pillow;— I have still joy in the midst of these things. Riches and honours acquired by unrighteousness, are to me as a floating cloud.'

Chapter XX.

The subjects on which the Master did not talk, were— extraordinary things, feats of strength, disorder, and spiritual beings.

BOOK VIII. T'AI-PO.

Chapter V.

The philosopher Tsang said, 'Gifted with ability, and yet putting questions to those who were not so; possessed of much, and yet putting questions to those possessed of little; having, as though he had not; full, and yet counting himself as empty; offended against, and yet entering into no altercation; formerly I had a friend who pursued this style of conduct.'

Chapter VIII.

The Master said, 'It is by the Odes that the mind is aroused. It is by the Rules of Propriety that the character is established. It is from Music that the finish is received.'

Chapter XIII.

The Master said, 'With sincere faith he unites the love of learning; holding firm to death, he is perfecting the excellence of his course. Such an one will not enter a tottering State, nor dwell in a disorganized one. When right principles of government prevail in the kingdom, he will show himself; when they are prostrated, he will keep concealed. When a country is well-governed, poverty and a mean condition are things to be ashamed of. When a country is ill-governed, riches and honour are things to be ashamed of.'

Chapter XVII.

The Master said, 'Learn as if you could not reach your object, and were always fearing also lest you should lose it.'

BOOK IX. TSZE HAN.

Chapter V.

The Master was put in fear in K'wang. He said, 'After the death of King Wan, was not the cause of truth lodged here in me? If Heaven had wished to let this cause of truth perish, then I, a future mortal, should not have got such a relation to that cause. While Heaven does not let the cause of truth perish, what can the people of K'wang do to me?'

Chapter VI.

A high officer asked Tsze-kung, saying, 'May we not say that your Master is a sage? How various is his ability?'

Tsze-kung said, 'Certainly Heaven has endowed him unlimitedly. He is about a sage. And, moreover, his ability is various.'

The Master heard of the conversation and said, 'Does the high officer know me? When I was young, my condition was low, and therefore I acquired my ability in many things, but they were mean matters. Must the superior man have such variety of ability? He does not need variety of ability.'

Lao said, 'The Master said, "Having no official employment, I acquired many arts."'

Chapter XI.

The Master being very ill, Tsze-lu wished the disciples to act as ministers to him.

During a remission of his illness, he said, 'Long has the conduct of Yu been deceitful! By pretending to have ministers when I have them not, whom should I impose upon? Should I impose upon Heaven? Moreover, than that I should die in the hands of ministers, is it not better that I should die in the hands of you, my disciples? And though I may not get a great burial, shall I die upon the road?'

Chapter XIII.

The Master was wishing to go and live among the nine wild tribes of the east. Someone said, 'They are rude. How can you do such a thing?'

The Master said, 'If a superior man dwelt among them, what rudeness would there be?'

Chapter XIV.

The Master said, 'I returned from Wei to Lu, and then the music was reformed, and the pieces in the Royal songs and Praise songs all found their proper places.'

Chapter XVI.

The Master standing by a stream, said, 'It passes on just like this, not ceasing day or night!'

Chapter XXII.

The Master said, 'A youth is to be regarded with respect. How do we know that his future will not be equal to our present? If he reach the age of forty or fifty, and has not made himself heard of, then indeed he will not be worth being regarded with respect.'

BOOK X. HEANG TANG.

Chapter II.

When he was waiting at court, in speaking with the great officers of the lower grade, he spoke freely, but in a straightforward manner; in speaking with those of the higher grade, he did so blandly, but precisely. When the ruler was present, his manner displayed respectful uneasiness; it was grave, but self-possessed.

Chapter IV.

When he entered the palace gate, he seemed to bend his body, as if it were not sufficient to admit him. When he was standing, he did not occupy the middle of the gate-way; when he passed in or out, he did not tread upon the threshold. When he was passing the vacant place of the prince, his countenance appeared to change, and his legs to bend under him, and his words came as if he hardly had breath to utter them. He ascended the reception hall, holding up his robe with both his hands, and his body bent; holding in his breath also, as if he dared not breathe. When he came out from the audience, as soon as he had descended one step, he began to relax his countenance, and had a satisfied look. When he had got to the bottom of the steps, he advanced rapidly to his place, with his arms like wings, and on occupying it, his manner still showed respectful uneasiness.

BOOK XI. HSIEN TSIN.

Chapter IX.

When Yen Yuan died, the Master bewailed him exceedingly, and the disciples who were with him said, 'Master, your grief is excessive?'

'Is it excessive?' said he.

'If I am not to mourn bitterly for this man, for whom should I mourn?'

Chapter X.

When Yen Yuan died, the disciples wished to give him a great funeral, and the Master said, 'You may not do so.'

The disciples did bury him in great style.

The Master said, 'Hui behaved towards me as his father. I have not been able to treat him as my son. The fault is not mine; it belongs to you, O disciples.'

BOOK XII. YEN YUAN.

Chapter II.

Chung-kung asked about perfect virtue. The Master said, 'It is, when you go abroad, to behave to every one as if you were receiving a great guest; to employ the people as if you were assisting at a great sacrifice; not to do to others as you would not wish done to yourself; to have no murmuring against you in the country, and none in the family.' Chung-kung said, 'Though I am deficient in intelligence and vigour, I will make it my business to practise this lesson.'

Chapter V.

Sze-ma Niu, full of anxiety, said, 'Other men all have their brothers, I only have not.'

Tsze-hsia said to him, 'There is the following saying which I have heard:—"Death and life have their determined appointment; riches and honours depend upon Heaven."

'Let the superior man never fail reverentially to order his own conduct, and let him be respectful to others and observant of propriety:— then all within the four seas will be his brothers. What has the superior man to do with being distressed because he has no brothers?'

Chapter VII.

Tsze-kung asked about government. The Master said, 'The requisites of government are that there be sufficiency of food, sufficiency of military equipment, and the confidence of the people in their ruler.'

Tsze-kung said, 'If it cannot be helped, and one of these must be dispensed with, which of the three should be foregone first?' 'The military equipment,' said the Master.

Tsze-kung again asked, 'If it cannot be helped, and one of the remaining two must be dispensed with, which of them should be foregone?'

The Master answered, 'Part with the food. From of old, death has been the lot of all men; but if the people have no faith in their rulers, there is no standing for the state.'

Chapter XI.

The Duke Ching, of Ch'i, asked Confucius about government.

Confucius replied, 'There is government, when the prince is prince, and the minister is minister; when the father is father, and the son is son.'

'Good!' said the duke; 'if, indeed; the prince be not prince, the minister not minister, the father not father, and the son not son, although I have my revenue, can I enjoy it?'

Chapter XVIII.

Chi K'ang, distressed about the number of thieves in the state, inquired of Confucius how to do away with them. Confucius said, 'If you, sir, were not covetous, although you should reward them to do it, they would not steal.'

Chapter XIX.

Chi K'ang asked Confucius about government, saying, 'What do you say to killing the unprincipled for the good of the principled?' Confucius replied, 'Sir, in carrying on your government, why should you use killing at all? Let your evinced desires be for what is good, and the people will be good. The relation between superiors and inferiors, is like that between the wind and the grass. The grass must bend, when the wind blows across it.'

BOOK XIV. HSIEN WAN.

Chapter XXV.

The Master said, 'In ancient times, men learned with a view to their own improvement. Now-a-days, men learn with a view to the approbation of others.'

Chapter XXXVII.

The Master said, 'Alas! there is no one that knows me.'

Tsze-kung said, 'What do you mean by thus saying— that no one knows you?'

The Master replied, 'I do not murmur against Heaven. I do not grumble against men. My studies lie low, and my penetration rises high. But there is Heaven;— that knows me!'

Chapter XLI.

Tsze-lu happening to pass the night in Shih-man, the gatekeeper said to him, 'Whom do you come from?'

Tsze-lu said, 'From Mr. K'ung [Confucius].'

'It is he,— is it not?'— said the other, 'who knows the impracticable nature of the times and yet will be doing in them.'

Chapter XLVI.

Yuan Zang was squatting on his heels, and so waited the approach of the Master, who said to him, 'In youth not humble as befits a junior; in manhood, doing nothing worthy of being handed down; and living on to old age:— this is to be a pest.' With this he hit him on the shank with his staff.

BOOK XVII. YANG HO.

Chapter IV.

The Master, having come to Wu-ch'ang, heard there the sound of stringed instruments and singing. Well pleased and smiling, he said, 'Why use an ox knife to kill a fowl?'

Tsze-yu replied, 'Formerly, Master, I heard you say,— "When the man of high station is well instructed, he loves men; when the man of low station is well instructed, he is easily ruled."'

The Master said, 'My disciples, Yen's words are right. What I said was only in sport.'

Chapter IX.

The Master said, 'My children, why do you not study the Book of Poetry? The Odes serve to stimulate the mind. They may be used for purposes of self-contemplation. They teach the art of sociability. They show how to regulate feelings of resentment. From them you learn the more immediate duty of serving one's father, and the remoter one of serving one's prince. From them we become largely acquainted with the names of birds, beasts, and plants.'

Chapter XIX.

The Master said, 'I would prefer not speaking.'

Tsze-kung said, 'If you, Master, do not speak, what shall we, your disciples, have to record?'

The Master said, 'Does Heaven speak? The four seasons pursue their courses, and all things are continually being produced, but does Heaven say anything?'

Chapter XXI.

Tsai Wo asked about the three years' mourning for parents, saying that one year was long enough. 'If the superior man,' said he, 'abstains for three years from the observances of propriety, those observances will be quite lost. If for three years he abstains from music, music will be ruined. Within a year the old grain is exhausted, and the new grain has sprung up, and, in procuring fire by friction, we go through all the changes of wood for that purpose. After a complete year, the mourning may stop.'

The Master said, 'If you were, after a year, to eat good rice, and wear embroidered clothes, would you feel at ease?' 'I should,' replied Wo.

The Master said, 'If you can feel at ease, do it. But a superior man, during the whole period of mourning, does not enjoy pleasant food which he may eat, nor derive pleasure from music which he may hear. He also does not feel at ease, if he is comfortably lodged. Therefore he does not do what you propose. But now you feel at ease and may do it.'

Tsai Wo then went out, and the Master said, 'This shows Yu's want of virtue. It is not till a child is three years old that it is allowed to leave the arms of its parents. And the three years' mourning is universally observed throughout the empire. Did Yu enjoy the three years' love of his parents?'

BOOK XVIII. WEI TSZE.

Chapter V.

The madman of Ch'u, Chieh-yu, passed by Confucius, singing and saying, 'O FANG! O FANG! How is your virtue degenerated! As to the past, reproof is useless; but the future may still be provided against. Give up your vain pursuit. Give up your vain pursuit. Peril awaits those who now engage in affairs of government.' Confucius alighted and wished to converse with him, but Chieh-yu hastened away, so that he could not talk with him.

Chapter VI.

Ch'ang-tsu and Chieh-ni were at work in the field together, when Confucius passed by them, and sent Tsze-lu to inquire for the ford.

Ch'ang-tsu said, 'Who is he that holds the reins in the carriage there?'

Tsze-lu told him, 'It is Confucius.'

'Is it not Confucius of Lu?' asked [Ch'ang-tsu].

'Yes.'

'He knows the ford [already].'

Tsze-lu then inquired of Chieh-ni, who said to him, 'Who are you, sir?'

He answered, 'I am Chung Yu.'

'Are you not the disciple of Confucius of Lu?' asked the other.

'I am.'

'Disorder, like a swelling flood, spreads over the whole empire, and who is he that will change its state for you? Than follow one who merely withdraws from this one and that one, had you not better follow those who have withdrawn from the world altogether?' With this he fell to covering up the seed, and proceeded with his work, without stopping.

Tsze-lu went and reported their remarks, when the Master observed with a sigh, 'It is impossible to associate with birds and beasts, as if they were the same with us. If I associate not with these people,-- with mankind,-- with whom shall I associate? If right principles prevailed through the empire, there would be no use for me to change its state.'

THE ART OF WAR

Sun Tzu

Probably 6th century B.C.E.

China

Sun Tzu's *Art of War* is still studied in military academies around the world, including the US military academies (USMA, USNA, and USAFA), and it is taught in business schools and law schools as a manual on how to get ahead of the competition. While scholars argue about when Sun Tzu lived (or whether he was using an older text, or even whether someone named Sun Tzu existed), the impact that the work has had is undeniable. The work is both a military treatise and a philosophical argument about the nature of humanity. Unlike previous strategists, "Sun-Tzu had no patience with the protracted games generals seemed to enjoy playing with each other. Once hostilities had erupted, one's priority was to defeat the enemy, not indulge oneself in chivalry which could only prolong the conflict and cost more lives." (Mark)

In Confucian thinking, everyone has an assigned place in society, with strict expectations for behavior that could potentially limit creative/unusual responses. Sun Tzu's approach to warfare is Daoist in nature, rather than Confucian "by adapting oneself to one's situation, rather than rigidly holding fast to how one thinks things *should* be, one is able to recognize the fluidity of conditions and act upon them decisively." (Mark)

It is therefore Sun Tzu's skill as a Daoist philosopher that guides the work and provides the reader with an insightful view of human nature.

Written by Laura J. Getty

THE ART OF WAR

Sun Tzu, Translated by Lionel Giles

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Introduction

Ssu-ma Ch'ien gives the following biography of Sun Tzu:

Sun Tzu Wu was a native of the Ch'i State. His ART OF WAR brought him to the notice of Ho Lu, King of Wu. Ho Lu said to him: "I have carefully perused your 13 chapters. May I submit your theory of managing soldiers to a slight test?"

Sun Tzu replied: "You may."



IMAGE 2.2: BAMBOO BOOK-BINDING | A copy of The Art of War in Chinese bamboo binding.

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Ho Lu asked: "May the test be applied to women?"

The answer was again in the affirmative, so arrangements were made to bring 180 ladies out of the Palace. Sun Tzu divided them into two companies, and placed one of the King's favorite concubines at the head of each. He then bade them all take spears in their hands, and addressed them thus: "I presume you know the difference between front and back, right hand and left hand?"

The girls replied: "Yes."

Sun Tzu went on: "When I say 'Eyes front,' you must look straight ahead. When I say 'Left turn,' you must face towards your left hand. When I say 'Right turn,' you must face towards your right hand. When I say 'About turn,' you must face right round towards your back."

Again the girls assented. The words of command having been thus explained, he set up the halberds and battle-axes in order to begin the drill. Then, to the sound of drums, he gave the order "Right turn." But the girls only burst out laughing. Sun Tzu said: "If words of command are not clear and distinct, if orders are not thoroughly understood, then the general is to blame."

So he started drilling them again, and this time gave the order "Left turn," whereupon the girls once more burst into fits of laughter. Sun Tzu: "If words of command are not clear and distinct, if orders are not thoroughly understood, the general is to blame. But if his orders ARE clear, and the soldiers nevertheless disobey, then it is the fault of their officers."

So saying, he ordered the leaders of the two companies to be beheaded. Now the king of Wu was watching the scene from the top of a raised pavilion; and when he saw that his favorite concubines were about to be executed, he was greatly alarmed and hurriedly sent down the following message: "We are now quite satisfied as to our general's ability to handle troops. If We are bereft of these two concubines, our meat and drink will lose their savor. It is our wish that they shall not be beheaded."

Sun Tzu replied: "Having once received His Majesty's commission to be the general of his forces, there are certain commands of His Majesty which, acting in that capacity, I am unable to accept."

Accordingly, he had the two leaders beheaded, and straightway installed the pair next in order as leaders in their place. When this had been done, the drum was sounded for the drill once more; and the girls went through all the evolutions, turning to the right or to the left, marching ahead or wheeling back, kneeling or standing, with

perfect accuracy and precision, not venturing to utter a sound. Then Sun Tzu sent a messenger to the King saying: "Your soldiers, Sire, are now properly drilled and disciplined, and ready for your majesty's inspection. They can be put to any use that their sovereign may desire; bid them go through fire and water, and they will not disobey."

But the King replied: "Let our general cease drilling and return to camp. As for us, We have no wish to come down and inspect the troops."

Thereupon Sun Tzu said: "The King is only fond of words, and cannot translate them into deeds."

After that, Ho Lu saw that Sun Tzu was one who knew how to handle an army, and finally appointed him general. In the west, he defeated the Ch'u State and forced his way into Ying, the capital; to the north he put fear into the States of Ch'i and Chin, and spread his fame abroad amongst the feudal princes. And Sun Tzu shared in the might of the King.

I. Laying Plans

1. Sun Tzu said: The art of war is of vital importance to the State.
2. It is a matter of life and death, a road either to safety or to ruin. Hence it is a subject of inquiry which can on no account be neglected.
3. The art of war, then, is governed by five constant factors, to be taken into account in one's deliberations, when seeking to determine the conditions obtaining in the field.
4. These are: (1) The Moral Law; (2) Heaven; (3) Earth; (4) The Commander; (5) Method and Discipline.
- 5, 6. The MORAL LAW causes the people to be in complete accord with their ruler, so that they will follow him regardless of their lives, undismayed by any danger.
7. HEAVEN signifies night and day, cold and heat, times and seasons.
8. EARTH comprises distances, great and small; danger and security; open ground and narrow passes; the chances of life and death.
9. The COMMANDER stands for the virtues of wisdom, sincerity, benevolence, courage, and strictness.
10. By METHOD AND DISCIPLINE are to be understood the marshaling of the army in its proper subdivisions, the graduations of rank among the officers, the maintenance of roads by which supplies may reach the army, and the control of military expenditure.
11. These five heads should be familiar to every general: he who knows them will be victorious; he who knows them not will fail.
12. Therefore, in your deliberations, when seeking to determine the military conditions, let them be made the basis of a comparison, in this wise:—
13. (1) Which of the two sovereigns is imbued with the Moral law? (2) Which of the two generals has most ability? (3) With whom lie the advantages derived from Heaven and Earth? (4) On which side is discipline most rigorously enforced? (5) Which army is stronger? (6) On which side are officers and men more highly trained? (7) In which army is there the greater constancy both in reward and punishment?
14. By means of these seven considerations I can forecast victory or defeat.
15. The general that hearkens to my counsel and acts upon it, will conquer:—let such a one be retained in command! The general that hearkens not to my counsel nor acts upon it, will suffer defeat:—let such a one be dismissed!
16. While heading the profit of my counsel, avail yourself also of any helpful circumstances over and beyond the ordinary rules.
17. According as circumstances are favorable, one should modify one's plans.
18. All warfare is based on deception.
19. Hence, when able to attack, we must seem unable; when using our forces, we must seem inactive; when we are near, we must make the enemy believe we are far away; when far away, we must make him believe we are near.
20. Hold out baits to entice the enemy. Feign disorder, and crush him.
21. If he is secure at all points, be prepared for him. If he is in superior strength, evade him.
22. If your opponent is of choleric temper, seek to irritate him. Pretend to be weak, that he may grow arrogant.

23. If he is taking his ease, give him no rest. If his forces are united, separate them.
24. Attack him where he is unprepared, appear where you are not expected.
25. These military devices, leading to victory, must not be divulged beforehand.
26. Now the general who wins a battle makes many calculations in his temple ere the battle is fought. The general who loses a battle makes but few calculations beforehand. Thus do many calculations lead to victory, and few calculations to defeat: how much more no calculation at all! It is by attention to this point that I can foresee who is likely to win or lose.

II. Waging War

1. Sun Tzu said: In the operations of war, where there are in the field a thousand swift chariots, as many heavy chariots, and a hundred thousand mail-clad soldiers with provisions enough to carry them a thousand LI the expenditure at home and at the front, including entertainment of guests, small items such as glue and paint, and sums spent on chariots and armor, will reach the total of a thousand ounces of silver per day. Such is the cost of raising an army of 100,000 men.
2. When you engage in actual fighting, if victory is long in coming, then men's weapons will grow dull and their ardor will be damped. If you lay siege to a town, you will exhaust your strength.
3. Again, if the campaign is protracted, the resources of the State will not be equal to the strain.
4. Now, when your weapons are dulled, your ardor damped, your strength exhausted and your treasure spent, other chieftains will spring up to take advantage of your extremity. Then no man, however wise, will be able to avert the consequences that must ensue.
5. Thus, though we have heard of stupid haste in war, cleverness has never been seen associated with long delays.
6. There is no instance of a country having benefited from prolonged warfare.
7. It is only one who is thoroughly acquainted with the evils of war that can thoroughly understand the profitable way of carrying it on.
8. The skillful soldier does not raise a second levy, neither are his supply-wagons loaded more than twice.
9. Bring war material with you from home, but forage on the enemy. Thus the army will have food enough for its needs.
10. Poverty of the State exchequer causes an army to be maintained by contributions from a distance. Contributing to maintain an army at a distance causes the people to be impoverished.
11. On the other hand, the proximity of an army causes prices to go up; and high prices cause the people's substance to be drained away.
12. When their substance is drained away, the peasantry will be afflicted by heavy exactions.
- 13, 14. With this loss of substance and exhaustion of strength, the homes of the people will be stripped bare, and three-tenths of their income will be dissipated; while government expenses for broken chariots, worn-out horses, breast-plates and helmets, bows and arrows, spears and shields, protective mantles, draught-oxen and heavy wagons, will amount to four-tenths of its total revenue.
15. Hence a wise general makes a point of foraging on the enemy. One cartload of the enemy's provisions is equivalent to twenty of one's own, and likewise a single PICUL of his provender is equivalent to twenty from one's own store.
16. Now in order to kill the enemy, our men must be roused to anger; that there may be advantage from defeating the enemy, they must have their rewards.
17. Therefore in chariot fighting, when ten or more chariots have been taken, those should be rewarded who took the first. Our own flags should be substituted for those of the enemy, and the chariots mingled and used in conjunction with ours. The captured soldiers should be kindly treated and kept.
18. This is called, using the conquered foe to augment one's own strength.
19. In war, then, let your great object be victory, not lengthy campaigns.
20. Thus it may be known that the leader of armies is the arbiter of the people's fate, the man on whom it depends whether the nation shall be in peace or in peril.

III. Attack by Stratagem

Sun Tzu said: In the practical art of war, the best thing of all is to take the enemy's country whole and intact; to shatter and destroy it is not so good. So, too, it is better to recapture an army entire than to destroy it, to capture a regiment, a detachment or a company entire than to destroy them.

2. Hence to fight and conquer in all your battles is not supreme excellence; supreme excellence consists in breaking the enemy's resistance without fighting.
3. Thus the highest form of generalship is to balk the enemy's plans; the next best is to prevent the junction of the enemy's forces; the next in order is to attack the enemy's army in the field; and the worst policy of all is to besiege walled cities.
4. The rule is, not to besiege walled cities if it can possibly be avoided. The preparation of mantlets, movable shelters, and various implements of war, will take up three whole months; and the piling up of mounds over against the walls will take three months more.
5. The general, unable to control his irritation, will launch his men to the assault like swarming ants, with the result that one-third of his men are slain, while the town still remains untaken. Such are the disastrous effects of a siege.
6. Therefore the skillful leader subdues the enemy's troops without any fighting; he captures their cities without laying siege to them; he overthrows their kingdom without lengthy operations in the field.
7. With his forces intact he will dispute the mastery of the Empire, and thus, without losing a man, his triumph will be complete. This is the method of attacking by stratagem.
8. It is the rule in war, if our forces are ten to the enemy's one, to surround him; if five to one, to attack him; if twice as numerous, to divide our army into two.
9. If equally matched, we can offer battle; if slightly inferior in numbers, we can avoid the enemy; if quite unequal in every way, we can flee from him.
10. Hence, though an obstinate fight may be made by a small force, in the end it must be captured by the larger force.
11. Now the general is the bulwark of the State; if the bulwark is complete at all points, the State will be strong; if the bulwark is defective, the State will be weak.
12. There are three ways in which a ruler can bring misfortune upon his army:—
13. (1) By commanding the army to advance or to retreat, being ignorant of the fact that it cannot obey. This is called hobbling the army.
14. (2) By attempting to govern an army in the same way as he administers a kingdom, being ignorant of the conditions which obtain in an army. This causes restlessness in the soldier's minds.
15. (3) By employing the officers of his army without discrimination, through ignorance of the military principle of adaptation to circumstances. This shakes the confidence of the soldiers.
16. But when the army is restless and distrustful, trouble is sure to come from the other feudal princes. This is simply bringing anarchy into the army, and flinging victory away.
17. Thus we may know that there are five essentials for victory: (1) He will win who knows when to fight and when not to fight. (2) He will win who knows how to handle both superior and inferior forces. (3) He will win whose army is animated by the same spirit throughout all its ranks. (4) He will win who, prepared himself, waits to take the enemy unprepared. (5) He will win who has military capacity and is not interfered with by the sovereign.
18. Hence the saying: If you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles. If you know yourself but not the enemy, for every victory gained you will also suffer a defeat. If you know neither the enemy nor yourself, you will succumb in every battle.

IV. Tactical Dispositions

1. Sun Tzu said: The good fighters of old first put themselves beyond the possibility of defeat, and then waited for an opportunity of defeating the enemy.
2. To secure ourselves against defeat lies in our own hands, but the opportunity of defeating the enemy is provided by the enemy himself.

3. Thus the good fighter is able to secure himself against defeat, but cannot make certain of defeating the enemy.
4. Hence the saying: One may KNOW how to conquer without being able to DO it.
5. Security against defeat implies defensive tactics; ability to defeat the enemy means taking the offensive.
6. Standing on the defensive indicates insufficient strength; attacking, a superabundance of strength.
7. The general who is skilled in defense hides in the most secret recesses of the earth; he who is skilled in attack flashes forth from the topmost heights of heaven. Thus on the one hand we have ability to protect ourselves; on the other, a victory that is complete.
8. To see victory only when it is within the ken of the common herd is not the acme of excellence.
9. Neither is it the acme of excellence if you fight and conquer and the whole Empire says, "Well done!"
10. To lift an autumn hair is no sign of great strength; to see the sun and moon is no sign of sharp sight; to hear the noise of thunder is no sign of a quick ear.
11. What the ancients called a clever fighter is one who not only wins, but excels in winning with ease.
12. Hence his victories bring him neither reputation for wisdom nor credit for courage.
13. He wins his battles by making no mistakes. Making no mistakes is what establishes the certainty of victory, for it means conquering an enemy that is already defeated.
14. Hence the skillful fighter puts himself into a position which makes defeat impossible, and does not miss the moment for defeating the enemy.
15. Thus it is that in war the victorious strategist only seeks battle after the victory has been won, whereas he who is destined to defeat first fights and afterwards looks for victory.
16. The consummate leader cultivates the moral law and strictly adheres to method and discipline; thus it is in his power to control success.
17. In respect of military method, we have, firstly, Measurement; secondly, Estimation of quantity; thirdly, Calculation; fourthly, Balancing of chances; fifthly, Victory.
18. Measurement owes its existence to Earth; Estimation of quantity to Measurement; Calculation to Estimation of quantity; Balancing of chances to Calculation; and Victory to Balancing of chances.
19. A victorious army opposed to a routed one, is as a pound's weight placed in the scale against a single grain.
20. The onrush of a conquering force is like the bursting of pent-up waters into a chasm a thousand fathoms deep.

VI. Weak Points and Strong

1. Sun Tzu said: Whoever is first in the field and awaits the coming of the enemy, will be fresh for the fight; whoever is second in the field and has to hasten to battle will arrive exhausted.
2. Therefore the clever combatant imposes his will on the enemy, but does not allow the enemy's will to be imposed on him.
3. By holding out advantages to him, he can cause the enemy to approach of his own accord; or, by inflicting damage, he can make it impossible for the enemy to draw near.
4. If the enemy is taking his ease, he can harass him; if well supplied with food, he can starve him out; if quietly encamped, he can force him to move.
5. Appear at points which the enemy must hasten to defend; march swiftly to places where you are not expected.
6. An army may march great distances without distress, if it marches through country where the enemy is not.
7. You can be sure of succeeding in your attacks if you only attack places which are undefended. You can ensure the safety of your defense if you only hold positions that cannot be attacked.
8. Hence that general is skillful in attack whose opponent does not know what to defend; and he is skillful in defense whose opponent does not know what to attack.
9. O divine art of subtlety and secrecy! Through you we learn to be invisible, through you inaudible; and hence we can hold the enemy's fate in our hands.

10. You may advance and be absolutely irresistible, if you make for the enemy's weak points; you may retire and be safe from pursuit if your movements are more rapid than those of the enemy.
11. If we wish to fight, the enemy can be forced to an engagement even though he be sheltered behind a high rampart and a deep ditch. All we need do is attack some other place that he will be obliged to relieve.
12. If we do not wish to fight, we can prevent the enemy from engaging us even though the lines of our encampment be merely traced out on the ground. All we need do is to throw something odd and unaccountable in his way.
13. By discovering the enemy's dispositions and remaining invisible ourselves, we can keep our forces concentrated, while the enemy's must be divided.
14. We can form a single united body, while the enemy must split up into fractions. Hence there will be a whole pitted against separate parts of a whole, which means that we shall be many to the enemy's few.
15. And if we are able thus to attack an inferior force with a superior one, our opponents will be in dire straits.
16. The spot where we intend to fight must not be made known; for then the enemy will have to prepare against a possible attack at several different points; and his forces being thus distributed in many directions, the numbers we shall have to face at any given point will be proportionately few.
17. For should the enemy strengthen his van, he will weaken his rear; should he strengthen his rear, he will weaken his van; should he strengthen his left, he will weaken his right; should he strengthen his right, he will weaken his left. If he sends reinforcements everywhere, he will everywhere be weak.
18. Numerical weakness comes from having to prepare against possible attacks; numerical strength, from compelling our adversary to make these preparations against us.
19. Knowing the place and the time of the coming battle, we may concentrate from the greatest distances in order to fight.
20. But if neither time nor place be known, then the left wing will be impotent to succor the right, the right equally impotent to succor the left, the van unable to relieve the rear, or the rear to support the van. How much more so if the furthest portions of the army are anything under a hundred LI apart, and even the nearest are separated by several LI!
21. Though according to my estimate the soldiers of Yueh exceed our own in number, that shall advantage them nothing in the matter of victory. I say then that victory can be achieved.
22. Though the enemy be stronger in numbers, we may prevent him from fighting. Scheme so as to discover his plans and the likelihood of their success.
23. Rouse him, and learn the principle of his activity or inactivity. Force him to reveal himself, so as to find out his vulnerable spots.
24. Carefully compare the opposing army with your own, so that you may know where strength is superabundant and where it is deficient.
25. In making tactical dispositions, the highest pitch you can attain is to conceal them; conceal your dispositions, and you will be safe from the prying of the subtlest spies, from the machinations of the wisest brains.
26. How victory may be produced for them out of the enemy's own tactics—that is what the multitude cannot comprehend.
27. All men can see the tactics whereby I conquer, but what none can see is the strategy out of which victory is evolved.
28. Do not repeat the tactics which have gained you one victory, but let your methods be regulated by the infinite variety of circumstances.
29. Military tactics are like unto water; for water in its natural course runs away from high places and hastens downwards.
30. So in war, the way is to avoid what is strong and to strike at what is weak.
31. Water shapes its course according to the nature of the ground over which it flows; the soldier works out his victory in relation to the foe whom he is facing.
32. Therefore, just as water retains no constant shape, so in warfare there are no constant conditions.

33. He who can modify his tactics in relation to his opponent and thereby succeed in winning, may be called a heaven-born captain.
34. The five elements (water, fire, wood, metal, earth) are not always equally predominant; the four seasons make way for each other in turn. There are short days and long; the moon has its periods of waning and waxing.

THE BOOK OF SONGS

Existed before Confucius (born around 551 B.C.E.)

China

The Book of Songs (the *Shi king*, also translated as *The Classic of Poetry* and *The Book of Odes*) is a collection of poems written by various anonymous authors over several centuries. Traditionally, Confucius has been credited as the editor of the collection, and it was part of the canon of Confucian works that scholars were expected to study. Scholars debate how much influence Confucius may have had on them; one theory is that he took a much larger work (possibly several thousand poems) and chose just over three hundred to form the standard version that exists today. Poetry collections in China were meant to represent the voice of the people (male and female, all social classes). The poems capture moments in time, speaking to the reader about the problems and joys of individuals who were not necessarily the rulers or heroes of other stories.

Written by Laura J. Getty

THE SHI KING, THE OLD "POETRY CLASSIC" OF THE CHINESE [THE BOOK OF SONGS]

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Translated by William Jennings

BOOK II.: THE ODES OF SHÂU AND THE SOUTH.

The Wedding-Journey of a Princess

The magpie has a nest;
 The dove yet takes possession.—
 Lo! the young bride departs,
 In many-wheeled procession.
 The magpie has a nest;
 The dove yet there will quarter.—
 Lo! the young bride departs;
 And countless cars escort her.
 The magpie has a nest;
 The dove will fill it (quickly).—
 Lo! the young bride departs,
 With chariots mustered thickly.

A Reverent Helpmate

There gathers she the fragrant herb
 Along the islets, by the pools,
 To mingle with the votive gifts
 Of him that o'er the principedom rules.
 There gathers she the fragrant herb
 Amid the mountain streams again,
 To mingle with the votive gifts
 Her prince will offer in the fane.
 With head-gear all erect and high
 Ere dawn the temple she attends;
 With head-gear all uncared for now
 Back to her place her way she wends.

A Long-Absent Husband

Now the crickets chirp and grind;
 And the hoppers spring and fly.
 But my lord not yet I find;
 Ay, and sore at heart am I.
 O to see him once again!
 O to meet him once again!
 Stilled were then the swelling sigh.
 Climbed I yonder up South Hill,
 Plucked sweet brackens as I went.
 But my lord I saw not still;
 Loud was yet my heart's lament.
 O to see him once again!
 O to meet him once again!
 So my heart were well content.
 Climbed I yonder up South Hill,
 Now to pluck the royal fern.
 Yet my lord I saw not still;
 Still my heart must pine and yearn.
 O to see him once again!
 O to meet him once again!
 So my heart's-ease might return.

The Young Wife's Zealous Care in the Worship of her Husband's Ancestors

She goes to gather water-wort,
 Beside the streams south of the hills;
 She goes to gather water-grass
 Along the swollen roadside rills;
 Goes now to store her gathered herbs
 In basket round, in basket square;
 Goes now to seethe and simmer them
 In tripod and in cauldron there;
 Pours out libations of them all
 Beneath the light within the Hall.—
 And who is she—so occupied?
 —Who, but (our lord's) young pious bride?

In Memory of a Worthy Chieftain

O pear-tree, with thy leafy shade!
 Ne'er be thou cut, ne'er be thou laid;—
 Once under thee Shâu's chieftain stayed.
 O pear-tree, with thy leafy crest,
 Ne'er may they cut thee, ne'er molest;—
 Shâu's chief beneath thee once found rest.
 O pear-tree, with thy leafy shroud,
 Ne'er be those branches cut, nor bowed,
 That shelter to Shâu's chief allowed.

The Resisted Suitor

All soaking was the path with dew.
 And was it not scarce daybreak, too?
 I say: the path was drenched with dew.
 Who says the sparrow has no horn?
 How bores it then into my dwelling?
 Who says of thee, thou art forlorn?

Why then this forcing and compelling?
 But force, compel me, do thy will:
 Husband and wife we are not still.
 Who says of rats, they have no teeth?
 How do they bore then through my wall?
 Who says of thee, thou art forlorn?
 Why force me then into this brawl?
 But force me, sue me,—even so,
 With thee I do not mean to go!

Dignity and Economy of King Wān's Councillors

Clad in lambskin or in sheepskin,
 Five white silken seams that show,
 To their meal from court retiring,
 With what dignity they go!
 Bare of wool, the lamb or sheepskin
 Five white sutures may reveal,
 Still with dignity retire they
 From their Master to their meal.
 Though the skins, now rent in patches,
 Five white silken seams require,
 Still with dignity the wearers
 To their meal from Court retire.

The Lonely Wife

Hearken! there is thunder
 On South Hill's lofty crest.
 Hence why must he wander,
 Nor dare a moment rest?
 True-hearted husband, fain, oh fain
 Were I to see thee home again.
 Hearken! now the thunder
 Rolls lower on South Hill.
 Hence why must he wander,
 Nor ever dare be still?
 True-hearted husband, fain, oh fain
 Were I to have thee home again.
 Hearken! now the thunder
 Is down upon the plain.
 Hence why must he wander,
 Nor dare awhile remain?
 True-hearted husband, fain, oh fain
 Were I to find thee home again.

Fears Of Mature Maidenhood

Though shaken be the damson-tree,
 Left on it yet are seven, O.
 Ye gentlemen who care for me,
 Take chance while chance is given, O.
 Though shaken be the damson-tree,
 Yet three are still remaining, O.
 Ye gentlemen who care for me,
 Now, now; the time is waning, O.
 Ah, shaken is the damson-tree,
 And all are in the basket, O.

Ye gentlemen who care for me,
Your question—would ye ask it, O!

Contented Concubines

Starlets dim are yonder peeping,—
In the East are five, and three.
Softly, where our lord is (sleeping),
Soon or late by night go we.
Some have high, some low degree.
Starlets dim are yonder peeping,—
Pleiades, Orion's band.
Softly nightly go we creeping,
Quilt and coverlet in hand.
Some take high, some lower stand.

Jealousy Overcome

The Kiang has arms that wayward wind.
Our lady erst as bride
Our help declined,
Our help declined;—
Anon she was of other mind.
The Kiang has banks within its bed.
Our lady erst as bride
Our presence fled,
Our presence fled;—
Anon a calmer life she led.
The Kiang has creeks that leave it long.
Our lady erst as bride
Spurned all our throng,
Spurned all our throng;—
Her sneering now is turned to song.

The Cunning Hunter

In the wild there lies a dead gazelle,
With the reed-grass round it wrapt;
And a maid who loveth springtide well
By a winsome youth is trapped.
In the wood thick undergrowth is found,
In the wild the dead gazelle,
With the reed-grass round its body bound;—
And the maid she looketh well.
“Ah! gently, not so fast, good sir;
My kerchief, prithee, do not stir;
Nor rouse the barking of my cur.”

A Royal Wedding

What radiant bloom is there!
Blossoms of cherry wild.
What care attends the equipage
Of her, the royal child!
What radiance! Like the bloom
Of peach and plum in one!
Granddaughter of the Just King she,
He a true noble's son.
How was the bait then laid?

'Twas trimmed with silken twine.
 He the true noble's son (thus caught)
 Her of the Just King's line!

The Tsow Yu

Out there where the reeds grow rank and tall,
 One round he shoots, five wild boars fall.
 Hail the Tsow Yu!
 And there where the grass is waving high,
 One round he shoots, five wild hogs die.
 Hail the Tsow Yu!

Note.—Although this is one of the shortest and apparently most trivial of the Odes in the Book of Poetry, it is credited by the Chinese editors with as much meaning as the largest. It is regarded, like so many more, as illustrating the extent of the reformation brought about by King Wän. Not only was the kingdom better ruled, society better regulated, and individuals more self-disciplined and improved in manners, but the reformation affected all things: vegetation flourished, game became most abundant, hunting was attended to at the right seasons, and the benign influence of the King was everywhere felt by the people. The poet thinks it is sufficient to dwell upon these last characteristics. Probably the lines were written after some royal hunt.

BOOK III.: THE ODES OF P'EI.

P'ei was one of three principalities which King Wu created after he overthrew the dynasty of Shang. It was in the north; and the two others were—Yung in the south, and Wei in the west. P'ei and Yung were, after a short time, absorbed in Wei, which had a long history. We have, in Books III., IV. and V. titles taken from all three; but evidently the division is only artificial: the three Books might all have been included properly under the title Wei, since it is that State with which all are connected.

Derelict

The cedar boat is drifting,
 On currents never still.
 Sleepless I lie, vexed inly,
 As with some unknown ill.
 'Tis not that wine is wanting,
 Or leave to roam at will.
 My heart is no mere mirror
 That cannot comprehend.
 Brothers I have, but may not
 On brothers e'en depend.
 Tush! when I go complaining
 'Tis only to offend.
 No stone this heart of mine is,
 That may be turned and rolled;
 No mat this heart of mine is,
 To fold or to unfold.
 Steadfast and strict my life is;
 Nought 'gainst it can be told.
 Yet here I sit in sorrow,
 Scorned by a rabble crew.
 My troubles have been many,
 My insults not a few.
 Calmly I think—then, starting,
 I beat my breast anew.
 O moon, why now the brighter?

O sun, why now dost wane?
 My heart wears grief as garments
 Inured to soil and stain.
 Calmly I think—then, starting,
 Would fly—but all in vain.

Supplanted

Green now my robe!
 Green, lined with yellow.
 Ah! when shall Grief
 Be not my fellow!
 Green is the robe;
 Yellow the skirt!
 Ah! when shall Grief
 Nevermore hurt!
 Green is the silk;
 Ruled so by you.—
 Guide me, ye ancients!
 Harm lest I do.
 Lawn, fine or coarse,
 Chills in the wind.—
 Guide me, ye ancients!
 Save me my mind.

Friends In Distress

O the swallows onward flying,
 Wings aslant, irregular!
 O the lady homeward hieing;
 O'er the wilds escort her far.
 Gaze I till I gaze in vain,
 And my tears are like the rain.
 O the swallows onward flying,
 Soaring upward, darting low!
 O the lady homeward hieing;
 Far then let her escort go.
 Gaze I till I gaze in vain;
 Long I stand and weep amain.
 O the swallows onward flying,
 High and low, with twittering mouth!
 O the lady homeward hieing;
 Far escort her to the South.
 Gaze I till I gaze in vain,
 And my heart scarce bears the pain.
 Lady Chung—on love relying,
 And of feelings true and deep,
 Ever sweet and much-complying,
 Strict, yet, self-respect to keep—
 Thoughtful of the dead she:
 Bright example to poor me!

Clouds Gathering

O sun, O moon, ye downwards turn
 To earth your glorious gaze.
 But ah! that men there be like this,
 Forsaking ancient ways!

Where can be peace? Alas, *his* glance
 From *me* for ever strays!
 O sun, O moon, this earth below
 Hath you as crown above.
 But ah, that men there be like this,
 That give not love for love!
 Where can be peace? Alas that he
 Should so responseless prove!
 O sun, O moon, that morn and eve
 Rise in yon Eastern sky.
 Alas that men there be like this,
 Whose deeds fair words belie.
 Where can be peace? Ah, better now
 If *memory* could but die!
 O sun, O moon, that morn and eve
 Rise yonder in the East.
 O parents mine! your charge of me
 Hath not for ever ceased.
 Where can be peace? For to my love
 Responds he not the least.

The Storm

Long, long the stormwind blew, and wild.—
 He turned to look at me: he smiled;
 But mockery was there, and scorn.
 Ah, how my very heart was torn!
 Long, long it blew, with dust for rain.—
 “Be kind, and come to me again.”
 He came not, neither went his way;
 And long in pensive thought I lay.
 On still it blew, with storm-clouds black;
 Scarce light there was, so dense the pack.
 Wakeful I lay, nor closed mine eyes;
 And anxious thought brought fitful sighs.
 Black and more black yet grew the gloom;
 Then came loud thunder, boom on boom.
 Awake I lay, all sleep was fled,
 And anxious thought my fever fed.

The Soldier Sighs For Wife And Home

When the beating of drums was heard around,
 How we sprang to our weapons with leap and bound!
 But the fields must have some, and the walls of Ts'o;—
 We alone to the South must a-marching go.
 So we followed our leader Sun Tse-Chung,
 And a peace there was made with Ch'in and Sung.
 But of homeward march is no sign as yet,
 And our hearts are heavy, and pine and fret.
 Ah! here we are lingering; here we stay;
 And our steeds go wandering far astray;
 And quest of them all must needs be made
 Away in the depths of the woodland shade.
 But, though far to be severed in death or life,
 We are bound by the pledge each gave to his wife;
 And we vowed, as we stood then hand in hand,
 By each other in life's last years to stand.

Alas! now wide is the gulf between!
 And life to us now is a blank, I ween.
 And, alas, for the plighted troth—so vain!
 Untrue to our words we must aye remain.

The Discontented Mother

From the South the gladdening breezes blow
 On the heart of that bush of thorn;
 And the inmost leaves in it gaily grow.—
 But the mother with care is worn.
 From the South the gladdening breezes blow
 On the twigs of that thorny tree.
 And the mother is wise and good, but oh!
 Bad and worthless men are we.
 From the spring 'neath the walls of Tsun there runs
 A cool and refreshing rill.
 But the mother, though hers be seven sons,
 Unrelieved here toils on still.
 And the golden bright-eyed orioles
 Wake their tuneful melodie.
 But the mother's heart no son consoles,
 Though we seven around her be.

Separation

The male pheasant has taken his flight,
 Yet leisurely moved he his wings!
 Ah, to thee, my beloved, thyself
 What sorrow this severance brings!
 The male pheasant has taken his flight;
 From below, from aloft, yet he cried.
 Ah, true was my lord; and my heart
 With its burden of sorrow is tried.
 As I gaze at the sun and the moon,
 Free rein to my thoughts I allow.
 O the way, so they tell me, is long:
 Tell me, how can he come to me now?
 Wot ye not, then, ye gentlemen all,
 Of his virtue and rectitude?
 From all envy and enmity free,
 What deed doth he other than good?

Untimely Unions

“The leaves of the gourd are yet sour to the taste,
 And the way through the ford is deep” (quoth she).
 —“Deep be it, our garments we'll raise to the waist,
 Or shallow, then up to the knee” (quoth he).
 “But the ford is full, and the waters rise.
 Hark! a pheasant there, in alarm she cries.”
 —“Nay, the ford when full would no axle wet;
 And the pheasant but cackles to fetch her mate.”
 “More sweet were the wildgoose' cries to hear,
 When the earliest streaks of the dawn appear;
 And that is how men should seek their brides,—
 (In the early spring) ere the ice divides.
 The ferryman beckons and points to his boat:—
 Let others cross over, I shall not.

The others may cross, but I say nay.
For a (true) companion here I stay.”

Lament Of A Discarded Wife

When East winds blow unceasingly,
They bring but gloominess and rain.
Strive, strive to live unitedly,
And every angry thought restrain.
Some plants we gather for their leaves,
But leave the roots untouched beneath;
So, while unsullied was my name,
I should have lived with you till death.
With slow, slow step I took the road,
My inmost heart rebelling sore.
You came not far with me indeed,
You only saw me to the door.
Who calls the lettuce bitter fare?
The cress is not a whit more sweet.
Ay, feast there with your new-found bride,
Well-pleased, as when fond brothers meet.
The Wei, made turbid by the King,
Grows limpid by the islets there.
There, feasting with your new-found bride,
For me no longer now you care.
Yet leave to me my fishing-dam;
My wicker-nets—remove them not.
My person spurned,—some vacant hour
May bring compassion for my lot.
Where ran the river full and deep,
With raft or boat I paddled o’er;
And, where it flowed in shallower stream,
I dived or swam from shore to shore.
And what we had, or what we lost,
For that I strained my every nerve;
When other folks had loss, I’d crawl
Upon my knees, if aught ’twould serve.
And you can show me no kind care,
Nay, treated like a foe am I!
My virtue stood but in your way,
Like traders’ goods that none will buy.
Once it was feared we could not live;
In your reverses then I shared;
And now, when fortune smiles on you,
To very poison I’m compared.
I have laid by a goodly store,—
For winter’s use it was to be;—
Feast on there with your new-found bride,—
I was for use in poverty!
Rude fits of anger you have shown,
Now left me to be sorely tried.
Ah, you forget those days gone by,
When you came nestling to my side!

A Prince And His Officers In Trouble

Fallen so low, so low!
Wherefore not homeward go?

And we,—how could we for our chief refuse
 Exposure to the nightly dews?
 Fallen so low, so low!
 Wherefore not homeward go?
 And did we not our chief himself require,
 How lived we here in mud and mire?

Li Finds No Help In Wei

How have the creepers on the crested slope
 Crept with their tendrils far and wide!
 And O, ye foster-fathers of our land,
 How have our days here multiplied!
 Why is there never movement made?
 Comes surely some expected aid.
 Why is this long, protracted pause?
 'Tis surely not without a cause.
 With foxfurs worn and frayed, without our cars,
 Came we not Eastward here to you?
 O ye, the foster-fathers of our land,
 Will ye have nought with us to do?
 A shattered remnant, last of all our host,
 But waifs and vagabonds are we!
 And ye, the foster-fathers of our land,
 Smile on, but deaf ye seem to be!

Buffoonery At Court

Calm and cool, see him advance!
 Now for posturing and dance,—
 While the sun's in middle sky,—
 There in front of platform high!
 See him, corpulent and tall,
 Capering in that ducal hall!
 Tiger-like in strength of limb,—
 Reins like ribbons were to him!
 Left hand now the flute assumes,
 Right hand grasps the pheasant's plumes;
 Red, as though with rouge, the face.
 "Give him liquor!" cries His Grace.
 There are hazels on the hill,
 There is fungus in the fen.
 Say to whom my thoughts then flee.—
 To those fine West-country men.
 Those are admirable men!
 The West-country men for me!

Homesick

Fain are those waters to be free,
 Leaving their spring to join the K'i.
 So yearns my heart for thee, dear Wei;—
 No day but there in thought I fly.
 Here are my cousins, kind are they:
 O, before these my plans I'll lay.
 On leaving home I lodged in Tsi.
 And drank the god-speed cup in Ni.
 Maids, when their wedding trip they take,
 Parents and brothers all forsake.

Yet let me go my aunts to greet;
 Let me my elder sisters meet.
 And, leaving here, I'd lodge in Kan,
 Then drink the god-speed cup in Yen.
 Oil me then well my axles, O!
 Back in my carriage let me go.
 Soon should I be in Wei;—but oh!
 Were I not *wrong* in acting so?
 Ah!—For that land of fertile streams
 Long do I sigh in waking dreams.
 So when I think of Siu and Ts'ò,
 Full is my heart, to overflow.
 Drove I but forth to wander there,
 Then were unbosomed all my care.

Official Hardships

Out by the northern gate I go my way,
 Bearing a load of sorrow and of care;
 Vulgarly poor am I, and sore bestead,
 And of my hardships all are unaware.
 Ah, so indeed!
 Yet Heaven hath so decreed;
 What therefore can I say?
 On me devolves the business of the king,
 On me official burdens fast encroach;
 On me, at home, arriving from abroad,
 My household all conspire to heap reproach
 Ah, so indeed!
 Yet Heaven hath so decreed;
 What therefore can I say?
 All urgent is the business of the king;
 Official cares press on me more and more.
 And when at home, arriving from abroad,
 My household one and all thrust at me sore.
 Ah, so indeed,
 Yet Heaven hath so decreed;
 What therefore can I say?

Emigrants

Cold north winds are blowing,
 Heavy falls the snow.
 Friend, thy hand, if thou art friendly!
 Forth together let us go.
 Long, too long, we loiter here:
 Times are too severe.
 How the north wind whistles,
 Driving snow and sleet!
 Friend, thy hand, if thou art friendly!
 Let us, thou and I, retreat.
 Long, too long, we loiter here:
 Times are too severe.
 Nothing red, but foxes!
 Nothing black, but crows!
 Friend, thy hand, if thou art friendly!
 Come with me—my waggon goes.
 Long, too long, we loiter here:
 Times are too severe.

Irregular Love-Making

A modest maiden, passing fair to see,
 Waits at the corner of the wall for me.
 I love her, yet I have no interview:—
 I scratch my head—I know not what to do.
 The modest maid—how winsome was she then,
 The day she gave me her vermilion pen!
 Vermilion pen was never yet so bright,—
 The maid's own loveliness is my delight.
 Now from the pasture lands she sends a shoot
 Of couchgrass fair; and rare it is, to boot.
 Yet thou, my plant (when beauties I compare),
 Art but the fair one's gift, and not the Fair!

The New Tower

Past the New Tower, so spick and span,
 The Ho majestic rolled.
 There she who sought a gallant mate
 Found one deformed and old.
 'Neath the New Tower's high battlements
 The Ho ran smooth and still.
 She sought a gallant mate, and lo!
 A shapeless imbecile!
 The net was ready for a fish,
 A goose there came instead.
 And she who sought a gallant mate,
 Must with this hunchback wed.

The Two Sons

Two youths there were, each took his boat,
 That floated, mirrored in the stream;—
 And O the fear for those two youths,
 And O the anxiety extreme!
 Two youths they were, each took his boat,
 And floated on the stream away;—
 And O the fear for those two youths;
 If harmed, yet innocent were they.

THE MOTHER OF MENCIUS

Circulated from Mencius's lifetime on (ca. 371-289 B.C.E.)

China

Mencius (ca. 371–289 B.C.E) is an early Chinese philosopher who contributed to the development of Confucianism, and he is regarded as the “second sage” in this tradition. He wrote the *Mencius*, a Confucian text, which was published as one of the “Four Books” of Confucianism in 1190 C.E. by Zhu Xi, a Neo-Confucian philosopher. The *Mencius* contains Mencius's sayings, the writings about his life, and his philosophical statements about human nature and government. Mencius emphasized the rulers' obligations to look after the welfare of the common people. Mencius believed that humans are basically good with the “seeds” of virtue. The selected text here is a famous legend about Mencius's mother from James Legge's 1895 translation. It sheds light on the educational devotion of Mencius's mother (e.g., her moving three times for his education), her Confucian beliefs, and her influence on Mencius.

Written by Kyoungnye Kwon

CHAPTER II: MENCIUS AND HIS OPINIONS [THE MOTHER OF MENCIUS]

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Mencius, translated by James Legge

Section I: Life of Mencius

1. The materials for a Memoir of Mencius are very scanty. The birth and principal incidents of Confucius' life are duly chronicled in the various annotated editions of the Ch'un Ts'ew, and in Sze-ma Ts'een. Paucity and uncertainty of materials.

It is not so in the case of Mencius. Ts'een's account of him is contained in half a dozen columns which are without a single date. That in the "Cyclopædia of Surnames" only covers half a page. Chaou K'e is more particular in regard to the early years of his subject, but he is equally indefinite. Our chief informants are K'ung Foo, and Lëw Heang in his "Record of Note-worthy Women," but what we find in them has more the character of legend than history.

It is not till we come to the pages of Mencius himself that we are treading on any certain ground. They give the principal incidents of his public life, extending over about twenty-four years. We learn from them that in the course of that time he was in such and such places, and gave expression to such and such opinions; but where he went first and where he went last, it is next to impossible to determine. I have carefully examined three attempts, made by competent scholars of the present dynasty, to construct a Harmony that shall reconcile the statements of the "Seven Books" with the current chronologies of the time, and do not see my way to adopt entirely the conclusions of any one of them. The value of the Books lies in the record which they furnish of Mencius' sentiments, and the lessons which these supply for the regulation of individual conduct and national policy. It is of little importance that we should be able to lay them down in the strict order of time.

With Mencius' withdrawal from public life, all traces of him disappear. All that is said of him is that he spent his latter years along with his disciples in the preparation and publication of his Works.

From this paragraph it will be seen that there is not much to be said in this section. I shall relate, first, what is reported of the early years and training of our philosopher, and then look at him as he comes before us in his own pages, in the full maturity of his character and powers.

2. Mencius is the latinized form of Mäng-tsze, "The philosopher Mäng." His surname, birth-place; parents; the year of his birth, bc 371.

His surname thus connects him with the Mäng or Mäng-sun family, one of the three great Houses of Loo, whose usurpations were such an offence to Confucius in his day. Their power was broken in the time of duke Gae (bc 493—467), and they thenceforth dwindle into comparative insignificance. Some branches remained in obscurity in Loo, and others went forth to the neighbouring States.

The branch from which Mencius sprang found a home in the small adjacent principality of Tsow, which in former times had been made known by the name of Choo. It was absorbed by Loo, and afterwards by Ts'oo, and its name is still retained in one of the districts of the department of Yen-chow in Shan-tung. Confucius was a native of a district of Loo having the same name, which many contend was also the birth-place of Mencius, making him a native of Loo and not of the State of Tsow. To my mind the evidence is decidedly against such a view.

Mencius' name was K'ö. His designation does not appear in his Works, nor is any given to him by Sze-ma Ts'een or Chaou K'e. The latter says that he did not know how he had been styled; but the legends tell that he was called Tsze-keu, and Tsze-yu. The same authorities—if we can call them such—say that his father's name was Keih, and that he was styled Kung-e. They say also that his mother's maiden surname was Chang. Nothing is related of the former but that he died when his son was quite young, but the latter must have a paragraph to herself. "The mother of Mencius" is famous in China, and held up to the present time as a model of what a mother should be.

The year of Mencius' birth was probably the 4th of the emperor Lëh, bc 371. He lived to the age of 84, dying in the year bc 288, the 26th of the emperor Nan, with whom terminated the long sovereignty of the Chow dynasty. The first twenty-three years of his life thus synchronized with the last twenty-three of Plato's. Aristotle, Zeno, Epicurus, Demosthenes, and other great men of the West, were also his contemporaries. When we place Mencius among them, he can look them in the face. He does not need to hide a diminished head.

3. It was his misfortune, according to Chaou K'e, "to lose his father at an early period; but in his youthful years he enjoyed the lessons of his kind mother, who thrice changed her residence on his account."

Mencius' mother.

At first they lived near a cemetery, and Mencius amused himself with acting the various scenes which he witnessed at the tombs. "This," said the lady, "is no place for my son;"—and she removed to a house in the market-place. But the change was no improvement. The boy took to playing the part of a salesman, vaunting his wares,

and chaffering with customers. His mother sought a new house, and found one at last close by a public school. There her child's attention was taken with the various exercises of politeness which the scholars were taught, and he endeavoured to imitate them. The mother was satisfied. "This," she said, "is the proper place for my son."

Han Ying relates another story of this period. Near their house was a pig-butcher's. One day Mencius asked his mother what they were killing the pigs for, and was told that it was to feed him. Her conscience immediately reproved her for the answer. She said to herself, "While I was carrying this boy in my womb, I would not sit down if the mat was not placed square, and I ate no meat which was not cut properly;—so I taught him when he was yet unborn. And now when his intelligence is opening, I am deceiving him;—this is to teach him untruthfulness!" With this she went and bought a piece of pork in order to make good her words.

As Mencius grew up, he was sent to school. When he returned home one day, his mother looked up from the web which she was weaving, and asked him how far he had got on. He answered her with an air of indifference that he was doing well enough, on which she took a knife and cut the thread of her shuttle. The idler was alarmed, and asked what she meant, when she gave him a long lecture, showing that she had done what he was doing,—that her cutting her thread was like his neglecting his learning. The admonition, it is said, had its proper effect; the lecture did not need to be repeated.

There are two other narratives in which Chang-she figures, and though they belong to a later part of Mencius' life, it may be as well to embrace them in the present paragraph.

His wife was squatting down one day in her own room, when Mencius went in. He was so much offended at finding her in that position, that he told his mother, and expressed his intention to put her away, because of "her want of propriety." "It is you who have no propriety," said his mother, "and not your wife. Do not 'the Rules of Propriety' say, 'When you are about to ascend a hall, raise your voice; when you enter a door, keep your eyes low?' The reason of the rules is that people may not be taken unprepared; but you entered the door of your private apartment without raising your voice, and so caused your wife to be caught squatting on the ground. The impropriety is with you and not with her." On this Mencius fell to reproving himself, and did not dare to put away his wife.

One day, when he was living with his mother in Ts'e, she was struck with the sorrowfulness of his aspect, as he stood leaning against a pillar, and asked him the cause of it. He replied, "I have heard that the superior man occupies the place for which he is adapted, accepting no reward to which he does not feel entitled, and not covetous of honour and emolument. Now my doctrines are not practised in Ts'e:—I wish to leave it, but I think of your old age, and am anxious." His mother said, "It does not belong to a woman to determine anything of herself, but she is subject to the rule of the three obediences. When young, she has to obey her parents; when married, she has to obey her husband; when a widow, she has to obey her son. You are a man in your full maturity, and I am old. Do you act as your conviction of righteousness tells you you ought to do, and I will act according to the rule which belongs to me. Why should you be anxious about me?"

Such are the accounts which I have found of the mother of Mencius. Possibly some of them are inventions, but they are devoutly believed by the people of China;—and it must be to their profit. We may well believe that she was a woman of very superior character, and that her son's subsequent distinction was in a great degree owing to her influence and training.

* * * * *

THE ZHUANGZI

Zhuangzi (ca. 369-286 B.C.E.)

Compiled ca. the fourth century C.E.

China

The *Zhuangzi*, also known as *Nanhua zhenjing* ("The Pure Classic of Nanhua"), is regarded as a primary source for Daoism, along with *Daodejing* (a.k.a. the *Laozi*) and the *Liezi*. Out of thirty-three chapters, the first seven chapters, called the "inner books," are attributed to Zhuangzi, whereas the other chapters, called the "outer books," are credited to the later followers of Zhuangzi. The current arrangement of the book is credited to Guo Xiang in the 4th century C.E.

In contrast to Confucianism, Zhuangzi believed that a truly virtuous man is free from socio-political bounds and obligations, personal attachments, and tradition. Scholars still find the *Zhuangzi*, written in reflective, serious, and sometimes playful ways, puzzling, but it certainly engages the ideas of relativity, paradox, and uncertainty. The

most famous of the *Zhuangzi* is the part about Zhuangzi dreaming of being a butterfly, which is located at the end of the second chapter. Because the transcription of Chinese sounds into a Roman alphabet can vary, Zhuangzi has been spelled in various ways, such as Chuang Tzu, Chuang-tsze, Chuang Chou, Zhuangzi, Zhuang Tze, Zhuang Zhou, Chuang Tsu, Chouang-Dsi, Chuang Tse, and Chuangtze.

Written by Kyounghye Kwon

“THE ADJUSTMENT OF CONTROVERSIES” THE WRITING OF CHUANG TZU

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Chuang Tzu, translated by James Legge

(1)

Nan-Guo Zi-Qi was seated, leaning forward on his stool. He was looking up to heaven and breathed gently, seeming to be in a trance, and to have lost all consciousness of any companion. (His disciple), Yan Cheng Zi-You, who was in attendance and standing before him, said, “What is this? Can the body be made to become thus like a withered tree, and the mind to become like slaked lime? His appearance as he leans forward on the stool today is such as I never saw him have before in the same position.” Zi-Qi said, “Yan, you do well to ask such a question, I had just now lost myself; but how should you understand it? You may have heard the notes of Man, but have not heard those of Earth; you may have heard the notes of Earth, but have not heard those of Heaven.”

Zi-You said, “I venture to ask from you a description of all these.” The reply was, “When the breath of the Great Mass (of nature) comes strongly, it is called Wind. Sometimes it does not come so; but when it does, then from a myriad apertures there issues its excited noise; have you not heard it in a prolonged gale? Take the projecting bluff of a mountain forest—in the great trees, a hundred spans round, the apertures and cavities are like the nostrils, or the mouth, or the ears; now square, now round like a cup or a mortar; here like a wet footprint, and there like a large puddle. (The sounds issuing from them are like) those of fretted water, of the arrowy whizz, of the stern command, of the inhaling of the breath, of the shout, of the gruff note, of the deep wail, of the sad and piping note. The first notes are slight, and those that follow deeper, but in harmony with them. Gentle winds produce a small response; violent winds a great one. When the fierce gusts have passed away, all the apertures are empty (and still)—have you not seen this in the bending and quivering of the branches and leaves?”

Zi-You said, “The notes of Earth then are simply those which come from its myriad apertures; and the notes of Man may just be compared to those which (are brought from the tubes of) bamboo—allow me to ask about the notes of Heaven.” Zi-Qi replied, “Blowing the myriad differences, making them stop [proceed] of themselves, sealing their self-selecting—who is it that stirs it all up?”

(2)

Great knowledge is wide and comprehensive; small knowledge is partial and restricted. Great speech is exact and complete; small speech is (merely) so much talk. When we sleep, the soul communicates with (what is external to us); when we awake, the body is set free. Our intercourse with others then leads to various activity, and daily there is the striving of mind with mind. There are hesitations; deep difficulties; reservations; small apprehensions causing restless distress, and great apprehensions producing endless fears. Where their utterances are like arrows from a bow, we have those who feel it their charge to pronounce what is right and what is wrong; where they are given out like the conditions of a covenant, we have those who maintain their views, determined to overcome. (The weakness of their arguments), like the decay (of things) in autumn and winter, shows the failing (of the minds of some) from day to day; or it is like their water which, once voided, cannot be gathered up again. Then their ideas seem as if fast bound with cords, showing that the mind is become like an old and dry moat, and that it is nigh to death, and cannot be restored to vigour and brightness. Joy and anger, sadness and pleasure, anticipation and regret, fickleness and fixedness, vehemence and indolence, eagerness and tardiness;—(all these moods), like music from an empty tube, or mushrooms from the warm moisture, day and night succeed to one another and come before us, and we do not know whence they sprout. Let us stop! Let us stop! Can we expect to find out suddenly how they are produced?

(3)

If there were not (the views of) another, I should not have mine; if there were not I (with my views), his would be uncalled for:—this is nearly a true statement of the case, but we do not know what it is that makes it be so. It might

seem as if there would be a true Governor concerned in it, but we do not find any trace (of his presence and acting). That such an One could act so I believe; but we do not see His form. He has affections, but He has no form. Given the body, with its hundred parts, its nine openings, and its six viscera, all complete in their places, which do I love the most? Do you love them all equally? or do you love some more than others? Is it not the case that they all perform the part of your servants and waiting women? All of them being such, are they not incompetent to rule one another? or do they take it in turns to be now ruler and now servants? There must be a true Ruler (among them) whether by searching you can find out His character or not, there is neither advantage nor hurt, so far as the truth of His operation is concerned. When once we have received the bodily form complete, its parts do not fail to perform their functions till the end comes. In conflict with things or in harmony with them, they pursue their course to the end, with the speed of a galloping horse which cannot be stopped—is it not sad? To be constantly toiling all one's lifetime, without seeing the fruit of one's labour, and to be weary and worn out with his labour, without knowing where he is going to—is it not a deplorable case? Men may say, "But it is not death;" yet of what advantage is this? When the body is decomposed, the mind will be the same along with it—must not the case be pronounced very deplorable? Is the life of man indeed enveloped in such darkness? Is it I alone to whom it appears so? And does it not appear to be so to other men?

(4)

If we were to follow the judgments of the predetermined mind, who would be left alone and without a teacher? Not only would it be so with those who know the sequences (of knowledge and feeling) and make their own selection among them, but it would be so as well with the stupid and unthinking. For one who has not this determined mind, to have his affirmations and negations is like the case described in the saying, "He went to Yue to-day, and arrived at it yesterday." It would be making what was not a fact to be a fact. But even the spirit-like Yu could not have known how to do this, and how should one like me be able to do it? But speech is not like the blowing (of the wind); the speaker has (a meaning in) his words. If, however, what he says, be indeterminate (as from a mind not made up), does he then really speak or not? He thinks that his words are different from the chirpings of fledglings; but is there any distinction between them or not? But how can the Dao be so obscured, that there should be "a True" and "a False" in it? How can speech be so obscured that there should be "the Right" and "the Wrong" about them? Where shall the Dao go to that it will not be found? Where shall speech be found that it will be inappropriate? Dao becomes obscured through the small comprehension (of the mind), and speech comes to be obscure through the vain-gloriousness (of the speaker). So it is that we have the contentions between the Literati and the Mohists, the one side affirming what the other denies, and vice versa. If we would decide on their several affirmations and denials, no plan is like bringing the (proper) light (of the mind) to bear on them.

(5)

There is no thing that is not "that", and there is no thing that is not "this". If I look at something from "that", I do not see it; only if I look at it from knowing do I know it. Hence it is said, "That view comes from this; and this view is a consequence of that:"—which is the theory that that view and this (the opposite views) produce each the other. Although it be so, there is affirmed now life and now death; now death and now life; now the admissibility of a thing and now its inadmissibility; now its inadmissibility and now its admissibility. (The disputants) now affirm and now deny; now deny and now affirm. Therefore the sagely man does not pursue this method, but views things in the light of (his) Heaven (-ly nature), and hence forms his judgment of what is right. This view is the same as that, and that view is the same as this. But that view involves both a right and a wrong; and this view involves also a right and a wrong—are there indeed the two views, that and this? Or are there not the two views, that and this? They have not found their point of correspondency which is called the pivot of the Dao. As soon as one finds this pivot, he stands in the centre of the ring (of thought), where he can respond without end to the changing views; without end to those affirming, and without end to those denying. Therefore I said, "There is nothing like the proper light (of the mind)."

(6)

By means of a finger (of my own) to illustrate that the finger (of another) is not a finger is not so good a plan as to illustrate that it is not so by means of what is (acknowledged to be) not a finger; and by means of (what I call) a horse to illustrate that (what another calls) a horse is not so, is not so good a plan as to illustrate that it is not a horse, by means of what is (acknowledged to be) not a horse. (All things in) heaven and earth may be (dealt with as) a finger; (each of) their myriads may be (dealt with as) a horse.

Does a thing seem so to me? (I say that) it is so. Does it seem not so to me? (I say that) it is not so. A path is formed by (constant) treading on the ground. A thing is called by its name through the (constant) application of the name to it. How is it so? It is so because it is so. How is it not so? It is not so, because it is not so. Everything has its

inherent character and its proper capability. There is nothing which has not these. Therefore, this being so, if we take a stalk of grain and a (large) pillar, a loathsome (leper) and (a beauty like) Xi Shi, things large and things insecure, things crafty and things strange; they may in the light of the Dao all be reduced to the same category (of opinion about them).

It was separation that led to completion; from completion ensued dissolution. But all things, without regard to their completion and dissolution, may again be comprehended in their unity—it is only the far reaching in thought who know how to comprehend them in this unity. This being so, let us give up our devotion to our own views, and occupy ourselves with the ordinary views. These ordinary views are grounded on the use of things. (The study of that) use leads to the comprehensive judgment, and that judgment secures the success (of the inquiry). That success gained, we are near (to the object of our search), and there we stop. When we stop, and yet we do not know how it is so, we have what is called the Dao. When we toil our spirits and intelligence, obstinately determined (to establish our own view), and do not know the agreement (which underlies it and the views of others), we have what is called “In the morning three.” What is meant by that “In the morning three?” A keeper of monkeys, in giving them out their acorns, (once) said, “In the morning I will give you three (measures) and in the evening four.” This made them all angry, and he said, “Very well. In the morning I will give you four and in the evening three.” The monkeys were all pleased. His two proposals were substantially the same, but the result of the one was to make the creatures angry, and of the other to make them pleased—an illustration of the point I am insisting on. Therefore the sagely man brings together a dispute in its affirmations and denials, and rests in the equal fashioning of Heaven. Both sides of the question are admissible.

(7)

Among the men of old their knowledge reached the extreme point. What was that extreme point? Some held that at first there was not anything. This is the extreme point, the utmost point to which nothing can be added. A second class held that there was something, but without any responsive recognition of it (on the part of men). A third class held that there was such recognition, but there had not begun to be any expression of different opinions about it. It was through the definite expression of different opinions about it that there ensued injury to (the doctrine of) the Dao. It was this injury to the (doctrine of the) Dao which led to the formation of (partial) preferences. Was it indeed after such preferences were formed that the injury came? or did the injury precede the rise of such preferences? If the injury arose after their formation, Zhao’s method of playing on the lute was natural. If the injury arose before their formation, there would have been no such playing on the lute as Zhao’s. Zhao Wen’s playing on the lute, Shi Kuang’s indicating time with his staff, and Huizi’s (giving his views), while leaning against a dryandra tree (were all extraordinary). The knowledge of the three men (in their several arts) was nearly perfect, and therefore they practised them to the end of their lives. They loved them because they were different from those of others. They loved them and wished to make them known to others. But as they could not be made clear, though they tried to make them so, they ended with the obscure (discussions) about “the hard” and “the white.” And their sons, moreover, with all the threads of their fathers’ compositions, yet to the end of their lives accomplished nothing. If they, proceeding in this way, could be said to have succeeded, then am I also successful; if they cannot be pronounced successful, neither I nor any other can succeed. Therefore the scintillations of light from the midst of confusion and perplexity are indeed valued by the sagely man; but not to use one’s own views and to take his position on the ordinary views is what is called using the (proper) light.

(8)

But here now are some other sayings—I do not know whether they are of the same character as those which I have already given, or of a different character. Whether they be of the same character or not when looked at along with them, they have a character of their own, which cannot be distinguished from the others. But though this be the case, let me try to explain myself. There was a beginning. There was a beginning before that beginning. There was a beginning previous to that beginning before there was the beginning. There was existence; there had been no existence. There was no existence before the beginning of that no existence. There was no existence previous to the no existence before there was the beginning of the no existence. If suddenly there was nonexistence, we do not know whether it was really anything existing, or really not existing. Now I have said what I have said, but I do not know whether what I have said be really anything to the point or not.

(9)

Under heaven there is nothing greater than the tip of an autumn down, and the Tai mountain is small. There is no one more long-lived than a child which dies prematurely, and Peng Zu did not live out his time. Heaven, Earth, and I were produced together, and all things and I are one. Since they are one, can there be speech about them? But since they are spoken of as one, must there not be room for speech? One and Speech are two; two and one are three. Going on

from this (in our enumeration), the most skilful reckoner cannot reach (the end of the necessary numbers), and how much less can ordinary people do so! Therefore from non-existence we proceed to existence till we arrive at three; proceeding from existence to existence, to how many should we reach? Let us abjure such procedure, and simply rest here.

(10)

The Dao at first met with no responsive recognition. Speech at first had no constant forms of expression. Because of this there came the demarcations (of different views). Let me describe those demarcations: they are the Left and the Right; the Relations and their Obligations; Classifications and their Distinctions; Emulations and Contentions. These are what are called “the Eight Qualities.” Outside the limits of the world of men, the sage occupies his thoughts, but does not discuss about anything; inside those limits he occupies his thoughts, but does not pass any judgments. In the Chun Qiu, which embraces the history of the former kings, the sage indicates his judgments, but does not argue (in vindication of them). Thus it is that he separates his characters from one another without appearing to do so, and argues without the form of argument. How does he do so? The sage cherishes his views in his own breast, while men generally state theirs argumentatively, to show them to others. Hence we have the saying, “Disputation is a proof of not seeing clearly.”

The Great Dao does not admit of being praised. The Great Argument does not require words. Great Benevolence is not (officiously) benevolent. Great Disinterestedness does not vaunt its humility. Great Courage is not seen in stubborn bravery. The Dao that is displayed is not the Dao. Words that are argumentative do not reach the point. Benevolence that is constantly exercised does not accomplish its object. Disinterestedness that vaunts its purity is not genuine. Courage that is most stubborn is ineffectual. These five seem to be round (and complete), but they tend to become square (and immovable). Therefore the knowledge that stops at what it does not know is the greatest. Who knows the argument that needs no words, and the Way that is not to be trodden? He who is able to know this has what is called “The Heavenly Treasure-house.” He may pour into it without its being filled; he may pour from it without its being exhausted; and all the while he does not know whence (the supply) comes. This is what is called “The Store of Light.” Therefore of old Yao asked Shun, saying, “I wish to smite (the rulers of) Zong, Kuai, and Xu-Ao. Even when standing in my court, I cannot get them out of my mind. How is it so?” Shun replied, “Those three rulers live (in their little states) as if they were among the mugwort and other brushwood—how is it that you cannot get them out of your mind? Formerly, ten suns came out together, and all things were illuminated by them; how much should (your) virtue exceed (all) suns!”

(11)

Nie Que asked Wang Ni, saying, “Do you know, Sir, what all creatures agree in approving and affirming?” “How should I know it?” was the reply. “Do you know what it is that you do not know?” asked the other again, and he got the same reply. He asked a third time, “Then are all creatures thus without knowledge?” and Wang Ni answered as before, (adding however), “Notwithstanding, I will try and explain my meaning. How do you know that when I say ‘I know it,’ I really (am showing that) I do not know it, and that when I say ‘I do not know it,’ I really am showing that I do know it.” And let me ask you some questions: “If a man sleep in a damp place, he will have a pain in his loins, and half his body will be as if it were dead; but will it be so with an eel? If he be living in a tree, he will be frightened and all in a tremble; but will it be so with a monkey? And does any one of the three know his right place? Men eat animals that have been fed on grain and grass; deer feed on the thick-set grass; centipedes enjoy small snakes; owls and crows delight in mice; but does any one of the four know the right taste? The dog-headed monkey finds its mate in the female gibbon; the elk and the axis deer cohabit; and the eel enjoys itself with other fishes. Mao Qiang and Li Ji were accounted by men to be most beautiful, but when fishes saw them, they dived deep in the water from them; when birds, they flew from them aloft; and when deer saw them, they separated and fled away. But did any of these four know which in the world is the right female attraction? As I look at the matter, the first principles of benevolence and righteousness and the paths of approval and disapproval are inextricably mixed and confused together—how is it possible that I should know how to discriminate among them?” Nie Que said (further), “Since you, Sir, do not know what is advantageous and what is hurtful, is the Perfect man also in the same way without the knowledge of them?” Wang Ni replied, “The Perfect man is spirit-like. Great lakes might be boiling about him, and he would not feel their heat; the He and the Han might be frozen up, and he would not feel the cold; the hurrying thunderbolts might split the mountains, and the wind shake the ocean, without being able to make him afraid. Being such, he mounts on the clouds of the air, rides on the sun and moon, and rambles at ease beyond the four seas. Neither death nor life makes any change in him, and how much less should the considerations of advantage and injury do so!”

(12)

Qu Quezi asked Chang Wuzi, saying, “I heard the Master (speaking of such language as the following): ‘The sagely man does not occupy himself with worldly affairs. He does not put himself in the way of what is profitable,

nor try to avoid what is hurtful; he has no pleasure in seeking (for anything from any one); he does not care to be found in (any established) Way; he speaks without speaking; he does not speak when he speaks; thus finding his enjoyment outside the dust and dirt (of the world).’ The Master considered all this to be a shoreless flow of mere words, and I consider it to describe the course of the Mysterious Way—What do you, Sir, think of it?” Chang Wuzi replied, “The hearing of such words would have perplexed even Huang Di, and how should Qiu be competent to understand them? And you, moreover, are too hasty in forming your estimate (of their meaning). You see the egg, and (immediately) look out for the cock (that is to be hatched from it); you see the bow, and (immediately) look out for the dove (that is to be brought down by it) being roasted. I will try to explain the thing to you in a rough way; do you in the same way listen to me. How could any one stand by the side of the sun and moon, and hold under his arm all space and all time? (Such language only means that the sagely man) keeps his mouth shut, and puts aside questions that are uncertain and dark; making his inferior capacities unite with him in honouring (the One Lord). Men in general bustle about and toil; the sagely man seems stupid and to know nothing. He blends ten thousand years together in the one (conception of time); the myriad things all pursue their spontaneous course, and they are all before him as doing so. How do I know that the love of life is not a delusion? and that the dislike of death is not like a young person’s losing his way, and not knowing that he is (really) going home? Li Ji was a daughter of the border Warden of Ai. When (the ruler of) the state of Jin first got possession of her, she wept till the tears wetted all the front of her dress. But when she came to the place of the king, shared with him his luxurious couch, and ate his grain-and-grass-fed meat, then she regretted that she had wept. How do I know that the dead do not repent of their former craving for life? Those who dream of (the pleasures of) drinking may in the morning wail and weep; those who dream of wailing and weeping may in the morning be going out to hunt. When they were dreaming they did not know it was a dream; in their dream they may even have tried to interpret it; but when they awoke they knew that it was a dream. And there is the great awaking, after which we shall know that this life was a great dream. All the while, the stupid think they are awake, and with nice discrimination insist on their knowledge; now playing the part of rulers, and now of grooms. Bigoted was that Qiu! He and you are both dreaming. I who say that you are dreaming am dreaming myself. These words seem very strange; but if after ten thousand ages we once meet with a great sage who knows how to explain them, it will be as if we met him (unexpectedly) some morning or evening.

“Since you made me enter into this discussion with you, if you have got the better of me and not I of you, are you indeed right, and I indeed wrong? If I have got the better of you and not you of me, am I indeed right and you indeed wrong? Is the one of us right and the other wrong? are we both right or both wrong? Since we cannot come to a mutual and common understanding, men will certainly continue in darkness on the subject. Whom shall I employ to adjudicate in the matter? If I employ one who agrees with you, how can he, agreeing with you, do so correctly? If I employ one who agrees with me, how can he, agreeing with me, do so correctly? If I employ one who disagrees with you and I, how can he, disagreeing with you and I, do so correctly? If I employ one who agrees with you and I, how can he, agreeing with you and I, do so correctly? In this way I and you and those others would all not be able to come to a mutual understanding; and shall we then wait for that (great sage)? (We need not do so.) To wait on others to learn how conflicting opinions are changed is simply like not so waiting at all. The harmonising of them is to be found in the invisible operation of Heaven, and by following this on into the unlimited past. It is by this method that we can complete our years (without our minds being disturbed). What is meant by harmonising (conflicting opinions) in the invisible operation of Heaven? There is the affirmation and the denial of it; and there is the assertion of an opinion and the rejection of it. If the affirmation be according to the reality of the fact, it is certainly different from the denial of it—there can be no dispute about that. If the assertion of an opinion be correct, it is certainly different from its rejection—neither can there be any dispute about that. Let us forget the lapse of time; let us forget the conflict of opinions. Let us make our appeal to the Infinite, and take up our position there.”

(13)

The Penumbra asked the Shadow, saying, “Formerly you were walking on, and now you have stopped; formerly you were sitting, and now you have risen up—how is it that you are so without stability?” The Shadow replied, “I wait for the movements of something else to do what I do, and that something else on which I wait waits further on another to do as it does. My waiting, is it for the scales of a snake, or the wings of a cicada? How should I know why I do one thing, or do not do another?”

(14)

“Formerly, I, Zhuang Zhou, dreamt that I was a butterfly, a butterfly flying about, feeling that it was enjoying itself. I did not know that it was Zhou. Suddenly I awoke, and was myself again, the veritable Zhou. I did not know whether it had formerly been Zhou dreaming that he was a butterfly, or it was now a butterfly dreaming that it was Zhou. But between Zhou and a butterfly there must be a difference. This is a case of what is called the Transformation of Things.”

India

3

The works in this chapter were written down starting around the 4th century B.C.E., but the three stories date back to much earlier in the oral tradition. All three works remain influential and ubiquitous in Indian society to this day: common knowledge that everyone knows, at least in some part. Rather than offering a list of values and beliefs, the stories demonstrate them in action: how to approach complicated moral issues, and what to do when life seems unfair. The answer is not always easy, and sometimes the choice is between two options that are not ideal. The best choice is often the most difficult one, and the expectations of society for these characters can seem overwhelming. The intervention of the gods in these cases becomes absolutely necessary. The *Bhagavad-Gita* is the most directly religious work, containing as it does the teaching of the god Vishnu through his avatar Krishna, but the other two texts include direct participation of gods (and their avatars) in the stories. Therefore, some basic information about Hinduism is necessary for a clear understanding of the texts:

The one god is Brahman, who both binds the universe together and transcends it. The consciousness of Brahman is divided into three parts, which worshippers address individually:

- Brahma, the Creator
- Vishnu, the Preserver
- Shiva, the Destroyer

Each of them is represented by hundreds of minor Hindu gods, who represent aspects of these three and can function separately while still remaining part of the whole (and all of them are part of Brahman). Gods also can send down avatars—pieces of their consciousness that are born, live, and die as humans—to intervene when necessary.

In all three works, a belief in samsara—the cycle of reincarnation—drives the characters' behavior. An individual can move up or down the hierarchy in society based on their karma (the sum of their good and bad deeds), but only in their next reincarnation. For each person, the concept of dharma (doing what one is supposed to do, right behavior, Law) is slightly different: A warrior who takes an oath (no matter how crazy an oath it is) must fulfill his oath, because keeping one's word is part of a warrior's honor. Not fulfilling an oath is adharma (described as Unlaw in the texts). A farmer, however, should behave like a good farmer, rather than a warrior, and good farmers do not take crazy oaths or act in ways that could damage their ability to plant and harvest a crop. Farmers also should not try to become warriors. Social mobility, therefore, is not only discouraged, but irreligious in that context. This idea drives the caste system, forcing people to remain in their caste or face being made an Untouchable.

Each character is born into a caste, or Varna, which determines what they can and cannot do, and each Varna is broken down into numerous Jats, or communities:

- Brahmins, the priests and scholars, are the highest Varna.
- Kshatriyas, the rulers and the military, are the next level.
- Vaishyas are the farmers, landlords, and merchants.
- Sudras are peasants, servants, and workers in non-polluting jobs.

The Dalit, or Untouchables, are workers in what are considered polluting jobs. In some places, even contact with the shadow of an Untouchable was considered polluting. In some parts of India (mostly rural districts), the caste system continues, despite government attempts to stop it.

Characters need to be the best they can be (following their individual dharma) in the Varna and Jat into which

they were born in order to move up the hierarchy in their next reincarnation. They are expected not only to work in their Jat, but to marry within it. Certain problems in *The Mahabharata* are a direct result of characters who do not stay in their Jat (or even their Varna), and the story warns us that trouble, and even disaster, will follow.

AS YOU READ, CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

- What is this society's definition of an epic hero? How do we know, based on examples from the stories themselves?
- How do the characters view the gods, and how do the gods treat humans?
- What do we learn about what this society considers proper or improper behavior, again based on the text itself? Who is punished or rewarded, and why?
- Is family love or romantic love more important in the text, and why?

Written by Laura J. Getty

THE BHAGAVAD GITA

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Added to *The Mahabharata* between 400 B.C.E. and 400 C.E.

India

The Bhagavad Gita records the conversation between Krishna and Arjuna right before the epic battle of Kurukshetra. Although it is a part of *The Mahabharata*, it often is taught separately for its insights into Hindu beliefs. Krishna is the eighth human avatar of the god Vishnu, who sends down an avatar every time that the world requires such serious divine intervention that the good side could not win without his help. In this instance, the warrior Arjuna finds himself in a difficult position; to fight a war against evil, he must fight members of his own family, which would normally be a sin. Krishna must teach Arjuna how to know what to do when faced with conflicting duties. Some of the tension of the work comes from the setting; Krishna and Arjuna are literally between the two armies as they talk, while both sides wait for Arjuna to blow his horn, which will start the battle. *The Bhagavad Gita* stands as one of the great moral documents in world literature, influencing people as diverse as Thoreau, Tolstoy, and Gandhi.

Written by Laura J. Getty

THE BHAGAVAD GITA

Translated by Edwin Arnold

CHAPTER I

Of the Distress of Arjuna

Dhritirashtra. Ranged thus for battle on the sacred plain-
 On Kurukshetra- say, Sanjaya! say
 What wrought my people, and the Pandavas?
 Sanjaya. When he beheld the host of Pandavas,
 Raja Duryodhana to Drona drew,
 And spake these words: "Ah, Guru! see this line,
 How vast it is of Pandu fighting-men,
 Embattled by the son of Drupada,
 Thy scholar in the war! Therein stand ranked
 Chiefs like Arjuna, like to Bhima chiefs,
 Benders of bows; Virata, Yuyudhan,
 Drupada, eminent upon his car,
 Dhristaket, Chekitan, Kasi's stout lord,

Purujit, Kuntibhoj, and Saivya,
 With Yudhamanyu, and Uttama
 Subhadra's child; and Drupadi's;- all famed!
 All mounted on their shining chariots!
 On our side, too,- thou best of Brahmans! see
 Excellent chiefs, commanders of my line,
 Whose names I joy to count: thyself the first,
 Then Bhishma, Karna, Kripa fierce in fight,
 Vikarna, Aswatthaman; next to these
 Strong Saumadatti, with full many more
 Valiant and tried, ready this day to die
 For me their king, each with his weapon grasped,
 Each skilful in the field. Weakest- meseems-
 Our battle shows where Bhishma holds command,
 And Bhima, fronting him, something too strong!
 Have care our captains nigh to Bhishma's ranks
 Prepare what help they may! Now, blow my shell!"

Then, at the signal of the aged king,
 With blare to wake the blood, rolling around
 Like to a lion's roar, the trumpeter
 Blew the great Conch; and, at the noise of it,
 Trumpets and drums, cymbals and gongs and horns
 Burst into sudden clamour; as the blasts
 Of loosened tempest, such the tumult seemed!
 Then might be seen, upon their car of gold
 Yoked with white steeds, blowing their battle-shells,
 Krishna the God, Arjuna at his side:
 Krishna, with knotted locks, blew his great conch
 Carved of the "Giant's bone;" Arjuna blew
 Indra's loud gift; Bhima the terrible-
 Wolf-bellied Bhima- blew a long reed-conch;
 And Yudhisthira, Kunti's blameless son,
 Winded a mighty shell, "Victory's Voice;"
 And Nakula blew shrill upon his conch
 Named the "Sweet-sounding," Sahadev on his
 Called "Gem-bedecked," and Kasi's Prince on his.
 Sikhandi on his car, Dhrishtadyumn,
 Virata, Satyaki the Unsubdued,
 Drupada, with his sons, (O Lord of Earth!)
 Long-armed Subhadra's children, all blew loud,
 So that the clangour shook their foemen's hearts,
 With quaking earth and thundering heav'n.
 Then 'twas-
 Beholding Dhritirashtra's battle set,
 Weapons unsheathing, bows drawn forth, the war
 Instant to break- Arjun, whose ensign-badge
 Was Hanuman the monkey, spake this thing
 To Krishna the Divine, his charioteer:
 "Drive, Dauntless One! to yonder open ground
 Betwixt the armies; I would see more nigh
 These who will fight with us, those we must slay
 To-day, in war's arbitrament; for, sure,
 On bloodshed all are bent who throng this plain,
 Obeying Dhritirashtra's sinful son."

Thus, by Arjuna prayed, (O Bharata!)
 Between the hosts that heavenly Charioteer
 Drove the bright car, reining its milk-white steeds
 Where Bhishma led, and Drona, and their Lords.
 "See!" spake he to Arjuna, "where they stand,
 Thy kindred of the Kurus:" and the Prince
 Marked on each hand the kinsmen of his house,
 Grandsires and sires, uncles and brothers and sons,
 Cousins and sons-in-law and nephews, mixed
 With friends and honoured elders; some this side,
 Some that side ranged: and, seeing those opposed,
 Such kith grown enemies- Arjuna's heart
 Melted with pity, while he uttered this:
 Arjuna. Krishna! as I behold, come here to shed
 Their common blood, yon concourse of our kin,
 My members fail, my tongue dries in my mouth,
 A shudder thrills my body, and my hair
 Bristles with horror; from my weak hand slips
 Gandiv, the goodly bow; a fever burns
 My skin to parching; hardly may I stand;
 The life within me seems to swim and faint;
 Nothing do I foresee save woe and wail!
 It is not good, O Keshav! nought of good
 Can spring from mutual slaughter! Lo, I hate
 Triumph and domination, wealth and ease,
 Thus sadly won! Aho! what victory
 Can bring delight, Govinda! what rich spoils
 Could profit; what rule recompense; what span
 Of life itself seem sweet, bought with such blood?
 Seeing that these stand here, ready to die,
 For whose sake life was fair, and pleasure pleased,
 And power grew precious:- grandsires, sires, and sons,
 Brothers, and fathers-in-law, and sons-in-law,
 Elders and friends! Shall I deal death on these
 Even though they seek to slay us? Not one blow,
 O Madhusudan! will I strike to gain
 The rule of all Three Worlds; then, how much less
 To seize an earthly kingdom! Killing these
 Must breed but anguish, Krishna! If they be
 Guilty, we shall grow guilty by their deaths;
 Their sins will light on us, if we shall slay
 Those sons of Dhritirashtra, and our kin;
 What peace could come of that, O Madhava?
 For if indeed, blinded by lust and wrath,
 These cannot see, or will not see, the sin
 Of kingly lines o'erthrown and kinsmen slain,
 How should not we, who see, shun such a crime-
 We who perceive the guilt and feel the shame-
 O thou Delight of Men, Janardana?
 By overthrow of houses perisheth
 Their sweet continuous household piety,
 And- rites neglected, piety extinct-
 Enters impiety upon that home;
 Its women grow unwomaned, whence there spring
 Mad passions, and the mingling-up of castes,
 Sending a Hell-ward road that family,
 And whoso wrought its doom by wicked wrath.

Nay, and the souls of honoured ancestors
 Fall from their place of peace, being bereft
 Of funeral-cakes and the wan death-water.
 So teach our holy hymns. Thus, if we slay
 Kinsfolk and friends for love of earthly power,
 Ahovat! what an evil fault it were!
 Better I deem it, if my kinsmen strike,
 To face them weaponless, and bare my breast
 To shaft and spear, than answer blow with blow.

So speaking, in the face of those two hosts,
 Arjuna sank upon his chariot-seat,
 And let fall bow and arrows, sick at heart.

CHAPTER II *Of Doctrines*

Sanjaya. Him, filled with such compassion and such grief,
 With eyes tear-dimmed, despondent, in stern words
 The Driver, Madhusudan, thus addressed:
 Krishna. How hath this weakness taken thee?
 Whence springs
 The inglorious trouble, shameful to the brave,
 Barring the path of virtue? Nay, Arjun!
 Forbid thyself to feebleness! it mars
 Thy warrior-name! cast off the coward-fit!
 Wake! Be thyself! Arise, Scourge of thy Foes!
 Arjuna. How can I, in the battle, shoot with shafts
 On Bhishma, or on Drona- O thou Chief!-
 Both worshipful, both honourable men?

Better to live on beggar's bread
 With those we love alive,
 Than taste their blood in rich feasts spread,
 And guiltily survive!
 Ah! were it worse- who knows?- to be
 Victor or vanquished here,
 When those confront us angrily
 Whose death leaves living drear?
 In pity lost, by doubtings tossed,
 My thoughts- distracted- turn
 To Thee, the Guide I reverence most,
 That I may counsel learn:
 I know not what would heal the grief
 Burned into soul and sense,
 If I were earth's unchallenged chief-
 A god- and these gone thence!

Sanjaya. So spake Arjuna to the Lord of Hearts,
 And sighing, "I will not fight!" held silence then.
 To whom, with tender smile, (O Bharata!)
 While the Prince wept despairing 'twixt those hosts,
 Krishna made answer in divinest verse:
 Krishna. Thou grieveest where no grief should be! thou speak'st
 Words lacking wisdom! for the wise in heart
 Mourn not for those that live, nor those that die.

Nor I, nor thou, nor any one of these,
 Ever was not, nor ever will not be,
 For ever and for ever afterwards.
 All, that doth live, lives always! To man's frame
 As there come infancy and youth and age,
 So come there raisings-up and layings-down
 Of other and of other life-abodes,
 Which the wise know, and fear not. This that irks-
 Thy sense-life, thrilling to the elements-
 Bringing thee heat and cold, sorrows and joys,
 'Tis brief and mutable! Bear with it, Prince!
 As the wise bear. The soul which is not moved,
 The soul that with a strong and constant calm
 Takes sorrow and takes joy indifferently,
 Lives in the life undying! That which is
 Can never cease to be; that which is not
 Will not exist. To see this truth of both
 Is theirs who part essence from accident,
 Substance from shadow. Indestructible,
 Learn thou! the Life is, spreading life through all;
 It cannot anywhere, by any means,
 Be anywise diminished, stayed, or changed.
 But for these fleeting frames which it informs
 With spirit deathless, endless, infinite,
 They perish. Let them perish, Prince! and fight!
 He who shall say, "Lo! I have slain a man!"
 He who shall think, "Lo! I am slain!" those both
 Know naught! Life cannot slay. Life is not slain!
 Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
 Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
 Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for
 ever;
 Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it
 seems!
 Who knoweth it exhaustless, self-sustained,
 Immortal, indestructible,- shall such
 Say, "I have killed a man, or caused to kill?"

Nay, but as when one layeth
 His worn-out robes away,
 And, taking new ones, sayeth,
 "These will I wear to-day!"
 So putteth by the spirit
 Lightly its garb of flesh,
 And passeth to inherit
 A residence afresh.

I say to thee weapons reach not the Life;
 Flame burns it not, waters cannot o'erwhelm,
 Nor dry winds wither it. Impenetrable,
 Unentered, unassailed, unharmed, untouched,
 Immortal, all-arriving, stable, sure,
 Invisible, ineffable, by word
 And thought uncompassed, ever all itself,
 Thus is the Soul declared! How wilt thou, then,-
 Knowing it so,- grieve when thou shouldst not grieve?
 How, if thou hearest that the man new-dead

Is, like the man new-born, still living man-
 One same, existent Spirit- wilt thou weep?
 The end of birth is death; the end of death
 Is birth: this is ordained! and mournest thou,
 Chief of the stalwart arm! for what befalls
 Which could not otherwise befall? The birth
 Of living things comes unperceived; the death
 Comes unperceived; between them, beings perceive:
 What is there sorrowful herein, dear Prince?

Wonderful, wistful, to contemplate!
 Difficult, doubtful, to speak upon!
 Strange and great for tongue to relate,
 Mystical hearing for every one!
 Nor wotteth man this, what a marvel it is,
 When seeing, and saying, and hearing are done!

This Life within all living things, my Prince!
 Hides beyond harm; scorn thou to suffer, then,
 For that which cannot suffer. Do thy part!
 Be mindful of thy name, and tremble not!
 Nought better can betide a martial soul
 Than lawful war; happy the warrior
 To whom comes joy of battle- comes, as now,
 Glorious and fair, unsought; opening for him
 A gateway unto Heav'n. But, if thou shunn'st
 This honourable field- a Kshattriya-
 If, knowing thy duty and thy task, thou bidd'st
 Duty and task go by- that shall be sin!
 And those to come shall speak thee infamy
 From age to age; but infamy is worse
 For men of noble blood to bear than death!
 The chiefs upon their battle-chariots
 Will deem 'twas fear that drove thee from the fray.
 Of those who held thee mighty-souled the scorn
 Thou must abide, while all thine enemies
 Will scatter bitter speech of thee, to mock
 The valour which thou hadst; what fate could fall
 More grievously than this? Either- being killed-
 Thou wilt win Swarga's safety, or- alive
 And victor- thou wilt reign an earthly king.
 Therefore, arise, thou Son of Kunti! brace
 Thine arm for conflict, nerve thy heart to meet-
 As things alike to thee- pleasure or pain,
 Profit or ruin, victory or defeat:
 So minded, gird thee to the fight, for so
 Thou shalt not sin!
 Thus far I speak to thee
 As from the "Sankhya"- unspiritually-
 Hear now the deeper teaching of the Yog,
 Which holding, understanding, thou shalt burst
 Thy Karmabandh, the bondage of wrought deeds.
 Here shall no end be hindered, no hope marred,
 No loss be feared: faith- yea, a little faith-
 Shall save thee from the anguish of thy dread.
 Here, Glory of the Kurus! shines one rule-
 One steadfast rule- while shifting souls have laws

Many and hard. Specious, but wrongful deem
 The speech of those ill-taught ones who extol
 The letter of their Vedas, saying, "This
 Is all we have, or need;" being weak at heart
 With wants, seekers of Heaven: which comes- they say-
 As "fruit of good deeds done;" promising men
 Much profit in new births for works of faith;
 In various rites abounding; following whereon
 Large merit shall accrue towards wealth and power;
 Albeit, who wealth and power do most desire
 Least fixity of soul have such, least hold
 On heavenly meditation. Much these teach,
 From Veds, concerning the "three qualities;"
 But thou, be free of the "three qualities,"
 Free of the "pairs of opposites," and free
 From that sad righteousness which calculates;
 Self-ruled, Arjuna! simple, satisfied.
 Look! like as when a tank pours water forth
 To suit all needs, so do these Brahmans draw
 Text for all wants from tank of Holy Writ.
 But thou, want not! ask not! Find full reward
 Of doing right in right! Let right deeds be
 Thy motive, not the fruit which comes from them.
 And live in action! Labour! Make thine acts
 Thy piety, casting all self aside,
 Contemning gain and merit; equable
 In good or evil: equability
 Is Yog, is piety!
 Yet, the right act
 Is less, far less, than the right-thinking mind.
 Seek refuge in thy soul; have there thy heaven!
 Scorn them that follow virtue for her gifts!
 The mind of pure devotion- even here-
 Casts equally aside good deeds and bad,
 Passing above them. Unto pure devotion
 Devote thyself: with perfect meditation
 Comes perfect act, and the righthearthed rise-
 More certainly because they seek no gain-
 Forth from the bands of body, step by step,
 To highest seats of bliss. When thy firm soul
 Hath shaken off those tangled oracles
 Which ignorantly guide, then shall it soar
 To high neglect of what's denied or said,
 This way or that way, in doctrinal writ.
 Troubled no longer by the priestly lore,
 Safe shall it live, and sure; steadfastly bent
 On meditation. This is Yog- and Peace!
 Arjuna. What is his mark who hath that steadfast heart,
 Confirmed in holy meditation? How
 Know we his speech, Kesava? Sits he, moves he
 Like other men?
 Krishna. When one, O Pritha's Son!-
 Abandoning desires which shake the mind-
 Finds in his soul full comfort for his soul,
 He hath attained the Yog- that man is such!
 In sorrows not dejected, and in joys
 Not overjoyed; dwelling outside the stress

Of passion, fear, and anger; fixed in calms
 Of lofty contemplation;- such an one
 Is Muni, is the Sage, the true Recluse!
 He who to none and nowhere overbound
 By ties of flesh, takes evil things and good
 Neither desponding nor exulting, such
 Bears wisdom's plainest mark He who shall draw
 As the wise tortoise draws its four feet safe
 Under its shield, his five frail senses back
 Under the spirit's buckler from the world
 Which else assails them, such an one, my Prince!
 Hath wisdom's mark! Things that solicit sense
 Hold off from the self-governed; nay, it comes,
 The appetites of him who lives beyond
 Depart,- aroused no more. Yet may it chance,
 O Son of Kunti that a governed mind
 Shall some time feel the sense-storms sweep, and wrest
 Strong self-control by the roots. Let him regain
 His kingdom! let him conquer this, and sit
 On Me intent. That man alone is wise
 Who keeps the mastery of himself! If one
 Ponders on objects of the sense, there springs
 Attraction; from attraction grows desire,
 Desire flames to fierce passion, passion breeds
 Recklessness; then the memory- all betrayed-
 Lets noble purpose go, and saps the mind,
 Till purpose, mind, and man are all undone.
 But, if one deals with objects of the sense
 Not loving and not hating, making them
 Serve his free soul, which rests serenely lord,
 Lo! such a man comes to tranquillity;
 And out of that tranquillity shall rise
 The end and healing of his earthly pains,
 Since the will governed sets the soul at peace.
 The soul of the ungoverned is not his,
 Nor hath he knowledge of himself; which lacked,
 How grows serenity? and, wanting that,
 Whence shall he hope for happiness?
 The mind
 That gives itself to follow shows of sense
 Seeth its helm of wisdom rent away,
 And, like a ship in waves of whirlwind, drives
 To wreck and death. Only with him, great Prince!
 Whose senses are not swayed by things of sense-
 Only with him who holds his mastery,
 Shows wisdom perfect. What is midnight-gloom
 To unlightened souls shines wakeful day
 To his clear gaze; what seems as wakeful day
 Is known for night, thick night of ignorance,
 To his true-seeing eyes. Such is the Saint!
 And like the ocean, day by day receiving
 Floods from all lands, which never overflows;
 Its boundary-line not leaping, and not leaving,
 Fed by the rivers, but unswelled by those;-
 So is the perfect one! to his soul's ocean
 The world of sense pours streams of witchery,
 They leave him as they find, without commotion,

Taking their tribute, but remaining sea.
 Yea! whoso, shaking off the yoke of flesh
 Lives lord, not servant, of his lusts; set free
 From pride, from passion, from the sin of "Self,"
 Toucheth tranquillity! O Pritha's Son!
 That is the state of Brahm! There rests no dread
 When that last step is reached! Live where he will,
 Die when he may, such passeth from all 'plaining,
 To blest Nirvana, with the Gods, attaining.

THE MAHABHARATA

Written down between 400 B.C.E. and 400 C.E.
 India

The Mahabharata is the national epic of India, and it encapsulates ideas about morality, law, family relationships, class structure (in the form of the caste system), and reincarnation. The basic conflict is between two sets of cousins, the Pandavas and the Kauravas, who both have a legitimate claim to the throne. The story is told through a series of narrators, starting with Vyasa (a character in the story) and continuing down through time to a bard speaking to a descendant of the winning side. Ultimately, the side that follows dharma (and follows the words of the god Vishnu in his human avatar of Krishna) will win. Dharma, which is both a concept and the name of the god who embodies it, is a difficult concept to translate: It includes morality, law, and doing what is correct for your caste level, which can change based on your situation. The epic warns the audience not to transgress caste boundaries; good behavior will be rewarded through reincarnation into a higher caste level. Although the caste system was officially abolished in India in 1949, it remains a pervasive social force. The characters also have a continuing presence in present-day society, with references to them in everything from comic Books and movies to casual conversations.



IMAGE 3.1: WOOD CARVING OF A SCENE FROM THE MAHABHARATA | The carving depicts Krishna and Arjuna fighting in the battle of Kurukshetra.

Author: User "thaths"
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THE GENEALOGY OF THE MAIN CHARACTERS IN THE MAHABHARATA:

Note: Certain letters are dropped sometimes in writing (a form of abbreviation), with "h" being the most common casualty. Therefore, both "Shiva" and "Siva" are found in various texts, although the correct pronunciation regardless is to say the "h."

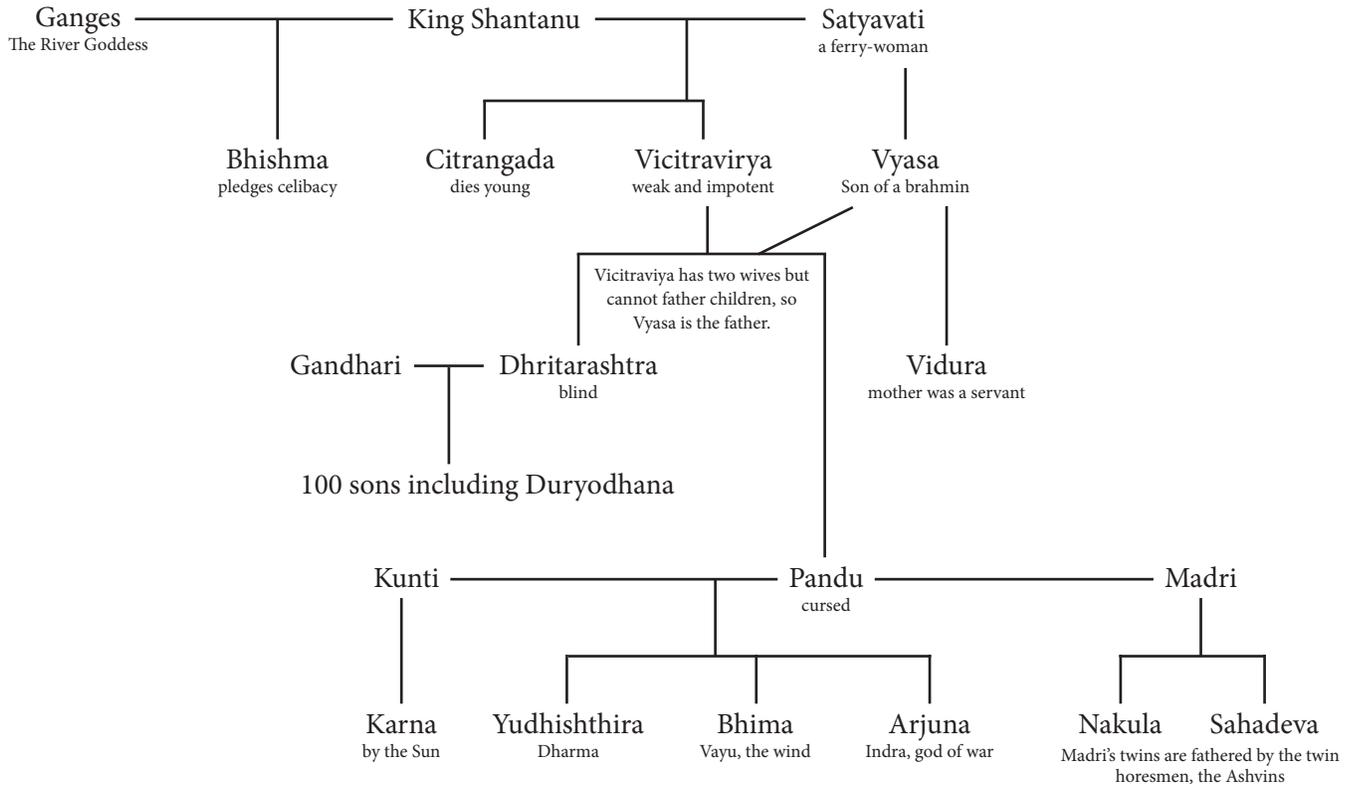
OTHER CHARACTERS:

- Drona: the tutor of the princes
- Drupada: the enemy of Drona, father of both Draupadi (wife of all five Pandavas) and Dhrishtadyumna, who is meant to kill Drona
- Krishna: the seventh avatar of Vishnu, who is related to Kunti in his human incarnation and reveals the Bhavagad-Gita.

KEY IDEAS:

The first thing to realize about the people in the epic is that most of them are related to each other, whether by blood, marriage, or adoption. The major conflict is between two sets of cousins—the **Pandavas** (sons of Pandu) and the **Kauravas** (sons of Dhritarashtra)—who want to inherit the throne. Technically, both sets of cousins are **Kurus**, but the **Kauravas** are referred to as Kurus more often in the story. Although they both have legitimate claims, the Pandavas are considered the nobler of the cousins. The genealogy is complicated, but the basic idea is straightfor-

ward: the cousins will fight until one side wins. Since the Kauravas are (mostly) evil, there are religious reasons for the Pandavas to win, as well, which is why Krishna (an incarnation of Vishnu, one of the three main Hindu gods) sides with the Pandavas.



LAWS:

The concept of law plays an important role in the epic. In religious terms, **Dharma** is both the name of one of the Hindu gods and a concept that means a range of things, including justice, right action, and doing what you must do regardless of the circumstances. The characters in the story speak about either following dharma (Law) or committing an Unlaw (the opposite of dharma), which can put the soul in jeopardy. Obeying your parents and even your elder siblings is part of the law.

Other laws involve family rights. Since the status of a woman in a family depended on her ability to bear children, a wife whose husband was unable to give her children had the right to demand that one of his brothers be the father of her children. When one of the kings in the epic (Vicitravirya) is unable to father children, his wives insist that either his half-brother (Bhisma) or his step-brother (Vyasa) give them children. Vyasa, the king's brother by marriage only, becomes the father of the king's sons, Dhritarashtra and Pandu.

Blood ties, therefore, are less important in the epic than how society chooses to recognize you. By law, children from a previous marriage (or born illegitimately) become the legal children of the man that their mother marries. If a husband accepts a child as his own, even if the father of the child is another man, society recognizes that child as his. When Pandu is unable to have children (for unusual reasons), he asks his wife to say a prayer she knows that will call down various Hindu gods to father his children, and she shares the prayer with his second wife. The sons of Pandu are not his actual blood sons, but rather are accepted as his sons by law.

SONS OF PANDU:

- Yudhishtira is the eldest. He is the son of Kunti (the first wife) and Dharma, god of justice.
- Bhima is the son of Kunti and Vayu, god of the wind (considered the strongest natural force).
- Arjuna is the son of Kunti and Indra, god of war.
- Nakula and Sahadeva are twins. Their mother is Madri (the second wife), and their fathers are
- The Asvins (pronounced Ashvins), twin horsemen gods.

They are related to Krishna through Kunti, who is his aunt, and all five brothers are married to the same woman, Draupadi (sometimes referred to as Krishnā), through a mistake in the law.

For a Summary of the Mahabharata, please visit the following link:

<http://larryavisbrown.homestead.com/files/xeno.mahabsynop.htm>

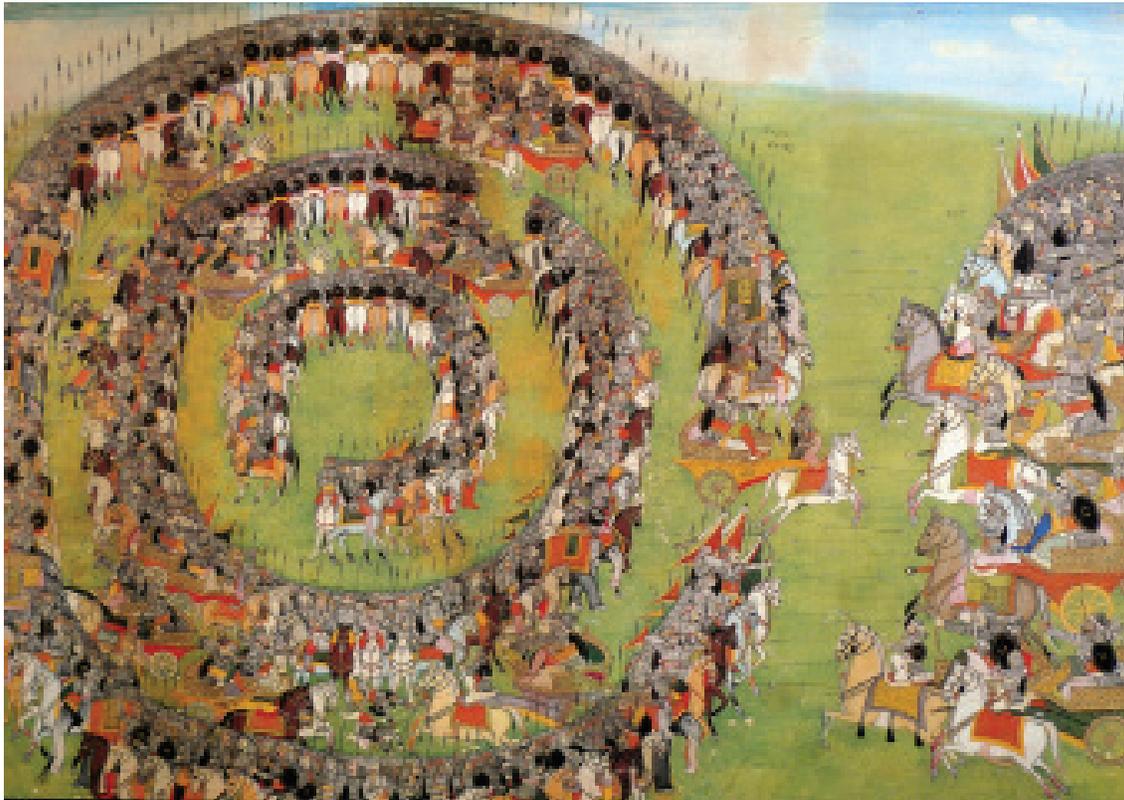


IMAGE 3.2: THE BATTLE OF KURUKSHETRA | Armies standing in a circular formation ready to attack in the Battle of Kurukshetra.

Author: User “Yadupati”

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THE MAHABHARATA

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Dwaipayana Vyas, Translated by Kisari Mohan Ganguli

Book 2

The Dice Game

Section LVIII

Vaisampayana said,—”The sons of Pritha with Yudhishtira at their head, having entered that assembly house, approached all the kings that were present there. And worshipping all those that deserved to be worshipped, and saluting others as each deserved according to age, they seated themselves on seats that were clean and furnished with costly carpets. After they had taken their seats, as also all the kings, Sakuni the son of Suvala addressed Yudhishtira and said, ‘O king, the assembly is full. All had been waiting for thee. Let, therefore, the dice be cast and the rules of play be fixed, O Yudhishtira.’

‘Yudhishtira replied, ‘Deceitful gambling is sinful. There is no Kshatriya prowess in it. There is certainly no morality in it. Why, then, O king, dost thou praise gambling so? The wise applaud not the pride that gamblers feel in deceitful play. O Sakuni, vanquish us, not like a wretch, by deceitful means.’

Sakuni said,—”That high-souled player who knoweth the secrets of winning and losing, who is skilled in baffling the deceitful arts of his confrere, who is united in all the diverse operations of which gambling consisteth, truly

knoweth the play, and he suffereth all in course of it. O son of Pritha, it is the staking at dice, which may be lost or won that may injure us. And it is for that reason that gambling is regarded as a fault. Let us, therefore, O king, begin the play. Fear not. Let the stakes be fixed. Delay not!

“Yudhishtira said,—’That best of Munis, Devala, the son of Asita, who always instructeth us about all those acts that may lead to heaven, hell, or the other regions, hath said, that it is sinful to play deceitfully with a gamester. To obtain victory in battle without cunning or stratagem is the best sport. Gambling, however, as a sport, is not so. Those that are respectable never use the language of the Mlechchas, nor do they adopt deceitfulness in their behaviour. War carried on without crookedness and cunning, this is the act of men that are honest. Do not, O Sakuni, playing desperately, win of us that wealth with which according to our abilities, we strive to learn how to benefit the Brahmanas. Even enemies should not be vanquished by desperate stakes in deceitful play. I do not desire either happiness or wealth by means of cunning. The conduct of one that is a gamester, even if it be without deceitfulness, should not be applauded.’

“Sakuni said,—’O Yudhishtira, it is from a desire of winning, which is not a very honest motive, that one high-born person approacheth another (in a contest of race superiority). So also it is from a desire of defeating, which is not a very honest motive, that one learned person approacheth another (in a contest of learning). Such motives, however, are scarcely regarded as really dishonest. So also, O Yudhishtira, a person skilled at dice approacheth one that is not so skilled from a desire of vanquishing him. One also who is conversant with the truths of science approacheth another that is not from desire of victory, which is scarcely an honest motive. But (as I have already said) such a motive is not really dishonest. And, O Yudhishtira, so also one that is skilled in weapons approacheth one that is not so skilled; the strong approacheth the weak. This is the practice in every contest. The motive is victory, O Yudhishtira. If, therefore, thou, in approaching me, regardest me to be actuated by motives that are dishonest, if thou art under any fear, desist then from play.’

“Yudhishtira said,—’Summoned, I do not withdraw. This is my established vow. And, O king, Fate is all powerful. We all are under the control of Destiny. With whom in this assembly am I to play? Who is there that can stake equally with me? Let the play begin.’

“Duryodhana said,—’O monarch, I shall supply jewels and gems and every kind of wealth. And it is for me that this Sakuni, my uncle, will play.’

“Yudhishtira said,—’Gambling for one’s sake by the agency of another seemeth to me to be contrary to rule. Thou also, O learned one, will admit this. If, however, thou art still bent on it, let the play begin.’”

Section LIX

Vaisampayana said,—’When the play commenced, all those kings with Dhritarashtra at their head took their seats in that assembly. And, O Bharata, Bhishma and Drona and Kripa and the high-souled Vidura with cheerless hearts sat behind. And those kings with leonine necks and endued with great energy took their seats separately and in pairs upon many elevated seats of beautiful make and colour. And, O king, that mansion looked resplendent with those assembled kings like heaven itself with a conclave of the celestials of great good fortune. And they were all conversant with the Vedas and brave and of resplendent countenances. And, O great king, the friendly match at dice then commenced.

Yudhishtira said,—’O king, this excellent wealth of pearls of great value, procured from the ocean by churning it (of old), so beautiful and decked with pure gold, this, O king, is my stake. What is thy counter stake, O great king,—the wealth with which thou wishest to play with me?’

“Duryodhana said,—’I have many jewels and much wealth. But I am not vain of them. Win thou this stake.’

Vaisampayana continued,—’Then Sakuni, well-skilled at dice, took up the dice and (casting them) said unto Yudhishtira, ‘Lo, I have won!’”

Section LX

Yudhishtira said,—’Thou hast won this stake of me by unfair means. But be not so proud, O Sakuni. Let us play staking thousands upon thousands. I have many beautiful jars each full of a thousand Nishkas in my treasury, inexhaustible gold, and much silver and other minerals. This, O king, is the wealth with which I will stake with thee!’”

Vaisampayana continued,—’Thus addressed, Sakuni said unto the chief of the perpetuators of the Kuru race, the eldest of the sons of Pandu, king Yudhishtira, of glory incapable of sustaining any diminution. ‘Lo, I have won!’”

Yudhishtira said,—’This my sacred and victorious and royal car which gladdeneth the heart and hath carried us hither, which is equal unto a thousand cars, which is of symmetrical proportions and covered with tiger-skin, and furnished with excellent wheels and flag-staffs which is handsome, and decked with strings of little bells, whose clatter is even like the roar of the clouds or of the ocean, and which is drawn by eight noble steeds known all over

the kingdom and which are white as the moon-beam and from whose hoofs no terrestrial creature can escape--this, O king, is my wealth with which I will stake with thee!"

Vaisampayana continued,—“Hearing these words, Sakuni ready with the dice, and adopting unfair means, said unto Yudhishtira, ‘Lo, I have won!’

“Yudhishtira said,—‘I have a hundred thousand serving-girls, all young, and decked with golden bracelets on their wrists and upper arms, and with nishkas round their necks and other ornaments, adorned with costly garlands and attired in rich robes, daubed with the sandal paste, wearing jewels and gold, and well-skilled in the four and sixty elegant arts, especially versed in dancing and singing, and who wait upon and serve at my command the celestials, the Snataka Brahmanas, and kings. With this wealth, O king, I will stake with thee!’”

Vaisampayana continued,—“Hearing these words, Sakuni ready with the dice, adopting unfair means, said unto Yudhishtira. ‘Lo, I have won!’

Yudhishtira said,—“I have thousands of serving-men, skilled in waiting upon guests, always attired in silken robes, endued with wisdom and intelligence, their senses under control though young, and decked with ear-rings, and who serve all guests night and day with plates and dishes in hand. With this wealth, O king, I will stake with thee!”

Vaisampayana continued,—“Hearing these words, Sakuni, ready with the dice, adopting unfair means said unto Yudhishtira, ‘Lo, I have won!’

“Yudhishtira said,—‘I have, O son of Suvala, one thousand musty elephants with golden girdles, decked with ornaments, with the mark of the lotus on their temples and necks and other parts, adorned with golden garlands, with fine white tusks long and thick as plough-shafts, worthy of carrying kings on their backs, capable of bearing every kind of noise on the field of battle, with huge bodies, capable of battering down the walls of hostile towns, of the colour of new-formed clouds, and each possessing eight she-elephants. With this wealth, O king, I will stake with thee.’”

Vaisampayana continued,—“Unto Yudhishtira who had said so, Sakuni, the son of Suvala, laughingly said, ‘Lo, I have won it!’

Yudhishtira said,—‘I have as many cars as elephants, all furnished with golden poles and flag-staffs and well-trained horses and warriors that fight wonderfully and each of whom receiveth a thousand coins as his monthly pay whether he fighteth or not. With this wealth, O king, I will stake with thee!’”

Vaisampayana continued,—“When these words had been spoken, the wretch Sakuni, pledged to enmity, said unto Yudhishtira, ‘Lo, I have won it.’

Yudhishtira said.—‘The steeds of the Tittiri, Kalmasha, and Gandharva breeds, decked with ornaments, which Chitraratha having been vanquished in battle and subdued cheerfully gave unto Arjuna, the wielder of the Gandiva. With this wealth, O king, I will stake with thee.’” Vaisampayana continued, “Hearing this, Sakuni, ready at dice, adopting unfair means, said unto Yudhishtira: ‘Lo, I have won!’

Yudhishtira said,—‘I have ten thousand cars and vehicles unto which are yoked draught animals of the foremost breed. And I have also sixty thousand warriors picked from each order by thousands, who are all brave and endued with prowess like heroes, who drink milk and eat good rice, and all of whom have broad chests. With this wealth, O king, I will stake with thee.’

Vaisampayana continued,—“Hearing this, Sakuni ready at dice, adopting unfair means said unto Yudhishtira, ‘Lo, I have won!’

Yudhishtira said,—‘I have four hundred Nidis (jewels of great value) encased in sheets of copper and iron. Each one of them is equal to five draunikas of the costliest and purest leaf gold of the Jatarupa kind. With this wealth, O king, I will stake with thee.’”

Vaisampayana continued,—“Hearing this, Sakuni ready at dice, adopting foul means, said unto Yudhishtira, ‘Lo, I have won it!’”

Section LXI

Vaisampayana said,—“During the course of this gambling, certain to bring about utter ruin (on Yudhishtira), Vidura, that dispeller of all doubts, (addressing Dhritarashtra) said, ‘O great king, O thou of the Bharata race, attend to what I say, although my words may not be agreeable to thee, like medicine to one that is ill and about to breathe his last. When this Duryodhana of sinful mind had, immediately after his birth, cried discordantly like a jackal, it was well known that he had been ordained to bring about the destruction of the Bharata race. Know, O king, that he will be the cause of death of ye all. A jackal is living in thy house, O king, in the form of Duryodhana. Thou knowest it not in consequence of thy folly. Listen now to the words of the Poet (Sukra) which I will quote. They that collect honey (in mountains), having received what they seek, do not notice that they are about to fall. Ascending dangerous heights, abstracted in the pursuit of what they seek, they fall down and meet with destruction. This Duryodhana also, maddened with the play at dice, like the collector of honey, abstracted in what he seeketh, marketh not

the consequences. Making enemies of these great warriors, he beholdeth not the fall that is before him. It is known to thee, O thou of great wisdom, that amongst the Bhojas, they abandoned, for the good of the citizens a son that was unworthy of their race. The Andhakas, the Yadavas, and the Bhojas uniting together, abandoned Kansa. And afterwards, when at the command of the whole tribe, the same Kansa had been slain by Krishna that slayer of foes, all the men of the tribe became exceedingly happy for a hundred years. So at thy command, let Arjuna slay this Suyodhana. And in consequence of the slaying of this wretch, let the Kurus be glad and pass their days in happiness. In exchange of a crow, O great king, buy these peacocks--the Pandavas; and in exchange of a jackal, buy these tigers. For the sake of a family a member may be sacrificed; for the sake of a village a family may be sacrificed, for the sake of a province a village may be sacrificed and for the sake of one's own soul the whole earth may be sacrificed. Even this was what the omniscient Kavya himself, acquainted with the thoughts of every creature, and a source of terror unto all foes, said unto the great Asuras to induce them to abandon Jambha at the moment of his birth. It is said that a certain king, having caused a number of wild birds that vomited gold to take up their quarters in his own house, afterwards killed them from temptation. O slayer of foes, blinded by temptation and the desire of enjoyment, for the sake of gold, the king destroyed at the same time both his present and future gains. Therefore, O king, prosecute not the Pandavas from desire of profit, even like the king in story. For then, blinded by folly thou wilt have to repent afterwards, even like the person that killed the birds. Like a flower-seller that plucketh (many flowers) in the garden from trees that he cherisheth with affection from day to day, continue, O Bharata, to pluck flowers day by day from the Pandavas. Do not scorch them to their roots like a fire-producing breeze that reduceth everything to black charcoal. Go not, O king, unto the region of Yama, with thy sons and troops, for who is there that is capable of fighting with the sons of Pritha, together? Not to speak of others, is the chief of the celestials at the head of the celestials themselves, capable of doing so?"

Section LXII

"Vidura said,—"Gambling is the root of dissensions. It bringeth about disunion. Its consequences are frightful. Yet having recourse to this, Dhritarashtra's son Duryodhana createth for himself fierce enmity. The descendants of Pratipa and Santanu, with their fierce troops and their allies the Vahlikas, will, for the sins of Duryodhana meet with destruction. Duryodhana, in consequence of this intoxication, forcibly driveth away luck and prosperity from his kingdom, even like an infuriate bull breaking his own horns himself. That brave and learned person who disregarding his own foresight, followeth, O king, (the bent of) another man's heart, sinketh in terrible affliction even like one that goeth into the sea in a boat guided by a child. Duryodhana is gambling with the son of Pandu, and thou art in raptures that he is winning. And it is such success that begeth war, which endeth in the destruction of men. This fascination (of gambling) that thou has well-devised only leadeth to dire results. Thus hast thou simply brought on by these counsels great affliction to thy heart. And this thy quarrel with Yudhishtira, who is so closely related to thee, even if thou hadst not foreseen it, is still approved by thee. Listen, ye sons of Santanu, ye descendants of Pratipa, who are now in this assembly of the Kauravas, to these words of wisdom. Enter ye not into the terrible fire that hath blazed forth following the wretch. When Ajatasatru, the son of Pandu, intoxicated with dice, giveth way to his wrath, and Vrikodara and Arjuna and the twins (do the same), who, in that hour of confusion, will prove your refuge? O great king, thou art thyself a mine of wealth. Thou canst earn (by other means) as much wealth as thou seekest to earn by gambling. What dost thou gain by winning from the Pandavas their vast wealth? Win the Pandavas themselves, who will be to thee more than all the wealth they have. We all know the skill of Suvala in play. This hill-king knoweth many nefarious methods in gambling. Let Sakuni return whence he came. War not, O Bharata, with the sons of Pandu!"

Section LXIII

Duryodhana said,—"O Kshatta, thou art always boasting of the fame of our enemies, deprecating the sons of Dhritarashtra. We know, O Vidura, of whom thou art really fond. Thou always disregardest us as children, That man standeth confest, who wisheth for success unto those that are near to him and defeat unto those that are not his favourites. His praise and blame are applied accordingly. Thy tongue and mind betray thy heart. But the hostility thou showeth in speech is even greater than what is in thy heart. Thou hast been cherished by us like a serpent on our lap. Like a cat thou wishest evil unto him that cherisheth thee. The wise have said that there is no sin graver than that of injuring one's master. How is it, O Kshatta, that thou dost not fear this sin? Having vanquished our enemies we have obtained great advantages. Use not harsh words in respect of us. Thou art always willing to make peace with the foes. And it is for this reason that thou hatest us always. A man becometh a foe by speaking words that are unpardonable. Then again in praising the enemy, the secrets of one's own party should not be divulged. (Thou however, transgresses this rule). Therefore, O thou parasite, why dost thou obstruct us so? Thou sayest whatever thou wishest. Insult us not. We know thy mind. Go and learn sitting at the feet of the old. Keen up the repu-

tation that thou hast won. Meddle not with the affairs of other men. Do not imagine that thou art our chief. Tell us not harsh words always, O Vidura. We do not ask thee what is for our good. Cease, irritate not those that have already borne too much at thy hands. There is only one Controller, no second. He controlleth even the child that is in the mother's womb. I am controlled by Him. Like water that always floweth in a downward course, I am acting precisely in the way in which He is directing me. He that breaketh his head against a stone-wall, and he that feedeth a serpent, are guided in those acts of theirs by their own intellect. (Therefore, in this matter I am guided by my own intelligence). He becometh a foe who seeketh to control others by force. When advice, however, is offered in a friendly spirit, the learned bear with it. He again that hath set fire to such a highly inflammable object as camphor, beholdeth not its ashes. If he runneth immediately to extinguish it. One should not give shelter to another who is the friend of his foes, or to another who is ever jealous of his protector or to another who is evil-minded. Therefore, O Vidura, go whither-so-ever thou pleasest. A wife that is unchaste, however well-treated, forsaketh her husband yet.'

"Vidura addressing Dhritarashtra, said, 'O monarch, tell us (impartially) like a witness what thou thinkest of the conduct of those who abandon their serving-men thus for giving instruction to them. The hearts of kings are, indeed, very fickle. Granting protection at first, they strike with clubs at last. O prince (Duryodhana), thou regardest thyself as mature in intellect, and, O thou of bad heart, thou regardest me as a child. But consider that he is a child who having first accepted one for a friend, subsequently findeth fault with him. An evil-hearted man can never be brought to the path of rectitude, like an unchaste wife in the house of a well-born person. Assuredly, instruction is not agreeable to this bull of the Bharata race like a husband of sixty years to a damsel that is young. After this, O king, if thou wishest to hear words that are agreeable to thee, in respect of all acts good or bad, ask thou women and idiots and cripples or persons of that description. A sinful man speaking words that are agreeable may be had in this world. But a speaker of words that are disagreeable though sound as regimen, or a hearer of the same, is very rare. He indeed, is a king's true ally who disregarding what is agreeable or disagreeable to his master beareth himself virtuously and uttereth what may be disagreeable but necessary as regimen. O great king, drink thou that which the honest drink and the dishonest shun, even humility, which is like a medicine that is bitter, pungent, burning, unintoxicating, disagreeable, and revolting. And drinking it, O king, regain thou thy sobriety. I always wish Dhritarashtra and his sons affluence and fame. Happen what may unto thee, here I bow to thee (and take my leave). Let the Brahmanas wish me well. O son of Kuru, this is the lesson I carefully inculcate, that the wise should never enrage such as adders as have venom in their very glances!'"

Section LXIV

"Sakuni said,—'Thou hast, O Yudhishtira, lost much wealth of the Pandavas. If thou hast still anything that thou hast not yet lost to us, O son of Kunti, tell us what it is!'"

"Yudhishtira said,—O son of Suvala, I know that I have untold wealth. But why is it, O Sakuni, that thou askest me of my wealth? Let tens of thousands and millions and millions and tens of millions and hundreds of millions and tens of billions and hundreds of billions and trillions and tens of trillions and hundreds of trillions and tens of quadrillions and hundreds of quadrillions and even more wealth be staked by thee. I have as much. With that wealth, O king, I will play with thee."

Vaisampayana said,—"Hearing this, Sakuni, ready with the dice, adopting unfair means, said unto Yudhishtira, 'Lo, I have won!'"

"Yudhishtira said,—'I have, O son of Suvala, immeasurable kine and horses and milch cows with calves and goats and sheep in the country extending from the Parnasa to the eastern bank of the Sindu. With this wealth, O king, I will play with thee."

Vaisampayana said,—"Hearing this Sakuni, ready with the dice, adopting unfair means, said unto Yudhishtira, 'Lo, I have won!'"

Yudhishtira said,—'I have my city, the country, land, the wealth of all dwelling therein except of the Brahmanas, and all those persons themselves except Brahmanas still remaining to me. With this wealth, O king, I will play with thee.'

Vaisampayana said,—"Hearing this, Sakuni, ready with the dice, adopting foul means, said unto Yudhishtira, 'Lo! I have won.'

"Yudhishtira said,—These princes here, O king, who look resplendent in their ornaments and their ear-rings and Nishkas and all the royal ornaments on their persons are now my wealth. With this wealth, O king, I play with thee."

Vaisampayana said,—"Hearing this, Sakuni, ready with his dice, adopting foul means, said unto Yudhishtira, 'Lo! I have won them.'

"Yudhishtira said,—'This Nakula here, of mighty arms and leonine neck, of red eyes and endued with youth, is now my one stake. Know that he is my wealth.' Sakuni said,—'O king Yudhishtira, prince Nakula is dear to thee. He is already under our subjection. With whom (as stake) wilt thou now play?'"

Vaisampayana said,—“Saying this, Sakuni cast those dice, and said unto Yudhishtira, ‘Lo! He hath been won by us.’

Yudhishtira said,—“This Sahadeva administereth justice. He hath also acquired a reputation for learning in this world. However undeserving he may be to be staked in play, with him as stake I will play, with such a dear object as it, indeed, he were not so!”

Vaisampayana said,—“Hearing this, Sakuni, ready with the dice, adopting foul means, said unto Yudhishtira, ‘Lo! I have won.’

“Sakuni continued,—‘O king, the sons of Madri, dear unto thee, have both been won by me. It would seem, however, that Bhimasena and Dhananjaya are regarded very much by thee.’

“Yudhishtira said,—‘Wretch! thou actest sinfully in thus seeking to create disunion amongst us who are all of one heart, disregarding morality.’

“Sakuni said,—‘One that is intoxicated falleth into a pit (hell) and stayeth there deprived of the power of motion. Thou art, O king, senior to us in age, and possessed of the highest accomplishments. O bull of the Bharata race, I (beg my pardon and) bow to thee. Thou knowest, O Yudhishtira, that gamesters, while excited with play, utter such ravings that they never indulge in the like of them in their waking moments nor even in dream.’

“Yudhishtira said,—‘He that taketh us like a boat to the other shore of the sea of battle, he that is ever victorious over foes, the prince who is endued with great activity, he who is the one hero in this world, (is here). With that Falguna as stake, however, undeserving of being made so, I will now play with thee.’”

Vaisampayana said,—“Hearing this, Sakuni, ready with the dice, adopting foul means, said unto Yudhishtira, ‘Lo! I have won.’

“Sakuni continued,—‘This foremost of all wielders of the bow, this son of Pandu capable of using both his hands with equal activity hath now been won by me. O play now with the wealth that is still left unto thee, even with Bhima thy dear brother, as thy stake, O son of Pandu.’

“Yudhishtira said,—‘O king, however, undeserving he may be of being made a stake, I will now play with thee by staking Bhimasena, that prince who is our leader, who is the foremost in fight,—even like the wielder of the thunder-bolt—the one enemy of the Danavas,—the high-souled one with leonine neck and arched eye-brows and eyes looking askance, who is incapable of putting up with an insult, who hath no equal in might in the world, who is the foremost of all wielders of the mace, and who grindeth all foes,’” “Vaisampayana said,—“Hearing this, Sakuni, ready with the dice adopting foul means, said unto Yudhishtira. ‘Lo! I have won.’

Sakuni continued,—‘Thou hast, O son of Kunti, lost much wealth, horses and elephants and thy brothers as well. Say, if thou hast anything which thou hast not lost.’

Yudhishtira, said—‘I alone, the eldest of all my brothers and dear unto them, am still unwon. Won by thee, I will do what he that is won will have to do.’”

Vaisampayana said,—“Hearing this Sakuni, ready with the dice, adopting foul means, said unto Yudhishtira, ‘Lo! I have won.’

“Sakuni continued,—‘Thou hast permitted thyself to be won. This is very sinful. There is wealth still left to thee, O king. Therefore, thy having lost thyself is certainly sinful.’”

Vaisampayana continued,—“Having said this, Sakuni, well-skilled at dice, spoke unto all the brave kings present there of his having won, one after another, all the Pandavas. The son of Suvala then, addressing Yudhishtira said,—‘O king, there is still one stake dear to thee that is still unwon. Stake thou Krishna, the princess of Panchala. By her, win thyself back.’

“Yudhishtira said,—‘With Draupadi as stake, who is neither short nor tall, neither spare nor corpulent, and who is possessed of blue curly locks, I will now play with thee. Possessed of eyes like the leaves of the autumn lotus, and fragrant also as the autumn lotus, equal in beauty unto her (Lakshmi) who delighteth in autumn lotuses, and unto Sree herself in symmetry and every grace she is such a woman as a man may desire for wife in respect of softness of heart, and wealth of beauty and of virtues. Possessed of every accomplishment and compassionate and sweet-speeched, she is such a woman as a man may desire for wife in respect of her fitness for the acquisition of virtue and pleasure and wealth. Retiring to bed last and waking up first, she looketh after all down to the cowherds and the shepherds. Her face too, when covered with sweat, looketh as the lotus or the jasmine. Of slender waist like that of the wasp, of long flowing locks, of red lips, and body without down, is the princess of Panchala. O king, making the slender-waisted Draupadi, who is even such as my stake, I will play with thee, O son of Suvala.’”

Vaisampayana continued,—“When the intelligent king Yudhishtira the just has spoken thus,—‘Fie! ‘Fie!’ were the words that were uttered by all the aged persons that were in the assembly. And the whole conclave was agitated, and the kings who were present there all gave way to grief. And Bhishma and Drona and Kripa were covered with perspiration. And Vidura holding his head between his hands sat like one that had lost his reason. He sat with face downwards giving way to his reflections and sighing like a snake. But Dhritarashtra glad, at heart, asked repeatedly, ‘Hath the stake been won?’ ‘Hath the stake been won?’ and could not conceal his emotions. Karna with Dussassa-

na and others laughed aloud, while tears began to flow from the eyes of all other present in the assembly. And the son of Suvala, proud of success and flurried with excitement and repeating. Thou hast one stake, dear to thee, etc. said,—’Lo! I have won’ and took up the dice that had been cast.”

Section LXV

Duryodhana said,—’Come, Kshatta, bring hither Draupadi the dear and loved wife of the Pandavas. Let her sweep the chambers, force her thereto, and let the unfortunate one stay where our serving-women are.’

“Vidura said,—’Dost thou not know, O wretch, that by uttering such harsh words thou art tying thyself with cords? Dost thou not understand that thou art hanging on the edge of a precipice? Dost thou not know that being a deer thou provokest so many tigers to rage? Snakes of deadly venom, provoked to ire, are on thy head! Wretch, do not further provoke them lest thou goest to the region of Yama. In my judgement, slavery does not attach to Krishna, in as much as she was staked by the King after he had lost himself and ceased to be his own master. Like the bamboo that beareth fruit only when it is about to die, the son of Dhritarashtra winneth this treasure at play. Intoxicated, he perceiveth nor in these his last moments that dice bring about enmity and frightful terrors. No man should utter harsh speeches and pierce the hearts of the others. No man should subjugate his enemies by dice and such other foul means. No one should utter such words as are disapproved by the Vedas and lead to hell and annoy others. Some one uttereth from his lips words that are harsh. Stung by them another burneth day and night. These words pierce the very heart of another. The learned, therefore, should never utter them, pointing them at others. A goat had once swallowed a hook, and when it was pierced with it, the hunter placing the head of the animal on the ground tore its throat frightfully in drawing it out. Therefore, O Duryodhana, swallow not the wealth of the Pandavas. Make them not thy enemies. The sons of Pritha never use words such as these. It is only low men that are like dogs who use harsh words towards all classes of people, viz., those that have retired to the woods, those leading domestic lives, those employed in ascetic devotions and those that are of great learning. Alas! the son of Dhritarashtra knoweth not that dishonesty is one of the frightful doors of hell. Alas! many of the Kurus with Dussasana amongst them have followed him in the path of dishonesty in the matter of this play at dice. Even gourds may sink and stones may float, and boats also may always sink in water, still this foolish king, the son of Dhritarashtra, listeneth not to my words that are even as regimen unto him. Without doubt, he will be the cause of the destruction of the Kurus. When the words of wisdom spoken by friends and which are even as fit regimen are not listened to, but on the other hand temptation is on the increase, a frightful and universal destruction is sure to overtake all the Kurus.”

Section LXVI

Vaisampayana said,—”Intoxicated with pride, the son of Dhritarashtra spake,—’Fie on Kshatta! and casting his eyes upon the Pratikamin in attendance, commanded him, in the midst of all those reverend seniors, saying,—’Go Pratikamin, and bring thou Draupadi hither. Thou hast no fear from the sons of Pandu. It is Vidura alone that raveth in fear. Besides, he never wisheth our prosperity!’”

Vaisampayana continued,—”Thus commanded, the Pratikamin, who was of the Suta caste, hearing the words of the king, proceeded with haste, and entering the abode of the Pandavas, like a dog in a lion’s den, approached the queen of the sons of Pandu. And he said,—’Yudhishtira having been intoxicated with dice, Duryodhana, O Draupadi, hath won thee. Come now, therefore, to the abode of Dhritarashtra. I will take thee, O Yajnaseni, and put thee in some menial work.’

Draupadi said,—’Why, O Pratikamin, dost thou say so? What prince is there who playeth staking his wife? The king was certainly intoxicated with dice. Else, could he not find any other object to stake?’

“The Pratikamin said,—’When he had nothing else to stake, it was then that Ajatasatru, the son of Pandu, staked thee. The king had first staked his brothers, then himself, and then thee, O princess.’

“Draupadi said,—’O son of the Suta race, go, and ask that gambler present in the assembly, whom he hath lost first, himself, or me. Ascertaining this, come hither, and then take me with thee, O son of the Suta race.’

Vaisampayana continued,—”The messenger coming back to the assembly told all present the words of Draupadi. And he spoke unto Yudhishtira sitting in the midst of the kings, these words,—Draupadi hath asked thee, Whose lord wert thou at the time thou lost me in play? Didst thou lose thyself first or me? Yudhishtira, however sat there like one demented and deprived of reason and gave no answer good or ill to the Suta. “Duryodhana then said,—’Let the princess of Panchala come hither and put her question. Let every one hear in this assembly the words that pass between her and Yudhishtira.’

Vaisampayana continued,—”The messenger, obedient to the command of Duryodhana, going once again to the palace, himself much distressed, said unto Draupadi,—’O princess, they that are in the assembly are summoning thee. It seemeth that the end of the Kauravas is at hand. When Duryodhana, O princess, is for taking thee before the assembly, this weak-brained king will no longer be able to protect his prosperity.’

“Draupadi said,—’The great ordainer of the world hath, indeed, ordained so. Happiness and misery pay their court to both the wise and unwise. Morality, however, it hath been said, is the one highest object in the world. If cherished, that will certainly dispense blessings to us. Let not that morality now abandon the Kauravas. Going back to those that are present in that assembly, repeat these my words consonant with morality. I am ready to do what those elderly and virtuous persons conversant with morality will definitely tell me.

Vaisampayana continued,—’The Suta, hearing these words of Yajnaseni, came back to the assembly and repeated the words of Draupadi. But all sat with faces downwards, uttering not a word, knowing the eagerness and resolution of Dhritarashtra’s son.

“Yudhishtira, however, O bull of the Bharata race, hearing of Duryodhana’s intentions, sent a trusted messenger unto Draupadi, directing that although she was attired in one piece of cloth with her navel itself exposed, in consequence of her season having come, she should come before her father-in-law weeping bitterly. And that intelligent messenger, O king, having gone to Draupadi’s abode with speed, informed her of the intentions of Yudhishtira. The illustrious Pandavas, meanwhile, distressed and sorrowful, and bound by promise, could not settle what they should do. And casting his eyes upon them, king Duryodhana, glad at heart, addressed the Suta and said,—’O Pratikamin, bring her hither. Let the Kauravas answer her question before her face. The Suta, then, obedient to his commands, but terrified at the (possible) wrath of the daughter of Drupada, disregarding his reputation for intelligence, once again said to those that were in the assembly,—what shall I say unto Krishna?’

“Duryodhana, hearing this, said,—’O Dussasana, this son of my Suta, of little intelligence, feareth Vrikodara. Therefore, go thou thyself and forcibly bring hither the daughter of Yajnasena, Our enemies at present are dependent on our will. What can they do thee?’ Hearing the command of his brother, prince Dussasana rose with blood-red eyes, and entering the abode of those great warriors, spake these words unto the princess, ‘Come, come, O Krishna, princess of Panchala, thou hast been won by us. And O thou of eyes large as lotus leaves, come now and accept the Kurus for thy lords. Thou hast been won virtuously, come to the assembly.’ At these words, Draupadi, rising up in great affliction, rubbed her pale face with her hands, and distressed she ran to the place where the ladies of Dhritarashtra’s household were. At this, Dussasana roaring in anger, ran after her and seized the queen by her locks, so long and blue and wavy. Alas! those locks that had been sprinkled with water sanctified with mantras in the great Rajasuya sacrifice, were now forcibly seized by the son of Dhritarashtra disregarding the prowess of the Pandavas. And Dussasana dragging Krishna of long long locks unto the presence of the assembly--as if she were helpless though having powerful protectors--and pulling at her, made her tremble like the banana plant in a storm. And dragged by him, with body bent, she faintly cried--’Wretch! it ill behoveth thee to take me before the assembly. My season hath come, and I am now clad in one piece of attire. But Dussasana dragging Draupadi forcibly by her black locks while she was praying piteously unto Krishna and Vishnu who were Narayana and Nara (on earth), said unto her--’Whether thy season hath come or not, whether thou art attired in one piece of cloth or entirely naked, when thou hast been won at dice and made our slave, thou art to live amongst our serving-women as thou pleasest.”

Vaisampayana continued,—’With hair dishevelled and half her attire loosened, all the while dragged by Dussasana, the modest Krishna consumed with anger, faintly said--’In this assembly are persons conversant with all the branches of learning devoted to the performance of sacrifices and other rites, and all equal unto Indra, persons some of whom are really my superiors and others who deserve to be respected as such. I can not stay before them in this state. O wretch! O thou of cruel deeds, drag me not so. Uncover me not so. The princes (my lords) will not pardon thee, even if thou hast the gods themselves with Indra as thy allies. The illustrious son of Dharma is now bound by the obligations of morality. Morality, however, is subtle. Those only that are possessed of great clearness of vision can ascertain it. In speech even I am unwilling to admit an atom of fault in my lord forgetting his virtues. Thou draggest me who am in my season before these Kuru heroes. This is truly an unworthy act. But no one here rebuketh thee. Assuredly, all these are of the same mind with thee. O fie! Truly hath the virtue of the Bharata gone! Truly also hath the usage of those acquainted with the Kshatriya practice disappeared! Else these Kurus in this assembly would never have looked silently on this act that transgresseth the limits of their practices. Oh! both Drona and Bhishma have lost their energy, and so also hath the high-souled Kshatta, and so also this king. Else, why do these foremost of the Kuru elders look silently on this great crime?”

Vaisampayana continued,—’Thus did Krishna of slender waist cry in distress in that assembly. And casting a glance upon her enraged lords--the Pandavas--who were filled with terrible wrath, she inflamed them further with that glance of hers. And they were not so distressed at having been robbed of their kingdom, of their wealth, of their costliest gems, as with that glance of Krishna moved by modesty and anger. And Dussasana, beholding Krishna looking at her helpless lords, dragging her still more forcibly, and addressed her, ‘Slave, Slave’ and laughed aloud. And at those words Karna became very glad and approved of them by laughing aloud. And Sakuni, the son of Suvala, the Gandhara king, similarly applauded Dussasana. And amongst all those that were in the assembly except these three and Duryodhana, every one was filled with sorrow at beholding Krishna thus dragged in sight of that assembly. And beholding it all, Bhishma said, ‘O blessed one, morality is subtle. I therefore am unable to

duly decide this point that thou hast put, beholding that on the one hand one that hath no wealth cannot stake the wealth belonging to others, while on the other hand wives are always under the orders and at the disposal of their lords. Yudhishtira can abandon the whole world full of wealth, but he will never sacrifice morality. The son of Pandu hath said--'I am won.' Therefore, I am unable to decide this matter. Sakuni hath not his equal among men at dice-play. The son of Kunti still voluntarily staked with him. The illustrious Yudhishtira doth not himself regard that Sakuni hath played with him deceitfully. Therefore, I can not decide this point."

"Draupadi said,—"The king was summoned to this assembly and though possessing no skill at dice, he was made to play with skilful, wicked, deceitful and desperate gamblers. How can he be said then to have staked voluntarily? The chief of the Pandavas was deprived of his senses by wretches of deceitful conduct and unholy instincts, acting together, and then vanquished. He could not understand their tricks, but he hath now done so. Here, in this assembly, there are Kurus who are the lords of both their sons and their daughters-in-law! Let all of them, reflecting well upon my words, duly decide the point that I have put.

Vaisampayana continued,—'Unto Krishna who was thus weeping and crying piteously, looking at times upon her helpless lord, Dussasana spake many disagreeable and harsh words. And beholding her who was then in her season thus dragged, and her upper garments loosened, beholding her in that condition which she little deserved, Vrikodara afflicted beyond endurance, his eyes fixed upon Yudhishtira, gave way to wrath."

Section LXVII

"Bhima said,—'O Yudhishtira, gamblers have in their houses many women of loose character. They do not yet stake those women having kindness for them even. Whatever wealth and other excellent articles the king of Kasi gave, whatever, gems, animals, wealth, coats of mail and weapons that other kings of the earth gave, our kingdom, thyself and ourselves, have all been won by the foes. At all this my wrath was not excited for thou art our lord. This, however, I regard as a highly improper act--this act of staking Draupadi. This innocent girl deserveth not this treatment. Having obtained the Pandavas as her lords, it is for thee alone that she is being thus persecuted by the low, despicable, cruel, and mean-minded Kauravas. It is for her sake, O king, that my anger falleth on thee. I shall burn those hands of thine. Sahadeva, bring some fire."

'Arjuna hearing this, said,—'Thou hast never, O Bhimasena, before this uttered such words as these. Assuredly thy high morality hath been destroyed by these cruel foes. Thou shouldst not fulfil the wishes of the enemy. Practise thou the highest morality. Whom doth it behave to transgress his virtuous eldest brother? The king was summoned by the foe, and remembering the usage of the Kshatriyas, he played at dice against his will. That is certainly conducive to our great fame.

'Bhima said,—'If I had not known, O Dhananjaya, that the king had acted according to Kshatriya usage, then I would have, taking his hands together by sheer force, burnt them in a blazing fire."

Vaisampayana continued,—"Beholding the Pandavas thus distressed and the princess of Panchala also thus afflicted, Vikarna the son of Dhritarashtra said--'Ye kings, answer ye the question that hath been asked by Yajneseni. If we do not judge a matter referred to us, all of us will assuredly have to go to hell without delay. How is that Bhishma and Dhritarashtra, both of whom are the oldest of the Kurus, as also the high-souled Vidura, do not say anything! The son of Bharadwaja who is the preceptor of us, as also Kripa, is here. Why do not these best of regenerate ones answer the question? Let also those other kings assembled here from all directions answer according to their judgment this question, leaving aside all motives of gain and anger. Ye kings, answer ye the question that hath been asked by this blessed daughter of king Drupada, and declare after reflection on which side each of ye is.' Thus did Vikarna repeatedly appeal to those that were in that assembly. But those kings answered him not one word, good or ill. And Vikarna having repeatedly appealed to all the kings began to rub his hands and sigh like a snake. And at last the prince said--'Ye kings of the earth, ye Kauravas, whether ye answer this question or not, I will say what I regard as just and proper. Ye foremost of men, it hath been said that hunting, drinking, gambling, and too much enjoyment of women, are the four vices of kings. The man, that is addicted to these, liveth forsaking virtue. And people do not regard the acts done by a person who is thus improperly engaged, as of any authority. This son of Pandu, while deeply engaged in one of these vicious acts, urged thereto by deceitful gamblers, made Draupadi a stake. The innocent Draupadi is, besides, the common wife of all the sons of Pandu. And the king, having first lost himself offered her as a stake. And Suvala himself desirous of a stake, indeed prevailed upon the king to stake this Krishna. Reflecting upon all these circumstances, I regard Draupadi as not won."

"Hearing these words, a loud uproar rose from among those present in that assembly. And they all applauded Vikarna and censured the son of Suvala. And at that sound, the son of Radha, deprived of his senses by anger, waving his well-shaped arms, said these words,—'O Vikarna, many opposite and inconsistent conditions are noticeable in this assembly. Like fire produced from a faggot, consuming the faggot itself, this thy ire will consume thee. These personages here, though urged by Krishna, have not uttered a word. They all regard the daughter of

Drupada to have been properly won. Thou alone, O son of Dhritarashtra in consequence of thy immature years, art bursting with wrath, for though but a boy thou speakest in the assembly as if thou wert old. O younger brother of Duryodhana, thou dost not know what morality truly is, for thou sayest like a fool that this Krishna who hath been (justly) won as not won at all. O son of Dhritarashtra, how dost thou regard Krishna as not won, when the eldest of the Pandavas before this assembly staked all his possessions? O bull of the Bharata race, Draupadi is included in all the possessions (of Yudhishtira). Therefore, why regardest thou Krishna who hath been justly won as not won? Draupadi had been mentioned (by Suvala) and approved of as a stake by the Pandavas. For what reason then dost thou yet regard her as not won? Or, if thou thinkest that bringing her hither attired in a single piece of cloth, is an action of impropriety, listen to certain excellent reasons I will give. O son of the Kuru race, the gods have ordained only one husband for one woman. This Draupadi, however, hath many husbands. Therefore, certain it is that she is an unchaste woman. To bring her, therefore, into this assembly attired though she be in one piece of cloth--even to uncover her is not at all an act that may cause surprise. Whatever wealth the Pandavas had--she herself and these Pandavas themselves--have all been justly won by the son of Suvala. O Dussasana, this Vikarna speaking words of (apparent) wisdom is but a boy. Take off the robes of the Pandavas as also the attire of Draupadi. Hearing these words the Pandavas, O Bharata, took of their upper garments and throwing them down sat in that assembly. Then Dussasana, O king, forcibly seizing Draupadi's attire before the eyes of all, began to drag it off her person."

Vaisampayana continued,—"When the attire of Draupadi was being thus dragged, the thought of Hari, (And she herself cried aloud, saying), 'O Govinda, O thou who dwellest in Dwaraka, O Krishna, O thou who art fond of cow-herdresses (of Vrindavana). O Kesava, seest thou not that the Kauravas are humiliating me. O Lord, O husband of Lakshmi, O Lord of Vraja (Vrindavana), O destroyer of all afflictions, O Janarddana, rescue me who am sinking in the Kaurava Ocean. O Krishna, O Krishna, O thou great yogin, thou soul of the universe, Thou creator of all things, O Govinda, save me who am distressed,--who am losing my senses in the midst of the Kurus.' Thus did that afflicted lady resplendent still in her beauty, O king covering her face cried aloud, thinking of Krishna, of Hari, of the lord of the three worlds. Hearing the words of Draupadi, Krishna was deeply moved. And leaving his seat, the benevolent one from compassion, arrived there on foot. And while Yajnaseni was crying aloud to Krishna, also called Vishnu and Hari and Nara for protection, the illustrious Dharma, remaining unseen, covered her with excellent clothes of many hues. And, O monarch as the attire of Draupadi was being dragged, after one was taken off, another of the same kind, appeared covering her. And thus did it continue till many clothes were seen. And, O exalted one, owing to the protection of Dharma, hundreds upon hundreds of robes of many hues came off Draupadi's person. And there arose then a deep uproar of many many voices. And the kings present in that assembly beholding that most extraordinary of all sights in the world, began to applaud Draupadi and censure the son of Dhritarashtra. And Bhima then, squeezing his hands, with lips quivering in rage, swore in the midst of all those kings a terrible oath in a loud voice.

"And Bhima said,--Hear these words of mine, ye Kshatriyas of the world. Words such as these were never before uttered by other men, nor will anybody in the future ever utter them. Ye lords of earth, if having spoken these words I do not accomplish them hereafter, let me not obtain the region of my deceased ancestors. Tearing open in battle, by sheer force, the breast of this wretch, this wicked-minded scoundrel of the Bharata race, if I do not drink his life-blood, let me not obtain the region of my ancestors."

Vaisampayana continued,—"Hearing these terrible words of Bhima that made the down of the auditors to stand on end, everybody present there applauded him and censured the son of Dhritarashtra. And when a mass of clothes had been gathered in that assembly, all dragged from the person of Draupadi, Dussasana, tired and ashamed, sat down. And beholding the sons of Kunti in that state, the persons--those gods among men--that were in that assembly all uttered the word 'Fie!' (on the son of Dhritarashtra). And the united voices of all became so loud that they made the down of anybody who heard them stand on end. And all the honest men that were in that assembly began to say,--'Alas! the Kauravas answer not the question that hath been put to them by Draupadi. And all censuring Dhritarashtra together, made a loud clamour. Then Vidura, that master of the science of morality, waving his hands and silencing every one, spake these words;--'Ye that are in this assembly, Draupadi having put her question is weeping helplessly. Ye are not answering her. Virtue and morality are being persecuted by such conduct. An afflicted person approacheth an assembly of good men, like one that is being consumed by fire. They that are in the assembly quench that fire and cool him by means of truth and morality. The afflicted person asketh the assembly about his rights, as sanctioned by morality. They that are in the assembly should, unmoved by interest and anger, answer the question. Ye kings, Vikarna hath answered the question, according to his own knowledge and judgment. Ye should also answer it as ye think proper. Knowing the rules of morality, and having attended an assembly, he that doth not answer a query that is put, incurreth half the demerit that attacheth to a lie. He, on the other hand, who, knowing the rules of morality and having joined an assembly answereth falsely, assuredly incurreth the sin of a lie. The learned quote as an example in this connection the old history of Prahlada and the son of Angirasa.

"There was of old a chief of the Daityas of the name Prahlada. He had a son named Virochana. And Virochana, for the sake of obtaining a bride, quarrelled with Sudhanwan, the son of Angiras. It hath been heard by us that they

mutually wagered their lives, saying--I am superior,--I am superior,--for the sake of obtaining a bride. And after they had thus quarrelled with each other, they both made Prahlada the arbitrator to decide between them. And they asked him, saying;--Who amongst us is superior (to the other)? Answer this question. Speak not falsely. Frightened at this quarrel, Prahlada cast his eyes upon Sudhanwan. And Sudhanwan in rage, burning like unto the mace of Yama, told him,--If thou answerest falsely, or dost not answer at all thy head will then be split into a hundred pieces by the wielder of the thunderbolt with that bolt of his.--Thus addressed by Sudhanwan, the Daitya, trembling like a leaf of the fig tree, went to Kasyapa of great energy, for taking counsel with him. And Prahlada said,--'Thou art, O illustrious and exalted one, fully conversant with the rules of morality that should guide both the gods and the Asuras and the Brahmanas as well. Here, however, is a situation of great difficulty in respect of duty. Tell me, I ask thee, what regions are obtainable by them who upon being asked a question, answer it not, or answer it falsely. Kasyapa thus asked answered.--'He that knoweth, but answereth not a question from temptation, anger or fear, casteth upon himself a thousand nooses of Varuna. And the person who, cited as a witness with respect to any matter of ocular or auricular knowledge, speaketh carelessly, casteth a thousand nooses of Varuna upon his own person. On the completion of one full year, one such noose is loosened. Therefore, he that knoweth, should speak the truth without concealment. If virtue, pierced by sin, repaireth to an assembly (for aid), it is the duty of every body in the assembly to take off the dart, otherwise they themselves would be pierced with it. In an assembly where a truly censurable act is not rebuked, half the demerit of that act attacheth to the head of that assembly, a fourth to the person acting censurably and a fourth unto those others that are there. In that assembly, on the other hand, when he that deserveth censure is rebuked, the head of the assembly becometh freed from all sins, and the other members also incur none. It is only the perpetrator himself of the act that becometh responsible for it. O Prahlada, they who answer falsely those that ask them about morality destroy the meritorious acts of their seven upper and seven lower generations. The grief of one who hath lost all his wealth, of one who hath lost a son, of one who is in debt, of one who is separated from his companions, of a woman who hath lost her husband, of one that hath lost his all in consequence of the king's demand, of a woman who is sterile, of one who hath been devoured by a tiger (during his last struggles in the tiger's claws), of one who is a co-wife, and of one who hath been deprived of his property by false witnesses, have been said by the gods to be uniform in degree. These different sorts of grief are his who speaketh false. A person becometh a witness in consequence of his having seen, heard, and understood a thing. Therefore, a witness should always tell the truth. A truth-telling witness never loseth his religious merits and earthly possessions also.' Hearing these words of Kasyapa, Prahlada told his son, "Sudhanwan is superior to thee, as indeed, (his father) Angiras is superior to me. The mother also of Sudhanwan is superior to thy mother. Therefore, O Virochana, this Sudhanwan is now the lord of the life." At these words of Prahlada, Sudhanwan said, "Since unmoved by affection for thy child, thou hast adhered to virtue, I command, let this son of thine live for a hundred years."

"Vidura continued,--Let all the persons, therefore, present in this assembly hearing these high truths of morality, reflect upon what should be the answer to the question asked by Draupadi."

Vaisampayana continued,--"The kings that were there hearing these words of Vidura, answered not a word, yet Karna alone spoke unto Dussasana, telling him. Take away this serving-woman Krishna into the inner apartments. And thereupon Dussasana began to drag before all the spectators the helpless and modest Draupadi, trembling and crying piteously unto the Pandavas her lords."

Section LXVIII

Draupadi said,--'Wait a little, thou worst of men, thou wicked-minded Dussasana. I have an act to perform--a high duty that hath not been performed by me yet. Dragged forcibly by this wretch's strong arms, I was deprived of my senses. I salute these reverend seniors in this assembly of the Kurus. That I could not do this before cannot be my fault."

Vaisampayana said,--"Dragged with greater force than before, the afflicted and helpless Draupadi, undeserving of such treatment, falling down upon the ground, thus wept in that assembly of the Kurus,--

"Alas, only once before, on the occasion of the Swayamvara, I was beheld by the assembled kings in the amphitheatre, and never even once beheld afterwards. I am to-day brought before this assembly. She whom even the winds and the sun had seen never before in her palace is to-day before this assembly and exposed to the gaze of the crowd. Alas, she whom the sons of Pandu could not, while in her palace, suffer to be touched even by the wind, is to-day suffered by the Pandavas to be seized and dragged by this wretch. Alas, these Kauravas also suffer their daughter-in-law, so unworthy of such treatment, to be thus afflicted before them. It seemeth that the times are out of joint. What can be more distressing to me, than that though high-born and chaste, I should yet be compelled to enter this public court? Where is that virtue for which these kings were noted? It hath been heard that the kings of ancient days never brought their wedded wives into the public court. Alas, that eternal usage hath disappeared from among the Kauravas. Else, how is it that the chaste wife of the Pandavas, the sister of Prishata's son, the friend

of Vasudeva, is brought before this assembly? Ye Kauravas, I am the wedded wife of king Yudhishtira the just, hailing from the same dynasty to which the King belonged. Tell me now if I am a serving-maid or otherwise. I will cheerfully accept your answer. This mean wretch, this destroyer of the name of the Kurus, is afflicting me hard. Ye Kauravas, I cannot bear it any longer. Ye kings, I desire ye to answer whether ye regard me as won or unwon. I will accept your verdict whatever it be.

“Hearing these words, Bhishma answered, I have already said, O blessed one that the course of morality is subtle. Even the illustrious wise in this world fail to understand it always. What in this world a strong man calls morality is regarded as such by others, however otherwise it may really be; but what a weak man calls morality is scarcely regarded as such even if it be the highest morality. From the importance of the issue involved, from its intricacy and subtlety, I am unable to answer with certitude the question thou hast asked. However, it is certain that as all the Kurus have become the slaves of covetousness and folly, the destruction of this our race will happen on no distant date. O blessed one, the family into which thou hast been admitted as a daughter-in-law, is such that those who are born in it, however much they might be afflicted by calamities, never deviate from the paths of virtue and morality. O Princess of Panchala, this conduct of thine also, viz. that though sunk in distress, thou still easiest thy eyes on virtue and morality, is assuredly worthy of thee. These persons, Drona and others, of mature years and conversant with morality, sit heads downwards like men that are dead, with bodies from which life hath departed. It seemeth to me, however, that Yudhishtira is an authority on this question. It behoveth him to declare whether thou art won or not won.”

Section LXIX

Vaisampayana said,—”The kings present in that assembly, from fear of Duryodhana, uttered not a word, good or ill, although they beheld Draupadi crying piteously in affliction like a female osprey, and repeatedly appealing to them. And the son of Dhritarashtra beholding those kings and sons and grand sons of kings all remaining silent, smiled a little, and addressing the daughter of the king of Panchala, said,—O Yajnaseni, the question thou hast put dependeth on thy husbands--on Bhima of mighty strength, on Arjuna, on Nakula, on Sahadeva. Let them answer thy question. O Panchali, let them for thy sake declare in the midst of these respectable men that Yudhishtira is not their lord, let them thereby make king Yudhishtira the just a liar. Thou shalt then be freed from the condition of slavery. Let the illustrious son of Dharma, always adhering to virtue, who is even like Indra, himself declare whether he is not thy lord. At his words, accept thou the Pandavas or ourselves without delay. Indeed, all the Kauravas present in this assembly are floating in the ocean of thy distress. Endued with magnanimity, they are unable to answer thy question, looking at thy unfortunate husbands.” Vaisampayana continued,—”Hearing these words of the Kuru king, all who were present in the assembly loudly applauded them. And shouting approvingly, they made signs unto one another by motions of their eyes and lips. And amongst some that were there, sounds of distress such as ‘O! and ‘Alas!’ were heard. And at these words of Duryodhana, so delightful (to his partisans), the Kauravas present in that assembly became exceedingly glad. And the kings, with faces turned sideways, looked upon Yudhishtira conversant with the rules of morality, curious to hear what he would say. And every one present in that assembly became curious to hear what Arjuna, the son of Pandu never defeated in battle, and what Bhimasena, and what the twins also would say. And when that busy hum of many voices became still, Bhimasena, waving his strong and well-formed arms smeared with sandalpaste spake these words,—’If this high-souled king Yudhishtira the just, who is our eldest brother, had not been our lord, we would never have forgiven the Kuru race (for all this). He is the lord of all our religious and ascetic merits, the lord of even our lives. If he regardeth himself as won, we too have all been won. If this were not so, who is there amongst creatures touching the earth with their feet and mortal, that would escape from me with his life after having touched those locks of the princess of Panchala? Behold these mighty, well-formed arms of mine, even like maces of iron. Having once come within them, even he of a hundred sacrifices is incapable of effecting an escape. Bound by the ties of virtue and the reverence that is due to our eldest brother, and repeatedly urged by Arjuna to remain silent, I am not doing anything terrible. If however, I am once commanded by king Yudhishtira the just, I would slay these wretched sons of Dhritarashtra, making slaps do the work of swords, like a lion slaying a number of little animals.”

Vaisampayana continued,—”Unto Bhima who had spoken these words Bhishma and Drona and Vidura said, ‘Forbear, O Bhima. Everything is possible with thee.’”

Section LXX

“Karna said,—’Of all the persons in the assembly, three, viz., Bhishma, Vidura, and the preceptor of the Kurus (Drona) appear to be independent; for they always speak of their master as wicked, always censure him, and never wish for his prosperity. O excellent one, the slave, the son, and the wife are always dependent. They cannot earn wealth, for whatever they earn belongeth to their master. Thou art the wife of a slave incapable of possess-

ing anything on his own account. Repair now to the inner apartments of king Dhritarashtra and serve the king's relatives. We direct that that is now thy proper business. And, O princess, all the sons of Dhritarashtra and not the sons of Pritha are now thy masters. O handsome one, select thou another husband now,—one who will not make thee a slave by gambling. It is well-known that women, especially that are slaves, are not censurable if they proceed with freedom in electing husbands. Therefore let it be done by thee. Nakula hath been won, as also Bhimasena, and Yudhishtira also, and Sahadeva, and Arjuna. And, O Yajnaseni, thou art now a slave. Thy husbands that are slaves cannot continue to be thy lords any longer. Alas, doth not the son of Pritha regard life, prowess and manhood as of no use that he offereth this daughter of Drupada, the king of Panchala, in the presence of all this assembly, as a stake at dice?"

Vaisampayana continued,—“Hearing these words, the wrathful Bhima breathed hard, a very picture of woe. Obedient to the king and bound by the tie of virtue and duty, burning everything with his eyes inflamed by anger, he said,—‘O king, I cannot be angry at these words of this son of a Suta, for we have truly entered the state of servitude. But O king, could our enemies have said so unto me, it thou hadst not played staking this princess?’”

Vaisampayana continued,—“Hearing these words of Bhimasena king Duryodhana addressed Yudhishtira who was silent and deprived of his senses, saying,—‘O king, both Bhima and Arjuna, and the twins also, are under thy sway. Answer thou the question (that hath been asked by Draupadi). Say, whether thou regardest Krishna as unwon.’ And having spoken thus unto the son of Kunti, Duryodhana, desirous of encouraging the son of Radha and insulting Bhima, quickly uncovered his left thigh that was like unto the stem of a plantain tree or the trunk of an elephant and which was graced with every auspicious sign and endued with the strength of thunder, and showed it to Draupadi in her very sight. And beholding this, Bhimasena expanding his red eyes, said unto Duryodhana in the midst of all those kings and as if piercing them (with his dart-like words),—‘Let not Vrikodara attain to the regions, obtained by his ancestors, if he doth not break that thigh of thine in the great conflict. And sparkles of fire began to be emitted from every organ of sense of Bhima filled with wrath, like those that come out of every crack and orifice in the body of a blazing tree.

Vidura then, addressing everybody, said,—‘Ye kings of Pratipa’s race, behold the great danger that ariseth from Bhimasena. Know ye for certain that this great calamity that threatens to overtake the Bharatas hath been sent by Destiny itself. The sons of Dhritarashtra have, indeed, gambled disregarding every proper consideration. They are even now disputing in this assembly about a lady (of the royal household). The prosperity of our kingdom is at an end. Alas, the Kauravas are even now engaged in sinful consultations. Ye Kauravas, take to your heart this high precept that I declare. If virtue is persecuted, the whole assembly becometh polluted. If Yudhishtira had staked her before he was himself won, he would certainly have been regarded as her master. If, however a person staketh anything at a time when he himself is incapable of holding any wealth, to win it is very like obtaining wealth in a dream. Listening to the words of the king of Gandhara, fall ye not off from this undoubted truth.’

“Duryodhana, hearing Vidura thus speak, said,—‘I am willing to abide by the words of Bhima, of Arjuna and of the twins. Let them say that Yudhishtira is not their master. Yajnaseni will then be freed from her state of bondage.’”

“Arjuna at this, said,—“This illustrious son of Kunti, king Yudhishtira the just, was certainly our master before he began to play. But having lost himself, let all the Kauravas judge whose master he could be after that.”

Vaisampayana continued,—“Just then, a jackal began to cry loudly in the homa-chamber of king Dhritarashtra’s palace. And, O king, unto the jackal that howled so, the asses began to bray responsively. And terrible birds also, from all sides, began to answer with their cries. And Vidura conversant with everything and the daughter of Suvala, both understood the meaning of those terrible sounds. And Bhishma and Drona and the learned Gautama loudly cried,—Swashti! Swashti! I Then Gandhari and the learned Vidura beholding that frightful omen, represented everything, in great affliction, unto the king. And the king (Dhritarashtra) thereupon said,—

“Thou wicked-minded Duryodhana, thou wretch, destruction hath all ready overtaken thee when thou insultest in language such as this the wife of these bulls among the Kurus, especially their wedded wife Draupadi. And having spoken those words, the wise Dhritarashtra endued with knowledge, reflecting with the aid of his wisdom and desirous of saving his relatives and friends from destruction, began to console Krishna, the princess of Panchala, and addressing her, the monarch said,—‘Ask of me any boon, O princess of Panchala, that thou desirest, Chaste and devoted to virtue, thou art the first of all my daughters-in-law.

“Draupadi said,—‘O bull of the Bharata race, if thou will grant me a boon, I ask the handsome Yudhishtira, obedient to every duty, be freed from slavery. Let not unthinking children call my child Prativindhya endued with great energy of mind as the son of a slave. Having been a prince, so superior to all men, and nurtured by kings it is not proper that he should be called the child of a slave.

“Dhritarashtra said unto her,—‘O auspicious one, let it be as thou sayest. O excellent one, ask thou another boon, for I will give it. My heart inclineth to give thee a second boon. Thou dost not deserve only one boon.

“Draupadi said,—‘I ask, O king, that Bhimasena and Dhananjaya and the twins also, with their cars and bows, freed from bondage, regain their liberty.’

‘Dhritarashtra said,—’O blessed daughter, let it be as thou desirest. Ask thou a third boon, for thou hast not been sufficiently honoured with two boons. Virtuous in thy behaviour, thou art the foremost of all my daughters-in-law.

Draupadi said,—’O best of kings, O illustrious one, covetousness always bringeth about loss of virtue. I do not deserve a third boon. Therefore I dare not ask any. O king of kings, it hath been said that a Vaisya may ask one boon; a Kshatriya lady, two boons; a Kshatriya male, three, and a Brahmana, a hundred. O king, these my husbands freed from the wretched state of bondage, will be able to achieve prosperity by their own virtuous acts!’”

Section LXXI

“Karna said,—’We have never heard of such an act (as this one of Draupadi), performed by any of the women noted in this world for their beauty. When the sons of both Pandu and Dhritarashtra were excited with wrath, this Draupadi became unto the sons of Pandu as their salvation. Indeed the princess of Panchala, becoming as a boat unto the sons of Pandu who were sinking in a boatless ocean of distress, hath brought them in safety to the shore.”

Vaisampayana continued,—’Hearing these words of Karna in the midst of the Kurus,—viz., that the sons of Pandu were saved by their wife,—the angry Bhimasena in great affliction said (unto Arjuna),—’O Dhananjaya, it hath been said by Devala three lights reside in every person, viz., offspring, acts and learning, for from these three hath sprung creation. When life becometh extinct and the body becometh impure and is cast off by relatives, these three become of service to every person. But the light that is in us hath been dimmed by this act of insult to our wife. How, O Arjuna, can a son born from this insulted wife of ours prove serviceable to us? “Arjuna replied,—’Superior persons, O Bharata, never prate about the harsh words that may or may not be uttered by inferior men. Persons that have earned respect for themselves, even if they are able to retaliate, remember not the acts of hostility done by their enemies, but, on the other hand, treasure up only their good deeds.’

‘Bhima said,—’Shall I, O king, slay, without loss of time all these foes assembled together, even here, or shall I destroy them, O Bharata, by the roots, outside this palace? Or, what need is there of words or of command? I shall slay all these even now, and rule thou the whole earth, O king, without a rival. And saying this, Bhima with his younger brothers, like a lion in the midst of a herd of inferior animals, repeatedly cast his angry glances around. But Arjuna, however, of white deeds, with appealing looks began to pacify his elder brother. And the mighty-armed hero endued with great prowess began to burn with the fire of his wrath. And, O king, this fire began to issue out of Vrikodara’s ears and other senses with smoke and sparks and flames. And his face became terrible to behold in consequence of his furrowed brows like those of Yama himself at the time of the universal destruction. Then Yudhishtira forbade the mighty hero, embracing him with his arms and telling him ‘Be not so. Stay in silence and peace.’ And having pacified the mighty-armed one with eyes red in wrath, the king approached his uncle Dhritarashtra, with hands joined in entreaty.”

Section LXXII

“Yudhishtira said,—’O king, thou art our master. Command us as to what we shall do. O Bharata, we desire to remain always in obedience to thee.

‘Dhritarashtra replied.—’O Ajatasatru, blest be thou. Go thou in peace and safety. Commanded by me, go, rule thy own kingdom with thy wealth. And, O child, take to heart this command of an old man, this wholesome advice that I give, and which is even a nutritive regimen. O Yudhishtira, O child, thou knowest the subtle path of morality. Possessed of great wisdom, thou art also humble, and thou waitest also upon the old. Where there is intelligence, there is forbearance. Therefore, O Bharata, follow thou counsels of peace. The axe falleth upon wood, not upon stone. (Thou art open to advice, not Duryodhana). They are the best of men that remember not the acts of hostility of their foes; that behold only the merits, not the faults, of their enemies; and that never enter into hostilities themselves. They that are good remember only the good deeds of their foes and not the hostile acts their foes might have done unto them. The good, besides, do good unto others without expectation of any good, in return. O Yudhishtira, it is only the worst of men that utter harsh words in quarrelling; while they that are indifferent reply to such when spoken by others. But they that are good and wise never think of or recapitulate such harsh words, little caring whether these may or may not have been uttered by their foes. They that are good, having regard to the state of their own feelings, can understand the feelings of others, and therefore remember only the good deeds and not the acts of hostility of their foes. Thou hast acted even as good men of prepossessing countenance do, who transgress not the limits of virtue, wealth, pleasure and salvation. O child, remember not the harsh words of Duryodhana. Look at thy mother Gandhari and myself also, if thou desirest to remember only what is good. O Bharata, look at me, who am thy father unto you and am old and blind, and still alive. It was for seeing our friends and examining also the strength and weakness of my children, that I had, from motives of policy, suffered this match at dice to proceed. O king those amongst the Kurus that have thee for their ruler, and the intelligent Vidura conversant with every branch of learning for their counsellor, have, indeed, nothing to grieve for. In thee is virtue, in Arjuna is

patience, in Bhimasena is prowess, and the twins, those foremost of men, is pure reverence for superiors. Blest be thou, O Ajatasatru. Return to Khandavaprastha, and let there be brotherly love between thee and thy cousins. Let thy heart also be ever fixed on virtue.”

Vaisampayana continued,—”That foremost of the Bharatas--king Yudhishtira the just--then, thus addressed by his uncle, having gone through every ceremony of politeness, set out with his brothers for Khandavaprastha. And accompanied by Draupadi and ascending their cars which were all of the hue of the clouds, with cheerful hearts they all set out for that best of cities called Indraprastha.”

Section LXXIII

Janamejaya said,—”How did the sons of Dhritarashtra feel, when they came to know that the Pandavas had, with Dhritarashtra’s leave, left Hastinapore with all their wealth and jewels?”

Vaisampayana said,—”O king, learning that the Pandavas had been commanded by the wise Dhritarashtra to return to their capital, Dussasana went without loss of time unto his brother. And, O bull of the Bharata race, having arrived before Duryodhana with his counsellor, the prince, afflicted with grief, began to say,—’Ye mighty warriors, that which we had won after so much trouble, the old man (our father) hath thrown away. Know ye that he hath made over the whole of that wealth to the foes. At these words, Duryodhana and Karna and Sakuni, the son of Suvala, all of whom were guided by vanity, united together, and desirous of counteracting the sons of Pandu, approaching in haste saw privately the wise king Dhritarashtra--the son of Vichitravirya and spake unto him these pleasing and artful words. Duryodhana said,—

‘Hast thou not heard, O king, what the learned Vrihaspati the preceptor of the celestials, said in course of counselling Sakra about mortals and politics? Even these, O slayer of foes, were the words of Vrihaspati, ‘Those enemies that always do wrong by stratagem or force, should be slain by every means.’ If, therefore, with the wealth of the Pandavas, we gratify the kings of the earth and then fight with the sons of Pandu, what reverses can overtake us? When one hath placed on the neck and back of venomous snakes full of wrath for encompassing his destruction, is it possible for him to take them off? Equipped with weapon and seated on their cars, the angry sons of Pandu like wrathful and venomous snakes will assuredly annihilate us, O father. Even now Arjuna proceedeth, encased in mail and furnished with his couple of quivers, frequently taking up the Gandiva and breathing hard and casting angry glances around. It hath (also) been heard by us that Vrikodara, hastily ordering his car to be made ready and riding on it, is proceeding along, frequently whirling his heavy mace. Nakula also is going along, with the sword in his grasp and the semi-circular shield in his hand. And Sahadeva and the king (Yudhishtira) have made signs clearly testifying to their intentions. Having ascended their cars that are full of all kinds of arms, they are whipping their horses (for going to Khandava soon) and assembling their forces. Persecuted thus by us they are incapable of forgiving us those injuries. Who is there among them that will forgive that insult to Draupadi? Blest be thou. We will again gamble with the son of Pandu for sending them to exile. O bull among men, we are competent to bring them thus under our sway. Dressed in skins, either we or they defeated at dice, shall repair to the woods for twelve years. The thirteenth year shall have to be spent in some inhabited country unrecognised; and, if recognised, an exile for another twelve years shall be the consequence. Either we or they shall live so. Let the play begin, casting the dice, let the sons of Pandu once more play. O bull of the Bharata race, O king, even this is our highest duty. This Sakuni knoweth well the whole science of dice. Even if they succeed in observing this vow for thirteen years, we shall be in the meantime firmly rooted in the kingdom and making alliances, assemble a vast invincible host and keep them content, so that we shall, O king, defeat the sons of Pandu if they reappear. Let this plan recommend itself to thee, O slayer of foes.

“Dhritarashtra said,--Bring back the Pandavas then, indeed, even if they have gone a great way. Let them come at once again to cast dice.”

Vaisampayana continued,—”Then Drona, Somadatta and Valhika, Gautama, Vidura, the son of Drona, and the mighty son of Dhritarashtra by his Vaisya wife, Bhurisravas, and Bhishma, and that mighty warrior Vikarna,--all said, ‘Let not the play commence. Let there be peace. But Dhritarashtra, partial to his sons, disregarding the counsels of all his wise friends and relatives, summoned the sons of Pandu.’”

Section LXXIV

Vaisampayana said,—’O monarch, it was then that the virtuous Gandhari, afflicted with grief on account of her affection for her sons, addressed king Dhritarashtra and said, “When Duryodhana was born, Vidura of great intelligence had said, ‘It is well to send this disgrace of the race to the other world. He cried repeatedly and dissonantly like a jackal. It is certain he will prove the destruction of our race. Take this to heart, O king of the Kurus. O Bharata, sink not, for thy own fault, into an ocean of calamity. O lord, accord not thy approbation to the counsels of the wicked ones of immature years. Be not thou the cause of the terrible destruction of this race. Who is there that

will break an embankment which hath been completed, or re-ignite a conflagration which hath been extinguished? O bull of the Bharata race, who is there that will provoke the peaceful sons of Pritha? Thou rememberest, O Ajamida, everything, but still I will call thy attention to this. The scriptures can never control the wicked-minded for good or evil. And, O king, a person of immature understanding will never act as one of mature years. Let thy sons follow thee as their leader. Let them not be separated from thee for ever (by losing their lives). Therefore, at my word, O king, abandon this wretch of our race. Thou couldst not, O king, from parental affection, do it before. Know that the time hath come for the destruction of race through him. Err not, O king. Let thy mind, guided by counsels of peace, virtue, and true policy, be what it naturally is. That prosperity which is acquired by the aid of wicked acts, is soon destroyed; while that which is won by mild means taketh root and descendeth from generation to generation.”

“The king, thus addressed by Gandhari who pointed out to him in such language the path of virtue, replied unto her, saying,—’If the destruction of our race is come, let it take place freely. I am ill able to prevent it. Let it be as they (these my sons) desire. Let the Pandavas return. And let my sons again gamble with the sons of Pandu.”

Section LXXV

Vaisampayana said,—’The royal messenger, agreeably to the commands of the intelligent king Dhritarashtra, coming upon Yudhishtira, the son of Pritha who had by that time gone a great way, addressed the monarch and said,—’Even these are the words of thy father-like uncle, O Bharata, spoken unto thee, ‘The assembly is ready. O son of Pandu, O king Yudhishtira, come and cast the dice.’

Yudhishtira said,—’Creatures obtain fruits good and ill according to the dispensation of the Ordainer of the creation. Those fruits are inevitable whether I play or not. This is a summons to dice; it is, besides the command of the old king. Although I know that it will prove destructive to me, yet I cannot refuse.’

Vaisampayana continued,—’Although (a living) animal made of gold was an impossibility, yet Rama suffered himself to be tempted by a (golden) deer. Indeed, the minds of men over whom calamities hang, became deranged and out of order. Yudhishtira, therefore, having said these words, retraced his steps along with his brothers. And knowing full well the deception practised by Sakuni, the son of Pritha came back to sit at dice with him again. These mighty warriors again entered that assembly, afflicting the hearts of all their friends. And compelled by Fate they once more sat down at ease for gambling for the destruction of themselves.”

“Sakuni then said,—’The old king hath given ye back all your wealth. That is well. But, O bull of the Bharata race, listen to me, there is a stake of great value. Either defeated by ye at dice, dressed in deer skins we shall enter the great forest and live there for twelve years passing the whole of the thirteenth year in some inhabited region, unrecognised, and if recognised return to an exile of another twelve years; or vanquished by us, dressed in deer skins ye shall, with Krishna, live for twelve years in the woods passing the whole of the thirteenth year unrecognised, in some inhabited region. If recognised, an exile of another twelve years is to be the consequence. On the expiry of the thirteenth year, each is to have his kingdom surrendered by the other. O Yudhishtira, with this resolution, play with us, O Bharata, casting the dice.’ “At these words, they that were in that assembly, raising up their arms said in great anxiety of mind, and from the strength of their feelings these words,—’Alas, fie on the friends of Duryodhana that they do not apprise him of his great danger. Whether he, O bull among the Bharatas, (Dhritarashtra) understandeth or not, of his own sense, it is thy duty to tell him plainly.”

“Vaisampayana continued,—King Yudhishtira, even hearing these various remarks, from shame and a sense of virtue again sat at dice. And though possessed of great intelligence and fully knowing the consequences, he again began to play, as if knowing that the destruction of the Kurus was at hand.

“And Yudhishtira said,—’How can, O Sakuni, a king like me, always observant of the uses of his own order, refuse, when summoned to dice? Therefore I play with thee.”

“Sakuni answered,—’We have many kine and horses, and milch cows, and an infinite number of goats and sheep; and elephants and treasures and gold and slaves both male and female. All these were staked by us before but now let this be our one stake, viz., exile into the woods,—being defeated either ye or we will dwell in the woods (for twelve years) and the thirteenth year, unrecognised, in some inhabited place. Ye bulls among men, with this determination, will we play.”

“O Bharata, this proposal about a stay in the woods was uttered but once. The son of Pritha, however, accepted it and Sakuni took up the dice. And casting them he said unto Yudhishtira,—’Lo, I have won.”

Section LXXVI

Vaisampayana said,—’Then the vanquished sons of Pritha prepared for their exile into the woods. And they, one after another, in due order, casting off their royal robes, attired themselves in deer-skins. And Dussasana, beholding those chastisers of foes, dressed in deer-skins and deprived of their kingdom and ready to go into exile, exclaimed ‘The absolute sovereignty of the illustrious king Duryodhana hath commenced. The sons of Pandu

have been vanquished, and plunged into great affliction. Now have we attained the goal either by broad or narrow paths. For today becoming superior to our foes in point of prosperity as also of duration of rule have we become praiseworthy of men. The sons of Pritha have all been plunged by us into everlasting hell. They have been deprived of happiness and kingdom for ever and ever. They who, proud of their wealth, laughed in derision at the son of Dhritarashtra, will now have to go into the woods, defeated and deprived by us of all their wealth. Let them now put off their variegated coats of mail, their resplendent robes of celestial make, and let them all attire themselves in deer-skins according to the stake they had accepted of the son of Suvala. They who always used to boast that they had no equals in all the world, will now know and regard themselves in this their calamity as grains of sesame without the kernel. Although in this dress of theirs the Pandavas seem like unto wise and powerful persons installed in a sacrifice, yet they look like persons not entitled to perform sacrifices, wearing such a guise. The wise Yajnasena of the Somake race, having bestowed his daughter--the princess of Panchala--on the sons of Pandu, acted most unfortunately for the husbands of Yajnaseni--these sons of Pritha are as eunuchs. And O Yajnaseni, what joy will be thine upon beholding in the woods these thy husbands dressed in skins and thread-bare rags, deprived of their wealth and possessions. Elect thou a husband, whomsoever thou likest, from among all these present here. These Kurus assembled here, are all forbearing and self-controlled, and possessed of great wealth. Elect thou one amongst these as thy lord, so that these great calamity may not drag thee to wretchedness. 'The sons of Pandu now are even like grains of sesame without the kernel, or like show-animals encased in skins, or like grains of rice without the kernel. Why shouldst thou then longer wait upon the fallen sons of Pandu? Vain is the labour used upon pressing the sesame grain devoid of the kernel!'

"Thus did Dussasana, the son of Dhritarashtra, utter in the hearing of the Pandavas, harsh words of the most cruel import. And hearing them, the unforbearing Bhima, in wrath suddenly approaching that prince like a Himalayan lion upon a jackal, loudly and chastisingly rebuked him in these words,--Wicked-minded villain, ravest thou so in words that are uttered alone by the sinful? Boatest thou thus in the midst of the kings, advanced as thou art by the skill of the king of Gandhara. As thou piercest our hearts hear with these thy arrowy words, so shall I pierce thy heart in battle, recalling all this to thy mind. And they also who from anger or covetousness are walking behind thee as thy protectors,--them also shall I send to the abode of Yama with their descendants and relatives."

Vaisampayana continued,--Unto Bhima dressed in deer-skins and uttering these words of wrath without doing any thing, for he could not deviate from the path of virtue, Dussasana abandoning all sense of shame, dancing around the Kurus, loudly said, 'O cow! O cow!'

Bhima at this once more said,--Wretch darest thou, O Dussasana, use harsh words as these? Whom doth it behove to boast, thus having won wealth by foul means? I tell thee that if Vrikodara, the son of Pritha, drinketh not thy life-blood, piercing open thy breast in battle, let him not attain to regions of blessedness, I tell thee truly that by slaying the sons of Dhritarashtra in battle, before the very eyes of all the warriors, I shall pacify this wrath of mine soon enough."

Vaisampayana continued,--"And as the Pandavas were going away from the assembly, the wicked king Duryodhana from excess of joy mimiced by his own steps the playful leonine trade of Bhima. Then Vrikodara, half turning towards the king said, Think not ye fool that by this thou gainest any ascendancy over me slay thee shall I soon with all thy followers, and answer thee, recalling all this to thy mind. And beholding this insult offered to him, the mighty and proud Bhima, suppressing his rising rage and following the steps of Yudhishtira, also spake these words while going out of the Kaurava court, 'I will slay Duryodhana, and Dhananjaya will slay Karna, and Sahadeva will slay Sakuni that gambler with dice. I also repeat in this assembly these proud words which the gods will assuredly make good, if ever we engage in battle with the Kurus, I will slay this wretched Duryodhana in battle with my mace, and prostrating him on the ground I will place my foot on his head. And as regards this (other) wicked person--Dussasana who is audacious in speech, I will drink his blood like a lion.

"And Arjuna said,--O Bhima, the resolutions of superior men are not known in words only. On the fourteenth year from this day, they shall see what happeneth.

"And Bhima again said,--'The earth shall drink the blood of Duryodhana, and Karna, and the wicked Sakuni, and Dussasana that maketh the fourth.'

"And Arjuna said,--'O Bhima, I will, as thou directest, slay in battle this Karna so malicious and jealous and harsh-speeched and vain. For doing what is agreeable to Bhima, Arjuna voweth that he will slay in battle with his arrows this Karna with all his followers. And I will send unto the regions of Yama also all those other kings that will from foolishness fight against me. The mountains of Himavat might be removed from where they are, the maker of the day lose his brightness, the moon his coldness, but this vow of mine will ever be cherished. And all this shall assuredly happen if on the fourteenth year from this, Duryodhana doth not, with proper respect, return us our kingdom.'"

Vaisampayana continued,--"After Arjuna had said this, Sahadeva the handsome son of Madri, endued with great energy, desirous of slaying Sakuni, waving his mighty arms and sighing like snake, exclaimed, with eyes red with anger--'Thou disgrace of the Gandhara kings, those whom thou thinkest as defeated are not really so. Those

are even sharp-pointed arrows from whose wounds thou hast run the risk in battle. I shall certainly accomplish all which Bhima hath said adverting to thee with all thy followers. If therefore thou hast anything to do, do it before that day cometh. I shall assuredly slay thee in battle with all thy followers soon enough, it thou, O son of Suvala, stayest in the light pursuant to the Kshatriya usage.’

“Then, O monarch hearing these words of Sahadeva, Nakula the handsomest of men spake these words,—’I shall certainly send unto the abode of Yama all those wicked sons of Dhritarashtra, who desirous of death and impelled by Fate, and moved also by the wish of doing what is agreeable to Duryodhana, have used harsh and insulting speeches towards this daughter o Yajnasena at the gambling match. Soon enough shall I, at the command of Yudhishtira and remembering the wrongs to Draupadi, make the earth destitute of the sons of Dhritarashtra.’

Vaisampayana continued,—”And those tigers among men, all endued with long arms, having thus pledged themselves to virtuous promises approached king Dhritarashtra.”

Section LXXVII

Yudhishtira said,—’I bid farewell unto all the Bharatas, unto my old grand-sire (Bhishma), king Somadatta, the great king Vahlika, Drona, Kripa, all the other kings, Aswathaman, Vidura, Dhritarashtra, all the sons of Dhritarashtra, Yayutsu, Sanjaya, and all the courtiers, I bid fare well, all of ye and returning again I shall see you.”

Vaisampayana continued,—”Overcome with shame none of those that were present there, could tell Yudhishtira anything. Within their hearts, however, they prayed for the welfare of that intelligent prince.

Vidura then said,—The reverend Pritha is a princess by birth. It behoveth her not to go into the woods. Delicate and old and ever known to happiness the blessed one will live, respected by me, in my abode. Known this, ye sons of Pandu. And let safety be always yours.’

Vaisampayana continued,—’The Pandavas thereupon said,—O sinless one, let it be as thou sayest. Thou art our uncle, and, therefore like as our father. We also are all obedient to thee. Thou art, O learned one, our most respected superior. We should always obey what thou chooseth to command. And, O high-souled one, order thou whatever else there is that remaineth to be done.

“Vidura replied,—’O Yudhishtira, O bull of the Bharata race, know this to be my opinion, that one that is vanquished by sinful means need not be pained by such defeat. Thou knowest every rule of morality; Dhananjaya is ever victorious in battle; Bhimasena is the slayer of foes; Nakula is the gatherer of wealth; Sahadeva hath administrative talents, Dhaumya is the foremost of all conversant with the vedas; and the well-behaved Draupadi is conversant with virtue and economy. Ye are attached to one another and feel delight at one another’s sight and enemies can not separate you from one another, and ye are contented. Therefore, who is there that will not envy ye? O Bharata, this patient abstraction from the possession of the world will be of great benefit to thee. No foe, even if he were equal to sakra himself, will be able to stand it. Formerly thou wert instructed on the mountains of Himavat by Meru Savarni; in the town of Varanavata by Krishna Dwaipayana; on the cliff of Bhrigu by Rama; and on the banks of the Dhrishadwati by Sambhu himself. Thou hast also listened to the instruction of the great Rishi Asita on the hills of Anjana; and thou becamest a disciple of Bhrigu on the banks of the Kalmashi. Narada and this thy priest Dhaumya will now become thy instructors. In the matter of the next world, abandon not these excellent lessons thou hast obtained from the Rishis. O son of Pandu. thou surpassest in intelligence even Pururavas, the son of Ila; in strength, all other monarchs, and in virtue, even the Rishis. Therefore, resolve thou earnestly to win victory, which belongeth to Indra; to control thy wrath, which belongeth to Yama; to give in charity, which belongeth to Kuvera; and to control all passions, which belongeth to Varuna. And, O Bharata, obtain thou the power of gladdening from the moon, the power of sustaining all from water; forbearance from the earth; energy from the entire solar disc; strength from the winds, and affluence from the other elements. Welfare and immunity from ailment be thine; I hope to see thee return. And, O Yudhishtira, act properly and duly in all seasons,—in those of distress—in those of difficulty,—indeed, in respect of everything, O son of Kunti, with our leave go hence. O Bharata, blessing be thine. No one can say that ye have done anything sinful before. We hope to see thee, therefore, return in safety and crowned with success.”

Vaisampayana continued,—”Thus addressed by Vidura, Yudhishtira the son of Pandu, of prowess incapable of being baffled, saying, ‘So be it,’ bowing low unto Bhishma and Drona, went away.”

Book 6

Battle of Kurukshetra: Bhishma

Section CXVI

Dhritarashtra said, “How, O Sanjaya, did Santanu’s son Bhishma of mighty energy fight on the tenth day of battle, with the Pandavas and the Srinjayas? How also did the Kurus resist the Pandavas in battle? Describe to me the great battle fought by Bhishma, that ornament of battle.”

Sanjaya said, "I will presently describe to thee, O Bharata, how the Kauravas fought with the Pandavas, and how that battle took place. Day after day many mighty car-warriors of thy army, excited with wrath, were despatched to the other world by the diadem-decked (Arjuna) with his great weapons. The ever-victorious Kuru warrior Bhishma also, agreeably to his vow, always caused a great carnage among the Partha army. O chastiser of foes, beholding Bhishma, fighting at the head of the Kurus, and Arjuna also fighting at the head of the Panchalas, we could not say truly on which side the victory would declare itself. On the tenth day of battle, when Bhishma and Arjuna encountered each other, awful was the carnage that took place. On that day, O scorcher of foes, Santanu's son, Bhishma, conversant with high and mighty weapons, repeatedly slew thousands upon thousands of warriors. Many, O Bharata, whose names and families were not known, but who, endued with great bravery, were unretreating from battle, were on that day slain by Bhishma. Scorching the Pandava army for ten days, Bhishma of virtuous soul, gave up all desire of protecting his life. Wishing his own slaughter presently at the head of his troops,--No more shall I slay large numbers of foremost of warriors.--thought thy mighty-armed sire Devavrata. And seeing Yudhishtira near him, O king, he addressed him, saying, 'O Yudhishtira, O thou of great wisdom, O thou that art acquainted with every branch of learning, listen to these righteous and heaven-leading words, O sire, that I say. O Bharata, I no longer desire to protect, O sire, this body of mine. I have passed much time in slaying large numbers of men in battle. If thou wishest to do what is agreeable to me, strive to slay me, placing Partha with the Panchalas and the Srinjayas at thy van.' Ascertaining this to be his intention, king Yudhishtira of true sight proceeded to battle with the Srinjayas (for his support). Then Dhrishtadyumna, O king, and Pandu's son Yudhishtira, having heard those words of Bhishma urged their array on. And Yudhishtira said, 'Advance! Fight! Vanquish Bhishma in battle. Ye all will be protected by that conqueror of foes, viz., Jishnu of unbaffled aim. And this great Bowman, this generalissimo (of our forces), viz., the son of Prishata, as also Bhima, will assuredly protect you. Ye Srinjayas, entertain no fear today of Bhishma in battle. Without doubt, we will vanquish Bhishma today, placing Sikhandin in our van.' Having, on the tenth day of battle, made such a vow, the Pandavas, resolved to (conquer or) go to heaven, advanced, blinded by rage, with Sikhandin and Dhananjaya the son of Pandu to the fore. And they made the most vigorous efforts for the overthrow of Bhishma. Then diverse kings, of great might, urged by thy son, and accompanied by Drona and his son and a large force, and the mighty Dussasana at the head of all his uterine brothers, proceeded towards Bhishma staying in the midst of that battle. Then those brave warriors of thy army, placing Bhishma of high vows in their van, battled with the Parthas headed by Sikhandin. Supported by the Chedis and the Panchalas, the ape-bannered Arjuna, placing Sikhandin ahead, proceeded towards Bhishma, the son of Santanu. And the grandson of Sini battled with Drona's son, and Dhrishtaketu with the descendant of Puru, and Yudhamanyu with thy son Duryodhana at the head of his followers. And Virata, at the head of his forces, encountered Jayadratha supported by his own troops. And Vardhakshatra's heir, O chastiser of foes, encountered thy son Chitrasena armed with excellent bow and arrows. 1 And Yudhishtira proceeded against the mighty Bowman Salya at the head of his troops. And Bhimasena, well-protected, proceeded against the elephant-division (of the Kaurava army). And Dhrishtadyumna, the prince of Panchala, excited with fury and accompanied by his brothers, proceeded against Drona, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, invincible, and irresistible. That chastiser of foes, viz., prince Vrihadvala, bearing on his standard the device of the lion, proceeded against Subhadra's son whose standard bore the device of the Karnikara flower. Thy sons, accompanied by many kings, proceeded against Sikhandin and Dhananjaya the son of Pritha, from desire of slaughtering both of them. When the combatants of both armies rushed against each other with awful prowess, the earth shook (under their tread). Beholding Santanu's son in battle, the divisions of thy army and of the foe, O Bharata, became mingled with one another. Tremendous was the din, O Bharata, that arose there of those warriors burning with rage and rushing against each other. And it was heard on all sides, O king. With the blare of conchs and the leonine shouts of the soldiers, the uproar became awful. The splendour, equal to that of either the Sun or the Moon, of bracelets and diadems of all the heroic kings, became dimmed. And the dust that rose looked like a cloud, the flash of bright weapons constituting its lightning. And the twang of bows, the whiz of arrows, the blare of conchs, the loud beat of drums, and the rattle of cars, of both the armies, constituted the fierce roar of those clouds. And the welkin, over the field of battle, in consequence of the bearded darts, the javelins, the swords and showers of arrows of both armies, was darkened. And car-warriors, and horsemen felled horsemen, in that dreadful battle. And elephants killed elephants, and foot-soldiers slew foot-soldiers. And the battle that took place there for Bhishma's sake, between the Kurus and the Pandavas, O tiger among men, was fierce in the extreme, like that between two hawks for a piece of flesh. Engaged in battle, that encounter between those combatants desirous of slaughtering and vanquishing one another, was extremely dreadful."

Section CXVII

Sanjaya said, "Abhimanyu, O king, displaying his prowess for the sake of Bhishma, fought with thy son who was supported by a large force. Then Duryodhana, excited with wrath, struck Abhimanyu in the chest with a

straight arrows, and once more with three. Then in that battle, Arjuna's son, inflamed with wrath, hurled at Duryodhana's car a terrible dart resembling the rod of Death himself. Thy son, however, that mighty car-warrior, O king, with a broad-headed arrow of great sharpness, cut off in twain that dart of terrible force coursing towards him with great speed. Beholding that dart of his drop down on the earth, Arjuna's wrathful son pierced Duryodhana with three shafts in his arms and chest. And once more, O Chief of the Bharatas, that mighty car-warrior of Bharata's race struck the Kuru king with ten fierce shafts in the centre of his chest. And the battle, O Bharata, that took place between those two heroes, viz., Subhadra's son, and that bull of Kuru's race, the former fighting for compassing Bhishma's death and the latter for Arjuna's defeat, was fierce and interesting to behold, and gratifying to the senses, and was applauded by all the kings. That bull among Brahmanas and chastiser of foes, viz., the son of Drona, excited with wrath in that battle, forcibly struck Satyaki in the chest with fierce arrow. The grandson of Sini also, that hero of immeasurable soul, struck the preceptor's son in every vital limbs with nine shafts winged with the feathers of the Kanka bird. Aswatthaman then, in that battle, struck Satyaki (in return) with nine shafts, and once more, quickly, with thirty, in his arms and chest. Then that great bowman Of the Satwata race, possessed of great fame, deeply pierced by Drona's son, pierced the latter (in return) with arrows. The mighty car-warrior Paurava, covering Dhrishtaketu in that battle with his shafts, mangled that great bowman exceedingly. The mighty car-warrior Dhrishtaketu, endued with great strength, quickly pierced the former with thirty arrows. Then the mighty car-warrior Paurava cut off Dhrishtaketu's bow, and uttering a loud shout, pierced him with whetted shafts. Dhrishtaketu then taking up another bow, pierced Paurava, O king, with three and seventy shafts of great sharpness. Those two great bowmen and mighty car-warriors, both of gigantic stature, pierced each other with showers of arrows. Each succeeded in cutting off the other's bow, and each slew the other's steeds. And both of them, thus deprived of their cars, then encountered each other in a battle with swords. And each took up a beautiful shield made of bull's hide and docked with a hundred moons and graced with a hundred stars. And each of them also took up a polished sword of brilliant lustre. And thus equipt, they rushed, O king at each other, like two lions in the deep forest, both seeking the companionship of the same lioness in her season. They wheeled in beautiful circles, advanced and retreated, and displayed other movements, seeking to strike each other. Then Paurava, excited with wrath, addressed Dhrishtaketu, saying--Wait, Wait,--and struck him on the frontal bone with that large scimitar of his. The king of the Chedis also, in that battle, struck Paurava, that bull among men, on his shoulder-joint, with his large scimitar of sharp edge. Those two repressors of foes thus encountering each other in dreadful battle and thus striking each other, O king, both fell down on the field. Then thy son Jayatsena, taking Paurava up on his car, removed him from the field of battle on that vehicle. And as regards Dhrishtaketu, the valiant and heroic Sahadeva, the son of Madri, possessed of great prowess, bore him away from the field.

“Chitrasena, having pierced Susarman with many arrows made wholly of iron, once more pierced him with sixty arrows and once more with nine. Susarman, however, excited with wrath in battle, pierced thy son, O king, with hundreds of arrows. Chitrasena then, O monarch, excited with rage, pierced his adversary with thirty straight shafts. Susarman, however, pierced Chitrasena again in return. 1

“In that battle for the destruction of Bhishma, Subhadra's son, enhancing his fame and honour, fought with prince Vrihadvala, putting forth his prowess for aiding (his sire) Partha and then proceeded towards Bhishma's front. The ruler of the Kosalas, having pierced the son of Arjuna with five shafts made of iron, once more pierced him with twenty straight shafts. Then the son of Subhadra pierced the ruler of Kosalas with eight shafts made wholly of iron. He succeeded not, however, in making the ruler of the Kosalas to tremble, and, therefore, he once more pierced him with many arrows. And Phalguni's son then cut off Vrihadvala's bow, and struck him again with thirty arrows winged with feathers of the Kanka bird. Prince Vrihadvala then, taking up another bow, angrily pierced the son of Phalguni in that battle with many arrows. Verily, O scorcher of foes, the battle, for Bhishma's sake, that took place between them, both excited with rage and both conversant with every mode of fight, was like the encounter of Vali and Vasava in days of old on the occasion of the battle between the gods and the Asuras.

“Bhimasena, fighting against the elephant-division, looked highly resplendent like Sakra armed with the thunder after splitting large mountains. 1 Indeed, elephants, huge as hills, slaughtered by Bhimasena in battle, fell down in numbers on the field, filling the earth with their shrieks. Resembling massive heaps of antimony, and of mountain-like proportions, those elephants with frontal globes split open, lying prostrate on the earth, seemed like mountains strewn over the earth's surface. The mighty bowman Yudhishtira, protected by a large force, afflicted the ruler of the Madras, encountering him in that dreadful battle. The ruler of the Madras, in return, displaying his prowess for the sake of Bhishma, afflicted the son of Dharma, that mighty car-warrior, in battle. The king of Sindhus, having pierced Virata with nine straight arrows of keen points, once more struck him with thirty. Virata, however, O king, that commander of a large division, struck Jayadratha in the centre of his chest with thirty shafts of keen points. The ruler of the Matsyas and the ruler of the Sindhus, both armed with beautiful bows and beautiful scimitars, both decked with handsome coats of mail and weapons and standards, and both of beautiful forms looked resplendent in that battle.

“Drona, encountering Dhrishtadyumna the prince of the Panchalas in dreadful battle, fought fiercely with his straight shafts. Then Drona, O king, having cut off the large bow of Prishata’s son, pierced him deeply with fifty arrows. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, viz., the son of Prishata, taking up another bow, sped at Drona who was contending with him, many arrows. The mighty car-warrior Drona however, cut off all those arrows, striking them with his own. And then Drona sped at Drupada’s son five fierce shafts. Then that slayer of hostile heroes, viz., the son of Prishata, excited with rage, hurled at Drona in that battle a mace resembling the rod of Death himself. Drona however, with fifty arrows checked that mace decked with gold as it coursed impetuously towards him. Thereupon that mace, cut into fragments, O king, by those shafts shot from Drona’s bow, fell down on the earth. Then that scorcher of foes, viz., the son of Prishata, beholding his mace baffled, hurled at Drona an excellent dart made wholly of iron. Drona, however, O Bharata, cut that dart with nine shafts in that battle and then afflicted that great bowman, viz., the son of Prishata. Thus took place, O king, that fierce and awful battle between Drona and the son of Prishata, for the sake of Bhishma.

“Arjuna, getting at the son of Ganga, afflicted him with many arrows of keen points, and rushed at him like an infuriate elephant in the forest upon another. King Bhagadatta, however, of great prowess then rushed at Arjuna, and checked his course in battle with showers of arrows. Arjuna then, in that dreadful battle, pierced Bhagadatta’s elephant coming towards him, with many polished arrows of iron, that were all bright as silver and furnished with keen points. The son of Kunti, meanwhile, O king, urged Sikhandin, saying,—Proceed, proceed, towards Bhishma, and slay him!--Then, O elder brother of Pandu, the ruler of Pragjyotishas, abandoning that son of Pandu, quickly proceeded, O king, against the car of Drupada. Then Arjuna, O monarch, speedily proceeded towards Bhishma, placing Sikhandin ahead. And then there took place a fierce battle, for all the brave combatants of thy army rushed with great vigour against Arjuna, uttering loud shouts. And all this seemed extremely wonderful. Like the wind dispersing in the summer masses of clouds in the welkin, Arjuna dispersed, O king, all those diverse divisions of thy sons. Sikhandin, however, without any anxiety, coming up at the grandsire of the Bharatas, quickly pierced him with great many arrows. As regards Bhishma, his car was then his fire-chamber. His bow was the flame of that fire. And swords and darts and maces constituted the fuel of that fire. And the showers of arrows he shot were the blazing sparks of that fire with which he was then consuming Kshatriyas in that battle. As a raging conflagration with constant supply of fuel, wandereth amid masses of dry grass when aided by the wind, so did Bhishma blaze up with his flames, scattering his celestial weapons. And the Kuru hero slew the Somakas that followed Partha in that battle. Indeed that mighty car-warrior checked also the other forces of Arjuna, by means of his straight and whetted shafts furnished with wings of gold. Filling in that dreadful battle all the points of the compass, cardinal and subsidiary, with his leonine shouts, Bhishma felled many car-warriors, O king, (from their cars) and many steeds along with their riders. And he caused large bodies of cars to look like forests of palmyras shorn of their leafy heads. That foremost of all wielders of weapons, in that battle, deprived cars and steeds and elephants, of their riders. Hearing the twang of his bow and the slap of his palms, both resembling the roll of the thunder, the troops, O king, trembled all over the field. The shafts, O chief of men, of thy sire were never bootless as they fell. Indeed, shot from Bhishma’s bow they never fell only touching the bodies of the foe (but pierced them through in every case). We saw crowds of cars, O king, deprived of riders, but unto which were yoked fleet steeds, dragged on all sides with the speed of the wind. Full fourteen thousand great car-warriors of noble parentage, prepared to lay down their lives, unretreating and brave, and possessed of standards decked with gold, belonging to the Chedis, the Kasis, and the Karushas, approaching Bhishma, that hero who resembled the Destroyer himself with wide-open mouth, were despatched to the other world, with their steeds, cars and elephants. There was not, O king, a single great car-warrior among the Somakas, who, having approached Bhishma in that battle, returned with life from that engagement. Beholding Bhishma’s prowess, people regarded all those warriors (who approached him) as already despatched to the abode of the king of the Dead. Indeed, no car-warrior ventured to approach Bhishma in battle, except the heroic Arjuna having white steeds (yoked unto his car) and owning Krishna for his charioteer, and Sikhandin, the prince of Panchala, of immeasurable energy.”

Section CXVIII

Sanjaya said,—Sikhandin, O bull among men, approaching Bhishma in battle, struck him in the centre of the chest with ten broad-headed arrows. The son of Ganga, however, O Bharata, only looked at Sikhandin with wrath and as if consuming the Panchala prince with that look. Remembering his femininity, O king, Bhishma, in the very sight of all, struck him not. Sikhandin, however, understood it not. Then Arjuna, O monarch, addressed Sikhandin, saying,—‘Rush quickly and slay the grandsire. What needst thou say, O hero? Slay the mighty car-warrior Bhishma. I do not see any other warrior in Yudhishthira’s army who is competent to fight with Bhishma in battle, save thee, O tiger among men. I say this truly.’ Thus addressed by Partha, Sikhandin, O bull of Bharata’s race, quickly covered the grandsire with diverse kinds of weapons. Disregarding those shafts, thy sire Devavrata began, with his shafts,

to check the angry Arjuna only in that battle. And that mighty car-warrior, O sire, began also to despatch, with his shafts of keen points, the whole army of the Pandavas to the other world. The Pandavas also, O king, after the same manner, supported by their vast host, began to overwhelm Bhishma like the clouds covering the maker of day. O bull of Bharata's race, surrounded on all sides, that Bharata hero consumed many brave warriors in that battle like a raging conflagration in the forest (consuming numberless trees). The prowess that we then beheld there of thy son (Dussasana) was wonderful, inasmuch as he battled with Partha and protected the grandsire at the same time. With that feat of thy son Dussasana, that illustrious bowman, all the people there were highly gratified. Alone he battled with all the Pandavas having Arjuna amongst them; and he fought with such vigour that the Pandavas were unable to resist him. Many car-warriors were in that battle deprived of their cars by Dussasana. And many mighty bowmen on horseback and many mighty-warriors, elephants, pierced with Dussasana's keen shafts, fell down on the earth. And many elephants, afflicted with his shafts, ran away in all directions. As a fire fiercely blazeth forth with bright flames when fed with fuel, so did thy son blaze forth, consuming the Pandava host. And no car-warrior, O Bharata, of the Pandava host ventured to vanquish or even proceed against that warrior of gigantic proportions, save Indra's son (Arjuna) owning white steeds and having Krishna for his charioteer. Then Arjuna also called Vijaya, vanquishing Dussasana in battle, O king, in the very sight of all the troops, proceeded against Bhishma. Though vanquished, thy son, however, relying upon the might of Bhishma's arms, repeatedly comforted his own side and battled with the Pandavas with great fierceness. Arjuna, O king, fighting with his foes in that battle, looked exceedingly resplendent. 1 Then Sikhandin, in that battle, O king, pierced the grandsire with many arrows whose touch resembled that of the bolts of heaven and which were as fatal as the poison of the snake. These arrows, however, O monarch, caused thy sire little pain, for the son of Ganga received them laughingly. Indeed, as a person afflicted with heat cheerfully receives torrents of rain, even so did the son of Ganga receive those arrows of Sikhandin. And the Kshatriyas there, O king, beheld Bhishma in that great battle as a being of fierce visage who was incessantly consuming the troops of the high-souled Pandavas.

"Then thy son (Duryodhana), addressing all his warriors, said unto them, 'Rush ye against Phalguni from all sides. Bhishma, acquainted with the duties of a commander, will protect you.' Thus addressed, the Kaurava troops casting off all fear, fought with the Pandavas. (And once more, Duryodhana said unto them). 'With his tall standard bearing the device of the golden palmyra, Bhishma stayeth, protecting the honour and the armour of all the Dharatarashtra warriors. The very gods, striving vigorously, cannot vanquish the illustrious and mighty Bhishma. What need be said, therefore, of the Parthas who are mortals? Therefore, ye warriors, fly not away from the field, getting Phalguni for a foe. I myself, striving vigorously, will today fight with the Pandavas.. uniting with all of you, ye lords of earth, exerting yourselves actively.' Hearing these words, O monarch, of thy son with bow in hand, many mighty combatants, excited with rage, belonging to the Videhas, the Kalingas, and the diverse tribes of the Daserkas, fell upon Phalguni. And many combatants also, belonging to the Nishadas, the Sauviras, the Valhikas, the Daradas, the Westerners, the Northerners, the Malavas, the Abhighatas, the Surasenas, the Sivas, the Vasatis, the Salwas, the Sakas, the Trigartas, the Amvashtas, and the Kekayas, similarly fell upon Partha, like flights of insects upon a fire. The mighty Dhananjaya, otherwise called Vibhatsu, then, O monarch, calling to mind diverse celestial weapons and aiming them at those great car-warriors at the heads of their respective divisions, 1 quickly consumed them all, by means of those weapons of great force, like fire consuming a flight of insects. And while that firm bowman was (by means of his celestial weapons) creating thousands upon thousands of arrows, his Gandiva looked highly resplendent in the welkin. Then those Kshatriyas, O monarch, afflicted with those arrows with their tall standards torn and overthrown, could not even together, approach the ape-bannered (Partha). Car-warriors fell down with their standards, and horsemen with their horses, and elephant-riders with their elephants, attacked by Kiritin with his shafts. And the earth was soon covered all on all sides with the retreating troops of those kings, routed in consequence of the shafts shot from Arjuna's arms. Partha then, O monarch, having routed the Kaurava army, sped many arrows at Dussasana. Those arrows with iron heads, piercing thy son Dussasana through, all entered the earth like snakes through ant-hills. Arjuna then slew Dussasana's steeds and then felled his charioteer. And the lord Arjuna, with twenty shafts, deprived Vivingsati of his car, and struck him five straight shafts. And piercing Kripa and Vikarna and Salya with many arrows made wholly of iron, Kunti's son owning white steeds deprived all of them of their cars. Thus deprived of their cars and vanquished in battle by Savyasachin, Kripa and Salya, O sire, and Dussasana, and Vikarna and Vivingsati, all fled away. Having vanquished those mighty car-warriors, O chief of the Bharatas, in the forenoon, Partha blazed up in that battle like a smokeless conflagration. Scattering his shafts all around like the Sun shedding rays of light, Partha felled many other kings, O monarch. Making those mighty car-warriors turn their backs upon the field by means of his arrowy showers, Arjuna caused a large river of bloody current to flow in that battle between the hosts of the Kurus and the Pandavas, O Bharata. Large numbers of elephants and steeds and car-warriors were slain by car-warriors. And many were the car-warriors slain by elephants, and many also were the steeds slain by foot-soldiers. And the bodies of many elephant-riders and horsemen and car-warriors, cut off in the middle, as also their heads, fell down on every part of the field. And the field of battle, O king, was strewn with



IMAGE 3.3: FIGHT WITH GHATOTKACHA | This folio from the Mahabharata depicts Ghatotkacha fighting other mythical figures from the story.

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invoking a celestial weapon, rushed at the son of Kunti, in the very sight of all the bowmen. Thereupon Sikhandin, clad in mail, rushed at Bhishma who was dashing towards Arjuna. At this, Bhishma withdrew that weapon resembling fire (in effulgence and energy). Meanwhile Kunti's son owning white steeds slaughtered thy troops, confounding the grandsire."

Section CXIX

Sanjaya said, "When the combatants of both armies, strong in number, were thus disposed in battle array, all those unretreating heroes, O Bharata, set their heart upon the region of Brahma. 1 In course of the general engagement that followed, the same class of combatants did not fight with the same class of combatants. Car-warriors fought not with car-warriors, or foot-soldiers with foot-soldiers, or horsemen with horsemen, or elephant-warriors with elephant-warriors. On the other hand, O monarch, the combatants fought with one another like mad men. Great and dreadful was the calamity that overtook both the armies. In that fierce slaughter when elephants and men spread themselves on the field, all distinctions between them ceased, for they fought indiscriminately.

"Then Salya and Kripa, and Chitrasena, O Bharata, and Dussasana, and Vikarna, those heroes mounted on their bright cars, caused the Pandava host to tremble. Slaughtered in battle by those high-souled warriors, the Pandava army began to reel in diverse ways, O king, like a boat on the waters tossed by the wind. As the wintry cold cuts kine to the quick, so did Bhishma cut the sons of Pandu to the quick. As regards thy army also, many elephants, looking like newly-risen clouds, were felled by the illustrious Partha. And many foremost of warriors too were seen to be crushed by that hero. And struck with arrows and long shafts in thousands, many huge elephants fell down, uttering frightful shrieks of pain. And the field of battle looked beautiful, strewn with the bodies, still decked with ornaments of high-souled warriors deprived of life and with heads still decked with ear-rings. And in that battle, O king, which was destructive of great heroes, when Bhishma and Dhananjaya the son of Pandu put forth their prowess, thy sons, O monarch, beholding the grandsire exert himself vigorously, approached him, with all their troops placed ahead. Desirous of laying down their lives in battle and making heaven itself their goal, they approached the Pandavas in that battle, which was fraught with great carnage. The brave Pandavas also, O king, bearing in mind the many injuries of diverse kinds inflicted upon them before by thee and thy son, O monarch, and casting off all fear, and eager to win the highest heavens, cheerfully fought with thy son and the other warriors of thy army.

"Then the generalissimo of the Pandava army, viz., the mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna, addressing his soldiers, said, 'Ye Somakas, accompanied by the Srinjayas, rush ye at Ganga's son.' Hearing those words of their commander the Somakas and the Srinjayas, though afflicted with showers of arrows, rushed at the son of Ganga. Thus attacked, O king, thy sire Bhishma, influenced by wrath, began to fight with the Srinjayas. In days of old, O sire, the intelligent Rama had imparted to Bhishma of glorious achievements that instruction in weapons which was so destructive of hostile ranks. Relying on that instruction and causing a great havoc among the troops of the

foe, that slayer of hostile heroes, viz., the old Kuru grandsire Bhishma, day after day, slew ten thousand warriors of the Ratha. On the tenth day, however, O bull of Bharata's race, Bhishma, single-handed, slew ten thousand elephants. And then he slew seven great car-warriors among the Matsyas and the Panchalas. In addition to all this, in that dreadful battle five thousand foot-soldiers, and one thousand tuskers, and ten thousand steeds, were also slain by thy sire, O king, through skill acquired by education. Then having thinned the ranks of all the kings, he slew Satanika, the dear brother of Virata. And the valiant Bhishma, having slain Satanika in battle, felled, O king, full one thousand Kshatriyas with his broad-headed shafts. Besides these, all the Kshatriyas of the Pandava army who followed Dhananjaya, as soon as they approached Bhishma, had to go to Yama's abode. Covering the Pandava host from every side with showers of arrows, Bhishma stayed in battle at the head of the Kaurava army. Achieving the most glorious feats on the tenth day, as he stayed between the two armies, bow in hand, none of the kings, O monarch, could even look at him, for he then resembled the hot mid-day Sun in the summer sky. As Sakra scorched the Daitya host in battle, even so, O Bharata, did Bhishma scorch the Pandava host. Beholding him thus put forth his prowess, the slayer of Madhu, viz., the son of Devaki, cheerfully addressing Dhananjaya, said, "There, Bhishma, the son of Santanu, stayeth between the two armies. Slaying him by putting forth thy might, thou mayst win victory. There, at that spot, whence he breaketh our ranks, check him, putting forth thy strength. O lord, none else, save thee, ventureth to bear the arrows of Bhishma. Thus urged, the ape-bannered Arjuna at that moment made Bhishma with his car, steeds, and standard, invisible by means of his arrows. That bull, however, among the foremost of Kurus, by means of his own arrowy showers, pierced those showers of shafts shot by the son of Pandu. Then the king of the Panchalas the valiant Dhristaketu, Bhimasena the son of Pandu, Dhristadyumna of Prishata's race, the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva), Chekitana, and the five Kaikaya brothers, and the mighty-armed Satyaki and Subhadra's son, and Ghatotkacha, and the (five) sons of Draupadi, and Sikhandin, and the valiant Kuntibhoja, and Susarman, and Virata, these and many other powerful warriors of the Pandava army, afflicted by the shafts of Bhishma, seemed to sink in an ocean of grief, Phalguni, however, rescued them all. Then Sikhandin, taking up a mighty weapon and protected by Kiritin, rushed impetuously towards Bhishma alone. The unvanquished Vibhatsu then, knowing what should be done after what, slew all those that followed Bhishma, and then himself rushed at him. And Satyaki, and Chekitana, and Dhristadyumna of Prishata's race, and Virata, and Drupada, and the twin sons of Madri by Pandu, all protected by that firm Bowman (viz., Arjuna) rushed against Bhishma alone in that battle. And Abhimanyu, and the five sons of Draupadi also, with mighty weapons upraised, rushed against Bhishma in battle. All those firm bowmen, unretreating from battle, pierced Bhishma in diverse parts of his body with well-aimed shafts. Disregarding all those shafts, large in number, shot by those foremost of princes belonging to the Pandava host, Bhishma of undepressed soul penetrated into the Pandava ranks. And the grandsire baffled all those arrows, as if sporting the while. Frequently looking at Sikhandin the prince of the Panchalas with a laugh, he aimed not a single arrow at him, recollecting his femininity. On the other hand, he slew seven great car-warriors belonging to Drupada's division. Then confused cries of woe soon arose amongst the Matsyas, the Panchalas, and the Chedis, who were together rushing at that single hero. With large numbers of foot-soldiers and steeds and cars, and with showers of arrows, O scorcher of foes, they overwhelmed that single warrior, viz., Bhishma the son of Bhagirathi, that scorcher of foes, like the clouds overwhelming the maker of day. Then in that battle between him and them, which resembled the battle between the gods and the Asuras in days of old, the diadem-decked (Arjuna), placing Sikhandin before him, pierced Bhishma (repeatedly)."

Section CXX

Sanjaya said, "Thus all the Pandavas, placing Sikhandin before them pierced Bhishma in that battle repeatedly surrounding him on all sides. And all the Srinjayas, uniting together, struck him with dreadful Satagnis, and spiked maces, and battle-axes, and mallets, and short thick clubs, and bearded darts, and other missiles, and arrows furnished with golden wing, and darts and lances and kampanas; and with long shafts, and arrows furnished with heads shaped like the calf-tooth, and rockets. Thus afflicted by many, his coat of mail was pierced everywhere. But though pierced in every vital part, Bhishma felt no pain. On the other hand, he then seemed to his enemies to resemble in appearance the (all-destructive) fire that rises at the end of Yuga. His bow and arrows constituted the blazing flames (of that fire). The flight of his weapons constituted its (friendly) breeze. The rattle of his car-wheels constituted its heat and mighty weapons constituted its splendour. His beautiful bow formed its fierce tongue, and the bodies of heroic warriors, its profuse fuel. And Bhishma was seen to roll through the midst of crowds of cars belonging to those kings, or to come out (of the press) at times, or course once more through their midst. Then, disregarding the king of the Panchalas and Dhristaketu, he penetrated, O monarch, into the midst of the Pandava army. He then pierced the six Pandava warriors, viz., Satyaki, and Bhima, and Dhananjaya the son of Pandu, and Drupada, and Virata, and Dhristadyumna of Prishata's race, with many excellent arrows of great sharpness and

dreadful whizz and exceeding impetuosity, and capable of piercing through every kind of armour. Those mighty car-warriors, however, checking those keen shafts, afflicted Bhishma with great force, each of them striking him with ten shafts. Those mighty shafts, whetted on stone and furnished with golden wings, which the great car-warrior Sikhandin shot, quickly penetrated into Bhishma's body. Then the diadem-decked (Arjuna), excited with wrath, and placing Sikhandin ahead rushed at Bhishma and cut off the latter's bow. Thereupon mighty car-warriors, seven in number, viz., Drona and Kritavarman, and Jayadratha the ruler of the Sindhus, and Bhurisravas, and Sala, and Salya, and Bhagadatta could not brook that act of Arjuna. Inflamed with rage, they rushed at him. Indeed, those mighty car-warriors, invoking into existence celestial weapons, fell with great wrath upon that son of Pandu, and covered him with their arrows. And as they rushed towards Phalguni's car, the noise made by them was heard to resemble that made by the ocean itself when it swelleth in rage at the end of the Yuga, Kill, Bring up (our forces), Take, Pierce, Cut off, this was the furious uproar heard about Phalguni's car. Hearing that furious uproar, the mighty car-warriors of the Pandava army rushed forward, O bull of Bharata's race, for protecting Arjuna. They were Satyaki, and Bhimasena, and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race, and both Virata and Drupada, and the Rakshasa Ghatotkacha, and the wrathful Abhimanyu. These seven, inflamed with rage, and armed with excellent bows, rushed with great speed. And the battle that took place between these and the Kaurava warriors was fierce, making the hair stand on end, and resembling O chief of the Bharatas, the battle of the gods with the Danavas. Sikhandin, however, that foremost of car-warriors, protected in the battle by the diadem-decked (Arjuna), pierced Bhishma, in that encounter, with ten shafts after the latter's bow had been cut off. And he struck Bhishma's charioteer with other shafts, and cut off the latter's standard with one shaft. Then the son of Ganga took up another bow that was tougher. That even was cut off by Phalguni with three sharp shafts. Indeed, that chastiser of foes, viz., Arjuna, who was capable of drawing the bow with even his left hand, excited with rage, one after another, cut off all the bows that Bhishma took up. Then Bhishma, whose bows were thus cut off, excited with rage, and licking the corners of his mouth, took up a dart that was capable of riving a hill. In rage he hurled it at Phalguni's car. Beholding its course towards him like the blazing bolt of heaven, the delighter of the Pandavas fixed five sharp broad-headed arrows (on his bow-string). And with those five arrows, O chief of the Bharatas, the angry Arjuna cut off into five fragments that dart hurled from Bhishma's arms. Thus cut off by the angry Arjuna, that dart then fell down like a flash of lightning separated from a mass of clouds. Beholding his dart cut off, Bhishma became filled with rage. That hero, that subjugator of hostile cities, then began to reflect. And he said unto himself, 'With only a single bow I could slay all the Pandavas, if the mighty Vishnu himself had not been their protector. For two reasons, however, I will not fight with the Pandavas, viz., their unslayableness, and the femininity of Sikhandin. Formerly, when my sire wedded Kali, he pleased (with me) gave me two boons, viz., that I should be incapable of being slain in battle, and that my death should depend on my own choice. I should, however, now wish my own death, this being the proper hour.' Ascertaining this to be the resolve of Bhishma of immeasurable energy, the Rishis and the Vasus stationed in the firmament, said, 'That which hath been resolved by thee is approved by us also, O son! Act according to thy resolution, O king. Withdraw thy heart from battle.' On the conclusion, of those words, fragrant and auspicious breeze charged with particles of water, began to blow along a natural direction. 1 And celestial cymbals of loud sounds began to beat. And a flowery shower fell upon Bhishma, O sire. The words spoken by the Rishis and the Vasus, however, O king, were not heard by any one save Bhishma himself. I also heard them, through the power conferred on me by the Muni. Great was the grief, O monarch, that filled the hearts of the celestials at the thought of Bhishma, that favourite of all the worlds, falling down from his car. Having listened to these words of the celestials, Santanu's son Bhishma of great ascetic merit rushed out at Vibhatsu, even though he was then being pierced with sharp arrows capable of penetrating through every armour. Then Sikhandin, O king, excited with rage, struck the grandsire of the Bharatas in the chest with nine sharp arrows. The Kuru grandsire Bhishma, however, though struck by him in battle, thus, trembled not, O monarch, but remained unmoved like a mountain during an earthquake. Then Vibhatsu, drawing his bow Gandiva with a laugh, pierced the son of Ganga with five and twenty arrows. And once more, Dhananjaya, with great speed and excited with wrath struck him in every vital part with hundreds of arrows. Thus pierced by others, also with thousands of arrows, the mighty car-warrior Bhishma pierced those others in return with great speed. And as regards the arrows shot by those warriors, Bhishma, possessed of prowess in battle that was incapable of being baffled, equally checked them all with his own straight arrows. Those arrows, however, endued with wings of gold and whetted on stone, which the mighty car-warrior Sikhandin shot in that battle, scarcely caused Bhishma any pain. Then the diadem-decked (Arjuna), excited with rage and placing Sikhandin to the fore, approached Bhishma (nearer) and once more cut off his bow. And then piercing Bhishma with ten arrows, he cut off the latter's standard with one. And striking Bhishma's chariot with ten arrows, Arjuna caused him to tremble. The son of Ganga then took up another bow that was stronger. Within, however, the twinkling of an eye, as soon, in fact, as it was taken up, Arjuna cut that bow also into three fragments with three broad-headed shafts. And thus the son of Pandu cut off in that battle even all the bows of Bhishma. After that, Bhishma the son of Santanu, no longer desired to battle with Arjuna. The latter, however, then pierced him with five and twenty arrows.

That great bowman, thus pierced greatly, then addressed Dussasana, and skid, 'Behold, Partha, that great car-warrior of the Pandavas, excited with wrath in battle, pierceth me alone with many thousands of arrows. He is incapable of being vanquished in battle by the wielder of the thunder-bolt himself. As regards myself also, O hero, the very gods, Danavas and Rakshasas united together, are incapable of vanquishing me. What I shall say then of mighty car-warriors among men?' While Bhishma was thus speaking to Dussasana, Phalguni with sharp shafts, and placing Sikhandin to the fore, pierced Bhishma in that battle. Then Bhishma, deeply and excessively pierced by the wielder of Gandiva with keen-pointed shafts, once more addressed Dussasana with a smile and said, 'These arrows coursing towards me in one continuous line, whose touch resembleth that of heaven's bolt, have been shot by Arjuna. These are not Sikhandin's. Cutting me to the quick, piercing through even my hard coat of mail, and striking me with the force of mushalas, these arrows are not Sikhandin's. Of touch as hard as that of the Brahmana's rod (of chastisement), 1 and of impetus unbearable as that of the thunder-bolt, these arrows are afflicting my vital forces. These are not Sikhandin's. Of the touch of maces and spiked bludgeons, those arrows are destroying my vital forces like messengers of Death commissioned (by the grim king himself). These are not Sikhandin's. Like angry snakes of virulent poison, projecting their tongues out, these are penetrating into my vitals. These are not Sikhandin's--these that cut me to the quick like the cold of winter cutting kine to the quick. Save the heroic wielder of Gandiva, viz., the ape-bannered Jishnu, even all other kings united together cannot cause me pain. Saying these words, Bhishma, the valiant son of Santanu, as if for the object of consuming the Pandavas, hurled a dart at Partha. Partha, however, caused that dart to drop down, cutting it into three fragments with three shafts, in the very sight, O Bharata, of all the Kuru heroes of thy army. Desirous of obtaining either death or victory, the son of Ganga then took up a sword and a shield decked with gold. Before, however, he could come down from his car, Arjuna cut off by means of his arrows, that shield into a hundred fragments. And that feat of his seemed exceedingly wonderful. Then the king Yudhishtira urged his own troops, saying, 'Rush ye at Ganga's son. Do not entertain the slightest fear.' Then, armed with bearded darts, and lances, and arrows, from all sides, with axes, and excellent scimitars, and long shafts of great sharpness, with calf-toothed arrows, and broad-headed shafts, they all rushed at that single warrior. Then arose from among the Pandava host a loud shout. Then thy sons also, O king, desirous of Bhishma's victory, surrounded him and uttered leonine shouts. Fierce was the battle fought there between thy troops and those of the enemy on that the tenth day, O king, when Bhishma and Arjuna met together. Like unto the vortex that occurs at the spot where the Ganga meets the Ocean, for a short while a vortex occurred there where the troops of both armies met and struck one another down. And the Earth, wet with gore, assumed a fierce form. And the even and the uneven spots on her surface could no longer be distinguished. Although Bhishma was pierced in all his vital limbs, yet on that the tenth day he stayed (calmly) in battle, having slain ten thousand warriors. Then that great bowman, Partha, stationed at the head of his troops, broke the centre of the Kuru army. Ourselves then, afraid of Kunti's son Dhananjaya having white steeds attached to his car, and afflicted by him with polished weapons, fled away from the battle. The Sauviras, the Kitavas, the Easterners, the Westerners, the Northerners, the Malavas, the Abhishahas, the Surasenas, the Sivas, the Vasatis, the Salwas, the Sayas, the Trigartas, the Amvashtas, and the Kaikeyas. 1--these and many other illustrious warriors,--afflicted with arrows and pained by their wounds, abandoned Bhishma in that battle while he was fighting with the diadem-decked (Arjuna). Then a great many warriors, surrounding that single warrior on all sides, defeated the Kurus (that protected him) and covered him with shower of arrows. Throw down, Seize, Fight, Cut into pieces,--this was the furious uproar, O king, heard in the vicinity of Bhishma's car. Having slain in that battle, O monarch, (his foes) by hundreds and thousands, there was not in Bhishma's body space of even two fingers' breadth that was not pierced with arrows. Thus was thy sire mangled with arrows of keen points by Phalguni in that battle. And then he fell down from his car with his head to the east, a little before sunset, in the very sight of thy sons. And while Bhishma fell, loud cries of alas and oh, O Bharata, were heard in the welkin uttered by the celestials and the kings of the earth. And beholding the high-souled grandsire falling down (from his car), the hearts of all of us fell with him. That foremost of all bowmen, that mighty-armed hero, fell down, like an uprooted standard of Indra, making the earth tremble the while. 2 Pierced all over with arrows, his body touched not the ground. At that moment, O bull of Bharata's race, a divine nature took possession of that great bowman lying on a bed of arrows. The clouds poured a (cool) shower (over him) and the Earth trembled. While falling he had marked that the Sun was then in the southern solstice. That hero, therefore, permitted not his senses to depart, thinking of that (inauspicious) season (of death). And all around in the welkin he heard celestial voices saying, 'Why, Oh why, should Ganga's son, that foremost of all warriors of weapons, yield up his life during the southern declension?' Hearing these words, the son of Ganga answered, 'I am alive!' Although fallen upon the earth, the Kuru grandsire Bhishma, expectant of the northern declension, suffered not his life to depart. Ascertain- ing that to be his resolve, Ganga, the daughter of Himavat, sent unto him the great Rishis in swanlike form. Then those Rishis in the forms of swans inhabiting the Manasa lake, quickly rose up, and came together, for obtaining a sight of the Kuru grandsire Bhishma, to that spot where that foremost of men was lying on his bed of arrows. Then those Rishis in swanlike forms, coming to Bhishma, beheld that perpetuator of Kuru's race lying on his bed of

arrows. Beholding that high-souled son of Ganga, that chief of the Bharatas, they walked round him, and the Sun being then in the southern solstice, they said, addressing one another, these words, 'Being a high-souled person, why should Bhishma pass out (of the world) during the southern declension?' Having said these words, those swans went away, proceeding towards the southern direction. Endued with great intelligence, Bhishma, O Bharata, beholding them, reflected for a moment. And the son of Santanu then said unto them. 'I will never pass out (of the world) as long as the Sun is in the southern solstice. Even this is my resolve. I will proceed to my own ancient abode when the Sun reacheth the northern solstice. Ye swans, I tell you this truly. Expectant of the northern declension I will hold my life. Since I have the fullest control over the yielding up of my life, I will, therefore, hold life, expectant of death during the northern declension. The boon that was granted to me by my illustrious sire, to the effect that my death would depend on my own wish O, let that boon become true. I will hold my life, since I have control in the matter of laying it down.' Having said these words to those swans, he continued to lie down on his bed of arrows.

"When that crest of the Kuru race, viz., Bhishma of great energy, fell down, the Pandavas and the Srinjayas uttered leonine shouts. When the grandsire of the Bharatas who was endued with great might was overthrown, thy son, O bull of Bharata's race, knew not what to do. And all the Kurus were entirely deprived of their senses. And the Kurus headed by Kripa, and Duryodhana, sighed and wept. And from grief they remained for a long while deprived of their senses. And they remained perfectly still, O monarch, without setting their hearts on battle. As if seized by thighs, they stood motionless, without proceeding against the Pandavas. When Santanu's son Bhishma of mighty energy, who was (regarded as) unslayable, was slain, all of us thought that the destruction of the Kuru king was at hand. 1 Vanquished by Savyasachin, with our foremost heroes slain, and ourselves mangled with sharp arrows, we knew not what to do. And the heroic Pandavas possessed of massive arms that looked like spiked maces, having obtained the victory and won a highly blessed state in the other world, 1 all blew their great conches. And the Somakas and the Panchalas all rejoiced, O king. Then when thousands of trumpets were blown, the mighty Bhimase-na slapped his arm-pits and uttered loud shouts. When the all-powerful son of Ganga was slain, the heroic warriors of both armies, laying down their weapons, began to reflect thoughtfully. And some uttered loud shrieks and some fled away, and some were deprived of their senses. And some censured the practices of the Kshatriya order and some applauded Bhishma. And the Rishis and the Pitris all applauded Bhishma of high vows. And the deceased ancestors of the Bharatas also praised Bhishma. Meanwhile the valiant and intelligent Bhishma, the son of Santanu, having recourse to that Yoga which is taught in the great Upanishads and engaged in mental prayers, remained quiet, expectant of his hour."

Book 7

Battle of Kurukshetra: Drona

Section CXCI

"Sanjaya said, 'Then Drona caused a great carnage among the Panchalas, like the slaughter caused by Sakra himself in rage amongst the Danavas in the days of yore. The great car-warriors of the Pandava army, endued with might and energy, though slaughtered, O king, by Drona's weapons, were not yet afraid of Drona in that battle. Indeed, O monarch, those mighty car-warriors, viz., the Panchalas and the Srinjayas, all rushed against Drona himself, for fighting with him. Loud and fierce were the yells they uttered as they rushed towards Drona for encompassing him on all sides and were slaughtered by him with shafts and darts. Beholding the slaughter of the Panchalas in that battle by the illustrious Drona, and seeing his, weapons overwhelm all sides, fear entered the hearts of the Pandavas. Beholding that dreadful carnage of steeds and human beings in that battle, the Pandavas, O monarch, became hopeless of victory. (They began to say unto each other) 'Is it not evident that Drona, that warrior conversant with the mightiest of weapons, will consume us all like a raging conflagration consuming a heap of straw in the season of spring? There is none competent to even look at him in battle. Conversant with the ways of morality, Arjuna (who alone is a match for him) will not fight with him.' Beholding the sons of Kunti afflicted with the shafts of Drona and inspired with fear, Kesava, endued with great intelligence and, devoted to their welfare, addressed Arjuna and said, 'This foremost of all bowmen is incapable of being ever vanquished by force in battle, by the very gods with Vasava at their head. When, however, he lays aside his weapons, he becomes capable of being slain on the field even by human beings. Casting aside virtue, ye sons of Pandu, adopt now some contrivance for gaining the victory, so that Drona of the golden car may not slay us all in battle. Upon the fall of (his son) Aswatthaman he will cease to fight, I think. Let some man, therefore, tell him that Aswatthaman, hath been slain in battle.' This advice, however, O king was not approved by Kunti's son, Dhananjaya. Others approved of it. But Yudhishtira accepted it with great difficulty. Then the mighty-armed Bhima, O king, slew with a mace a foe-crushing, terrible and huge elephant named Aswatthaman, of his own army, belonging to Indravarman, the chief of the Malavas. Approaching Drona then in that battle with some bashfulness Bhimasena began to exclaim aloud, 'Aswatthaman

hath been slain.' That elephant named Aswatthaman having been thus slain, Bhima spoke of Aswatthaman's slaughter. Keeping the true fact within his mind, he said what was untrue, Hearing those highly disagreeable words of Bhima and reflecting upon them, Drona's limbs seemed to dissolve like sands in water. Recollecting however, the prowess of his son, he soon came to regard that intelligence as false. Hearing, therefore, of his slaughter, Drona did not become unmanned. Indeed, soon recovering his senses, he became comforted, remembering that his son was incapable of being resisted by foes. Rushing towards the son of Prishata and desirous of slaying that hero who had been ordained as his slayer, he covered him with a thousand keen shafts, equipped with kanka feathers. Then twenty thousand Panchala car-warriors of great energy covered him, while he was thus careering in battle, with their shafts. Completely shrouded with those shafts, we could not any longer see that great car-warrior who then resembled, O monarch, the sun, covered with clouds in the season of rains. Filled with wrath and desirous of compassing the destruction of those brave Panchalas, that mighty car-warrior, that scorcher of foes, viz., Drona, dispelling all those shafts of the Panchalas, then invoked into existence the Brahma weapon. At that time, Drona looked resplendent like a smokeless, blazing fire. Once more filled with rage the valiant son of Bharadwaja slaughtering all the Somakas, seemed to be invested with great splendour. In that dreadful battle, he felled the heads of the Panchalas and cut off their massive arms, looking like spiked maces and decked with golden ornaments. Indeed, those Kshatriyas, slaughtered in battle by Bharadwaja's son fell down on the earth and lay scattered like trees uprooted by the tempest. In consequence of fallen elephants and steeds, O Bharata, the earth, miry with flesh and blood, became impassable. Having slain twenty thousand Panchala car-warriors, Drona, in that battle, shone resplendent like a smokeless, blazing fire. Once more filled with rage, the valiant son of Bharadwaja cut off, with a broad-headed arrow, the head of Vasudana from his trunk. Once more slaying five hundred Matsyas, and six thousand elephants, he slew ten thousand steeds. Beholding Drona stationed on the field for the extermination of the Kshatriya race, the Rishis Viswamitra, and Jamadagni, and Bharadwaja, and Gautama, and Vasishta, and Kasyapa, and Atri, and the Srikatas, the Prishnis, Garga, the Valkhilyas, the Marichis, the descendants of Bhrigu and Angiras, and diverse other sages of subtle forms quickly came thither, with the Bearer of sacrificial libations at their head, and, desirous of taking Drona unto the region of Brahman, addressed Drona, that ornament of battle, and said, 'Thou art fighting unrighteously. The hour of thy death is come. Laying aside thy weapons in battle, O Drona, behold us stationed here. After this, it behoveth thee not to perpetrate such exceedingly cruel deeds. Thou art versed in the Vedas and their branches. Thou art devoted to the duties enjoined by truth, especially, thou art a Brahmana. Such acts do not become thee. Lay aside thy weapons. Drive away the film of error that shrouds thee. Adhere now to the eternal path. The period for which thou art to dwell in the world of men is now full. Thou hast, with the Brahma weapon, burnt men on earth that are unacquainted with weapons. This act that thou hast perpetrated, O regenerate one, is not righteous. Lay aside thy weapons in battle without delay, O Drona, do not wait longer on earth. Do not, O regenerate one, perpetrate such a sinful act.' Hearing these words of their as also those spoken by Bhimasena, and beholding Dhristadyumna before him, Drona became exceedingly cheerless in battle. Burning with grief and exceedingly afflicted, he enquired of Kunti's son Yudhishtira as to whether his son (Aswatthaman) had been slain or not. Drona firmly believed that Yudhishtira would never speak an untruth even for the sake of the sovereignty of the three worlds. For this reason, that bull among Brahmanas asked Yudhishtira and not any body else. He had hoped for truth from Yudhishtira from the latter's infancy.

"Meanwhile, O monarch, Govinda, knowing that Drona, that foremost of warriors, was capable of sweeping all the Pandavas off the face of the earth, became much distressed. Addressing Yudhishtira he said, 'If Drona fighteth, filled with rage, for even half-a-day, I tell thee truly, thy army will then be annihilated. Save us, then, from Drona. under such circumstances, falsehood is better than truth. By telling an untruth for saving a life, one is not touched by sin. There is no sin in untruth spoken unto women, or in marriages, or for saving king, or for rescuing a Brahmana.' While Govinda and Yudhishtira were thus talking with each other, Bhimasena (addressing the king) said, 'As soon, O monarch, as I heard of the means by which the high-souled Drona might be slain, putting forth my prowess in battle, I immediately slew a mighty elephant, like unto the elephant of Sakra himself, belonging to Indravarman, the chief of the Malavas, who was standing within thy army. I then went to Drona and told him, 'Aswatthaman has been slain, O Brahmana! Cease, then, to fight. Verily, O bull among men, the preceptor did not believe in the truth of words. Desirous of victory as thou art, accept the advice of Govinda. Tell Drona, O King, that the son of Saradwat's daughter is no more. Told by thee, that bull among Brahmanas will never fight. Thou, O ruler of men, art reputed to be truthful in the three worlds.' Hearing those words of Bhima and induced by the counsels of Krishna, and owing also to the inevitability of destiny, O monarch, Yudhishtira made up his mind to say what he desired. Fearing to utter an untruth, but earnestly desirous of victory, Yudhishtira distinctly said that Aswatthaman was dead, adding indistinctly the world elephant (after the name), Before this, Yudhishtira's car had stayed at a height of four fingers' breadth from the surface of the earth; after, however, he had said that untruth, his (vehicle and) animals touched the earth. Hearing those words from Yudhishtira, the mighty car-warrior Drona, afflicted with grief, for the (supposed) death of his son, yielded to the influence of despair. By the words, again, of the Rishis,

he regarded himself a great offender against the high-souled Pandavas. Hearing now about the death of his son, he became perfectly cheerless and filled with anxiety; upon beholding Dhrishtadyumna, O king, that chastiser of foes could not fight as before.”

Section CXCII

“Sanjaya said, ‘Beholding Drona filled with great anxiety and almost deprived of his senses by grief, Dhrishtadyumna, the son of the Panchala king, rushed at him. That hero had, for the destruction of Drona, been obtained by Drupada, that ruler of men, at a great sacrifice, from the Bearer of sacrificial libations. Desirous of slaying Drona, he now took up a victory-giving and formidable bow whose twang resembled the roll of the clouds, whose string was possessed of great strength, and which was irrefragable and celestial. And he fixed on it a fierce arrow, resembling a snake of virulent poison and possessed of the splendour of fire. That arrow, resembling a fire of fierce flame, while within the circle of his bow, looked like the autumnal sun of great splendour within a radiant circle. Beholding that blazing bow bent with force by Prishata’s son, the troops regarded that to be the last hour (of the world). Seeing that arrow aimed at him, the valiant son of Bharadwaja thought that the last hour of his body had come. The preceptor prepared with care to baffle that shaft. The weapons, however, of that high-souled one, O monarch, no longer appeared at his bidding. 1 His weapons had not been exhausted although he had shot them ceaselessly for four days and one night. On the expiry, however, of the third part of that of the fifth day, his arrows became exhausted. Seeing the exhaustion of his arrows and afflicted with grief on account of his son’s death, and in consequence also of the unwillingness of the celestial weapons to appear at his bidding, he desired to lay aside his weapons, as requested by the words of the Rishis also. Though filled with great energy, he could not however, fight as before. Then taking up another celestial bow that Angiras had given him, and certain arrows that resembled a Brahmana’s curse, he continued to fight with Dhrishtadyumna. He covered the Panchala prince with a thick shower of arrows, and filled with rage, mangled his angry antagonist. With his own keen shafts he cut off in a hundred fragments those of the prince as also the latter’s standard and bow. He then his antagonist’s driver. Then Dhrishtadyumna, smiling, took up another bow, and pierced Drona with a keen shaft in the centre of the chest. Deeply pierced therewith and losing his self-possession in that encounter, that mighty Bowman, then, with a sharp and broad-headed arrow, once more cut off Dhrishtadyumna’s bow. Indeed, the invincible Drona then cut off all the weapons, O king, and all the bows that his antagonist had, with the exception only of his mace and sword. Filled with rage, he then pierced the angry Dhrishtadyumna, O chastiser of foes, nine keen arrows, capable of taking the life of every foe. Then the mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna, of immeasurable soul, invoking into existence the Brahma weapon, caused the steeds of his own car to be mingled with those of his foes. Endued with the speed of the wind, those steeds that were red and of the hue of pigeons, O bull of Bharata’s race, thus mingled together, looked exceedingly beautiful. Indeed, O king, those steeds thus mingled together on the field of battle, looked beautiful like roaring clouds in the season of rains, charged with lightning. Then that twice-born one of immeasurable soul cut off the shaft-joints, the wheel-joints, and (other) car-joints of Dhrishtadyumna. Deprived of his bow, and made careless and steedless and driverless, the heroic Dhrishtadyumna, fallen into great distress, grasped a mace. Filled with rage, the mighty car-warrior, Drona, of un baffled prowess, by means of a number of keen shafts, cut off that mace, while it was on the point of being hurled at him. Beholding his mace cut off by Drona with arrows, that tiger among men, (viz., the Panchala prince), took up a spotless sword and a bright shield decked with a hundred moons. Without doubt, under those circumstances, the Panchala prince determined to make an end of that foremost of preceptors, that high-souled warrior. Sometimes, sheltering himself in his car-box and sometimes riding on his car-shafts, the prince moved about, uplifting his swords and whirling his bright shield. The mighty car-warrior Dhrishtadyumna, desirous of achieving, from folly, a difficult feat, hoped to pierce the chest of Bharadwaja’s son in that battle. Sometimes, he stayed upon the yoke, and sometimes under the haunches of Drona’s red steeds. These movements of his were highly applauded by all the troops. Indeed, while he stayed amid the trappings of the yoke or behind those red steeds, Drona found no opportunity to strike him. All this seemed exceedingly wonderful. The movements of both Drona and Prishata’s son in that battle resembled the fight of hawk careering through the welkin for a piece of meat. Then Drona, by means of a dart pierced the white steeds of his antagonist, one after another, not striking, however, the red ones amongst them (that belonged to himself) 1. Deprived of life, those steeds of Dhrishtadyumna fell down upon the earth. Thereupon, the red steeds of Drona himself, O king, were freed from the entanglements of Dhrishtadyumna’s car. Beholding his steeds slain by that foremost of Brahmanas, Prishata’s sons, that mighty car-warrior, that foremost of fighters, could not brook it. Though deprived of his car, still that foremost of all swordsmen, armed with his sword, sprang towards Drona, O monarch, like Vinata’s son (Garuda) making a swoop at a snake. The form, O king, of Dhrishtadyumna at that time, when he sought to slay the son of Bharadwaja, resembled the form of Vishnu himself in days of yore when at the point of slaying Hiranyakasipu. He performed diverse evolutions, in fact. O Kauravya, the son of Prishata, careering in that battle, exhibited the well-known one

and twenty different kinds of motion. Armed with the sword, and shield in hand, Prishata's son wheeled about and whirled his sword on high, and made side thrusts, and rushed forward, and ran sideways, and leapt high, and assailed the flanks of his antagonists and receded backwards, and closed with his foes, and pressed them hard. Having practised them well, he also showed the evolutions called Bharata, Kausika Satwata, as he careened in that battle for compassing the destruction of Drona, Beholding those beautiful evolutions of Dhrishtadyumna, as he careered on the field, sword and shield in hand, all the warriors, as also the celestials assembled there, were filled with wonder. The regenerate Drona then, shooting a thousand arrows in the thick of fight, cut off the sword of Dhrishtadyumna as also his shield, decked with a hundred moons. Those arrows that Drona shot, while fighting from such a near point, were of the length of a span. Such arrows are used only in close fight. None else have arrows of that kind, except Kripa, and Partha, and Aswatthaman and Karna, Pradyumna and Yuyudhana; Abhimanyu also had such arrows. Then the preceptor, desirous of slaying his disciple who was unto him even as his own son, fixed on his bow-string a shaft endued with great impetuosity. That shaft, however, Satyaki cut off by means of ten arrows, in the very sight of thy son as also of the high-souled Karna, as thus rescued Dhrishtadyumna who was on the point of succumbing to Drona. Then Kesava and Dhananjaya beheld Satyaki of prowess incapable of being baffled, who, O Bharata, was thus careering in the car-tracks (of the Kuru warriors) and within the range of the shafts of Drona and Karna and Kripa. Saying, 'Excellent, Excellent!' both of them loudly applauded Satyaki of unfading glory, who was thus destroying the celestial weapons of all those warriors. Then Kesava and Dhananjaya rushed towards the Kurus. Addressing Krishna, Dhananjaya said, 'Behold, O Kesava, that perpetuator of Madhu's race, viz., Satyaki of true prowess, sporting before the preceptor and those mighty car-warriors and gladdening me and the twins and Bhima and king Yudhishtira. With skill acquired by practice and without insolence, behold that enhancer of the fame of the Vrishnis, viz., Satyaki, careering in battle, sporting the while with those mighty car-warriors. All these troops, as also the Siddhas (in the welkin), beholding him invincible in battle, are filled with wonder, and applauding him, saying, 'Excellent, Excellent!' Indeed, O king, the warriors of both armies all applauded the Satwata hero, for his feats.'"

Section CXCI

"Sanjaya said, 'Beholding those feats of the Satwata hero, Duryodhana and others, filled with rage, quickly encompassed the grandson of Sini on all sides. Kripa and Karna, of also thy sorts, O sire, in that battle, quickly approaching the grandson of Sini, began to strike him with keen arrows. Then king Yudhishtira, and the two other Pandavas, viz., the two sons of Madri and Bhimasena of great might surrounded Satyaki (for protecting him). Karna, and the mighty car-warrior Kripa, and Duryodhana and others, all resisted Satyaki, pouring showers of arrows on him. The grand son of Sini, however, contending with all those car-warriors, baffled, O monarch, that terrible downpour of arrows, so suddenly created by his foes. Indeed, in that dreadful battle, Satyaki, by means of his own celestial weapons, duly resisted all those celestial weapons aimed at him by those illustrious warriors. The field of battle became full of many cruel sights upon that encounter of those royal combatants, resembling that scene of yore when Rudra, filled with rage, had destroyed all creatures. Human arms and heads and bows, O Bharata, and umbrellas displaced (from cars), and yak-tails, were seen lying in heaps on the field of battle. The earth became quickly strewn with broken wheels and cars, and massive arms lopped off from trunks, and brave horsemen deprived of life. And, O foremost one among the Kurus, large number of warriors, mangled with falling arrows, were seen in that great battle to roll and writhe on the ground in agony of the last spasms of death. During the progress of that terrible battle, resembling the encounter in days of old between the celestials and the Asuras, king Yudhishtira the just, addressing his warriors, said, Putting forth all your vigour, rush, ye great car-warriors, against the Pot-born! Yonder the heroic son of Prishata is engaged with Drona! He is endeavouring to the utmost of his might, to slay the son of Bharadwaja. Judging from the aspect he is presenting in this great battle, it is evident that filled with rage, he will today overthrow Drona. Uniting together, all of you fight with the Pot-born.' Thus ordered by Yudhishtira, the mighty car-warriors of the Srinjayas all rushed with great vigour to slay the son of Bharadwaja. That mighty car-warrior, viz., Bharadwaja's son, quickly rushed against those advancing warriors, knowing for certain that he would die. When Drona, of sure aim, thus proceeded, the earth trembled violently. Fierce winds began to blow, inspiring the (hostile) ranks with fear. Large meteors fell, seemingly issuing out of the sun, blazing fiercely as they fell and foreboding great terrors. The weapons of Drona, O sire, seemed to blaze forth. Cars seemed to produce loud rattles, and steeds to shed tears. The mighty car-warrior, Drona, seemed to be divested of his energy, His left eye and left hand began to twitch. Beholding Prishata's son, again, before him, and bearing in mind the words of the Rishis about his leaving the world for heaven, he became cheerless. He then desired to give up life by fighting fairly. Encompassed on all sides by the troops of Drupada's son, Drona began to career in battle, consuming large numbers of Kshatriyas. That grinder of foes, having slain four and twenty thousand Kshatriyas, then despatched to Yama's abode ten times ten thousand, by means of his shafts of keen points. Exerting himself with

care, he seemed to stand in that battle like a smokeless fire. For the extermination of the Kshatriya race, he then had recourse to the Brahma weapon. Then the mighty Bhima, beholding the illustrious and irresistible prince of the Panchalas carless and weaponless, quickly proceeded towards him. Beholding him striking at Drona from a near point, that grinder of foes took up Dhrishtadyumna on his own car and said unto him, 'Save thee there is no other man that can venture to fight with the preceptor. Be quick to slay him. The burden of his slaughter rests upon thee.' Thus addressed by Bhima, the mighty-armed Dhrishtadyumna speedily took up a strong, a new and a superb bow capable of bearing a great strain. Filled with rage, and shooting his arrows in that battle at the irresistible Drona, Dhrishtadyumna covered the preceptor, desirous of withstanding him. Those two ornaments of battle then, both foremost of fighters and both filled with rage, invoked into existence the Brahma and diverse other celestial weapons. Indeed, O king, Dhrishtadyumna covered Drona with many mighty weapons in that encounter. Destroying all the weapons of Bharadwaja's son, the Panchala prince, that warrior of unfading glory, began to slay the Vasatis, the Sivis, the Valhikas and the Kurus, that is, them, who protected Drona in that battle. Indeed, O king, shooting showers of arrows on all sides, Dhrishtadyumna at that time looked resplendent like the sun himself shedding his thousands of rays. Drona, however, once more cut off the prince's bow and pierced the vitals of the prince himself with many arrows. Thus pierced, the prince felt great pain. Then Bhima, of great wrath, holding the car of Drona, O monarch, slowly said these words unto him: If wretches amongst Brahmanas, discontented with the avocations of their own order, but well-versed in arms, did not fight, the Kshatriya order then would not have been thus exterminated. Abstention from injury to all creatures hath been said to be the highest of all virtues. The Brahmana is the root of that virtue. As regards thyself, again, thou art the foremost of all persons acquainted with Brahma. Slaying all those Mlecchas and other warriors, who, however, are all engaged in the proper avocations of their order, moved thereto by ignorance and folly, O Brahmana, and by the desire of wealth for benefiting sons and wives; indeed, for the sake of an only son, why dost thou not feel ashamed? He for whom thou hast taken up weapons, and for whom thou livest, he, deprived of life, lieth today on the field of battle, unknown to thee and behind thy back. King Yudhishtira the just hath told thee this. It behoveth thee not to doubt this fact.' Thus addressed by Bhima, Drona laid aside his bow. Desirous of laying aside all his weapons also, Bharadwaja's son of virtuous soul said aloud, 'O Karna, Karna, O great bowman, O Kripa, O Duryodhana, I tell you repeatedly, exert yourselves carefully in battle. Let no injury happen to you from the Pandayas. As regards myself, I lay aside my weapons.' Saying these words, he began loudly to take the name of Aswatthaman. Laying aside his weapons then in that battle, and sitting down on the terrace of his car, he devoted himself to Yoga and assured all creatures, dispelling their fears. Beholding that opportunity, Dhrishtadyumna mustered all his energy. Laying down on the car his formidable bow, with arrow fixed on the bow-string, he took up a sword, and jumping down from his vehicle, rushed quickly against Drona. All creatures, human beings and others, uttered exclamation of woe, beholding Drona thus brought under Dhrishtadyumna's power. Loud cries of Oh and Alas were uttered, as also those of Oh and Fie. As regards Drona himself, abandoning his weapons, he was then in a supremely tranquil state. Having said those words he had devoted himself to Yoga. Endued with great effulgence and possessed of high ascetic merit, he had fixed his heart on that Supreme and Ancient Being, viz., Vishnu. Bending his face slightly down, and heaving his breast forward, and closing his eyes, and resting on the quality of goodness, and disposing his heart to contemplation, and thinking on the monosyllable Om, representing Brahma, and remembering the puissant, supreme, and indestructible God of gods, the radiant Drona of high ascetic merit, the preceptor (of the Kurus and the Pandavas) repaired to heaven that is so difficult of being attained even by the pious. Indeed, when Drona thus proceeded to heaven it seemed to us that there were then two suns in the firmament. The whole welkin was ablaze and seemed to be one vast expanse of equal light when the sun-like Bharadwaja, of solar effulgence, disappeared. Confused sounds of joy were heard, uttered by the delighted celestials. When Drona thus repaired to the region of Brahman, Dhrishtadyumna stood, unconscious of it all, beside him. Only we five amongst men beheld the high-souled Drona rapt in Yoga proceed to the highest region of blessedness. These five were myself, Dhananjaya, the son of Pritha, and Drona's son, Aswatthaman, and Vasudeva of Vrishni's race, and king Yudhishtira the just, the son of Pandu. Nobody else, O king, could see that glory of the wise Drona, devoted to Yoga, while passing out of the world. In fact, all human beings were unconscious of the fact that the preceptor attained to the supreme region of Brahman, a region mysterious to the very gods, and one that is the highest of all. Indeed, none of them could see the preceptor, that chastiser of foes, proceed to the region of Brahman, devoted to Yoga in the company of the foremost of Rishis, his body mangled with arrows and bathed in blood, after he had laid aside his weapons. As regards Prishata's son, though everybody cried fie on him, yet casting his eyes on the lifeless Drona's head, he began to drag it. With his sword, then, he lopped off from his foe's trunk that head,--his foe remained speechless the while. Having slain Bharadwaja's son, Dhrishtadyumna was filled with great joy, and uttered leonine shouts, whirling his sword. Of a dark complexion, with white locks hanging down to his ears, that old man of five and eighty years of age, used, for thy sake only, to career on the field of battle with the activity of a youth of sixteen. The mighty-armed Dhananjaya, the son of Kunti, (before Drona's head was cut off) had said, 'O son of Drupada, bring the preceptor alive, do not slay him. He should

not be slain.' Even thus all the troops also had cried out. Arjuna, in particular, melted with pity, had cried out repeatedly. Disregarding, however, the cries of Arjuna as also these of all the kings, Dhrishtadyumna slew Drona, that bull among men, on the terrace of his car. Covered with Drona's blood, Dhrishtadyumna then jumped from the car down upon the ground. Looking red like the sun, he then seemed to be exceedingly fierce. Thy troops beheld Drona slain even thus in that battle. Then Dhrishtadyumna, that great Bowman, O king, threw down that large head of Bharadwaja's son before the warriors of thy army. Thy soldiers, O monarch, beholding the head of Bharadwaja's son, set their hearts on flight and ran away in all directions. Meanwhile Drona, ascending the skies, entered the stellar path. Through the grace of the Rishis Krishna (Dwaipayana), the son of Satyawati, I witnessed, O king, the (true circumstances about the) death of Drona. I beheld that illustrious one proceeding, after he had ascended the sky, like a smokeless brand of blazing splendour. Upon the fall of Drona, the Kurus, the Pandavas and the Srinjayas, all became cheerless and ran away with great speed. The army then broke up. Many had been slain, and many wounded by means of keen shafts. Thy warriors (in particular), upon the fall of Drona, seemed to be deprived of life. Having sustained a defeat, and being inspired with fear about the future, the Kurus regarded themselves deprived of both the worlds. Indeed, they lost all self-control. I searching for the body of Bharadwaja's son, O monarch, on the field covered with thousands of headless trunks, the kings could not find it. The Pandavas, having gained the victory and great prospects of renown in the future, began to make loud sounds with their arrows and conchs and uttered loud leonine roars. Then Bhimasena, O king, and Dhrishtadyumna, the son of Prishata, were seen in the midst of the (Pandava) host to embrace each other. Addressing the son of Prishata, that scorcher of foes, viz., Bhima said, 'I will again embrace thee, O son of Prishata, as one crowned with victory, when that wretch of a Suta's son shall be slain in battle, as also that other wretch, viz., Duryodhana.' Having said these words, Bhimasena, the son of Pandu, filled with transports of joy, caused the earth to tremble with slaps on his armpits. Terrified by that sound, thy troops ran away from battle, forgetting the duties of the Kshatriyas and setting their hearts on flight. The Pandavas, having become victors, became very glad, O monarch, and they felt great happiness, derived from the destruction of their foes in battle."

Book 8

Battle of Kurukshetra: Karna

Section XC

"Sanjaya said, 'Flying away in consequence of the falling of Arjuna's arrows, the broken divisions of the Kauravas, staying at a distance, continued to gaze at Arjuna's weapon swelling with energy and careering around with the effulgence of lightning. Then Karna, with showers of terrible shafts, baffled that weapon of Arjuna while it was still careering in the welkin and which Arjuna had shot with great vigour in that fierce encounter for the destruction of his foe. Indeed, that weapon (of Partha) which, swelling with energy, had been consuming the Kurus, the Suta's son now crushed with his shafts winged with gold. Bending then his own loud-sounding bow of irrefragable string, Karna shot showers of shafts. The Suta's son destroyed that burning weapon of Arjuna with his own foe-killing weapon of great power which he had obtained from Rama, and which resembled (in efficacy) an Atharvan rite. And he pierced Partha also with numerous keen shafts. The encounter then, O king, that took place between Arjuna and the son of Adhiratha, became a very dreadful one. They continued to strike each other with arrows like two fierce elephants striking each other with their tusks. All the points of the compass then became shrouded with weapons and the very sun became invisible. Indeed, Karna and Partha, with their arrowy downpours, made the welkin one vast expanse of arrows without any space between. All the Kauravas and the Somakas then beheld a wide-spread arrowy net. In that dense darkness caused by arrows, they were unable to see anything else. Those two foremost of men, both accomplished in weapons, as they incessantly aimed and shot innumerable arrows, O king, displayed diverse kinds of beautiful manoeuvres. While they were thus contending with each other in battle, sometimes the Suta's son prevailed over his rival and sometimes the diadem-decked Partha prevailed over his, in prowess and weapons and lightness of hands. Beholding that terrible and awful passage-at-arms between those two heroes each of whom was desirous of availing himself of the other's lapses, all the other warriors on the field of battle became filled with wonder. The beings in the welkin, O king, applauded Karna and Arjuna. Indeed, many of them at a time, filled with joy, cheerfully shouted, sometimes saying, "Excellent, O Karna!" and sometimes saying, "Excellent, O Arjuna!" During the progress of that fierce encounter, while the earth was being pressed deep with the weight of cars and the tread of steeds and elephants, the snake Aswasena, who was hostile to Arjuna, was passing his time in the nether region. Freed from the conflagration at Khandava, O king, he had, from anger, penetrated through the earth (for going to the subterranean region). That brave snake, recollecting the death of his mother and the enmity he on that account harboured against Arjuna, now rose from the lower region. Endued with the power of ascending the skies, he soared up with great speed upon beholding that fight between Karna and Arjuna. Think-

ing that that was the time for gratifying his animosity towards, as he thought, the wicked-souled Partha, he quickly entered into Karna's quiver, O king, in the form of an arrow. At that time a net of arrows was seen, shedding its bright arrows around. Karna and Partha made the welkin one dense mass of arrows by means of their arrowy downpours. Beholding that wide-spread expanse of arrows, all the Kauravas and the Somakas became filled with fear. In that thick and awful darkness caused by arrows they were unable to see anything else. Then those two tigers among men, those two foremost of all bowmen in the world, those two heroes, fatigued with their exertions in battle, looked at each other. Both of them were then fanned with excellent and waving fans made of young (palm) leaves and sprinkled with fragrant sandal-water by many Apsaras staying in the welkin. And Sakra and Surya, using their hands, gently brushed the faces of those two heroes. When at last Karna found that he could not prevail over Partha and was exceedingly scorched with the shafts of the former, that hero, his limbs very much mangled, set his heart upon that shaft of his which lay singly within a quiver. The Suta's son then fixed on his bow-string that foe-killing, exceedingly keen, snake-mouthed, blazing, and fierce shaft, which had been polished according to rule, and which he had long kept for the sake of Partha's destruction. Stretching his bow-string to his ear, Karna fixed that shaft of fierce energy and blazing splendour, that ever-worshipped weapon which lay within a golden quiver amid sandal dust, and aimed it at Partha. Indeed, he aimed that blazing arrow, born in Airavata's race, for cutting off Phalguna's head in battle. All the points of the compass and the welkin became ablaze and terrible meteors, and thunderbolts fell. When that snake of the form of an arrow was fixed on the bow-string, the Regents of the world, including Sakra, set up loud wails. The Suta's son did not know that the snake Aswasena had entered his arrow by the aid of his Yoga powers. Beholding Vaikartana aim that arrow, the high-souled ruler of the Madras, addressing Karna, said, "This arrow, O Karna, will not succeed in striking off Arjuna's head. Searching carefully, fix another arrow that may succeed in striking off thy enemy's head." Endued with great activity, the Suta's son, with eyes burning in wrath, then said unto the ruler of the Madras, "O Shalya, Karna never aimeth an arrow twice. Persons like us never become crooked warriors." Having said these words, Karna, with great care, let off that shaft which he had worshipped for many long years. Bent upon winning the victory, O king, he quickly said unto his rival, "Thou art slain, O Phalguna!" Sped from Karna's arms, that shaft of awful whizz, resembling fire or the sun in splendour, as it left the bow-string, blazed up in the welkin and seemed to divide it by a line such as is visible on the crown of a woman dividing her tresses. Beholding that shaft blazing in the welkin, the slayer of Kamsa, Madhava, with great speed and the greatest ease, pressed down with his feet that excellent car, causing it to sink about a cubit deep. At this, the steeds, white as the rays of the moon and decked in trappings of gold, bending their knees, laid themselves down on the ground. Indeed, seeing that snake (in the form of an arrow) aimed by Karna, Madhava, that foremost of all persons endued with might, put forth his strength and thus pressed down with his feet that car into the earth, whereat the steeds, (as already said) bending down their knees, laid themselves down upon the earth when the car itself had sank into it. Then loud sounds arose in the welkin in applause of Vasudeva. Many celestial voices were heard, and celestial flowers were showered upon Krishna, and leonine shouts also were uttered. When the car had thus been pressed down into the earth through the exertions of the slayer of Madhu, the excellent ornament of Arjuna's head, celebrated throughout the earth, the welkin, heaven, and the waters, the Suta's son swept off from the crown of his rival, with that arrow, in consequence of the very nature of that snaky weapon and the great care and wrath with which it had been shot. That diadem, endued with the splendour of the sun or the moon or fire or a planet, and adorned with gold and pearls and gems and diamonds, had with great care been made by the puissant Self-born himself for Purandara. Costly as its appearance indicated, it was inspiring terror in the hearts of foes, contributing to the happiness of him that wore it, and shedding a fragrance, that ornament had been given by the chief of the celestials himself with a cheerful heart unto Partha while the latter had proceeded to slaughter the foes of the gods. That diadem was incapable of being crushed by Rudra and the Lord of waters and Kuvera with Pinaka and noose and thunderbolt and the very foremost of shafts. It could not be endured by even the foremost ones among the gods. Vrisha, however, now broke it forcibly with his snake-inspired shaft. Endued with great activity, that wicked-natured snake of fierce form and false vows, falling upon that diadem-decked with gold and gems, swept it away from Arjuna's head. That snake, O king, forcibly tore it away from Partha's head, quickly reducing into fragments that well-made ornament set over with many a gem and blazing with beauty, like the thunderbolt riving a mountain summit decked with lofty and beautiful trees graced with flowers. Crushed by that excellent weapon, possessed of splendour, and blazing with the fire of (the snake's) poison, that beautiful and much-liked diadem of Partha fell down on the earth like the blazing disc of the Sun from the Asta hills. Indeed, that snake forcibly swept away from Arjuna's head that diadem adorned with many gems, like the thunder of Indra felling a beautiful mountain summit adorned with lofty trees bearing budding leaves and flowers. And the earth, welkin, heaven, and the waters, when agitated by a tempest, roar aloud, O Bharata, even such was the roar that arose in all the worlds at that time. Hearing that tremendous noise, people, notwithstanding their efforts to be calm, became extremely agitated and reeled as they stood. Reft of diadem, the dark complexioned and youthful Partha looked beautiful like a blue mountain of lofty summit. Binding then his locks with a white cloth, Arjuna stood perfectly unmoved. With that

white gear on his head, he looked like the Udaya hill illumined with the rays of the sun. Thus that she-snake (whom Arjuna had killed at Khandava) of excellent mouth, through her son in the form of an arrow, sped by Surya's son, beholding Arjuna of exceeding energy and might standing with his head at a level with the reins of the steeds, took away his diadem only, that well-made ornament (formerly) owned by Aditi's son and endued with the effulgence of Surya himself. But Arjuna also (as will appear in the sequel) did not return from that battle without causing the snake to succumb to the power of Yama. Sped from Karna's arms, that costly shaft resembling fire or the sun in effulgence, viz., that mighty snake who from before had become the deadly foe of Arjuna, thus crushing the latter's diadem, went away. Having burnt the gold-decked diadem of Arjuna displayed on his head, he desired to come to Arjuna once more with great speed. Asked, however, by Karna (who saw him but knew him not), he said these words, "Thou hadst sped me, O Karna, without having seen me. It was for this that I could not strike off Arjuna's head. Do thou quickly shoot me once again, after seeing me well. I shall then slay thy foe and mine too." Thus addressed in that battle by him, the Suta's son said, "Who are you possessed of such fierce form?" The snake answered, saying, "Know me as one that has been wronged by Partha. My enmity towards him is due to his having slain my mother. If the wielder of the thunderbolt himself were to protect Partha, the latter would still have to go to the domains of the king of the pitris. Do not disregard me. Do my bidding. I will slay thy foe. Shoot me without delay." Hearing those words, Karna said, "Karna, O snake, never desires to have victory in battle today by relying on another's might. Even if I have to slay a hundred Arjunas, I will not, O snake, still shoot the same shaft twice." Once more addressing him in the midst of battle, that best of men, viz., Surya's son, Karna, said, "Aided by the nature of my other snaky weapons, and by resolute effort and wrath, I shall slay Partha. Be thou happy and go elsewhere." Thus addressed, in battle, by Karna, that prince of snakes, unable from rage to bear those words, himself proceeded, O king, for the slaughter of Partha, having assumed the form of an arrow. Of fierce form, the desire he ardently cherished was the destruction of his enemy. Then Krishna, addressing Partha in that encounter, said into him, "Slay that great snake inimical to thee." Thus addressed by the slayer of Madhu, the wielder of Gandiva, that Bowman who was always fierce unto foes, enquired of him, saying, "Who is that snake that advanceth of his own accord against me, as if, indeed he advanceth right against the mouth of Garuda?" Krishna replied, "Whilst thou, armed with bow, wert engaged at Khandava in gratifying the god Agni, this snake was then in the sky, his body ensconced within his mother's. Thinking that it was only a single snake that was so staying in the sky, thou killedest the mother. Remembering that act of hostility done by thee, he cometh towards thee today for thy destruction. O resister of foes, behold him coming like a blazing meteor, falling from the firmament!"

"Sanjaya continued, 'Then Jishnu, turning his face in rage, cut off, with six keen shafts, that snake in the welkin as the latter was coursing in a slanting direction. His body thus cut off, he fell down on the earth. After that snake had been cut off by Arjuna, the lord Keshava himself, O king, of massive arms, that foremost of beings, raised up with his arms that car from the earth. At that time, Karna, glancing obliquely at Dhananjaya, pierced that foremost of persons, viz., Krishna, with ten shafts whetted on stone and equipped with peacock feathers. Then Dhananjaya, piercing Karna with a dozen well-shot and keen arrows equipped with heads like the boar's ear, sped a cloth-yard shaft endued with the energy of a snake of virulent poison and shot from his bow-string stretched to his ear. That foremost of shafts, well shot by Arjuna, penetrated through Karna's armour, and as if suspending his life breaths, drank his blood and entered the earth, its wings also having been drenched with gore. Endued with great activity, Vrisha, enraged at the stroke of the shaft, like a snake beaten with stick, shot many mighty shafts, like snakes of virulent poison vomiting venom. And he pierced Janardana with a dozen shafts and Arjuna with nine and ninety. And once more piercing the son of Pandu with a terrible shaft, Karna laughed and uttered a loud roar. The son of Pandu, however, could not endure his enemy's joy. Acquainted with all the vital parts of the human body, Partha, possessed of prowess like that of Indra, pierced those vital limbs with hundreds of arrows even as Indra had struck Vala with great energy. Then Arjuna sped ninety arrows, each resembling the rod of Death at Karna. Deeply pierced with those shafts, Karna trembled like a mountain riven with thunder. The head-gear of Karna, adorned with costly gems and precious diamonds and pure gold, as also his earrings, cut off by Dhananjaya with his winged arrows, fell down on the earth. The costly and bright armour also of the Suta's son that had been forged with great care by many foremost of artists working for a long time, the son of Pandu cut off within a moment in many fragments. After thus divesting him of his armour, Partha then, in rage, pierced Karna with four whetted shafts of great energy. Struck forcibly by his foe, Karna suffered great pain like a diseased person afflicted by bile, phlegm, wind, and fever. Once more Arjuna, with great speed, mangled Karna, piercing his very vitals, with numerous excellent shafts, of great keenness, and sped from his circling bow with much force and speed and care. Deeply struck by Partha with those diverse arrows of keen points and fierce energy, Karna (covered with blood) looked resplendent like a mountain of red chalk with streams of red water running adown its breast. Once more Arjuna pierced Karna in the centre of the chest with many straight-coursing and strong shafts made entirely of iron and equipped with wings of gold and each resembling the fiery rod of the Destroyer, like the son of Agni piercing the Krauncha mountains. Then the Suta's son, casting aside his bow that resembled the very bow of Sakra, as also his quiver, felt great pain, and stood

inactive, stupefied, and reeling, his grasp loosened and himself in great anguish. The virtuous Arjuna, observant of the duty of manliness, wished not to slay his enemy while fallen into such distress. The younger brother of Indra then, with great excitement, addressed him, saying, "Why, O son of Pandu, dost thou become so forgetful? They that are truly wise never spare their foes, however weak, even for a moment. He that is learned earneth both merit and fame by slaying foes fallen into distress. Lose no time in precipitately crushing Karna who is always inimical to thee and who is the first of heroes. The Suta's son, when able, will once more advance against thee as before. Slay him, therefore, like Indra slaying the Asura Namuci." Saying, "So be it, O Krishna!" and worshipping Janardana, Arjuna, that foremost of all persons in Kuru's race once more quickly pierced Karna with many excellent arrows like the ruler of heaven, piercing the Asura, Samvara. The diadem-decked Partha, O Bharata, covered Karna and his car and steeds with many calf-toothed arrows, and putting forth all his vigour he shrouded all the points of the compass with shafts equipped with wings of gold. Pierced with those arrows equipped with heads like the calf's tooth, Adhiratha's son of broad chest looked resplendent like an Asoka or Palasa or Salmali decked with its flowery load or a mountain overgrown with a forest of sandal trees. Indeed, with those numerous arrows sticking to his body, Karna, O monarch, in that battle, looked resplendent like the prince of mountains with its top and glens overgrown with trees or decked with flowering Karnikaras. Karna also shooting repeated showers of arrows, looked, with those arrows constituting his rays, like the sun coursing towards the Asta hills, with disc bright with crimson rays. Shafts, however, of keen points, sped from Arjuna's arms, encountering in the welkin the blazing arrows, resembling mighty snakes, sped from the arms of Adhiratha's son, destroyed them all. Recovering his coolness, and shooting many shafts that resembled angry snakes, Karna then pierced Partha with ten shafts and Krishna with half a dozen, each of which looked like an angry snake. Then Dhananjaya desired to shoot a mighty and terrible arrow, made wholly of iron, resembling the poison of snake or fire in energy, and whose whizz resembling the peal of Indra's thunder, and which was inspired with the force of a high (celestial) weapon. At that time, when the hour of Karna's death had come, Kala, approaching invisibly, and alluding to the Brahmana's curse, and desirous of informing Karna that his death was near, told him, "The Earth is devouring thy wheel!" Indeed, O foremost of men, when the hour of Karna's death came, the high brahmastra that the illustrious Bhargava had imparted unto him, escaped from his memory. And the earth also began to devour the left wheel of his car. Then in consequence of the curse of that foremost of Brahmanas, Karna's car began to reel, having sunk deep into the earth and having been transfixed at that spot like a sacred tree with its load of flowers standing upon an elevated platform. When his car began to reel from the curse of the Brahmana, and when the high weapon he had obtained from Rama no longer shone in him through inward light, and when his terrible snake-mouthed shaft also had been cut off by Partha, Karna became filled with melancholy. Unable to endure all those calamities, he waved his arms and began to rail at righteousness saying, "They that are conversant with righteousness always say that righteousness protects those that are righteous. As regards ourselves, we always endeavour, to the best of our ability and knowledge to practise righteousness. That righteousness, however, is destroying us now instead of protecting us that are devoted to it. I, therefore, think that righteousness does not always protect its worshippers." While saying these words, he became exceedingly agitated by the strokes of Arjuna's arrows. His steeds and his driver also were displaced from their usual position. His very vitals having been struck, he became indifferent as to what he did, and repeatedly railed at righteousness in that battle. He then pierced Krishna in the arm with three terrible arrows, and Partha, too, with seven. Then Arjuna sped seven and ten terrible arrows, perfectly straight and of fierce impetuosity, resembling fire in splendour and like unto Indra's thunder in force. Endued with awful impetuosity, those arrows pierced Karna and passing out of his body fell upon the surface of the earth. Trembling at the shock, Karna then displayed his activity to the utmost of his power. Steadying himself by a powerful effort he invoked the brahmastra. Beholding the brahmastra, Arjuna invoked the Aindra weapon with proper mantras. Inspiring gandiva, its string, and his shafts also, with mantras, that scorcher of foes poured showers like Purandara pouring rain in torrents. Those arrows endued with great energy and power, issuing out of Partha's car, were seen to be displayed in the vicinity of Karna's vehicle. The mighty car-warrior Karna baffled all those shafts displayed in his front. Seeing that weapon thus destroyed, the Vrishni hero, addressing Arjuna, said, "Shoot high weapons, O Partha! The son of Radha baffles thy shafts." With proper mantras, Arjuna then fixed the brahmastra on his string, and shrouding all the points of the compass with arrows, Partha struck Karna (with many) arrows. Then Karna, with a number of whetted shafts endued with great energy, cut off the string of Arjuna's bow. Similarly he cut off the second string, and then the third, and then the fourth, and then the fifth. The sixth also was cut off by Vrisha, and then the seventh, then the eighth, then the ninth, then the tenth, and then at last the eleventh. Capable of shooting hundreds upon hundreds of arrows, Karna knew not that Partha had a hundred strings to his bow. Tying another string to his bow and shooting many arrows, the son of Pandu covered Karna with shafts that resembled snakes of blazing mouths. So quickly did Arjuna replace each broken string that Karna could not mark when it was broken and when replaced. The feat seemed to him to be exceedingly wonderful. The son of Radha baffled with his own weapons those of Savyasaci. Displaying also his own prowess, he seemed to get the better of Dhananjaya at that time. Then Krishna, beholding Arjuna afflicted with the

weapons of Karna, said these words unto Partha: “Approaching Karna, strike him with superior weapons.” Then Dhananjaya, filled with rage, inspiring with mantras another celestial weapons that looked like fire and that resembled the poison of the snake and that was as hard as the essence of adamant, and uniting the Raudra weapon with it, became desirous of shooting it at his foe. At that time, O king, the earth swallowed up one of wheels of Karna’s car. Quickly alighting then from his vehicle, he seized his sunken wheel with his two arms and endeavoured to lift it up with a great effort. Drawn up with force by Karna, the earth, which had swallowed up his wheel, rose up to a height of four fingers’ breadth, with her seven islands and her hills and waters and forests. Seeing his wheel swallowed, the son of Radha shed tears from wrath, and beholding Arjuna, filled with rage he said these words, “O Partha, O Partha, wait for a moment, that is, till I lift this sunken wheel. Beholding, O Partha, the left wheel of my car swallowed through accident by the earth, abandon (instead of cherishing) this purpose (of striking and slaying me) that is capable of being harboured by only a coward. Brave warriors that are observant of the practices of the righteous, never shoot their weapons at persons with dishevelled hair, or at those that have turned their faces from battle, or at a Brahmana, or at him who joins his palms, or at him who yields himself up or beggeth for quarter or at one who has put up his weapon, or at one whose arrows are exhausted, or at one whose armour is displaced, or at one whose weapon has fallen off or been broken! Thou art the bravest of men in the world. Thou art also of righteous behaviour, O son of Pandu! Thou art well-acquainted with the rules of battle. For these reasons, excuse me for a moment, that is, till I extricate my wheel, O Dhananjaya, from the earth. Thyself staying on thy car and myself standing weak and languid on the earth, it behoveth thee not to slay me now. Neither Vasudeva, nor thou, O son of Pandu, inspirest me with the slightest fear. Thou art born in the Kshatriya order. Thou art the perpetuator of a high race. Recollecting the teachings of righteousness, excuse me for a moment, O son of Pandu!”

Section XCI

“Sanjaya said, ‘Then Vasudeva, stationed on the car, addressed Karna, saying, “By good luck it is, O son of Radha, that thou rememberest virtue! It is generally seen that they that are mean, when they sink into distress, rail at Providence but never at their own misdeeds. Thyself and Suyodhana and Duhshasana and Shakuni, the son of Subala, had caused Draupadi, clad in a single piece of raiment, to be brought into the midst of the assembly. On that occasion, O Karna, this virtue of thine did not manifest itself. When at the assembly Shakuni, an adept in dice, vanquished Kunti’s son Yudhishtira who was unacquainted with it, whither had this virtue of thine gone? When the Kuru king (Duryodhana), acting under thy counsels, treated Bhimasena in that way with the aid of snakes and poisoned food, whither had this virtue of thine then gone? When the period of exile into the woods was over as also the thirteenth year, thou didst not make over to the Pandavas their kingdom. Whither had this virtue of thine then gone? Thou didst set fire to the house of lac at Varanavata for burning to death the sleeping Pandavas. Whither then, O son of Radha, had this virtue of thine gone? Thou laughedest at Krishna while she stood in the midst of the assembly, scantily dressed because in her season and obedient to Duhshasana’s will, whither, then, O Karna, had this virtue of thine gone? When from the apartment reserved for the females innocent Krishna was dragged, thou didst not interfere. Whither, O son of Radha, had this virtue of thine gone? Thyself addressing the princess Draupadi, that lady whose tread is as dignified as that of the elephant, in these words, viz., ‘The Pandavas, O Krishna, are lost. They have sunk into eternal hell. Do thou choose another husband!’ thou lookedest on the scene with delight. Whither then, O Karna, had this virtue of thine gone? Covetous of kingdom and relying on the ruler of the Gandharvas, thou summonedest the Pandavas (to a match of dice). Whither then had this virtue of thine gone? When many mighty car-warriors, encompassing the boy Abhimanyu in battle, slew him, whither had this virtue of thine then gone? If this virtue that thou now invokest was nowhere on those occasions, what is the use then of parching thy palate now, by uttering that word? Thou art now for the practice of virtue, O Suta, but thou shalt not escape with life. Like Nala who was defeated by Pushkara with the aid of dice but who regained his kingdom by prowess, the Pandavas, who are free from cupidity, will recover their kingdom by the prowess of their arms, aided with all their friends. Having slain in battle their powerful foes, they, with the Somakas, will recover their kingdom. The Dhartarashtras will meet with destruction at the hands of those lions among men (viz., the sons of Pandu), that are always protected by virtue!’”

“Sanjaya continued, ‘Thus addressed, O Bharata, by Vasudeva, Karna hung down his head in shame and gave no answer. With lips quivering in rage, he raised his bow, O Bharata, and, being endued with great energy and prowess, he continued to fight with Partha. Then Vasudeva, addressing Phalguna, that bull among men, said, “O thou of great might, piercing Karna with a celestial weapon, throw him down.” Thus addressed by the holy one, Arjuna became filled with rage. Indeed, remembering the incidents alluded to by Krishna, Dhananjaya blazed up with fury. Then, O king, blazing flames of fire seemed to emanate from all the pores of the angry Partha’s body. The sight seemed to be exceedingly wonderful. Beholding it, Karna, invoking the brahmastra, showered his shafts upon Dhananjaya, and once more made an effort to extricate his car. Partha also, by the aid of the brahmastra, poured

arrowy downpours upon Karna. Baffling with his own weapon the weapon of his foe, the son of Pandu continued to strike him. The son of Kunti then, aiming at Karna sped another favourite weapon of his that was inspired with the energy of Agni. Sped by Arjuna, that weapon blazed up with its own energy. Karna, however, quenched that conflagration with the Varuna weapon. The Suta's son also, by the clouds he created, caused all the points of the compass to be shrouded with a darkness such as may be seen on a rainy day. The son of Pandu, endued with great energy, fearlessly dispelled those clouds by means of the Vayavya weapon in the very sight of Karna. The Suta's son then, for slaying the son of Pandu, took up a terrible arrow blazing like fire. When that adored shaft was fixed on the bow-string, the earth, O king, trembled with her mountains and waters and forests. Violent winds began to blow, bearing hard pebbles. All the points of the compass became enveloped with dust. Wails of grief, O Bharata, arose among the gods in the welkin. Beholding that shaft aimed by the Suta's son, O sire, the Pandavas, with cheerless hearts, gave themselves up to great sorrow. That shaft of keen point and endued with the effulgence of Sakra's thunder, sped from Karna's arms, fell upon Dhananjaya's chest and penetrated it like a mighty snake penetrating an ant-hill. That grinder of foes, viz., the high-souled Vibhatsu, thus deeply pierced in that encounter, began to reel. His grasp became loosened, at which his bow Gandiva dropped from his hand. He trembled like the prince of mountains in an earthquake. Availing himself of that opportunity, the mighty car-warrior Vrisha, desirous of extricating his car-wheel that had been swallowed up by the earth, jumped down from his vehicle. Seizing the wheel with his two arms he endeavoured to drag it up, but though possessed of great strength, he failed in his efforts, as destiny would have it. Meanwhile the diadem-decked and high-souled Arjuna, recovering his senses, took up a shaft, fatal as the rod of Death, and called anjalika. Then Vasudeva, addressing Partha, said, "Cut off with thy arrow the head of this enemy of thine, viz., Vrisha, before he succeeds in getting upon his car." Applauding those words of the lord Vasudeva, and while the wheel of his enemy was still sunk, the mighty car-warrior Arjuna took up a razor-headed arrow of blazing effulgence and struck the standard (of Karna) bearing the elephant's rope and bright as the spotless sun. That standard bearing the device of the costly elephant's rope, was adorned with gold and pearls and gems and diamonds, and forged with care by foremost of artists excelling in knowledge, and possessed of great beauty, and variegated with pure gold. That standard always used to fill thy troops with high courage and the enemy with fear. Its form commanded applause. Celebrated over the whole world, it resembled the sun in splendour. Indeed, its effulgence was like that of fire or the sun or the moon. The diadem-decked Arjuna, with that razor-headed shaft, exceedingly sharp, equipped with wings of gold, possessed of the splendour of fire when fed with libations of clarified butter, and blazing with beauty, cut off that standard of Adhiratha's son, that great car-warrior. With that standard, as it fell, the fame, pride, hope of victory, and everything dear, as also the hearts of the Kurus, fell, and loud wails of "Oh!" and "Alas!" arose (from the Kuru army). Beholding that standard cut off and thrown down by that hero of Kuru's race possessed of great lightness of hand, thy troops, O Bharata, were no longer hopeful of Karna's victory. Hastening then for Karna's destruction, Partha took out from his quiver an excellent Anjalika weapon that resembled the thunder of Indra or the rod of fire and that was possessed of the effulgence of the thousand-rayed Sun. Capable of penetrating the very vitals, besmeared with blood and flesh, resembling fire or the sun, made of costly materials, destructive of men, steeds, and elephants, of straight course and fierce impetuosity, it measured three cubits and six feet. Endued with the force of the thousand-eyed Indra's thunder, irresistible as Rakshasas in the night, resembling Pinaka or Narayana's discus, it was exceedingly terrible and destructive of all living creatures. Partha cheerfully took up that great weapon, in the shape of an arrow, which could not be resisted by the very gods, that high-souled being which was always adored by the son of Pandu, and which was capable of vanquishing the very gods and the Asuras. Beholding that shaft grasped by Partha in that battle, the entire universe shook with its mobile and immobile creatures. Indeed, seeing that weapon raised (for being sped) in that dreadful battle, the Rishis loudly cried out, "Peace be to the universe!" The wielder of Gandiva then fixed on his bow that unrivalled arrow, uniting it with a high and mighty weapon. Drawing his bow Gandiva, he quickly said, "Let this shaft of mine be like a mighty weapon capable of quickly destroying the body and heart of my enemy, if I have ever practised ascetic austerities, gratified my superiors, and listened to the counsels of well-wishers. Let this shaft, worshipped by me and possessed of great sharpness, slay my enemy Karna by that Truth." Having said these words Dhananjaya let off that terrible shaft for the destruction of Karna, that arrow fierce and efficacious as a rite prescribed in the Atharvan of Angiras, blazing with effulgence, and incapable of being endured by Death himself in battle. And the diadem-decked Partha, desirous of slaying Karna, with great cheerfulness, said, "Let this shaft conduce to my victory. Shot by me, let this arrow possessed of the splendour of fire or the sun take Karna to the presence of Yama." Saying these words, Arjuna, decked with diadem and garlands, cherishing feelings of hostility towards Karna and desirous of slaying him, cheerfully struck his foe with that foremost of shafts which was possessed of the splendour of the sun or the moon and capable of bestowing victory. Thus sped by that mighty warrior, that shaft endued with the energy of the sun caused all the points of the compass to blaze up with light. With that weapon Arjuna struck off his enemy's head like Indra striking off the head of Vritra with his thunder. Indeed, O king, with that excellent Anjalika weapon inspired with mantras into a mighty weapon, the son of Indra cut off the

head of Vaikartana in the afternoon. Thus cut off with that Anjalika, the trunk of Karna fell down on the earth. The head also of that commander of the (Kaurava) army, endued with splendour equal to that of the risen sun and resembling the meridian sun of autumn, fell down on the earth like the sun of bloody disc dropped down from the Asta hills. Indeed, that head abandoned with great unwillingness the body, exceedingly beautiful and always nursed in luxury, of Karna of noble deeds, like an owner abandoning with great unwillingness his commodious mansion filled with great wealth. Cut off with Arjuna's arrow, and deprived of life, the tall trunk of Karna endued with great splendour, with blood issuing from every wound, fell down like the thunder-riven summit of a mountain of red chalk with crimson streams running down its sides after a shower. Then from that body of the fallen Karna a light passing through the welkin penetrated the sun. This wonderful sight, O king, was beheld by the human warriors after the fall of Karna. Then the Pandavas, beholding Karna slain by Phalguna, loudly blew their conchs. Similarly, Krishna and Dhananjaya also, filled with delight, and losing no time, blew their conchs. The Somakas beholding Karna slain and lying on the field, were filled with joy and uttered loud shouts with the other troops (of the Pandava army). In great delight they blew their trumpets and waved their arms and garments. All the warriors, O king, approaching Partha, began to applaud him joyfully. Others, possessed of might, danced, embracing each other, and uttering loud shouts, said, "By good luck, Karna hath been stretched on the earth and mangled with arrows." Indeed, the severed head of Karna looked beautiful like a mountain summit loosened by a tempest, or a quenched fire after the sacrifice is over, or the image of the sun after it has reached the Asta hills. The Karna-sun, with arrows for its rays, after having scorched the hostile army, was at last caused to be set by the mighty Arjuna-time. As the Sun, while proceeding towards the Asta hills, retires taking away with him all his rays, even so that shaft (of Arjuna) passed out, taking with it Karna's life breaths. The death hour of the Suta's son, O sire, was the afternoon of that day. Cut off with the Anjalika weapon in that battle, the head of Karna fell down along with his body. Indeed, that arrow of Arjuna, in the very sight of the Kaurava troops, quickly took away the head and the body of Karna. Beholding the heroic Karna thrown down stretched on the earth, pierced with arrows and bathed in blood, the king of the Madras, went away on that car deprived of its standard. After the fall of Karna, the Kauravas, deeply pierced with shafts in that battle, and afflicted with fear, fled away from the field, frequently casting their eyes on that lofty standard of Arjuna that blazed with splendour. The beautiful head, graced with a face that resembled a lotus of a 1,000 petals, of Karna whose feats were like those of the thousand-eyed Indra, fell down on the earth like the thousand-rayed sun as he looks at the close of day."

Book 17

End of Reign

Section I

Om! Having bowed down unto Narayana, and to Nara, the foremost of men, as also to the goddess Sarasvati, should the word "Jaya" be uttered.

Janamejaya said: "Having heard of that encounter with iron bolts between the heroes of the Vrishni and the Andhaka races, and having been informed also of Krishna's ascension to Heaven, what did the Pandavas do?"

Vaishampayana said: "Having heard the particulars of the great slaughter of the Vrishnis, the Kaurava king set his heart on leaving the world. He addressed Arjuna, saying, 'O thou of great intelligence, it is Time that cooks every creature (in his cauldron). I think that what has happened is due to the cords of Time (with which he binds us all). It behoveth thee also to see it.'

"Thus addressed by his brother, the son of Kunti only repeated the word 'Time, Time!' and fully endorsed the view of his eldest brother gifted with great intelligence. Ascertaining the resolution of Arjuna, Bhimasena and the twins fully endorsed the words that Arjuna had said. Resolved to retire from the world for earning merit, they brought Yuyutsu before them. Yudhishtira made over the kingdom to the son of his uncle by his Vaisya wife. Installing Parikshit also on their throne, as king, the eldest brother of the Pandavas, filled with sorrow, addressed Subhadra, saying, 'This son of thy son will be the king of the Kurus. The survivor of the Yadus, Vajra, has been made a king. Parikshit will rule in Hastinapura, while the Yadava prince, Vajra, will rule in Shakraprastha. He should be protected by thee. Never set thy heart on unrighteousness.'

"Having said these words, king Yudhishtira the just, along with his brothers, promptly offered oblations of water unto Vasudeva of great intelligence, as also unto his old maternal uncle and Rama and others. He then duly performed the Sraddhas of all those deceased kinsmen of his. The king, in honour of Hari and naming him repeatedly, fed the Island-born Vyasa, and Narada, and Markandeya possessed of wealth of penances, and Yajnavalkya of Bharadwaja's race, with many delicious viands. In honour of Krishna, he also gave away many jewels and gems, and robes and clothes, and villages, and horses and cars, and female slaves by hundreds and thousands unto foremost of Brahmanas. Summoning the citizens. Kripa was installed as the preceptor and Parikshit was made over to him as

his disciple, O chief of Bharata's race.

"Then Yudhishtira once more summoned all his subjects. The royal sage informed them of his intentions. The citizens and the inhabitants of the provinces, hearing the king's words, became filled with anxiety and disapproved of them. 'This should never be done,' said they unto the king. The monarch, well versed with the changes brought about by time, did not listen to their counsels. Possessed of righteous soul, he persuaded the people to sanction his views. He then set his heart on leaving the world. His brothers also formed the same resolution. Then Dharma's son, Yudhishtira, the king of the Kurus, casting off his ornaments, wore barks of trees. Bhima and Arjuna and the twins, and Draupadi also of great fame, similarly clad themselves in bark of trees, O king. Having caused the preliminary rites of religion, O chief of Bharata's race, which were to bless them in the accomplishment of their design, those foremost of men cast off their sacred fires into the water. The ladies, beholding the princes in that guise, wept aloud. They seemed to look as they had looked in days before, when with Draupadi forming the sixth in number they set out from the capital after their defeat at dice. The brothers, however, were all very cheerful at the prospect of retirement. Ascertaining the intentions of Yudhishtira and seeing the destruction of the Vrishnis, no other course of action could please them then.

"The five brothers, with Draupadi forming the sixth, and a dog forming the seventh, set out on their journey. Indeed, even thus did king Yudhishtira depart, himself the head of a party of seven, from the city named after the elephant. The citizen and the ladies of the royal household followed them for some distance. None of them, however, could venture to address the king for persuading him to give up his intention. The denizens of the city then returned; Kripa and others stood around Yuyutsu as their centre. Ulupi, the daughter of the Naga chief, O thou of Kunti's race, entered the waters of Ganga. The princess Chitrangada set out for the capital of Manipura. The other ladies who were the grandmothers of Parikshit centered around him. Meanwhile the high-souled Pandavas, O thou of Kuru's race, and Draupadi of great fame, having observed the preliminary fast, set out with their faces towards the east. Setting themselves on Yoga, those high-souled ones, resolved to observe the religion of Renunciation, traversed through various countries and reached diverse rivers and seas. Yudhishtira, proceeded first. Behind him was Bhima; next walked Arjuna; after him were the twins in the order of their birth; behind them all, O foremost one of Bharata's race, proceeded Draupadi, that first of women, possessed of great beauty, of dark complexion, and endued with eyes resembling lotus petals. While the Pandavas set out for the forest, a dog followed them.

"Proceeding on, those heroes reached the sea of red waters. Dhananjaya had not cast off his celestial bow Gandiva, nor his couple of inexhaustible quivers, actuated, O king, by the cupidity that attaches one to things of great value. The Pandavas there beheld the deity of fire standing before them like a hill. Closing their way, the god stood there in his embodied form. The deity of seven flames then addressed the Pandavas, saying, 'Ye heroic sons of Pandu, know me for the deity of fire. O mighty-armed Yudhishtira, O Bhimasena that art a scorcher of foes, O Arjuna, and ye twins of great courage, listen to what I say! Ye foremost ones of Kuru's race, I am the god of fire. The forest of Khandava was burnt by me, through the puissance of Arjuna and of Narayana himself. Let your brother Phalguna proceed to the woods after casting off Gandiva, that high weapon. He has no longer any need of it. That precious discus, which was with the high-souled Krishna, has disappeared (from the world). When the time again comes, it will come back into his hands. This foremost of bows, Gandiva, was procured by me from Varuna for the use of Partha. Let it be made over to Varuna himself.'

"At this, all the brothers urged Dhananjaya to do what the deity said. He then threw into the waters (of the sea) both the bow and the couple of inexhaustible quivers. After this, O chief of Bharata's race, the god of the fire disappeared then and there. The heroic sons of Pandu next proceeded with their faces turned towards the south. Then, by the northern coast of the salt sea, those princes of Bharata's race proceeded to the south-west. Turning next towards the west, they beheld the city of Dwaraka covered by the ocean. Turning next to the north, those foremost ones proceeded on. Observant of Yoga, they were desirous of making a round of the whole Earth."

Section II

Vaishampayana said: "Those princes of restrained souls and devoted to Yoga, proceeding to the north, beheld Himavat, that very large mountain. Crossing the Himavat, they beheld a vast desert of sand. They then saw the mighty mountain Meru, the foremost of all high-peaked mountains. As those mighty ones were proceeding quickly, all rapt in Yoga, Yajnaseni, falling off from Yoga, dropped down on the Earth. Beholding her fallen down, Bhimasena of great strength addressed king Yudhishtira the just, saying, 'O scorcher of foes, this princess never did any sinful act. Tell us what the cause is for which Krishna has fallen down on the Earth!'

"Yudhishtira said: 'O best of men, though we were all equal unto her she had great partiality for Dhananjaya. She obtains the fruit of that conduct today, O best of men.'"

Vaishampayana continued: "Having said this, that foremost one of Bharata's race proceeded on. Of righteous soul, that foremost of men, endued with great intelligence, went on, with mind intent on itself. Then Sahadeva of

great learning fell down on the Earth. Beholding him drop down, Bhima addressed the king, saying, 'He who with great humility used to serve us all, alas, why is that son of Madravati fallen down on the Earth?'

"Yudhishtira said, 'He never thought anybody his equal in wisdom. It is for that fault that this prince has fallen down.'

Vaishampayana continued: "Having said this, the king proceeded, leaving Sahadeva there. Indeed, Kunti's son Yudhishtira went on, with his brothers and with the dog. Beholding both Krishna and the Pandava Sahadeva fallen down, the brave Nakula, whose love for kinsmen was very great, fell down himself. Upon the falling down of the heroic Nakula of great personal beauty, Bhima once more addressed the king, saying, 'This brother of ours who was endued with righteousness without incompleteness, and who always obeyed our behests, this Nakula who was unrivalled for beauty, has fallen down.'

"Thus addressed by Bhimasena, Yudhishtira, said, with respect to Nakula, these words: 'He was of righteous soul and the foremost of all persons endued with intelligence. He, however, thought that there was nobody that equalled him in beauty of person. Indeed, he regarded himself as superior to all in that respect. It is for this that Nakula has fallen down. Know this, O Vrikodara. What has been ordained for a person, O hero, must have to be endured by him.'

"Beholding Nakula and the others fall down, Pandu's son Arjuna of white steeds, that slayer of hostile heroes, fell down in great grief of heart. When that foremost of men, who was endued with the energy of Shakra, had fallen down, indeed, when that invincible hero was on the point of death, Bhima said unto the king, 'I do not recollect any untruth uttered by this high-souled one. Indeed, not even in jest did he say anything false. What then is that for whose evil consequence this one has fallen down on the Earth?'

"Yudhishtira said, 'Arjuna had said that he would consume all our foes in a single day. Proud of his heroism, he did not, however, accomplish what he had said. Hence has he fallen down. This Phalguna disregarded all wielders of bows. One desirous of prosperity should never indulge in such sentiments.'

Vaishampayana continued: "Having said so, the king proceeded on. Then Bhima fell down. Having fallen down, Bhima addressed king Yudhishtira the just, saying, 'O king, behold, I who am thy darling have fallen down. For what reason have I dropped down? Tell me if thou knowest it.'

"Yudhishtira said, 'Thou wert a great eater, and thou didst use to boast of thy strength. Thou never didst attend, O Bhima, to the wants of others while eating. It is for that, O Bhima, that thou hast fallen down.'

"Having said these words, the mighty-armed Yudhishtira proceeded on, without looking back. He had only one companion, the dog of which I have repeatedly spoken to thee, that followed him now.

Section III

Vaishampayana said: "Then Shakra, causing the firmament and the Earth to be filled by a loud sound, came to the son of Pritha on a car and asked him to ascend it. Beholding his brothers fallen on the Earth, king Yudhishtira the just said unto that deity of a 1,000 eyes these words: 'My brothers have all dropped down here. They must go with me. Without them by me I do not wish to go to Heaven, O lord of all the deities. The delicate princess (Draupadi) deserving of every comfort, O Purandara, should go with us. It behoveth thee to permit this.'

"Shakra said, 'Thou shalt behold thy brothers in Heaven. They have reached it before thee. Indeed, thou shalt see all of them there, with Krishna. Do not yield to grief, O chief of the Bharatas. Having cast off their human bodies they have gone there, O chief of Bharata's race. As regards thee, it is ordained that thou shalt go thither in this very body of thine.'

"Yudhishtira said, 'This dog, O lord of the Past and the Present, is exceedingly devoted to me. He should go with me. My heart is full of compassion for him.'

"Shakra said, 'Immortality and a condition equal to mine, O king, prosperity extending in all directions, and high success, and all the felicities of Heaven, thou hast won today. Do thou cast off this dog. In this there will be no cruelty.'

"Yudhishtira said, 'O thou of a 1,000 eyes. O thou that art of righteous behaviour, it is exceedingly difficult for one that is of righteous behaviour to perpetrate an act that is unrighteous. I do not desire that union with prosperity for which I shall have to cast off one that is devoted to me.'

"Indra said, 'There is no place in Heaven for persons with dogs. Besides, the (deities called) Krodhavasas take away all the merits of such persons. Reflecting on this, act, O king Yudhishtira the just. Do thou abandon this dog. There is no cruelty in this.'

"Yudhishtira said, 'It has been said that the abandonment of one that is devoted is infinitely sinful. It is equal to the sin that one incurs by slaying a Brahmana. Hence, O great Indra, I shall not abandon this dog today from desire of my happiness. Even this is my vow steadily pursued, that I never give up a person that is terrified, nor one that is devoted to me, nor one that seeks my protection, saying that he is destitute, nor one that is afflicted, nor one

that has come to me, nor one that is weak in protecting oneself, nor one that is solicitous of life. I shall never give up such a one till my own life is at an end.'

"Indra said, 'Whatever gifts, or sacrifices spread out, or libations poured on the sacred fire, are seen by a dog, are taken away by the Krodhavasas. Do thou, therefore, abandon this dog. By abandoning this dog thou wilt attain to the region of the deities. Having abandoned thy brothers and Krishna, thou hast, O hero, acquired a region of felicity by thy own deeds. Why art thou so stupefied? Thou hast renounced everything. Why then dost thou not renounce this dog?' "Yudhishtira said, 'This is well known in all the worlds that there is neither friendship nor enmity with those that are dead. When my brothers and Krishna died, I was unable to revive them. Hence it was that I abandoned them. I did not, however, abandon them as long as they were alive. To frighten one that has sought protection, the slaying of a woman, the theft of what belongs to a Brahmana, and injuring a friend, each of these four, O Shakra, is I think equal to the abandonment of one that is devoted.'"

Vaishampayana continued: "Hearing these words of king Yudhishtira the just, (the dog became transformed into) the deity of Righteousness, who, well pleased, said these words unto him in a sweet voice fraught with praise.

"Dharma said: 'Thou art well born, O king of kings, and possessed of the intelligence and the good conduct of Pandu. Thou hast compassion for all creatures, O Bharata, of which this is a bright example. Formerly, O son, thou wert once examined by me in the woods of Dwaita, where thy brothers of great prowess met with (an appearance of) death. Disregarding both thy brothers Bhima and Arjuna, thou didst wish for the revival of Nakula from thy desire of doing good to thy (step-) mother. On the present occasion, thinking the dog to be devoted to thee, thou hast renounced the very car of the celestials instead of renouncing him. Hence, O king, there is no one in Heaven that is equal to thee. Hence, O Bharata, regions of inexhaustible felicity are thine. Thou hast won them, O chief of the Bharatas, and thine is a celestial and high goal.'"

Vaishampayana continued: "Then Dharma, and Shakra, and the Maruts, and the Ashvinis, and other deities, and the celestial Rishis, causing Yudhishtira to ascend on a car, proceeded to Heaven. Those beings crowned with success and capable of going everywhere at will, rode their respective cars. King Yudhishtira, that perpetuator of Kuru's race, riding on that car, ascended quickly, causing the entire welkin to blaze with his effulgence. Then Narada, that foremost of all speakers, endued with penances, and conversant with all the worlds, from amidst that concourse of deities, said these words: 'All those royal sages that are here have their achievements transcended by those of Yudhishtira. Covering all the worlds by his fame and splendour and by his wealth of conduct, he has attained to Heaven in his own (human) body. None else than the son of Pandu has been heard to achieve this.'

"Hearing these words of Narada, the righteous-souled king, saluting the deities and all the royal sages there present, said, 'Happy or miserable, whatever the region be that is now my brothers', I desire to proceed to. I do not wish to go anywhere else.'

"Hearing this speech of the king, the chief of the deities, Purandara, said these words fraught with noble sense: 'Do thou live in this place, O king of kings, which thou hast won by thy meritorious deeds. Why dost thou still cherish human affections? Thou hast attained to great success, the like of which no other man has ever been able to attain. Thy brothers, O delighter of the Kurus, have succeeded in winning regions of felicity. Human affections still touch thee. This is Heaven. Behold these celestial Rishis and Siddhas who have attained to the region of the gods.'

"Gifted with great intelligence, Yudhishtira answered the chief of the deities once more, saying, 'O conqueror of Daityas, I venture not to dwell anywhere separated from them. I desire to go there, where my brothers have gone. I wish to go there where that foremost of women, Draupadi, of ample proportions and darkish complexion and endued with great intelligence and righteous of conduct, has gone.'"

The end of Mahaprasthanika-parva

Book 18

The Last Illusions

Section I

Om! Having bowed down into Narayana, and to Nara, the foremost of men, as also to the goddess Sarasvati, should the word "Jaya" be uttered.

Janamejaya said, "Having attained to Heaven, what regions were respectively attained by my grandsires of old, viz., the Pandavas and the sons of Dhritarashtra? I desire to hear this. I think that thou art conversant with everything, having been taught by the great Rishi Vyasa of wonderful feats.

Vaishampayana said, "Listen now to what thy grandsires, Yudhishtira and others, did after having attained to Heaven, that place of the deities. Arrived at Heaven, king Yudhishtira the just, beheld Duryodhana endued with prosperity and seated on an excellent seat. He blazed with effulgence like the sun and wore all those signs of glory which belong to heroes. And he was in the company of many deities of blazing effulgence and of Sadhyas of righ-

teous deeds. Yudhishtira, beholding Duryodhana and his prosperity, became suddenly filled with rage and turned back from the sight.

“He loudly addressed his companions, saying, ‘I do not desire to share regions of felicity with Duryodhana who was stained by cupidity and possessed of little foresight. It was for him that friends, and kinsmen, over the whole Earth were slaughtered by us whom he had afflicted greatly in the deep forest. It was for him that the virtuous princess of Pancala, Draupadi of faultless features, our wife, was dragged into the midst of the assembly before all our seniors. Ye gods, I have no desire to even behold Suyodhana. I wish to go there where my brothers are.’

“Narada, smiling, told him, ‘It should not be so, O king of kings. While residing in Heaven, all enmities cease. O mighty-armed Yudhishtira, do not say so about king Duryodhana. Hear my words. Here is king Duryodhana. He is worshipped with the gods by those righteous men and those foremost of kings who are now denizens of Heaven. By causing his body to be poured as a libation on the fire of battle, he has obtained the end that consists in attainment of the region for heroes. You and your brothers, who were veritable gods on Earth, were always persecuted by this one. Yet through his observance of Kshatriya practices he has attained to this region. This lord of Earth was not terrified in a situation fraught with terror.

“O son, thou shouldst not bear in mind the woes inflicted on thee on account of the match at dice. It behoveth thee not to remember the afflictions of Draupadi. It behoveth thee not to remember the other woes which were yours in consequence of the acts of your kinsmen,—the woes, viz., that were due to battle or to other situations. Do thou meet Duryodhana now according to the ordinances of polite intercourse. This is Heaven, O lord of men. There can be no enmities here.’

“Though thus addressed by Narada, the Kuru king Yudhishtira, endued with great intelligence, enquired about his brothers and said, ‘If these eternal regions reserved for heroes be Duryodhana’s, that unrighteous and sinful wight, that man who was the destroyer of friends and of the whole world, that man for whose sake the entire Earth was devastated with all her horses and elephants and human beings, that wight for whose sake we were burnt with wrath in thinking of how best we might remedy our wrongs, I desire to see what regions have been attained by those high-souled heroes, my brothers of high vows, steady achievers of promises, truthful in speech, and distinguished for courage. The high-souled Karna, the son of Kunti, incapable of being baffled in battle, Dhrishtadyumna, Satyaki, the sons of Dhrishtadyumna and those other Kshatriyas who met with death in the observance of Kshatriya practices, where are those lords of Earth, O Brahmana? I do not see them here, O Narada. I desire to see, O Narada, Virata and Drupada and the other great Kshatriyas headed by Dhrishtaketu, as also Shikhandi, the Pancala prince, the sons of Draupadi, and Abhimanyu, irresistible in battle.’

Section II

“Yudhishtira said, ‘Ye deities, I do not see here Radha’s son of immeasurable prowess, as also my high-souled brothers, and Yudhamanyu and Uttamaujas, those great car-warriors that poured their bodies (as libations) on the fire of battle, those kings and princes that met with death for my sake in battle. Where are those great car-warriors that possessed the prowess of tigers? Have those foremost of men acquired this region? If those great car-warriors have obtained these regions, then only do you know, ye gods, that I shall reside here with those high-souled ones. If this auspicious and eternal region has not been acquired by those kings, then know, ye gods, that without those brothers and kinsmen of mine, I shall not live here. At the time of performing the water rites (after the battle), I heard my mother say, ‘Do thou offer oblations of water unto Karna.’ Since hearing those words of my mother, I am burning with grief. I grieve also incessantly at this, ye gods, that when I marked the resemblance between the feet of my mother and those of Karna of immeasurable soul, I did not immediately place myself under orders of that afflicter of hostile ranks. Ourselves joined with Karna, Shakra himself would have been unable to vanquish in battle. Wherever may that child of Surya be, I desire to see him. Alas, his relationship with us being unknown, I caused him to be slain by Arjuna. Bhima also of terrible prowess and dearer to me than my life-breaths, Arjuna too, resembling Indra himself, the twins also that resembled the Destroyer himself in prowess, I desire to behold. I wish to see the princess of Pancala, whose conduct was always righteous. I wish not to stay here. I tell you the truth. Ye foremost ones among the deities, what is Heaven to me if I am dissociated from my brothers? That is Heaven where those brothers of mine are. This, in my opinion, is not Heaven.’

“The gods said, ‘If thou longest to be there, go then, O son, without delay. At the command of the chief of the deities, we are ready to do what is agreeable to thee.’

Vaishampayana continued: Having said so, the gods then ordered the celestial messenger, O scorcher of foes, saying, ‘Do thou show unto Yudhishtira his friends and kinsmen.’ Then the royal son of Kunti and the celestial messenger proceeded together, O foremost of kings, to that place where those chiefs of men (whom Yudhishtira had wished to see) were. The celestial messenger proceeded first, the king followed him behind. The path was inauspicious and difficult and trodden by men of sinful deeds. It was enveloped in thick darkness, and covered

with hair and moss forming its grassy vesture. Polluted with the stench of sinners, and miry with flesh and blood, it abounded with gadflies and stinging bees and gnats and was endangered by the inroads of grisly bears. Rotting corpses lay here and there. Overspread with bones and hair, it was noisome with worms and insects. It was skirted all along with a blazing fire. It was infested by crows and other birds and vultures, all having beaks of iron, as also by evil spirits with long mouths pointed like needles. And it abounded with inaccessible fastnesses like the Vindhya mountains. Human corpses were scattered over it, smeared with fat and blood, with arms and thighs cut off, or with entrails torn out and legs severed.

“Along that path so disagreeable with the stench of corpses and awful with other incidents, the righteous-souled king proceeded, filled with diverse thoughts. He beheld a river full of boiling water and, therefore, difficult to cross, as also a forest of trees whose leaves were sharp swords and razors. There were plains full of fine white sand exceedingly heated, and rocks and stones made of iron. There were many jars of iron all around, with boiling oil in them. Many a Kuta-salmalika was there, with sharp thorns and, therefore, exceedingly painful to the touch. The son of Kunti beheld also the tortures inflicted upon sinful men.

“Beholding that inauspicious region abounding with every sort of foulness, Yudhishtira asked the celestial messenger, saying, ‘How far shall we proceed along a path like this? It behoveth thee to tell me where those brothers of mine are. I desire also to know what region is this of the gods?’

“Hearing these words of king Yudhishtira the just, the celestial messenger stopped in his course and replied, saying, ‘Thus far is your way. The denizens of Heaven commanded me that having come thus far, I am to stop. If thou art tired, O king of kings, thou mayst return with me.’

“Yudhishtira, however, was exceedingly disconsolate and stupefied by the foul odour. Resolved to return, O Bharata, he retraced his steps. Afflicted by sorrow and grief, the righteous-souled monarch turned back. Just at that moment he heard piteous lamentations all around, ‘O son of Dharma, O royal sage, O thou of sacred origin, O son of Pandu, do thou stay a moment for favouring us. At thy approach, O invincible one, a delightful breeze hath begun to blow, bearing the sweet scent of thy person. Great hath been our relief at this. O foremost of kings, beholding thee, O first of men, great hath been our happiness. O son of Pritha, let that happiness last longer through thy stay here, for a few moments more. Do thou remain here, O Bharata, for even a short while. As long as thou art here, O thou of Kuru’s race, torments cease to afflict us.’ These and many similar words, uttered in piteous voices by persons in pain, the king heard in that region, wafted to his ears from every side.

“Hearing those words of beings in woe, Yudhishtira of compassionate heart exclaimed aloud, ‘Alas, how painful!’ And the king stood still. The speeches of those woe-begone and afflicted persons seemed to the son of Pandu to be uttered in voices that he had heard before although he could not recognise them on that occasion.

“Unable to recognise voices, Dharma’s son, Yudhishtira, enquired, saying, ‘Who are you? Why also do you stay here?’

“Thus addressed, they answered him from all sides, saying, ‘I am Karna!’ ‘I am Bhimasena!’ ‘I am Arjuna!’ ‘I am Nakula!’ ‘I am Sahadeva!’ ‘I am Dhritadyumna!’ ‘I am Draupadi!’ ‘We are the sons of Draupadi!’ Even thus, O king, did those voices speak.

“Hearing those exclamations, O king, uttered in voices of pain suitable to that place, the royal Yudhishtira asked himself ‘What perverse destiny is this? What are those sinful acts which were committed by those high-souled beings, Karna and the sons of Draupadi, and the slender-waisted princess of Pancala, so that their residence has been assigned in this region of foetid smell and great woe? I am not aware of any transgression that can be attributed to these persons of righteous deeds. What is that act by doing which Dhritarashtra’s son, king Suyodhana, with all his sinful followers, has become invested with such prosperity? Endued with prosperity like that of the great Indra himself, he is highly adored. What is that act through the consequence of which these (high-souled ones) have fallen into Hell? All of them were conversant with every duty, were heroes, were devoted to truth and the Vedas; were observant of Kshatriya practices; were righteous in their acts; were performers of sacrifices; and givers of large presents unto brahmanas. Am I asleep or awake? Am I conscious or unconscious? Or, is all this a mental delusion due to disorders of the brain?’

“Overwhelmed by sorrow and grief, and with his senses agitated by anxiety, king Yudhishtira indulged in such reflections for a long time. The royal son of Dharma then gave way to great wrath. Indeed, Yudhishtira then censured the gods, as also Dharma himself. Afflicted by the very foul odour, he addressed the celestial messenger, saying, ‘Return to the presence of those whose messenger thou art. Tell them that I shall not go back to where they are, but shall stay even here, since, in consequence of my companionship, these afflicted brothers of mine have become comforted.’ Thus addressed by the intelligent son of Pandu, the celestial messenger returned to the place where the chief of the deities was, viz., he of a hundred sacrifices. He represented unto him the acts of Yudhishtira. Indeed, O ruler of men, he informed Indra of all that Dharma’s son had said!

Section III

Vaishampayana said, “King Yudhishtira the just, the son of Pritha, had not stayed there for more than a moment when, O thou of Kuru’s race, all the gods with Indra at their head came to that spot. The deity of Righteousness in his embodied form also came to that place where the Kuru king was, for seeing that monarch. Upon the advent of those deities of resplendent bodies and sanctified and noble deeds, the darkness that had overwhelmed that region immediately disappeared. The torments undergone by beings of sinful deeds were no longer seen. The river Vaitarani, the thorny Salmali, the iron jars, and the boulders of rock, so terrible to behold, also vanished from sight. The diverse repulsive corpses also, which the Kuru king had seen, disappeared at the same time. Then a breeze, delicious and fraught with pleasant perfumes, perfectly pure and delightfully cool, O Bharata, began to blow on that spot in consequence of the presence of the gods. The Maruts, with Indra, the Vasus with the twin Ashvinis, the Sadhyas, the Rudras, the Adityas, and the other denizens of Heaven, as also the Siddhas and the great Rishis, all came there where Dharma’s royal son of great energy was.

“Then Shakra, the lord of the deities, endued with blazing prosperity, addressed Yudhishtira and comforting him, said, ‘O Yudhishtira of mighty arms, come, come, O chief of men. These illusions have ended, O puissant one. Success has been attained by thee, O mighty-armed one, and eternal regions (of felicity) have become thine. Thou shouldst not yield to wrath. Listen to these words of mine. Hell, O son, should without doubt be beheld by every king. Of both good and bad there is abundance, O chief of men. He who enjoys first the fruits of his good acts must afterwards endure Hell. He, on the other hand, who first endures Hell, must afterwards enjoy Heaven. He whose sinful acts are many enjoys Heaven first. It is for this, O king, that desirous of doing thee good, I caused thee to be sent for having a view of Hell. Thou hadst, by a pretence, deceived Drona in the matter of his son. Thou hast, in consequence thereof, been shown Hell by an act of deception. After the manner of thyself, Bhima and Arjuna, and Draupadi, have all been shown the place of sinners by an act of deception. Come, O chief of men, all of them have been cleansed of their sins. All those kings who had aided thee and who have been slain in battle, have all attained to Heaven. Come and behold them, O foremost one of Bharata’s race.

“Karna, the mighty bowman, that foremost of all wielders of weapons for whom thou art grieving, has also attained to high success. Behold, O puissant one, that foremost of men, viz., the son of Surya. He is in that place which is his own, O mighty-armed one. Kill this grief of thine, O chief of men. Behold thy brothers and others, those kings, that is, who had espoused thy side. They have all attained to their respective places (of felicity). Let the fever of thy heart be dispelled. Having endured a little misery first, from this time, O son of Kuru’s race, do thou sport with me in happiness, divested of grief and all thy ailments dispelled. O mighty-armed one, do thou now enjoy, O king, the rewards of all thy deeds of righteousness of those regions which thou hast acquired thyself by thy penances and of all thy gifts. Let deities and Gandharvas, and celestial Apsaras, decked in pure robes and excellent ornaments, wait upon and serve thee for thy happiness. Do thou, O mighty-armed one, enjoy now those regions (of felicity) which have become thine through the Rajasuya sacrifice performed by thee and whose felicities have been enhanced by the sacrificial scimitar employed by thee. Let the high fruits of thy penances be enjoyed by thee. Thy regions, O Yudhishtira, are above, those of kings. They are equal to those of Hariscandra, O son of Pritha. Come, and sport there in bliss. There where the royal sage Mandhatri is, there where king Bhagiratha is, there where Dushmanta’s son Bharata is, there wilt thou sport in bliss. Here is the celestial river, sacred and sanctifying the three worlds. It is called Heavenly Ganga. Plunging into it, thou wilt go to thy own regions. Having bathed in this stream, thou wilt be divested of thy human nature. Indeed, thy grief dispelled, thy ailments conquered, thou wilt be freed from all enmities.’

“While, O Kuru king, the chief of the gods was saying so unto Yudhishtira, the deity of Righteousness, in his embodied form, then addressed his own son and said, ‘O king, I am greatly pleased, O thou of great wisdom, with thee, O son, by thy devotion to me, by thy truthfulness of speech, and forgiveness, and self-restraint. This, indeed, is the third test, O king, to which I put thee. Thou art incapable, O son of Pritha, of being swerved from thy nature or reason. Before this, I had examined thee in the Dwaita woods by my questions, when thou hadst come to that lake for recovering a couple of fire sticks. Thou stoodst it well. Assuming the shape of a dog, I examined thee once more, O son, when thy brothers with Draupadi had fallen down. This has been thy third test; thou hast expressed thy wish to stay at Hell for the sake of thy brothers. Thou hast become cleansed, O highly blessed one. Purified of sin, be thou happy.

O son of Pritha, thy brothers, O king, were not such as to deserve Hell. All this has been an illusion created by the chief of the gods. Without doubt, all kings, O son, must once behold Hell. Hence hast thou for a little while been subjected to this great affliction. O king, neither Arjuna, nor Bhima, nor any of those foremost of men, viz., the twins, nor Karna, ever truthful in speech and possessed of great courage, could be deserving of Hell for a long time. The princess Krishna too, O Yudhishtira, could not be deserving of that place of sinners. Come, come, O foremost one of the Bharatas, behold Ganga who spreads her current over the three worlds.’

“Thus addressed, that royal sage, viz., thy grandsire, proceeded with Dharma and all the other gods. Having bathed in the celestial river Ganga, sacred and sanctifying and ever adored by the Rishis, he cast off his human body. Assuming then a celestial form, king Yudhishtira the just, in consequence of that bath, became divested of all his enmities and grief. Surrounded by the deities, the Kuru king Yudhishtira then proceeded from that spot. He was accompanied by Dharma, and the great Rishis uttered his praises. Indeed, he reached that place where those foremost of men, those heroes, viz., the Pandavas and the Dhartarashtras, freed from (human) wrath, were enjoying each his respective status.

Section IV

Vaishampayana said, “King Yudhishtira, thus praised by the gods, the Maruts and the Rishis, proceeded to that place where those foremost ones of Kuru’s race were. He beheld Govinda endued with his Brahma-form. It resembled that form of his which had been seen before and which, therefore, helped the recognition. Blazing forth in that form of his, he was adorned with celestial weapons, such as the terrible discus and others in their respective embodied forms. He was being adored by the heroic Phalguna, who also was endued with a blazing effulgence. The son of Kunti beheld the slayer of Madhu also in his own form. Those two foremost of Beings, adored by all the gods, beholding Yudhishtira, received him with proper honours.

“In another place, the delighter of the Kurus beheld Karna, that foremost one among all wielders of weapons, resembling a dozen Suryas in splendour. In another part he beheld Bhimasena of great puissance, sitting in the midst of the Maruts, and endued with a blazing form. He was sitting by the side of the God of Wind in his embodied form. Indeed, he was then in a celestial form endued with great beauty, and had attained to the highest success. In place belonging to the Ashvinis, the delighter of the Kurus beheld Nakula and Sahadeva, each blazing with his own effulgence.

“He also beheld the princess of Pancala, decked in garlands of lotuses. Having attained to Heaven, she was sitting there, endued with a form possessed of solar splendour. King Yudhishtira suddenly wished to question her. Then the illustrious Indra, the chief of the gods, spoke to him, ‘This one is Sree herself. It was for your sake that she took birth, as the daughter of Drupada, among human beings, issuing not from any mother’s womb, O Yudhishtira, endued with agreeable perfume and capable of delighting the whole world. For your pleasure, she was created by the wielder of the trident. She was born in the race of Drupada and was enjoyed by you all. These five highly blessed Gandharvas endued with the effulgence of fire, and possessed of great energy, were, O king, the sons of Draupadi and yourself.

“Behold Dhritarashtra, the king of the Gandharvas, possessed of great wisdom. Know that this one was the eldest brother of thy sire. This one is thy eldest brother, the son of Kunti, endued with effulgence of fire. The son of Surya, thy eldest brother, the foremost of men, even this one was known as the son of Radha. He moves in the company of Surya. Behold this foremost of Beings. Among the tribes of the Saddhyas, the gods, the Viswedevas, and the Maruts, behold, O king of kings, the mighty car-warriors of the Vrishnis and the Andhakas, viz., those heroes having Satyaki for their first, and those mighty ones among the Bhojas. Behold the son of Subhadra, invincible in battle, now staying with Soma. Even he is the mighty Bowman Abhimanyu, now endued with the gentle effulgence of the great luminary of the night. Here is the mighty Bowman Pandu, now united with Kunti and Madri. Thy sire frequently comes to me on his excellent car. Behold the royal Bhishma, the son of Santanu, now in the midst of the Vasus. Know that this one by the side of Brihaspati is thy preceptor Drona. These and other kings, O son of Pandu, who had warred on thy side now walk with the Gandharvas or Yakshas or other sacred beings. Some have attained to the status of Guhyakas, O king. Having cast off their bodies, they have conquered Heaven by the merit they had acquired through word, thought and deed.’

Section V

Janamejaya said, “Bhishma and Drona, those two high-souled persons, king Dhritarashtra, and Virata and Drupada, and Sankha and Uttara. Dhrishtaketu and Jayatsena and king Satyajit, the sons of Duryodhana, and Shakuni the son of Subala, Karna’s sons of great prowess, king Jayadratha, Ghatotkaca and others whom thou hast not mentioned, the other heroic kings of blazing forms—tell me for what period they remained in Heaven. O foremost of regenerate persons, was theirs an eternal place in Heaven? What was the end attained to by those foremost of men when their acts came to an end? I desire to hear this, O foremost of regenerate persons, and therefore have I asked thee. Through thy blazing penances thou seest all things.

Sauti said: Thus questioned, that regenerate Rishi, receiving the permission of the high-souled Vyasa, set himself to answer the question of the king.

Vaishampayana said, “Every one, O king of men, is not capable of returning to his own nature at the end of his deeds. Whether this is so or not, is, indeed a good question asked by thee. Hear, O king, this which is a mystery

of the gods, O chief of Bharata's race. It was explained (to us) by Vyasa of mighty energy, celestial vision and great prowess, that ancient ascetic, O Kauravya, who is the son of Parasara and who always observes high vows, who is of immeasurable understanding, who is omniscient, and who, therefore knows the end attached to all acts.

"Bhishma of mighty energy and great effulgence attained to the status of the Vasus. Eight Vasus, O chief of Bharata's race, are now seen. Drona entered into Brihaspati, that foremost one of Angirasa's descendants. Hridika's son Kritavarma entered the Maruts. Pradyumna entered Sanatkumara whence he had issued. Dhritarashtra obtained the regions, so difficult of acquisition, that belong to the Lord of treasures. The famous Gandhari obtained the same regions with her husband Dhritarashtra. With his two wives, Pandu proceeded to the abode of the great Indra. Both Virata and Drupada, the king Dhrishtaketu, as also Nishatha, Akrura, Samva, Bhanukampa, and Viduratha, and Bhurishrava and Sala and king Bhuri, and Kansa, and Ugrasena, and Vasudeva, and Uttara, that foremost of men, with his brother Sankha—all these foremost of persons entered the deities. Soma's son of great prowess, named Varchas of mighty energy, became Abhimanyu, the son of Phalguna, that lion among men. Having fought, agreeably to Kshatriya practices, with bravery such as none else had ever been able to show, that mighty-armed and righteous-souled being entered Soma. Slain on the field of battle, O foremost of men, Karna entered Surya. Shakuni obtained absorption into Dwapara, and Dhrishtadyumna into the deity of fire. The sons of Dhritarashtra were all Rakshasas of fierce might. Sanctified by death caused by weapons, those high-souled beings of prosperity all succeeded in attaining to Heaven. Both Kshattri and king Yudhishtira entered into the god of Righteousness. The holy and illustrious Ananta (who had taken birth as Balarama) proceeded to the region below the Earth. Through the command of the Grandsire, he, aided by his Yoga power, supported the Earth. Vasudeva was a portion of that eternal god of gods called Narayana. Accordingly, he entered into Narayana. 16,000 women had been married to Vasudeva as his wives. When the time came, O Janamejaya, they, plunged into the Sarasvati. Casting off their (human) bodies there, they re-ascended to Heaven. Transformed into Apsaras, they approached the presence of Vasudeva. Those heroic and mighty car-warriors, Ghatotkaca and others, who were slain in the great battle, attained to the status, some of gods and some of Yakshas. Those that had fought on the side of Duryodhana are said to have been Rakshasas. Gradually, O king, they have all attained to excellent regions of felicity. Those foremost of men have proceeded, some to the abode of Indra, some to that of Kuvera of great intelligence, and some to that of Varuna. I have now told thee, O thou of great splendour, everything about the acts, O Bharata, of both the Kurus and the Pandavas.

Sauti said: Hearing this, ye foremost of regenerate ones, at the intervals of sacrificial rites, king Janamejaya became filled with wonder. The sacrificial priests then finished the rites that remained to be gone through. Astika, having rescued the snakes (from fiery death), became filled with joy. King Janamejaya then gratified all the Brahmanas with copious presents. Thus worshipped by the king, they returned to their respective abodes. Having dismissed those learned Brahmanas, king Janamejaya came back from Takshasila to the city named after the elephant.

I have now told everything that Vaishampayana narrated, at the command of Vyasa, unto the king at his snake sacrifice. Called a history, it is sacred, sanctifying and excellent. It has been composed by the ascetic Krishna, O Brahmana, of truthful speech. He is omniscient, conversant with all ordinances, possessed of a knowledge of all duties, endued with piety, capable of perceiving what is beyond the ken of the senses, pure, having a soul cleansed by penances, possessed of the six high attributes, and devoted to Sankhya Yoga. He has composed this, beholding everything with a celestial eye that has been cleansed (strengthened) by varied lore. He has done this, desiring to spread the fame, throughout the world, of the high-souled Pandavas, as also of other Kshatriyas possessed of abundant wealth of energy.

That learned man who recites this history of sacred days in the midst of a listening auditory becomes cleansed of every sin, conquers Heaven, and attains to the status of Brahma. Of that man who listens with rapt attention to the recitation of the whole of this Veda composed by (the Island-born) Krishna, a million sins, numbering such grave ones as Brahmanicide and the rest, are washed off. The Pitris of that man who recites even a small portion of this history at a Sraddha, obtain inexhaustible food and drink. The sins that one commits during the day by one's senses or the mind are all washed off before evening by reciting a portion of the Mahabharata. Whatever sins a Brahmana may commit at night in the midst of women are all washed off before dawn by reciting a portion of the Mahabharata.

The high race of the Bharatas is its topic. Hence it is called Bharata. And because of its grave import, as also of the Bharatas being its topic, it is called Mahabharata. He who is versed in interpretations of this great treatise, becomes cleansed of every sin. Such a man lives in righteousness, wealth, and pleasure, and attains to Emancipation also, O chief of Bharata's race.

That which occurs here occurs elsewhere. That which does not occur here occurs nowhere else. This history is known by the name of Jaya. It should be heard by every one desirous of Emancipation. It should be read by Brahmanas, by kings, and by women quick with children. He that desires Heaven attains to Heaven; and he that desires victory attains to victory. The woman quick with child gets either a son or a daughter highly blessed. The puissant Island-born Krishna, who will not have to come back, and who is Emancipation incarnate, made an abstract of the

Bharata, moved by the desire of aiding the cause of righteousness. He made another compilation consisting of sixty lakhs of verses. Thirty lakhs of these were placed in the region of the deities. In the region of the Pitris fifteen lakhs, it should be known, are current; while in that of the Yakshas fourteen lakhs are in vogue. One lakh is current among human beings.

Narada recited the Mahabharata to the gods; Asita-Devala to the Pitris; Suka to the Rakshasas and the Yakshas; and Vaishampayana to human beings. This history is sacred, and of high import, and regarded as equal to the Vedas. That man, O Saunaka, who hears this history, placing a Brahmana before him, acquires both fame and the fruition of all his wishes. He who, with fervid devotion, listens to a recitation of the Mahabharata, attains (hereafter) to high success in consequence of the merit that becomes his through understanding even a very small portion thereof. All the sins of that man who recites or listens to this history with devotion are washed off.

In former times, the great Rishi Vyasa, having composed this treatise, caused his son Suka to read it with him, along with these four Verses. —Thousands of mothers and fathers, and hundreds of sons and wives arise in the world and depart from it. Others will (arise and) similarly depart. There are thousands of occasions for joy and hundreds of occasions for fear. These affect only him that is ignorant but never him that is wise. With uplifted arms I am crying aloud but nobody hears me. From Righteousness is Wealth as also Pleasure. Why should not Righteousness, therefore, be courted? For the sake neither of pleasure, nor of fear, nor of cupidity should any one cast off Righteousness. Indeed, for the sake of even life one should not cast off Righteousness. Righteousness is eternal. Pleasure and Pain are not eternal. Jiva is eternal. The cause, however, of Jiva's being invested with a body is not so.

That man who, waking up at dawn, reads this Savitri of the Bharata, acquires all the rewards attached to a recitation of this history and ultimately attains to the highest Brahma. As the sacred Ocean, as the Himavat mountain, are both regarded as mines of precious gems, even so is this Bharata (regarded as a mine of precious gems). The man of learning, by reciting to others this Veda or Agama composed by (the Island-born) Krishna, earns wealth. There is no doubt in this that he who, with rapt attention, recites this history called Bharata, attains to high success. What need has that man of a sprinkling of the waters of Pushkara who attentively listens to this Bharata, while it is recited to him? It represents the nectar that fell from the lips of the Island-born. It is immeasurable, sacred, sanctifying, sin-cleansing, and auspicious.

THE RAMAYANA

Attributed to Valmiki

Composed ca. 5th c. B.C.E. to 1st c. B.C.E.

India

The Ramayana (“Journey of Rama”), one of the classics of ancient Indian literature, is a Sanskrit epic poem consisting of 7 books dating as far back as to the 5th c. BCE with additions as late as the 2nd c. BCE. Its authorship is attributed to the Hindu sage Valmiki who appears in the epic as the hermit who gives Sita shelter after Rama banishes her. The Ramayana is the allegorical tale of the birth, childhood, and adult adventures of the eponymous Rama, who is an avatar of the Hindu god Vishnu and, along with his wife Sita, the embodiment of human virtue. The Ramayan of Valmiki is the 1870 verse translation by the 19th c. British scholar Ralph Griffith.

Questions to consider while reading this selection:

1. How is Rama the exemplum (morally upright model) of dharma?
2. Consider the gender dynamics or balance of power in the *Ramayana*. What powers do men and women possess? How do men and women wield their powers?
3. How does the story of the battle between the forces of good and the forces of evil play out? Aside from the hero and villain, who is obviously good and who is obviously evil? Are there any neutral characters? Does one's species (animal, demon, human, god) have any effect of one's moral alignment?
4. Consider the villainous Ravana. How does the villain affect the narrative? Could the story address the concepts of good and evil without a specific villain?

Written by Rhonda L. Kelley

THE RĀMĀYANA OF VALMIKI

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Translated by Ralph T. H. Griffith, M.A.

Edited and compiled by Rhonda L. Kelley, with Griffith's footnotes

Book I: Bala Kanda (“The Book of the Childhood”): Summary¹

The origins and childhood of Rama. Sita's birth, betrothal, and marriage to Rama.

Dasharatha, king of Ayodhya, had three wives Kausalya, Kaikeyi, and Sumitra. Having been childless for a long time and anxious to produce an heir, he performs a fire sacrifice. As a consequence, Rama is born to Kausalya, Bharata is born to Kaikeyi, and the twins Lakshmana and Satrugna are born to Sumitra. These sons are endowed, to various degrees, with the essence of the Supreme God Vishnu; Vishnu had opted to be born into mortality to combat the demon Ravana, who was oppressing the gods, and who could only be destroyed by a mortal. During their upbringing the princes receive instructions from the Vedas (scriptures) and in warfare. When Rama is 16 years old, the sage Vishwamitra comes to the court of Dasharatha in search of help against demons who were disturbing sacrificial rites. He chooses Rama, who is followed by Lakshmana, his constant companion throughout the story. Rama and Lakshmana receive instructions and supernatural weapons from the sage and destroy the demons.

Janaka was the king of Mithila. One day, the king found a female child in the field in a deep furrow dug by his plough. King Janaka adopted the girl and named her Sita, the Sanskrit word for “furrow”. Sita grew up to be a girl of unparalleled beauty and charm. When Sita was of marriageable age, the king decided to have a swayamvara² which included a contest. The king was in possession of an immensely heavy bow, presented to him by the Destroyer God Shiva: whoever could wield the bow could marry Sita. The sage Vishwamitra attends the swayamvara with Rama and Lakshmana. Only Rama is able to wield the bow and, when he draws the string, it breaks. Marriages are arranged between the sons of Dasharatha and daughters of Janaka. Rama marries Sita, and his brothers marry other brides from among the people of Mithila.

Book II: Ayodhya Kanda (“The Book of Ayodhya”): Selections

The preparations for Rama's coronation in the city of Ayodhya, his exile into the forest, and the regency of Bharata.

After Rama and Sita have been married for twelve years, an elderly Dasharatha expresses his desire to crown Rama king, to which the assembly and his subjects express their support. On the eve of the coronation, Dasharatha's wife Kaikeyi—her jealousy aroused by Manthara, a wicked maidservant—claims two boons that Dasharatha had long ago granted her. Kaikeyi demands Rama to be exiled into the wilderness for fourteen years and that the succession pass to her son Bharata. The heartbroken king, constrained by his rigid devotion to his oath, accedes to Kaikeyi's demands. Rama accepts his father's reluctant decree with absolute submission and calm self-control, two of the virtues that characterize him throughout the story. Sita and his half-brother Lakshmana join him in his exile. After Rama's departure, King Dasharatha, unable to bear the grief, passes away.

Meanwhile, Bharata, who was visiting his maternal uncle, learns about the events in Ayodhya. Bharata refuses to profit from his mother's wicked scheming and visits Rama in the forest. Rama, determined to carry out his father's orders to the letter, refuses to return before the fourteen years are over. Bharata refuses to be king, instead styling himself “Regent” and keeping Rama's sandals on the throne as symbolic of Rama's status as the rightful king of Ayodhya.



IMAGE 3.4: CLOTH PRINTED WITH HUMAN FIGURES FROM THE RĀMĀYANA EPIC | This fabric artwork shows various characters from the Rāmāyana engaged in battle with one another.

Author: User “Tropenmuseum”

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In the selections for this chapter, Cantos XVII-XVIX pick up the story as Rama approaches the throne for his coronation. In Cantos XXVI-XXXI, Rama has already accepted his exile and informs Sita he is leaving. Sita and Lakshmana request and are granted permission to go with him.

¹ All summaries (with some editing for grammar, spelling, and clarity) are from the Wikipedia page on The Ramayana.

² The swayamvara is the process in which a young woman chooses a husband from a list of eligible suitors. Typically the swayamvara includes the analysis of the groom's natal chart. (RLK)

Canto XVII. Rama's Approach.

As Rama, rendering blithe and gay
 His loving friends, pursued his way,
 He saw on either hand a press
 Of mingled people numberless.
 The royal street he traversed, where
 Incense of aloe filled the air,
 Where rose high palaces, that vied
 With paly clouds, on either side;
 With flowers of myriad colours graced.
 And food for every varied taste,
 Bright as the glowing path o'erhead
 Which feet of Gods celestial tread,
 Loud benedictions, sweet to hear,
 From countless voices soothed his ear.
 While he to each gave due salute
 His place and dignity to suit:
 "Be thou," the joyful people cried,
 "Be thou our guardian, lord and guide.
 Throned and anointed king to-day,
 Thy feet set forth upon the way
 Wherein, each honoured as a God,
 Thy fathers and forefathers trod.
 Thy sire and his have graced the throne,
 And loving care to us have shown:
 Thus blest shall we and ours remain,
 Yea still more blest in Rama's reign.
 No more of dainty fare we need,
 And but one cherished object heed,
 That we may see our prince today
 Invested with imperial sway."

Such were the words and pleasant speech
 That Rama heard, unmoved, from each
 Of the dear friends around him spread,
 As onward through the street he sped,
 For none could turn his eye or thought
 From the dear form his glances sought,
 With fruitless ardour forward cast
 Even when Raghu's son³ had past.
 And he who saw not Rama nigh,
 Nor caught a look from Rama's eye,
 A mark for scorn and general blame,
 Reproached himself in bitter shame.
 For to each class his equal mind
 With sympathy and love inclined
 Most fully of the princely four,
 So greatest love to him they bore.

His circling course the hero bent
 Round shrine and altar, reverent,
 Round homes of Gods, where cross-roads met,
 Where many a sacred tree was set.
 Near to his father's house he drew



IMAGE 3.5: JOR BANGLA TEMPLE (RAMAYANA MOTIFS) | This temple wall in India shows numerous scenes from the Rāmāyana.

Author: User "Jonoikobangali"
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³ Raghu was one of the most celebrated ancestors of Rama whose commonest appellation is, therefore, Raghava or descendant of Raghu.

Like Indra's⁴ beautiful to view,
 And with the light his glory gave
 Within the royal palace drave.
 Through three broad courts, where bowmen kept
 Their watch and ward, his coursers swept,
 Then through the two remaining went
 On foot the prince preeminent.
 Through all the courts the hero passed,
 And gained the ladies' bower at last;
 Then through the door alone withdrew,
 And left without his retinue.
 When thus the monarch's noble boy
 Had gone his sire to meet,
 The multitude, elate with joy,
 Stood watching in the street,
 And his return with eager eyes
 Expected at the gates,
 As for his darling moon to rise
 The King of Rivers⁵ waits.

Canto XVIII. The Sentence.

With hopeless eye and pallid mien
 There sat the monarch with the queen.
 His father's feet with reverence due
 He clasped, and touched Kaikeyi's⁶ too.
 The king, with eyes still brimming o'er,
 Cried "Rama!" and could do no more.
 His voice was choked, his eye was dim,
 He could not speak or look on him.
 Then sudden fear made Rama shake
 As though his foot had roused a snake,
 Soon as his eyes had seen the change
 So mournful, terrible, and strange.
 For there his reason well-nigh fled,
 Sighing, with soul disquieted,
 To torturing pangs a prey,
 Dismayed, despairing, and distraught,
 In a fierce whirl of wildering thought
 The hapless monarch lay,
 Like Ocean wave-engarlanded
 Storm-driven from his tranquil bed,
 The Sun-God in eclipse,
 Or like a holy seer, heart-stirred
 With anguish, when a lying word
 Has passed his heedless lips.
 The sight of his dear father, pained
 With woe and misery unexplained
 Filled Rama with unrest,
 As Ocean's pulses rise and swell
 When the great moon he loves so well
 Shines full upon his breast.

4 One of the most prominent objects of worship in the Rig-Veda [ancient Indian Sanskrit hymns], Indra was superseded in later times by the more popular deities Vishnu and Siva. He is the God of the firmament, and answers in many respects to the Jupiter Pluvius of the Romans.

5 The sea.

6 The youngest of the three queens; mother of Bharat; at this point she has already demanded Rama's banishment, but he is unaware (RLK).

So grieving for his father's sake,
 To his own heart the hero spake:
 "Why will the king my sire to-day
 No kindly word of greeting say?
 At other times, though wroth he be,
 His eyes grow calm that look on me.
 Then why does anguish wring his brow
 To see his well-beloved now?"
 Sick and perplexed, distraught with woe,
 To Queen Kaikeyi bowing low,
 While pallor o'er his bright cheek spread,
 With humble reverence he said:
 "What have I done, unknown, amiss
 To make my father wroth like this?
 Declare it, O dear Queen, and win
 His pardon for my heedless sin.
 Why is the sire I ever find
 Filled with all love to-day unkind?
 With eyes cast down and pallid cheek
 This day alone he will not speak.
 Or lies he prostrate neath the blow
 Of fierce disease or sudden woe?
 For all our bliss is dashed with pain,
 And joy unmixed is hard to gain.
 Does stroke of evil fortune smite
 Dear Bharat, charming to the sight,
 Or on the brave Satrughna⁷ fall,
 Or consorts, for he loves them all?
 Against his words when I rebel,
 Or fail to please the monarch well,
 When deeds of mine his soul offend,
 That hour I pray my life may end.
 How should a man to him who gave
 His being and his life behave?
 The sire to whom he owes his birth
 Should be his deity on earth.
 Hast thou, by pride and folly moved,
 With bitter taunt the king reproved?
 Has scorn of thine or cruel jest
 To passion stirred his gentle breast?
 Speak truly, Queen, that I may know
 What cause has changed the monarch so."

Thus by the high-souled prince addressed,
 Of Raghu's sons the chief and best,
 She cast all ruth⁸ and shame aside,
 And bold with greedy words replied:
 "Not wrath, O Rama, stirs the king,
 Nor misery stabs with sudden sting;
 One thought that fills his soul has he,
 But dares not speak for fear of thee.
 Thou art so dear, his lips refrain
 From words that might his darling pain.
 But thou, as duty bids, must still
 The promise of thy sire fulfil.

7 Bharat and Shatrughna are Rama's half-brothers who are out of town (RLK).

8 pity (RLK)

He who to me in days gone by
 Vouchsafed a boon with honours high,
 Dares now, a king, his word regret,
 And caitiff-like disowns the debt.
 The lord of men his promise gave
 To grant the boon that I might crave,
 And now a bridge would idly throw
 When the dried stream has ceased to flow.
 His faith the monarch must not break
 In wrath, or e'en for thy dear sake.
 From faith, as well the righteous know,
 Our virtue and our merits flow.
 Now, be they good or be they ill,
 Do thou thy father's words fulfil:
 Swear that his promise shall not fail,
 And I will tell thee all the tale.
 Yes, Rama, when I hear that thou
 Hast bound thee by thy father's vow,
 Then, not till then, my lips shall speak,
 Nor will he tell what boon I seek."

He heard, and with a troubled breast
 This answer to the queen addressed:
 "Ah me, dear lady, canst thou deem
 That words like these thy lips beseem?
 I, at the bidding of my sire,
 Would cast my body to the fire,
 A deadly draught of poison drink,
 Or in the waves of ocean sink:
 If he command, it shall be done,—
 My father and my king in one.
 Then speak and let me know the thing
 So longed for by my lord the king.
 It shall be done: let this suffice;
 Rama ne'er makes a promise twice."

He ended. To the princely youth
 Who loved the right and spoke the truth,
 Cruel, abominable came
 The answer of the ruthless dame:
 "When Gods and Titans fought of yore,
 Transfixed with darts and bathed in gore
 Two boons to me thy father gave
 For the dear life 'twas mine to save.
 Of him I claim the ancient debt,
 That Bharat on the throne be set,
 And thou, O Rama, go this day
 To Dandak forest far away.
 Now, Rama, if thou wilt maintain
 Thy father's faith without a stain,
 And thine own truth and honour clear,
 Then, best of men, my bidding hear.
 Do thou thy father's word obey,
 Nor from the pledge he gave me stray.
 Thy life in Dandak forest spend
 Till nine long years and five shall end.
 Upon my Bharat's princely head

Let consecrating drops be shed,
 With all the royal pomp for thee
 Made ready by the king's decree.
 Seek Dandak forest and resign
 Rites that would make the empire thine,
 For twice seven years of exile wear
 The coat of bark and matted hair.
 Then in thy stead let Bharat reign
 Lord of his royal sire's domain,
 Rich in the fairest gems that shine,
 Cars, elephants, and steeds, and kine⁹.
 The monarch mourns thy altered fate
 And vails his brow compassionate:
 Bowed down by bitter grief he lies
 And dares not lift to thine his eyes.
 Obey his word: be firm and brave,
 And with great truth the monarch save.”
 While thus with cruel words she spoke,
 No grief the noble youth betrayed;
 But forth the father's anguish broke,
 At his dear Rama's lot dismayed.

Canto XIX. Rama's Promise.

Calm and unmoved by threatened woe
 The noble conqueror of the foe
 Answered the cruel words she spoke,
 Nor quailed beneath the murderous stroke:
 “Yea, for my father's promise sake
 I to the wood my way will take,
 And dwell a lonely exile there
 In hermit dress with matted hair.
 One thing alone I fain would learn,
 Why is the king this day so stern?
 Why is the scourge of foes so cold,
 Nor gives me greeting as of old?
 Now let not anger flush thy cheek:
 Before thy face the truth I speak,
 In hermit's coat with matted hair
 To the wild wood will I repair.
 How can I fail his will to do,
 Friend, master, grateful sovereign too?
 One only pang consumes my breast:
 That his own lips have not expressed
 His will, nor made his longing known
 That Bharat should ascend the throne.
 To Bharat I would yield my wife,
 My realm and wealth, mine own dear life,
 Unasked I fain would yield them all:
 More gladly at my father's call,
 More gladly when the gift may free
 His honour and bring joy to thee.
 Thus, lady, his sad heart release
 From the sore shame, and give him peace.
 But tell me, O, I pray thee, why
 The lord of men, with downcast eye,
Lies prostrate thus, and one by one

⁹ Cows (RLK).

Down his pale cheek the tear-drops run.
 Let couriers to thy father speed
 On horses of the swiftest breed,
 And, by the mandate of the king,
 Thy Bharat to his presence bring.
 My father's words I will not stay
 To question, but this very day
 To Dandak's pathless wild will fare,
 For twice seven years an exile there."

When Rama thus had made reply
 Kaikeyi's heart with joy beat high.
 She, trusting to the pledge she held,
 The youth's departure thus impelled:
 "'Tis well. Be messengers despatched
 On coursers ne'er for fleetness matched,
 To seek my father's home and lead
 My Bharat back with all their speed.
 And, Rama, as I ween that thou
 Wilt scarce endure to linger now,
 So surely it were wise and good
 This hour to journey to the wood.
 And if, with shame cast down and weak,
 No word to thee the king can speak,
 Forgive, and from thy mind dismiss
 A trifle in an hour like this.
 But till thy feet in rapid haste
 Have left the city for the waste,
 And to the distant forest fled,
 He will not bathe nor call for bread."

"Woe! woe!" from the sad monarch burst,
 In surging floods of grief immersed;
 Then swooning, with his wits astray,
 Upon the gold-wrought couch he lay,
 And Rama raised the aged king:
 But the stern queen, unpitying,
 Checked not her needless words, nor spared
 The hero for all speed prepared,
 But urged him with her bitter tongue,
 Like a good horse with lashes stung,
 She spoke her shameful speech. Serene
 He heard the fury of the queen,
 And to her words so vile and dread
 Gently, unmoved in mind, he said:
 "I would not in this world remain
 A grovelling thrall to paltry gain,
 But duty's path would fain pursue,
 True as the saints themselves are true.
 From death itself I would not fly
 My father's wish to gratify,
 What deed soe'er his loving son
 May do to please him, think it done.
 Amid all duties, Queen, I count
 This duty first and paramount,
 That sons, obedient, aye fulfil
 Their honoured fathers' word and will.

Without his word, if thou decree,
 Forth to the forest will I flee,
 And there shall fourteen years be spent
 Mid lonely wilds in banishment.
 Methinks thou couldst not hope to find
 One spark of virtue in my mind,
 If thou, whose wish is still my lord,
 Hast for this grace the king implored.
 This day I go, but, ere we part,
 Must cheer my Sita's tender heart,
 To my dear mother bid farewell;
 Then to the woods, a while to dwell.
 With thee, O Queen, the care must rest
 That Bharat hear his sire's behest,
 And guard the land with righteous sway,
 For such the law that lives for aye."

In speechless woe the father heard,
 Wept with loud cries, but spoke no word.
 Then Rama touched his senseless feet,
 And hers, for honour most unmeet;
 Round both his circling steps he bent,
 Then from the bower the hero went.
 Soon as he reached the gate he found
 His dear companions gathered round.
 Behind him came Sumitra's child
 With weeping eyes so sad and wild.
 Then saw he all that rich array
 Of vases for the glorious day.
 Round them with reverent stops he paced,
 Nor veiled his eye, nor moved in haste.
 The loss of empire could not dim
 The glory that encompassed him.
 So will the Lord of Cooling Rays¹⁰
 On whom the world delights to gaze,
 Through the great love of all retain
 Sweet splendour in the time of wane.
 Now to the exile's lot resigned
 He left the rule of earth behind:
 As though all worldly cares he spurned
 No trouble was in him discerned.
 The chouries¹¹ that for kings are used,
 And white umbrella, he refused,
 Dismissed his chariot and his men,
 And every friend and citizen.
 He ruled his senses, nor betrayed
 The grief that on his bosom weighed,
 And thus his mother's mansion sought
 To tell the mournful news he brought.
 Nor could the gay-clad people there
 Who flocked round Rama true and fair,
 One sign of altered fortune trace
 Upon the splendid hero's face.
 Nor had the chieftain, mighty-armed,
 Lost the bright look all hearts that charmed,

10 The moon.

11 Fans (RLK)

As e'en from autumn moons is thrown
 A splendour which is all their own.
 With his sweet voice the hero spoke
 Saluting all the gathered folk,
 Then righteous-souled and great in fame
 Close to his mother's house he came.
 Lakshman the brave, his brother's peer
 In princely virtues, followed near,
 Sore troubled, but resolved to show
 No token of his secret woe.
 Thus to the palace Rama went
 Where all were gay with hope and joy;
 But well he knew the dire event
 That hope would mar, that bliss destroy.
 So to his grief he would not yield
 Lest the sad change their hearts might rend,
 And, the dread tiding unrevealed,
 Spared from the blow each faithful friend.

[Cantos XX-XXV: Rama bids farewell to his father and mother]

Canto XXVI. Alone With Sita.

So Rama, to his purpose true,
 To Queen Kausalya¹² bade adieu,
 Received the benison she gave,
 And to the path of duty gave.
 As through the crowded street he passed,
 A radiance on the way he cast,
 And each fair grace, by all approved,
 The bosoms of the people moved.

Now of the woeful change no word
 The fair Videhan¹³ bride had heard;
 The thought of that imperial rite
 Still filled her bosom with delight.
 With grateful heart and joyful thought
 The Gods in worship she had sought,
 And, well in royal duties learned,
 Sat longing till her lord returned,
 Not all unmarked by grief and shame
 Within his sumptuous home he came,
 And hurried through the happy crowd
 With eye dejected, gloomy-browed.
 Up Sita sprang, and every limb
 Trembled with fear at sight of him.
 She marked that cheek where anguish fed,
 Those senses care-disquieted.
 For, when he looked on her, no more
 Could his heart hide the load it bore,
 Nor could the pious chief control
 The paleness o'er his cheek that stole.
 His altered cheer, his brow bedewed
 With clammy drops, his grief she viewed,
 And cried, consumed with fires of woe,
 "What, O my lord, has changed thee so?"

12 Rama's mother (RLK).

13 Sita. Videha was the country of which Mithila was the capital.

Vrihaspati¹⁴ looks down benign,
 And the moon rests in Pushya's sign,¹⁵
 As Brahmans¹⁶ sage this day declare:
 Then whence, my lord, this grief and care?
 Why does no canopy, like foam
 For its white beauty, shade thee home,
 Its hundred ribs spread wide to throw
 Splendour on thy fair head below?
 Where are the royal fans, to grace
 The lotus beauty of thy face,
 Fair as the moon or wild-swan's wing,
 And waving round the new-made king?
 Why do no sweet-toned bards rejoice
 To hail thee with triumphant voice?
 No tuneful heralds love to raise
 Loud music in their monarch's praise?
 Why do no Brahmans, Scripture-read,
 Pour curds and honey on thy head,
 Anointed, as the laws ordain,
 With holy rites, supreme to reign?
 Where are the chiefs of every guild?
 Where are the myriads should have filled
 The streets, and followed home their king
 With merry noise and triumphing?
 Why does no gold-wrought chariot lead
 With four brave horses, best for speed?
 No elephant precede the crowd
 Like a huge hill or thunder cloud,
 Marked from his birth for happy fate,
 Whom signs auspicious decorate?
 Why does no henchman, young and fair,
 Precede thee, and delight to bear
 Entrusted to his reverent hold
 The burthen of thy throne of gold?
 Why, if the consecrating rite
 Be ready, why this mournful plight?
 Why do I see this sudden change,
 This altered mien so sad and strange?"

To her, as thus she weeping cried,
 Raghu's illustrious son replied:
 "Sita, my honoured sire's decree
 Commands me to the woods to flee.
 O high-born lady, nobly bred
 In the good paths thy footsteps tread,
 Hear, Janak's¹⁷ daughter, while I tell
 The story as it all befell.
 Of old my father true and brave
 Two boons to Queen Kaikeyi gave.
 Through these the preparations made
 For me to-day by her are stayed,
 For he is bound to disallow
 This promise by that earlier vow.

14 The Lord of Speech and preceptor of the Gods.

15 Pisces (RLK).

16 The highest caste, the priesthood (RLK).

17 Janak (Janaka) is Sita's father; he is King of Mithila.

In Dandak forest wild and vast
 Must fourteen years by me be passed.
 My father's will makes Bharat heir,
 The kingdom and the throne to share.
 Now, ere the lonely wild I seek,
 I come once more with thee to speak.
 In Bharat's presence, O my dame,
 Ne'er speak with pride of Rama's name:
 Another's eulogy to hear
 Is hateful to a monarch's ear.
 Thou must with love his rule obey
 To whom my father yields the sway.
 With love and sweet observance learn
 His grace, and more the king's, to earn.
 Now, that my father may not break
 The words of promise that he spake,
 To the drear wood my steps are bent:
 Be firm, good Sita, and content.
 Through all that time, my blameless spouse,
 Keep well thy fasts and holy vows.
 Rise from thy bed at break of day,
 And to the Gods due worship pay.
 With meek and lowly love revere
 The lord of men, my father dear,
 And reverence to Kausalya show,
 My mother, worn with eld¹⁸ and woe:
 By duty's law, O best of dames,
 High worship from thy love she claims,
 Nor to the other queens refuse
 Observance, rendering each her dues:
 By love and fond attention shown
 They are my mothers like mine own.
 Let Bharat and Satrughna bear
 In thy sweet love a special share:
 Dear as my life, O let them be
 Like brother and like son to thee.
 In every word and deed refrain
 From aught that Bharat's soul may pain:
 He is Ayodhya's king and mine,
 The head and lord of all our line.
 For those who serve and love them much
 With weariless endeavour, touch
 And win the gracious hearts of kings.
 While wrath from disobedience springs.
 Great monarchs from their presence send
 Their lawful sons who still offend,
 And welcome to the vacant place
 Good children of an alien race.
 Then, best of women, rest thou here,
 And Bharat's will with love revere.
 Obedient to thy king remain,
 And still thy vows of truth maintain.
 To the wide wood my steps I bend:
 Make thou thy dwelling here;
 See that thy conduct ne'er offend,
 And keep my words, my dear."

18 old age (RLK)

Canto XXVII. Sita's Speech.

His sweetly-speaking bride, who best
 Deserved her lord, he thus addressed.
 Then tender love bade passion wake,
 And thus the fair Videhan spake:
 "What words are these that thou hast said?
 Contempt of me the thought has bred.
 O best of heroes, I dismiss
 With bitter scorn a speech like this:

Unworthy of a warrior's fame
 It taints a monarch's son with shame,
 Ne'er to be heard from those who know
 The science of the sword and bow.
 My lord, the mother, sire, and son
 Receive their lots by merit won;
 The brother and the daughter find
 The portions to their deeds assigned.
 The wife alone, whatever await,
 Must share on earth her husband's fate.
 So now the king's command which sends
 Thee to the wild, to me extends.
 The wife can find no refuge, none,
 In father, mother, self, or son:
 Both here, and when they vanish hence,
 Her husband is her sole defence.
 If, Raghu's son, thy steps are led
 Where Dandak's pathless wilds are spread,
 My foot before thine own shall pass
 Through tangled thorn and matted grass.
 Dismiss thine anger and thy doubt:
 Like refuse water cast them out,
 And lead me, O my hero, hence—
 I know not sin—with confidence.
 Whatever his lot, 'tis far more sweet
 To follow still a husband's feet
 Than in rich palaces to lie,
 Or roam at pleasure through the sky.
 My mother and my sire have taught
 What duty bids, and trained each thought,
 Nor have I now mine ear to turn
 The duties of a wife to learn.
 I'll seek with thee the woodland dell
 And pathless wild where no men dwell,
 Where tribes of silvan¹⁹ creatures roam,
 And many a tiger makes his home.
 My life shall pass as pleasant there
 As in my father's palace fair.
 The worlds shall wake no care in me;
 My only care be truth to thee.
 There while thy wish I still obey,
 True to my vows with thee I'll stray,
 And there shall blissful hours be spent
 In woods with honey redolent.
 In forest shades thy mighty arm
 Would keep a stranger's life from harm,

19 of or related to the woods (RLK)

And how shall Sita think of fear
 When thou, O glorious lord, art near?
 Heir of high bliss, my choice is made,
 Nor can I from my will be stayed.
 Doubt not; the earth will yield me roots,
 These will I eat, and woodland fruits;
 And as with thee I wander there
 I will not bring thee grief or care.
 I long, when thou, wise lord, art nigh,
 All fearless, with delighted eye
 To gaze upon the rocky hill,
 The lake, the fountain, and the rill;
 To sport with thee, my limbs to cool,
 In some pure lily-covered pool,
 While the white swan's and mallard's wings
 Are plashing in the water-springs.
 So would a thousand seasons flee
 Like one sweet day, if spent with thee.
 Without my lord I would not prize
 A home with Gods above the skies:
 Without my lord, my life to bless,
 Where could be heaven or happiness?
 Forbid me not: with thee I go
 The tangled wood to tread.
 There will I live with thee, as though
 This roof were o'er my head.
 My will for thine shall be resigned;
 Thy feet my steps shall guide.
 Thou, only thou, art in my mind:
 I heed not all beside.
 Thy heart shall ne'er by me be grieved;
 Do not my prayer deny:
 Take me, dear lord; of thee bereaved
 Thy Sita swears to die."
 These words the duteous lady spake,
 Nor would he yet consent
 His faithful wife with him to take
 To share his banishment.
 He soothed her with his gentle speech;
 To change her will he strove;
 And much he said the woes to teach
 Of those in wilds who rove.

Canto XXVIII. The Dangers Of The Wood.

Thus Sita spake, and he who knew
 His duty, to its orders true,
 Was still reluctant as the woes
 Of forest life before him rose.
 He sought to soothe her grief, to dry
 The torrent from each brimming eye,
 And then, her firm resolve to shake,
 These words the pious hero spake:

"O daughter of a noble line,
 Whose steps from virtue ne'er decline,
 Remain, thy duties here pursue,

As my fond heart would have thee do.
 Now hear me, Sita, fair and weak,
 And do the words that I shall speak.
 Attend and hear while I explain
 Each danger in the wood, each pain.
 Thy lips have spoken: I condemn
 The foolish words that fell from them.
 This senseless plan, this wish of thine
 To live a forest life, resign.
 The names of trouble and distress
 Suit well the tangled wilderness.
 In the wild wood no joy I know,
 A forest life is nought but woe.
 The lion in his mountain cave
 Answers the torrents as they rave,
 And forth his voice of terror throws:
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.

There mighty monsters fearless play,
 And in their maddened onset slay
 The hapless wretch who near them goes:
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 'Tis hard to ford each treacherous flood,
 So thick with crocodiles and mud,
 Where the wild elephants repose:
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 Or far from streams the wanderer strays
 Through thorns and creeper-tangled ways,
 While round him many a wild-cock crows:
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 On the cold ground upon a heap
 Of gathered leaves condemned to sleep,
 Toil-wearied, will his eyelids close:
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 Long days and nights must he content
 His soul with scanty aliment,
 What fruit the wind from branches blows:
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 O Sita, while his strength may last,
 The ascetic in the wood must fast,
 Coil on his head his matted hair,
 And bark must be his only wear.
 To Gods and spirits day by day
 The ordered worship he must pay,
 And honour with respectful care
 Each wandering guest who meets him there.
 The bathing rites he ne'er must shun
 At dawn, at noon, at set of sun,
 Obedient to the law he knows:
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 To grace the altar must be brought
 The gift of flowers his hands have sought—
 The debt each pious hermit owes:
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 The devotee must be content
 To live, severely abstinent,
 On what the chance of fortune shows:

The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 Hunger afflicts him evermore:
 The nights are black, the wild winds roar;
 And there are dangers worse than those:
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 There creeping things in every form
 Infest the earth, the serpents swarm,
 And each proud eye with fury glows:
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 The snakes that by the rives hide
 In sinuous course like rivers glide,
 And line the path with deadly foes:
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 Scorpions, and grasshoppers, and flies
 Disturb the wanderer as he lies,
 And wake him from his troubled doze:
 The wood, my love, is full of woes.
 Trees, thorny bushes, intertwined,
 Their branched ends together bind,
 And dense with grass the thicket grows:
 The wood, my dear, is full of woes,
 With many ills the flesh is tried,
 When these and countless fears beside
 Vex those who in the wood remain:
 The wilds are naught but grief and pain.
 Hope, anger must be cast aside,
 To penance every thought applied:
 No fear must be of things to fear:
 Hence is the wood forever drear.
 Enough, my love: thy purpose quit:
 For forest life thou art not fit.
 As thus I think on all, I see
 The wild wood is no place for thee.”

Canto XXIX. Sita's Appeal.

Thus Rama spake. Her lord's address
 The lady heard with deep distress,
 And, as the tear bedimmed her eye,
 In soft low accents made reply:
 “The perils of the wood, and all
 The woes thou countest to appal,
 Led by my love I deem not pain;
 Each woe a charm, each loss a gain.
 Tiger, and elephant, and deer,
 Bull, lion, buffalo, in fear,
 Soon as thy matchless form they see,
 With every silvan beast will flee.
 With thee, O Rama, I must go:
 My sire's command ordains it so.
 Bereft of thee, my lonely heart
 Must break, and life and I must part.
 While thou, O mighty lord, art nigh,
 Not even He who rules the sky,
 Though He is strongest of the strong,
 With all his might can do me wrong.
 Nor can a lonely woman left

By her dear husband live bereft.
 In my great love, my lord, I ween,
 The truth of this thou mayst have seen.
 In my sire's palace long ago
 I heard the chief of those who know,
 The truth-declaring Brahmans, tell
 My fortune, in the wood to dwell.
 I heard their promise who divine
 The future by each mark and sign,
 And from that hour have longed to lead
 The forest life their lips decreed.
 Now, mighty Rama, I must share
 Thy father's doom which sends thee there;
 In this I will not be denied,
 But follow, love, where thou shalt guide.
 O husband, I will go with thee,
 Obedient to that high decree.
 Now let the Brahmans' words be true,
 For this the time they had in view.
 I know full well the wood has woes;
 But they disturb the lives of those
 Who in the forest dwell, nor hold
 Their rebel senses well controlled.
 In my sire's halls, ere I was wed,
 I heard a dame who begged her bread
 Before my mother's face relate
 What griefs a forest life await.
 And many a time in sport I prayed
 To seek with thee the greenwood shade,
 For O, my heart on this is set,
 To follow thee, dear anchorite.
 May blessings on thy life attend:
 I long with thee my steps to bend,
 For with such hero as thou art
 This pilgrimage enchants my heart.
 Still close, my lord, to thy dear side
 My spirit will be purified:
 Love from all sin my soul will free:
 My husband is a God to me.
 So, love, with thee shall I have bliss
 And share the life that follows this.
 I heard a Brahman, dear to fame,
 This ancient Scripture text proclaim:
 "The woman whom on earth below
 Her parents on a man bestow,
 And lawfully their hands unite
 With water and each holy rite,
 She in this world shall be his wife,
 His also in the afterlife."
 Then tell me, O beloved, why
 Thou wilt this earnest prayer deny,
 Nor take me with thee to the wood,
 Thine own dear wife so true and good.
 But if thou wilt not take me there
 Thus grieving in my wild despair,
 To fire or water I will fly,
 Or to the poisoned draught, and die."

So thus to share his exile, she
 Besought him with each earnest plea,
 Nor could she yet her lord persuade
 To take her to the lonely shade.
 The answer of the strong-armed chief
 Smote the Videhan's soul with grief,
 And from her eyes the torrents came
 bathing the bosom of the dame.

Canto XXX. The Triumph Of Love.

The daughter of Videha's king,
 While Rama strove to soothe the sting
 Of her deep anguish, thus began
 Once more in furtherance of her plan:
 And with her spirit sorely tried
 By fear and anger, love and pride,
 With keenly taunting words addressed
 Her hero of the stately breast:
 "Why did the king my sire, who reigns
 O'er fair Videha's wide domains,
 Hail Rama son with joy unwise,
 A woman in a man's disguise?
 Now falsely would the people say,
 By idle fancies led astray,
 That Rama's own are power and might,
 As glorious as the Lord of Light.
 Why sinkest thou in such dismay?
 What fears upon thy spirit weigh,
 That thou, O Rama, fain wouldst flee
 From her who thinks of naught but thee?
 To thy dear will am I resigned
 In heart and body, soul and mind,
 As Savitri²⁰ gave all to one,
 Satyavan, Dyumatsena's son.
 Not e'en in fancy can I brook
 To any guard save thee to look:
 Let meaner wives their houses shame,
 To go with thee is all my claim.
 Like some low actor, deemst thou fit
 Thy wife to others to commit—
 Thine own, espoused in maiden youth,
 Thy wife so long, unblamed for truth?
 Do thou, my lord, his will obey
 For whom thou lovest royal sway,
 To whom thou wouldst thy wife confide—
 Not me, but thee, his wish may guide.
 Thou must not here thy wife forsake,
 And to the wood thy journey make,
 Whether stern penance, grief, and care,
 Or rule or heaven await thee there.
 Nor shall fatigue my limbs distress
 When wandering in the wilderness:
 Each path which near to thee I tread
 Shall seem a soft luxurious bed.
 The reeds, the bushes where I pass,
The thorny trees, the tangled grass

20 consort of Brahma (RLK).

Shall feel, if only thou be near,
 Soft to my touch as skins of deer.
 When the rude wind in fury blows,
 And scattered dust upon me throws,
 That dust, beloved lord, to me
 Shall as the precious sandal be.
 And what shall be more blest than I,
 When gazing on the wood I lie
 In some green glade upon a bed
 With sacred grass beneath us spread?
 The root, the leaf, the fruit which thou
 Shalt give me from the earth or bough,
 Scanty or plentiful, to eat,
 Shall taste to me as Amrit sweet.
 As there I live on flowers and roots
 And every season's kindly fruits,
 I will not for my mother grieve,
 My sire, my home, or all I leave.
 My presence, love, shall never add
 One pain to make the heart more sad;
 I will not cause thee grief or care,
 Nor be a burden hard to bear.
 With thee is heaven, where'er the spot;
 Each place is hell where thou art not.
 Then go with me, O Rama; this
 Is all my hope and all my bliss.
 If thou wilt leave thy wife who still
 Entreats thee with undaunted will,
 This very day shall poison close
 The life that spurns the rule of foes.
 How, after, can my soul sustain
 The bitter life of endless pain,
 When thy dear face, my lord, I miss?
 No, death is better far than this.
 Not for an hour could I endure
 The deadly grief that knows not cure,
 Far less a woe I could not shun
 For ten long years, and three, and one."

While fires of woe consumed her, such
 Her sad appeal, lamenting much;
 Then with a wild cry, anguish-wrung,
 About her husband's neck she clung.
 Like some she-elephant who bleeds
 Struck by the hunter's venomous reeds,
 So in her quivering heart she felt
 The many wounds his speeches dealt.
 Then, as the spark from wood is gained,²¹
 Down rolled the tear so long restrained:
 The crystal moisture, sprung from woe,
 From her sweet eyes began to flow,
 As runs the water from a pair
 Of lotuses divinely fair.
 And Sita's face with long dark eyes,
 Pure as the moon of autumn skies,
 Faded with weeping, as the buds

21 Fire for sacrificial purposes is produced by the attrition of two pieces of wood.

Of lotuses when sink the floods.
 Around his wife his arms he strained,
 Who senseless from her woe remained,
 And with sweet words, that bade her wake
 To life again, the hero spake:
 "I would not with thy woe, my Queen,
 Buy heaven and all its blissful sheen.
 Void of all fear am I as He,
 The self-existent God, can be.
 I knew not all thy heart till now,
 Dear lady of the lovely brow,
 So wished not thee in woods to dwell;
 Yet there mine arm can guard thee well.
 Now surely thou, dear love, wast made
 To dwell with me in green wood shade.
 And, as a high saint's tender mind
 Clings to its love for all mankind,
 So I to thee will ever cling,
 Sweet daughter of Videha's king.
 The good, of old, O soft of frame,
 Honoured this duty's sovereign claim,
 And I its guidance will not shun,
 True as light's Queen is to the Sun.
 I cannot, pride of Janak's line,
 This journey to the wood decline:
 My sire's behest, the oath he sware,
 The claims of truth, all lead me there.
 One duty, dear the same for aye,
 Is sire and mother to obey:
 Should I their orders once transgress
 My very life were weariness.
 If glad obedience be denied
 To father, mother, holy guide,
 What rites, what service can be done
 That stern Fate's favour may be won?
 These three the triple world comprise,
 O darling of the lovely eyes.
 Earth has no holy thing like these
 Whom with all love men seek to please.
 Not truth, or gift, or bended knee,
 Not honour, worship, lordly fee,
 Storms heaven and wins a blessing thence
 Like sonly love and reverence.
 Heaven, riches, grain, and varied lore,
 With sons and many a blessing more,
 All these are made their own with ease
 By those their elders' souls who please.
 The mighty-souled, who ne'er forget,
 Devoted sons, their filial debt,
 Win worlds where Gods and minstrels are,
 And Brahma's sphere more glorious far.
 Now as the orders of my sire,
 Who keeps the way of truth, require,
 So will I do, for such the way
 Of duty that endures for aye:
 To take thee, love, to Dandak's wild
 My heart at length is reconciled,

For thee such earnest thoughts impel
 To follow, and with me to dwell.
 O faultless form from feet to brows,
 Come with me, as my will allows,
 And duty there with me pursue,
 Trembler, whose bright eyes thrill me through.
 In all thy days, come good come ill,
 Preserve unchanged such noble will,
 And thou, dear love, wilt ever be
 The glory of thy house and me.
 Now, beauteous-armed, begin the tasks
 The woodland life of hermits asks.
 For me the joys of heaven above
 Have charms no more without thee, love.
 And now, dear Sita, be not slow:
 Food on good mendicants bestow,
 And for the holy Brahmans bring
 Thy treasures and each precious thing.
 Thy best attire and gems collect,
 The jewels which thy beauty decked,
 And every ornament and toy
 Prepared for hours of sport and joy:
 The beds, the cars wherein I ride,
 Among our followers, next, divide.”

She conscious that her lord approved
 Her going, with great rapture moved,
 Hastened within, without delay,
 Prepared to give their wealth away.

Canto XXXI. Lakshman's Prayer.

When Lakshman, who had joined them there,
 Had heard the converse of the pair,
 His mien was changed, his eyes o'erflowed,
 His breast no more could bear its load.
 The son of Raghu, sore distressed,
 His brother's feet with fervour pressed,
 While thus to Sita he complained,
 And him by lofty vows enchained:
 “If thou wilt make the woods thy home,
 Where elephant and roebuck roam,
 I too this day will take my bow
 And in the path before thee go.
 Our way will lie through forest ground
 Where countless birds and beasts are found,
 I heed not homes of Gods on high,
 I heed not life that cannot die,
 Nor would I wish, with thee away,
 O'er the three worlds to stretch my sway.”

Thus Lakshman spake, with earnest prayer
 His brother's woodland life to share.
 As Rama still his prayer denied
 With soothing words, again he cried:
 “When leave at first thou didst accord,
 Why dost thou stay me now, my lord?”

Thou art my refuge: O, be kind,
 Leave me not, dear my lord, behind.
 Thou canst not, brother, if thou choose
 That I still live, my wish refuse.”

The glorious chief his speech renewed
 To faithful Lakshman as he sued,
 And on the eyes of Rama gazed
 Longing to lead, with hands upraised:
 “Thou art a hero just and dear,
 Whose steps to virtue’s path adhere,
 Loved as my life till life shall end,
 My faithful brother and my friend.
 If to the woods thou take thy way
 With Sita and with me to-day,
 Who for Kauśalya will provide,
 And guard the good Sumitra’s side?
 The lord of earth, of mighty power,
 Who sends good things in plenteous shower,
 As Indra pours the grateful rain,
 A captive lies in passion’s chain.
 The power imperial for her son
 Has Aśvapati’s daughter²² won,
 And she, proud queen, will little heed
 Her miserable rivals’ need.
 So Bharat, ruler of the land,
 By Queen Kaikeyi’s side will stand,
 Nor of those two will ever think,
 While grieving in despair they sink.
 Now, Lakshman, as thy love decrees,
 Or else the monarch’s heart to please,
 Follow this counsel and protect
 My honoured mother from neglect.
 So thou, while not to me alone
 Thy great affection will be shown,
 To highest duty wilt adhere
 By serving those thou shouldst revere.
 Now, son of Raghu, for my sake
 Obey this one request I make,
 Or, of her darling son bereft,
 Kauśalya has no comfort left.”

The faithful Lakshman, thus addressed
 In gentle words which love expressed,
 To him in lore of language learned,
 His answer, eloquent, returned:

“Nay, through thy might each queen will share
 Attentive Bharat’s love and care,
 Should Bharat, raised as king to sway
 This noblest realm, his trust betray,
 Nor for their safety well provide,
 Seduced by ill-suggesting pride,
 Doubt not my vengeful hand shall kill
 The cruel wretch who counsels ill—
 Kill him and all who lend him aid,

22 Kaikeyi.

And the three worlds in league arrayed.
 And good Kauśalya well can fee
 A thousand champions like to me.
 A thousand hamlets rich in grain
 The station of that queen maintain.
 She may, and my dear mother too,
 Live on the ample revenue.
 Then let me follow thee: herein:
 Is naught that may resemble sin.
 So shall I in my wish succeed,
 And aid, perhaps, my brother's need.
 My bow and quiver well supplied
 With arrows hanging at my side,
 My hands shall spade and basket bear,
 And for thy feet the way prepare.
 I'll bring thee roots and berries sweet.
 And woodland fare which hermits eat.
 Thou shall with thy Videhan spouse
 Recline upon the mountain's brows;
 Be mine the toil, be mine to keep
 Watch o'er thee waking or asleep."

Filled by his speech with joy and pride,
 Rama to Lakshman thus replied:
 "Go then, my brother, bid adieu
 To all thy friends and retinue.
 And those two bows of fearful might,
 Celestial, which, at that famed rite,
 Lord Varun gave to Janak, king
 Of fair Vedeha with thee bring,
 With heavenly coats of sword-proof mail,
 Quivers, whose arrows never fail,
 And golden-hilted swords so keen,
 The rivals of the sun in sheen.
 Tended with care these arms are all
 Preserved in my preceptor's hall.
 With speed, O Lakshman, go, produce,
 And bring them hither for our use."
 So on a woodland life intent,
 To see his faithful friends he went,
 And brought the heavenly arms which lay
 By Rama's teacher stored away.
 And Raghu's son to Rama showed
 Those wondrous arms which gleamed and glowed,
 Well kept, adorned with many a wreath
 Of flowers on case, and hilt, and sheath.
 The prudent Rama at the sight
 Addressed his brother with delight:
 "Well art thou come, my brother dear,
 For much I longed to see thee here.
 For with thine aid, before I go,
 I would my gold and wealth bestow
 Upon the Brahmans sage, who school
 Their lives by stern devotion's rule.
 And for all those who ever dwell
 Within my house and serve me well,
 Devoted servants, true and good,

Will I provide a livelihood.
 Quick, go and summon to this place
 The good Vaśiṣṭha's son,
 Suyajña, of the Brahman race
 The first and holiest one.
 To all the Brahmans wise and good
 Will I due reverence pay,
 Then to the solitary wood
 With thee will take my way.”

Book III: Aranya Kanda (“The Book of the Forest”): Selections

The forest exile of Rama with Sita and Lakshmana. The kidnapping of Sita by the demon king Ravana.

Rama, Sita, and Lakshmana journey southward along the banks of river Godavari, where they build cottages and live off the land. At the Panchavati Forest, the she-demon Surpanakha attempts to seduce the brothers, fails, and then tries to kill Sita. Lakshmana saves Sita by cutting off Surpanakha's nose and ears. Hearing about Surpanakha's mutilation, her brother, Khara, organizes an attack against the princes. Rama annihilates Khara and his demon minions.

When news of these events reaches Ravana, brother to Surpanakha and Khara, he resolves to destroy Rama by capturing Sita with the aid of another demon, Maricha, who assuming the form of a golden deer, captivates Sita's attention. Entranced by the beauty of the deer, Sita pleads with Rama to capture it. Rama, aware that this is a ploy of the demons, cannot dissuade Sita from her desire and chases the deer into the forest, leaving Sita under Lakshmana's guard. After some time, Sita hears Rama calling out to her; afraid for his life, she insists that Lakshmana rush to his aid. Lakshmana tries to assure her that Rama is invincible and that it is best if he continues to follow Rama's orders to protect her. On the verge of hysterics, Sita insists that it is not she but Rama who needs Lakshmana's help. He obeys her wish but stipulates that she is not to leave the cottage or entertain any strangers. He draws a line in chalk around the cottage and casts a spell on it that prevents anyone from entering the boundary but allows people to exit. With the coast finally clear, Ravana appears in the guise of an ascetic requesting Sita's hospitality. Thus Ravana tricks Sita into leaving the protection of the cottage and forcibly carries her away.

Jatayus, a vulture, tries to rescue Sita but fails. At Lanka, demons keep Sita under heavy guard. Ravana demands that Sita marry him, but Sita, eternally devoted to Rama, refuses. Rama and Lakshmana learn about Sita's abduction from the fatally wounded Jatayus and immediately set out to save her. During their search, they meet the demon Kabandha and the ascetic Shabari, who direct them towards Sugriva and Hanuman of the Monkey Kingdom.

In the selections for this chapter, Cantos XLII-LVII cover the kidnapping of Sita and her imprisonment in Lanka.

Canto XLII. Maricha Transformed.

Maricha thus in wild unrest
 With bitter words the king addressed.
 Then to his giant lord in dread,
 “Arise, and let us go,” he said.
 “Ah, I have met that mighty lord
 Armed with his shafts and bow and sword,
 And if again that bow he bend
 Our lives that very hour will end.
 For none that warrior can provoke
 And think to fly his deadly stroke.
 Like Yama with his staff is he,
 And his dread hand will slaughter thee.
 What can I more? My words can find
 No passage to thy stubborn mind.
 I go, great King, thy task to share,
 And may success attend thee there.”

With that reply and bold consent
 The giant king was well content.

He strained Maricha to his breast
 And thus with joyful words addressed:
 “There spoke a hero dauntless still,
 Obedient to his master’s will,
 Maricha’s proper self once more:
 Some other took thy shape before.
 Come, mount my jewelled car that flies.
 Will-governed, through the yielding skies.
 These asses, goblin-faced, shall bear
 Us quickly through the fields of air.
 Attract the lady with thy shape,
 Then through the wood, at will, escape.
 And I, when she has no defence,
 Will seize the dame and bear her thence.”

Again Maricha made reply,
 Consent and will to signify.
 With rapid speed the giants two
 From the calm hermit dwelling flew,
 Borne in that wondrous chariot, meet
 For some great God’s celestial seat.
 They from their airy path looked down
 On many a wood and many a town,
 On lake and river, brook and rill,
 City and realm and towering hill.
 Soon he whom giant hosts obeyed,
 Maricha by his side, surveyed
 The dark expanse of Dandak wood
 Where Rama’s hermit cottage stood.
 They left the flying car, whereon
 The wealth of gold and jewels shone,
 And thus the giant king addressed
 Maricha as his hand he pressed:

“Maricha, look! before our eyes
 Round Rama’s home the plantains rise.
 His hermitage is now in view:
 Quick to the work we came to do!”

Thus Ravan spoke, Maricha heard
 Obedient to his master’s word,
 Threw off his giant shape and near
 The cottage strayed a beauteous deer.
 With magic power, by rapid change,
 His borrowed form was fair and strange.
 A sapphire tipped each horn with light;
 His face was black relieved with white.
 The turkis and the ruby shed
 A glory from his ears and head.
 His arching neck was proudly raised,
 And lazulites beneath it blazed.
 With roseate bloom his flanks were dyed,
 And lotus tints adorned his hide.
 His shape was fair, compact, and slight;

His hoofs were carven lazulite.
 His tail with every changing glow

Displayed the hues of Indra's bow.
 With glossy skin so strangely flecked,
 With tints of every gem bedecked.
 A light o'er Rama's home he sent,
 And through the wood, where'er he went.
 The giant clad in that strange dress
 That took the soul with loveliness,
 To charm the fair Videhan's eyes
 With mingled wealth of mineral dyes,
 Moved onward, cropping in his way,
 The grass and grain and tender spray.
 His coat with drops of silver bright,
 A form to gaze on with delight,
 He raised his fair neck as he went
 To browse on bud and filament.
 Now in the Cassia grove he strayed,
 Now by the cot in plantains' shade.
 Slowly and slowly on he came
 To catch the glances of the dame,
 And the tall deer of splendid hue
 Shone full at length in Sita's view.
 He roamed where'er his fancy chose
 Where Rama's leafy cottage rose.
 Now near, now far, in careless ease,
 He came and went among the trees.
 Now with light feet he turned to fly,
 Now, reassured, again drew nigh:
 Now gambolled close with leap and bound,
 Now lay upon the grassy ground:
 Now sought the door, devoid of fear,
 And mingled with the troop of deer;
 Led them a little way, and thence
 Again returned with confidence.
 Now flying far, now turning back
 Emboldened on his former track,
 Seeking to win the lady's glance
 He wandered through the green expanse.
 Then thronging round, the woodland deer
 Gazed on his form with wondering fear;
 A while they followed where he led,
 Then snuffed the tainted gale and fled.
 The giant, though he longed to slay
 The startled quarry, spared the prey,
 And mindful of the shape he wore
 To veil his nature, still forbore.
 Then Sita of the glorious eye,
 Returning from her task drew nigh;
 For she had sought the wood to bring
 Each loveliest flower of early spring.
 Now would the bright-eyed lady choose
 Some gorgeous bud with blending hues,
 Now plucked the mango's spray, and now
 The bloom from an Aśoka bough.
 She with her beauteous form, unmeet
 For woodland life and lone retreat,
 That wondrous dappled deer beheld
 Gemmed with rich pearls, unparallelled,

His silver hair the lady saw,
 His radiant teeth and lips and jaw,
 And gazed with rapture as her eyes
 Expanded in their glad surprise.
 And when the false deer's glances fell
 On her whom Rama loved so well,
 He wandered here and there, and cast
 A luminous beauty as he passed;
 And Janak's child with strange delight
 Kept gazing on the unwonted sight.

Canto XLIII. The Wondrous Deer.

She stooped, her hands with flowers to fill,
 But gazed upon the marvel still:
 Gazed on its back and sparkling side
 Where silver hues with golden vied.
 Joyous was she of faultless mould,
 With glossy skin like polished gold.
 And loudly to her husband cried
 And bow-armed Lakshman by his side:
 Again, again she called in glee:
 "O come this glorious creature see;
 Quick, quick, my lord, this deer to view.
 And bring thy brother Lakshman too."
 As through the wood her clear tones rang,
 Swift to her side the brothers sprang.
 With eager eyes the grove they scanned,
 And saw the deer before them stand.
 But doubt was strong in Lakshman's breast,
 Who thus his thought and fear expressed:

"Stay, for the wondrous deer we see
 The fiend Maricha's self may be.
 Ere now have kings who sought this place
 To take their pastime in the chase,
 Met from his wicked art defeat,
 And fallen slain by like deceit.
 He wears, well trained in magic guile,
 The figure of a deer a while,
 Bright as the very sun, or place
 Where dwell the gay Gandharva race.
 No deer, O Rama, e'er was seen
 Thus decked with gold and jewels' sheen.
 'Tis magic, for the world has ne'er,
 Lord of the world, shown aught so fair."

But Sita of the lovely smile,
 A captive to the giant's wile,
 Turned Lakshman's prudent speech aside
 And thus with eager words replied:
 "My honoured lord, this deer I see
 With beauty rare enraptures me.
 Go, chief of mighty arm, and bring
 For my delight this precious thing.
 Fair creatures of the woodland roam
 Untroubled near our hermit home.

The forest cow and stag are there,
 The fawn, the monkey, and the bear,
 Where spotted deer delight to play,
 And strong and beauteous Kinnars²³ stray.
 But never, as they wandered by,
 Has such a beauty charmed mine eye
 As this with limbs so fair and slight,
 So gentle, beautiful and bright.
 O see, how fair it is to view
 With jewels of each varied hue:
 Bright as the rising moon it glows,
 Lighting the wood where'er it goes.
 Ah me, what form and grace are there!
 Its limbs how fine, its hues how fair!
 Transcending all that words express,
 It takes my soul with loveliness.
 O, if thou would, to please me, strive
 To take the beauteous thing alive,
 How thou wouldst gaze with wondering eyes
 Delighted on the lovely prize!
 And when our woodland life is o'er,
 And we enjoy our realm once more,
 The wondrous animal will grace
 The chambers of my dwelling-place,
 And a dear treasure will it be
 To Bharat and the queens and me,
 And all with rapture and amaze
 Upon its heavenly form will gaze.
 But if the beauteous deer, pursued,
 Thine arts to take it still elude,
 Strike it, O chieftain, and the skin
 Will be a treasure, laid within.
 O, how I long my time to pass
 Sitting upon the tender grass,
 With that soft fell beneath me spread
 Bright with its hair of golden thread!
 This strong desire, this eager will,
 Befits a gentle lady ill:
 But when I first beheld, its look
 My breast with fascination took.
 See, golden hair its flank adorns,
 And sapphires tip its branching horns.
 Resplendent as the lunar way,
 Or the first blush of opening day,
 With graceful form and radiant hue
 It charmed thy heart, O chieftain, too."

He heard her speech with willing ear,
 He looked again upon the deer.
 Its lovely shape his breast beguiled
 Moved by the prayer of Janak's child,
 And yielding for her pleasure's sake,
 To Lakshman Rama turned and spake:

"Mark, Lakshman, mark how Sita's breast
 With eager longing is possessed.

23 A race of beings of human shape but with the heads of horses, like centaurs reversed.

To-day this deer of wondrous breed
 Must for his passing beauty bleed,
 Brighter than e'er in Nandan strayed,
 Or Chaitraratha's heavenly shade.
 How should the groves of earth possess
 Such all-surpassing loveliness!
 The hair lies smooth and bright and fine,
 Or waves upon each curving line,
 And drops of living gold bedeck
 The beauty of his side and neck.
 O look, his crimson tongue between
 His teeth like flaming fire is seen,
 Flashing, whenever his lips he parts,
 As from a cloud the lightning darts.
 O see his sunlike forehead shine
 With emerald tints and almandine,
 While pearly light and roseate glow
 Of shells adorn his neck below.
 No eye on such a deer can rest
 But soft enchantment takes the breast:
 No man so fair a thing behold
 Ablaze with light of radiant gold,
 Celestial, bright with jewels' sheen,
 Nor marvel when his eyes have seen.
 A king equipped with bow and shaft
 Delights in gentle forest craft,
 And as in boundless woods he strays
 The quarry for the venison slays.
 There as he wanders with his train
 A store of wealth he oft may gain.
 He claims by right the precious ore,
 He claims the jewels' sparkling store.
 Such gains are dearer in his eyes
 Than wealth that in his chamber lies,
 The dearest things his spirit knows,
 Dear as the bliss which Śukra chose.
 But oft the rich expected gain
 Which heedless men pursue in vain,
 The sage, who prudent counsels know,
 Explain and in a moment show.
 This best of deer, this gem of all,
 To yield his precious spoils must fall,
 And tender Sita by my side
 Shall sit upon the golden hide.
 Ne'er could I find so rich a coat
 On spotted deer or sheep or goat.
 No buck or antelope has such,
 So bright to view, so soft to touch.
 This radiant deer and one on high
 That moves in glory through the sky,
 Alike in heavenly beauty are,
 One on the earth and one a star.
 But, brother, if thy fears be true,
 And this bright creature that we view
 Be fierce Maricha in disguise,
 Then by this hand he surely dies.

For that dire fiend who spurns control
 With bloody hand and cruel soul,
 Has roamed this forest and dismayed
 The holiest saints who haunt the shade.
 Great archers, sprung of royal race,
 Pursuing in the wood the chase,
 Have fallen by his wicked art,
 And now my shaft shall strike his heart.
 Vatapi, by his magic power
 Made heedless saints his flesh devour,
 Then, from within their frames he rent
 Forth bursting from imprisonment.
 But once his art in senseless pride
 Upon the mightiest saint he tried,
 Agastya's self, and caused him taste
 The baited meal before him placed.
 Vatapi, when the rite was o'er,
 Would take the giant form he wore,
 But Saint Agastya knew his wile
 And checked the giant with smile.
 "Vatapi, thou with cruel spite
 Hast conquered many an anchorite
 The noblest of the Brahman caste,—
 And now thy ruin comes at last."
 Now if my power he thus defies,
 This giant, like Vatapi dies,
 Daring to scorn a man like me,
 A self-subduing devotee.
 Yea, as Agastya slew the foe,
 My hand shall lay Maricha low
 Clad in thine arms thy bow in hand,
 To guard the Maithil lady stand,
 With watchful eye and thoughtful breast
 Keeping each word of my behest
 I go, and hunting through the brake
 This wondrous deer will bring or take.
 Yea surely I will bring the spoil
 Returning from my hunter's toil
 See, Lakshman how my consort's eyes
 Are longing for the lovely prize.
 This day it falls, that I may win
 The treasure of so fair a skin.
 Do thou and Sita watch with care
 Lest danger seize you unaware.
 Swift from my bow one shaft will fly;
 The stricken deer will fall and die
 Then quickly will I strip the game
 And bring the trophy to my dame.
 Jaṭayus, guardian good and wise,
 Our old and faithful friend,
 The best and strongest bird that flies,
 His willing aid will lend
 The Maithil lady well protect,
 For every chance provide,
 And in thy tender care suspect
 A foe on every side."

Canto XLIV. Maricha's Death.

Thus having warned his brother bold
 He grasped his sword with haft of gold,
 And bow with triple flexure bent,
 His own delight and ornament;
 Then bound two quivers to his side,
 And hurried forth with eager stride.
 Soon as the antlered monarch saw
 The lord of monarchs near him draw,
 A while with trembling heart he fled,
 Then turned and showed his stately head.
 With sword and bow the chief pursued
 Where'er the fleeing deer he viewed
 Sending from dell and lone recess
 The splendour of his loveliness.
 Now full in view the creature stood
 Now vanished in the depth of wood;
 Now running with a languid flight,
 Now like a meteor lost to sight.
 With trembling limbs away he sped;
 Then like the moon with clouds o'erspread
 Gleamed for a moment bright between
 The trees, and was again unseen.
 Thus in the magic deer's disguise
 Maricha lured him to the prize,
 And seen a while, then lost to view,
 Far from his cot the hero drew.
 Still by the flying game deceived
 The hunter's heart was wroth and grieved,
 And wearied with the fruitless chase
 He stayed him in a shady place.
 Again the rover of the night
 Enraged the chieftain, full in sight,
 Slow moving in the coppice near,
 Surrounded by the woodland deer.
 Again the hunter sought the game
 That seemed a while to court his aim:
 But seized again with sudden dread,
 Beyond his sight the creature fled.
 Again the hero left the shade,
 Again the deer before him strayed.
 With surer hope and stronger will
 The hunter longed his prey to kill.
 Then as his soul impatient grew,
 An arrow from his side he drew,
 Resplendent at the sunbeam's glow,
 The crusher of the smitten foe.
 With skillful heed the mighty lord
 Fixed well shaft and strained the cord.
 Upon the deer his eyes he bent,
 And like a fiery serpent went
 The arrow Brahma's self had framed,
 Alive with sparks that hissed and flamed,
 Like Indra's flashing levin, true
 To the false deer the missile flew
 Cleaving his flesh that wonderous dart
 Stood quivering in Maricha's heart.

Scarce from the ground one foot he sprang,
 Then stricken fell with deadly pang.
 Half lifeless, as he pressed the ground,
 He gave a roar of awful sound
 And ere the wounded giant died
 He threw his borrowed form aside
 Remembering still his lord's behest
 He pondered in his heart how best
 Sita might send her guard away,
 And Ravan seize the helpless prey.
 The monster knew the time was nigh,
 And called aloud with eager cry,
 "Ho, Sita, Lakshman" and the tone

He borrowed was like Rama's own.

So by that matchless arrow cleft,
 The deer's bright form Maricha left,
 Resumed his giant shape and size
 And closed in death his languid eyes.
 When Rama saw his awful foe
 Gasp, smeared with blood, in deadly throe,
 His anxious thoughts to Sita sped,
 And the wise words that Lakshman said,
 That this was false Maricha's art,
 Returned again upon his heart.
 He knew the foe he triumphed o'er
 The name of great Maricha bore.
 "The fiend," he pondered, 'ere he died,
 "Ho, Lakshman! ho, my Sita!" cried
 Ah, if that cry has reached her ear,
 How dire must be my darling's fear!
 And Lakshman of the mighty arm,
 What thinks he in his wild alarm?
 As thus he thought in sad surmise,
 Each startled hair began to rise,
 And when he saw the giant slain
 And thought upon that cry again,
 His spirit sank and terror pressed
 Full sorely on the hero's breast.
 Another deer he chased and struck,
 He bore away the fallen buck,
 To Janasthan then turned his face
 And hastened to his dwelling place.

Canto XLV. Lakshman's Departure.

But Sita hearing as she thought,
 Her husband's cry with anguish fraught,
 Called to her guardian, "Lakshman, run
 And in the wood seek Raghu's son.
 Scarce can my heart retain its throne,
 Scarce can my life be called mine own,
 As all my powers and senses fail
 At that long, loud and bitter wail.
 Haste to the wood with all thy speed
 And save thy brother in his need.

Go, save him in the distant glade
 Where loud he calls, for timely aid.
 He falls beneath some giant foe—
 A bull whom lions overthrow.”

Deaf to her prayer, no step he stirred
 Obedient to his mother’s word,
 Then Janak’s child, with ire inflamed,
 In words of bitter scorn exclaimed

“Sumitra’s son, a friend in show,
 Thou art in truth thy brother’s foe,
 Who canst at such any hour deny
 Thy succour and neglect his cry.
 Yes, Lakshman, smit with love of me
 Thy brother’s death thou fain wouldst see.
 This guilty love thy heart has swayed
 And makes thy feet so loth to aid.
 Thou hast no love for Rama, no:
 Thy joy is vice, thy thoughts are low
 Hence thus unmoved thou yet canst stay
 While my dear lord is far away.
 If aught of ill my lord betide
 Who led thee here, thy chief and guide,
 Ah, what will be my hapless fate
 Left in the wild wood desolate!”

Thus spoke the lady sad with fear,
 With many a sigh and many a tear,
 Still trembling like a captured doe:
 And Lakshman spoke to calm her woe:

“Videhan Queen, be sure of this,—
 And at the thought thy fear dismiss,—
 Thy husband’s mightier power defies
 All Gods and angels of the skies,
 Gandharvas, and the sons of light,
 Serpents, and rovers of the night.
 I tell thee, of the sons of earth,
 Of Gods who boast celestial birth,
 Of beasts and birds and giant hosts,
 Of demigods, Gandharvas, ghosts,
 Of awful fiends, O thou most fair,
 There lives not one whose heart would dare
 To meet thy Rama in the fight,
 Like Indra’s self unmatched in might.
 Such idle words thou must not say
 Thy Rama lives whom none may slay.
 I will not, cannot leave thee here
 In the wild wood till he be near.
 The mightiest strength can ne’er withstand
 His eager force, his vigorous hand.
 No, not the triple world allied
 With all the immortal Gods beside.
 Dismiss thy fear, again take heart,
 Let all thy doubt and woe depart.
 Thy lord, be sure, will soon be here

And bring thee back that best of deer.
 Not his, not his that mournful cry,
 Nor haply came it from the sky.
 Some giant's art was busy there
 And framed a castle based on air.
 A precious pledge art thou, consigned
 To me by him of noblest mind,
 Nor can I fairest dame, forsake
 The pledge which Rama bade me take.
 Upon our heads, O Queen, we drew
 The giants' hate when Rama slew
 Their chieftain Khara, and the shade
 Of Janasthan in ruin laid.
 Through all this mighty wood they rove
 With varied cries from grove to grove
 On rapine bent they wander here:
 But O, dismiss thy causeless fear."

Bright flashed her eye as Lakshman spoke
 And forth her words of fury broke
 Upon her truthful guardian, flung
 With bitter taunts that pierced and stung:
 "Shame on such false compassion, base
 Defiler of thy glorious race!
 'Twere joyous sight I ween to thee
 My lord in direst strait to see.
 Thou knowest Rama sore bested,
 Or word like this thou ne'er hadst said.
 No marvel if we find such sin
 In rivals false to kith and kin.
 Wretches like thee of evil kind,
 Concealing crime with crafty mind.
 Thou, wretch, thine aid wilt still deny,
 And leave my lord alone to die.
 Has love of me unnerved thy hand,
 Or Bharat's art this ruin planned?
 But be the treachery his or thine,
 In vain, in vain the base design.
 For how shall I, the chosen bride
 Of dark-hued Rama, lotus-eyed,
 The queen who once called Rama mine,
 To love of other men decline?
 Believe me, Lakshman, Rama's wife
 Before thine eyes will quit this life,
 And not a moment will she stay
 If her dear lord have passed away."

The lady's bitter speech, that stirred
 Each hair upon his frame, he heard.
 With lifted hands together laid,
 His calm reply he gently made:

"No words have I to answer now:
 My deity, O Queen, art thou.
 But 'tis no marvel, dame, to find
 Such lack of sense in womankind.
 Throughout this world, O Maithil dame,

Weak women's hearts are still the same.
 Inconstant, urged by envious spite,
 They sever friends and hate the right.
 I cannot brook, Videhan Queen,
 Thy words intolerably keen.
 Mine ears thy fierce reproaches pain
 As boiling water seethes the brain.
 And now to bear me witness all
 The dwellers in the wood I call,
 That, when with words of truth I plead,
 This harsh reply is all my meed.
 Ah, woe is thee! Ah, grief, that still
 Eager to do my brother's will,
 Mourning thy woman's nature, I
 Must see thee doubt my truth and die.
 I fly to Rama's side, and Oh,
 May bliss attend thee while I go!
 May all attendant wood-gods screen
 Thy head from harm, O large-eyed Queen!
 And though dire omens meet my sight
 And fill my soul with wild affright,
 May I return in peace and see
 The son of Raghu safe with thee!"

The child of Janak heard him speak,
 And the hot tear-drops down her cheek,
 Increasing to a torrent, ran,
 As thus once more the dame began:
 "O Lakshman, if I widowed be
 Godavari's flood shall cover me,
 Or I will die by cord, or leap,
 Life weary, from yon rocky steep;
 Or deadly poison will I drink,
 Or 'neath the kindled flames will sink,
 But never, reft of Rama, can
 Consent to touch a meaner man."

The Maithil dame with many sighs,
 And torrents pouring from her eyes,
 The faithful Lakshman thus addressed,
 And smote her hands upon her breast.
 Sumitra's son, o'erwhelmed by fears,
 Looked on the large-eyed queen:
 He saw that flood of burning tears,
 He saw that piteous mien.
 He yearned sweet comfort to afford,
 He strove to soothe her pain;
 But to the brother of her lord
 She spoke no word again.
 His reverent hands once more he raised,
 His head he slightly bent,
 Upon her face he sadly gazed,
 And then toward Rama went.

Canto XLVI. The Guest.

The angry Lakshman scarce could brook
 Her bitter words, her furious look.

With dark forebodings in his breast
To Rama's side he quickly pressed.

Then ten necked Ravan saw the time
Propitious for his purposed crime.
A mendicant in guise he came
And stood before the Maithil dame.
His garb was red, with tufted hair
And sandalled feet a shade he bare,
And from the fiend's left shoulder slung
A staff and water-vessel hung.
Near to the lovely dame he drew,
While both the chiefs were far from view,
As darkness takes the evening air
When neither sun nor moon is there.
He bent his eye upon the dame,
A princess fair, of spotless fame:
So might some baleful planet be
Near Moon-forsaken Rohini.²⁴
As the fierce tyrant nearer drew,
The trees in Janasthan that grew
Waved not a leaf for fear and woe,
And the hushed wind forbore to blow.
Godavari's waters as they fled,
Saw his fierce eye-balls flashing red,
And from each swiftly-gliding wave
A melancholy murmur gave.
Then Ravan, when his eager eye
Beheld the longed-for moment nigh,
In mendicant's apparel dressed
Near to the Maithil lady pressed.
In holy guise, a fiend abhorred,
He found her mourning for her lord.
Thus threatening draws Śaniśchar²⁵ nigh
To Chitra²⁶ in the evening sky;
Thus the deep well by grass concealed
Yawns treacherous in the verdant field.
He stood and looked upon the dame
Of Rama, queen of spotless fame
With her bright teeth and each fair limb
Like the full moon she seemed to him,
Sitting within her leafy cot,
Weeping for woe that left her not.
Thus, while with joy his pulses beat,
He saw her in her lone retreat,
Eyed like the lotus, fair to view
In silken robes of amber hue.
Pierced to the core by Kama's dart
He murmured texts with lying art,
And questioned with a soft address
The lady in her loneliness.
The fiend essayed with gentle speech
The heart of that fair dame to reach,
Pride of the worlds, like Beauty's Queen

24 The favourite wife of the Moon.

25 The planet Saturn.

26 Another favourite of the Moon; one of the lunar mansions.

Without her darling lotus seen:

"O thou whose silken robes enfold
 A form more fair than finest gold,
 With lotus garland on thy head,
 Like a sweet spring with bloom o'erspread,
 Who art thou, fair one, what thy name,
 Beauty, or Honour, Fortune, Fame,
 Spirit, or nymph, or Queen of love
 Descended from thy home above?
 Bright as the dazzling jasmine shine
 Thy small square teeth in level line.
 Like two black stars aglow with light
 Thine eyes are large and pure and bright.
 Thy charms of smile and teeth and hair
 And winning eyes, O thou most fair,
 Steal all my spirit, as the flow
 Of rivers mines the bank below.
 How bright, how fine each flowing tress!
 How firm those orbs beneath thy dress!
 That dainty waist with ease were spanned,
 Sweet lady, by a lover's hand.
 Mine eyes, O beauty, ne'er have seen
 Goddess or nymph so fair of mien,
 Or bright Gandharva's heavenly dame,
 Or woman of so perfect frame.
 In youth's soft prime thy years are few,
 And earth has naught so fair to view.
 I marvel one like thee in face
 Should make the woods her dwelling-place.
 Leave, lady, leave this lone retreat
 In forest wilds for thee unmeet,
 Where giants fierce and strong assume
 All shapes and wander in the gloom.
 These dainty feet were formed to tread
 Some palace floor with carpets spread,
 Or wander in trim gardens where
 Each opening bud perfumes the air.
 The richest robe thy form should deck,
 The rarest gems adorn thy neck,
 The sweetest wreath should bind thy hair,
 The noblest lord thy bed should share.
 Art thou akin, O fair of form,
 To Rudras,²⁷ or the Gods of storm,²⁸
 Or to the glorious Vasus²⁹? How
 Can less than these be bright as thou?
 But never nymph or heavenly maid
 Or Goddess haunts this gloomy shade.
 Here giants roam, a savage race;
 What led thee to so dire a place?
 Here monkeys leap from tree to tree,
 And bears and tigers wander free;
 Here ravening lions prowl, and fell
 Hyenas in the thickets yell,

27 The Rudras, agents in creation, are eight in number; they sprang from the forehead of Brahma.

28 Maruts, the attendants of Indra.

29 Radiant demi-gods.

And elephants infuriate roam,
 Mighty and fierce, their woodland home.
 Dost thou not dread, so soft and fair,
 Tiger and lion, wolf and bear?
 Hast thou, O beauteous dame, no fear
 In the wild wood so lone and drear?
 Whose and who art thou? whence and why
 Sweet lady, with no guardian nigh,
 Dost thou this awful forest tread
 By giant bands inhabited?"

The praise the high-souled Ravan spoke
 No doubt within her bosom woke.
 His saintly look and Brahman guise
 Deceived the lady's trusting eyes.
 With due attention on the guest
 Her hospitable rites she pressed.
 She bade the stranger to a seat,
 And gave him water for his feet.
 The bowl and water-pot he bare,
 And garb which wandering Brahmans wear
 Forbade a doubt to rise.
 Won by his holy look she deemed
 The stranger even as he seemed
 To her deluded eyes.
 Intent on hospitable care,
 She brought her best of woodland fare,
 And showed her guest a seat.
 She bade the saintly stranger lave
 His feet in water which she gave,
 And sit and rest and eat.
 He kept his eager glances bent
 On her so kindly eloquent,
 Wife of the noblest king;
 And longed in heart to steal her thence,
 Preparing by the dire offence,
 Death on his head to bring.
 The lady watched with anxious face
 For Rama coming from the chase
 With Lakshman by his side:
 But nothing met her wandering glance
 Save the wild forest's green expanse
 Extending far and wide.

Canto XLVII. Ravan's Wooing.

As, clad in mendicant's disguise,
 He questioned thus his destined prize,
 She to the seeming saintly man
 The story of her life began.
 "My guest is he," she thought, "and I,
 To 'scape his curse, must needs reply:"
 "Child of a noble sire I spring
 From Janak, fair Videha's king.
 May every good be thine! my name
 Is Sita, Rama's cherished dame.
 Twelve winters with my lord I spent

Most happily with sweet content
 In the rich home of Raghu's line,
 And every earthly joy was mine.
 Twelve pleasant years flew by, and then
 His peers advised the king of men,
 Rama, my lord, to consecrate
 Joint ruler of his ancient state.
 But when the rites were scarce begun,
 To consecrate Ikshvaku's son,
 The queen Kaikeyi, honoured dame,
 Sought of her lord an ancient claim.
 Her plea of former service pressed,
 And made him grant her new request,
 To banish Rama to the wild
 And consecrate instead her child.
 This double prayer on him, the best
 And truest king, she strongly pressed:
 "Mine eyes in sleep I will not close,
 Nor eat, nor drink, nor take repose.
 This very day my death shall bring
 If Rama be anointed king."
 As thus she spake in envious ire,
 The aged king, my husband's sire,
 Besought with fitting words; but she
 Was cold and deaf to every plea.
 As yet my days are few; eighteen
 The years of life that I have seen;
 And Rama, best of all alive,
 Has passed of years a score and five—
 Rama the great and gentle, through
 All region famed as pure and true,
 Large-eyed and mighty-armed and tall,
 With tender heart that cares for all.
 But Daśaratha, led astray
 By woman's wile and passion's sway,
 By his strong love of her impelled,
 The consecrating rites withheld.
 When, hopeful of the promised grace,
 My Rama sought his father's face,
 The queen Kaikeyi, ill at ease,
 Spoke to my lord brief words like these:
 "Hear, son of Raghu, hear from me
 The words thy father says to thee:
 "I yield this day to Bharat's hand,
 Free from all foes, this ancient land.
 Fly from this home no longer thine,
 And dwell in woods five years and nine.
 Live in the forest and maintain
 Mine honour pure from falsehood's stain.'"
 Then Rama spoke, untouched by dread:
 "Yea, it shall be as thou hast said."
 And answered, faithful to his vows,
 Obeying Daśaratha's spouse:
 "The offered realm I would not take,
 But still keep true the words he spake."
 Thus, gentle Brahman, Rama still
 Clung to his vow with firmest will.

And valiant Lakshman, dear to fame,
 His brother by a younger dame,
 Bold victor in the deadly fray,
 Would follow Rama on his way.
 On sternest vows his heart was set,
 And he, a youthful anchoret,
 Bound up in twisted coil his hair
 And took the garb which hermits wear;
 Then with his bow to guard us, he
 Went forth with Rama and with me.
 By Queen Kaikeyi's art bereft
 The kingdom and our home we left,
 And bound by stern religious vows
 We sought this shade of forest boughs.
 Now, best of Brahmans, here we tread
 These pathless regions dark and dread.
 But come, refresh thy soul, and rest
 Here for a while an honoured guest,
 For he, my lord, will soon be here
 With fresh supply of woodland cheer,
 Large store of venison of the buck,
 Or some great boar his hand has struck.
 Meanwhile, O stranger, grant my prayer:
 Thy name, thy race, thy birth declare,
 And why with no companion thou
 Roamest in Dandak forest now."

Thus questioned Sita, Rama's dame.
 Then fierce the stranger's answer came:
 "Lord of the giant legions, he
 From whom celestial armies flee,—
 The dread of hell and earth and sky,
 Ravan the Rakshas³⁰ king am I.
 Now when thy gold-like form I view
 Arrayed in silks of amber hue,
 My love, O thou of perfect mould,
 For all my dames is dead and cold.
 A thousand fairest women, torn
 From many a land my home adorn.
 But come, loveliest lady, be
 The queen of every dame and me.
 My city Lanka, glorious town,
 Looks from a mountain's forehead down
 Where ocean with his flash and foam
 Beats madly on mine island home.
 With me, O Sita, shalt thou rove
 Delighted through each shady grove,
 Nor shall thy happy breast retain
 Fond memory of this life of pain.
 In gay attire, a glittering band,
 Five thousand maids shall round thee stand,
 And serve thee at thy beck and sign,
 If thou, fair Sita, wilt be mine."

Then forth her noble passion broke
 As thus in turn the lady spoke:

30 Demon.

“Me, me the wife of Rama, him
 The lion lord with lion’s limb,
 Strong as the sea, firm as the rock,
 Like Indra in the battle shock.
 The lord of each auspicious sign,
 The glory of his princely line,
 Like some fair Bodh tree strong and tall,
 The noblest and the best of all,
 Rama, the heir of happy fate
 Who keeps his word inviolate,
 Lord of the lion gait, possessed
 Of mighty arm and ample chest,
 Rama the lion-warrior, him
 Whose moon bright face no fear can dim,
 Rama, his bridled passions’ lord,
 The darling whom his sire adored,—
 Me, me the true and loving dame
 Of Rama, prince of deathless fame—
 Me wouldst thou vainly woo and press?
 A jackal woo a lioness!
 Steal from the sun his glory! such
 Thy hope Lord Rama’s wife to touch.
 Ha! Thou hast seen the trees of gold,
 The sign which dying eyes behold,
 Thus seeking, weary of thy life,
 To win the love of Rama’s wife.
 Fool! wilt thou dare to rend away
 The famished lion’s bleeding prey,
 Or from the threatening jaws to take
 The fang of some envenomed snake?
 What, wouldst thou shake with puny hand
 Mount Mandar,³¹ towering o’er the land,
 Put poison to thy lips and think
 The deadly cup a harmless drink?
 With pointed needle touch thine eye,
 A razor to thy tongue apply,
 Who wouldst pollute with impious touch
 The wife whom Rama loves so much?
 Be round thy neck a millstone tied,
 And swim the sea from side to side;
 Or raising both thy hands on high
 Pluck sun and moon from yonder sky;
 Or let the kindled flame be pressed,
 Wrapt in thy garment, to thy breast;
 More wild the thought that seeks to win
 Rama’s dear wife who knows not sin.
 The fool who thinks with idle aim
 To gain the love of Rama’s dame,
 With dark and desperate footing makes
 His way o’er points of iron stakes.
 As Ocean to a bubbling spring,
 The lion to a fox, the king
 Of all the birds that ply the wing
 To an ignoble crow
 As gold to lead of little price,
 As to the drainings of the rice

31 The mountain which was used by the Gods as a churning stick at the Churning of the Ocean.

The drink they quaff in Paradise,
 The Amrit's heavenly flow,
 As sandal dust with perfume sweet
 Is to the mire that soils our feet,
 A tiger to a cat,
 As the white swan is to the owl,
 The peacock to the waterfowl,
 An eagle to a bat,
 Such is my lord compared with thee;
 And when with bow and arrows he,
 Mighty as Indra's self shall see
 His foeman, armed to slay,
 Thou, death-doomed like the fly that sips
 The oil that on the altar drips,
 Shalt cast the morsel from thy lips
 And lose thy half-won prey."

Thus in high scorn the lady flung
 The biting arrows of her tongue
 In bitter words that pierced and stung
 The rover of the night.
 She ceased. Her gentle cheek grew pale,
 Her loosened limbs began to fail,
 And like a plantain in the gale
 She trembled with affright.
 He terrible as Death stood nigh,
 And watched with fierce exulting eye
 The fear that shook her frame.
 To terrify the lady more,
 He counted all his triumphs o'er,
 Proclaimed the titles that he bore,
 His pedigree and name.

Canto XLVIII. Ravan's Speech.

With knitted brow and furious eye
 The stranger made his fierce reply:
 "In me O fairest dame, behold
 The brother of the King of Gold.
 The Lord of Ten Necks my title, named
 Ravan, for might and valour famed.
 Gods and Gandharva hosts I scare;
 Snakes, spirits, birds that roam the air
 Fly from my coming, wild with fear,
 Trembling like men when Death is near.
 Vaiśravan once, my brother, wrought
 To ire, encountered me and fought,

But yielding to superior might
 Fled from his home in sore affright.
 Lord of the man-drawn chariot, still
 He dwells on famed Kailasa's hill.
 I made the vanquished king resign
 The glorious car which now is mine,—
 Pushpak, the far-renowned, that flies
 Will-guided through the buxom skies.
 Celestial hosts by Indra led
 Flee from my face disquieted,

And where my dreaded feet appear
 The wind is hushed or breathless is fear.
 Where'er I stand, where'er I go
 The troubled waters cease to flow,
 Each spell-bound wave is mute and still
 And the fierce sun himself is chill.
 Beyond the sea my Lanka stands
 Filled with fierce forms and giant bands,
 A glorious city fair to see
 As Indra's Amaravati.
 A towering height of solid wall,
 Flashing afar, surrounds it all,
 Its golden courts enchant the sight,
 And gates aglow with lazulite.
 Steeds, elephants, and cars are there,
 And drums' loud music fills the air,
 Fair trees in lovely gardens grow
 Whose boughs with varied fruitage glow.
 Thou, beauteous Queen, with me shalt dwell
 In halls that suit a princess well,
 Thy former fellows shall forget
 Nor think of women with regret,
 No earthly joy thy soul shall miss,
 And take its fill of heavenly bliss.
 Of mortal Rama think no more,
 Whose terms of days will soon be o'er.
 King Daśaratha looked in scorn
 On Rama though the eldest born,
 Sent to the woods the weakling fool,
 And set his darling son to rule.
 What, O thou large-eyed dame, hast thou
 To do with fallen Rama now,
 From home and kingdom forced to fly,
 A wretched hermit soon to die?
 Accept thy lover, nor refuse
 The giant king who fondly woos.
 O listen, nor reject in scorn
 A heart by Kama's arrows torn.
 If thou refuse to hear my prayer,
 Of grief and coming woe beware;
 For the sad fate will fall on thee
 Which came on hapless Urvaśi,
 When with her foot she chanced to touch
 Purúravas, and sorrowed much.
 My little finger raised in fight
 Were more than match for Rama's might.
 O fairest, blithe and happy be
 With him whom fortune sends to thee."

Such were the words the giant said,
 And Sita's angry eyes were red.
 She answered in that lonely place
 The monarch of the giant race:

"Art thou the brother of the Lord
 Of Gold by all the world adored,
 And sprung of that illustrious seed

Wouldst now attempt this evil deed?
 I tell thee, impious Monarch, all
 The giants by thy sin will fall,
 Whose reckless lord and king thou art,
 With foolish mind and lawless heart.
 Yea, one may hope to steal the wife
 Of Indra and escape with life.
 But he who Rama's dame would tear
 From his loved side must needs despair.
 Yea, one may steal fair Śachi, dame
 Of Him who shoots the thunder flame,
 May live successful in his aim
 And length of day may see;
 But hope, O giant King, in vain,
 Though cups of Amrit thou may drain,
 To shun the penalty and pain
 Of wronging one like me.”
 Canto XLIX. The Rape Of Sita.
 The Rakshas monarch, thus addressed,
 His hands a while together pressed,
 And straight before her startled eyes
 Stood monstrous in his giant size.
 Then to the lady, with the lore
 Of eloquence, he spoke once more:
 “Thou scarce,” he cried, “hast heard aright
 The glories of my power and might.
 I borne sublime in air can stand
 And with these arms upheave the land,
 Drink the deep flood of Ocean dry
 And Death with conquering force defy,
 Pierce the great sun with furious dart
 And to her depths cleave earth apart.
 See, thou whom love and beauty blind,
 I wear each form as wills my mind.”

As thus he spake in burning ire
 His glowing eyes were red with fire.
 His gentle garb aside was thrown
 And all his native shape was shown.
 Terrific, monstrous, wild, and dread
 As the dark God who rules the dead,
 His fiery eyes in fury rolled,
 His limbs were decked with glittering gold.
 Like some dark cloud the monster showed,
 And his fierce breast with fury glowed.
 The ten-faced rover of the night,
 With twenty arms exposed to sight,
 His saintly guise aside had laid
 And all his giant height displayed.
 Attired in robes of crimson dye
 He stood and watched with angry eye
 The lady in her bright array
 Resplendent as the dawn of day
 When from the east the sunbeams break,
 And to the dark-haired lady spake:
 “If thou would call that lord thine own
 Whose fame in every world is known,

Look kindly on my love, and be
 Bride of a consort meet for thee.
 With me let blissful years be spent,
 For ne'er thy choice shalt thou repent.
 No deed of mine shall e'er displease
 My darling as she lives at ease.
 Thy love for mortal man resign,
 And to a worthier lord incline.
 Ah foolish lady, seeming wise
 In thine own weak and partial eyes,
 By what fair graces art thou held
 To Rama from his realm expelled?
 Misfortunes all his life attend,
 And his brief days are near their end.
 Unworthy prince, infirm of mind!
 A woman spoke and he resigned
 His home and kingdom and withdrew
 From troops of friends and retinue.
 And sought this forest dark and dread
 By savage beasts inhabited."

Thus Ravan urged the lady meet
 For love, whose words were soft and sweet.
 Near and more near the giant pressed
 As love's hot fire inflamed his breast.
 The leader of the giant crew
 His arm around the lady threw:
 Thus Budha³² with ill-omened might
 Steals Rohini's delicious light.
 One hand her glorious tresses grasped,
 One with its ruthless pressure clasped
 The body of his lovely prize,
 The Maithil dame with lotus eyes.
 The silvan Gods in wild alarm
 Marked his huge teeth and ponderous arm,
 And from that Death-like presence fled,
 Of mountain size and towering head.
 Then seen was Ravan's magic car
 Aglow with gold which blazed afar,—
 The mighty car which asses drew
 Thundering as it onward flew.
 He spared not harsh rebuke to chide
 The lady as she moaned and cried,
 Then with his arm about her waist
 His captive in the car he placed.
 In vain he threatened: long and shrill
 Rang out her lamentation still,
 O Rama! which no fear could stay:
 But her dear lord was far away.
 Then rose the fiend, and toward the skies
 Bore his poor helpless struggling prize:
 Hurrying through the air above
 The dame who loathed his proffered love.
 So might a soaring eagle bear
 A serpent's consort through the air.
 As on he bore her through the sky

32 Mercury: to be carefully distinguished from Buddha.

She shrieked aloud her bitter cry.
 As when some wretch's lips complain
 In agony of maddening pain;
 "O Lakshman, thou whose joy is still
 To do thine elder brother's will,
 This fiend, who all disguises wears,
 From Rama's side his darling tears.
 Thou who couldst leave bliss, fortune, all,
 Yea life itself at duty's call,
 Dost thou not see this outrage done
 To hapless me, O Raghu's son?
 'Tis thine, O victor of the foe,
 To bring the haughtiest spirit low,
 How canst thou such an outrage see
 And let the guilty fiend go free?
 Ah, seldom in a moment's time
 Comes bitter fruit of sin and crime,
 But in the day of harvest pain
 Comes like the ripening of the grain.
 So thou whom fate and folly lead
 To ruin for this guilty deed,
 Shalt die by Rama's arm ere long
 A dreadful death for hideous wrong.
 Ah, too successful in their ends
 Are Queen Kaikeyi and her friends,
 When virtuous Rama, dear to fame,
 Is mourning for his ravished dame.
 Ah me, ah me! a long farewell
 To lawn and glade and forest dell
 In Janasthan's wild region, where
 The Cassia trees are bright and fair
 With all your tongues to Rama say
 That Ravan bears his wife away.
 Farewell, a long farewell to thee,
 O pleasant stream Godavari,
 Whose rippling waves are ever stirred
 By many a glad wild water-bird!
 All ye to Rama's ear relate
 The giant's deed and Sita's fate.
 O all ye Gods who love this ground
 Where trees of every leaf abound,
 Tell Rama I am stolen hence,
 I pray you all with reverence.
 On all the living things beside
 That these dark boughs and coverts hide,
 Ye flocks of birds, ye troops of deer,
 I call on you my prayer to hear.
 All ye to Rama's ear proclaim
 That Ravan tears away his dame
 With forceful arms,—his darling wife,
 Dearer to Rama than his life.
 O, if he knew I dwelt in hell,
 My mighty lord, I know full well,
 Would bring me, conqueror, back to-day,
 Though Yama's self reclaimed his prey."

Thus from the air the lady sent

With piteous voice her last lament,
 And as she wept she chanced to see
 The vulture on a lofty tree.
 As Ravan bore her swiftly by,
 On the dear bird she bent her eye,
 And with a voice which woe made faint
 Renewed to him her wild complaint:

“O see, the king who rules the race
 Of giants, cruel, fierce and base,
 Ravan the spoiler bears me hence
 The helpless prey of violence.
 This fiend who roves in midnight shade
 By thee, dear bird, can ne’er be stayed,
 For he is armed and fierce and strong
 Triumphant in the power to wrong.
 For thee remains one only task,
 To do, kind friend, the thing I ask.
 To Rama’s ear by thee be borne
 How Sita from her home is torn,
 And to the valiant Lakshman tell
 The giant’s deed and what befell.”

Canto L. Jatayus.

The vulture from his slumber woke
 And heard the words which Sita spoke
 He raised his eye and looked on her,
 Looked on her giant ravisher.
 That noblest bird with pointed beak,
 Majestic as a mountain peak,
 High on the tree addressed the king
 Of giants, wisely counselling:
 “O Ten-necked lord, I firmly hold
 To faith and laws ordained of old,
 And thou, my brother, shouldst refrain
 From guilty deeds that shame and stain.
 The vulture king supreme in air,
 Jaṭayus is the name I bear.
 Thy captive, known by Sita’s name,
 Is the dear consort and the dame
 Of Rama, Daśaratha’s heir
 Who makes the good of all his care.
 Lord of the world in might he vies
 With the great Gods of seas and skies.
 The law he boasts to keep allows
 No king to touch another’s spouse,
 And, more than all, a prince’s dame
 High honour and respect may claim.
 Back to the earth thy way incline,
 Nor think of one who is not thine.
 Heroic souls should hold it shame
 To stoop to deeds which others blame,
 And all respect by them is shown
 To dames of others as their own.
 Not every case of bliss and gain
 The Scripture’s holy texts explain,

And subjects, when that light is dim,
 Look to their prince and follow him.
 The king is bliss and profit, he
 Is store of treasures fair to see,
 And all the people's fortunes spring,
 Their joy and misery, from the king.
 If, lord of giant race, thy mind
 Be fickle, false, to sin inclined,
 How wilt thou kingly place retain?
 High thrones in heaven no sinners gain.
 The soul which gentle passions sway
 Ne'er throws its nobler part away,
 Nor will the mansion of the base
 Long be the good man's dwelling-place.
 Prince Rama, chief of high renown,
 Has wronged thee not in field or town.
 Ne'er has he sinned against thee: how
 Canst thou resolve to harm him now?
 If moved by Śúrpanakha's prayer
 The giant Khara sought him there,
 And fighting fell with baffled aim,
 His and not Rama's is the blame.
 Say, mighty lord of giants, say
 What fault on Rama canst thou lay?
 What has the world's great master done
 That thou should steal his precious one?
 Quick, quick the Maithil dame release;
 Let Rama's consort go in peace,
 Lest scorched by his terrific eye
 Beneath his wrath thou fall and die
 Like Vritra when Lord Indra threw
 The lightning flame that smote and slew.
 Ah fool, with blinded eyes to take
 Home to thy heart a venomed snake!
 Ah foolish eyes, too blind to see
 That Death's dire coils entangle thee!
 The prudent man his strength will spare,
 Nor lift a load too great to bear.
 Content is he with wholesome food
 Which gives him life and strength renewed,
 But who would dare the guilty deed
 That brings no fame or glorious meed,
 Where merit there is none to win
 And vengeance soon o'ertakes the sin?
 My course of life, Pulastyá's son,
 For sixty thousand years has run.
 Lord of my kind I still maintain
 Mine old hereditary reign.
 I, worn by years, am older far
 Than thou, young lord of bow and car,
 In coat of glittering mail encased
 And armed with arrows at thy waist,
 But not unchallenged shalt thou go,
 Or steal the dame without a blow.
 Thou canst not, King, before mine eyes
 Bear off unchecked thy lovely prize,
 Safe as the truth of Scripture bent

By no close logic's argument.
 Stay if thy courage let thee, stay
 And meet me in the battle fray,
 And thou shalt stain the earth with gore
 Falling as Khara fell before.
 Soon Rama, clothed in bark, shall smite
 Thee, his proud foe, in deadly fight,—
 Rama, from whom have oft times fled
 The Daitya hosts discomfited.
 No power have I to kill or slay:
 The princely youths are far away,
 But soon shalt thou with fearful eye
 Struck down beneath their arrows lie.
 But while I yet have life and sense,
 Thou shalt not, tyrant, carry hence
 Fair Sita, Rama's honoured queen,
 With lotus eyes and lovely mien.
 Whate'er the pain, whate'er the cost,
 Though in the struggle life be lost,
 The will of Raghu's noblest son
 And Daśaratha must be done.
 Stay for a while, O Ravan, stay,
 One hour thy flying car delay,
 And from that glorious chariot thou
 Shalt fall like fruit from shaken bough,
 For I to thee, while yet I live,
 The welcome of a foe will give."

Canto LI. The Combat.

Ravan's red eyes in fury rolled:
 Bright with his armlets' flashing gold,
 In high disdain, by passion stirred
 He rushed against the sovereign bird.
 With clash and din and furious blows
 Of murderous battle met the foes:
 Thus urged by winds two clouds on high
 Meet warring in the stormy sky.
 Then fierce the dreadful combat raged
 As fiend and bird in war engaged,
 As if two winged mountains sped
 To dire encounter overhead.
 Keen pointed arrows thick and fast,
 In never ceasing fury cast,
 Rained hurtling on the vulture king
 And smote him on the breast and wing.
 But still that noblest bird sustained
 The cloud of shafts which Ravan rained,
 And with strong beak and talons bent
 The body of his foeman rent.
 Then wild with rage the ten-necked king
 Laid ten swift arrows on his string,—
 Dread as the staff of Death were they,
 So terrible and keen to slay.
 Straight to his ear the string he drew,
 Straight to the mark the arrows flew,
 And pierced by every iron head

The vulture's mangled body bled.
 One glance upon the car he bent
 Where Sita wept with shrill lament,
 Then heedless of his wounds and pain
 Rushed at the giant king again.
 Then the brave vulture with the stroke
 Of his resistless talons broke
 The giant's shafts and bow whereon
 The fairest pearls and jewels shone.
 The monster paused, by rage unmanned:
 A second bow soon armed his hand,
 Whence pointed arrows swift and true
 In hundreds, yea in thousands, flew.
 The monarch of the vultures, plied
 With ceaseless darts on every side,
 Showed like a bird that turns to rest
 Close covered by the branch-built nest.
 He shook his pinions to repel
 The storm of arrows as it fell;
 Then with his talons snapped in two
 The mighty bow which Ravan drew.
 Next with terrific wing he smote
 So fiercely on the giant's coat,
 The harness, glittering with the glow
 Of fire, gave way beneath the blow.
 With storm of murderous strokes he beat
 The harnessed asses strong and fleet,—
 Each with a goblin's monstrous face
 And plates of gold his neck to grace.
 Then on the car he turned his ire,—
 The will-moved car that shone like fire,
 And broke the glorious chariot, broke
 The golden steps and pole and yoke.
 The chouris and the silken shade
 Like the full moon to view displayed,
 Together with the guards who held
 Those emblems, to the ground he felled.
 The royal vulture hovered o'er
 The driver's head, and pierced and tore
 With his strong beak and dreaded claws
 His mangled brow and cheek and jaws.
 With broken car and Sundered bow,
 His charioteer and team laid low,
 One arm about the lady wound,
 Sprang the fierce giant to the ground.
 Spectators of the combat, all
 The spirits viewed the monster's fall:
 Lauding the vulture every one
 Cried with glad voice, Well done! well done!
 But weak with length of days, at last
 The vulture's strength was failing fast.
 The fiend again assayed to bear
 The lady through the fields of air.
 But when the vulture saw him rise
 Triumphant with his trembling prize,
 Bearing the sword that still was left
 When other arms were lost or cleft,

Once more, impatient of repose,
 Swift from the earth her champion rose,
 Hung in the way the fiend would take,
 And thus addressing Ravan spake:
 “Thou, King of giants, rash and blind,
 Wilt be the ruin of thy kind,
 Stealing the wife of Rama, him
 With lightning scars on chest and limb.
 A mighty host obeys his will
 And troops of slaves his palace fill;
 His lords of state are wise and true,
 Kinsmen has he and retinue.
 As thirsty travellers drain the cup,
 Thou drinkest deadly poison up.
 The rash and careless fool who heeds
 No coming fruit of guilty deeds,
 A few short years of life shall see,
 And perish doomed to death like thee.
 Say whither wilt thou fly to loose
 Thy neck from Death’s entangling noose,
 Caught like the fish that finds too late
 The hook beneath the treacherous bait?
 Never, O King—of this be sure—
 Will Raghu’s fiery sons endure,
 Terrific in their vengeful rage,
 This insult to their hermitage.
 Thy guilty hands this day have done
 A deed which all reprove and shun,
 Unworthy of a noble chief,
 The pillage loved by coward thief.
 Stay, if thy heart allow thee, stay
 And meet me in the deadly fray.
 Soon shall thou stain the earth with gore,
 And fall as Khara fell before.
 The fruits of former deeds o’erpower
 The sinner in his dying hour:
 And such a fate on thee, O King,
 Thy tyranny and madness bring.
 Not e’en the Self-existent Lord,
 Who reigns by all the worlds adored,
 Would dare attempt a guilty deed
 Which the dire fruits of crime succeed.”

Thus brave Jaṭayus, best of birds,
 Addressed the fiend with moving words,
 Then ready for the swift attack
 Swooped down upon the giant’s back.
 Down to the bone the talons went;
 With many a wound the flesh was rent:
 Such blows infuriate drivers deal
 Their elephants with pointed steel.
 Fixed in his back the strong beak lay,
 The talons stripped the flesh away.
 He fought with claws and beak and wing,
 And tore the long hair of the king.
 Still as the royal vulture beat
 The giant with his wings and feet,

Swelled the fiend's lips, his body shook
 With furious rage too great to brook.
 About the Maithil dame he cast
 One huge left arm and held her fast.
 In furious rage to frenzy fanned
 He struck the vulture with his hand.
 Jatayus mocked the vain assay,
 And rent his ten left arms away.
 Down dropped the severed limbs: anew
 Ten others from his body grew:
 Thus bright with pearly radiance glide
 Dread serpents from the hillock side,
 Again in wrath the giant pressed
 The lady closer to his breast,
 And foot and fist sent blow on blow
 In ceaseless fury at the foe.
 So fierce and dire the battle, waged
 Between those mighty champions, raged:
 Here was the lord of giants, there
 The noblest of the birds of air.
 Thus, as his love of Rama taught,
 The faithful vulture strove and fought.
 But Ravan seized his sword and smote
 His wings and side and feet and throat.
 At mangled side and wing he bled;
 He fell, and life was almost fled.
 The lady saw her champion lie,
 His plumes distained with gory dye,
 And hastened to the vulture's side
 Grieving as though a kinsman died.
 The lord of Lanka's island viewed
 The vulture as he lay:
 Whose back like some dark cloud was hued,
 His breast a paly grey,
 Like ashes, when by none renewed,
 The flame has died away.
 The lady saw with mournful eye,
 Her champion press the plain,—
 The royal bird, her true ally
 Whom Ravan's might had slain.
 Her soft arms locked in strict embrace
 Around his neck she kept,
 And lovely with her moon-bright face
 Bent o'er her friend and wept.
 Canto LII. Ravan's Flight.
 Fair as the lord of silvery rays
 Whom every star in heaven obeys,
 The Maithil dame her plaint renewed
 O'er him by Ravan's might subdued:
 "Dreams, omens, auguries foreshow
 Our coming lot of weal and woe:
 But thou, my Rama, couldst not see
 The grievous blow which falls on thee.
 The birds and deer desert the brakes
 And show the path my captor takes,
 And thus e'en now this royal bird
 Flew to mine aid by pity stirred.

Slain for my sake in death he lies,
 The broad-winged rover of the skies.
 O Rama, haste, thine aid I crave:
 O Lakshman, why delay to save?
 Brave sons of old Ikshvaku, hear
 And rescue in this hour of fear.”

Her flowery wreath was torn and rent,
 Crushed was each sparkling ornament.
 She with weak arms and trembling knees
 Clung like a creeper to the trees,
 And like some poor deserted thing
 With wild shrieks made the forest ring.
 But swift the giant reached her side,
 As loud on Rama's name she cried.
 Fierce as grim Death one hand he laid
 Upon her tresses' lovely braid.
 “That touch, thou impious King, shall be
 The ruin of thy race and thee.”
 The universal world in awe
 That outrage on the lady saw,
 All nature shook convulsed with dread,
 And darkness o'er the land was spread.
 The Lord of Day grew dark and chill,
 And every breath of air was still.
 The Eternal Father of the sky
 Beheld the crime with heavenly eye,
 And spake with solemn voice, “The deed,
 The deed is done, of old decreed.”
 Sad were the saints within the grove,
 But triumph with their sorrow strove.
 They wept to see the Maithil dame
 Endure the outrage, scorn, and shame:
 They joyed because his life should pay
 The penalty incurred that day.
 Then Ravan raised her up, and bare
 His captive through the fields of air,
 Calling with accents loud and shrill
 On Rama and on Lakshman still.
 With sparkling gems on arm and breast,
 In silk of paly amber dressed,
 High in the air the Maithil dame
 Gleamed like the lightning's flashing flame.
 The giant, as the breezes blew
 Upon her robes of amber hue,
 And round him twined that gay attire,
 Showed like a mountain girt with fire.
 The lady, fairest of the fair,
 Had wreathed a garland round her hair;
 Its lotus petals bright and sweet
 Rained down about the giant's feet.
 Her vesture, bright as burning gold,
 Gave to the wind each glittering fold,
 Fair as a gilded cloud that gleams
 Touched by the Day-God's tempered beams.
 Yet struggling in the fiend's embrace,
 The lady with her sweet pure face,

Far from her lord, no longer wore
 The light of joy that shone before.
 Like some sad lily by the side
 Of waters which the sun has dried;
 Like the pale moon uprising through
 An autumn cloud of darkest hue,
 So was her perfect face between
 The arms of giant Ravan seen:
 Fair with the charm of braided tress
 And forehead's finished loveliness;
 Fair with the ivory teeth that shed
 White lustre through the lips' fine red,
 Fair as the lotus when the bud
 Is rising from the parent flood.
 With faultless lip and nose and eye,
 Dear as the moon that floods the sky
 With gentle light, of perfect mould,
 She seemed a thing of burnished gold,
 Though on her cheek the traces lay
 Of tears her hand had brushed away.
 But as the moon-beams swiftly fade
 Ere the great Day-God shines displayed,
 So in that form of perfect grace
 Still trembling in the fiend's embrace,
 From her beloved Rama reft,
 No light of pride or joy was left.
 The lady with her golden hue
 O'er the swart fiend a lustre threw,
 As when embroidered girths enfold
 An elephant with gleams of gold.
 Fair as the lily's bending stem,—
 Her arms adorned with many a gem,
 A lustre to the fiend she lent
 Gleaming from every ornament,
 As when the cloud-shot flashes light
 The shadows of a mountain height.
 Whene'er the breezes earthward bore
 The tinkling of the zone she wore,
 He seemed a cloud of darkness hue
 Sending forth murmurs as it flew.
 As on her way the dame was sped
 From her sweet neck fair flowers were shed,
 The swift wind caught the flowery rain
 And poured it o'er the fiend again.
 The wind-stirred blossoms, sweet to smell,
 On the dark brows of Ravan fell,
 Like lunar constellations set
 On Meru for a coronet.
 From her small foot an anklet fair
 With jewels slipped, and through the air,
 Like a bright circling of the flame
 Of thunder, to the valley came.
 The Maithil lady, fair to see
 As the young leaflet of a tree
 Clad in the tender hues of spring,
 Flashed glory on the giant king,
 As when a gold-embroidered zone

Around an elephant is thrown.
 While, bearing far the lady, through
 The realms of sky the giant flew,
 She like a gleaming meteor cast
 A glory round her as she passed.
 Then from each limb in swift descent
 Dropped many a sparkling ornament:
 On earth they rested dim and pale
 Like fallen stars when virtues fail.³³
 Around her neck a garland lay
 Bright as the Star-God's silvery ray:
 It fell and flashed like Ganga sent
 From heaven above the firmament.³⁴
 The birds of every wing had flocked
 To stately trees by breezes rocked:
 These bowed their wind-swept heads and said:
 "My lady sweet, be comforted."
 With faded blooms each brook within
 Whose waters moved no gleamy fin,
 Stole sadly through the forest dell
 Mourning the dame it loved so well.
 From every woodland region near
 Came lions, tigers, birds, and deer,
 And followed, each with furious look,
 The way her flying shadow took.
 For Sita's loss each lofty hill
 Whose tears were waterfall, and rill,
 Lifting on high each arm-like steep,
 Seemed in the general woe to weep.
 When the great sun, the lord of day,
 Saw Ravan tear the dame away,
 His glorious light began to fail
 And all his disk grew cold and pale.
 "If Ravan from the forest flies
 With Rama's Sita as his prize,
 Justice and truth have vanished hence,
 Honour and right and innocence."
 Thus rose the cry of wild despair
 From spirits as they gathered there.
 In trembling troops in open lawns
 Wept, wild with woe, the startled fawns,
 And a strange terror changed the eyes
 They lifted to the distant skies.
 On silvan Gods who love the dell
 A sudden fear and trembling fell,
 As in the deepest woe they viewed
 The lady by the fiend subdued.
 Still in loud shrieks was heard afar
 That voice whose sweetness naught could mar,
 While eager looks of fear and woe
 She bent upon the earth below.
 The lady of each winning wile
 With pearly teeth and lovely smile,
 Seized by the lord of Lanka's isle,

33 The spirits of the good dwell in heaven until their store of accumulated merit is exhausted. Then they redescend to earth in the form of falling stars.

34 See The Descent of Ganga, Book I Canto XLIV.

Looked down for friends in vain.
 She saw no friend to aid her, none,
 Not Rama nor the younger son
 Of Daśaratha, and undone
 She swooned with fear and pain.

Canto LIII. Sita's Threats.

Soon as the Maithil lady knew
 That high through air the giant flew,
 Distressed with grief and sore afraid
 Her troubled spirit sank dismayed.
 Then, as anew the waters welled
 From those red eyes which sorrow swelled,
 Forth in keen words her passion broke,
 And to the fierce-eyed fiend she spoke:
 "Canst thou attempt a deed so base,
 Untroubled by the deep disgrace,—
 To steal me from my home and fly,
 When friend or guardian none was nigh?
 Thy craven soul that longed to steal,
 Fearing the blows that warriors deal,
 Upon a magic deer relied
 To lure my husband from my side,
 Friend of his sire, the vulture king
 Lies low on earth with mangled wing,
 Who gave his aged life for me
 And died for her he sought to free.
 Ah, glorious strength indeed is thine,
 Thou meanest of thy giant line,
 Whose courage dared to tell thy name
 And conquer in the fight a dame.
 Does the vile deed that thou hast done
 Cause thee no shame, thou wicked one—
 A woman from her home to rend
 When none was near his aid to lend?
 Through all the worlds, O giant King,
 The tidings of this deed will ring,
 This deed in law and honour's spite
 By one who claims a hero's might.
 Shame on thy boasted valour, shame!
 Thy prowess is an empty name.
 Shame, giant, on this cursed deed
 For which thy race is doomed to bleed!
 Thou fliest swifter than the gale,
 For what can strength like thine avail?
 Stay for one hour, O Ravan, stay;
 Thou shalt not flee with life away.
 Soon as the royal chieftains' sight
 Falls on the thief who roams by night,
 Thou wilt not, tyrant, live one hour
 Though backed by all thy legions' power.
 Ne'er can thy puny strength sustain
 The tempest of their arrowy rain:
 Have e'er the trembling birds withstood
 The wild flames raging in the wood?
 Hear me, O Ravan, let me go,

And save thy soul from coming woe.
 Or if thou wilt not set me free,
 Wroth for this insult done to me.
 With his brave brother's aid my lord
 Against thy life will raise his sword.
 A guilty hope inflames thy breast
 His wife from Rama's home to wrest.
 Ah fool, the hope thou hast is vain;
 Thy dreams of bliss shall end in pain.
 If torn from all I love by thee
 My godlike lord no more I see,
 Soon will I die and end my woes,
 Nor live the captive of my foes.
 Ah fool, with blinded eyes to choose
 The evil and the good refuse!
 So the sick wretch with stubborn will
 Turns fondly to the cates that kill,
 And madly draws his lips away
 From medicine that would check decay.
 About thy neck securely wound

The deadly coil of Fate is bound,
 And thou, O Ravan, dost not fear
 Although the hour of death is near.
 With death-doomed sight thine eyes behold
 The gleaming of the trees of gold,—
 See dread Vaitarani, the flood
 That rolls a stream of foamy blood,—
 See the dark wood by all abhorred—
 Its every leaf a threatening sword.
 The tangled thickets thou shall tread
 Where thorns with iron points are spread.
 For never can thy days be long,
 Base plotter of this shame and wrong
 To Rama of the lofty soul:
 He dies who drinks the poisoned bowl.
 The coils of death around thee lie:
 They hold thee and thou canst not fly.
 Ah whither, tyrant, wouldst thou run
 The vengeance of my lord to shun?
 By his unaided arm alone
 Were twice seven thousand fiends o'erthrown:
 Yes, in the twinkling of an eye
 He forced thy mightiest fiends to die.
 And shall that lord of lion heart,
 Skilled in the bow and spear and dart,
 Spare thee, O fiend, in battle strife,
 The robber of his darling wife?"

These were her words, and more beside,
 By wrath and bitter hate supplied.
 Then by her woe and fear o'erthrown
 She wept again and made her moan.
 As long she wept in grief and dread,
 Scarce conscious of the words she said,
 The wicked giant onward fled
 And bore her through the air.

As firm he held the Maithil dame,
 Still wildly struggling, o'er her frame
 With grief and bitter misery came
 The trembling of despair.

Canto LIV. Lanka.

He bore her on in rapid flight,
 And not a friend appeared in sight.
 But on a hill that o'er the wood
 Raised its high top five monkeys stood.
 From her fair neck her scarf she drew,
 And down the glittering vesture flew.
 With earring, necklet, chain, and gem,
 Descending in the midst of them:
 "For these," she thought, "my path may show,
 And tell my lord the way I go."
 Nor did the fiend, in wild alarm,
 Mark when she drew from neck and arm
 And foot the gems and gold, and sent
 To earth each gleaming ornament.
 The monkeys raised their tawny eyes
 That closed not in their first surprise,
 And saw the dark-eyed lady, where
 She shrieked above them in the air.
 High o'er their heads the giant passed
 Holding the weeping lady fast.
 O'er Pampa's flashing flood he sped
 And on to Lanka's city fled.
 He bore away in senseless joy
 The prize that should his life destroy,
 Like the rash fool who hugs beneath
 His robe a snake with venomous teeth.
 Swift as an arrow from a bow,
 Speeding o'er lands that lay below,
 Sublime in air his course he took
 O'er wood and rock and lake and brook.
 He passed at length the sounding sea
 Where monstrous creatures wander free,—
 Seat of Lord Varun's ancient reign,
 Controller of the eternal main.
 The angry waves were raised and tossed
 As Ravan with the lady crossed,
 And fish and snake in wild unrest
 Showed flashing fin and gleaming crest.
 Then from the blessed troops who dwell
 In air celestial voices fell:
 "O ten-necked King," they cried, "attend:
 This guilty deed will bring thine end!"

Then Ravan speeding like the storm,
 Bearing his death in human form,
 The struggling Sita, lighted down
 In royal Lanka's glorious town;
 A city bright and rich, that showed
 Well-ordered street and noble road;
 Arranged with just division, fair

With multitudes in court and square.
 Thus, all his journey done, he passed
 Within his royal home at last.
 There in a queenly bower he placed
 The black-eyed dame with dainty waist:
 Thus in her chamber Maya laid
 The lovely Maya, demon maid.
 Then Ravan gave command to all
 The dread she-fiends who filled the hall:
 "This captive lady watch and guard
 From sight of man and woman barred.
 But all the fair one asks beside
 Be with unsparing hand supplied:
 As though 'twere I that asked, withhold
 No pearls or dress or gems or gold.
 And she among you that shall dare
 Of purpose or through want of care
 One word to vex her soul to say,
 Throws her unvalued life away."

Thus spake the monarch of their race
 To those she-fiends who thronged the place,
 And pondering on the course to take
 Went from the chamber as he spake.
 He saw eight giants, strong and dread,
 On flesh of bleeding victims fed,
 Proud in the boon which Brahma gave,
 And trusting in its power to save.
 He thus the mighty chiefs addressed
 Of glorious power and strength possessed:
 "Arm, warriors, with the spear and bow;
 With all your speed from Lanka go,
 For Janasthan, our own no more,
 Is now defiled with giants' gore;
 The seat of Khara's royal state
 Is left unto us desolate.
 In your brave hearts and might confide,
 And cast ignoble fear aside.
 Go, in that desert region dwell
 Where the fierce giants fought and fell.
 A glorious host that region held,
 For power and might unparalleled,
 By Dúshan and brave Khara led,—
 All, slain by Rama's arrows, bled.
 Hence boundless wrath that spurns control
 Reigns paramount within my soul,
 And naught but Rama's death can sate
 The fury of my vengeful hate.
 I will not close my slumbering eyes
 Till by this hand my foeman dies.
 And when mine arm has slain the foe
 Who laid those giant princes low,
 Long will I triumph in the deed,
 Like one enriched in utmost need.
 Now go; that I this end may gain,
 In Janasthan, O chiefs, remain.
 Watch Rama there with keenest eye,

And all his deeds and movements spy.
 Go forth, no helping art neglect,
 Be brave and prompt and circumspect,
 And be your one endeavour still
 To aid mine arm this foe to kill.
 Oft have I seen your warrior might
 Proved in the forehead of the fight,
 And sure of strength I know so well
 Send you in Janasthan to dwell.”
 The giants heard with prompt assent
 The pleasant words he said,
 And each before his master bent
 For meet salute, his head.
 Then as he bade, without delay,
 From Lanka’s gate they passed,
 And hurried forward on their way
 Invisible and fast.

Canto LV. Sita In Prison.

Thus Ravan his commandment gave
 To those eight giants strong and brave,
 So thinking in his foolish pride
 Against all dangers to provide.
 Then with his wounded heart aflame
 With love he thought upon the dame,
 And took with hasty steps the way
 To the fair chamber where she lay.
 He saw the gentle lady there
 Weighed down by woe too great to bear,
 Amid the throng of fiends who kept
 Their watch around her as she wept:
 A pinnacle sinking neath the wave
 When mighty winds around her rave:
 A lonely herd-forsaken deer,
 When hungry dogs are pressing near.
 Within the bower the giant passed:
 Her mournful looks were downward cast.
 As there she lay with streaming eyes
 The giant bade the lady rise,
 And to the shrinking captive showed
 The glories of his rich abode,
 Where thousand women spent their days
 In palaces with gold ablaze;
 Where wandered birds of every sort,
 And jewels flashed in hall and court.
 Where noble pillars charmed the sight
 With diamond and lazulite,
 And others glorious to behold
 With ivory, crystal, silver, gold.
 There swelled on high the tambour’s sound,
 And burnished ore was bright around
 He led the mournful lady where
 Resplendent gold adorned the stair,
 And showed each lattice fair to see
 With silver work and ivory:
 Showed his bright chambers, line on line,

Adorned with nets of golden twine.
 Beyond he showed the Maithil dame
 His gardens bright as lightning's flame,
 And many a pool and lake he showed
 Where blooms of gayest colour glowed.
 Through all his home from view to view
 The lady sunk in grief he drew.
 Then trusting in her heart to wake
 Desire of all she saw, he spake:
 "Three hundred million giants, all
 Obedient to their master's call,
 Not counting young and weak and old,
 Serve me with spirits fierce and bold.
 A thousand culled from all of these
 Wait on the lord they long to please.
 This glorious power, this pomp and sway,
 Dear lady, at thy feet I lay:
 Yea, with my life I give the whole,
 O dearer than my life and soul.
 A thousand beauties fill my hall:
 Be thou my wife and rule them all.
 O hear my supplication! why
 This reasonable prayer deny?
 Some pity to thy suitor show,
 For love's hot flames within me glow.
 This isle a hundred leagues in length,
 Encompassed by the ocean's strength,
 Would all the Gods and fiends defy
 Though led by Him who rules the sky.
 No God in heaven, no sage on earth,
 No minstrel of celestial birth,
 No spirit in the worlds I see
 A match in power and might for me.
 What wilt thou do with Rama, him
 Whose days are short, whose light is dim,
 Expelled from home and royal sway,
 Who treads on foot his weary way?
 Leave the poor mortal to his fate,
 And wed thee with a worthier mate.
 My timid love, enjoy with me
 The prime of youth before it flee.
 Do not one hour the hope retain
 To look on Rama's face again.
 For whom would wildest thought beguile
 To seek thee in the giants' isle?
 Say who is he has power to bind
 In toils of net the rushing wind.
 Whose is the mighty hand will tame
 And hold the glory of the flame?
 In all the worlds above, below,
 Not one, O fair of form, I know
 Who from this isle in fight could rend
 The lady whom these arms defend.
 Fair Queen, o'er Lanka's island reign,
 Sole mistress of the wide domain.
 Gods, rovers of the night like me,
 And all the world thy slaves will be.

O'er thy fair brows and queenly head
 Let consecrating balm be shed,
 And sorrow banished from thy breast,
 Enjoy my love and take thy rest.
 Here never more thy soul shall know
 The memory of thy former woe,
 And here shall thou enjoy the meed
 Deserved by every virtuous deed.
 Here garlands glow of flowery twine,
 With gorgeous hues and scent divine.
 Take gold and gems and rich attire:
 Enjoy with me thy heart's desire.
 There stand, of chariots far the best,
 The car my brother once possessed.
 Which, victor in the stricken field,
 I forced the Lord of Gold to yield.
 'Tis wide and high and nobly wrought,
 Bright as the sun and swift as thought.
 Therein O Sita, shalt thou ride
 Delighted by thy lover's side.
 But sorrow mars with lingering trace
 The splendour of thy lotus face.
 A cloud of woe is o'er it spread,
 And all the light of joy is fled."

The lady, by her woe distressed,
 One corner of her raiment pressed
 To her sad cheek like moonlight clear,
 And wiped away a falling tear.
 The rover of the night renewed
 His eager pleading as he viewed
 The lady stand like one distraught,
 Striving to fix her wandering thought:

"Think not, sweet lady, of the shame
 Of broken vows, nor fear the blame.
 The saints approve with favouring eyes
 This union knit with marriage ties.
 O beauty, at thy radiant feet
 I lay my heads, and thus entreat.
 One word of grace, one look I crave:
 Have pity on thy prostrate slave.
 These idle words I speak are vain,
 Wrung forth by love's consuming pain,
 And ne'er of Ravan be it said
 He wooed a dame with prostrate head."
 Thus to the Maithil lady sued
 The monarch of the giant brood,
 And "She is now mine own," he thought,
 In Death's dire coils already caught.

Canto LVI. Sita's Disdain.

His words the Maithil lady heard
 Oppressed by woe but undeterred.
 Fear of the fiend she cast aside,
 And thus in noble scorn replied:

“His word of honour never stained
 King Daśaratha nobly reigned,
 The bridge of right, the friend of truth.
 His eldest son, a noble youth,
 Is Rama, virtue’s faithful friend,
 Whose glories through the worlds extend.
 Long arms and large full eyes has he,
 My husband, yea a God to me.
 With shoulders like the forest king’s,
 From old Ikshvaku’s line he springs.
 He with his brother Lakshman’s aid
 Will smite thee with the vengeful blade.
 Hadst thou but dared before his eyes
 To lay thine hand upon the prize,
 Thou stretched before his feet hadst lain
 In Janasthan like Khara slain.
 Thy boasted rovers of the night
 With hideous shapes and giant might,—
 Like serpents when the feathered king
 Swoops down with his tremendous wing,—
 Will find their useless venom fail
 When Rama’s mighty arms assail.
 The rapid arrows bright with gold,
 Shot from the bow he loves to hold,
 Will rend thy frame from flank to flank
 As Ganga’s waves erode the bank.
 Though neither God nor fiend have power
 To slay thee in the battle hour,
 Yet from his hand shall come thy fate,
 Struck down before his vengeful hate.
 That mighty lord will strike and end
 The days of life thou hast to spend.
 Thy days are doomed, thy life is sped
 Like victims to the pillar led.
 Yea, if the glance of Rama bright
 With fury on thy form should light,
 Thou scorched this day wouldst fall and die
 Like Kama slain by Rudra’s eye.³⁵
 He who from heaven the moon could throw,
 Or bid its bright rays cease to glow,—
 He who could drain the mighty sea
 Will set his darling Sita free.
 Fled is thy life, thy glory, fled
 Thy strength and power: each sense is dead.
 Soon Lanka widowed by thy guilt
 Will see the blood of giants spilt.
 This wicked deed, O cruel King,
 No triumph, no delight will bring.
 Thou with outrageous might and scorn
 A woman from her lord hast torn.
 My glorious husband far away,
 Making heroic strength his stay,
 Dwells with his brother, void of fear,
 In Dandak forest lone and drear.
 No more in force of arms confide:
 That haughty strength, that power and pride

35 See Book I Canto XXV.

My hero with his arrowy rain
 From all thy bleeding limbs will drain.
 When urged by fate's dire mandate, nigh
 Comes the fixt hour for men to die.
 Caught in Death's toils their eyes are blind,
 And folly takes each wandering mind.
 So for the outrage thou hast done
 The fate is near thou canst not shun,—
 The fate that on thyself and all
 Thy giants and thy town shall fall.
 I spurn thee: can the altar dight
 With vessels for the sacred rite,
 O'er which the priest his prayer has said,
 Be sullied by an outcaste's tread?
 So me, the consort dear and true
 Of him who clings to virtue too,
 Thy hated touch shall ne'er defile,
 Base tyrant lord of Lanka's isle.
 Can the white swan who floats in pride
 Through lilies by her consort's side,
 Look for one moment, as they pass,
 On the poor diver in the grass?
 This senseless body waits thy will,
 To torture, chain, to wound or kill.
 I will not, King of giants, strive
 To keep this fleeting soul alive
 But never shall they join the name
 Of Sita with reproach and shame."

Thus as her breast with fury burned
 Her bitter speech the dame returned.
 Such words of rage and scorn, the last
 She uttered, at the fiend she cast.
 Her taunting speech the giant heard,
 And every hair with anger stirred.
 Then thus with fury in his eye
 He made in threats his fierce reply:
 "Hear Maithil lady, hear my speech:
 List to my words and ponder each.
 If o'er thy head twelve months shall fly
 And thou thy love wilt still deny,
 My cooks shall mince thy flesh with steel
 And serve it for my morning meal."
 Thus with terrific threats to her
 Spake Ravan, cruel ravener.
 Mad with the rage her answer woke
 He called the fiendish train and spoke:
 "Take her, ye Rakshas dames, who fright
 With hideous form and mien the sight,
 Who make the flesh of men your food,—
 And let her pride be soon subdued."
 He spoke, and at his word the band
 Of fiendish monsters raised each hand
 In reverence to the giant king,
 And pressed round Sita in a ring.
 Ravan once more with stern behest
 To those she-fiends his speech addressed:

Shaking the earth beneath his tread,
 He stamped his furious foot and said:
 “To the Aśoka garden bear
 The dame, and guard her safely there
 Until her stubborn pride be bent
 By mingled threat and blandishment.
 See that ye watch her well, and tame,
 Like some she-elephant, the dame.”

They led her to that garden where
 The sweetest flowers perfumed the air,
 Where bright trees bore each rarest fruit,
 And birds, enamoured, ne'er were mute.
 Bowed down with terror and distress,
 Watched by each cruel giantess,—
 Like a poor solitary deer
 When ravening tigresses are near,—
 The hapless lady lay distraught
 Like some wild thing but newly caught,
 And found no solace, no relief
 From agonizing fear and grief;
 Not for one moment could forget
 Each terrifying word and threat,
 Or the fierce eyes upon her set
 By those who watched around.
 She thought of Rama far away,
 She mourned for Lakshman as she lay
 In grief and terror and dismay
 Half fainting on the ground.

Canto LVII. Sita Comforted.

Soon as the fiend had set her down
 Within his home in Lanka's town
 Triumph and joy filled Indra's breast,
 Whom thus the Eternal Sire addressed:

“This deed will free the worlds from woe
 And cause the giants' overthrow.
 The fiend has borne to Lanka's isle
 The lady of the lovely smile,
 True consort born to happy fate
 With features fair and delicate.
 She looks and longs for Rama's face,
 But sees a crowd of demon race,
 And guarded by the giant's train
 Pines for her lord and weeps in vain.
 But Lanka founded on a steep
 Is girdled by the mighty deep,
 And how will Rama know his fair
 And blameless wife is prisoned there?
 She on her woe will sadly brood
 And pine away in solitude,
 And heedless of herself, will cease
 To live, despairing of release.
 Yes, pondering on her fate, I see
 Her gentle life in jeopardy.

Go, Indra, swiftly seek the place,
 And look upon her lovely face.
 Within the city make thy way:
 Let heavenly food her spirit stay.”

Thus Brahma spake: and He who slew
 The cruel demon Paka, flew
 Where Lanka’s royal city lay,
 And Sleep went with him on his way.
 “Sleep,” cried the heavenly Monarch, “close
 Each giant’s eye in deep repose.”
 Thus Indra spoke, and Sleep fulfilled
 With joy his mandate, as he willed,
 To aid the plan the Gods proposed,
 The demons’ eyes in sleep she closed.
 Then Śachi’s lord, the Thousand-eyed,
 To the Aśoka garden hied.
 He came and stood where Sita lay,
 And gently thus began to say:
 “Lord of the Gods who hold the sky,
 Dame of the lovely smile, am I.
 Weep no more, lady, weep no more;
 Thy days of woe will soon be o’er.
 I come, O Janak’s child, to be
 The helper of thy lord and thee.
 He through my grace, with hosts to aid,
 This sea-girt land will soon invade.
 ‘Tis by my art that slumbers close
 The eyelids of thy giant foes.
 Now I, with Sleep, this place have sought,
 Videhan lady, and have brought
 A gift of heaven’s ambrosial food
 To stay thee in thy solitude.
 Receive it from my hand, and taste,
 O lady of the dainty waist:
 For countless ages thou shall be
 From pangs of thirst and hunger free.”

But doubt within her bosom woke
 As to the Lord of Gods she spoke:
 “How may I know for truth that thou
 Whose form I see before me now
 Art verily the King adored
 By heavenly Gods, and Śachi’s lord?
 With Raghu’s sons I learnt to know
 The certain signs which Godhead show.
 These marks before mine eyes display
 If o’er the Gods thou bear the sway.”

The heavenly lord of Śachi heard,
 And did according to her word.
 Above the ground his feet were raised;
 With eyelids motionless he gazed.
 No dust upon his raiment lay,
 And his bright wreath was fresh and gay.
 Nor was the lady’s glad heart slow
 The Monarch of the Gods to know,

And while the tears unceasing ran
 From her sweet eyes she thus began:
 “My lord has gained a friend in thee,
 And I this day thy presence see
 Shown clearly to mine eyes, as when
 Rama and Lakshman, lords of men,
 Beheld it, and their sire the king,
 And Janak too from whom I spring.
 Now I, O Monarch of the Blest,
 Will eat this food at thy behest,
 Which thou hast brought me, of thy grace,
 To aid and strengthen Raghu’s race.”

She spoke, and by his words relieved,
 The food from Indra’s hand received,
 Yet ere she ate the balm he brought,
 On Lakshman and her lord she thought.
 “If my brave lord be still alive,
 If valiant Lakshman yet survive,
 May this my taste of heavenly food
 Bring health to them and bliss renewed!”
 She ate, and that celestial food
 Stayed hunger, thirst, and lassitude,
 And all her strength restored.
 Great joy her hopeful spirit stirred
 At the glad tidings newly heard
 Of Lakshman and her lord.
 And Indra’s heart was joyful too:
 He bade the Maithil dame adieu,
 His saving errand done.
 With Sleep beside him parting thence
 He sought his heavenly residence
 To prosper Raghu’s son.

Book IV: Kishkindha Kanda (“The Book of the Monkey Kingdom”): Summary

Rama and Hanuman in Kishkindha.

The kishkindha kanda is set in the monkey citadel Kishkindha. Rama and Lakshmana meet Hanuman, the greatest of monkey heroes and an adherent of Sugriva, the banished pretender to the throne of kishkindha. Rama befriends Sugriva and helps him by killing his elder brother Vali thus regaining the kingdom of Kishkindha, in exchange for a promise to help Rama recover Sita. However Sugriva soon forgets his promise and spends his time in debauchery. The clever monkey queen Tara, second wife of Sugriva (and former wife of Vali), calmly intervenes to prevent an enraged Lakshmana from destroying the monkey citadel. She then eloquently convinces Sugriva to honor his pledge. Sugriva sends search parties to the four corners of the earth, only to return without success from north, east, and west. The southern search party under the leadership of Angad and Hanuman learns from a vulture named Sampati, who is the elder brother of Jatayu, that Sita was taken to Lanka.

BOOK V: Sundara Kanda (“The Book of Beauty”): Selections

Detailed account of Hanuman’s adventures, including his meeting with Sita.

The sundara kanda is traditionally read first when reading the *Ramayana* and derives its name from the nickname given to Hanuman by his mother. Book V forms the heart of Valmiki’s *Ramayana* and consists of a detailed, vivid account of Hanuman’s adventures, which were briefly alluded to in Book IV.

After learning about Sita, Hanuman assumes a gargantuan form and makes a colossal leap across the ocean to Lanka where Hanuman explores the demon city and spies on Ravana. He locates Sita in the ashoka grove, where Ravana and his demons alternately woo and threaten her. Hanuman reassures Sita, giving her Rama’s signet ring

as a sign of good faith. He offers to carry Sita back to Rama; however, she refuses, reluctant to allow any male other than her husband to touch her. She says that Rama himself must come and avenge the insult of her abduction.

Hanuman then wreaks havoc in Lanka by destroying trees and buildings, and killing Ravana's warriors. He allows himself to be captured and presented to Ravana and gives a bold speech demanding Sita's release. Hanuman's tail is set on fire, but he escapes his bonds and, leaping from roof to roof, uses his tail to set fire to Ravana's citadel. Finally, he makes the giant leap back to the mainland. The joyous search party returns to Kishkindha with the news.

In the selections for this chapter, Canto I is the story of the Hanuman's leap to Lanka. Cantos XV-XXIV tell the story of Hanuman finding Sita and offering to rescue her and includes Sita's refusal to leave.

Canto I. Hanuman's Leap.

Thus Ravana's foe resolved to trace
 The captive to her hiding-place
 Through airy pathways overhead
 Which heavenly minstrels visited.
 With straining nerve and eager brows,
 Like some strong husband of the cows,
 In ready might he stood prepared
 For the bold task his soul has dared.
 O'er gem-like grass that flashed and glowed
 The Vanar like a lion strode.
 Roused by the thunder of his tread,
 The beasts to shady coverts fled.
 Tall trees he crushed or hurled aside,
 And every bird was terrified.
 Around him loveliest lilies grew,
 Pale pink, and red, and white, and blue,
 And tints of many a metal lent
 The light of varied ornament.
 Gandharvas, changing forms at will,
 And Yakshas roamed the lovely hill,
 And countless Serpent-Gods were seen
 Where flowers and grass were fresh and green.
 As some resplendent serpent takes
 His pastime in the best of lakes,
 So on the mountain's woody height
 The Vanar wandered with delight.
 Then, standing on the flowery sod,
 He paid his vows to saint and God.
 Svayambhu³⁶ and the Sun he prayed,
 And the swift Wind to lend him aid,
 And Indra, sovereign of the skies,
 To bless his hardy enterprise.
 Then once again the chief addressed
 The Vanars from the mountain crest:
 "Swift as a shaft from Rama's bow
 To Ravan's city will I go,
 And if she be not there will fly
 And seek the lady in the sky;
 Or, if in heaven she be not found,
 Will hither bring the giant bound."

He ceased; and mustering his might
 Sprang downward from the mountain height,
 While, shattered by each mighty limb,
 The trees unrooted followed him.

36 Brahma the Self-Existent.

The shadow on the ocean cast
 By his vast form, as on he passed,
 Flew like a ship before the gale
 When the strong breeze has filled the sail,
 And where his course the Vanar held
 The sea beneath him raged and swelled.
 Then Gods and all the heavenly train
 Poured flowerets down in gentle rain;
 Their voices glad Gandharvas raised,
 And saints in heaven the Vanar praised.
 Fain would the Sea his succour lend
 And Raghu's noble son befriend.
 He, moved by zeal for Rama's sake,
 The hill Mainaka³⁷ thus bespake:
 "O strong Mainaka, heaven's decree
 In days of old appointed thee
 To be the Asurs bar, and keep
 The rebels in the lowest deep.
 Thou guardest those whom heaven has cursed
 Lest from their prison-house they burst,
 And standest by the gates of hell
 Their liminary sentinel.
 To thee is given the power to spread
 Or spring above thy watery bed.
 Now, best of noble mountains, rise
 And do the thing that I advise.
 E'en now above thy buried crest
 Flies mighty Hanuman, the best
 Of Vanars, moved for Rama's sake
 A wonderous deed to undertake.
 Lift up thy head that he may stay
 And rest him on his weary way."

He heard, and from his watery shroud,
 As bursts the sun from autumn cloud,
 Rose swift, crowned with plant and tree,
 And stood above the foamy sea.
 There with his lofty peaks upraised
 Bright as a hundred suns he blazed,
 And crest and crag of burnished gold
 Flashed on the flood that round him rolled.
 The Vanar thought the mountain rose
 A hostile bar to interpose,
 And, like a wind-swept cloud, o'erthrew
 The glittering mountain as he flew.
 Then from the falling hill rang out
 A warning voice and joyful shout.
 Again he raised him high in air
 To meet the flying Vanar there,
 And standing on his topmost peak
 In human form began to speak:³⁸
 "Best of the Vanars' noblest line,
 A mighty task, O chief, is thine.
 Here for a while, I pray thee, light

37 Mainaka was the son of Himalaya and Mena or Menaka.

38 The spirit of the mountain is separable from the mountain. Himalaya has also been represented as standing in human form on one of his own peaks.

And rest upon the breezy height.
 A prince of Raghu's line was he
 Who gave his glory to the Sea,³⁹
 Who now to Rama's envoy shows
 High honour for the debt he owes.
 He bade me lift my buried head
 Uprising from my watery bed,
 And woo the Vanar chief to rest
 A moment on my glittering crest.
 Refresh thy weary limbs, and eat
 My mountain fruits for they are sweet.
 I too, O chieftain, know thee well;
 Three worlds thy famous virtues tell;
 And none, I ween, with thee may vie
 Who spring impetuous through the sky.
 To every guest, though mean and low.
 The wise respect and honour show;
 And how shall I neglect thee, how
 Slight the great guest so near me now?
 Son of the Wind, 'tis thine to share
 The might of him who shakes the air;
 And,—for he loves his offspring,—he
 Is honoured when I honour thee.
 Of yore, when Krita's age⁴⁰ was new,
 The little hills and mountains flew
 Where'er they listed, borne on wings
 More rapid than the feathered king's.⁴¹
 But mighty terror came on all
 The Gods and saints who feared their fall.
 And Indra in his anger rent
 Their pinions with the bolts he sent.
 When in his ruthless fury he
 Levelled his flashing bolt at me,
 The great-souled Wind inclined to save,
 And laid me neath the ocean's wave.
 Thus by the favour of the sire
 I kept my cherished wings entire;
 And for this deed of kindness done
 I honour thee his noble son.
 O come, thy weary limbs relieve,
 And honour due from me receive."
 "I may not rest," the Vanar cried;
 "I must not stay or turn aside.
 Yet pleased am I, thou noblest hill,
 And as the deed accept thy will."

Thus as he spoke he lightly pressed
 With his broad hand the mountain's crest,
 Then bounded upward to the height
 Of heaven, rejoicing in his might,
 And through the fields of boundless blue,
 The pathway of his father, flew.
 Gods, saints, and heavenly bards beheld

39 Sagar or the Sea is said to have derived its name from Sagar. The story is fully told in Book I, Cantos XLII, XLIII, and XLIV.

40 Krita is the first of the four ages of the world, the golden age, also called Satya.

41 Parvata means a mountain and in the Vedas a cloud. Hence in later mythology the mountains have taken the place of the clouds as the objects of the attacks of Indra the Sun-God. The feathered king is Garuda.

That flight that none had paralleled,
 Then to the Nagas' mother⁴² came
 And thus addressed the sun-bright dame:
 "See, Hanuman with venturous leap
 Would spring across the mighty deep,—
 A Vanar prince, the Wind-God's seed:
 Come, Surasa, his course impede.
 In Rakshas form thy shape disguise,
 Terrific, like a hill in size:
 Let thy red eyes with fury glow,
 And high as heaven thy body grow.
 With fearful tusks the chief defy,
 That we his power and strength may try.
 He will with guile thy hold elude,
 Or own thy might, by thee subdued."

Pleased with the grateful honours paid,
 The godlike dame their words obeyed,
 Clad in a shape of terror she
 Sprang from the middle of the sea,
 And, with fierce accents that appalled
 All creatures, to the Vanar called:
 "Come, prince of Vanars, doomed to be
 My food this day by heaven's decree.
 Such boon from ages long ago
 To Brahma's favouring will I owe."

She ceased, and Hanuman replied,
 By shape and threat unterrified:
 "Brave Rama with his Maithil spouse
 Lodged in the shade of Dandak's boughs,
 Thence Ravan king of giants stole
 Sita the joy of Rama's soul.
 By Rama's high behest to her
 I go a willing messenger;
 And never shouldst them hinder one
 Who toils for Daśaratha's son.
 First captive Sita will I see,
 And him who sent and waits for me,
 Then come and to thy will submit,
 Yea, by my truth I promise it."
 "Nay, hope not thus thy life to save;
 Not such the boon that Brahma gave.
 Enter my mouth," was her reply,
 "Then forward on thy journey hie!"⁴³

"Stretch, wider stretch thy jaws," exclaimed
 The Vanar chief, to ire inflamed;
 And, as the Rakshas near him drew,
 Ten leagues in height his stature grew.
 Then straight, her threatening jaws between,
 A gulf of twenty leagues was seen.
 To fifty leagues he waxed, and still
 Her mouth grew wider at her will.
 Then smaller than a thumb became,

42 "The children of Surasa were a thousand mighty many-headed serpents, traversing the sky." Wilson's Vishnu Purana, Vol. II, p. 73.

43 She means "pursue thy journey if thou can."

Shrunk by his power, the Vanar's frame.⁴⁴
 He leaped within, and turning round
 Sprang through the portal at a bound.
 Then hung in air a moment, while
 He thus addressed her with a smile:
 "O Daksha's child,⁴⁵ farewell at last!
 For I within thy mouth have passed.
 Thou hast the gift of Brahma's grace:
 I go, the Maithil queen to trace."
 Then, to her former shape restored,
 She thus addressed the Vanar lord:
 "Then forward to the task, and may
 Success and joy attend thy way!
 Go, and the rescued lady bring
 In triumph to her lord and king."

Then hosts of spirits as they gazed
 The daring of the Vanar praised.
 Through the broad fields of ether, fast
 Garud's royal self, he passed,
 The region of the cloud and rain,
 Loved by the gay Gandharva train,
 Where mid the birds that came and went
 Shone Indra's glorious bow unbent,
 And like a host of wandering stars
 Flashed the high Gods' celestial cars.
 Fierce Sinhika⁴⁶ who joyed in ill
 And changed her form to work her will,
 Descried him on his airy way
 And marked the Vanar for her prey.
 "This day at length," the demon cried,
 "My hunger shall be satisfied,"
 And at his passing shadow caught
 Delighted with the cheering thought.
 The Vanar felt the power that stayed
 And held him as she grasped his shade,
 Like some tall ship upon the main
 That struggles with the wind in vain.
 Below, above, his eye he bent
 And scanned the sea and firmament.
 High from the briny deep upreared
 The monster's hideous form appeared,
 "Sugriva's tale," he cried, "is true:
 This is the demon dire to view
 Of whom the Vanar monarch told,
 Whose grasp a passing shade can hold."
 Then, as a cloud in rain-time grows
 His form, dilating, swelled and rose.
 Wide as the space from heaven to hell
 Her jaws she opened with a yell,
 And rushed upon her fancied prey

44 If Milton's (*Paradise Lost*) spirits are allowed the power of infinite self-extension and compression the same must be conceded to Valmiki's supernatural beings. Given the power, as in Milton, the result in Valmiki is perfectly consistent.

45 "Daksha is the son of Brahma and one of the Prajapatis or divine progenitors. He had sixty daughters, twenty-seven of whom married to Kaśyapa produced, according to one of the Indian cosmogonies, all mundane beings. Does the epithet, Descendant of Daksha, given to Surasa, mean that she is one of those daughters? I think not. This epithet is perhaps an appellation common to all created beings as having sprung from Daksha." Gorressio.

46 Sinhika is the mother of Rahu the dragon's head or ascending node, the chief agent in eclipses.

With cloud-like roar to seize and slay.
 The Vanar swift as thought compressed
 His borrowed bulk of limb and chest,
 And stood with one quick bound inside
 The monstrous mouth she opened wide.
 Hid like the moon when Rahu draws
 The orb within his ravening jaws.
 Within that ample cavern pent
 The demon's form he tore and rent,
 And, from the mangled carcass freed,
 Came forth again with thought-like speed.⁴⁷
 Thus with his skill the fiend he slew,
 Then to his wonted stature grew.
 The spirits saw the demon die
 And hailed the Vanar from the sky:
 "Well hast thou fought a wondrous fight
 Nor spared the fiend's terrific might,
 On, on! perform the blameless deed,
 And in thine every wish succeed.
 Ne'er can they fail in whom combine
 Such valour, thought, and skill as thine."

Pleased with their praises as they sang,
 Again through fields of air he sprang,
 And now, his travail wellnigh done,
 The distant shore was almost won.
 Before him on the margent stood
 In long dark line a waving wood,
 And the fair island, bright and green
 With flowers and trees, was clearly seen,
 And every babbling brook that gave
 Her lord the sea a tribute wave.
 He lighted down on Lamba's peak
 Which tinted metals stain and streak,
 And looked where Lanka's splendid town
 Shone on the mountain like a crown.

Canto XV. Sita.

Fair as Kailasa white with snow
 He saw a palace flash and glow,
 A crystal pavement gem-inlaid,
 And coral steps and colonnade,
 And glittering towers that kissed the skies,
 Whose dazzling splendour charmed his eyes.
 There pallid, with neglected dress,
 Watched close by fiend and giantess,
 Her sweet face thin with constant flow
 Of tears, with fasting and with woe;
 Pale as the young moon's crescent when
 The first faint light returns to men:
 Dim as the flame when clouds of smoke
 The latent glory hide and choke;
 Like Rohini the queen of stars
Oppressed by the red planet Mars;

⁴⁷ According to De Gubernatis, the author of the very learned, ingenious, and interesting though too fanciful Zoological Mythology. Hanuman here represents the sun entering into and escaping from a cloud. The biblical Jonah, according to him, typifies the same phenomenon. Sa'di, speaking of sunset, says Yūnas andar-i-dihan-imahi shud: Jonas was within the fish's mouth.

From her dear friends and husband torn,
 Amid the cruel fiends, forlorn,
 Who fierce-eyed watch around her kept,
 A tender woman sat and wept.
 Her sobs, her sighs, her mournful mien,
 Her glorious eyes, proclaimed the queen.
 “This, this is she,” the Vanar cried,
 “Fair as the moon and lotus-eyed,
 I saw the giant Ravan bear
 A captive through the fields of air.
 Such was the beauty of the dame;
 Her form, her lips, her eyes the same.
 This peerless queen whom I behold
 Is Rama’s wife with limbs of gold.
 Best of the sons of men is he,
 And worthy of her lord is she.”

Canto XVI. Hanuman’s Lament.

Then, all his thoughts on Sita bent,
 The Vanar chieftain made lament:
 “The queen to Rama’s soul endeared,
 By Lakshman’s pious heart revered,
 Lies here,—for none may strive with Fate,
 A captive, sad and desolate.
 The brothers’ might full well she knows,
 And bravely bears the storm of woes,
 As swelling Ganga in the rains
 The rush of every flood sustains.
 Her lord, for her, fierce Bali slew,
 Viradha’s monstrous might o’erthrew,
 For her the fourteen thousand slain
 In Janasthan bedewed the plain.
 And if for her Ikshvaku’s son
 Destroyed the world ‘twere nobly done.
 This, this is she, so far renowned,
 Who sprang from out the furrowed ground,⁴⁸
 Child of the high-souled king whose sway
 The men of Mithila obey:
 The glorious lady wooed and won
 By Daśaratha’s noblest son;
 And now these sad eyes look on her
 Mid hostile fiends a prisoner.
 From home and every bliss she fled
 By wifely love and duty led,
 And heedless of a wanderer’s woes,
 A life in lonely forests chose.
 This, this is she so fair of mould.
 Whose limbs are bright as burnished gold.
 Whose voice was ever soft and mild,
 Who sweetly spoke and sweetly smiled.
 O, what is Rama’s misery! how
 He longs to see his darling now!
 Pining for one of her fond looks
 As one athirst for water brooks.
Absorbed in woe the lady sees

⁴⁸ Sita “not of woman born,” was found by King Janak as he was turning up the ground in preparation for a sacrifice. See Book II, Canto CXVIII.

No Rakshas guard, no blooming trees.
Her eyes are with her thoughts, and they
Are fixed on Rama far away.”

Canto XVII. Sita's Guard.

His pitying eyes with tears bedewed,
The weeping queen again he viewed,
And saw around the prisoner stand
Her demon guard, a fearful band.
Some earless, some with ears that hung
Low as their feet and loosely swung:
Some fierce with single ears and eyes,
Some dwarfish, some of monstrous size:
Some with their dark necks long and thin
With hair upon the knotty skin:
Some with wild locks, some bald and bare,
Some covered o'er with bristly hair:
Some tall and straight, some bowed and bent
With every foul disfigurement:
All black and fierce with eyes of fire,
Ruthless and stern and swift to ire:
Some with the jackal's jaw and nose,
Some faced like boars and buffaloes:
Some with the heads of goats and kine,⁴⁹
Of elephants, and dogs, and swine:
With lions' lips and horses' brows,
They walked with feet of mules and cows:
Swords, maces, clubs, and spears they bore
In hideous hands that reeked with gore,
And, never sated, turned afresh
To bowls of wine and piles of flesh.
Such were the awful guards who stood
Round Sita in that lovely wood,
While in her lonely sorrow she
Wept sadly neath a spreading tree.
He watched the spouse of Rama there
Regardless of her tangled hair,
Her jewels stripped from neck and limb,
Decked only with her love of him.

Canto XVIII. Ravan.

While from his shelter in the boughs
The Vanar looked on Rama's spouse
He heard the gathered giants raise
The solemn hymn of prayer and praise.—
Priests skilled in rite and ritual, who
The Vedas and their branches⁵⁰ knew.
Then, as loud strains of music broke
His sleep, the giant monarch woke.
Swift to his heart the thought returned
Of the fair queen for whom he burned;
Nor could the amorous fiend control

49 Cows (RLK).

50 The six Angas or subordinate branches of the Vedas are 1. Siksha, the science of proper articulation and pronunciation: 2. Chhandas, metre: 3. Vyakarana, linguistic analysis or grammar: 4. Nirukta, explanation of difficult Vedic words: 5. Jyotish om, Astronomy, or rather the Vedic Calendar: 6. Kalpa, ceremonial.

The passion that absorbed his soul.
 In all his brightest garb arrayed
 He hastened to that lovely shade,
 Where glowed each choicest flower and fruit,
 And the sweet birds were never mute,
 And tall deer bent their heads to drink
 On the fair streamlet's grassy brink.
 Near that Aśoka grove he drew,—
 A hundred dames his retinue.
 Like Indra with the thousand eyes
 Girt with the beauties of the skies.
 Some walked beside their lord to hold
 The chouries, fans, and lamps of gold.
 And others purest water bore
 In golden urns, and paced before.
 Some carried, piled on golden plates,
 Delicious food of dainty cates;
 Some wine in massive bowls whereon
 The fairest gems resplendent shone.
 Some by the monarch's side displayed,
 Wrought like a swan, a silken shade:
 Another beauty walked behind,
 The sceptre to her care assigned.
 Around the monarch gleamed the crowd
 As lightnings flash about a cloud,
 And each made music as she went
 With zone and tinkling ornament.
 Attended thus in royal state
 The monarch reached the garden gate,
 While gold and silver torches, fed
 With scented oil a soft light shed.⁵¹
 He, while the flame of fierce desire
 Burnt in his eyes like kindled fire,
 Seemed Love incarnate in his pride,
 His bow and arrows laid aside.⁵²
 His robe, from spot and blemish free
 Like Amrit foamy from the sea,⁵³
 Hung down in many a loosened fold
 Inwrought with flowers and bright with gold.
 The Vanar from his station viewed,
 Amazed, the wondrous multitude,
 Where, in the centre of that ring
 Of noblest women, stood the king,
 As stands the full moon fair to view,
 Girt by his starry retinue.

Canto XIX. Sita's Fear.

Then o'er the lady's soul and frame
 A sudden fear and trembling came,
 When, glowing in his youthful pride,
 She saw the monarch by her side.

51 There appears to be some confusion of time here. It was already morning when Hanuman entered the grove, and the torches would be needless.

52 Ravan is one of those beings who can "climb them as they will," and can of course assume the loveliest form to please human eyes as well as the terrific shape that suits the king of the Rakshases.

53 White and lovely as the Arant or nectar recovered from the depths of the Milky Sea when churned by the assembled Gods. See Book I, Canto XLV.

Silent she sat, her eyes depressed,
 Her soft arms folded o'er her breast,
 And,—all she could,—her beauties screened
 From the bold gazes of the fiend.
 There where the wild she-demons kept
 Their watch around, she sighed and wept.
 Then, like a severed bough, she lay
 Prone on the bare earth in dismay.
 The while her thoughts on love's fleet wings
 Flew to her lord the best of kings.
 She fell upon the ground, and there
 Lay struggling with her wild despair,
 Sad as a lady born again
 To misery and woe and pain,
 Now doomed to grief and low estate,
 Once noble fair and delicate:
 Like faded light of holy lore,
 Like Hope when all her dreams are o'er;
 Like ruined power and rank debased,
 Like majesty of kings disgraced:
 Like worship foiled by erring slips,
 The moon that labours in eclipse;
 A pool with all her lilies dead,
 An army when its king has fled:
 So sad and helpless wan and worn,
 She lay among the fiends forlorn.

Canto XX. Ravan's Wooing.

With amorous look and soft address
 The fiend began his suit to press:
 "Why wouldst thou, lady lotus-eyed,
 From my fond glance those beauties hide?
 Mine eager suit no more repel:
 But love me, for I love thee well.
 Dismiss, sweet dame, dismiss thy fear;
 No giant and no man is near.
 Ours is the right by force to seize
 What dames so'er our fancy please.⁵⁴
 But I with rude hands will not touch
 A lady whom I love so much.
 Fear not, dear queen: no fear is nigh:
 Come, on thy lover's love rely,
 Some little sign of favor show,
 Nor lie enamoured of thy woe.
 Those limbs upon that cold earth laid,
 Those tresses twined in single braid,⁵⁵
 The fast and woe that wear thy frame,
 Beseem not thee, O beauteous dame.
 For thee the fairest wreaths were meant,
 The sandal and the aloë's scent,
 Rich ornaments and pearls of price,
 And vesture meet for Paradise.
 With dainty cates shouldst thou be fed,
And rest upon a sumptuous bed.

54 Ravan in his magic car carrying off the most beautiful women reminds us of the magician in Orlando Furioso, possessor of the flying horse.

55 Indian women twisted their long hair in a single braid as a sign of mourning for their absent husbands.

And festive joys to thee belong,
 The music, and the dance and song.
 Rise, pearl of women, rise and deck
 With gems and chains thine arms and neck.
 Shall not the dame I love be seen
 In vesture worthy of a queen?
 Methinks when thy sweet form was made
 His hand the wise Creator stayed;
 For never more did he design
 A beauty meet to rival thine.
 Come, let us love while yet we may,
 For youth will fly and charms decay,
 Come cast thy grief and fear aside,
 And be my love, my chosen bride.
 The gems and jewels that my hand
 Has reft from every plundered land,—
 To thee I give them all this day,
 And at thy feet my kingdom lay.
 The broad rich earth will I o'errun,
 And leave no town unconquered, none;
 Then of the whole an offering make
 To Janak,⁵⁶ dear, for thy sweet sake.
 In all the world no power I see
 Of God or man can strive with me.
 Of old the Gods and Asurs set
 In terrible array I met:
 Their scattered hosts to earth I beat,
 And trod their flags beneath my feet.
 Come, taste of bliss and drink thy fill,
 And rule the slave who serves thy will.
 Think not of wretched Rama: he
 Is less than nothing now to thee.
 Stript of his glory, poor, dethroned,
 A wanderer by his friends disowned,
 On the cold earth he lays his head,
 Or is with toil and misery dead.
 And if perchance he lingers yet,
 His eyes on thee shall ne'er be set.
 Could he, that mighty monarch, who
 Was named Hiranyakaśipu,
 Could he who wore the garb of gold
 Win Glory back from Indra's hold?⁵⁷
 O lady of the lovely smile,
 Whose eyes the sternest heart beguile,
 In all thy radiant beauty dressed
 My heart and soul thou ravishest.
 What though thy robe is soiled and worn,
 And no bright gems thy limbs adorn,
 Thou unadorned art dearer far
 Than all my loveliest consorts are.
 My royal home is bright and fair;
 A thousand beauties meet me there,
 But come, my glorious love, and be
 The queen of all those dames and me.”

56 Janak, king of Mithila, was Sita's father.

57 Hiranyakaśipu was a king of the Daityas celebrated for his blasphemous impieties. When his pious son Prahlada praised Vishnu the Daitya tried to kill him, when the God appeared in the incarnation of the man-lion and tore the tyrant to pieces.

Canto XXI. Sita's Scorn.

She thought upon her lord and sighed,
 And thus in gentle tones replied:
 "Beseems thee not, O King, to woo
 A matron, to her husband true.
 Thus vainly one might hope by sin
 And evil deeds success to win.
 Shall I, so highly born, disgrace
 My husband's house, my royal race?
 Shall I, a true and loyal dame,
 Defile my soul with deed of shame?"

Then on the king her back she turned,
 And answered thus the prayer she spurned:
 "Turn, Ravan, turn thee from thy sin;
 Seek virtue's paths and walk therein.
 To others dames be honour shown;
 Protect them as thou wouldst thine own.
 Taught by thyself, from wrong abstain
 Which, wrought on thee, thy heart would pain.⁵⁸
 Beware: this lawless love of thine
 Will ruin thee and all thy line;
 And for thy sin, thy sin alone,
 Will Lanka perish overthrown.
 Dream not that wealth and power can sway
 My heart from duty's path to stray.
 Linked like the Day-God and his shine,
 I am my lord's and he is mine.
 Repent thee of thine impious deed;
 To Rama's side his consort lead.
 Be wise; the hero's friendship gain,
 Nor perish in his fury slain.
 Go, ask the God of Death to spare,
 Or red bolt flashing through the air,
 But look in vain for spell or charm
 To stay my Rama's vengeful arm.
 Thou, when the hero bends his bow,
 Shalt hear the clang that heralds woe,
 Loud as the clash when clouds are rent
 And Indra's bolt to earth is sent.
 Then shall his furious shafts be sped,
 Each like a snake with fiery head,
 And in their flight shall hiss and flame
 Marked with the mighty archer's name.⁵⁹
 Then in the fiery deluge all
 Thy giants round their king shall fall."

Canto XXII. Ravan's Threat.

Then anger swelled in Ravan's breast,
Who fiercely thus the dame addressed:

58 Do unto others as thou wouldst they should do unto thee, is a precept frequently occurring in the old Indian poems. This charity is to embrace not human beings only, but bird and beast as well: "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small."

59 It was the custom of Indian warriors to mark their arrows with their ciphers or names, and it seems to have been regarded as a point of honour to give an enemy the satisfaction of knowing who had shot at him. This passage however contains, if my memory serves me well, the first mention in the poem of this practice, and as arrows have been so frequently mentioned and described with almost every conceivable epithet, its occurrence here seems suspicious. No mention of, or allusion to writing has hitherto occurred in the poem.

“‘Tis ever thus: in vain we sue
 To woman, and her favour woo.
 A lover’s humble words impel
 Her wayward spirit to rebel.
 The love of thee that fills my soul
 Still keeps my anger in control,
 As charioteers with bit and rein
 The swerving of the steed restrain.
 The love that rules me bids me spare
 Thy forfeit life, O thou most fair.
 For this, O Sita, have I borne
 The keen reproach, the bitter scorn,
 And the fond love thou boastest yet
 For that poor wandering anchoret;
 Else had the words which thou hast said
 Brought death upon thy guilty head.
 Two months, fair dame, I grant thee still
 To bend thee to thy lover’s will.
 If when that respite time is fled
 Thou still refuse to share my bed,
 My cooks shall mince thy limbs with steel
 And serve thee for my morning meal.”⁶⁰

The minstrel daughters of the skies
 Looked on her woe with pitying eyes,
 And sun-bright children of the Gods⁶¹
 Consoled the queen with smiles and nods.
 She saw, and with her heart at ease,
 Addressed the fiend in words like these;
 “Hast thou no friend to love thee, none
 In all this isle to bid thee shun
 The ruin which thy crime will bring
 On thee and thine, O impious King?
 Who in all worlds save thee could woo
 Me, Rama’s consort pure and true,
 As though he tempted with his love
 Queen Śachi⁶² on her throne above?
 How canst thou hope, vile wretch, to fly
 The vengeance that e’en now is nigh,
 When thou hast dared, untouched by shame,
 To press thy suit on Rama’s dame?
 Where woods are thick and grass is high
 A lion and a hare may lie;
 My Rama is the lion, thou
 Art the poor hare beneath the bough.
 Thou railest at the lord of men,
 But wilt not stand within his ken.
 What! is that eye unstricken yet
 Whose impious glance on me was set?
 Still moves that tongue that would not spare
 The wife of Daśaratha’s heir?”

Then, hissing like a furious snake,
 The fiend again to Sita spake:
 “Deaf to all prayers and threats art thou,

60 This threat in the same words occurs in Book III, Canto LVI.

61 Ravan carried off and kept in his palace not only earthly princesses but the daughters of Gods and Gandharvas.

62 The wife of Indra.

Devoted to thy senseless vow.
 No longer respite will I give,
 And thou this day shalt cease to live;
 For I, as sunlight kills the morn,
 Will slay thee for thy scathe and scorn.”

The Rakshas guard was summoned: all
 The monstrous crew obeyed the call,
 And hastened to the king to take
 The orders which he fiercely spake:
 “See that ye guard her well, and tame,
 Like some wild thing, the stubborn dame,
 Until her haughty soul be bent
 By mingled threat and blandishment.”⁶³

The monsters heard: away he strode,
 And passed within his queens’ abode.

Canto XXIII. The Demons’ Threats.

Then round the helpless Sita drew
 With fiery eyes the hideous crew,
 And thus assailed her, all and each,
 With insult, taunt, and threatening speech:
 “What! can it be thou prizest not
 This happy chance, this glorious lot,
 To be the chosen wife of one
 So strong and great, Pulastya’s son?
 Pulastya—thus have sages told—
 Is mid the Lords of Life⁶⁴ enrolled.
 Lord Brahma’s mind-born son was he,
 Fourth of that glorious company.
 Viśravas from Pulastya sprang,—
 Through all the worlds his glory rang.
 And of Viśravas, large-eyed dame!
 Our king the mighty Ravan came.
 His happy consort thou mayst be:
 Scorn not the words we say to thee.”

One awful demon, fiery-eyed,
 Stood by the Maithil queen and cried:
 ‘Come and be his, if thou art wise,
 Who smote the sovereign of the skies,
 And made the thirty Gods and three,⁶⁵
 O’ercome in furious battle, flee.
 Thy lover turns away with scorn
 From wives whom grace and youth adorn.

63 These four lines have occurred before. Book III, Canto LVI.

64 Prajapatis are the ten lords of created beings first created by Brahma; somewhat like the Demiurgi of the Gnostics.

65 “This is the number of the Vedic divinities mentioned in the Rig-veda. In Ashtaka I. Sūkta XXXIV, the Rishi Hiranyastūpa invoking the Aśvins says: *Ā Nasatyā tribhīrekadaśairiha devebniryatam*: ‘O Nasatyas (Aśvins) come hither with the thrice eleven Gods.’ And in Sūkta XLV, the Rishi Praskanva addressing his hymn to Agni (ignis, fire), thus invokes him: ‘Lord of the red steeds, propitiated by our prayers lead hither the thirty-three Gods.’ This number must certainly have been the actual number in the early days of the Vedic religion: although it appears probable enough that the thirty-three Vedic divinities could not then be found co-ordinated in so systematic a way as they were arranged more recently by the authors of the Upanishads. In the later ages of Bramanism the number went on increasing without measure by successive mythical and religious creations which peopled the Indian Olympus with abstract beings of every kind. But through lasting veneration of the word of the Veda the custom regained of giving the name of ‘the thirty-three Gods’ to the immense phalanx of the multiplied deities.” Gorresio.



IMAGE 3.6: BATTLE SCENE IN A CITY | This folio shows great crowds of people running and fighting in an unspecified city from the Rāmāyana.

Author: User “Fæ”

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Thou art his chosen consort, thou
Shall be his pride and darling now.”

Another, Vikata by name,
In words like these addressed the dame:
“The king whose blows, in fury dealt,
The Nagas⁶⁶ and Gandharvas⁶⁷ felt,
In battle’s fiercest brunt subdued,
Has stood by thee and humbly wooed.
And wilt thou in thy folly miss
The glory of a love like this?
Scared by his eye the sun grows chill,
The wanderer wind is hushed and still.
The rains at his command descend,
And trees with new-blown blossoms bend.
His word the hosts of demons fear,
And wilt thou, dame, refuse to hear?
Be counselled; with his will comply,
Or, lady, thou shalt surely die.”

Canto XXIV. Sita’s Reply.

Still with reproaches rough and rude
Those fiends the gentle queen pursued:
“What! can so fair a life displease,
To dwell with him in joyous ease?
Dwell in his bowers a happy queen
In silk and gold and jewels’ sheen?
Still must thy woman fancy cling
To Rama and reject our king?
Die in thy folly, or forget
That wretched wandering anchoret.
Come, Sita, in luxurious bowers
Spend with our lord thy happy hours;
The mighty lord who makes his own
The treasures of the worlds o’erthrown.”

Then, as a tear bedewed her eye,
The hapless lady made reply:
“I loathe, with heart and soul detest
The shameful life your words suggest.
Eat, if you will, this mortal frame:
My soul rejects the sin and shame.
A homeless wanderer though he be,
In him my lord, my life I see,
And, till my earthly days be done,
Will cling to great Ikshvaku’s son.”

Then with fierce eyes on Sita set
They cried again with taunt and threat:
Each licking with her fiery tongue
The lip that to her bosom hung,
And menacing the lady’s life
With axe, or spear or murderous knife:

⁶⁶ Serpent-Gods who dwell in the regions under the earth.

⁶⁷ In the mythology of the epics the Gandharvas are the heavenly singers or musicians who form the orchestra at the banquets of the Gods, and they belong to the heaven of India in whose battles they share.

“Hear, Sita, and our words obey,
 Or perish by our hands to-day.
 Thy love for Raghu’s son forsake,
 And Ravan for thy husband take,
 Or we will rend thy limbs apart
 And banquet on thy quivering heart.
 Now from her body strike the head,
 And tell the king the dame is dead.
 Then by our lord’s commandment she
 A banquet for our band shall be.
 Come, let the wine be quickly brought
 That frees each heart from saddening thought.
 Then to the western gate repair,
 And we will dance and revel there.”

Book VI: Yuddha Kanda (“The Book of War”): Selections

The battle in Lanka between Rama and Ravana. Sita’s fire ordeal. Rama’s return to Ayodhya to reign over the ideal state.

Yuddha kanda describes the battle between Rama and Ravana. Having received Hanuman’s report on Sita, Rama and Lakshmana proceed with their monkey allies towards the shore of the southern sea. There Ravana’s renegade brother Vibhishana joins them. The monkeys named Nala and Nila construct a floating bridge (known as Rama Setu) across the ocean, and the princes and their army cross over to Lanka. A lengthy battle ensues, and Rama kills Ravana. Rama then installs Vibhishana on the throne of Lanka.

On meeting Sita, Rama asks her to undergo an “agni pariksha” (fire ordeal) to prove her purity, as he wants to dispel the rumors regarding her. When Sita plunges into the sacrificial fire, the fire god Agni raises her, unharmed, attesting to her purity. Finally, Rama assumes the throne of Ayodhya.

In the selections for this chapter, Cantos CXV-CXX recount the reunion of Sita and Rama and Sita’s subsequent fire ordeal. Canto XXX depicts Rama’s ascension to the throne.

Canto CXV. Sita’s Joy.

The Vanar chieftain bowed his head,
 Within the walls of Lanka sped,
 Leave from the new-made king obtained,
 And Sita’s lovely garden gained.
 Beneath a tree the queen he found,
 Where Rakshas warders watched around.
 Her pallid cheek, her tangled hair,
 Her raiment showed her deep despair,
 Near and more near the envoy came
 And gently hailed the weeping dame.
 She started up in sweet surprise,
 And sudden joy illumed her eyes.
 For well the Vanar’s voice she knew,
 And hope reviving sprang and grew.

“Fair Queen,” he said, “our task is done:
 The foe is slain and Lanka won.
 Triumphant mid triumphant friends
 Kind words of greeting Rama sends.
 “Blest for thy sake, O spouse most true,
 My deadly foe I met and slew.
 Mine eyes are strangers yet to sleep:
 I built a bridge athwart the deep

And crossed the sea to Lanka's shore
 To keep the mighty oath I swore.
 Now, gentle love, thy cares dispel,
 And weep no more, for all is well.
 Fear not in Ravan's house to stay
 For good Vibhishan now bears sway,
 For constant truth and friendship known
 Regard his palace as thine own."
 He greets thee thus thy heart to cheer,
 And urged by love will soon be here."

Then flushed with joy the lady's cheek.
 Her eyes o'erflowed, her voice was weak;
 But struggling with her sobs she broke
 Her silence thus, and faintly spoke:
 "So fast the flood of rapture came,
 My trembling tongue no words could frame.
 Ne'er have I heard in days of bliss
 A tale that gave such joy as this.
 More precious far than gems and gold
 The message which thy lips have told."

His reverent hands the Vanar raised
 And thus the lady's answer praised:
 "Sweet are the words, O Queen, which thou
 True to thy lord, hast spoken now,
 Better than gems and pearls of price,
 Yea, or the throne of Paradise.
 But, lady, ere I leave this place,
 Grant me, I pray, a single grace.
 Permit me, and this vengeful hand
 Shall slay thy guards, this Rakshas band,
 Whose cruel insult threat and scorn
 Thy gentle soul too long has borne."

Thus, stern of mood, Hanúman cried:
 The Maithil lady thus replied:
 "Nay, be not wroth with servants: they,
 When monarchs bid must needs obey.
 And, vassals of their lords, fulfil
 Each fancy of their sovereign will.
 To mine own sins the blame impute,
 For as we sow we reap the fruit.
 The tyrant's will these dames obeyed
 When their fierce threats my soul dismayed."

She ceased: with admiration moved
 The Vanar chief her words approved:
 "Thy speech," he cried, "is worthy one
 Whom love has linked to Raghu's son.
 Now speak, O Queen, that I may know
 Thy pleasure, for to him I go."
 The Vanar ceased: then Janak's child
 Made answer as she sweetly smiled:
 "My first, my only wish can be,
 O chief, my loving lord to see."
 Again the Vanar envoy spoke,

And with his words new rapture woke:
 “Queen, ere this sun shall cease to shine
 Thy Rama’s eyes shall look in thine.
 Again the lord of Raghu’s race
 Shall turn to thee his moon-bright face.
 His faithful brother shall thou see
 And every friend who fought for thee,
 And greet once more thy king restored
 Like Sachi⁶⁸ to her heavenly lord.”
 To Raghu’s son his steps he bent
 And told the message that she sent.

Canto CXVI. The Meeting.

He looked upon that archer chief
 Whose full eye mocked the lotus leaf,
 And thus the noble Vanar spake:
 “Now meet the queen for whose dear sake
 Thy mighty task was first begun,
 And now the glorious fruit is won.
 O’erwhelmed with woe thy lady lies,
 The hot tears streaming from her eyes.
 And still the queen must long and pine
 Until those eyes be turned to thine.”

But Rama stood in pensive mood,
 And gathering tears his eyes bedewed.
 His sad looks sought the ground: he sighed
 And thus to King Vibhishan cried:
 “Let Sita bathe and tire her head
 And hither to my sight be led
 In raiment sweet with precious scent,
 And gay with golden ornament.”

The Rakshas king his palace sought,
 And Sita from her bower was brought.
 Then Rakshas bearers tall and strong,
 Selected from the menial throng,
 Through Lanka’s gate the queen, arrayed
 In glorious robes and gems, conveyed.
 Concealed behind the silken screen,
 Swift to the plain they bore the queen,
 While Vanars, close on every side,
 With eager looks the litter eyed.
 The warders at Vibhishan’s hest
 The onward rushing throng repressed,
 While like the roar of ocean loud
 Rose the wild murmur of the crowd.
 The son of Raghu saw and moved
 With anger thus the king reproved:
 “Why vex with hasty blow and threat
 The Vanars, and my rights forget?
 Repress this zeal, untimely shown:
 I count this people as mine own.
 A woman’s guard is not her bower,
 The lofty wall, the fenced tower:

68 The consort of Indra.

Her conduct is her best defence,
 And not a king's magnificence.
 At holy rites, in war and woe,
 Her face unveiled a dame may show;
 When at the Maiden's Choice⁶⁹ they meet,
 When marriage troops parade the street.
 And she, my queen, who long has lain
 In prison racked with care and pain,
 May cease a while her face to hide,
 For is not Rama by her side?
 Lay down the litter: on her feet
 Let Sita come her lord to meet.
 And let the hosts of woodland race
 Look near upon the lady's face."

Then Lakshman and each Vanar chief
 Who heard his words were filled with grief.
 The lady's gentle spirit sank,
 And from each eye in fear she shrank,
 As, her sweet eyelids veiled for shame,
 Slowly before her lord she came.
 While rapture battled with surprise
 She raised to his her wistful eyes.
 Then with her doubt and fear she strove,
 And from her breast all sorrow drove.
 Regardless of the gathering crowd,
 Bright as the moon without a cloud,
 She bent her eyes, no longer dim,
 In joy and trusting love on him.

Canto CXVII. Sita's Disgrace.

He saw her trembling by his side,
 And looked upon her face and cried:
 "Lady, at length my task is done,
 And thou, the prize of war, art won,
 This arm my glory has retrieved,
 And all that man might do achieved;
 The insulting foe in battle slain
 And cleared mine honour from its stain.
 This day has made my name renowned
 And with success my labour crowned.
 Lord of myself, the oath I swore
 Is binding on my soul no more.
 If from my home my queen was reft,
 This arm has well avenged the theft,
 And in the field has wiped away
 The blot that on mine honour lay.
 The bridge that spans the foaming flood,
 The city red with giants' blood;
 The hosts by King Sugriva led
 Who wisely counselled, fought and bled;
 Vibhishan's love, our guide and stay—
 All these are crowned with fruit to-day.
 But, lady, 'twas not love for thee

⁶⁹ The Swayamvara, Self-choice or election of a husband by a princess or daughter of a Kshatriya at a public assembly of suitors held for the purpose.

That led mine army o'er the sea.
 'Twas not for thee our blood was shed,
 Or Lanka filled with giant dead.
 No fond affection for my wife
 Inspired me in the hour of strife.
 I battled to avenge the cause
 Of honour and insulted laws.
 My love is fled, for on thy fame
 Lies the dark blot of sin and shame;
 And thou art hateful as the light
 That flashes on the injured sight.
 The world is all before thee: flee:
 Go where thou wilt, but not with me.
 How should my home receive again
 A mistress soiled with deathless stain?
 How should I brook the foul disgrace,
 Scorned by my friends and all my race?
 For Ravan bore thee through the sky,
 And fixed on thine his evil eye.
 About thy waist his arms he threw,
 Close to his breast his captive drew,
 And kept thee, vassal of his power,
 An inmate of his ladies' bower."

Canto CXVIII. Sita's Reply.

Struck down with overwhelming shame
 She shrank within her trembling frame.
 Each word of Rama's like a dart
 Had pierced the lady to the heart;
 And from her sweet eyes unrestrained
 The torrent of her sorrows, rained.
 Her weeping eyes at length she dried,
 And thus mid choking sobs replied:
 "Canst thou, a high-born prince, dismiss
 A high-born dame with speech like this?
 Such words befit the meanest hind,
 Not princely birth and generous mind,
 By all my virtuous life I swear
 I am not what thy words declare.
 If some are faithless, wilt thou find
 No love and truth in womankind?
 Doubt others if thou wilt, but own
 The truth which all my life has shown.
 If, when the giant seized his prey,
 Within his hated arms I lay,
 And felt the grasp I dreaded, blame
 Fate and the robber, not thy dame.
 What could a helpless woman do?
 My heart was mine and still was true,
 Why when Hanúman sent by thee
 Sought Lanka's town across the sea,
 Couldst thou not give, O lord of men,
 Thy sentence of rejection then?
 Then in the presence of the chief
 Death, ready death, had brought relief,
 Nor had I nursed in woe and pain

This lingering life, alas in vain.
 Then hadst thou shunned the fruitless strife
 Nor jeopardied thy noble life,
 But spared thy friends and bold allies
 Their vain and weary enterprise.
 Is all forgotten, all? my birth,
 Named Janak's child, from fostering earth?
 That day of triumph when a maid
 My trembling hand in thine I laid?
 My meek obedience to thy will,
 My faithful love through joy and ill,
 That never failed at duty's call—
 O King, is all forgotten, all?"

To Lakshman then she turned and spoke
 While sobs and sighs her utterance broke:
 "Sumitra's son, a pile prepare,
 My refuge in my dark despair.
 I will not live to bear this weight
 Of shame, forlorn and desolate.
 The kindled fire my woes shall end
 And be my best and surest friend."

His mournful eyes the hero raised
 And wistfully on Rama gazed,
 In whose stern look no ruth was seen,
 No mercy for the weeping queen.
 No chieftain dared to meet those eyes,
 To pray, to question or advise.

The word was passed, the wood was piled
 And fain to die stood Janak's child.
 She slowly paced around her lord,
 The Gods with reverent act adored,
 Then raising suppliant hands the dame
 Prayed humbly to the Lord of Flame:
 "As this fond heart by virtue swayed
 From Raghū's son has never strayed,
 So, universal witness, Fire
 Protect my body on the pyre,
 As Raghū's son has idly laid
 This charge on Sita, hear and aid."

She ceased: and fearless to the last
 Within the flame's wild fury passed.
 Then rose a piercing cry from all
 Dames, children, men, who saw her fall
 Adorned with gems and gay attire
 Beneath the fury of the fire.

Canto CXIX. Glory To Vishnu.

The shrill cry pierced through Rama's ears
 And his sad eyes o'erflowed with tears,
 When lo, transported through the sky
 A glorious band of Gods was nigh.

Ancestral shades,⁷⁰ by men revered,
 In venerable state appeared,
 And he from whom all riches flow,⁷¹
 And Yama Lord who reigns below:
 King Indra, thousand-eyed, and he
 Who wields the sceptre of the sea.⁷²
 The God who shows the blazoned bull,⁷³
 And Brahma Lord most bountiful
 By whose command the worlds were made
 All these on radiant cars conveyed,
 Brighter than sun-beams, sought the place
 Where stood the prince of Raghu's race,
 And from their glittering seats the best
 Of blessed Gods the chief addressed:

“Couldst thou, the Lord of all, couldst thou,
 Creator of the worlds, allow
 Thy queen, thy spouse to brave the fire
 And give her body to the pyre?
 Dost thou not yet, supremely wise,
 Thy heavenly nature recognize?”
 They ceased: and Rama thus began:
 “I deem myself a mortal man.
 Of old Ikshvaku's line, I spring
 From Daśaratha Kośal's king.”
 He ceased: and Brahma's self replied:
 “O cast the idle thought aside.
 Thou art the Lord Narayan, thou
 The God to whom all creatures bow.
 Thou art the saviour God who wore
 Of old the semblance of a boar;
 Thou he whose discus overthrows
 All present, past and future foes;
 Thou Brahma, That whose days extend
 Without beginning, growth or end;
 The God, who, bears the bow of horn,
 Whom four majestic arms adorn;
 Thou art the God who rules the sense
 And sways with gentle influence;
 Thou all-pervading Vishnu Lord
 Who wears the ever-conquering sword;
 Thou art the Guide who leads aright,
 Thou Krishna of unequalled might.
 Thy hand, O Lord, the hills and plains,
 And earth with all her life sustains;
 Thou wilt appear in serpent form
 When sinks the earth in fire and storm.
 Queen Sita of the lovely brows
 Is Lakshmi thy celestial spouse.
 To free the worlds from Ravan thou
 Wouldst take the form thou wearest now.
 Rejoice: the mighty task is done:
 Rejoice, thou great and glorious one.

70 The spirits of the dead.

71 Kuvera, the God of Wealth.

72 Varun, God of the sea.

73 Mahadeva or Śiva whose ensign is a bull.

The tyrant, slain, thy labours end:
 Triumphant now to heaven ascend.
 High bliss awaits the devotee
 Who clings in loving faith to thee,
 Who celebrates with solemn praise
 The Lord of ne'er beginning days.
 On earth below, in heaven above
 Great joy shall crown his faith and love.
 And he who loves the tale divine
 Which tells each glorious deed of thine
 Through life's fair course shall never know
 The fierce assault of pain and woe."⁷⁴

Canto CXX. Sita Restored.

Thus spoke the Self-existent Sire:
 Then swiftly from the blazing pyre
 The circling flames were backward rolled,
 And, raising in his gentle hold
 Alive unharmed the Maithil dame,
 The Lord of Fire embodied came.
 Fair as the morning was her sheen,
 And gold and gems adorned the queen.
 Her form in crimson robes arrayed,
 Her hair was bound in glossy braid.
 Her wreath was fresh and sweet of scent,
 Undimmed was every ornament.
 Then, standing close to Rama's side,
 The universal witness cried:
 "From every blot and blemish free
 Thy faithful queen returns to thee.
 In word or deed, in look or mind
 Her heart from thee has ne'er declined.
 By force the giant bore away
 From thy lone cot his helpless prey;
 And in his bowers securely kept
 She still has longed for thee and wept.
 With soft temptation, bribe and threat,
 He bade the dame her love forget:
 But, nobly faithful to her lord,
 Her soul the giant's suit abhorred.
 Receive, O King, thy queen again,
 Pure, ever pure from spot and stain."

Still stood the king in thoughtful mood
 And tears of joy his eyes bedewed.
 Then to the best of Gods the best
 Of warrior chiefs his mind expressed:

"'Twas meet that mid the thousands here
 The searching fire my queen should clear;
 For long within the giant's bower
 She dwelt the vassal of his power.
 For else had many a slanderous tongue
 Reproaches on mine honour flung,

⁷⁴ The Address to Rama, both text and commentary, will be found literally translated in the Additional Notes. A paraphrase of a portion is all that I have attempted here.

And scorned the king who, love-impelled,
 His consort from the proof withheld.
 No doubt had I, but surely knew
 That Janak's child was pure and true,
 That, come what might, in good and ill
 Her faithful heart was with me still.
 I knew that Ravan could not wrong
 My queen whom virtue made so strong.
 I knew his heart would sink and fail,
 Nor dare her honour to assail,
 As Ocean, when he raves and roars,
 Fears to o'erleap his bounding shores.
 Now to the worlds her truth is shown,
 And Sita is again mine own.
 Thus proved before unnumbered eyes,
 On her pure fame no shadow lies.
 As heroes to their glory cleave,
 Mine own dear spouse I ne'er will leave."
 He ceased: and clasped in fond embrace
 On his dear breast she hid her face.

Canto CXXX. The Consecration.

Then, reverent hand to hand applied,
 Thus Bharat to his brother cried:
 "Thy realm, O King, is now restored,
 Uninjured to the rightful lord.
 This feeble arm with toil and pain,
 The weighty charge could scarce sustain.
 And the great burthen wellnigh broke
 The neck untrained to bear the yoke.
 The royal swan outspeeds the crow:
 The steed is swift, the mule is slow,
 Nor can my feeble feet be led
 O'er the rough ways where thine should tread.
 Now grant what all thy subjects ask:
 Begin, O King, thy royal task.
 Now let our longing eyes behold
 The glorious rite ordained of old,
 And on the new-found monarch's head
 Let consecrating drops be shed."

He ceased; victorious Rama bent
 His head in token of assent.
 He sat, and tonsors trimmed with care
 His tangles of neglected hair
 Then, duly bathed, the hero shone
 With all his splendid raiment on.
 And Sita with the matrons' aid
 Her limbs in shining robes arrayed,
 Sumantra then, the charioteer,
 Drew, ordered by Satrughna near,
 And stayed within the hermit grove
 The chariot and the steeds he drove.
 Therein Sugriva's consorts, graced
 With gems, and Rama's queen were placed,
 All fain Ayodhya to behold:

And swift away the chariot rolled.
 Like Indra Lord of Thousand Eyes,
 Drawn by fleet lions through the skies.
 Thus radiant in his glory showed
 King Rama as he homeward rode,
 In power and might unparalleled.
 The reins the hand of Bharat held.
 Above the peerless victor's head
 The snow-white shade Satrughna spread,
 And Lakshman's ever-ready hand
 His forehead with a chourie fanned.
 Vibhishan close to Lakshman's side
 Sharing his task a chourie plied.
 Sugriva on Śatrunjay came,
 An elephant of hugest frame:
 Nine thousand others bore, behind,
 The chieftains of the Vanar kind
 All gay, in forms of human mould,
 With rich attire and gems and gold.
 Thus borne along in royal state
 King Rama reached Ayodhya's gate
 With merry noise of shells and drums
 And joyful shouts, He comes, he comes,
 A Brahman host with solemn tread,
 And kine the long procession led,
 And happy maids in ordered bands
 Threw grain and gold with liberal hands.
 Neath gorgeous flags that waved in rows
 On towers and roofs and porticoes.
 Mid merry crowds who sang and cheered
 The palace of the king they neared.
 Then Raghu's son to Bharat, best
 Of duty's slaves, these words addressed:
 "Pass onward to the monarch's hall.
 The high-souled Vanars with thee call,
 And let the chieftains, as is meet,
 The widows of our father greet.
 And to the Vanar king assign
 Those chambers, best of all, which shine
 With lazulite and pearl inlaid,
 And pleasant grounds with flowers and shade."

He ceased: and Bharat bent his head;
 Sugriva by the hand he led
 And passed within the palace where
 Stood couches which Satrughna's care,
 With robes and hangings richly dyed,
 And burning lamps, had seen supplied.
 Then Bharat spake: "I pray thee, friend,
 Thy speedy messengers to send,
 Each sacred requisite to bring
 That we may consecrate our king."
 Sugriva raised four urns of gold,
 The water for the rite to hold,
 And bade four swiftest Vanars flee
 And fill them from each distant sea.
 Then east and west and south and north

The Vanar envoys hastened forth.
 Each in swift flight an ocean sought
 And back through air his treasure brought,
 And full five hundred floods beside
 Pure water for the king supplied.
 Then girt by many a Brahman sage,
 Vaśishṭha, chief for reverend age,
 High on a throne with jewels graced
 King Rama and his Sita placed.
 There by Jabali, far revered,
 Vijay and Kaśyap's son appeared;
 By Gautam's side Katvayan stood,
 And Vamadeva wise and good,
 Whose holy hands in order shed
 The pure sweet drops on Rama's head.
 Then priests and maids and warriors, all
 Approaching at Vaśishṭha's call,
 With sacred drops bedewed their king,
 The centre of a joyous ring,
 The guardians of the worlds, on high,
 And all the children of the sky
 From herbs wherewith their hands were filled
 Rare juices on his brow distilled.
 His brows were bound with glistening gold
 Which Manu's self had worn of old,
 Bright with the flash of many a gem
 His sire's ancestral diadem.
 Satrughna lent his willing aid
 And o'er him held the regal shade:
 The monarchs whom his arm had saved
 The chouries round his forehead waved.
 A golden chain, that flashed and glowed
 With gems the God of Wind bestowed:
 Mahendra gave a glorious string
 Of fairest pearls to deck the king,
 The skies with acclamation rang,
 The gay nymphs danced, the minstrels sang.
 On that blest day the joyful plain
 Was clothed anew with golden grain.
 The trees the witching influence knew,
 And bent with fruits of loveliest hue,
 And Rama's consecration lent
 New sweetness to each flowret's scent.
 The monarch, joy of Raghu's line,
 Gave largess to the Brahmans, kine
 And steeds unnumbered, wealth untold
 Of robes and pearls and gems and gold.
 A jewelled chain, whose lustre passed
 The glory of the sun, he cast
 About his friend Sugriva's neck;
 And, Angad Bali's son to deck,
 He gave a pair of armlets bright
 With diamond and lazulite.
 A string of pearls of matchless hue
 Which gleams like tender moonlight threw
 Adorned with gems of brightest sheen,
 He gave to grace his darling queen.

The offering from his hand received
 A moment on her bosom heaved;
 Then from her neck the chain she drew,
 A glance on all the Vanars threw,
 And wistful eyes on Rama bent
 As still she held the ornament.
 Her wish he knew, and made reply
 To that mute question of her eye:
 “Yea, love; the chain on him bestow
 Whose wisdom truth and might we know,
 The firm ally, the faithful friend
 Through toil and peril to the end.”

Then on Hanúman’s bosom hung
 The chain which Sita’s hand had flung:
 So may a cloud, when winds are still
 With moon-lit silver gird a hill.

To every Vanar Rama gave
 Rich treasures from the mine and wave.
 And with their honours well content
 Homeward their steps the chieftains bent.
 Ten thousand years Ayodhya, blest
 With Rama’s rule, had peace and rest,
 No widow mourned her murdered mate,
 No house was ever desolate.
 The happy land no murrain knew,
 The flocks and herds increased and grew.
 The earth her kindly fruits supplied,
 No harvest failed, no children died.
 Unknown were want, disease, and crime:
 So calm, so happy was the time.⁷⁵

Book VII: Uttara Kanda (Last book)

Sita’s banishment. Lava and Kusha. Rama’s dharma fulfilled.

The *uttara kanda* is a later addition to the original story by Valmiki and concerns the final years of Rama, Sita, and Rama’s brothers. After being crowned king, Rama passes many years pleasantly with Sita. However, despite the *agni pariksha* (fire ordeal) of Sita, rumors about her purity persist. Rama yields to public opinion and reluctantly banishes Sita to the forest, where the sage Valmiki provides shelter in his ashRama (hermitage). Here she gives birth to twin boys, Lava and Kusha, who become pupils of Valmiki and are brought up in ignorance of their identity.

Valmiki composes the Ramayana and teaches Lava and Kusha to sing it. Later, Rama holds a ceremony during *Ashwamedha yagna*, which the sage Valmiki, with Lava and Kusha, attends. Lava and Kusha sing the Ramayana in the presence of Rama. When Lava and Kusha recite the portion about Sita’s exile, Rama becomes grief-stricken, and Valmiki produces Sita. Sita calls upon the earth, her mother, to receive her and as the ground opens, she vanishes into it. Rama then learns that Lava and Kusha are his children. Later a messenger from the gods appears and informs Rama that his mission as an avatar is complete, and Rama returns to his celestial home.

⁷⁵ Here follows in the original an enumeration of the chief blessings which will attend the man or woman who reads or hears read this tale of Rama. These blessings are briefly mentioned at the end of the first

Canto of the first book, and it appears unnecessary to repeat them here in their amplified form. The Bengal recension (Gorresio’s edition) gives them more concisely as follows: “This is the great first poem blessed and glorious, which gives long life to men and victory to kings, the poem which Valmiki made. He who listens to this wondrous tale of Rama unwearied in action shall be absolved from all his sins. By listening to the deeds of Rama he who wishes for sons shall obtain his heart’s desire, and to him who longs for riches shall riches be given. The virgin who asks for a husband shall obtain a husband suited to her mind, and shall meet again her dear kinsfolk who are far away. They who hear this poem which Valmiki made shall obtain all their desires and all their prayers shall be fulfilled.”

Rome

When Dante walks through Limbo in the *Inferno*, he talks to a group that he identifies as the five greatest poets in history: Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, and Lucan. While Dante, as an Italian, obviously stacks the deck in favor of Roman poets, his list highlights the importance of the two selections in this chapter: Virgil's *Aeneid* and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. While Horace and Lucan are no longer quite as famous as the others, literary critics today recognize the influence and quality of Virgil and Ovid's works.

Although they were (roughly) contemporaries, the older Virgil had grown up in a world split by civil wars: first Julius Caesar against Pompey the Great, and later Mark Antony (and Cleopatra) against Julius Caesar's nephew Octavian, who would take the name Augustus Caesar when he became the first Roman Emperor. Ovid was born after the civil wars were over. As a result, Virgil was an advocate for stability in his poetry, while Ovid took a much freer approach in his works.

Virgil reshapes the story of Aeneas to demonstrate what he (and Augustus) saw as the perfect Roman values. Aeneas, however, is not simply a reflection of Virgil's time period; the *Aeneid* attempts to use literature to shape real life by showing a model hero worthy of inspiring imitation. To a certain extent, Virgil succeeds, at least in future generations. Ovid is more of a reflection of Virgil's actual time period. Ovid's witty sophistication and humorous excesses in his early love poetry provide us with a more decadent picture of Rome. Both poets turn to epic poetry later in life, but for opposite reasons: one to create order out of chaos, and one to question (in all seriousness) whether that order is artificial.

Augustus Caesar's reaction to each poet epitomizes the difference between them. Virgil was directed by Augustus to write the *Aeneid*, which rewrites history to explain how Rome was pre-ordained by the gods to be an empire. Virgil's depiction of the fall of Troy includes Roman fighting techniques and religious beliefs (such as the *lares*, or household gods) that would have been foreign to Homer's Greeks and Trojans. Since the *Aeneid* includes the deification of Augustus (foretold in *Aeneid* 6), it is a splendid piece of propaganda for a man who only called himself the son of the deified (Julius Caesar), rather than a god. When Virgil was dying, he asked that the nearly complete manuscript be burnt; Augustus ordered the manuscript to be finished and published. Conversely, Ovid's work challenged the very notion that the people around him were anything but human. Ovid's works included a book of letters by the women who are abandoned by the so-called heroes of mythology (the *Heroides*), a scandalous book of love poetry (the *Amores*), and a manual on how to pick up women (the *Ars Amatoria*). In particular, the *Ars Amatoria* was so popular that he wrote a section on how women could pick up men (hardly an example of early feminism, but unusual for the time). Ovid's view of power was skeptical, at best, since the *Metamorphoses* catalogues the bad behavior of the gods that led us to the present state of affairs. In *Metamorphoses* 15, Ovid explains why the gods allowed Julius Caesar to be killed, followed by a prayer that Augustus should have more time on earth before the gods take him too: not exactly the emphasis that Augustus might have preferred. Exiled by Augustus for his scandalous poetry, Ovid was never allowed to return to Rome.

Although Roman culture had appropriated Greek literature and religion, changing the names of characters and gods but continuing their stories, there were significant differences in Roman religious practices. Worship of the most important gods was directed by the *flamines maiores* (the "major priests") of the three principle cults (to Jupiter, Mars, and Quirinus), while the *flamines minores* (or "minor priests") directed the worship of the rest of the gods. The Romans had quite a few gods that had no equivalent among the Greek gods, and their identities sometimes altered over time. In certain cases, earlier Roman gods were absorbed into another god's identity or replaced entirely. For example, the Greek goddess Artemis was, over time, equated with the Roman goddess Diana, who also came to be identified with the Greek goddess Hecate, whose rough equivalent was the Roman goddess Trivia. All four figures eventually were identified as one goddess, who had multiple aspects to her power, and who was worshipped by multiple names. Apollo, however, had no equivalent match among the Roman gods, so he remained Apollo. The following comparison of Greek and Roman gods is particularly useful for anyone who has read Homer's works.

Roman Name	Greek Name
Jupiter/Jove	Zeus
Juno	Hera
Minerva	Athena (or Pallas Athena)
Apollo	Apollo
Venus	Aphrodite
Diana	Artemis
Mercury	Hermes
Neptune	Poseidon
Pluto	Hades
Mars	Ares
Vulcan	Hephaestus
Bacchus	Dionysus
Proserpina	Persephone
Ceres	Demeter
Pan	Pan
Cupid	Eros
(Ulysses)	(Odysseus)

AS YOU READ, CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

- How does each epic portray the gods? How do humans feel about the gods in each work?
- How is the view of “Fate” different in these works from the earlier Greek texts? In particular, what can the gods do in Roman literature that they cannot do in Greek literature?
- What is human nature like in each of the stories? Are there any similarities?
- What view of authority does each epic seem to recommend? Why?
- What is the definition of a hero in each work? How do we know, based on the evidence in the texts?
- Is there a unified view of “duty” in these works? Why or why not?

Written by Laura J. Getty

THE AENEID

Virgil (70-19 B.C.E.)

Published around 19 B.C.E.

Rome

The *Aeneid* is a Roman epic purporting to explain how Trojans fleeing the fall of Troy become the ancestors of the Romans: in essence, a continuation of Homer’s *Iliad*. The story centers on Aeneas, a prince of Troy and the son of Venus/Aphrodite, who leads the search for a new homeland. The epic was commissioned by the first Roman emperor, Augustus Caesar, to justify why Rome was no longer a republic: According to the story, the gods themselves planned for Rome to become an empire long before Rome ever existed, and legend is rewritten so that the Trojan Aeneas (who appears in Homer’s *Iliad*) becomes the model Roman citizen. Virgil’s execution of the story is more complex, recognizing as it does that the price for the foundation of Rome is a steep one. In Virgil’s time, Greek literature enjoyed more prestige than Roman literature, so the *Aeneid* attempts in part to revise and replace earlier

Greek epics; the first six books of the *Aeneid* are a conscious parallel to Homer's *Odyssey*, and the last six books refigure Homer's *Iliad*. Because of the widespread use of Latin in the European Middle Ages, Virgil's perspective on history (and figures that he considered to be historical) exerted considerable influence on writers who followed him.

Written by Laura J. Getty

THE AENEID

Virgil, translated by John Dryden

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Edited, Annotated, and Compiled by Rhonda L. Kelley

BOOK I: ARMS AND THE MAN

Arms, and the man I sing,¹ who, forc'd by fate,
 And haughty Juno's² unrelenting hate,
 Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore.³
 Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,
 And in the doubtful war, before he won
 The Latian⁴ realm, and built the destin'd town;⁵
 His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
 And settled sure succession in his line,⁶
 From whence the race of Alban⁷ fathers come,
 And the long glories of majestic Rome.
 O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;
 What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;
 For what offense the Queen of Heav'n began
 To persecute so brave, so just a man;
 Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,
 Expos'd to wants, and hurried into wars!
 Can heav'nly minds such high resentment show,
 Or exercise their spite in human woe?
 Against the Tiber's⁸ mouth, but far away,
 An ancient town was seated on the sea;
 A Tyrian⁹ colony; the people made
 Stout for the war, and studious of their trade:
 Carthage the name; belov'd by Juno more
 Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
 Here stood her chariot; here, if Heav'n were kind,
 The seat of awful empire she design'd.
 Yet she had heard an ancient rumor fly,
 (Long cited by the people of the sky,
 That times to come should see the Trojan race
 Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs deface;¹⁰
 Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of sov'reign sway
 Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
 She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;

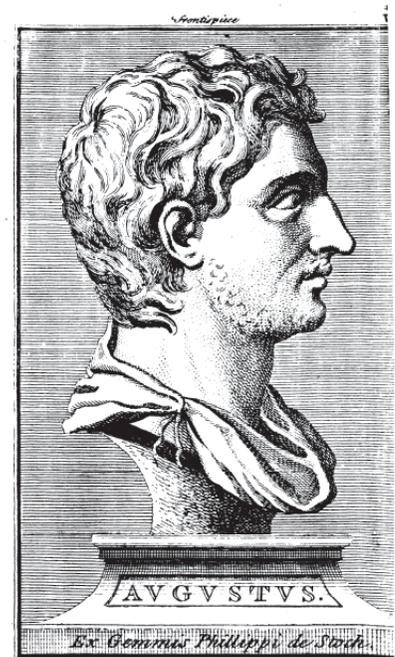


IMAGE 4.1: AUGUSTUS | Etching of a bust of Augustus, the first Roman emperor.

Author: Unknown

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1 *Arma virumque cano* (Latin), the famous first words of the *Aeneid*.

2 Hera (Greek); Queen of the gods who hates the Trojans.

3 At the Fall of Troy (1184 BC).

4 Latium

5 Rome

6 Aeneas is the legendary ancestor of the Julio-Claudians, the clan to which Julius Caesar and Caesar Augustus belong.

7 Alba Longa, an ancient Italian city from which legendary Roman founder Romulus came.

8 The Italian River on whose eastern bank Rome was founded in 753 BC.

9 A Phoenician city; ruled by Dido's brother Pygmalion. The Tyrians established Carthage to flee Pygmalion's tyranny.

10 The Romans (descended from the Trojans) would raze Carthage at the end of the 3rd Punic War (146 BC).

Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late¹¹
 For conqu'ring Greece against the Trojan state.
 Besides, long causes working in her mind,
 And secret seeds of envy, lay behind;
 Deep graven in her heart the doom remain'd
 Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd;¹²
 The grace bestow'd on ravish'd [Ganymed](#),¹³
[Electra's](#) glories,¹⁴ and her injur'd bed.
 Each was a cause alone; and all combin'd
 To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
 For this, far distant from the [Latian](#) coast¹⁵
 She drove the remnants of the Trojan host;
 And sev'n long years th' unhappy wand'ring train
 Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd thro' the main.
 Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,
 Such length of labor for so vast a frame.
 Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars,
 Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,
 Ent'ring with cheerful shouts the wat'ry reign,
 And plowing frothy furrows in the main;
 When, lab'ring still with endless discontent,
 The Queen of Heav'n did thus her fury vent:
 "Then am I vanquish'd? must I yield?" said she,
 "And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
 So Fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;
 Nor can my pow'r divert their happy course.
 Could angry Pallas,¹⁶ with revengeful spleen,
 The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
 She, for the fault of one offending foe,¹⁷
 The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:
 With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
 And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep;
 Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
 The wretch, yet hissing with her father's flame,
 She strongly seiz'd, and with a burning wound
 Transfix'd, and naked, on a rock she bound.
 But I, who walk in awful state above,
 The majesty of heav'n, the sister wife of Jove,
 For length of years my fruitless force employ
 Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy!
 What nations now to Juno's pow'r will pray,
 Or off'rings on my slighted altars lay?"
 Thus rag'd the goddess;

34-80 As the Trojans are sailing from Sicily on the last stage of their voyage to Italy Juno intervenes to stop them. She goes to Aeolus, king of the winds, and urges him to stir up a storm and wreck the Trojans. He agrees to do so.

11 The Trojan War

12 See [The Judgement of Paris](#); Paris chose Venus over Juno and Minerva in a high stakes beauty contest.

13 A young (as in, child) Trojan prince, kidnapped and ravished by Jove. Unlike Jove's other rape victims, Ganymede was kept by the king of the gods as his personal cup-bearer.

14 Electra is not mentioned in the Latin text.

15 Latium; the region in which Rome was eventually founded (and so Aeneas' goal) and home to the Latins, an indigenous tribe.

16 Pallas Athena, aka Minerva, is the other goddess rejected by Paris in the beauty contest; Minerva, thus, hates the Trojans as much as Juno.

17 Ajax son of Oileus, aka [Ajax the Lesser](#), was a valiant and swift-footed Greek warrior; Minerva hated him and thwarted him in a footrace against Odysseus at Patroclus' funeral games; later the goddess wrecked his ship; showing his defiance for all of the gods, Ajax was killed by Poseidon who had previously tried to save him.

81-123 Aeolus causes the storm to begin; Aeneas is panic-stricken, and prays for death. The ships are buffeted, and that of Orontes sinks.

124-156 Neptune intervenes, angrily rebukes the winds, and calms the storm.

The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
 To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.¹⁸
 Within a long recess there lies a bay:
 An island shades it from the rolling sea,
 And forms a port secure for ships to ride;
 Broke by the jutting land, on either side,
 In double streams the briny waters glide.
 Betwixt two rows of rocks a sylvan scene¹⁹
 Appears above, and groves for ever green:
 A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats,
 To rest the Nereids,²⁰ and exclude the heats.
 Down thro' the crannies of the living walls
 The crystal streams descend in murmur'ing falls:
 No haulsers need to bind the vessels here,
 Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they fear.
 Sev'n ships within this happy harbor meet,
 The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
 The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
 Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd repose.
 First, good [Achates](#)²¹, with repeated strokes
 Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes:
 Short flame succeeds; a bed of wither'd leaves
 The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
 Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
 And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies.
 The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
 The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground:
 Some dry their corn, infected with the brine,
 Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.

Aeneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
 And takes a prospect of the seas below,
 If Capys thence, or Antheus he could spy,
 Or see the streamers of Caicus fly.²²
 No vessels were in view; but, on the plain,
 Three beamy stags command a lordly train
 Of branching heads: the more ignoble throng
 Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
 He stood; and, while secure they fed below,
 He took the quiver and the trusty bow
 Achates²³ us'd to bear: the leaders first
 He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;
 Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain
 Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood distain.
 For the sev'n ships he made an equal share,

18 Carthage.

19 Sylvan = pristine forest

20 Sea nymphs

21 Aeneas' steadfast companion.

22 Capys, Antheus, and Caicus are Aeneas friends and ship-captains. Aeneas is searching for any of sign of his lost ships.

23 Dryden, here, refers to the bow as "trusty," but it is clear in the Latin that Virgil applies the adjective *fidus* (Lat., "faithful") to Achates for whom *fidus* is an epithet.

And to the port return'd, triumphant from the war.²⁴
 The jars of gen'rous wine ([Acestes'](#) gift,
 When his Trinacrian²⁵ shores the navy left)
 He set abroach, and for the feast prepar'd,
 In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.
 Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief
 With cheerful words allay'd the common grief:
 "Endure, and conquer! Jove will soon dispose
 To future good our past and present woes.
 With me, the rocks of [Scylla](#)²⁶ you have tried;
 Th' inhuman [Cyclops](#)²⁷ and his den defied.
 What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
 Resume your courage and dismiss your care,
 An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
 Your sorrows past, as benefits of Fate.
 Thro' various hazards and events, we move
 To Latium and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
 Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)
 Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise,
 Endure the hardships of your present state;
 Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate."
 These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart;
 His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.
 The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
 The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste.
 Some strip the skin; some portion out the spoil;
 The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldrons boil;
 Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
 Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
 Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine.
 Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends
 The doubtful fortune of their absent friends:
 Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
 Whether to deem 'em dead, or in distress.
 Above the rest, Aeneas mourns the fate
 Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state
 Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus.
 The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus.

When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
 Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,
 At length on Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes-
 Whom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,
 When Venus²⁸ saw, she with a lowly look,
 Not free from tears, her heav'nly sire bespoke:
 "O King of Gods and Men! whose awful hand
 Disperses thunder on the seas and land,
 Disposing all with absolute command;
 How could my pious son thy pow'r incense?
 Or what, alas! is vanish'd Troy's offense?
 Our hope of Italy not only lost,
 On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
But shut from ev'ry shore, and barr'd from ev'ry coast.

24 i.e. the hunt

25 Sicilian

26 A sea monster; woman above and snarling dog heads below; part of the monstrous duo Scylla and Charybdis.

27 Polyphemus.

28 Goddess of love and Aeneas' mother.

You promis'd once, a progeny divine
 Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
 In after times should hold the world in awe,
 And to the land and ocean give the law.
 How is your doom²⁹ revers'd, which eas'd my care
 When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war?
 Then fates to fates I could oppose; but now,
 When Fortune still pursues her former blow,
 What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?
 What end of labors has your will decreed?
 Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
 Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts,
 Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves
 And thro' nine channels disembogues his waves.
 At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
 And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
 There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
 And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame.
 But we, descended from your sacred line,
 Entitled to your heav'n and rites divine,
 Are banish'd earth; and, for the wrath of one,
 Remov'd from Latium and the promis'd throne.
 Are these our scepters? these our due rewards?
 And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?"
 To whom the Father of th' immortal race,³⁰
 Smiling with that serene indulgent face,
 With which he drives the clouds and clears the skies,
 First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies:
 "Daughter, dismiss thy fears; to thy desire
 The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.
 Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian walls;
 And, ripe for heav'n, when fate Aeneas calls,
 Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me:³¹
 No councils have revers'd my firm decree.
 And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
 Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of Fate:
 Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)
 In Italy shall wage successful war,
 Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
 And sov'reign laws impose, and cities build,
 Till, after ev'ry foe subdued, the sun
 Thrice thro' the signs his annual race shall run:
 This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,
 Now call'd Iulus, shall begin his reign.
 He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,
 Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,
 And, with hard labor, Alba Longa build.
 The throne with his succession shall be fill'd
 Three hundred circuits more: then shall be seen
 Ilia the fair,³² a priestess³³ and a queen,
 Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,
 Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.³⁴

29 Judgment.

30 Jove, father and king of the Olympian gods

31 Jove promises Aeneas will be taken to live with the gods on Olympus when he dies.

32 Rhea Silva

33 A Vestal Virgin

34 The twins Romulus and Remus

The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain:
 Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain,
 Of martial tow'rs the founder shall become,
 The people Romans call, the city Rome.
 To them no bounds of empire I assign,
 Nor term of years to their immortal line.
 Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,
 Earth, seas, and heav'n, and Jove himself turmoils;
 At length aton'd, her friendly pow'r shall join,
 To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
 The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
 And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.³⁵
 An age is ripening in revolving fate
 When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state,
 And sweet revenge her conqu'ring sons shall call,
 To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.
 Then [Caesar](#)³⁶ from the Julian³⁷ stock shall rise,
 Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies
 Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with eastern spoils,
 Our heav'n, the just reward of human toils,
 Securely shall repay with rites divine;
 And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.³⁸
 Then dire debate and impious war shall cease,
 And the stern age be soften'd into peace:³⁹
 Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
 And Vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn;
 And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
 The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
 Janus⁴⁰ himself before his fane shall wait,
 And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
 With bolts and iron bars: within remains
 Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains;
 High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,
 He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms."
 He said, and sent Cyllenius⁴¹ with command
 To free the ports, and ope the Punic land⁴²
 To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate,
 The queen⁴³ might force them from her town and state.
 Down from the steep of heav'n Cyllenius flies,
 And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.
 Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
 Performs his message, and displays his rod:
 The surly murmurs of the people cease;
 And, as the fates requir'd, they give the peace:
 The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
 The Trojans pities, and protects their cause. ⁴⁴

35 *Togatam* (Lat., "toga")

36 Julius Caesar

37 The Julio-Claudians claimed descent from both Venus (through Aeneas) and Mars (through Romulus), as Jove has just neatly outlined for us.

38 Julius Caesar was deified (named *Divus Julius*) by the Senate in 41 BC (3 years after his death); Octavian (Augustus) assumed the title *Divi filius* (son of god) ten years later.

39 The Pax Augusta or Pax Romana (the Augustan Peace or the Roman Peace) was one of Augustus' touted accomplishments.

40 The doors of the Temple of Janus are closed when Rome is at peace (a rare occasion).

41 Mercury, messenger god, son of Jove.

42 Carthage

43 [Dido or Elissa](#)

44 These Trojans are from those ships lost to Aeneas; they in turn believe him and his seven ships to be lost.

Meantime, in shades of night Aeneas lies:
 Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.
 But, when the sun restor'd the cheerful day,
 He rose, the coast and country to survey,
 Anxious and eager to discover more.
 It look'd a wild uncultivated shore;
 But, whether humankind, or beasts alone
 Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.
 Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides:
 Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides;
 The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.
 Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
 And true Achates on his steps attends.
 Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,
 Before his eyes his goddess mother stood:
 A huntress in her habit and her mien;
 Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.⁴⁵
 Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
 Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;
 Her hand sustain'd a bow; her quiver hung behind.
 She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood:
 With such array [Harpalyce](#) bestrode
 Her Thracian courser and outstripp'd the rapid flood.
 "Ho, strangers! have you lately seen," she said,
 "One of my sisters, like myself array'd,
 Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd?
 A painted quiver at her back she bore;
 Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore;
 And at full cry pursued the tusky boar."
 Thus Venus: thus her son replied again:
 "None of your sisters have we heard or seen,
 O virgin! or what other name you bear
 Above that style- O more than mortal fair!
 Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!
 If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
 Or one at least of chaste Diana's train,
 Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain;
 But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,
 What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?
 Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
 And offer'd victims at your altars fall."⁴⁶
 "I dare not," she replied, "assume the name
 Of goddess, or celestial honors claim:
 For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
 And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.
 Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are-
 A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
 The rising city, which from far you see,
 Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
 Phoenician [Dido](#) rules the growing state,
 Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate.⁴⁷
 Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate;

45 Venus tries to disguise herself as a Tyrian huntress, but cannot pull it off. Compare this disguise failure to a similar scene in the *Iliad* (Book III), when the goddess of love "disguised" herself as an old woman, but failed because her vanity would not allow her to diminish her beauty.

46 Aeneas knows she is a goddess, but not which one.

47 Pygmalion, King of Tyre.

Which I will sum in short. Sichaeus,⁴⁸ known
 For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
 Possess'd fair Dido's bed; and either heart
 At once was wounded with an equal dart.
 Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
 Pygmalion then the Tyrian scepter sway'd:
 One who condemn'd divine and human laws.
 Then strife ensued, and cursed gold the cause.
 The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
 With steel invades his brother's⁴⁹ life by stealth;
 Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
 And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed.
 Some tale, some new pretense, he daily coin'd,
 To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.
 At length, in dead of night, the ghost⁵⁰ appears
 Of her unhappy lord: the specter stares,
 And, with erected eyes, his bloody bosom bares.
 The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
 And the dire secret of his house reveals,
 Then warns the widow, with her household gods,
 To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
 Last, to support her in so long a way,
 He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.
 Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
 The queen provides companions of her flight:
 They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
 Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
 They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
 Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.
 The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
 With prosp'rous winds; a woman leads the way.
 I know not, if by stress of weather driv'n,
 Or was their fatal course dispos'd by Heav'n;
 At last they landed, where from far your eyes
 May view the turrets of new Carthage rise;
 There bought a space of ground, which (Byrsa call'd,
 From the bull's hide) they first inclos'd, and wall'd.
 But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
 What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?"
 To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
 And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:
 "Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
 O nymph, the tedious annals of our fate!
 Thro' such a train of woes if I should run,
 The day would sooner than the tale be done!
 From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came-
 If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.
 On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
 At length we landed on your Libyan coast.
 The good Aeneas am I call'd- a name,
 While Fortune favor'd, not unknown to fame.
 My household gods, companions of my woes,
 With pious care I rescued from our foes.
 To fruitful Italy my course was bent;

48 Dido's first husband.

49 Brother-in-law

50 One of many ghosts and spirits that appear in the *Aeneid*

And from the King of Heav'n is my descent.
 With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
 Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
 Scarce sev'n, the thin remainders of my fleet,
 From storms preserv'd, within your harbor meet.
 Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,
 Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
 In Libyan desarts wander thus alone."
 His tender parent could no longer bear;
 But, interposing, sought to soothe his care.
 "Who'er you are- not unbelov'd by Heav'n,
 Since on our friendly shore your ships are driv'n-
 Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
 And to the queen expose your just request.
 Now take this earnest of success, for more:
 Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;⁵¹
 The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free;
 Or I renounce my skill in augury.
 Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
 And stoop with closing pinions from above;
 Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,
 And thro' the clouds pursued the scatt'ring throng:
 Now, all united in a goodly team,
 They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.
 As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
 And ride the circuit of the skies in rings;
 Not otherwise your ships, and ev'ry friend,
 Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
 No more advice is needful; but pursue
 The path before you, and the town in view."
 Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
 Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair,
 Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground.
 And widely spread ambrosial scents around:
 In length of train descends her sweeping gown;
 And, by her graceful walk, the Queen of Love is known.
 The prince pursued the parting deity
 With words like these: "Ah! whither do you fly?
 Unkind and cruel! to deceive your son
 In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun;
 Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
 And still to speak in accents not your own."
 Against the goddess these complaints he made,
 But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
 They march, obscure; for Venus kindly shrouds
 With mists their persons, and involves in clouds,
 That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
 Or force to tell the causes of their way.
 This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime
 To visit Paphos and her native clime;
 Where garlands, ever green and ever fair,
 With vows are offer'd, and with solemn pray'r:
 A hundred altars in her temple smoke;
 A thousand bleeding hearts her pow'r invoke.

51 Venus tells Aeneas his "lost" fleet has already been received by Dido.

They⁵² climb the next ascent, and, looking down,
 Now at a nearer distance view the town.
 The prince with wonder sees the stately tow'rs,
 Which late were huts and shepherds' homely bow'rs,
 The gates and streets; and hears, from ev'ry part,
 The noise and busy concourse of the mart.
 The toiling Tyrians on each other call
 To ply their labor: some extend the wall;
 Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
 Or dig, or push unwieldly stones along.
 Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
 Which, first design'd, with ditches they surround.
 Some laws ordain; and some attend the choice
 Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
 Here some design a mole,⁵³ while others there
 Lay deep foundations for a theater;
 From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
 For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
 Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
 As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains,
 When winter past, and summer scarce begun,
 Invites them forth to labor in the sun;
 Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
 Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense;
 Some at the gate stand ready to receive
 The golden burthen, and their friends relieve;
 All with united force, combine to drive
 The lazy drones from the laborious hive:
 With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
 The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
 "Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise!"
 Aeneas said, and view'd, with lifted eyes,
 Their lofty tow'rs; then, entering at the gate,
 Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate)
 He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
 Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.
 Full in the center of the town there stood,
 Thick set with trees, a venerable wood.
 The Tyrians, landing near this holy ground,
 And digging here, a prosp'rous omen found:
 From under earth a courser's head they drew,
 Their growth and future fortune to foreshew.
 This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
 Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
 Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
 Did Juno's temple build, and consecrate,
 Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
 But more the goddess made the place divine.
 On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
 And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose:
 The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crown'd;
 The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
 What first Aeneas this place beheld,
 Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
 For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd

52 Achates and Aeneas

53 harbor

His wond'ring eyes, and round the temple gaz'd,
 Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,
 The striving artists, and their arts' renown;
 He saw, in order painted on the wall,
 Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:
 The wars that fame around the world had blown,
 All to the life, and ev'ry leader known.
 There [Agamemnon](#),⁵⁴ [Priam](#)⁵⁵ here, he spies,
 And fierce [Achilles](#),⁵⁶ who both kings defies.
 He stopp'd, and weeping said: "O friend! ev'n here
 The monuments of Trojan woes appear!
 Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands:
 See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
 Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
 And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim."
 He said (his tears a ready passage find),
 Devouring what he saw so well design'd,
 And with an empty picture fed his mind:
 For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
 And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
 Pursued by fierce Achilles thro' the plain,
 On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
 The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
 By their white sails betray'd to nightly view;
 And wakeful Diomede,⁵⁷ whose cruel sword
 The sentries slew, nor spar'd their slumb'ring lord,
 Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
 Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
 Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defied
 Achilles, and unequal combat tried;
 Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins,
 Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains,
 Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around:
 The hostile spear, yet sticking in his wound,
 With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground.
 Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe,
 To Pallas' fane in long procession go,
 In hopes to reconcile their heav'nly foe.
 They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend their hair,

And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear;
 But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with pray'r.
 Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
 The corpse of [Hector](#), whom in fight he slew.
 Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
 The lifeless body of his son is sold.⁵⁸
 So sad an object, and so well express'd,
 Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast,
 To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
 And his old sire his helpless hand extend.
 Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
 Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain;

54 Chief of the Greeks during the Trojan War

55 King of Troy

56 Hero of the *Iliad*

57 Greek warrior

58 The concluding drama of the *Iliad*

And swarthy Memnon⁵⁹ in his arms he knew,
 His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthisilea⁶⁰ there, with haughty grace,
 Leads to the wars an Amazonian race:
 In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
 The left, forward, sustains the lunar shield.
 Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
 Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes,
 And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.
 Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
 Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,
 The beauteous Dido, with a num'rous train
 And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.⁶¹
 Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
 Diana⁶² seems; and so she charms the sight,
 When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
 The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads:
 Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,
 She walks majestic, and she looks their queen;
 Latona⁶³ sees her shine above the rest,
 And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
 Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
 Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.
 Their labor to her future sway she speeds,
 And passing with a gracious glance proceeds;
 Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the shrine:
 In crowds around, the swarming people join.
 She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
 Hears and determines ev'ry private cause;
 Their tasks in equal portions she divides,
 And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
 Another way by chance Aeneas bends
 His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends,
 Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,
 And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng,
 Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,
 And widely scatter'd on another coast.
 The prince, unseen, surpris'd with wonder stands,
 And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands;
 But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays,
 And from the hollow cloud his friends surveys,
 Impatient till they told their present state,
 And where they left their ships, and what their fate,
 And why they came, and what was their request;
 For these were sent, commission'd by the rest,
 To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
 And gain admission to the gracious queen.
 Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
 Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:
 "O queen! indulg'd by favor of the gods
 To found an empire in these new abodes,
 To build a town, with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign,

59 Trojan ally

60 Amazon who fought for Troy; killed by Achilles

61 shrine

62 Moon goddess; goddess of the hunt

63 Mother of Apollo and Diana, the twin archer-gods

We wretched Trojans, toss'd on ev'ry shore,
 From sea to sea, thy clemency implore.
 Forbid the fires our shipping to deface!
 Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
 And spare the remnant of a pious race!
 We come not with design of wasteful prey,
 To drive the country, force the swains away:
 Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire;
 The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.
 A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old;
 The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold-
 Th' Oenotrians held it once- by common fame
 Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
 To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
 When winds and ev'ry warring element
 Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of land,
 Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:
 The sea came on; the South, with mighty roar,
 Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.
 Those few you see escap'd the Storm, and fear,
 Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here.
 What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,
 What laws, what barb'rous customs of the place,
 Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
 And drive us to the cruel seas again?
 If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
 Nor hospitable rights, nor human laws,
 The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.
 Aeneas was our prince: a juster lord,
 Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword;
 Observant of the right, religious of his word.
 If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,
 Nor we, his friends, of safety shall despair;
 Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
 Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
 We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
 Where King Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.
 Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
 Refitted from your woods with planks and oars,
 That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
 Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
 But if, O best of men, the Fates ordain
 That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main,
 And if our young Iulus be no more,
 Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore,
 That we to good Acestes may return,
 And with our friends our common losses mourn.”
 Thus spoke Ilioneus: the Trojan crew
 With cries and clamors his request renew.
 The modest queen a while, with downcast eyes,
 Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies:
 “Trojans, dismiss your fears; my cruel fate,
 And doubts attending an unsettled state,
 Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes.
 Who has not heard the story of your woes,
 The name and fortune of your native place,
 The fame and valor of the Phrygian race?

We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
 Nor so remote from Phoebus' influence.
 Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
 Or, driv'n by tempests from your first intent,
 You seek the good Acestes' government,
 Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
 And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard:
 Or, would you stay, and join your friendly pow'rs
 To raise and to defend the Tyrian tow'rs,
 My wealth, my city, and myself are yours.
 And would to Heav'n, the Storm, you felt, would bring
 On Carthaginian coasts your wand'ring king.
 My people shall, by my command, explore
 The ports and creeks of ev'ry winding shore,
 And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest
 Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest."
 Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
 And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud:
 Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way:
 "From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay?
 What more can you desire, your welcome sure,
 Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
 One only wants; and him we saw in vain
 Oppose the Storm, and swallow'd in the main.
 Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid;
 The rest agrees with what your mother said."

Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
 The mists flew upward and dissolv'd in day.
 The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
 August in visage, and serenely bright.
 His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
 Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine,
 And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
 And breath'd a youthful vigor on his face;
 Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold,
 Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold:
 Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
 And thus with manly modesty he spoke:
 "He whom you seek am I; by tempests toss'd,
 And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast;
 Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
 A prince that owes his life to you alone.
 Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
 Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress,
 You, who your pious offices employ
 To save the relics of abandon'd Troy;
 Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore,
 With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
 Associate in your town a wand'ring train,
 And strangers in your palace entertain:
 What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
 Who, scatter'd thro' the world, in exile mourn?
 The gods, if gods to goodness are inclin'd;
 If acts of mercy touch their heav'nly mind,
 And, more than all the gods, your gen'rous heart.
 Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!

In you this age is happy, and this earth,
 And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
 While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
 And round the space of heav'n the radiant sun;
 While trees the mountain tops with shades supply,
 Your honor, name, and praise shall never die.
 Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
 Your image shall be present in my mind."

Thus having said, he turn'd with pious haste,
 And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
 With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
 Serestus with his left; then to his breast
 Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;
 And so by turns descended to the rest.
 The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face,
 Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace;
 Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
 Then recollected stood, and thus began:
 "What fate, O goddess-born; what angry pow'rs
 Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren shores?
 Are you the great Aeneas, known to fame,
 Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?
 The same Aeneas whom fair Venus bore
 To fam'd Anchises on th' Idaean shore?
 It calls into my mind, tho' then a child,
 When Teucer came, from Salamis exil'd,
 And sought my father's aid, to be restor'd:
 My father Belus then with fire and sword
 Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,
 And, conqu'ring, finish'd the successful war.
 From him the Trojan siege I understood,
 The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.
 Your foe himself the Dardan valor prais'd,
 And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd.
 Enter, my noble guest, and you shall find,
 If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:
 For I myself, like you, have been distress'd,
 Till Heav'n afforded me this place of rest;
 Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
 I learn to pity woes so like my own."

She said, and to the palace led her guest;
 Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
 Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
 Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends;
 Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
 With bleating cries, attend their milky dams;
 And jars of gen'rous wine and spacious bowls
 She gives, to cheer the sailors' drooping souls.
 Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls,
 And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls:
 On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
 With loads of massy plate the sideboards shine,
 And antique vases, all of gold emboss'd
 (The gold itself inferior to the cost),
 Of curious work, where on the sides were seen
 The fights and figures of illustrious men,
 From their first founder to the present queen.

The good Aeneas, paternal care
 Iulus⁶⁴ absence could no longer bear,
 Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
 To give a glad relation of the past,
 And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy,
 Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:
 A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;
 An upper vest, once Helen's⁶⁵ rich attire,
 From Argos by the fam'd adultress brought,
 With golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought,
 Her mother Leda's present, when she came
 To ruin Troy and set the world on flame;
 The scepter Priam's eldest daughter bore,
 Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore
 Of double texture, glorious to behold,
 One order set with gems, and one with gold.
 Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes,
 And in his diligence his duty shows.
 But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,
 New counsels tries, and new designs prepares:
 That Cupid should assume the shape and face
 Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace;
 Should bring the presents, in her nephew's stead,
 And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed:
 For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongued,
 And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
 These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke,
 And thus alarm'd, to winged Love⁶⁶ she spoke:
 "My son, my strength, whose mighty pow'r alone
 Controls the Thund'rer on his awful throne,
 To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
 And on thy succor and thy faith relies.
 Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,
 By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life;
 And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains.
 Him Dido now with blandishment detains;
 But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.
 For this 't is needful to prevent her art,
 And fire with love the proud Phoenician's heart:
 A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
 As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
 How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:
 Ascanius by his father is design'd
 To come, with presents laden, from the port,
 To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
 I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
 And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to keep,
 Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit
 May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.
 Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace
 But only for a night's revolving space:
 Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face;
 That when, amidst the fervor of the feast,
 The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,

64 Aeneas' son, also known as Ascanius.

65 Wife of Menelaus of Sparta, kidnapped by Paris

66 "Winged Love" is, of course, Cupid.

And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
 Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her veins."
 The God of Love obeys, and sets aside
 His bow and quiver, and his plummy pride;
 He walks Iulus in his mother's sight,
 And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.
 The goddess then to young Ascanius⁶⁷ flies,
 And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes:
 Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of Loves,
 She gently bears him to her blissful groves,
 Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
 And softly lays him on a flow'ry bed.
 Cupid meantime assum'd his form and face,
 Foll'wing Achates with a shorter pace,
 And brought the gifts. The queen already sate
 Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
 High on a golden bed: her princely guest
 Was next her side; in order sate the rest.
 Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high;
 Th' attendants water for their hands supply,
 And, having wash'd, with silken towels dry.
 Next fifty handmaids in long order bore
 The censers, and with fumes the gods adore:
 Then youths, and virgins twice as many, join
 To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.
 The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,
 Approach, and on the painted couches rest.
 All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze,
 But view the beauteous boy with more amaze,
 His rosy-color'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
 His motions, voice, and shape, and all the god's disguise;
 Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine,
 Which wand'ring foliage and rich flow'rs entwine.
 But, far above the rest, the royal dame,
 (Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame,)
 With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
 Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
 The guileful god about the hero long,
 With children's play, and false embraces, hung;
 Then sought the queen: she took him to her arms
 With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
 Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
 How dire a god, she drew so near her breast;
 But he, not mindless of his mother's pray'r,
 Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
 And molds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
 The dead is to the living love resign'd;
 And all Aeneas enters in her mind.

Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
 The meat remov'd, and ev'ry guest was pleas'd,
 The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
 And thro' the palace cheerful cries resound.
 From gilded roofs depending lamps display
 Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
 A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,

67 Iulus

The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine:
 The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.
 Then, silence thro' the hall proclaim'd, she spoke:
 "O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke,
 With solemn rites, thy sacred name and pow'r;
 Bless to both nations this auspicious hour!
 So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line
 In lasting concord from this day combine.
 Thou, Bacchus,⁶⁸ god of joys and friendly cheer,
 And gracious Juno, both be present here!
 And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
 To Heav'n with mine, to ratify the peace."
 The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd
 (Sprinkling the first libations on the ground.)
 And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace;
 Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
 'T was Bitias whom she call'd, a thirsty soul;
 He took challenge, and embrac'd the bowl,
 With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
 Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.
 The goblet goes around: Iopas brought
 His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught:
 The various labors of the wand'ring moon,
 And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun;
 Th' original of men and beasts; and whence
 The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense,
 And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence;
 What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays
 The summer nights and shortens winter days.
 With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song:
 Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.

Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
 And drank large draughts of love with vast delight;
 Of Priam much enquir'd, of Hector more;
 Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore,
 What troops he landed on the Trojan shore;
 The steeds of Diomedes varied the discourse,
 And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force;
 At length, as fate and her ill stars requir'd,
 To hear the series of the war desir'd.
 "Relate at large, my godlike guest," she said,
 "The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd:
 The fatal issue of so long a war,
 Your flight, your wand'rings, and your woes, declare;
 For, since on ev'ry sea, on ev'ry coast,
 Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,
 Sev'n times the sun has either tropic view'd,
 The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd."

BOOK II: THE FALL OF TROY

All were attentive to the godlike man,⁶⁹
 When from his lofty couch he thus began:
 "Great queen, what you command me to relate

68 God of wine and celebration

69 Aeneas

Renews the sad remembrance of our fate:
 An empire from its old foundations rent,
 And ev'ry woe the Trojans underwent;
 A peopled city made a desert place;
 All that I saw, and part of which I was:
 Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
 Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.
 And now the latter watch of wasting night,
 And setting stars, to kindly rest invite;
 But, since you take such int'rest in our woe,
 And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
 I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
 What in our last and fatal night befell.
 "By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
 The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war,
 And by Minerva's aid a fabric rear'd,
 Which like a steed of monstrous height appear'd:⁷⁰
 The sides were plank'd with pine; they feign'd it made
 For their return,⁷¹ and this the vow they paid.
 Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side
 Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
 With inward arms the dire machine they load,
 And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
 In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
 (While Fortune did on Priam's empire smile)
 Renown'd for wealth; but, since, a faithless bay,
 Where ships expos'd to wind and weather lay.
 There was their fleet conceal'd. We thought, for Greece
 Their sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
 The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,
 Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
 Like swarming bees, and with delight survey
 The camp deserted, where the Grecians lay:
 The quarters of the sev'ral chiefs they show'd;
 Here Phoenix, here Achilles, made abode;
 Here join'd the battles; there the navy rode.
 Part on the pile their wond'ring eyes employ:
 The pile by Pallas⁷² rais'd to ruin Troy.
 Thymoetes first ('t is doubtful whether hir'd,
 Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
 Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
 To lodge the monster fabric⁷³ in the town.
 But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
 The fatal present to the flames designed,
 Or to the wat'ry deep; at least to bore
 The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore.
 The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
 With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
[Laocoon](#), follow'd by a num'rous crowd,
 Ran from the fort, and cried, from far, aloud:
 'O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
 What more than madness has possess'd your brains?
 Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone?

70 The Trojan Horse

71 The Greeks wanted the Trojans to believe that the Trojan Horse was an offering to Minerva to ensure the Greeks' safe retreat.

72 Pallas athena, Minerva

73 The giant wooden horse

And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
 This hollow fabric either must inclose,
 Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
 Or 't is an engine rais'd above the town,
 T' oerlook the walls, and then to batter down.
 Somewhat is sure design'd, by fraud or force:
 Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.
 Thus having said, against the steed he threw
 His forceful spear, which, hissing as flew,
 Pierc'd thro' the yielding planks of jointed wood,
 And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
 The sides, transpierc'd, return a rattling sound,
 And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing thro' the wound.
 And, had not Heav'n the fall of Troy design'd,
 Or had not men been fated to be blind,
 Enough was said and done t' inspire a better mind.
 Then had our lances pierc'd the treach'rous wood,
 And Ilian⁷⁴ tow'rs and Priam's empire stood.
 Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
 A captive Greek,⁷⁵ in bands, before the king;
 Taken to take; who made himself their prey,
 T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray;
 Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
 To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
 About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
 All press to see, and some insult the foe.
 Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd;
 Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
 Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound;
 He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around,
 Then said: 'Alas! what earth remains, what sea
 Is open to receive unhappy me?
 What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
 Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends?'
 He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
 Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
 We cheer youth to make his own defense,
 And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
 What news he could impart, we long to know,
 And what to credit from a captive foe.
 "His fear at length dismiss'd, he said: 'Whate'er
 My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
 I neither can nor dare my birth disclaim;
 Greece is my country, Sinon is my name.
 Tho' plung'd by Fortune's pow'r in misery,
 'Tis not in Fortune's pow'r to make me lie.
 If any chance has hither brought the name
 Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
 Who suffer'd from the malice of the times,
 Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes,
 Because these fatal wars he would prevent;
 Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament-
 Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
 Of other means, committed to his care,
 His kinsman and companion in the war.

74 Trojan

75 Sinon

While Fortune favor'd, while his arms support
 The cause, and rul'd the counsels, of the court,
 I made some figure there; nor was my name
 Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.
 But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
 Had made impression in the people's hearts,
 And forg'd a treason in my patron's name
 (I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame),
 My kinsman fell. Then I, without support,
 In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
 Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
 With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state,
 And curs'd the direful author of my woes.
 'T was told again; and hence my ruin rose.
 I threaten'd, if indulgent Heav'n once more
 Would land me safely on my native shore,
 His death with double vengeance to restore.
 This mov'd the murderer's hate; and soon ensued
 Th' effects of malice from a man so proud.
 Ambiguous rumors thro' the camp he spread,
 And sought, by treason, my devoted head;
 New crimes invented; left unturn'd no stone,
 To make my guilt appear, and hide his own;
 Till Calchas was by force and threat'ning wrought-
 But why- why dwell I on that anxious thought?
 If on my nation just revenge you seek,
 And 't is t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
 Already you my name and country know;
 Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow:
 My death will both the kingly brothers please,
 And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.
 This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
 Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts:
 Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.
 His former trembling once again renew'd,
 With acted fear, the villain thus pursued:
 "Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
 And wearied with an unsuccessful war)
 Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town;
 And, had the gods permitted, they had gone;
 But oft the wintry seas and southern winds
 Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their minds.
 Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;
 But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd:
 Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
 And thunders rattled thro' a sky serene.
 Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
 Eurypylus t' enquire their fate was sent.
 He from the gods this dreadful answer brought:
 "O Grecians, when the Trojan shores you sought,
 Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought:
 So must your safe return be bought again,
 And Grecian blood once more atone the main."
 The spreading rumor round the people ran;
 All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the man.
 Ulysses⁷⁶ took th' advantage of their fright;

Call'd Calchas,⁷⁷ and produc'd in open sight:
 Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate
 The public victim, to redeem the state.
 Already some presag'd the dire event,
 And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.
 For twice five days the good old seer withstood
 Th' intended treason, and was dumb to blood,
 Till, tir'd, with endless clamors and pursuit
 Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute;
 But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
 Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die.
 All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm should fall
 On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all.
 The dismal day was come; the priests prepare
 Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
 I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow
 I broke my bonds and fled the fatal blow.
 Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
 Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
 But now what further hopes for me remain,
 To see my friends, or native soil, again;
 My tender infants, or my careful sire,
 Whom they returning will to death require;
 Will perpetrate on them their first design,
 And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?
 Which, O! if pity mortal minds can move,
 If there be faith below, or gods above,
 If innocence and truth can claim desert,
 Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.
 "False tears true pity move; the king commands
 To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:
 Then adds these friendly words: 'Dismiss thy fears;
 Forget the Greeks; be mine as thou wert theirs.
 But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
 Or some religious end, you rais'd the pile?'
 Thus said the king. He, full of fraudulent arts,
 This well-invented tale for truth imparts:
 'Ye lamps of heav'n!' he said, and lifted high
 His hands now free, 'thou venerable sky!
 Inviolable pow'rs, ador'd with dread!
 Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head!
 Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled!
 Be all of you adjur'd; and grant I may,
 Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray,
 Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
 And justly punish whom I justly hate!
 But you, O king, preserve the faith you gave,
 If I, to save myself, your empire save.
 The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
 Were only founded on Minerva's aid.
 But from the time when impious Diomede,
 And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
 Her fatal image from the temple drew,
 The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
 Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
 Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands;

77 A Greek prophet

From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
 And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before:
 Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd;
 And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.
 Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
 Her alter'd mind and alienated care.
 When first her fatal image touch'd the ground,
 She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,
 That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
 Her heav'nly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.
 Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield
 Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield.
 Then Calchas bade our host for flight
 And hope no conquest from the tedious war,
 Till first they sail'd for Greece; with pray'rs besought
 Her injur'd pow'r, and better omens brought.
 And now their navy plows the wat'ry main,
 Yet soon expect it on your shores again,
 With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.
 But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid
 For her stol'n statue and her tow'r betray'd,
 Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name
 We rais'd and dedicate this wondrous frame,
 So lofty, lest thro' your forbidden gates
 It pass, and intercept our better fates:
 For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;
 And Troy may then a new Palladium⁷⁸ boast;
 For so religion and the gods ordain,
 That, if you violate with hands profane
 Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn,
 (Which omen, O ye gods, on Graecia turn!)
 But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
 The Trojan walls, and in the city stands;
 Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenae burn,
 And the reverse of fate on us return.
 "With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
 Too prone to credit his perfidious arts.
 What Diomed, nor Thetis' greater son,
 A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege, had done-
 False tears and fawning words the city won.
 "A greater omen, and of worse portent,
 Did our unwary minds with fear torment,
 Concurring to produce the dire event.
 Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
 With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer;
 When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spied
 Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
 And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
 Their flaming crests above the waves they show;
 Their bellies seem to burn the seas below;
 Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
 And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.
 And now the strand, and now the plain they held;
 Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd;
 Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
 And lick'd their hissing jaws, that sputter'd flame.

78 Temple of Athena/Minerva

We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take,
 And to Laocoon and his children make;
 And first around the tender boys they wind,
 Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
 The wretched father, running to their aid
 With pious haste, but vain, they next invade;
 Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd;
 And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
 The priest thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,
 And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.
 With both his hands he labors at the knots;
 His holy fillets the blue venom blots;
 His roaring fills the flitting air around.
 Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
 He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
 And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies.
 Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
 And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way:
 Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there
 By her large buckler and protended spear.
 Amazement seizes all; the gen'ral cry
 Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,
 Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
 And dared to violate the sacred wood.
 All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid
 And incense offer'd to th' offended maid.
 A spacious breach is made; the town lies bare;
 Some hoisting-levers, some the wheels prepare
 And fasten to the horse's feet; the rest
 With cables haul along th' unwieldly beast.
 Each on his fellow for assistance calls;
 At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
 Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
 And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
 Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
 It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town.
 O sacred city, built by hands divine!
 O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
 Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound
 Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
 Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
 We haul along the horse in solemn state;
 Then place the dire portent within the tow'r.
 Cassandra cried, and curs'd th' unhappy hour;
 Foretold our fate; but, by the god's decree,
 All heard, and none believ'd the prophecy.
 With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste,
 In jollity, the day ordain'd to be the last.
 Meantime the rapid heav'ns roll'd down the light,
 And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night;
 Our men, secure, nor guards nor sentries held,
 But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
 The Grecians had embark'd their naval pow'rs
 From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores,
 Safe under covert of the silent night,
 And guided by th' imperial galley's light;
 When Sinon, favor'd by the partial gods,

Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
 Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
 Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
 Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
 And dire Ulysses down the cable slide:
 Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus⁷⁹ haste;
 Nor was the Podalirian hero last,
 Nor injur'd Menelaus,⁸⁰ nor the fam'd
 Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd.
 A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
 T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
 Those few they find awake first meet their fate;
 Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.

“T was in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
 Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
 When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
 A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears;
 Such as he was, when, by Pelides⁸¹ slain,
 Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
 Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
 Thro' the bor'd holes; his body black with dust;
 Unlike that Hector who return'd from toils
 Of war, triumphant, in Aeacian spoils,
 Or him who made the fainting Greeks retire,
 And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
 His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
 And all the wounds he for his country bore
 Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.
 I wept to see the visionary man,
 And, while my trance continued, thus began:
 'O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
 Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
 O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
 Art thou so late return'd for our defense?
 Do we behold thee, wearied as we are
 With length of labors, and with toils of war?
 After so many fun'erals of thy own
 Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?
 But say, what wounds are these? What new disgrace
 Deforms the manly features of thy face?'
 “To this the specter no reply did frame,
 But answer'd to the cause for which he came,
 And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
 This warning in these mournful words express'd:
 'O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
 The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
 The foes already have possess'd the wall;
 Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
 Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
 More than enough to duty and to fame.
 If by a mortal hand my father's throne
 Could be defended, 't was by mine alone.
 Now Troy to thee commends her future state,

79 Son of Achilles

80 Husband to Helen

81 Achilles, son of Peleus

And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
 From their assistance walls expect,
 Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.
 He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
 The venerable statues of the gods,⁸²
 With ancient Vesta⁸³ from the sacred choir,
 The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.

“Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,
 Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war:
 The noise approaches, tho' our palace stood
 Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood.
 Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
 Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
 Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer stay,
 But mount the terrace, thence the town survey,
 And hearken what the frightful sounds convey.
 Thus, when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
 Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn;
 Or deluges, descending on the plains,
 Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
 Of lab'ring oxen and the peasant's gains;
 Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
 Flocks, folds, and trees, and undistinguish'd prey:
 The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far
 The wasteful ravage of the wat'ry war.
 Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd,
 And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd.
 The palace of Deiphobus ascends
 In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
 Ucalegon burns next: the seas are bright
 With splendor not their own, and shine with Trojan light.
 New clamors and new clangors now arise,
 The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.
 With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
 Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms,
 But first to gather friends, with them t' oppose
 (If fortune favor'd) and repel the foes;
 Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd,
 With sense of honor and revenge inspir'd.

“Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
 Had scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame:
 With relics loaden. to my doors he fled,
 And by the hand his tender grandson led.
 ‘What hope, O Pantheus? whither can we run?
 Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?’
 Scarce had I said, when Pantheus, with a groan:
 ‘Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
 The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
 When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
 Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
 The fire consumes the town, the foe commands;
 And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
 Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.

82 The [Lares and Penates](#), very ancient guardian gods closely associated with the household and family

83 Goddess of the hearth; the fire of the hearth is the heart or soul of the home; here, included among Aeneas' household gods

Within the gates, proud Sinon throws about
 The flames; and foes for entrance press without,
 With thousand others, whom I fear to name,
 More than from Argos or Mycenae came.
 To sev'ral posts their parties they divide;
 Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide:
 The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprise;
 Who fights finds death, and death finds him who flies.
 The warders of the gate but scarce maintain
 Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.'

"I heard; and Heav'n, that well-born souls inspires,
 Prompts me thro' lifted swords and rising fires
 To run where clashing arms and clamor calls,
 And rush undaunted to defend the walls.
 Ripheus and Iph'itus by my side engage,
 For valor one renown'd, and one for age.
 Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
 My motions and my mien, and to my party drew;
 With young Coroebus, who by love was led
 To win renown and fair Cassandra's bed,
 And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid,
 Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid.
 Whom when I saw resolv'd in arms to fall,
 And that one spirit animated all:
 'Brave souls!' said I, - 'but brave, alas! in vain-
 Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.
 You see the desp'rate state of our affairs,
 And heav'n's protecting pow'rs are deaf to pray'rs.
 The passive gods behold the Greeks defile
 Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
 Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire
 To save a sinking town, involv'd in fire.
 Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes:
 Despair of life the means of living shows.'
 So bold a speech encourag'd their desire
 Of death, and added fuel to their fire.

"As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
 Scour thro' the fields, nor fear the stormy night-
 Their whelps at home expect the promis'd food,
 And long to temper their dry chaps in blood-
 So rush'd we forth at once; resolv'd to die,
 Resolv'd, in death, the last extremes to try.
 We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare
 Th' unequal combat in the public square:
 Night was our friend; our leader was despair.
 What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night?
 What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright?
 An ancient and imperial city falls:
 The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals;
 Houses and holy temples float in blood,
 And hostile nations make a common flood.
 Not only Trojans fall; but, in their turn,
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn.
 Ours take new courage from despair and night:
 Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.

All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears;
 And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
 Androgeos fell among us, with his band,
 Who thought us Grecians newly come to land.
 'From whence,' said he, 'my friends, this long delay?
 You loiter, while the spoils are borne away:
 Our ships are laden with the Trojan store;
 And you, like truants, come too late ashore.'
 He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
 Found, by the doubtful answers which we make:
 Amaz'd, he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight;
 But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.
 As when some peasant, in a bushy brake,
 Has with unwary footing press'd a snake;
 He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
 His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
 So from our arms surpris'd Androgeos flies.
 In vain; for him and his we compass'd round,
 Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground,
 And of their lives an easy conquest found.
 Thus Fortune on our first endeavor smil'd.
 Coroebus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
 Swoln with success, and a daring mind,
 This new invention fatally design'd.
 'My friends,' said he, 'since Fortune shows the way,
 'Tis fit we should th' auspicious guide obey.
 For what has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,
 But their destruction, and the Trojans' good?
 Then change we shields, and their devices bear:
 Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
 They find us arms.' This said, himself he dress'd
 In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,
 His painted buckler, and his plumy crest.
 Thus Ripheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
 Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.
 Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,
 Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage;
 Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet,
 And strew with Grecian carcasses the street.
 Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,
 Some to the shore and safer ships retreat;
 And some, oppress'd with more ignoble fear,
 Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret there.

"But, ah! what use of valor can be made,
 When heav'n's propitious pow'rs refuse their aid!
 Behold the royal prophetess, the fair
 Cassandra,⁸⁴ dragg'd by her dishevel'd hair,
 Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred bands,
 In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:
 On heav'n she cast her eyes, she sigh'd, she cried-
 'T was all she could- her tender arms were tied.
 So sad a sight Coroebus could not bear;
 But, fir'd with rage, distracted with despair,
 Amid the barb'rous ravishers he flew:

84 A Trojan princess blessed with prophetic sight but cursed so that no one would believe her; she became the war-prize (read, rape victim and sex slave) of Agamemnon.

Our leader's rash example we pursue.
 But storms of stones, from the proud temple's height,
 Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
 We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow,
 Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in show.
 They aim at the mistaken crests, from high;
 And ours beneath the pond'rous ruin lie.
 Then, mov'd with anger and disdain, to see
 Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin free,
 The Grecians rally, and their pow'rs unite,
 With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
 The brother kings with Ajax join their force,
 And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.

“Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
 Contending for the kingdom of the sky,
 South, east, and west, on airy coursers borne;
 The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
 Then Nereus strikes the deep; the billows rise,
 And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies.
 The troops we squander'd first again appear
 From several quarters, and enclose the rear.
 They first observe, and to the rest betray,
 Our diff'rent speech; our borrow'd arms survey.
 Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Coroebus first,
 At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
 Then Ripheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
 Just of his word, observant of the right:
 Heav'n thought not so. Dymas their fate attends,
 With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends.
 Nor, Pantheus, thee, thy miter, nor the bands
 Of awful Phoebus, sav'd from impious hands.
 Ye Trojan flames, your testimony bear,
 What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there;
 No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
 Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life;
 Witness, ye heavens! I live not by my fault:
 I strove to have deserv'd the death I sought.
 But, when I could not fight, and would have died,
 Borne off to distance by the growing tide,
 Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence,
 With Pelias wounded, and without defense.
 New clamors from th' invested palace ring:
 We run to die, or disengage the king.
 So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose,
 While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose
 As all the Dardan and Argolic race
 Had been contracted in that narrow space;
 Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
 And tumult, war, and slaughter, only there.
 Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes,
 Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
 Some mount the scaling ladders; some, more bold,
 Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold;
 Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' ascent,
 While with their right they seize the battlement.
 From their demolish'd tow'rs the Trojans throw

Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe;
 And heavy beams and rafters from the sides
 (Such arms their last necessity provides)
 And gilded roofs, come tumbling from on high,
 The marks of state and ancient royalty.
 The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
 The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
 Renew'd in courage with recover'd breath,
 A second time we ran to tempt our death,
 To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
 The weary living, and revenge the dead.

“A postern⁸⁵ door, yet unobserv'd and free,
 Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
 To the king's closet led: a way well known
 To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne,
 Thro' which she brought Astyanax,⁸⁶ unseen,
 To cheer his grandsire and his grandsire's queen.
 Thro' this we pass, and mount the tow'r, from whence
 With unavailing arms the Trojans make defense.
 From this the trembling king had oft descried
 The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
 Beams from its lofty height with swords we hew,
 Then, wrenching with our hands, th' assault renew;
 And, where the rafters on the columns meet,
 We push them headlong with our arms and feet.
 The lightning flies not swifter than the fall,
 Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
 Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath
 Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into death.
 Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent;
 We cease not from above, nor they below relent.

“Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threat'ning loud,
 With glitt'ring arms conspicuous in the crowd.
 So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
 Who slept the winter in a thorny brake,
 And, casting off his slough when spring returns,
 Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns;
 Restor'd with poisonous herbs, his ardent sides
 Reflect the sun; and rais'd on spires he rides;
 High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls along,
 And brandishes by fits his forky tongue.
 Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
 His father's charioteer, together run
 To force the gate; the Scyrian infantry
 Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
 Ent'ring the court, with shouts the skies they rend;
 And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
 Himself, among the foremost, deals his blows,
 And with his ax repeated strokes bestows
 On the strong doors; then all their shoulders ply,
 Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.
 He hews apace; the double bars at length
 Yield to his ax and unresisted strength.

85 Gate door

86 Son of Hector

A mighty breach is made: the rooms conceal'd
 Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd;
 The halls of audience, and of public state,
 And where the lonely queen in secret sate.
 Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen,
 With not a door, and scarce a space, between.
 The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
 And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies;
 The fearful matrons run from place to place,
 And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace.
 The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
 And all his father⁸⁷ sparkles in his eyes;
 Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain:
 The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
 In rush the Greeks, and all the apartments fill;
 Those few defendants whom they find, they kill.
 Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood
 Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood;
 Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
 And sweeps the cattle and the cots away.
 These eyes beheld him when he march'd between
 The brother kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,
 The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
 To stain his hallow'd altar with his brood.
 The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,
 So large a promise, of a progeny),
 The posts, of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
 Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
 Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
 The Grecians enter and possess the place.

"Perhaps you may of Priam's fate enquire.
 He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
 His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,
 On ev'ry side inevitable woes,
 In arms, disus'd, invests his limbs, decay'd,
 Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
 His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain;
 Loaded, not arm'd,⁸⁸ he creeps along with pain,
 Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!
 Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view
 An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
 Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
 The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
 Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
 Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
 Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,
 Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
 The Queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
 And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
 'What rage,' she cried, 'has seiz'd my husband's mind?
 What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
 These times want other aids! Were Hector here,
 Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
 With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,

87 Achilles

88 Not armored

Or in one common fate with us be join'd.
 She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
 The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
 Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
 Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.
 Thro' swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies
 Thro' empty courts and open galleries.
 Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
 And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
 The youth, transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
 Expires before his wretched parent's eyes:
 Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,
 The fear of death gave place to nature's law;
 And, shaking more with anger than with age,
 'The gods,' said he,⁸⁹ 'requite thy brutal rage!
 As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must,
 If there be gods in heav'n, and gods be just-
 Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
 With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.
 Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
 To call thee his- not he, thy vaunted sire,
 Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
 The laws of nature and of nations heard.
 He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
 The bloodless carcass of my Hector sold;
 Pitied the woes a parent underwent,
 And sent me back in safety from his tent.'

"This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
 Which, flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew:
 Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
 And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.

"Then Pyrrhus thus: 'Go thou from me to fate,
 And to my father my foul deeds relate.
 Now die!' With that he dragg'd the trembling sire,
 Slidd'ring thro' clott'd blood and holy mire,
 (The mingled paste his murder'd son had made,)
 Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
 And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
 His right hand held his bloody falchion⁹⁰ bare,
 His left he twisted in his hoary hair;
 Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found:
 The lukewarm blood came rushing thro' the wound,
 And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.
 Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate
 With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state:
 He, who the scepter of all Asia sway'd,
 Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd.
 On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,
 A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.

"Then, not before, I felt my cruddled⁹¹ blood
 Congeal with fear, my hair with horror stood:

89 Priam
 90 sword
 91 curdled

My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
 Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
 Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
 And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
 I look'd about, but found myself alone,
 Deserted at my need! My friends were gone.
 Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
 Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames consum'd the rest.

“Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
 The graceless Helen in the porch I spied
 Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
 Muffled she sate, and, what she could, unknown:
 But, by the flames that cast their blaze around,
 That common bane of Greece and Troy I found.
 For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan sword;
 More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;⁹²
 Ev'n by those gods who refug'd her abhorr'd.
 Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
 Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward:
 'Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
 And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
 Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,
 In state attended with a captive crew,
 While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
 And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls?
 For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
 Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood?
 'Tis true, a soldier can small honor gain,
 And boast no conquest, from a woman slain:
 Yet shall the fact not pass without applause,
 Of vengeance taken in so just a cause;
 The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,
 And murm'ring manes⁹³ of my friends appease.'
 Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing light
 Spread o'er the place; and, shining heav'nly bright,
 My mother stood reveal'd before my sight
 Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
 Not her own star confess'd a light so clear:
 Great in her charms, as when on gods above
 She looks, and breathes herself into their love.
 She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break;
 Then from her rosy lips began to speak:
 'My son, from whence this madness, this neglect
 Of my commands, and those whom I protect?⁹⁴
 Why this unmanly rage? Recall to mind
 Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
 Look if your helpless father yet survive,
 Or if Ascanius or Creusa live.
 Around your house the greedy Grecians err;
 And these had perish'd in the nightly war,
 But for my presence and protecting care.
 Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault;

92 Menelaus

93 souls

94 Venus probably refers to Aeneas' family and even the Trojans sat large, but she may mean Helen, whom she delivered into the hands of the Trojan Paris.

But by the gods was this destruction brought.
 Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve
 The mists and films that mortal eyes involve,
 Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
 The shape of each avenging deity.
 Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil,
 Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
 Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies,
 Stones rent from stones; where clouds of dust arise-
 Amid that smother Neptune holds his place,
 Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,
 And heaves the building from the solid base.
 Look where, in arms, imperial Juno stands
 Full in the Scaean gate, with loud commands,
 Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.
 See! Pallas, of her snaky buckler⁹⁵ proud,
 Bestrides the tow'r, refulgent thro' the cloud:
 See! Jove new courage to the foe supplies,
 And arms against the town the partial deities.
 Haste hence, my son; this fruitless labor end:
 Haste, where your trembling spouse and sire attend:
 Haste; and a mother's care your passage shall befriend.
 She said, and swiftly vanish'd from my sight,
 Obscure in clouds and gloomy shades of night.
 I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful sounds I hear;
 And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
 Troy sunk in flames I saw (nor could prevent),
 And Ilium from its old foundations rent;
 Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds,
 And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds.
 About the roots the cruel ax resounds;
 The stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds:
 The war is felt on high; the nodding crown
 Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy honors down.
 To their united force it yields, tho' late,
 And mourns with mortal groans th' approaching fate:
 The roots no more their upper load sustain;
 But down she falls, and spreads a ruin thro' the plain.

"Descending thence, I scape thro' foes and fire:
 Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.
 Arriv'd at home, he, for whose only sake,
 Or most for his, such toils I undertake,
 The good Anchises, whom, by timely flight,
 I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height,
 Refus'd the journey, resolute to die
 And add his fun'erals to the fate of Troy,
 Rather than exile and old age sustain.
 'Go you, whose blood runs warm in ev'ry vein.
 Had Heav'n decreed that I should life enjoy,
 Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
 'Tis, sure, enough, if not too much, for one,
 Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
 Make haste to save the poor remaining crew,
 And give this useless corpse a long adieu.
 These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath;

95 "The snaky buckler" is Minerva's aegis (shield) which bears the image of the head of Medusa, she of the snaky hair.

At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
 To take my spoils, and leave my body bare:
 As for my sepulcher, let Heav'n take care.
 'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife
 Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a ling'ring life;
 Since ev'ry hour and moment I expire,
 Blasted from heav'n by Jove's avenging fire.
 This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die:
 Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
 Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry-
 'What, will he still persist, on death resolve,
 And in his ruin all his house involve!
 He still persists his reasons to maintain;
 Our pray'rs, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.

"Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
 The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die:
 'What hope remains, but what my death must give?
 Can I, without so dear a father, live?
 You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
 Could such a word from such a parent fall?
 If Fortune please, and so the gods ordain,
 That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain,
 And you conspire with Fortune to be slain,
 The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:
 For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
 Reeking with Priam's blood- the wretch who slew
 The son (inhuman) in the father's view,
 And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew.
 O goddess mother, give me back to Fate;
 Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late!
 Did you, for this, unhappy me convey
 Thro' foes and fires, to see my house a prey?
 Shall I my father, wife, and son behold,
 Welt'ring in blood, each other's arms infold?
 Haste! gird my sword, tho' spent and overcome:
 'Tis the last summons to receive our doom.
 I hear thee, Fate; and I obey thy call!
 Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall.
 Restore me to the yet unfinish'd fight:
 My death is wanting to conclude the night.'
 Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring sword I wield,
 While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield,
 And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field.
 I went; but sad Creusa stopp'd my way,
 And cross the threshold in my passage lay,
 Embrac'd my knees, and, when I would have gone,
 Shew'd me my feeble sire and tender son:
 'If death be your design, at least,' said she,
 'Take us along to share your destiny.
 If any farther hopes in arms remain,
 This place, these pledges of your love, maintain.
 To whom do you expose your father's life,
 Your son's, and mine, your now forgotten wife!
 While thus she fills the house with clam'rous cries,
 Our hearing is diverted by our eyes:
 For, while I held my son, in the short space

Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace;
 Strange to relate, from young Iulus' head
 A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
 Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
 Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
 To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;
 But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd
 His hands to heav'n, and this request preferr'd:
 'If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
 Thy will; if piety can pray'rs commend,
 Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd to send.'
 Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear
 A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:
 There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,
 Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly;
 From o'er the roof the blaze began to move,
 And, trailing, vanish'd in th' Idaean grove.
 It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a guide,
 Then in a steaming stench of sulphur died.

"The good old man with suppliant hands implor'd
 The gods' protection, and their star ador'd.
 'Now, now,' said he, 'my son, no more delay!
 I yield, I follow where Heav'n shews the way.
 Keep, O my country gods, our dwelling place,
 And guard this relic of the Trojan race,
 This tender child! These omens are your own,
 And you can yet restore the ruin'd town.
 At least accomplish what your signs foreshow:
 I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.'

"He said. The crackling flames appear on high.
 And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
 With Vulcan's⁹⁶ rage the rising winds conspire,
 And near our palace roll the flood of fire.
 'Haste, my dear father, ('t is no time to wait,)
 And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
 Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care;
 One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share.
 My hand shall lead our little son; and you,
 My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.
 Next, you, my servants, heed my strict commands:
 Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
 To Ceres⁹⁷ hallow'd once; a cypress nigh
 Shoots up her venerable head on high,
 By long religion kept; there bend your feet,
 And in divided parties let us meet.
 Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
 Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands:
 In me 't is impious holy things to bear,
 Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,
 Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
 Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.'
 Thus, ord'ring all that prudence could provide,
 I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide

96 The smithy god; god of fire

97 Harvest goddess

And yellow spoils; then, on my bending back,
 The welcome load of my dear father take;
 While on my better hand Ascanius hung,
 And with unequal paces tripp'd along.
 Creusa kept behind; by choice we stray
 Thro' ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.
 I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
 The Grecian darts and shock of lances bore,
 At ev'ry shadow now am seiz'd with fear,
 Not for myself, but for the charge I bear;
 Till, near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
 Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
 A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear.
 My father, looking thro' the shades, with fear,
 Cried out: 'Haste, haste, my son, the foes are nigh;
 Their swords and shining armor I descry.'⁹⁸
 Some hostile god, for some unknown offense,
 Had sure bereft my mind of better sense;
 For, while thro' winding ways I took my flight,
 And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,
 Alas! I lost Creusa: hard to tell
 If by her fatal destiny she fell,
 Or weary sate, or wander'd with affright;
 But she was lost for ever to my sight.
 I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
 My friends, at Ceres' now deserted seat.
 We met: not one was wanting; only she
 Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.

"What mad expressions did my tongue refuse!
 Whom did I not, of gods or men, accuse!
 This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
 Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
 Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
 Abandoning my now forgotten care,
 Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
 My sire, my son, my country gods I left.
 In shining armor once again I sheathe
 My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
 Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
 And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.
 I tread my former tracks; thro' night explore
 Each passage, ev'ry street I cross'd before.
 All things were full of horror and affright,
 And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.
 Then to my father's house I make repair,
 With some small glimpse of hope to find her there.
 Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met;
 The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.
 Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
 Thro' air transported, to the roofs aspire.
 From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
 And search the citadel and desert court.
 Then, unobserv'd, I pass by Juno's church:
 A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch;
 There Phoenix and Ulysses watch prey,

98 Catch sight of; get used to this word, as Dryden likes it a lot.

And thither all the wealth of Troy convey:
 The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,
 And golden bowls from burning altars caught,
 The tables of the gods, the purple vests,
 The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests.
 A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
 And captive matrons, in long order stands.
 Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
 Thro' all the silent street, Creusa's name:
 Creusa still I call; at length she hears,
 And sudden thro' the shades of night appears-
 Appears, no more Creusa, nor my wife,
 But a pale specter, larger than the life.
 Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,
 I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair.
 Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief
 'Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief.
 Desist, my much-lov'd lord, 't indulge your pain;
 You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
 My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
 Nor he, the great controller of the sky.
 Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decree;
 On land hard labors, and a length of sea.
 Then, after many painful years are past,
 On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast,
 Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
 The flow'ry meadows, and the feeding folds.
 There end your toils; and there your fates provide
 A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
 There fortune shall the Trojan line restore,
 And you for lost Creusa weep no more.
 Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,
 Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame;
 Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace
 My goddess mother, or my royal race.
 And now, farewell! The parent of the gods
 Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes:
 I trust our common issue to your care.'
 She said, and gliding pass'd unseen in air.
 I strove to speak: but horror tied my tongue;
 And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,
 And, thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.
 Light as an empty dream at break of day,
 Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away.

"Thus having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,
 I to my longing friends return again,
 Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
 Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old;
 A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
 With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught,
 Resolv'd, and willing, under my command,
 To run all hazards both of sea and land.
 The Morn began, from Ida, to display
 Her rosy cheeks; and Phosphor led the day:
 Before the gates the Grecians took their post,
 And all pretense of late relief was lost.

I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire.”

BOOK III: AENEAS' WANDERINGS

*Summary*⁹⁹

1-12 After the destruction of Troy, Aeneas and his companions build a fleet, and at the beginning of the summer set sail for unknown lands.

13-18 Aeneas sails to Thrace, and begins to build a city.

19-68 As Aeneas tears up some myrtle and cornet shoots in order to wreath the altars, drops of blood come from the broken stems. Then a cry is heard from beneath the earth, and the voice of [Polydorus](#)¹⁰⁰ tells Aeneas that the shoots have grown from the spears which transfixed him when he was murdered after being sent to Thrace. Aeneas calls a council, and the Trojans decide to leave; funeral rites for Polydorus are prepared.

69-83 The Trojans sail to Delos, the sacred island of Apollo, and are hospitably received by Anius.

84-120 At Delos Aeneas prays to Apollo for guidance, and receives an oracular response bidding the Trojans to seek out their 'ancient mother'. Anchises interprets this as the island of Crete, and they prepare to set out.

121-34 The Trojans sail from Delos to Crete, where they land and begin to build a town called Pergamum.

135-91 As the Trojans busy themselves with building their new home in Crete, a pestilence suddenly attacks them. Anchises suggests that they should return to Delos to consult the oracle again, but a vision of the Penates¹⁰¹ appears to Aeneas at night, telling him that it is in Hesperia, now called Italia, that he is to found his destined city. Anchises recognises his error in interpreting the oracle of Apollo, and the Trojans leave Crete.

192-208 The Trojans endure a great storm at sea for three days and nights, and on the fourth day reach the Strophades.

209-77 The Trojans land on the Strophades, kill some cattle for a meal, and are at once attacked by the Harpies, half-woman monsters who pollute their food. Aeneas and his men drive them off, and Celaeno, oldest of the Harpies, in a hostile prophecy proclaims that the Trojans will not found their city until hunger has made them eat their tables. They set sail and after passing Ithaca land at Leucate.

278-93 The Trojans make offerings and celebrate games at Actium¹⁰²; Aeneas dedicates a shield to Apollo, and they sail on again to Buthrotum.

294-355 At Buthrotum the Trojans hear that Helenus, son of Priam, is ruling over part of Pyrrhus' kingdom and is married to Andromache.¹⁰³ Aeneas meets Andromache as she is making offerings at the empty tomb of Hector. She tells the story of her misfortunes since the fall of Troy, and Helenus approaches and welcomes the Trojans hospitably.

356-73 Aeneas consults Helenus about his voyage and Celaeno's threat. Helenus takes him to the temple and begins his prophecy.

374-462 Helenus makes his prophecy, telling the Trojans that they still have far to go; they will know that they have reached the site of their city by the sign of the white sow. There is no need to fear Celaeno's threat. They must beware of the eastern coast of Italy, and after sacrificing in the prescribed manner must sail on round Sicily, thus avoiding Scylla and Charybdis. Above all they must make constant prayer and sacrifice to Juno. They must then

99 All "Summaries" are courtesy of William A. Johnson. [Aeneid Summaries](#).

100 Youngest son of King Priam and Queen Hecuba; Priam had sent Polydorus to Thrace with a ransom to ensure his protection should Troy fall; after Troy fell, the Thracian king murdered Polydorus and kept the ransom.

101 The household gods.

102 The (future) site of the famous naval battle between the forces of Octavian (Caesar Augustus) and Marc Anthony and Cleopatra in 31 BC.

103 Former wife of Hector; now married to his brother Helenus.

land at Cumae to consult the Sibyl; she will tell them of the wars to be fought in Italy.

463-505 Helenus bestows presents upon the Trojans, and gives his last instructions. Andromache adds her gifts to Ascanius¹⁰⁴ in memory of Astyanax. Aeneas bids them farewell and promises eternal friendship between their two cities.

506-47 After leaving Buthrotum the Trojans sail to Acrocerania. Here they spend the night; they set off early next day and sight Italy. They land at Castrum Minervae, and Anchises interprets the sight of four white horses as an omen both of peace and of war. They make offerings to Juno and re-embark.

548-87 The Trojans sail across the bay of Tarentum, escape Scylla and Charybdis, and approach the Sicilian coast near Mt. Etna. They pass a night of fear in the shadow of the volcano.

588-654 The Trojans meet an emaciated castaway, who appeals to them for help. He tells them that he is Achaemenides, left behind on the island by Ulysses¹⁰⁵ after his encounter with the Cyclops Polyphemus.

655-91 The blinded Polyphemus¹⁰⁶ and his fellow Cyclops appear. Taking Achaemenides with them the Trojans set sail with all speed, and as the wind is from the north they succeed in avoiding Scylla and Charybdis and they sail southwards along the coast of Sicily.

692-718 The Trojans continue to sail around Sicily, finally reaching Drepanum where Anchises dies. From there, Aeneas tells Dido, they were driven by a storm to Carthage; and so he ends the tale of his wanderings.

BOOK IV: THE PASSION OF DIDO

But anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
 She fed within her veins a flame unseen;
 The hero's valor, acts, and birth inspire
 Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
 His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,
 Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
 Now, when the purple morn had chas'd away
 The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
 Her sister first with early care she sought,
 And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought:
 "My dearest Anna, what new dreams affright
 My lab'ring soul! what visions of the night
 Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
 With strange ideas of our Trojan guest!
 His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
 A man descended from the gods declare.
 Fear ever argues a degenerate kind;
 His birth is well asserted by his mind.
 Then, what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd!
 What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
 Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
 That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
 Of hapless marriage, never to be curst
 With second love, so fatal was my first,
 To this one error I might yield again;
 For, since Sichaeus was untimely slain,
 This only man is able to subvert
 The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
 And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the same,

104 Infant son of Hector and Andromache; brutally killed by Pyrrhus.

105 Odysseus

106 Blinded by Ulysses/Odysseus (see the *Odyssey*)

Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
 But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
 And let me thro' the dark abyss descend;
 First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
 Drive down this body to the nether sky,
 Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie,
 Before I break the plighted faith I gave!
 No! he who had my vows shall ever have;
 For, whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave.”
 She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes,
 And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies:
 “O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
 Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath,
 Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
 Without the joys of mother or of wife?
 Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,
 Are known or valued by the ghosts below?
 I grant that, while your sorrows yet were green,
 It well became a woman, and a queen,
 The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
 To scorn Hyarbas, and his love reject,
 With all the Libyan lords of mighty name;
 But will you fight against a pleasing flame!
 This little spot of land, which Heav'n bestows,
 On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike foes;
 Gaetulian cities here are spread around,
 And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound;
 Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
 And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand;
 Barcaean troops besiege the narrow shore,
 And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
 Propitious Heav'n, and gracious Juno, lead
 This wand'ring navy to your needful aid:
 How will your empire spread, your city rise,
 From such a union, and with such allies?
 Implore the favor of the pow'rs above,
 And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
 Continue still your hospitable way,
 And still invent occasions of their stay,
 Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,
 And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet.”
 These words, which from a friend and sister came,
 With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
 And added fury to the kindled flame.
 Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue;
 On ev'ry altar sacrifice renew:
 A chosen ewe of two years old they pay
 To Ceres, Bacchus, and the God of Day;
 Preferring Juno's pow'r, for Juno ties
 The nuptial knot and makes the marriage joys.
 The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
 And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
 A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs adorns,
 And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
 And, while the priests with pray'r the gods invoke,
 She feeds their altars with Sabaeen smoke,
 With hourly care the sacrifice renews,

And anxiously the panting entrails views.
 What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
 What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart!
 A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
 Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.
 Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
 From street to street the raving Dido roves.
 So when the watchful shepherd, from the blind,
 Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
 Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
 Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods,
 With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
 Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.
 And now she leads the Trojan chief along
 The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
 Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising town,
 Which love, without his labor, makes his own.
 This pomp she shows, to tempt her wand'ring guest;
 Her falt'ring tongue forbids to speak the rest.
 When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
 Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight;
 She longs again to hear the prince relate
 His own adventures and the Trojan fate.
 He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain,
 For still she begs to hear it once again.
 The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends,
 And thus the tragic story never ends.
 Then, when they part, when Phoebe's paler light
 Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
 She last remains, when ev'ry guest is gone,
 Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
 Absent, her absent hero sees and hears;
 Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears,
 And seeks the father's image in the child,
 If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.
 Meantime the rising tow'rs are at a stand;
 No labors exercise the youthful band,
 Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms they know;
 The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe;
 The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
 Short of their promis'd heighth, that seem'd to threat the sky,

But when imperial Juno, from above,
 Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love,
 Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
 And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,
 With soothing words to Venus she begun:
 "High praises, endless honors, you have won,
 And mighty trophies, with your worthy son!
 Two gods a silly woman have undone!
 Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
 This rising city, which my hands erect:
 But shall celestial discord never cease?
 'Tis better ended in a lasting peace.
 You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd:
 Poor Dido with consuming love is fir'd.
 Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join;

So Dido shall be yours, Aeneas mine:
 One common kingdom, one united line.
 Eliza¹⁰⁷ shall a Dardan¹⁰⁸ lord obey,
 And lofty Carthage for a dow'r convey."
 Then Venus, who her hidden fraud descried,
 Which would the scepter of the world misguide
 To Libyan shores, thus artfully replied:
 "Who, but a fool, would wars with Juno choose,
 And such alliance and such gifts refuse,
 If Fortune with our joint desires comply?
 The doubt is all from Jove and destiny;
 Lest he forbid, with absolute command,
 To mix the people in one common land-
 Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line
 In lasting leagues and sure succession join?
 But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
 May move his mind; my wishes are your own."
 "Mine," said imperial Juno, "be the care;
 Time urges, now, to perfect this affair:
 Attend my counsel, and the secret share.
 When next the Sun his rising light displays,
 And gilds the world below with purple rays,
 The queen, Aeneas, and the Tyrian court
 Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game, resort.
 There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
 And cheerful horns from side to side resound,
 A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain
 With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain;
 The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
 Dispers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy night;
 One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
 To the fair princess and the Trojan lord.
 I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
 If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there:
 So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
 And Hymen shall be present at the rites."
 The Queen of Love consents, and closely smiles
 At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.
 The rosy morn was risen from the main,
 And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
 They issue early thro' the city gate,
 Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,
 With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
 Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.
 The Tyrian peers and officers of state
 For the slow queen in antechambers wait;
 Her lofty courser, in the court below,
 Who his majestic rider seems to know,
 Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
 And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam around.
 The queen at length appears; on either hand
 The brawny guards in martial order stand.
 A flow'r'd simar with golden fringe she wore,
 And at her back a golden quiver bore;
 Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains,

107 Another name for Dido

108 Trojan

A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
 Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
 Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.
 But far above the rest in beauty shines
 The great Aeneas, the troop he joins;
 Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
 Of wint'ry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast,
 When to his native Delos he resorts,
 Ordains the dances, and renews the sports;
 Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
 Before the joyful altars join their hands:
 Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below
 The merry madness of the sacred show.
 Green wreaths of bays his length of hair inclose;
 A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
 His quiver sounds: not less the prince is seen
 In manly presence, or in lofty mien.
 Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the seat
 Of salvage beasts, in dens, their last retreat.
 The cry pursues the mountain goats: they bound
 From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground;
 Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train,
 In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain,
 And a long chase in open view maintain.
 The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
 Spurs thro' the vale, and these and those outrides.
 His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel
 The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.
 Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
 Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way,
 And rather would the tusky boar attend,
 Or see the tawny lion downward bend.
 Meantime, the gath'ring clouds obscure the skies:
 From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
 The rattling thunders roll; and Juno pours
 A wintry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.
 The company, dispers'd, to converts ride,
 And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side.
 The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
 To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
 The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
 One common cavern in her bosom hides.
 Then first the trembling earth the signal gave,
 And flashing fires enlighten all the cave;
 Hell from below, and Juno from above,
 And howling nymphs, were conscious of their love.
 From this ill-omen'd hour in time arose
 Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.
 The queen, whom sense of honor could not move,
 No longer made a secret of her love,
 But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
 To veil the crime and sanctify the shame.
 The loud report thro' Libyan cities goes.
 Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows:
 Swift from the first; and ev'ry moment brings
 New vigor to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
 Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;

Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
 Inrag'd against the gods, revengeful Earth
 Produc'd her last of the Titanian birth.
 Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste:
 A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast.
 As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
 So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight;
 Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,
 And ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a tongue,
 And round with list'ning ears the flying plague is hung.

She fills the peaceful universe with cries;
 No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes;
 By day, from lofty tow'rs her head she shews,
 And spreads thro' trembling crowds disastrous news;
 With court informers haunts, and royal spies;
 Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles truth with lies.
 Talk is her business, and her chief delight
 To tell of prodigies and cause affright.
 She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
 Who, lost to honor and the sense of shame,
 Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
 A wand'ring guest, who from his country fled:
 Whole days with him she passes in delights,
 And wastes in luxury long winter nights,
 Forgetful of her fame and royal trust,
 Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust.
 The goddess widely spreads the loud report,
 And flies at length to King Hyarba's court.
 When first possess'd with this unwelcome news
 Whom did he not of men and gods accuse?
 This prince, from ravish'd Garamantis born,
 A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
 In Ammon's honor, his celestial sire;
 A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
 And, thro' his vast dominions, priests ordain'd,
 Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.
 The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
 And blood of victim beasts enrich'd the ground.
 He, when he heard a fugitive could move
 The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love,
 His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire,
 Mad with despair, impatient with desire;
 Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
 He thus with pray'rs implor'd his sire divine:
 "Great Jove! propitious to the Moorish race,
 Who feast on painted beds, with off'rings grace
 Thy temples, and adore thy pow'r divine
 With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine,
 Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
 Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign?
 Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance?
 Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance?
 A wand'ring woman builds, within our state,
 A little town, bought at an easy rate;
 She pays me homage, and my grants allow
 A narrow space of Libyan lands to plow;

Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
 Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed!
 And now this other Paris, with his train
 Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign!
 (Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess,
 Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Lydian dress.)
 He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
 And I, rejected I, adore an empty name."
 His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
 And held his altar's horns. The mighty Thund'rer heard;
 Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
 The lustful pair in lawless pleasure drown'd,
 Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
 And both forgetful of their better fame.
 He calls Cyllenius, and the god attends,
 By whom his menacing command he sends:
 "Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky;
 Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly:
 There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days
 In slothful not and inglorious ease,
 Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate.
 To him this message from my mouth relate:
 'Not so fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
 Thy life with pray'rs, nor promis'd such a son.
 Hers was a hero, destin'd to command
 A martial race, and rule the Latian land,
 Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw,
 And on the conquer'd world impose the law.'
 If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
 Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
 Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,
 And grudge the Romans their immortal name!
 What are his vain designs! what hopes he more
 From his long ling'ring on a hostile shore,
 Regardless to redeem his honor lost,
 And for his race to gain th' Ausonian coast!
 Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake;
 With this command the slumb'ring warrior wake."
 Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
 His flying feet, and mounts the western winds:
 And, whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
 With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
 But first he grasps within his awful hand
 The mark of sov'reign pow'r, his magic wand;
 With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves;
 With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
 With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,
 And eyes, tho' clos'd in death, restores to light.
 Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
 And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space;
 Now sees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,
 Whose brawny back supports the starry skies;
 Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
 Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapors bound.
 Snows hide his shoulders; from beneath his chin
 The founts of rolling streams their race begin;
 A beard of ice on his large breast depends.

Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends:
 Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring height
 Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight,
 Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood.
 As waterfowl, who seek their fishy food,
 Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show;
 By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
 Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
 And near the surface of the water flies,
 Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
 He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands:
 Where shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds,
 Now tow'rs within the clouds advance their heads.
 Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
 New ramparts raising for the town's defense.
 A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er,
 (Queen Dido's gift,) about his waist he wore;
 A sword, with glitt'ring gems diversified,
 For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
 Then thus, with winged words, the god began,
 Resuming his own shape: "Degenerate man,
 Thou woman's property, what mak'st thou here,
 These foreign walls and Tyrian tow'rs to rear,
 Forgetful of thy own? All-pow'rful Jove,
 Who sways the world below and heav'n above,
 Has sent me down with this severe command:
 What means thy ling'ring in the Libyan land?
 If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
 Nor future praise from flitting pleasure wean,
 Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir:
 The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear,
 To whom th' Ausonian scepter, and the state
 Of Rome's imperial name is ow'd by fate."
 So spoke the god; and, speaking, took his flight,
 Involv'd in clouds, and vanish'd out of sight.
 The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear;
 Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair.
 Revolving in his mind the stern command,
 He longs to fly, and loathes the charming land.
 What should he say? or how should he begin?
 What course, alas! remains to steer between
 Th' offended lover and the pow'rful queen?
 This way and that he turns his anxious mind,
 And all expedients tries, and none can find.
 Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means,
 After long thought, to this advice he leans:
 Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
 The fleet, and ship their men with silent care;
 Some plausible pretense he bids them find,
 To color what in secret he design'd.
 Himself, meantime, the softest hours would choose,
 Before the love-sick lady heard the news;
 And move her tender mind, by slow degrees,
 To suffer what the sov'reign pow'r decrees:
 Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.
 They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.
 But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise:

(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes!)
 She was the first to find the secret fraud,
 Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
 Love the first motions of the lover hears,
 Quick to presage, and ev'n in safety fears.
 Nor impious Fame was wanting to report
 The ships repair'd, the Trojans' thick resort,
 And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
 Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
 And impotent of mind, she roves the city round.
 Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
 When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
 And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy spear.
 At length she finds the dear perfidious man;
 Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began:
 "Base and ungrateful! could you hope to fly,
 And undiscover'd scape a lover's eye?
 Nor could my kindness your compassion move.
 Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
 Or is the death of a despairing queen
 Not worth preventing, tho' too well foreseen?
 Ev'n when the wintry winds command your stay,
 You dare the tempests, and defy the sea.
 False as you are, suppose you were not bound
 To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;
 Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
 Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
 See whom you fly! am I the foe you shun?
 Now, by those holy vows, so late begun,
 By this right hand, (since I have nothing more
 To challenge, but the faith you gave before;)

I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
 By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
 If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
 Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
 By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have place,
 Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
 For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
 Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
 For you alone I suffer in my fame,
 Bereft of honor, and expos'd to shame.
 Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest?
 (That only name remains of all the rest!)
 What have I left? or whither can I fly?
 Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty,
 Or till Hyarba shall in triumph lead
 A queen that proudly scornd his proffer'd bed?
 Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
 And left behind some pledge of our delight,
 Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight,
 Some young Aeneas, to supply your place,
 Whose features might express his father's face;
 I should not then complain to live bereft
 Of all my husband, or be wholly left."

Here paus'd the queen. Unmov'd he holds his eyes,
 By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
 Tho' heaving in his heart; and thus at length replies:

“Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
 Your boundless favors, or I own my debt;
 Nor can my mind forget Eliza’s name,
 While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
 This only let me speak in my defense:
 I never hop’d a secret flight from hence,
 Much less pretended to the lawful claim
 Of sacred nuptials, or a husband’s name.
 For, if indulgent Heav’n would leave me free,
 And not submit my life to fate’s decree,
 My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,
 Those relics to review, their dust adore,
 And Priam’s ruin’d palace to restore.
 But now the Delphian oracle commands,
 And fate invites me to the Latian lands.
 That is the promis’d place to which I steer,
 And all my vows are terminated there.
 If you, a Tyrian, and a stranger born,
 With walls and tow’rs a Libyan town adorn,
 Why may not we- like you, a foreign race-
 Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place?
 As often as the night obscures the skies
 With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
 Anchises’ angry ghost in dreams appears,
 Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears;
 And young Ascanius justly may complain
 Of his defrauded and destin’d reign.
 Ev’n now the herald of the gods appear’d:
 Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
 From Jove he came commission’d, heav’nly bright
 With radiant beams, and manifest to sight
 (The sender and the sent I both attest)
 These walls he enter’d, and those words express’d.
 Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command;
 Forc’d by my fate, I leave your happy land.”
 Thus while he spoke, already she began,
 With sparkling eyes, to view the guilty man;
 From head to foot survey’d his person o’er,
 Nor longer these outrageous threats forebore:
 “False as thou art, and, more than false, forsworn!
 Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
 But hewn from harden’d entrails of a rock!
 And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!
 Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
 Did he once look, or lent a list’ning ear,
 Sigh’d when I sobb’d, or shed one kindly tear?-
 All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
 So foul, that, which is worse, ‘tis hard to find.
 Of man’s injustice why should I complain?
 The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
 Triumphant treason; yet no thunder flies,
 Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes;
 Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
 Justice is fled, and Truth is now no more!
 I sav’d the shipwreck’d exile on my shore;
 With needful food his hungry Trojans fed;
 I took the traitor to my throne and bed:

Fool that I was- 't is little to repeat
 The rest- I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
 I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads,
 And makes Heav'n accessory to his deeds.
 Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
 Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
 To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
 Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!
 But go! thy flight no longer I detain-
 Go seek thy promis'd kingdom thro' the main!
 Yet, if the heav'ns will hear my pious vow,
 The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
 Or secret sands, shall sepulchers afford
 To thy proud vessels, and their perjur'd lord.
 Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
 Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry flame,
 When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame;
 Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep:
 Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
 Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
 At least my shade thy punishment shall know,
 And Fame shall spread the pleasing news below."

Abruptly here she stops; then turns away
 Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
 Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
 What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.
 Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led,
 And softly laid her on her ivory bed.
 But good Aeneas, tho' he much desir'd
 To give that pity which her grief requir'd;
 Tho' much he mourn'd, and labor'd with his love,
 Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove;
 Reviews his forces: they with early care
 Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
 The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride,
 And well-calk'd galleys in the harbor ride.
 Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood,
 Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
 Studious of flight. The beach is cover'd o'er
 With Trojan bands, that blacken all the shore:
 On ev'ry side are seen, descending down,
 Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden from the town.
 Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
 Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
 T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
 The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
 The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
 Scarce bear the weighty burthen on their backs:
 Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain;
 Some guard the spoil; some lash the lagging train;
 All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain.
 What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
 When, from the tow'r, she saw the cover'd shore,
 And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
 Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war!
 All-pow'rful Love! what changes canst thou cause
 In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!

Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends:
 To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends.
 No female arts or aids she left untried,
 Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she died.
 "Look, Anna! look! the Trojans crowd to sea;
 They spread their canvas, and their anchors weigh.
 The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,
 Invoke the sea gods, and invite the wind.
 Could I have thought this threat'ning blow so near,
 My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
 But do not you my last request deny;
 With yon perfidious man your int'rest try,
 And bring me news, if I must live or die.
 You are his fav'rite; you alone can find
 The dark recesses of his inmost mind:
 In all his trusted secrets you have part,
 And know the soft approaches to his heart.
 Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
 Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go,
 Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
 Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
 Nor mov'd with hands profane his father's dust:
 Why should he then reject a just!
 Whom does he shun, and whither would he fly!
 Can he this last, this only pray'r deny!
 Let him at least his dang'rous flight delay,
 Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
 The nuptials he disclaims I urge no more:
 Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore.
 A short delay is all I ask him now;
 A pause of grief, an interval from woe,
 Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
 Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
 If you in pity grant this one request,
 My death shall glut the hatred of his breast."
 This mournful message pious Anna bears,
 And seconds with her own her sister's tears:
 But all her arts are still employ'd in vain;
 Again she comes, and is refus'd again.
 His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor threat'nings move;
 Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.
 As, when the winds their airy quarrel try,
 Justling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
 This way and that the mountain oak they bend,
 His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
 With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground;
 The hollow valleys echo to the sound:
 Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
 Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks;
 Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,
 So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
 No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
 Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
 And bandied words, still beating on his ears.
 Sighs, groans, and tears proclaim his inward pains;
 But the firm purpose of his heart remains.
 The wretched queen, pursued by cruel fate,

Begins at length the light of heav'n to hate,
 And loathes to live. Then dire portents she sees,
 To hasten on the death her soul decrees:
 Strange to relate! for when, before the shrine,
 She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
 The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
 And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
 This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
 From all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.
 A marble temple stood within the grove,
 Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
 That honor'd chapel she had hung around
 With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
 Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
 Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb;
 She thought she heard him summon her away,
 Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.
 Hourly 't is heard, when with a boding note
 The solitary screech owl strains her throat,
 And, on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
 With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.
 Besides, old prophecies augment her fears;
 And stern Aeneas in her dreams appears,
 Disdainful as by day: she seems, alone,
 To wander in her sleep, thro' ways unknown,
 Guideless and dark; or, in a desert plain,
 To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain:
 Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,
 He saw two suns, and double Thebes, appear;
 Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
 Full in his face infernal torches toss'd,
 And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight,
 Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright;
 The Furies guard the door and intercept his flight.
 Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
 From death alone she seeks her last relief;
 The time and means resolv'd within her breast,
 She to her mournful sister thus address'd
 (Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
 And a false vigor in her eyes appears):
 "Rejoice!" she said. "Instructed from above,
 My lover I shall gain, or lose my love.
 Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
 Long tracts of Ethiopian climates run:
 There a Massylian priestess I have found,
 Honor'd for age, for magic arts renown'd:
 Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care;
 'T was she supplied the wakeful dragon's fare.
 She poppy seeds in honey taught to steep,
 Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.
 She watch'd the golden fruit; her charms unbind
 The chains of love, or fix them on the mind:
 She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry,
 Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
 The yawning earth rebellows to her call,
 Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.
 Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part,

How loth I am to try this impious art!
 Within the secret court, with silent care,
 Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:
 Hang on the topmost part the Trojan vest,
 Spoils, arms, and presents, of my faithless guest.
 Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
 Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd:
 All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire;
 For so the priestess and her charms require."
 Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears;
 A mortal paleness in her face appears:
 Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
 The secret fun'ral in these rites design'd;
 Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.
 Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well,
 She fear'd no worse than when Sichaeus fell;
 Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear,
 Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
 The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high,
 And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
 Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath,
 And ev'ry baleful green denoting death.
 The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
 The spoils and sword he left, in order spread,
 And the man's image on the nuptial bed.
 And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)
 The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,
 And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the ground.
 Night, Erebus, and Chaos she proclaims,
 And threefold Hecate, with her hundred names,
 And three Dianas: next, she sprinkles round
 With feign'd Avernian drops the hallow'd ground;
 Culls hoary simples, found by Phoebus's light,
 With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night;
 Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
 And cuts the forehead of a newborn foal,
 Robbing the mother's love. The destin'd queen
 Observes, assisting at the rites obscene;
 A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
 She holds, and next the highest altar stands:
 One tender foot was shod, her other bare;
 Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
 Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,
 The heav'ns and planets conscious of her death,
 And ev'ry pow'r, if any rules above,
 Who minds, or who revenges, injur'd love.
 "'T was dead of night, when weary bodies close
 Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose:
 The winds no longer whisper thro' the woods,
 Nor murmur'ring tides disturb the gentle floods.
 The stars in silent order mov'd around;
 And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground
 The flocks and herds, and party-color'd fowl,
 Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy pool,
 Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay,
 Forgetting the past labors of the day.
 All else of nature's common gift partake:

Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
 Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find;
 Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
 Despair, and rage, and love divide her heart;
 Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.
 Then thus she said within her secret mind:
 "What shall I do? what succor can I find?
 Become a suppliant to Hyarba's pride,
 And take my turn, to court and be denied?
 Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
 Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?
 Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd-
 'Tis true- but am I sure to be receiv'd?
 Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place!
 Laomedon still lives in all his race!
 Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
 Or with my fleet their flying sails pursue?
 What force have I but those whom scarce before
 I drew reluctant from their native shore?
 Will they again embark at my desire,
 Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre?
 Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
 And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
 Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,
 Or seconded too well what I design'd.
 These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
 Had I continued free, and still my own;
 Avoiding love, I had not found despair,
 But shar'd with salvage beasts the common air.
 Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
 Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead."
 These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast.
 On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
 Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;
 And order'd all things for his early flight.
 To whom once more the winged god appears;
 His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
 And with this new alarm invades his ears:
 "Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born! and canst thou drown
 Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town,
 Beset with foes; nor hear'st the western gales
 Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
 She harbors in her heart a furious hate,
 And thou shalt find the dire effects too late;
 Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.
 Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.
 The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
 And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
 Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies,
 And sail before the purple morn arise.
 Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
 Woman's a various and a changeful thing."
 Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight
 Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.
 Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
 The pious prince arose with hasty fear;
 Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay:

"Haste to your banks; your crooked anchors weigh,
 And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea.
 A god commands: he stood before my sight,
 And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
 O sacred pow'r, what pow'r soe'er thou art,
 To thy blest orders I resign my heart.
 Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands,
 And prosper the design thy will commands."
 He said: and, drawing forth his flaming sword,
 His thund'ring arm divides the many-twisted cord.
 An emulating zeal inspires his train:
 They run; they snatch; they rush into the main.
 With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
 And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.
 Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
 And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread,
 When, from a tow'r, the queen, with wakeful eyes,
 Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.
 She look'd to seaward; but the sea was void,
 And scarce in ken the sailing ships descried.
 Stung with despite, and furious with despair,
 She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
 "And shall th' ungrateful traitor go," she said,
 "My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
 Shall we not arm? not rush from ev'ry street,
 To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd fleet?
 Haste, haul my galleys out! pursue the foe!
 Bring flaming brands! set sail, and swiftly row!
 What have I said? where am I? Fury turns
 My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns.
 Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
 This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
 See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
 The pious man, who, rushing thro' the flame,
 Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore
 The burthen of his feeble father bore!
 I should have torn him piecemeal; strow'd in floods
 His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods;
 Destroy'd his friends and son; and, from the fire,
 Have set the reeking boy before the sire.
 Events are doubtful, which on battles wait:
 Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate?
 My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
 Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band;
 At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;
 And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
 Had fall'n upon the pile, to mend the fun'ral flame.
 Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below;
 Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow;
 Thou Hecate hearken from thy dark abodes!
 Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods,
 All pow'rs invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
 Attend her curses and avenge her death!
 If so the Fates ordain, Jove commands,
 Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,
 Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
 His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose:

Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
 His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
 Let him for succor sue from place to place,
 Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace.
 First, let him see his friends in battle slain,
 And their untimely fate lament in vain;
 And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,
 On hard conditions may he buy his peace:
 Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;
 But fall, untimely, by some hostile hand,
 And lie unburied on the barren sand!
 These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will;
 And you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfil.
 Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim,
 Against the prince, the people, and the name.
 These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow;
 Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know!
 Now, and from hence, in ev'ry future age,
 When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the rage

Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,
 With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood;
 Our arms, our seas, our shores, oppos'd to theirs;
 And the same hate descend on all our heirs!"

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
 The means of cutting short her odious days.
 Then to Sichaëus' nurse she briefly said
 (For, when she left her country, hers was dead):
 "Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care
 The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare;
 The sheep, and all th' atoning off'rings bring,
 Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
 With living drops; then let her come, and thou
 With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
 Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
 And end the cares of my disastrous love;
 Then cast the Trojan image on the fire,
 And, as that burns, my passions shall expire."
 The nurse moves onward, with officious care,
 And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
 But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
 Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
 With livid spots distinguish'd was her face;
 Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace;
 Ghastly she gaz'd, with pain she drew her breath,
 And nature shiver'd at approaching death.
 Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
 And mounts the fun'ral pile with furious haste;
 Unsheathes the sword the Trojan left behind
 (Not for so dire an enterprise design'd).
 But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,
 Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
 She paus'd, and with a sigh the robes embrac'd;
 Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
 Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last:
 "Dear pledges of my love, while Heav'n so pleas'd,
 Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd:

My fatal course is finish'd; and I go,
 A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
 A lofty city by my hands is rais'd,
 Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord pleas'd.
 What could my fortune have afforded more,
 Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore!"
 Then kiss'd the couch; and, "Must I die," she said,
 "And unreveng'd? 'Tis doubly to be dead!
 Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive:
 On any terms, 't is better than to live.
 These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view;
 These boding omens his base flight pursue!"
 She said, and struck; deep enter'd in her side
 The piercing steel, with reeking purple dyed:
 Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
 The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
 Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
 And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
 Distracted, from the fatal sight they fled,
 And thro' the town the dismal rumor spread.
 First from the frighted court the yell began;
 Redoubled, thence from house to house it ran:
 The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
 Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
 Not less the clamor, than if- ancient Tyre,
 Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire-
 The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
 Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.
 Her sister hears; and, furious with despair,
 She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair,
 And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
 Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
 "Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd;
 These fires, this fun'ral pile, these altars rear'd?
 Was all this train of plots contriv'd," said she,
 "All only to deceive unhappy me?
 Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend
 To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend?
 Thy summon'd sister, and thy friend, had come;
 One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb:
 Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invoke,
 Not to be present at the fatal stroke?
 At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me,
 Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
 Bring water; bathe the wound; while I in death
 Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying breath."

This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,
 And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd;
 Her temples chaf'd; and her own garments tore,
 To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.
 Thrice Dido tried to raise her drooping head,
 And, fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the bed;
 Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and sought the light,
 But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
 And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.
 Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain

A death so ling'ring, and so full of pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.
For since she died, not doom'd by Heav'n's decree,
Or her own crime, but human casualty,
And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,
The Sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
Which Proserpine and they can only know;
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
Downward the various goddess took her flight,
And drew a thousand colors from the light;
Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said: "I thus devote thee to the dead.
This off'ring to th' infernal gods I bear."
Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair:
The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd in air.



IMAGE 4.2: MURAL IN POMPEII | This mural depicts a famous scene from the Fall of Troy as Ajax the Lesser drags Cassandra from Athena's temple.

Author: User "Ken and Nyetta"

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BOOK V: FUNERAL GAMES*Summary*

1-7 As the Trojans sail away from Carthage, they look back and see a blaze in the city; although they do not know that it comes from Dido's pyre, they feel presentiments of disaster.

8-41 When they reach the open sea, a violent storm comes upon them and Palinurus the helmsman tells Aeneas that it is impossible to hole their course for Italy, and suggests that they should run with the wind to Sicily. Aeneas agrees, and they land near the tomb of Anchises, and are welcomed by Acestes.

42-71 On the next day Aeneas summons an assembly and reminds the Trojans that it is the anniversary of the death of his father Anchises. He proclaims a solemn sacrifice at the tomb, which is to be followed on the ninth day by contest in rowing, running, boxing and archery.

72-103 The Trojans proceed to the tomb of Anchises, where Aeneas offers libations and addresses his father's shade. Suddenly a huge snake comes forth from the tomb, tastes the offerings, and then disappears. Aeneas recognises that this indicates the presence of Anchises' ghost at the ceremony, and the sacrifice is renewed, and followed by a ritual feast.

104-113 The day of the games comes round, and the people assemble; the prizes are displayed, and the trumpet sounds for the beginning of the contests.

114-50 Four competitors enter for the ship-race, Mnesteus in the Pristis, Gyas in the Chimaera, Sergestus in the Centaurus, and Cloanthus in the Scylla. The course is out to sea, round a rock and home again. The competitors draw lots for position; the starting signal is given, and the ships get under way amidst applause.

151-82 Gyas gets the lead, followed by Cloanthus, with Mnesteus and Sergestus contending for third position. As they draw near the turningpoint, Gyas urges the helmsman Menoetes to steer closer in; but in fear of fouling the rock he fails to do so, and Cloanthus' ship slips past on the inside. In a fury of anger Gyas throws Menoetes overboard; eventually he manages to clamber out on the rock, while all the spectators are amused at the incident.

183-226 Mnesteus and Sergestus now have new hope of passing Gyas. Sergestus slightly ahead and Mnesteus urges his men to put forward all their efforts to avoid the disgrace of coming in last. Sergestus goes in too near the turning-point and runs aground, breaking his oars on one side. Mnesteus leaves him behind and soon overtakes Gyas too; then he set out after Cloanthus.

227-43 Mnesteus' final spurt to catch Cloanthus would perhaps have succeeded had not Cloanthus prayed to the gods of the sea. His prayers are heard, and he reaches harbour, the winner of the race.

244-85 Aeneas distributes prizes to the crews of the three ships and their captains. When this is completed, Sergestus finally manages to bring home his disabled ship, moving slowly like a maimed snake; he duly receives his fourth prize.

286-314 Aeneas now leads the assembled company away from the shore to a grassy plain surrounded by hills, suitable for the remaining contests. He invites competitors for the foot-race, and many Trojans and Sicilians enter for it. He promises gifts for all the runners, and announces the prizes which will be awarded to the first three.

315-39 Nisus get well ahead in the foot-race, but as he nears the finish he slips in a pool of blood. While lying on the ground he trips up Salius who was second, so that his friend Euryalus comes up from third place to win.

340-61 An objection is now raised by Salius. Aeneas over-rules it, but he presents Salius with a consolation prize; Nisus too is given a special prize.

362-86 Aeneas now announces a boxing competition. Dares comes forward, but nobody is prepared to fight him. He claims the prize.

387-423 Acestes now urges Entellus, who was trained by Eryx, to oppose Dares. He protests that he is now past

the prime of his youth, but none the less accepts the challenge and hurls into the ring a pair of huge gauntlets with which Eryx once fought Hercules. The spectators are all shocked and amazed; Entellus makes a taunting speech, but agrees to fight with matched gauntlets.

424-60 Aeneas brings out matching pairs of gauntlets, and the fight begins. After preliminary sparring Entellus aims a mighty blow which misses and causes him to fall flat on the ground. He is assisted to his feet, and in fury renews the fight, driving Dares all around the arena.

461-84 Aeneas intervenes and stops the fight. Dares is carried away by his friends back to the ships, and Entellus receives the ox as his prize. With a single blow he kills it in a sacrifice to Eryx, and announces his final retirement from boxing.

485-518 Aeneas proclaims an archery contest, the target being a dove secured to a mast. Hippocoon hits the mast; Mnesteus' arrow cuts the cord; Eurytion then shoots down the bird as it flies away.

519-44 Acestes, left with no target to aim at, shoots his arrow high into the air. It catches fire, and then disappears like a shooting star. Aeneas recognises this as a good omen and awards Acestes first prize.

545-603 The final event is the equestrian display by the Trojan boys. They process in three companies, young Priam the leading one, Atys another, and Iulus the third, and they give a brilliant display of intricate manoeuvres and mock battle. This is the ceremony which Iulus introduces Alba Longa, and it was handed on to Rome and called the *lusus Troiae*.

604-63 While the games are being celebrated, Juno sends Iris down from heaven in order to incite the Trojan women to burn their ships. They are gathered on the shore weeping over Anchises' death and their endless wanderings; Iris takes on the appearance of Beroe and urges them to set fire to the ships so that they cannot wander any more. Pyrgo tells them that this is not Beroe, but a goddess; Iris reveals her divinity and driven on now by frenzy they set the ships ablaze.

664-99 The news reaches the Trojans. Ascanius immediately rides off and brings the women to the realization of their crime. But the Trojans cannot but out the flames, and Aeneas prays to Jupiter either to send help or to bring final destruction upon them. Jupiter hears his prayer; the flames are quenched by a thunderstorm, and all the ships are saved except for four.

700-45 Aeneas in despair wonders whether to abandon his fated mission altogether. Nautes advises him to leave behind some of his company in Sicily, and takes the rest onwards to Italy. As Aeneas is pondering this advice there appears to him in the night a vision of his father Anchises, who tells him to accept Nautes' advice; but before establishing his city he is to visit the underworld to meet his father and hear his destiny.

746-78 Aeneas follows out the new plan, and a city is founded under Acestes' rule for those staying behind; a temple is dedicated to Venus at Eryx, and Anchises' tomb has a priest and a sanctuary appointed for it. After nine days of celebration in honour of the new city the Trojans say their farewells to those staying behind; sacrifices are made, and they sail for Italy.

779-826 Meanwhile Venus complains to Neptune of Juno's hostility to the Trojans, and asks for his promise that the Trojans will safely cross the sea to Italy. Neptune gives his promise, but says that one life must be lost so that the others shall be safe. The seas are calmed as Neptune rides over them, attended by his retinue.

827-71 The Trojans proceed on their voyage, Palinurus leading. During the night the god Sleep comes to Palinurus, disguised as Phorbias, and urges him to rest from his vigil. Palinurus refuses, and Sleep casts him into the sea. When the loss of the helmsman is discovered; Aeneas takes over the control of the ship and in deep sorrow speaks his farewell to Palinurus.

BOOK VI: The Underworld

He said, and wept; then spread his sails before
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cumaean shore:

Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels moor.
 They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land,
 And greet with greedy joy th' Italian strand.
 Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;
 Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to feed,
 Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
 Or trace thro' valleys the discover'd floods.
 Thus, while their sev'ral charges they fulfil,
 The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
 Where Phoebus is ador'd; and seeks the shade
 Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
 Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
 Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
 Thro' Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
 And enter now, the temple roof'd with gold.
 When Daedalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
 His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore,
 (The first who sail'd in air,) 't is sung by Fame,
 To the Cumaean coast at length he came,
 And here alighting, built this costly frame.
 Inscrib'd to Phoebus, here he hung on high
 The steerage of his wings, that cut the sky:
 Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd
 Androgeos' death, and off'rings to his ghost;
 Sev'n youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
 The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
 And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
 In which the destin'd names by lots were cast:
 The mournful parents stand around in tears,
 And rising Crete against their shore appears.
 There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
 The mad affection of the Cretan queen;
 Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye;
 The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny,
 The lower part a beast, a man above,
 The monument of their polluted love.
 Not far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze,
 A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways:
 Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
 Not to be found, but by the faithful clew;
 Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
 Lent to the loving maid this last relief,
 And all those erring paths describ'd so well
 That Theseus conquer'd and the monster fell.
 Here hapless Icarus had found his part,
 Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
 He twice assay'd to cast his son in gold;
 Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mold.
 All this with wond'ring eyes Aeneas view'd;
 Each varying object his delight renew'd:
 Eager to read the rest- Achates came,
 And by his side the mad divining dame,
 The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her name.
 "Time suffers not," she said, "to feed your eyes
 With empty pleasures; haste the sacrifice.
 Sev'n bullocks, yet unyok'd, for Phoebus choose,
 And for Diana sev'n unspotted ewes."

This said, the servants urge the sacred rites,
 While to the temple she the prince invites.
 A spacious cave, within its farthest part,
 Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art
 Thro' the hill's hollow sides: before the place,
 A hundred doors a hundred entries grace;
 As many voices issue, and the sound
 Of Sybil's words as many times rebound.
 Now to the mouth they come. Aloud she cries:
 "This is the time; enquire your destinies.
 He comes; behold the god!" Thus while she said,
 (And shiv'ring at the sacred entry stay'd,)
 Her color chang'd; her face was not the same,
 And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
 Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
 Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring breast.
 Greater than humankind she seem'd to look,
 And with an accent more than mortal spoke.
 Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
 When all the god came rushing on her soul.
 Swiftly she turn'd, and, foaming as she spoke:
 "Why this delay?" she cried- "the pow'rs invoke!
 Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode;
 Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god."
 She said no more. The trembling Trojans hear,
 O'erspread with a damp sweat and holy fear.
 The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
 His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
 "Indulgent god, propitious pow'r to Troy,
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy,
 Directed by whose hand the Dardan dart
 Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:
 Thus far, by fate's decrees and thy commands,
 Thro' ambient seas and thro' devouring sands,
 Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground;
 And now, at length, the flying coast is found.
 Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
 With fury has pursued her wand'ring race.
 Here cease, ye pow'rs, and let your vengeance end:
 Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
 And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see
 Th' event of things in dark futurity;
 Give me what Heav'n has promis'd to my fate,
 To conquer and command the Latian state;
 To fix my wand'ring gods, and find a place
 For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
 Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear
 To the twin gods, with vows and solemn pray'r;
 And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
 Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.
 Nor shalt thou want thy honors in my land;
 For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,
 Preserv'd in shrines; and ev'ry sacred lay,
 Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey:
 All shall be treasur'd by a chosen train
 Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.
 But O! commit not thy prophetic mind

To flitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry wind,
 Lest they disperse in air our empty fate;
 Write not, but, what the pow'rs ordain, relate."
 Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
 And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,
 The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
 With more and far superior force he press'd;
 Commands his entrance, and, without control,
 Usurps her organs and inspires her soul.
 Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
 Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars
 Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice restores:
 "Escap'd the dangers of the wat'ry reign,
 Yet more and greater ills by land remain.
 The coast, so long desir'd (nor doubt th' event),
 Thy troops shall reach, but, having reach'd, repent.
 Wars, horrid wars, I view- a field of blood,
 And Tiber rolling with a purple flood.
 Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there:
 A new Achilles shall in arms appear,
 And he, too, goddess-born. Fierce Juno's hate,
 Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
 To what strange nations shalt not thou resort,
 Driv'n to solicit aid at ev'ry court!
 The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd;
 A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest.
 But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
 The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.
 The dawnings of thy safety shall be shown
 From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian town."
 Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke,
 And the resisting air the thunder broke;
 The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook.
 Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her lab'ring breast,
 In these mysterious words his mind express'd;
 Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest.
 At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
 And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.
 Then thus the chief: "No terror to my view,
 No frightful face of danger can be new.
 Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,
 The Fates, without my pow'r, shall be without my care.
 This let me crave, since near your grove the road
 To hell lies open, and the dark abode
 Which Acheron surrounds, th' innavigable flood;
 Conduct me thro' the regions void of light,
 And lead me longing to my father's sight.
 For him, a thousand dangers I have sought,
 And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,
 Safe on my back the sacred burthen brought.
 He, for my sake, the raging ocean tried,
 And wrath of Heav'n, my still auspicious guide,
 And bore beyond the strength decrepid age supplied.
 Oft, since he breath'd his last, in dead of night
 His reverend image stood before my sight;
 Enjoin'd to seek, below, his holy shade;
 Conducted there by your unerring aid.

But you, if pious minds by pray'rs are won,
 Oblige the father, and protect the son.
 Yours is the pow'r; nor Proserpine in vain
 Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.
 If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
 The ruthless king with pity could inspire,
 And from the shades below redeem his wife;
 If Pollux, off'ring his alternate life,
 Could free his brother, and can daily go
 By turns aloft, by turns descend below-
 Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
 Who trod the downward path, and upward could ascend?
 Not less than theirs from Jove my lineage came;
 My mother greater, my descent the same."
 So pray'd the Trojan prince, and, while he pray'd,
 His hand upon the holy altar laid.
 Then thus replied the prophetess divine:
 "O goddess-born of great Anchises' line,
 The gates of hell are open night and day;
 Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
 But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
 In this the task and mighty labor lies.
 To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
 And those of shining worth and heav'nly race.
 Betwixt those regions and our upper light,
 Deep forests and impenetrable night
 Possess the middle space: th' infernal bounds
 Cocytus, with his sable waves, surrounds.
 But if so dire a love your soul invades,
 As twice below to view the trembling shades;
 If you so hard a toil will undertake,
 As twice to pass th' innavigable lake;
 Receive my counsel. In the neighb'ring grove
 There stands a tree; the queen of Stygian Jove
 Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
 Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
 One bough it bears; but (wondrous to behold!)
 The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:
 This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
 And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
 Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the nether skies.
 The first thus rent a second will arise,
 And the same metal the same room supplies.
 Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see
 The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
 Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
 The willing metal will obey thy hand,
 Following with ease, if favor'd by thy fate,
 Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
 If not, no labor can the tree constrain;
 And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain.
 Besides, you know not, while you here attend,
 Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
 Breathless he lies; and his unburied ghost,
 Depriv'd of fun'ral rites, pollutes your host.
 Pay first his pious dues; and, for the dead,
 Two sable sheep around his hearse be led;

Then, living turfs upon his body lay:
 This done, securely take the destin'd way,
 To find the regions destitute of day."
 She said, and held her peace. Aeneas went
 Sad from the cave, and full of discontent,
 Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant.
 Achates, the companion of his breast,
 Goes grieving by his side, with equal cares oppress'd.
 Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd
 What friend the priestess by those words design'd.
 But soon they found an object to deplore:
 Misenus lay extended the shore;
 Son of the God of Winds: none so renown'd
 The warrior trumpet in the field to sound;
 With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,
 And rouse to dare their fate in honorable arms.
 He serv'd great Hector, and was ever near,
 Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.
 But by Pelides' arms when Hector fell,
 He chose Aeneas; and he chose as well.
 Sworn with applause, and aiming still at more,
 He now provokes the sea gods from the shore;
 With envy Triton heard the martial sound,
 And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd;
 Then cast his mangled carcass on the strand:
 The gazing crowd around the body stand.
 All weep; but most Aeneas mourns his fate,
 And hastens to perform the funeral state.
 In altar-wise, a stately pile they rear;
 The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
 An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd,
 (The shady covert of the salvage kind,)
 The Trojans found: the sounding ax is plied;
 Firs, pines, and pitch trees, and the tow'ring pride
 Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke,
 And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.
 Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown
 Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
 Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,
 And by his pious labor urges theirs.
 Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
 The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
 He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
 And then with vows implor'd the Queen of Love:
 "O may thy pow'r, propitious still to me,
 Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
 In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
 Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death."
 Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,
 Two doves, descending from their airy flight,
 Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
 He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
 "Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid,
 And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
 Whose glitt'ring shadow gilds the sacred ground.
 And thou, great parent, with celestial care,
 In this distress be present to my pray'r!"

Thus having said, he stopp'd with watchful sight,
 Observing still the motions of their flight,
 What course they took, what happy signs they shew.
 They fed, and, flutt'ring, by degrees withdrew
 Still farther from the place, but still in view:
 Hopping and flying, thus they led him on
 To the slow lake, whose baleful stench to shun
 They wing'd their flight aloft; then, stooping low,
 Perch'd on the double tree that bears the golden bough.
 Thro' the green leafs the glitt'ring shadows glow;
 As, on the sacred oak, the wintry mistletoe,
 Where the proud mother views her precious brood,
 And happier branches, which she never sow'd.
 Such was the glitt'ring; such the ruddy rind,
 And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.
 He seiz'd the shining bough with griping hold,
 And rent away, with ease, the ling'ring gold;
 Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.
 Meantime the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,
 To dead Misenus pay his obsequies.
 First, from the ground a lofty pile they rear,
 Of pitch trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:
 The fabric's front with cypress twigs they strew,
 And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew.
 The topmost part his glitt'ring arms adorn;
 Warm waters, then, in brazen caldrons borne,
 Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint,
 And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint.
 With groans and cries Misenus they deplore:
 Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
 The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they lay,
 And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away-
 Such reverend rites their fathers us'd to pay.
 Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,
 And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.
 These gifts the greedy flames to dust devour;
 Then on the living coals red wine they pour;
 And, last, the relics by themselves dispose,
 Which in a brazen urn the priests inclose.
 Old Corynaeus compass'd thrice the crew,
 And dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew;
 Which thrice he sprinkled round, and thrice aloud
 Invok'd the dead, and then dismissed the crowd.
 But good Aeneas order'd on the shore
 A stately tomb, whose top a trumpet bore,
 A soldier's fauchion, and a seaman's oar.
 Thus was his friend interr'd; and deathless fame
 Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.
 These rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,
 Hastes to the nether world his destin'd way.
 Deep was the cave; and, downward as it went
 From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;
 And here th' access a gloomy grove defends,
 And there th' unnavigable lake extends,
 O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
 No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
 Such deadly stenches from the depths arise,

And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
 From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
 And give the name Avernus to the lake.
 Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
 For sacrifice the pious hero brought.
 The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns;
 Then cuts the curling hair; that first oblation burns,
 Invoking Hecate hither to repair:
 A pow'rful name in hell and upper air.
 The sacred priests with ready knives bereave
 The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive
 The streaming blood: a lamb to Hell and Night
 (The sable wool without a streak of white)
 Aeneas offers; and, by fate's decree,
 A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee,
 With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills;
 Sev'n brawny bulls with his own hand he kills;
 Then on the broiling entrails oil he pours;
 Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours.
 Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,
 Nor ended till the next returning sun.
 Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
 And howling dogs in glimm'ring light advance,
 Ere Hecate came. "Far hence be souls profane!"
 The Sibyl cried, "and from the grove abstain!
 Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford;
 Assume thy courage, and unsheathe thy sword."
 She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space;
 The prince pursued her steps with equal pace.
 Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight,
 Ye gods who rule the regions of the night,
 Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate
 The mystic wonders of your silent state!
 Obscure they went thro' dreary shades, that led
 Along the waste dominions of the dead.
 Thus wander travelers in woods by night,
 By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,
 When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
 And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.

Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell,
 Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell,
 And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
 Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
 Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
 Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep;
 With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,
 Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind;
 The Furies' iron beds; and Strife, that shakes
 Her hissing tresses and unfolds her snakes.
 Full in the midst of this infernal road,
 An elm displays her dusky arms abroad:
 The God of Sleep there hides his heavy head,
 And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are spread.
 Of various forms unnumber'd specters more,
 Centaurs, and double shapes, besiege the door.
 Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,

And Briareus with all his hundred hands;
 Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame;
 And vain Chimaera vomits empty flame.
 The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,
 Tho' seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,
 Off'ring his brandish'd weapon at their face;
 Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,
 And told him what those empty phantoms were:
 Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
 Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
 Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
 Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost.
 There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast-
 A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
 A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean;
 His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
 A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.
 He spreads his canvas; with his pole he steers;
 The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears.

He look'd in years; yet in his years were seen
 A youthful vigor and autumnal green.
 An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
 Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood:
 Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
 And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
 And youths, intomb'd before their fathers' eyes,
 With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries.
 Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods,
 Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
 And wing their hasty flight to happier lands;
 Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring army stands,
 And press for passage with extended hands.
 Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore:
 The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
 The hero, who beheld with wond'ring eyes
 The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,
 Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant;
 Why to the shore the thronging people bent;
 What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd;
 Why some were ferried o'er, and some refus'd.
 "Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods,"
 The Sibyl said, "you see the Stygian floods,
 The sacred stream which heav'n's imperial state
 Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
 The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew
 Depriv'd of sepulchers and fun'ral due:
 The boatman, Charon; those, the buried host,
 He ferries over to the farther coast;
 Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves
 With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.
 A hundred years they wander on the shore;
 At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er."
 The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd,
 Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast,
 He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
 Their fun'ral honors claim'd, and ask'd their quiet graves.

The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,
 And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,
 Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempests met;
 The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erset.
 Amidst the spirits, Palinurus press'd,
 Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted guest,
 Who, while he steering view'd the stars, and bore
 His course from Afric to the Latian shore,
 Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
 And scarcely thro' the gloom the sullen shadow knew.
 Then thus the prince: "What envious pow'r, O friend,
 Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end?
 For Phoebus, ever true in all he said,
 Has in your fate alone my faith betray'd.
 The god foretold you should not die, before
 You reach'd, secure from seas, th' Italian shore.
 Is this th' unerring pow'r?" The ghost replied;
 "Nor Phoebus flatter'd, nor his answers lied;
 Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep:
 But, while the stars and course of heav'n I keep,
 My wearied eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep.
 I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd
 Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
 Now by the winds and raging waves I swear,
 Your safety, more than mine, was then my care;
 Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
 Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
 Three blust'ring nights, borne by the southern blast,
 I floated, and discover'd land at last:
 High on a mounting wave my head I bore,
 Forcing my strength, and gath'ring to the shore.
 Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
 The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
 While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I lay,
 The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
 Stain'd with my blood th' inhospitable coast;
 And now, by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs are toss'd:

Which O avert, by yon ethereal light,
 Which I have lost for this eternal night!
 Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
 By your dead sire, and by your living son,
 Redeem from this reproach my wand'ring ghost;
 Or with your navy seek the Velin coast,
 And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose;
 Or, if a nearer way your mother shows,
 Without whose aid you durst not undertake
 This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake,
 Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
 To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore."
 Scarce had he said, the prophetess began:
 "What hopes delude thee, miserable man?
 Think'st thou, thus unintomb'd, to cross the floods,
 To view the Furies and infernal gods,
 And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?
 Attend the term of long revolving years;

Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.
 This comfort of thy dire misfortune take:
 The wrath of Heav'n, inflicted for thy sake,
 With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast,
 Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
 And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn pray'r;
 And Palinurus' name the place shall bear."
 This calm'd his cares; sooth'd with his future fame,
 And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.
 Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw:
 Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw;
 Observ'd their passage thro' the shady wood,
 And mark'd their near approaches to the flood.
 Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath:
 "Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
 In arms presum'st to tread, I charge thee, stand,
 And tell thy name, and bus'ness in the land.
 Know this, the realm of night- the Stygian shore:
 My boat conveys no living bodies o'er;
 Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear,
 Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear,
 Nor strong Alcides- men of mighty fame,
 And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.
 In fetters one the barking porter tied,
 And took him trembling from his sov'reign's side:
 Two sought by force to seize his beauteous bride."
 To whom the Sibyl thus: "Compose thy mind;
 Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
 Still may the dog the wand'ring troops constrain
 Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train,
 And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.
 The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
 Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
 Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian grove.
 If neither piety, nor Heav'n's command,
 Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,
 This fatal present shall prevail at least."
 Then shew'd the shining bough, conceal'd within her vest.

No more was needful: for the gloomy god
 Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod;
 Admir'd the destin'd off'ring to his queen-
 A venerable gift, so rarely seen.
 His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land;
 The ghosts forsake their seats at his command:
 He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight;
 The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
 Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides;
 The pressing water pours within her sides.
 His passengers at length are wafted o'er,
 Expos'd, in muddy weeds, upon the miry shore.
 No sooner landed, in his den they found
 The triple porter of the Stygian sound,
 Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
 His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
 The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
 A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard;

Which, mix'd with pow'ful drugs, she cast before
 His greedy grinning jaws, just op'd to roar.
 With three enormous mouths he gapes; and straight,
 With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
 Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;
 He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
 The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
 Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way.
 Before the gates, the cries of babes new born,
 Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,
 Assault his ears: then those, whom form of laws
 Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause.
 Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
 The wrongful sentence, and award a new.
 Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;
 And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.
 Round in his urn the blended balls he rolls,
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
 The next, in place and punishment, are they
 Who prodigally throw their souls away;
 Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,
 And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
 With late repentance now they would retrieve
 The bodies they forsook, and wish to live;
 Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
 To view the light of heav'n, and breathe the vital air:
 But fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,
 And with circling streams the captive souls inclose.
 Not far from thence, the Mournful Fields appear
 So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.
 The souls whom that unhappy flame invades,
 In secret solitude and myrtle shades
 Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,
 Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.
 Here Procris, Eriphyle here he found,
 Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
 Made by her son. He saw Pasiphae there,
 With Phaedra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair.
 There Laodamia, with Evadne, moves,
 Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves:
 Caeneus, a woman once, and once a man,
 But ending in the sex she first began.
 Not far from these Phoenician Dido stood,
 Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood;
 Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
 Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,
 (Doubtful as he who sees, thro' dusky night,
 Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light.)
 With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade;
 And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
 "Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
 Of rumor true, in your reported death,
 And I, alas! the cause? By Heav'n, I vow,
 And all the pow'rs that rule the realms below,
 Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
 Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate-
 Those gods, that fate, whose unresisted might

Have sent me to these regions void of light,
 Thro' the vast empire of eternal night.
 Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,
 My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
 Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows:
 'Tis the last interview that fate allows!"
 In vain he thus attempts her mind to move
 With tears, and pray'rs, and late-repenting love.
 Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
 But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground,
 And what he says and swears, regards no more
 Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;
 But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,
 Hid in the forest and the shades of night;
 Then sought Sichaeus thro' the shady grove,
 Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her love.
 Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
 And follow'd with his eyes the flitting shade,
 Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,
 And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
 Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls remain'd.

Tydeus he met, with Meleager's race,
 The pride of armies, and the soldiers' grace;
 And pale Adrastus with his ghastly face.
 Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a num'rous train,
 All much lamented, all in battle slain;
 Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,
 Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest.
 And proud Idaeus, Priam's charioteer,
 Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy spear.
 The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, attend
 And with unwearied eyes behold their friend;
 Delight to hover near, and long to know
 What bus'ness brought him to the realms below.
 But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
 When his refulgent arms flash'd thro' the shady plain,
 Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,
 As when his thund'ring sword and pointed spear
 Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the routed rear.

They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes;
 But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.
 Here Priam's son, Deiphobus, he found,
 Whose face and limbs were one continued wound:
 Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
 Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of his ears.
 He scarcely knew him, striving to disown
 His blotted form, and blushing to be known;
 And therefore first began: "O Tsucer's race,
 Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?
 What heart could wish, what hand inflict, this dire disgrace?

'Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal night
 Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight,
 Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,
 And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.

But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,
 A tomb and fun'ral honors I decreed;
 Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
 The place your armor and your name retains.
 Your body too I sought, and, had I found,
 Design'd for burial in your native ground."
 The ghost replied: "Your piety has paid
 All needful rites, to rest my wand'ring shade;
 But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
 To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.
 These are the monuments of Helen's love:
 The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.
 You know in what deluding joys we pass'd
 The night that was by Heav'n decreed our last:
 For, when the fatal horse, descending down,
 Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town
 She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
 And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led
 Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,
 Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambuscade.
 With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,
 Unhappy I had laid me down to rest,
 And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.
 Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislaid,
 And from beneath my head my sword convey'd;
 The door unlatch'd, and, with repeated calls,
 Invites her former lord within my walls.
 Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
 And with new treasons would redeem the past.
 What need I more? Into the room they ran,
 And meanly murder'd a defenseless man.
 Ulysses, basely born, first led the way.
 Avenging pow'rs! with justice if I pray,
 That fortune be their own another day!
 But answer you; and in your turn relate,
 What brought you, living, to the Stygian state:
 Driv'n by the winds and errors of the sea,
 Or did you Heav'n's superior doom obey?
 Or tell what other chance conducts your way,
 To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,
 Tumults and torments of th' infernal seats."
 While thus in talk the flying hours they pass,
 The sun had finish'd more than half his race:
 And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent
 The little time of stay which Heav'n had lent;
 But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay:
 "Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day:
 'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides;
 The right to Pluto's golden palace guides;
 The left to that unhappy region tends,
 Which to the depth of Tartarus descends;
 The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends."
 Then thus Deiphobus: "O sacred maid,
 Forbear to chide, and be your will obey'd!
 Lo! to the secret shadows I retire,
 To pay my penance till my years expire.
 Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd,

And born to better fates than I have found.”
 He said; and, while he said, his steps he turn'd
 To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.
 The hero, looking on the left, espied
 A lofty tow'r, and strong on ev'ry side
 With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,
 Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds;
 And, press'd betwixt the rocks, the bellowing noise resounds

Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on high
 With adamantine columns, threatens the sky.
 Vain is the force of man, and Heav'n's as vain,
 To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.
 Sublime on these a tow'r of steel is rear'd;
 And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward,
 Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day,
 Observant of the souls that pass the downward way.
 From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the pains
 Of sounding lashes and of dragging chains.
 The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries,
 And ask'd his guide from whence those yells arise;
 And what the crimes, and what the tortures were,
 And loud laments that rent the liquid air.
 She thus replied: “The chaste and holy race
 Are all forbidden this polluted place.
 But Hecate, when she gave to rule the woods,
 Then led me trembling thro' these dire abodes,
 And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.
 These are the realms of unrelenting fate;
 And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
 He hears and judges each committed crime;
 Enquires into the manner, place, and time.
 The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,
 (Loth to confess, unable to conceal),
 From the first moment of his vital breath,
 To his last hour of unrepenting death.
 Straight, o'er the guilty ghost, the Fury shakes
 The sounding whip and brandishes her snakes,
 And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes.
 Then, of itself, unfolds th' eternal door;
 With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.
 You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost
 Commands the guard, what sentries keep the post.
 More formidable Hydra stands within,
 Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.
 The gaping gulf low to the center lies,
 And twice as deep as earth is distant from the skies.
 The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
 Here, sing'd with lightning, roll within th' unfathom'd space.

Here lie th' Alaeon twins, (I saw them both,)
 Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth,
 Who dar'd in fight the Thund'rer to defy,
 Affect his heav'n, and force him from the sky.
 Salmoneus, suff'ring cruel pains, I found,
 For emulating Jove; the rattling sound
 Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze

Of pointed lightnings, and their forky rays.
 Thro' Elis and the Grecian towns he flew;
 Th' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew:
 He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
 Sought godlike worship from a servile train.
 Ambitious fool! with horny hoofs to pass
 O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,
 To rival thunder in its rapid course,
 And imitate inimitable force!
 But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on high,
 Bar'd his red arm, and, launching from the sky
 His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
 Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon strook.
 There Tityus was to see, who took his birth
 From heav'n, his nursing from the foodful earth.
 Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
 Infold nine acres of infernal space.
 A rav'nous vulture, in his open'd side,
 Her crooked beak and cruel talons tried;
 Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast;
 The growing liver still supplied the feast;
 Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
 Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food remains.
 Ixion and Perithous I could name,
 And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame.
 High o'er their heads a mold'ring rock is plac'd,
 That promises a fall, and shakes at ev'ry blast.
 They lie below, on golden beds display'd;
 And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.
 The Queen of Furies by their sides is set,
 And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat,
 Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,
 Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears.
 Then they, who brothers' better claim disown,
 Expel their parents, and usurp the throne;
 Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,
 Sit brooding on unprofitable gold;
 Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend
 To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend.
 Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train
 Of lustful youths, for foul adult'ry slain:
 Hosts of deserters, who their honor sold,
 And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold.
 All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
 Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.
 Ask not what pains; nor farther seek to know
 Their process, or the forms of law below.
 Some roll a weighty stone; some, laid along,
 And bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels are hung

Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,
 Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair;
 And wretched Phlegyas warns the world with cries
 (Could warning make the world more just or wise):
 'Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging deities.'
 To tyrants others have their country sold,
 Imposing foreign lords, for foreign gold;

Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,
 Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid;
 With incest some their daughters' bed profan'd:
 All dar'd the worst of ills, and, what they dar'd, attain'd.

Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
 And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
 I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
 Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.
 But let us haste our voyage to pursue:
 The walls of Pluto's palace are in view;
 The gate, and iron arch above it, stands
 On anvils labor'd by the Cyclops' hands.
 Before our farther way the Fates allow,
 Here must we fix on high the golden bough."
 She said: and thro' the gloomy shades they pass'd,
 And chose the middle path. Arriv'd at last,
 The prince with living water sprinkled o'er
 His limbs and body; then approach'd the door,
 Possess'd the porch, and on the front above
 He fix'd the fatal bough requir'd by Pluto's love.
 These holy rites perform'd, they took their way
 Where long extended plains of pleasure lay:
 The verdant fields with those of heav'n may vie,
 With ether vested, and a purple sky;
 The blissful seats of happy souls below.
 Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know;
 Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
 And on the green contend the wrestler's prize.
 Some in heroic verse divinely sing;
 Others in artful measures led the ring.
 The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
 There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest;
 His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
 Strikes sev'n distinguish'd notes, and sev'n at once they fill.

Here found they Tsucer's old heroic race,
 Born better times and happier years to grace.
 Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
 Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.
 The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
 Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war:
 Their lances fix'd in earth, their steeds around,
 Free from their harness, graze the flow'ry ground.
 The love of horses which they had, alive,
 And care of chariots, after death survive.
 Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain;
 Some did the song, and some the choir maintain,
 Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
 Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
 Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
 In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood:
 Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,
 And poets worthy their inspiring god;
 And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
 Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts:
 Those who to worth their bounty did extend,

And those who knew that bounty to commend.
 The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
 And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
 To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd,
 And first to him surrounded by the rest
 (Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast):
 "Say, happy souls, divine Musaeus, say,
 Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
 To find the hero, for whose only sake
 We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter lake?"

To this the sacred poet thus replied:
 "In no fix'd place the happy souls reside.
 In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
 By crystal streams, that murmur thro' the meads:
 But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;
 The path conducts you to your journey's end."
 This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
 And shews them all the shining fields below.
 They wind the hill, and thro' the blissful meadows go.
 But old Anchises, in a flow'ry vale,
 Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale:
 Those happy spirits, which, ordain'd by fate,
 For future beings and new bodies wait-
 With studious thought observ'd th' illustrious throng,
 In nature's order as they pass'd along:
 Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,

In peaceful senates and successful war.
 He, when Aeneas on the plain appears,
 Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
 "Welcome," he said, "the gods' undoubted race!
 O long expected to my dear embrace!
 Once more 't is giv'n me to behold your face!
 The love and pious duty which you pay
 Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
 'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd
 The happy day approach'd; nor are my hopes deceiv'd.
 What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd;
 What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast?
 How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most,
 When love assail'd you, on the Libyan coast."
 To this, the filial duty thus replies:
 "Your sacred ghost before my sleeping eyes
 Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise.
 After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,
 My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
 But reach your hand, O parent shade, nor shun
 The dear embraces of your longing son!"
 He said; and falling tears his face bedew:
 Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw;
 And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
 Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.
 Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees
 A sep'rate grove, thro' which a gentle breeze
 Plays with a passing breath, and whispers thro' the trees;

And, just before the confines of the wood,
 The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
 About the boughs an airy nation flew,
 Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew;
 In summer's heat on tops of lilies feed,
 And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed:
 The winged army roams the fields around;
 The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
 Aeneas wond'ring stood, then ask'd the cause
 Which to the stream the crowding people draws.
 Then thus the sire: "The souls that throng the flood
 Are those to whom, by fate, are other bodies ow'd:
 In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste,
 Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
 Long has my soul desir'd this time and place,
 To set before your sight your glorious race,
 That this presaging joy may fire your mind
 To seek the shores by destiny design'd."-
 "O father, can it be, that souls sublime
 Return to visit our terrestrial clime,
 And that the gen'rous mind, releas'd by death,
 Can covet lazy limbs and mortal breath?"
 Anchises then, in order, thus begun
 To clear those wonders to his godlike son:
 "Know, first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted frame,
 And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
 And both the radiant lights, one common soul
 Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
 This active mind, infus'd thro' all the space,
 Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
 Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
 And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
 Th' ethereal vigor is in all the same,
 And every soul is fill'd with equal flame;
 As much as earthy limbs, and gross allay
 Of mortal members, subject to decay,
 Blunt not the beams of heav'n and edge of day.
 From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
 Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,
 And grief, and joy; nor can the groveling mind,
 In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
 Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly kind:
 Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
 But long-contracted filth ev'n in the soul remains.
 The relics of inveterate vice they wear,
 And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.
 For this are various penances enjoind;
 And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
 Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
 Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires.

All have their manes, and those manes bear:
 The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,
 And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.
 Then are they happy, when by length of time
 The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;
 No speck is left of their habitual stains,

But the pure ether of the soul remains.
 But, when a thousand rolling years are past,
 (So long their punishments and penance last,
 Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
 Compell'd to drink the deep Lethaeon flood,
 In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
 Of their past labors, and their irksome years,
 That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,
 The soul may suffer mortal flesh again."
 Thus having said, the father spirit leads
 The priestess and his son thro' swarms of shades,
 And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
 The long procession of his progeny.
 "Survey," pursued the sire, "this airy throng,
 As, offer'd to thy view, they pass along.
 These are th' Italian names, which fate will join
 With ours, and graff upon the Trojan line.
 Observe the youth who first appears in sight,
 And holds the nearest station to the light,
 Already seems to snuff the vital air,
 And leans just forward, on a shining spear:
 Silvius is he, thy last-begotten race,
 But first in order sent, to fill thy place;
 An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood,
 Born in the covert of a shady wood:
 Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
 Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.
 In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,
 And, born a king, a race of kings beget.
 Then Procas, honor of the Trojan name,
 Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.
 A second Silvius after these appears;
 Silvius Aeneas, for thy name he bears;
 For arms and justice equally renown'd,
 Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.
 How great they look! how vig'rously they wield
 Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!
 But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
 Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidena rear;
 Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;
 And raise Collatian tow'rs on rocky ground.
 All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
 Tho' now they lie obscure, and lands without a name.
 See Romulus the great, born to restore
 The crown that once his injur'd grandsire wore.
 This prince a priestess of your blood shall bear,
 And like his sire in arms he shall appear.
 Two rising crests, his royal head adorn;
 Born from a god, himself to godhead born:
 His sire already signs him for the skies,
 And marks the seat amidst the deities.
 Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,
 Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome-
 Rome, whose ascending tow'rs shall heav'n invade,
 Involving earth and ocean in her shade;
 High as the Mother of the Gods in place,
 And proud, like her, of an immortal race.

Then, when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,
 With golden turrets on her temples crown'd;
 A hundred gods her sweeping train supply;
 Her offspring all, and all command the sky.
 "Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
 Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
 The mighty Caesar waits his vital hour,
 Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd pow'r.
 But next behold the youth of form divine,
 Caesar himself, exalted in his line;
 Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
 Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
 Born to restore a better age of gold.
 Afric and India shall his pow'r obey;
 He shall extend his propagated sway
 Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,
 Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns around,
 And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.
 At his foreseen approach, already quake
 The Caspian kingdoms and Maeotian lake:
 Their seers behold the tempest from afar,
 And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.
 Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates,
 And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's fates.

Nor Hercules more lands or labors knew,
 Not tho' the brazen-footed hind he slew,
 Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
 And dipp'd his arrows in Lernaean gore;
 Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
 By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
 From Nisus' top descending on the plains,
 With curling vines around his purple reins.
 And doubt we yet thro' dangers to pursue
 The paths of honor, and a crown in view?
 But what's the man, who from afar appears?
 His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears,
 His hoary beard and holy vestments bring
 His lost idea back: I know the Roman king.
 He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,
 Call'd from his mean abode a scepter to sustain.
 Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds,
 An active prince, and prone to martial deeds.
 He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
 Disus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
 By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,
 And scour his armor from the rust of peace.
 Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air,
 But vain within, and proudly popular.
 Next view the Tarquin kings, th' avenging sword
 Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
 He first renews the rods and ax severe,
 And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.
 His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
 And long for arbitrary lords again,
 With ignominy scourg'd, in open sight,
 He dooms to death deserv'd, asserting public right.

Unhappy man, to break the pious laws
 Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!
 However the doubtful fact is understood,
 'Tis love of honor, and his country's good:
 The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
 Behold Torquatus the same track pursue;
 And, next, the two devoted Decii view:
 The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
 With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes overcome
 The pair you see in equal armor shine,
 Now, friends below, in close embraces join;
 But, when they leave the shady realms of night,
 And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light,
 With mortal hate each other shall pursue:
 What wars, what wounds, what slaughter shall ensue!
 From Alpine heights the father first descends;
 His daughter's husband in the plain attends:
 His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.
 Embrace again, my sons, be foes no more;
 Nor stain your country with her children's gore!
 And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,
 Thou, of my blood, who bearist the Julian name!
 Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
 And to the Capitol his chariot guide,
 From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.
 And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,
 On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,
 And on the Greeks revenge the Trojan cause;
 Shall drag in chains their Achillean race;
 Shall vindicate his ancestors' disgrace,
 And Pallas, for her violated place.
 Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
 And conqu'ring Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.
 Who can omit the Gracchi? who declare
 The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
 The double bane of Carthage? Who can see
 Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
 Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire
 The plowman consul in his coarse attire?
 Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
 And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
 Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
 And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
 Let others better mold the running mass
 Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
 And soften into flesh a marble face;
 Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
 And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
 But, Rome, 't is thine alone, with awful sway,
 To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
 Disposing peace and war by thy own majestic way;
 To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free:
 These are imperial arts, and worthy thee."
 He paus'd; and, while with wond'ring eyes they view'd
 The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
 "See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,
 He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils!

He, when his country, threaten'd with alarms,
 Requires his courage and his conqu'ring arms,
 Shall more than once the Punic bands affright;
 Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight;
 Then to the Capitol in triumph move,
 And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove."
 Aeneas here beheld, of form divine,¹⁰⁹
 A godlike youth in glitt'ring armor shine,
 With great Marcellus¹¹⁰ keeping equal pace;
 But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
 He saw, and, wond'ring, ask'd his airy guide,
 What and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's side:
 "His son, or one of his illustrious name?
 How like the former, and almost the same!
 Observe the crowds that compass him around;
 All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
 But hov'ring mists around his brows are spread,
 And night, with sable shades, involves his head."
 "Seek not to know," the ghost replied with tears,
 "The sorrows of thy sons in future years.
 This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
 Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.
 The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state,
 Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
 What groans of men shall fill the Martian field!
 How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
 What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
 When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
 No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
 No youth afford so great a cause to grieve;
 The Trojan honor, and the Roman boast,
 Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!
 Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
 Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
 No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting field
 Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield;
 Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
 When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
 Ah! couldst thou break thro' fate's severe decree,
 A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
 Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
 Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring;
 Let me with fun'ral flow'rs his body strow;
 This gift which parents to their children owe,
 This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow!"
 Thus having said, he led the hero round
 The confines of the blest Elysian ground;
 Which when Anchises to his son had shown,
 And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
 He tells the future wars, ordain'd by fate;
 The strength and customs of the Latian state;
 The prince, and people; and forearms his care
 With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.

109 Marcellus ([Marcus Claudius Marcellus](#)); son-in-law and nephew of Augustus who favored him over his stepson Tiberius for the succession; died tragically at the age of 19; rumored to have been murdered by Livia (aka Julia Augusta, wife of Augustus) who wanted her son Tiberius to succeed.

110 Marcus Claudius Marcellus, general of the 2nd Punic War and ancestor of the young and tragic Marcellus.

Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
 Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn:
 True visions thro' transparent horn arise;
 Thro' polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.
 Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
 Anchises hither bends his steps at last.
 Then, thro' the gate of iv'ry, he dismiss'd
 His valiant offspring and divining guest.
 Straight to the ships Aeneas his way,
 Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea,
 Still coasting, till he gain'd Cajeta's bay.
 At length on oozy ground his galleys moor;
 Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

BOOK VII: A BETROTHAL AND A DECLARATION OF WAR

Summary

1-4 Death of Aeneas' nurse, Caieta.

5-24 The Trojans sail past the island of Circe.

25-36 The Trojans reach the mouth of the Tiber.

37-45 Invocation to the Muse.

45-106 Latinus' daughter Lavinia was betrothed to Turnus, but portents confirmed by the oracle of Faunus indicate that she is destined to marry a foreigner.

107-47 The Trojans land and at a banquet consume also the platters of bread on which the food is set out. Iulus exclaims "We are eating our tables," and A. recognizes the fulfilment of the oracle, and accepts that they have arrived at their destined home. He makes appropriate sacrifices and Jupiter thunders in confirmation of the omen.

148-69 The Trojans send an embassy to King Latinus.

170-91 Description of the palace in which King Latinus receives the Trojans.

192-248 Latinus welcomes the Trojans, asking them the reason for their arrival. Ilioneus answers that fate has brought them to Italy, and offers gifts.

249-85 Latinus realizes that A. is the stranger destined by the portents to become the husband of Lavinia, and after a joyful speech accepting the Trojan requests and offering them alliance, he sends princely gifts.

286-322 Juno observes the Trojans landing, and breaks out into an angry speech, culminating in her decision to arouse the powers of Hell on her side and exact a toll of bloodshed before the fated alliance takes place.

323-405 Juno summons up Allecto to sow the seeds of war. The fiend hurls one of her snakes at Queen Amata. Amata, after appealing in vain to Latinus not to give his daughter in marriage to Aeneas, becomes frenzied, and pretending to be filled by Bacchic inspiration she causes the women of the city to follow her.

406-74 Allecto next goes to Turnus, and changing herself into the shape of an aged priestess, Calybe, urges Turnus to fight for his rights against the Trojans.. He replies confidently and contemptuously that he is fully aware of what to do and needs no advice from old women. At this Allecto hurls twin snakes at him and rouses him to a mad desire for war.

475-510 Allecto causes the war to begin by inciting the hunting hounds of Iulus to chase the pet stag of Silvia, sister of the chief herdsman of King Latinus' flocks. Iulus himself, unaware that it is a pet, shoots it. The Latin herdsmen gather in anger for revenge.

511-71 Allecto now sounds the trumpet note for war, and Almo, Galaesus and many others are killed. Allecto reports to Juno that her mission is completed; Juno contemptuously orders her back to the underworld.

572-640 The Latin shepherds, Turnus, and the families of the women made frenzied by Amata beseech their king to declare war; he attempts to stand firm, but when he finds he cannot he withdraws from command and shuts himself in his palace. He refuses to open the Gates of War and Juno does so in his stead. The Latins arm themselves and prepare for battle.

641-646 Invocation to the Muse.

647-782. The Italian Catalogue: Mezentius, with his son Lausus, if first in the list, followed by many other heroes from Italy.

783-802 The Italian Catalogue: Turnus, magnificently arrayed, comes in command of the Rutulians.

803-17 Last of all comes Camilla, the warrior princess of the Volsci.

BOOK VIII: EVANDER AND AENEAS'S NEW ARMOR

Summary and Excerpt

1-101 Turnus gives the signal for war; the Latins prepare, and an embassy asking for help is sent to Diomedes. Aeneas is troubled at the turn of events, but a vision of the River-God Tiberinus appears to him, assuring him that he has reached his goal, and urging him to seek help from Evander. He sees the omen of the white sow and rowing peacefully up the Tiber reaches Pallanteum, Evander's little settlement on the future site of Rome.

102-83 The Arcadians are celebrating a festival for Hercules when they see Aeneas and his men approaching along the river. Pallas challenges them, and Aeneas replies that they are Trojans. They are welcomed, and Aeneas tells Evander that in the name of their common ancestry he asks for help against Turnus. Evander remembers meeting Anchises and promises help; they feast together.

184-279 Evander tells the story of how the monster Cacus used to terrify the neighborhood from his cave on the Aventine. One day when Hercules was returning from one of his labors in Spain with the cattle of Geryon, Cacus stole some of them and hid them in his cave. Hercules discovered them, and after a mighty battle with the fire-breathing monster killed him and delivered the people from their fear. Since then Hercules has been honored on his annual festival at the Ara Maxima.

280-369 The celebrations in Hercules' honor are continued, and a hymn of praise is sung. Evander next tells Aeneas of the early history of Latium, and the golden age under Saturn, and takes him on a tour of his little city, showing him places destined to be famous in Roman history.

370-453 Venus asks her husband Vulcan to make new armor for her son; he is easily persuaded by her rhetoric and her charms. Within his workshop beneath the earth the Cyclops set to the task.

454-607 Aeneas and Evander meet again the next morning. Evander tells Aeneas about the tyrannical deeds of Mezentius which led to his exile from Caere and his alliance with Turnus in war against the Etruscans. An oracle required a foreign leader for the Etruscans in this war, and Evander asks Aeneas to undertake this with the assistance of his son Pallas. A sign from heaven is given, and Aeneas agrees to do so; arrangements are made for him to set out to meet Tarchon with his Etruscan forces. Evander says goodbye to Pallas, beseeching the gods for his safety; in a splendid array they set off and join Tarchon.

608-731 Venus brings to Aeneas the armor which Vulcan has made. The pictures on the shield are described, scenes from early Roman history around the outside, and in the center the battle of Actium and Augustus' triumph over the forces of the East. Aeneas takes up on his shoulder the pictured destiny of his people.

Shield of Aeneas

But most admires the shield's mysterious mold,
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold:

For these, emboss'd, the heav'nly smith had wrought
 (Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)
 The wars in order, and the race divine
 Of warriors issuing from the Julian line.
 The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens:
 There, by the wolf, were laid the martial twins.
 Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung;
 The foster dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
 They suck'd secure, while, bending back her head,
 She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as they fed.

Not far from thence new Rome appears, with games
 Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
 The pit resounds with shrieks; a war succeeds,
 For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
 Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend;
 The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
 Wearied with tedious war, at length they cease;
 And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
 The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,
 Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand:
 A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
 With imprecations on the perjurd head.
 Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
 Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,
 By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood,
 And his torn limbs are left the vulture's food.
 There, Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
 And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
 One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights;
 The Roman youth assert their native rights.
 Before the town the Tuscan army lies,
 To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
 Their king, half-threat'ning, half-disdaining stood,
 While Cocles broke the bridge, and stemm'd the flood.
 The captive maids there tempt the raging tide,
 Scap'd from their chains, with Cloelia for their guide.
 High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
 To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
 Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold
 The palace thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.
 The silver goose before the shining gate
 There flew, and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.
 She told the Gauls' approach; th' approaching Gauls,
 Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
 The gold dissembled well their yellow hair,
 And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
 Gold are their vests; long Alpine spears they wield,
 And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
 Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance;
 And naked thro' the streets the mad Luperci dance,
 In caps of wool; the targets dropp'd from heav'n.
 Here modest matrons, in soft litters driv'n,
 To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear,
 And odorous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
 Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen;
 Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd Catiline
 Hung on a rock- the traitor; and, around,

The Furies hissing from the nether ground.
 Apart from these, the happy souls he draws,
 And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.
 Betwixt the quarters flows a golden sea;
 But foaming surges there in silver play.
 The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
 The glitt'ring waves, and cut the precious tide.
 Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage
 Their brazen beaks, oppos'd with equal rage.
 Actium surveys the well-disputed prize;
 Leucate's wat'ry plain with foamy billows fries.
 Young Caesar, on the stern, in armor bright,
 Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
 His beamy temples shoot their flames afar,
 And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
 Agrippa seconds him, with prosp'rous gales,
 And, with propitious gods, his foes assails:
 A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
 The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.
 Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
 Barbarian aids, and troops of Eastern kings;
 Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
 Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war:
 And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
 His ill fate follows him- th' Egyptian wife.
 Moving they fight; with oars and forky prows
 The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.
 It seems, as if the Cyclades again
 Were rooted up, and justled in the main;
 Or floating mountains floating mountains meet;
 Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
 Fireballs are thrown, and pointed jav'lins fly;
 The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
 The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
 With cymbals toss'd her fainting soldiers warms-
 Fool as she was! who had not yet divin'd
 Her cruel fate, nor saw the snakes behind.
 Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
 Great Neptune, Pallas, and Love's Queen defy:
 The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
 Nor longer dares oppose th' ethereal train.
 Mars in the middle of the shining shield
 Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
 The Dirae souse from heav'n with swift descent;
 And Discord, dyed in blood, with garments rent,
 Divides the prease: her steps Bellona treads,
 And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
 This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
 Pours down his arrows; at whose winged flight
 The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
 And soft Sabaeans quit the wat'ry field.
 The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
 And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
 Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,
 Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
 The god had figur'd her as driv'n along
 By winds and waves, and scudding thro' the throng.

Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
 His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
 And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
 In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
 The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,
 And Rome, triumphant, with his presence bless'd.
 Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
 With spoils and altars ev'ry temple grac'd.
 Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
 The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise,

The domes with songs, the theaters with plays.
 All altars flame: before each altar lies,
 Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
 Great Caesar sits sublime upon his throne,
 Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;
 Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,
 And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
 Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
 Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
 Here, Mulciber assigns the proper place
 For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
 Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,
 With Scythians, expert in the dart and bow.
 And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides,
 And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides,
 And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind;
 The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind,
 And Morini, the last of humankind.
 These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
 By Vulcan labor'd, and by Venus brought,
 With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
 Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,
 And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

BOOK IX: Turnus Attacks

Summary and Excerpt

1-76 Juno sends Iris to Turnus, in order to tell him that Aeneas is away and that the moment for attack has arrived. Turnus accepts the divine call to arms. The Trojans, in accordance with Aeneas' instructions, stay within their camp, and Turnus, wild for blood like a wolf at a sheep-fold, prepares to set fire to the Trojan fleet.

77-122 The Trojan ships, which had been made from the sacred pine trees of the goddess Cybele, are saved from burning by being transformed into nymphs.

123-175 The Rutulians are shaken by this, but Turnus rallies them with a confident speech, saying that this portent is directed against the Trojans who cannot now escape. They will find the Rutulians more formidable enemies than the Greeks. He urges his men to get ready for battle; they place sentries, and the Trojans for their part prepare defences.

Nisus and Euryalus

The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld,
 And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd.
 Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore;
 Join works to works with bridges, tow'r to tow'r:
 Thus all things needful for defense abound.

Mnestheus and brave Seresthus walk the round,
 Commission'd by their absent prince¹¹¹ to share
 The common danger, and divide the care.
 The soldiers draw their lots, and, as they fall,
 By turns relieve each other on the wall.
 Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance,
 To watch the gate was warlike Nisus¹¹² chance.
 His father Hyrtacus of noble blood;
 His mother was a huntress of the wood,
 And sent him to the wars. Well could he bear
 His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear,
 But better skill'd unerring shafts to send.
 Beside him stood Euryalus, his friend:
 Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
 No fairer face, or sweeter air, could boast-
 Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun.
 One was their care, and their delight was one:
 One common hazard in the war they shar'd,
 And now were both by choice upon the guard.
 Then Nisus thus: "Or do the gods inspire
 This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
 A gen'rous ardor boils within my breast,
 Eager of action, enemy to rest:
 This urges me to fight, and fires my mind
 To leave a memorable name behind.
 Thou see'st the foe secure; how faintly shine
 Their scatter'd fires! the most, in sleep supine
 Along the ground, an easy conquest lie:
 The wakeful few the fuming flagon¹¹³ ply;
 All hush'd around. Now hear what I revolve-
 A thought unripe- and scarcely yet resolve.
 Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
 By message both would hasten his return:
 If they confer what I demand on thee,
 (For fame is recompense enough for me,)
 Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espied
 A way that safely will my passage guide."¹¹⁴
 Euryalus stood list'ning while he spoke,
 With love of praise and noble envy struck;
 Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind:
 "All this, alone, and leaving me behind!
 Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
 Thinkest thou I can my share of glory yield,
 Or send thee unassisted to the field?
 Not so my father taught my childhood arms;
 Born in a siege, and bred among alarms!¹¹⁵
 Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
 Nor of the heav'n-born hero I attend.
 The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim,
 And think it over-sold to purchase fame."
 Then Nisus thus: "Alas! thy tender years
 Would minister new matter to my fears.
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,

111 Aeneas, who went to Evander and the Etruscans seeking allies.

112 Nisus and Euryalus are Trojans scouts.

113 Wine skins.

114 Nisus plans to break through the Rutulian line and seek Aeneas.

115 Euryalus was born during the Trojan War.

Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
 Condemn'd to pay my vows, (as sure I trust,
 This thy request is cruel and unjust.
 But if some chance- as many chances are,
 And doubtful hazards, in the deeds of war-
 If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
 And spare thy life; I would not perish all.
 Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date:
 Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate;
 To bear my mangled body from the foe,
 Or buy it back, and fun'ral rites bestow.
 Or, if hard fortune shall those dues deny,
 Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
 O let not me the widow's tears renew!
 Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue:
 Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
 Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
 Her age committing to the seas and wind,
 When ev'ry weary matron stay'd behind."¹¹⁶
 To this, Euryalus: "You plead in vain,
 And but protract the cause you cannot gain.
 No more delays, but haste!" With that, he wakes
 The nodding watch; each to his office takes.
 The guard reliev'd, the gen'rous couple went
 To find the council at the royal tent.
 All creatures else forgot their daily care,
 And sleep, the common gift of nature, share;
 Except the Trojan peers,¹¹⁷ who wakeful sate
 In nightly council for th' indanger'd state.
 They vote a message to their absent chief,
 Shew their distress, and beg a swift relief.
 Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,
 Remote from clamor, and secure from foes.
 On their left arms their ample shields they bear,
 The right reclind upon the bending spear.
 Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,
 And beg admission, eager to be heard:
 Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.
 Ascanius bids 'em be conducted in,
 Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin.
 Then Nisus thus: "Ye fathers, lend your ears;
 Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
 The foe, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
 Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine;
 And where the smoke in cloudy vapors flies,
 Cov'ring the plain, and curling to the skies,
 Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide,
 Close by the sea, a passage we have spied,
 Which will our way to great Aeneas guide.
 Expect each hour to see him safe again,
 Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
 Snatch we the lucky minute while we may;
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way;
 For, hunting in the vale, we both have seen
 The rising turrets, and the stream between,

116 Euryalus' mother followed the Trojan warriors to stay close to her son.

117 The Trojan noblemen and commanders.

And know the winding course, with ev'ry ford."
 He ceas'd; and old Alethes took the word:
 "Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,
 Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race,
 While we behold such dauntless worth appear
 In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear."
 Then into tears of joy the father broke;
 Each in his longing arms by turns he took;
 Panted and paus'd; and thus again he spoke:
 "Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
 In recompense of such desert, decree?
 The greatest, sure, and best you can receive,
 The gods and your own conscious worth will give.
 The rest our grateful gen'ral will bestow,
 And young Ascanius till his manhood owe."
 "And I, whose welfare in my father lies,"
 Ascanius adds, "by the great deities,
 By my dear country, by my household gods,
 By hoary Vesta's rites and dark abodes,
 Adjure you both, (on you my fortune stands;
 That and my faith I plight into your hands,)
 Make me but happy in his safe return,
 Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;
 Your common gift shall two large goblets be
 Of silver, wrought with curious imagery,
 And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,
 My conqu'ring sire at sack'd Arisba gain'd;
 And more, two tripods cast in antic mold,
 With two great talents of the finest gold;
 Beside a costly bowl, ingrav'd with art,
 Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.
 But, if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
 When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain-
 Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd:
 That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding crest,
 And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share:
 Twelve lab'ring slaves, twelve handmaids young and fair
 All clad in rich attire, and train'd with care;
 And, last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
 And a large portion of the king's domains.
 But thou, whose years are more to mine allied-
 No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
 From thee, heroic youth! Be wholly mine;
 Take full possession; all my soul is thine.
 One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both attend;
 My life's companion, and my bosom friend:
 My peace shall be committed to thy care,
 And to thy conduct my concerns in war."
 Then thus the young Euryalus replied:
 "Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
 The same shall be my age, as now my youth;
 No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
 This only from your goodness let me gain
 (And, this ungranted, all rewards are vain)
 Of Priam's royal race my mother came-
 And sure the best that ever bore the name-
 Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold

From me departing, but, o'erspent and old,
 My fate she follow'd. Ignorant of this
 (Whatever) danger, neither parting kiss,
 Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,
 And in this only act of all my life deceive.
 By this right hand and conscious Night I swear,
 My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.¹¹⁸
 Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place
 (Permit me to presume so great a grace)
 Support her age, forsaken and distress'd.
 That hope alone will fortify my breast
 Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears."
 He said. The mov'd assistants melt in tears.
 Then thus Ascanius, wonderstruck to see
 That image of his filial piety:¹¹⁹
 "So great beginnings, in so green an age,
 Exact the faith which I again engage.
 Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim,
 Creusa¹²⁰ had, and only want the name.
 Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have,
 'Tis merit to have borne a son so brave.
 Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
 (My father us'd it,) what, returning here
 Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
 That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share."
 He said, and weeping, while he spoke the word,
 From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,
 Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
 And in an ivory scabbard sheath'd the blade.
 This was his gift. Great Mnestheus gave his friend
 A lion's hide, his body to defend;
 And good Alethes furnish'd him, beside,
 With his own trusty helm, of temper tried.
 Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
 Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate
 With prayers and vows. Above the rest appears
 Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,
 And messages committed to their care,
 Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.¹²¹
 The trenches first they pass'd; then took their way
 Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;
 To many fatal, ere themselves were slain.
 They found the careless host dispers'd upon the plain,
 Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore.
 Unharness'd chariots stand along the shore:
 Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
 A medley of debauch¹²² and war, they lie.
 Observing Nisus shew'd his friend the sight:
 "Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.
 Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd;
 There lies our way; be thou upon the guard,
 And look around, while I securely go,
And hew a passage thro' the sleeping foe."

118 Euryalus plans to leave without saying goodbye to his mother.

119 Ascanius, missing his father, is moved by Euryalus' devotion to his mother.

120 Ascanius' mother.

121 Their doom foretold.

122 Riotous play usually involving sex, gambling, and alcohol.

Softly he spoke; then striding took his way,
 With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes lay;
 His head rais'd high on tapestry beneath,
 And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath;
 A king and prophet, by King Turnus lov'd:
 But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd.
 Him and his sleeping slaves he¹²³ slew; then spies
 Where Remus, with his rich retinue, lies.
 His armor-bearer first, and next he kills
 His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels
 And his lov'd horses; last invades their lord;
 Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword:
 The gasping head flies off; a purple flood
 Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood,
 Which, by the spurning heels dispers'd around,
 The bed besprinkles and bedews the ground.
 Lamus the bold, and Lamyus the strong,
 He slew, and then Serranus fair and young.
 From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
 And puff'd the fummy god¹²⁴ from out his breast:
 Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play-
 More lucky, had it lasted till the day.
 The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
 O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,
 And tears the peaceful flocks: with silent awe
 Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.
 Nor with less rage Euryalus employs
 The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys;
 But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew;
 He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhoetus slew.
 Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fell,
 But Rhoetus wakeful, and observing all:
 Behind a spacious jar he slink'd for fear;
 The fatal iron found and reach'd him there;
 For, as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
 And, reeking, thence return'd in crimson dyed.
 The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood;
 The purple soul comes floating in the flood.¹²⁵
 Now, where Messapus quarter'd, they arrive.
 The fires were fainting there, and just alive;
 The warrior-horses, tied in order, fed.
 Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said:
 "Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;
 And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,
 Foe to nocturnal thefts. No more, my friend;
 Here let our glutt'd execution end.
 A lane thro' slaughter'd bodies we have made."
 The bold Euryalus, tho' loth, obey'd.
 Of arms, and arras, and of plate, they find
 A precious load; but these they leave behind.
 Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay
 To make the rich caparison his prey,
 Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
 Nor did his eyes less longingly behold

123 Nisus who continues the slaughter for several lines.

124 Bacchus, god of wine; "fummy" as in the fumes of alcohol.

125 Virgil seems to believe that the soul resides in the blood; elsewhere it is expelled through the breath.

The girdle-belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.
 This present Caedicus the rich bestow'd
 On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd,
 And, absent, join'd in hospitable ties:
 He, dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize;
 Till, by the conqu'ring Ardean troops oppress'd,
 He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd.
 These glitt'ring spoils (now made the victor's gain)
 He to his body suits, but suits in vain:
 Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,
 And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
 Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
 They leave the camp, and take the ready way.
 But far they had not pass'd, before they spied
 Three hundred horse, with Volscens¹²⁶ for their guide.
 The queen a legion to King Turnus sent;
 But the swift horse the slower foot prevent,
 And now, advancing, sought the leader's tent.
 They saw the pair; for, thro' the doubtful shade,
 His shining helm¹²⁷ Euryalus betray'd,
 On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
 "Tis not for naught," cried Volscens from the crowd,
 "These men go there;" then rais'd his voice aloud:
 "Stand! stand! why thus in arms? And whither bent?
 From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?"
 Silent they scud away, and haste their flight
 To neighb'ring woods, and trust themselves to night.
 The speedy horse all passages belay,
 And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way,
 And watch each entrance of the winding wood.
 Black was the forest: thick with beech it stood,
 Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn;
 Few paths of human feet, or tracks of beasts, were worn.
 The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
 And fear, misled the younger¹²⁸ from his way.
 But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
 And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd,
 And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd,
 Where King Latinus then his oxen stall'd;
 Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,
 And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around:
 "Ah wretch!" he cried, "where have I left behind
 Th' unhappy youth? where shall I hope to find?
 Or what way take?" Again he ventures back,
 And treads the mazes of his former track.
 He winds the wood, and, list'ning, hears the noise
 Of tramping coursers, and the riders' voice.
 The sound approach'd; and suddenly he view'd
 The foes inclosing, and his friend pursued,
 Forelaid and taken, while he strove in vain
 The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
 What should he next attempt? what arms employ,
 What fruitless force, to free the captive boy?
 Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,

 126

127 The one he took from Messapus.

128 Euryalus

With odds oppress'd, in such unequal strife?
 Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he shook;
 And, casting on the moon a mournful look:
 "Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night,
 Fair queen,"¹²⁹ he said, "direct my dart aright.
 If e'er my pious father, for my sake,
 Did grateful off'rings on thy altars make,
 Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
 And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils,
 Give me to scatter these." Then from his ear
 He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling spear.
 The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
 Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
 Pierc'd his thin armor, drank his vital blood,
 And in his body left the broken [wood]
 He staggers round; his eyeballs roll in death,
 And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
 All stand amaz'd- a second jav'lin flies
 With equal strength, and quivers thro' the skies.
 This thro' thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
 And in the brainpan warmly buried lay.
 Fierce Volscens¹³⁰ foams with rage, and, gazing round,
 Descried not him who gave the fatal wound,
 Nor knew to fix revenge: "But thou," he cries,
 "Shalt pay for both," and at the pris'ner flies
 With his drawn sword. Then, struck with deep despair,
 That cruel sight the lover could not bear;
 But from his covert rush'd in open view,
 And sent his voice before him as he flew:
 "Me! me!" he cried- "turn all your swords alone
 On me- the fact confess'd, the fault my own.
 He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth:
 Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth!
 His only crime (if friendship can offend)
 Is too much love to his unhappy friend."
 Too late he speaks: the sword, which fury guides,
 Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides.
 Down fell the beauteous youth: the yawning wound
 Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
 His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
 Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd;
 Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
 Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
 Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd,
 Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd.
 Volscens he seeks; on him alone he bends:
 Borne back and bor'd by his surrounding friends,
 Onward he press'd, and kept him still in sight;
 Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might:
 Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke,
 Pierced his wide mouth, and thro' his weazon¹³¹ broke.
 Dying, he slew; and, stagg'ring on the plain,
 With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain;
 Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell,

129 Diana, goddess of the moon, the forest, and the hunt.

130 A Rutulian warrior; not to be confused with the Volscians.

131 throat

Content, in death, to be reveng'd so well.
 O happy friends!¹³² for, if my verse can give
 Immortal life, your fame shall ever live,
 Fix'd as the Capitol's foundation lies,
 And spread, where'er the Roman eagle flies!

450-502 The Rutulians discover the slaughter in their camp. Next day they march forth to battle, carrying the heads of Nisus and Euryalus impaled upon spears. Euryalus' mother learns the truth and laments her young son.

503-89 The full-scale attack on the Trojan camp begins. Vergil invokes the Muse to tell of the slaughter dealt by Turnus; he kills Helenor and Lycus and in the general fighting many fall on both sides.

590-671 Numanus makes a taunting speech, contrasting the hard vigor of the Italians with the oriental effeminacy of the Trojans: Ascanius kills him with an arrow. Apollo appears to Ascanius and prophesies a glorious future, but warns him that from now on he must keep out of the fighting until he is grown up.

672-818 Pandarus and Bitias throw open the Trojan gates; the Rutulians by the gates are defeated until Turnus comes to their help. He kills Bitias; Pandarus shuts the gates again, but Turnus is inside. Pandarus challenges Turnus with a taunt, and Turnus kills him. Turnus could now have opened the gates again and let in the rest of his army, but he is intent on personal triumphs, and kills many Trojans. At last they rally, led by Mnestheus, and Turnus is compelled to give way. He plunges into the Tiber and rejoins his army.

BOOK X: War Rages On

Summary and Excerpts

1-15 Jupiter calls a council of the gods in Olympus, and urges them to cease from stirring up warfare between the Trojans and Italians; the time for strife will be when Juno's Carthage attacks Venus' Rome.

16-95 Venus makes an indignant speech, bitterly complaining at Juno's interventions and the Trojan set-backs, and ironically suggesting that as all else is lost Jupiter should at least save the life of little Ascanius. Juno angrily replies, maintaining that the Trojan disasters have not been caused by her, and that any assistance she may give to the Rutulians is justified.

96-117 Jupiter refuses to side with either of the goddesses and says he will remain impartial, allowing the fates to find a way.

118-45 The Rutulians continue to attack the Trojan camp.

146-62 Aeneas returns by sea with a contingent of Etruscan forces; with him are the Etruscan king, Tarchon, and Evander's young son, Pallas.

163-214 Vergil makes a new invocation to the Muse and then gives a list of the Etruscan allies of Aeneas as they sail south with him to join the war against Mezentius and Turnus.

215-59 A. on his return is met by the nymphs into whom the Trojan fleet had been changed. One of them, Cymodocea, tells him of Turnus' attack on his camp, and warns him to be ready for battle. Aeneas, with a prayer to Cybele, prepares for action.

260-86 A. as he approaches lifts high his shield and the Trojans shout in joy at his return. Light flashes from his armor, like a comet or Sirius, but Turnus is not dismayed and urges his troops to be ready for battle.

287-307 Aeneas' men disembark; Tarchon runs his ship at the shore, and it breaks its back on a sand-bank.

308-61 The battle begins, and the first victories are won by A. himself. Elsewhere however the Italians are successful, and the struggle is equally poised.

132 Latin, *Fortunati ambol* : literally, "O Happy Couple"

362-438 Pallas encourages his Arcadians and kills many of the enemy; Halaesus rallies the Italians but is killed by Pallas. Lausus then moves to attack Pallas, but fate prevents their meeting.

The Youthful Pallas and Lausus

Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there:
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air.
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands:
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.

439-509 Turnus and Pallas meet in single combat. Pallas is killed and Turnus strips off his sword-belt as spoils of battle. The poet reflects that a day will come when he will bitterly regret this deed.

Death of Pallas

And, as a lion- when he spies from far
A bull that seems to meditate the war,
Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand-
Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand:
Imagine eager Turnus not more slow,
To rush from high on his unequal foe.
Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance
Within due distance of his flying lance,
Prepares to charge him first, resolv'd to try
If fortune would his want of force supply;
And thus to Heav'n and Hercules address'd:
"Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest,
His son adjures you by those holy rites,
That hospitable board, those genial nights;
Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His ravish'd spoils." 'T was heard, the vain request;
Alcides mourn'd, and stifled sighs within his breast.
Then Jove, to soothe his sorrow, thus began:
"Short bounds of life are set to mortal man.
'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.
So many sons of gods, in bloody fight,
Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light:
My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe;
Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.
Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his breath,
And stands already on the verge of death."
This said, the god permits the fatal fight,
But from the Latian fields averts his sight.
Now with full force his spear young Pallas threw,
And, having thrown, his shining fauchion drew
The steel just graz'd along the shoulder joint,
And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point,
Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,
And pois'd his pointed spear, before he threw:
Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,
"See now," said he, "whose arm is better strung."
The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd
By plates of ir'n, which o'er the shield were laid:
Thro' folded brass and tough bull hides it pass'd,
His corslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last.
In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood;

The soul comes issuing with the vital blood:
 He falls; his arms upon his body sound;
 And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.
 Turnus bestrode the corpse: "Arcadians, hear,"
 Said he; "my message to your master bear:
 Such as the sire deserv'd, the son I send;
 It costs him dear to be the Phrygians' friend.
 The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow,
 Unask'd, to rest his wand'ring ghost below."
 He said, and trampled down with all the force
 Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse;
 Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid;
 The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made,
 Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to sight,
 All in the compass of one mournful night,
 Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light.
 In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore
 Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.
 O mortals, blind in fate, who never know
 To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
 The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
 Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain;
 Shall wish the fatal belt were far away,
 And curse the dire remembrance of the day.

510-605 A. rages in mad anger over the battlefield, seeking vengeance for Pallas and killing many of the enemy violently and ruthlessly.

606-688 Meanwhile in Olympus Juno obtains permission from Jupiter to save Turnus, but only temporarily. She makes a phantom of Aeneas: Turnus pursues it to a ship, and Juno then sets the ship loose. Turnus, bitterly chafing at his enforced absence from the battle, is carried away to his home at Ardea.

689-768 Mezentius enters the battle and performs mighty deeds.

769-832 A. and Mezentius meet in single combat. M. is wounded and his son Lausus intervenes to save him. A. kills Lausus and in profound sorrow at what he has had to do lifts up his body and restores it to his comrades.

Death of Lausus

His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief;
 He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.
 And here, heroic youth, 't is here I must
 To thy immortal memory be just,
 And sing an act so noble and so new,
 Posterity will scarce believe 't is true.
 Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,
 The father sought to save himself by flight:
 Incumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear along,
 Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
 The pious youth, resolv'd on death, below
 The lifted sword springs forth to face the foe;
 Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.
 Shouts of applause ran ringing thro' the field,
 To see the son the vanquish'd father shield.
 All, fir'd with gen'rous indignation, strive,
 And with a storm of darts to distance drive
 The Trojan chief, who, held at bay from far,
 On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.

As, when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
 The plowman, passenger, and lab'ring hind
 For shelter to the neighb'ring covert fly,
 Or hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns lie;
 But, that o'erblown, when heav'n above 'em smiles,
 Return to travel, and renew their toils:
 Aeneas thus, o'erwhelmed on ev'ry side,
 The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
 And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threat'ning cried:
 "Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
 In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age,
 Betray'd by pious love?" Nor, thus forborne,
 The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
 Provokes the ling'ring prince, whose patience, tir'd,
 Gave place; and all his breast with fury fir'd.
 For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd shears;
 And lifted high the flaming sword appears,
 Which, full descending with a frightful sway,
 Thro' shield and corslet forc'd th' impetuous way,
 And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.
 The purple streams thro' the thin armor strove,
 And drench'd th' imbroider'd coat his mother wove;
 And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
 Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.
 But when, with blood and paleness all o'erspread,
 The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead,
 He griev'd; he wept; the sight an image brought
 Of his own filial love, a sadly pleasing thought:
 Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said:
 "Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
 To love so great, to such transcendent store
 Of early worth, and sure presage of more?
 Accept whatever Aeneas can afford;
 Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword;
 And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
 Inviolate, and sacred to the slain.
 Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
 To rest thy soul, at least, if shadows know,
 Or have a sense of human things below.
 There to thy fellow ghosts with glory tell:
 "T was by the great Aeneas hand I fell."
 With this, his distant friends he beckons near,
 Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
 Himself assists to lift him from the ground,
 With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out the wound.

833-908 Mezentius hears of the death of his son Lausus, and prepares to give up his own life by confronting Aeneas. In the ensuing contest he is mortally wounded, and meets his death with the dignity of the heroic warrior.

BOOK XI: The Trojans Advance

Summary

1-99 Aeneas dedicates the spoils of Mezentius as a trophy to Mars, and then arranges for the funeral procession to escort Pallas' body back to his father Evander. He speaks to the dead youth in terms of the most extreme sorrow.

100-138 Spokesmen arrive from the Latin camp asking for a truce to bury the dead; A. grants it most willingly. Drances thanks A. and inveighs against Turnus. A 12-day truce is arranged.

139-81 Pallas' funeral procession arrives at Pallanteum; the citizens are deeply grief-stricken and his father Evander, in a speech of lamentation, ends by asking A. to take vengeance on Turnus.

182-224 The Trojans and their allies bury their dead; in another part of the field the Latins do likewise. Resentment against Turnus grows in the Latin capital, but he has strong support too.

225-295 The embassy sent to ask Diomedes for help returns with an unfavorable answer. Diomedes had said that he would not fight against the Trojans again on any account, particularly not against so great a warrior as Aeneas. He advised them to make peace.

296-335 Latinus makes a speech in which he says that the Latin situation is hopeless: he proposes to make peace with the Trojans either by ceding them land or by providing them with ships to find land elsewhere.

336-75 Drances supports Latinus' proposals for peace in a highly rhetorical speech directed against Turnus.

376-444 Turnus in reply angrily reviles Drances with taunts of cowardice; then more calmly he replies to Latinus' proposals, saying that there is no need to despair of their situation. Finally he says that he is ready to face A. in single combat.

445-97 While the debate in the Latin assembly continues A. moves to the attack. Turnus hearing of this gives instructions for action, and fiercely arms himself for battle.

498-531 The warrior-queen [Camilla](#) offers help to Turnus: he gratefully accepts and asks her to engage the enemy cavalry while he lays an ambush for Aeneas and his infantry.

532-96 Diana speaks to her nymph Opis, lamenting the impending fate of Camilla, and telling the story of her escape as a baby and her subsequent devotion to the goddess. She tells Opis to take vengeance on the man who kills Camilla.

597-647 The cavalry battle outside the walls develops on a large scale; first one side prevails and then the other.

648-724 Camilla, like an Amazon warrior-maiden, performs mighty deeds on the battlefield, killing 12 of the enemy.

725-67 Jupiter intervenes to send Tarchon to rally the Etruscan allies of the Trojans. Tarchon upbraids them and leads them into battle, capturing the Latin Venulus. Meanwhile Arruns shadows Camilla, preparing to attack her.

768-835 Camilla's attention is caught by a gorgeously attired Trojan priest, and as she tracks him to capture spoils from him Arruns shoots her. As he runs away Camilla falls dead-- in her last words she sends a message to Turnus telling him to take her place in the battle.

836-915 Opis avenges the death of Camilla by shooting down Arruns. The Latins are driven in flight, and their city is besieged. Turnus is told of Camilla's death, and he abandons his plan for an ambush and returns to the capital. Nightfall ends the battle.

BOOK XII: Turnus Vs. Aeneas

Summary and Excerpt

1-106 In the moment of their defeat Turnus feels the eyes of all the Latins are upon him; he tells King Latinus that he will fight Aeneas in single combat. Latinus tries to dissuade him, but Turnus is all the more fiercely determined. Amata beseeches him not to go, but Turnus replies that he is not free to refuse. He arms himself in rehearsal for the next day's combat.

107-12 Aeneas also prepares for the coming single combat.

113-215 The troops on both sides take up their positions to watch the single combat. Juno tells Juturna that she herself can do no more; if Juturna can do anything, then she has authority from Juno to act. The two parties proceed to the battle area, and oaths are sworn, first by Aeneas, and then by Latinus on behalf of Turnus.

216-310 The Rutulians are uneasy about the single combat, and Juturna, disguised as Camers, intervenes to urge them to break the truce. An omen of an eagle forced by a mass attack of other birds to release a swan is interpreted by Tolumnius to mean that the Rutulians must attack to save Turnus. Fighting breaks out.

311-82 Aeneas attempts to prevent his men from breaking the treaty, but is wounded by an arrow from an unknown source. Thereupon Turnus excitedly leads his men into battle, and the fighting is resumed.

383-440 The wounded Aeneas is helped back to camp. The physician Iapyx cannot remove the arrow-head, but Venus intervenes and with supernatural potions causes the arrow-head to come out and the wound to heal. Aeneas immediately arms for battle.

441-99 The Rutulians are terrified as Aeneas rushes into battle. He pursues Turnus and Turnus only. Juturna intervenes in the guise of Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer, and keeps Turnus away from Aeneas. Messapus attacks Aeneas and realizing that Turnus will not meet him Aeneas begins to attack his enemies indiscriminately.

500-53 In the general battle which ensues both Aeneas and Turnus deal death all around them.

554-92 Venus puts into Aeneas' mind the idea of attacking the Latin capital itself. He urges on his men, and they move in to the attack. There is panic within the city.

593-613 Queen Amata is driven to utter despair by the sight of the Trojans attacking, and blaming herself for the imminent disaster commits suicide by hanging herself.

614-96 Turnus hears the noise of lamentation from the capital; Juturna tries to persuade him to stay away from Aeneas, but he now insists that he must go to face him. News is brought of the siege of the city and the death of Amata. Turnus at first is rooted to the ground, bewildered and confused; then he rushes to the capital and calls on his friends to cease fighting and leave him to single combat with Aeneas.

697-790 Aeneas moves to fight with Turnus and the combat begins. They throw their spears without effect and then join in close combat. Turnus strikes Aeneas with his sword, but it shatters in fragments-- Turnus had in his hurry taken his charioteer's sword by mistake. Aeneas chases Turnus, and as they pass the stump of an oleaster sacred to Faunus Aeneas tries to regain his spear which is sticking in the root. Faunus prevents him from pulling it out, and meanwhile Juturna gives Turnus his own sword. Venus promptly restores Aeneas' spear to him, and they stand again facing each other poised for battle.

791-842 In Olympus Jupiter orders Juno to cease from interference against the Trojans. She yields, but begs that the Latins may keep their language and dress, and not become Trojans; that Rome may be great because of Italian virtues. Jupiter agrees to this, and promises that the Romans will above all other peoples pay worship to Juno.

843-86 Jupiter sends one of the Furies down to the battlefield, in the shape of an owl, in order to terrify Turnus by flitting in front of his face, and to convince Juturna that she must withdraw. Juturna laments her helplessness, and finally leaves the battlefield.

Aeneas Kills Turnus

Now stern Aeneas his weighty spear
 Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
 "What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?
 What empty hopes are harbor'd in his mind?
 'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight;
 Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
 Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
 What skill and courage can attempt in war;
 Wish for the wings of winds, to mount the sky;
 Or hid, within the hollow earth to lie!"
 The champion shook his head, and made this short reply:
 "No threats of thine my manly mind can move;

'Tis hostile heav'n I dread, and partial Jove."
 He said no more, but, with a sigh, repress'd
 The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.
 Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
 An antique stone he saw, the common bound
 Of neighb'ring fields, and barrier of the ground;
 So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
 Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.
 He heav'd it at a lift, and, pois'd on high,
 Ran stagg'ring on against his enemy,
 But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew
 His way, or what unwieldy weight he threw.
 His knocking knees are bent beneath the load,
 And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.
 The stone drops from his arms, and, falling short
 For want of vigor, mocks his vain effort.
 And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,
 The sickly fancy labors in the night;
 We seem to run; and, destitute of force,
 Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
 In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry;
 The nerves, unbrac'd, their usual strength deny;
 And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die:
 So Turnus far'd; whatever means he tried,
 All force of arms and points of art employ'd,
 The Fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavor void.
 A thousand various thoughts his soul confound;
 He star'd about, nor aid nor issue found;
 His own men stop the pass, and his own walls surround.
 Once more he pauses, and looks out again,
 And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.
 Trembling he views the thund'ring chief advance,
 And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:
 Amaz'd he cow'rs beneath his conqu'ring foe,
 Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.
 Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,
 Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.
 The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,
 The destin'd mark; and, rising as he threw,
 With its full swing the fatal weapon flew.
 Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,
 Or stones from batt'ring-engines break the walls:
 Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
 The lance drove on, and bore the death along.
 Naught could his sev'nfold shield the prince avail,
 Nor aught, beneath his arms, the coat of mail:
 It pierc'd thro' all, and with a grisly wound
 Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
 With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:
 Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.
 Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
 With eyes cast upward, and with arms display'd,
 And, recreant, thus to the proud victor pray'd:
 "I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
 Use what the gods and thy good fortune give.
 Yet think, O think, if mercy may be shown-
 Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son-

Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave;
 And for Anchises' sake old Daunus save!
 Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death,
 Give to my friends my body void of breath!
 The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life;
 Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife:
 Against a yielded man, 't is mean ignoble strife."
 In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to stand,
 And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand.
 He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt
 His manly soul with more compassion melt;
 When, casting down a casual glance, he spied
 The golden belt that glitter'd on his side,
 The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus tore
 From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
 Then, rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
 (Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes)
 "Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
 Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
 To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go!
 'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow."
 He rais'd his arm aloft, and, at the word,
 Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.
 The streaming blood distain'd his arms around,
 And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the wound.

THE END



IMAGE 4.3: DEIFICATION OF CAESAR | Woodcut by Virgil Solis depicting Julius Caesar rising to godhood.

Author: Paul Barlow
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METAMORPHOSES

Ovid (43 B.C.E.-17 C.E.)

Published 8 C.E.

Rome

Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, a collection of many Greek and Roman myths, is written by a master poet of the ancient world. From the creation of the world to the apotheosis of Julius Caesar, Ovid traces the course of mythological history, putting together a narrative based on previous written and oral sources. In the *Aeneid* of Virgil, Ovid's older contemporary epic poet, the gods were portrayed as guiding history toward an end goal (the creation of Rome) with foresight and planning. In the *Metamorphoses*, Ovid demonstrates how the traditional stories reveal that there is very little planning in the actions of the gods, who often are motivated by lust or pride. His irreverent view of the world, combined with his previous (sometimes risqué) love poetry, probably led to his exile by Emperor Augustus in the same year that his *Metamorphoses* was published. In the Middle Ages, Ovid's *Metamorphoses* was widely translated, although often with "moralized" notes alongside the text that imposed allegorical interpretations on the stories. For most subsequent authors, the *Metamorphoses* became the source book on Greek and Roman mythology.

Written by Laura J. Getty

METAMORPHOSES

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Ovid, translated by Anthony S. KlinE¹³³

Edited, compiled, and annotated by Rhonda L. Kelley

Book 1

The Primal Chaos

I want to speak about bodies changed into new forms. You, gods, since you are the ones who alter these, and all other things, inspire my attempt, and spin out a continuous thread of words, from the world's first origins to my own time.

Before there was earth or sea or the sky that covers everything, Nature appeared the same throughout the whole world: what we call chaos: a raw confused mass, nothing but inert matter, badly combined discordant atoms of things, confused in the one place. There was no Titan¹³⁴ yet, shining his light on the world, or waxing Phoebe¹³⁵ renewing her white horns, or the earth hovering in surrounding air balanced by her own weight, or watery Amphitrite¹³⁶ stretching out her arms along the vast shores of the world. Though there was land and sea and air, it was unstable land, unswimmable water, air needing light. Nothing retained its shape, one thing obstructed another, because in the one body, cold fought with heat, moist with dry, soft with hard, and weight with weightless things.

Separation of the elements

This conflict was ended by a god and a greater order of nature, since he split off the earth from the sky, and the sea from the land, and divided the transparent heavens from the dense air. When he had disentangled the elements, and freed them from the obscure mass, he fixed them in separate spaces in harmonious peace. The weightless fire, that forms the heavens, darted upwards to make its home in the furthest heights. Next came air in lightness and place. Earth, heavier than either of these, drew down the largest elements, and was compressed by its own weight. The surrounding water took up the last space and enclosed the solid world.

The earth and sea. The five zones.

When whichever god it was had ordered and divided the mass, and collected it into separate parts, he first gathered the earth into a great ball so that it was uniform on all sides. Then he ordered the seas to spread and rise in waves in the flowing winds and pour around the coasts of the encircled land. He added springs and standing pools and lakes, and contained in shelving banks the widely separated rivers, some of which are swallowed by the

133 <http://ovid.lib.virginia.edu/trans/Ovhome.htm#askline>; the footnotes are the editor's unless otherwise indicated; for clarity's sake, all names have been standardized.

134 Sol Invictus, the sun god

135 Moon goddess.

136 A sea-goddess.



IMAGE 4.4: OVIDIUS METAMORPHOSIS | This frontispiece shows a bust of Ovid surrounded by three angelic figures.

Author: User "Thuresson"

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earth itself, others of which reach the sea and entering the expanse of open waters beat against coastlines instead of riverbanks. He ordered the plains to extend, the valleys to subside, leaves to hide the trees, stony mountains to rise: and just as the heavens are divided into two zones to the north and two to the south, with a fifth and hotter between them, so the god carefully marked out the enclosed matter with the same number, and described as many regions on the earth. The equatorial zone is too hot to be habitable; the two poles are covered by deep snow; and he placed two regions between and gave them a temperate climate mixing heat and cold.

The four winds

Air overhangs them, heavier than fire by as much as water's weight is lighter than earth. There he ordered the clouds and vapours to exist, and thunder to shake the minds of human beings, and winds that create lightning-bolts and flashes.

The world's maker did not allow these, either, to possess the air indiscriminately; as it is they are scarcely prevented from tearing the world apart, each with its blasts steering a separate course: like the discord between brothers. Eurus, the east wind, drew back to the realms of Aurora,¹³⁷ to Nabatea, Persia, and the heights under the morning light: Evening, and the coasts that cool in the setting sun, are close to Zephyrus, the west wind. Chill Boreas, the north wind, seized Scythia and the seven stars of the Plough:¹³⁸ while the south wind, Auster, drenches the lands opposite with incessant clouds and rain. Above these he placed the transparent, weightless heavens free of the dross of earth.

Humankind

He had barely separated out everything within fixed limits when the constellations that had been hidden for a long time in dark fog began to blaze out throughout the whole sky. And so that no region might lack its own animate beings, the stars and the forms of gods occupied the floor of heaven, the sea gave a home to the shining fish, earth took the wild animals, and the light air flying things.

As yet there was no animal capable of higher thought that could be ruler of all the rest. Then Humankind was born. Either the creator god, source of a better world, seeded it from the divine, or the newborn earth just drawn from the highest heavens still contained fragments related to the skies, so that Prometheus,¹³⁹ blending them with streams of rain, moulded them into an image of the all-controlling gods. While other animals look downwards at the ground, he gave human beings an upturned aspect, commanding them to look towards the skies, and, upright, raise their face to the stars. So the earth, that had been, a moment ago, uncarved and imageless, changed and assumed the unknown shapes of human beings.

The Golden Age

This was the Golden Age that, without coercion, without laws, spontaneously nurtured the good and the true. There was no fear or punishment: there were no threatening words to be read, fixed in bronze, no crowd of suppliants fearing the judge's face: they lived safely without protection. No pine tree felled in the mountains had yet reached the flowing waves to travel to other lands: human beings only knew their own shores. There were no steep ditches surrounding towns, no straight war-trumpets, no coiled horns, no swords and helmets. Without the use of armies, people passed their lives in gentle peace and security. The earth herself also, freely, without the scars of ploughs, untouched by hoes, produced everything from herself. Contented with food that grew without cultivation, they collected mountain strawberries and the fruit of the strawberry tree, wild cherries, blackberries clinging to the tough brambles, and acorns fallen from Jupiter's spreading oak-tree. Spring was eternal, and gentle breezes caressed with warm air the flowers that grew without being seeded. Then the untilled earth gave of its produce and, without needing renewal, the fields whitened with heavy ears of corn. Sometimes rivers of milk flowed, sometimes streams of nectar, and golden honey trickled from the green holm oak.

The Silver Age

When Saturn¹⁴⁰ was banished to gloomy Tartarus,¹⁴¹ and Jupiter ruled the world, then came the people of the age of silver that is inferior to gold, more valuable than yellow bronze. Jupiter shortened spring's first duration and

137 The dawn.

138 The constellations, Ursa Major and Ursa Minor.

139 "Sometimes included among the seven Titans, [Prometheus] was the wisest of his race and gave human beings the useful arts and sciences. Jupiter first withheld fire and Prometheus stole it from the chariot of the Sun. Jupiter had Prometheus chained to the frozen rock in the Caucasus where a vulture tore at his liver night and day for eternity." (Kline)

140 Jupiter's father; ruler of the Golden Age.

141 The underworld (Roman afterlife).

made the year consist of four seasons, winter, summer, changeable autumn, and brief spring. Then parched air first glowed white scorched with the heat, and ice hung down frozen by the wind. Then houses were first made for shelter: before that homes had been made in caves, and dense thickets, or under branches fastened with bark. Then seeds of corn were first buried in the long furrows, and bullocks groaned, burdened under the yoke.

The Bronze Age

Third came the people of the bronze age, with fiercer natures, readier to indulge in savage warfare, but not yet vicious. The harsh iron age was last. Immediately every kind of wickedness erupted into this age of baser natures: truth, shame and honour vanished; in their place were fraud, deceit, and trickery, violence and pernicious desires. They set sails to the wind, though as yet the seamen had poor knowledge of their use, and the ships' keels that once were trees standing amongst high mountains, now leaped through uncharted waves. The land that was once common to all, as the light of the sun is, and the air, was marked out, to its furthest boundaries, by wary surveyors. Not only did they demand the crops and the food the rich soil owed them, but they entered the bowels of the earth, and excavating brought up the wealth it had concealed in Stygian¹⁴² shade, wealth that incites men to crime. And now harmful iron appeared, and gold more harmful than iron. War came, whose struggles employ both, waving clashing arms with bloodstained hands. They lived on plunder: friend was not safe with friend, relative with relative, kindness was rare between brothers. Husbands longed for the death of their wives, wives for the death of their husbands. Murderous stepmothers mixed deadly aconite, and sons inquired into their father's years before their time. Piety was dead, and virgin Astraea,¹⁴³ last of all the immortals to depart, herself abandoned the blood-drenched earth.

The giants

Rendering the heights of heaven no safer than the earth, they say the giants attempted to take the Celestial kingdom, piling mountains up to the distant stars. Then the all-powerful father of the gods hurled his bolt of lightning, fractured Olympus and threw Mount Pelion down from Ossa below. Her sons' dreadful bodies, buried by that mass, drenched Earth with streams of blood, and they say she warmed it to new life, so that a trace of her children might remain, transforming it into the shape of human beings. But these progeny also despising the gods were savage, violent, and eager for slaughter, so that you might know they were born from blood.

When Saturn's son, the father of the gods, saw this from his highest citadel, he groaned, and recalling the vile feast at Lycaon's table, so recent it was still unknown, his mind filled with a great anger fitting for Jupiter, and he called the gods to council, a summons that brooked no delay.

There is a high track, seen when the sky is clear, called the Milky Way, and known for its brightness. This way the gods pass to the palaces and halls of the mighty Thunderer. To right and left are the houses of the greater gods, doors open and crowded. The lesser gods live elsewhere. Here the powerful and distinguished have made their home. This is the place, if I were to be bold, I would not be afraid to call high heaven's Palatine.¹⁴⁴

Jupiter threatens to destroy humankind

When the gods had taken their seats in the marble council chamber their king, sitting high above them, leaning on his ivory sceptre, shook his formidable mane three times and then a fourth, disturbing the earth, sea and stars. Then he opened his lips in indignation and spoke. 'I was not more troubled than I am now concerning the world's sovereignty than when each of the snake-footed giants prepared to throw his hundred arms around the imprisoned sky. Though they were fierce enemies, still their attack came in one body and from one source. Now I must destroy the human race, wherever Nereus sounds, throughout the world. I swear it by the infernal streams, that glide below the earth through the Stygian groves. All means should first be tried, but the incurable flesh must be excised by the knife, so that the healthy part is not infected. Mine are the demigods, the wild spirits, nymphs, fauns and satyrs,¹⁴⁵ and sylvan¹⁴⁶ deities of the hills. Since we have not yet thought them worth a place in heaven let us at least allow them to live in safety in the lands we have given them. Perhaps you gods believe they will be safe, even when Lycaon,¹⁴⁷ known for his savagery, plays tricks against me, who holds the thunderbolt, and reigns over you.'

142 Of or relating to Styx, a river in Tartarus.

143 Goddess of justice.

144 Jupiter's palace; "The Palatine Hill, one of the seven hills of Rome, the prestigious location where Augustus built his palace, the Palatia." (Kline)

145 Nymphs are beautiful female nature spirits who can be found in or near rivers and the woods. Satyrs and fauns are sexually aggressive male demi-gods who inhabit the woods; they are half-goat and half-man.

146 Of or related to the woods

147 We get the English word "lycanthrope" (werewolf) from "Lycaon."

Lycaon is turned into a wolf

All the gods murmured aloud and, zealously and eagerly, demanded punishment of the man who committed such actions. When the impious band of conspirators¹⁴⁸ were burning to drown the name of Rome in Caesar's blood, the human race was suddenly terrified by fear of just such a disaster, and the whole world shuddered with horror. Your subjects' loyalty is no less pleasing to you, Augustus,¹⁴⁹ than theirs was to Jupiter. After he had checked their murmuring with voice and gesture, they were all silent. When the noise had subsided, quieted by his royal authority, Jupiter again broke the silence with these words: 'Have no fear, he has indeed been punished, but I will tell you his crime, and what the penalty was. News of these evil times had reached my ears. Hoping it false I left Olympus' heights, and travelled the earth, a god in human form. It would take too long to tell what wickedness I found everywhere. Those rumours were even milder than the truth. I had crossed Maenala, those mountains bristling with wild beasts' lairs, Cyllene, and the pinewoods of chill Lycaeus. Then, as the last shadows gave way to night, I entered the inhospitable house of the Arcadian king. I gave them signs that a god had come, and the people began to worship me. At first Lycaon ridiculed their piety, then exclaimed 'I will prove by a straightforward test whether he is a god or a mortal. The truth will not be in doubt.' He planned to destroy me in the depths of sleep, unexpectedly, by night. That is how he resolved to prove the truth. Not satisfied with this he took a hostage sent by the Molossi, opened his throat with a knife, and made some of the still warm limbs tender in seething water, roasting others in the fire. No sooner were these placed on the table than I brought the roof down on the household gods, with my avenging flames, those gods worthy of such a master. He himself ran in terror, and reaching the silent fields howled aloud, frustrated of speech. Foaming at the mouth, and greedy as ever for killing, he turned against the sheep, still delighting in blood. His clothes became bristling hair, his arms became legs. He was a wolf, but kept some vestige of his former shape. There were the same grey hairs, the same violent face, the same glittering eyes, the same savage image. One house has fallen, but others deserve to also. Wherever the earth extends the avenging furies rule. You would think men were sworn to crime! Let them all pay the penalty they deserve, and quickly. That is my intent.'

Jupiter invokes the floodwaters

When he had spoken, some of the gods encouraged Jupiter's anger, shouting their approval of his words, while others consented silently. They were all saddened though at this destruction of the human species, and questioned what the future of the world would be free of humanity. Who would honour their altars with incense? Did he mean to surrender the world to the ravages of wild creatures? In answer the king of the gods calmed their anxiety, the rest would be his concern, and he promised them a people different from the first, of a marvellous creation.

Now he was ready to hurl his lightning-bolts at the whole world but feared that the sacred heavens might burst into flame from the fires below, and burn to the furthest pole: and he remembered that a time was fated to come when sea and land, and the untouched courts of the skies would ignite, and the troubled mass of the world be besieged by fire. So he set aside the weapons the Cyclopes¹⁵⁰ forged, and resolved on a different punishment, to send down rain from the whole sky and drown humanity beneath the waves.

Straight away he shut up the north winds in Aeolus¹⁵¹ caves, with the gales that disperse the gathering clouds, and let loose the south wind, he who flies with dripping wings, his terrible aspect shrouded in pitch-black darkness. His beard is heavy with rain, water streams from his grey hair, mists wreath his forehead, and his feathers and the folds of his robes distil the dew. When he crushes the hanging clouds in his outstretched hand there is a crash, and the dense vapours pour down rain from heaven. Iris, Juno's messenger, dressed in the colours of the rainbow, gathers water and feeds it back to the clouds. The cornfields are flattened and saddening the farmers, the crops, the object of their prayers, are ruined, and the long year's labour wasted.

The Flood

Jupiter's anger is not satisfied with only his own aerial waters: his brother the sea-god helps him, with the ocean waves. He calls the rivers to council, and when they have entered their ruler's house, says 'Now is not the time for long speeches! Exert all your strength. That is what is needed. Throw open your doors, drain the dams, and loose the reins of all your streams!' Those are his commands. The rivers return and uncurb their fountains' mouths, and race an unbridled course to the sea.

Neptune himself strikes the ground with his trident, so that it trembles, and with that blow opens up channels for the waters. Overflowing, the rivers rush across the open plains, sweeping away at the same time not just orchards, flocks, houses and human beings, but sacred temples and their contents. Any building that has stood firm,

148 Brutus and Cassius, who conspired to assassinate Julius Caesar on the Ides of March, 44 B.C.E.

149 Caesar Augustus, adopted son of Julius Caesar, who rallied Rome to his side immediately following the assassination of his father.

150 The cyclopes were one-eyed giants who worked under the black-smith god Vulcan; they forged Jupiter's thunderbolts.

151 God of winds.

surviving the great disaster undamaged, still has its roof drowned by the highest waves, and its towers buried below the flood. And now the land and sea are not distinct, all is the sea, the sea without a shore.

The world is drowned

There one man escapes to a hilltop, while another seated in his rowing boat pulls the oars over places where lately he was ploughing. One man sails over his cornfields or over the roof of his drowned farmhouse, while another man fishes in the topmost branches of an elm. Sometimes, by chance, an anchor embeds itself in a green meadow, or the curved boats graze the tops of vineyards. Where lately lean goats browsed shapeless seals play. The Nereids¹⁵² are astonished to see woodlands, houses and whole towns under the water. There are dolphins in the trees: disturbing the upper branches and stirring the oak-trees as they brush against them. Wolves swim among the sheep, and the waves carry tigers and tawny lions. The boar has no use for his powerful tusks, the deer for its quick legs, both are swept away together, and the circling bird, after a long search for a place to land, falls on tired wings into the water. The sea in unchecked freedom has buried the hills, and fresh waves beat against the mountaintops. The waters wash away most living things, and those the sea spares, lacking food, are defeated by slow starvation.

Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha

Phocis, a fertile country when it was still land, separates Aonia from Oeta, though at that time it was part of the sea, a wide expanse of suddenly created water. There Mount Parnassus lifts its twin steep summits to the stars, its peaks above the clouds. When Deucalion and his wife landed here in their small boat, everywhere else being drowned by the waters, they worshipped the Corycian nymphs, the mountain gods, and the goddess of the oracles, prophetic Themis. No one was more virtuous or fonder of justice than he was, and no woman showed greater reverence for the gods. When Jupiter saw the earth covered with the clear waters, and that only one man was left of all those thousands of men, only one woman left of all those thousands of women, both innocent and both worshippers of the gods, he scattered the clouds and mist, with the north wind, and revealed the heavens to the earth and the earth to the sky. It was no longer an angry sea, since the king of the oceans putting aside his three-pronged spear calmed the waves, and called sea-dark Triton,¹⁵³ showing from the depths his shoulders thick with shells, to blow into his echoing conch and give the rivers and streams the signal to return. He lifted the hollow shell that coils from its base in broad spirals, that shell that filled with his breath in mid-ocean makes the eastern and the western shores sound. So now when it touched the god's mouth, and dripping beard, and sounded out the order for retreat, it was heard by all the waters on earth and in the ocean, and all the waters hearing it were checked. Now the sea has shorelines, the brimming rivers keep to their channels, the floods subside, and hills appear. Earth rises, the soil increasing as the water ebbs, and finally the trees show their naked tops, the slime still clinging to their leaves.

They ask Themis for help

The world was restored. But when Deucalion saw its emptiness, and the deep silence of the desolate lands, he spoke to Pyrrha, through welling tears. 'Wife, cousin, sole surviving woman, joined to me by our shared race, our family origins, then by the marriage bed, and now joined to me in danger, we two are the people of all the countries seen by the setting and the rising sun, the sea took all the rest. Even now our lives are not guaranteed with certainty: the storm clouds still terrify my mind. How would you feel now, poor soul, if the fates had willed you to be saved, but not me? How could you endure your fear alone? Who would comfort your tears? Believe me, dear wife, if the sea had you, I would follow you, and the sea would have me too. If only I, by my father's arts, could recreate earth's peoples, and breathe life into the shaping clay! The human race remains in us. The gods willed it that we are the only examples of mankind left behind.' He spoke and they wept, resolving to appeal to the sky-god, and ask his help by sacred oracles. Immediately they went side by side to the springs of Cephisus that, though still unclear, flowed in its usual course. When they had sprinkled their heads and clothing with its watery libations, they traced their steps to the temple of the sacred goddess, whose pediments were green with disfiguring moss, her altars without fire. When they reached the steps of the sanctuary they fell forward together and lay prone on the ground, and kissing the cold rock with trembling lips, said 'If the gods wills soften, appeased by the prayers of the just, if in this way their anger can be deflected, Themis tell us by what art the damage to our race can be repaired, and bring help, most gentle one, to this drowned world!'

152 Sea nymphs.

153 "The sea and river god, son of Neptune and Amphitrite the Nereid. He is depicted as half man and half fish and the sound of his conch-shell calms the waves." (Kline)

The human race is re-created

The goddess was moved, and uttered oracular speech: 'Leave the temple and with veiled heads and loosened clothes throw behind you the bones of your great mother!' For a long time they stand there, dumbfounded. Pyrrha is first to break the silence: she refuses to obey the goddess' command. Her lips trembling she asks for pardon, fearing to offend her mother's spirit by scattering her bones. Meanwhile they reconsider the dark words the oracle gave, and their uncertain meaning, turning them over and over in their minds. Then Prometheus' son¹⁵⁴ comforted Epimetheus' daughter¹⁵⁵ with quiet words: 'Either this idea is wrong, or, since oracles are godly and never urge evil, our great mother must be the earth: I think the bones she spoke about are stones in the body of the earth. It is these we are told to throw behind us.'

Though the Titan's daughter is stirred by her husband's thoughts, still hope is uncertain: they are both so unsure of the divine promptings; but what harm can it do to try? They descended the steps, covered their heads and loosened their clothes, and threw the stones needed behind them. The stones, and who would believe it if it were not for ancient tradition, began to lose their rigidity and hardness, and after a while softened, and once softened acquired new form. Then after growing, and ripening in nature, a certain likeness to a human shape could be vaguely seen, like marble statues at first inexact and roughly carved. The earthy part, however, wet with moisture, turned to flesh; what was solid and inflexible mutated to bone; the veins stayed veins; and quickly, through the power of the gods, stones the man threw took on the shapes of men, and women were remade from those thrown by the woman. So the toughness of our race, our ability to endure hard labour, and the proof we give of the source from which we are sprung.

Other species are generated

Earth spontaneously created other diverse forms of animal life. After the remaining moisture had warmed in the sun's fire, the wet mud of the marshlands swelled with heat, and the fertile seeds of things, nourished by life-giving soil as if in a mother's womb, grew, and in time acquired a nature. So, when the seven-mouthed Nile retreats from the drowned fields and returns to its former bed, and the fresh mud boils in the sun, farmers find many creatures as they turn the lumps of earth. Amongst them they see some just spawned, on the edge of life, some with incomplete bodies and number of limbs, and often in the same matter one part is alive and the other is raw earth. In fact when heat and moisture are mixed they conceive, and from these two things the whole of life originates. And though fire and water fight each other, heat and moisture create everything, and this discordant union is suitable for growth. So when the earth muddied from the recent flood glowed again heated by the deep heaven-sent light of the sun she produced innumerable species, partly remaking previous forms, partly creating new monsters.

Apollo kills the Python and sees Daphne

Indeed, though she would not have desired to, she then gave birth to you, great Python, covering so great an area of the mountain slopes, a snake not known before, a terror to the new race of men. The archer god, with lethal shafts that he had only used before on fleeing red deer and roe deer, with a thousand arrows, almost emptying his quiver, destroyed the creature, the venom running out from its black wounds. Then he founded the sacred Pythian games,¹⁵⁶ celebrated by contests, named from the serpent he had conquered. There the young winners in boxing, in foot and chariot racing, were honoured with oak wreaths. There was no laurel as yet, so Apollo crowned his temples, his handsome curling hair, with leaves of any tree.

Apollo's first love was Daphne, daughter of Peneus, and not through chance but because of Cupid's fierce anger. Recently the Delian god, exulting at his victory over the serpent, had seen him bending his tightly strung bow and said 'Impudent boy, what are you doing with a man's weapons? That one is suited to my shoulders, since I can hit wild beasts of a certainty, and wound my enemies, and not long ago destroyed with countless arrows the swollen Python that covered many acres with its plague-ridden belly. You should be intent on stirring the concealed fires of love with your burning brand, not laying claim to my glories!' Venus' son replied 'You may hit every other thing Apollo, but my bow will strike you: to the degree that all living creatures are less than gods, by that degree is your glory less than mine.' He spoke, and striking the air fiercely with beating wings, he landed on the shady peak of Parnassus, and took two arrows with opposite effects from his full quiver: one kindles love, the other dispels it. The one that kindles is golden with a sharp glistening point, the one that dispels is blunt with lead beneath its shaft. With the second he transfixed Peneus' daughter, but with the first he wounded Apollo piercing him to the marrow of his bones.

154 Deucalion.

155 Pyrrha.

156 Celebrated at Delphi every four years.

Apollo pursues Daphne

Now the one loved, and the other fled from love's name, taking delight in the depths of the woods, and the skins of the wild beasts she caught, emulating virgin Diana,¹⁵⁷ a careless ribbon holding back her hair. Many courted her, but she, averse to being wooed, free from men and unable to endure them, roamed the pathless woods, careless of Hymen¹⁵⁸ or Amor,¹⁵⁹ or whatever marriage might be. Her father often said 'Girl you owe me a son-in-law', and again often 'Daughter, you owe me grandsons.' But, hating the wedding torch as if it smacked of crime she would blush red with shame all over her beautiful face, and clinging to her father's neck with coaxing arms, she would say 'Dearest father, let me be a virgin forever! Diana's father granted it to her.' He yields to that plea, but your beauty itself, Daphne, prevents your wish, and your loveliness opposes your prayer.

Apollo loves her at first sight, and desires to wed her, and hopes for what he desires, but his own oracular powers fail him. As the light stubble of an empty cornfield blazes; as sparks fire a hedge when a traveller, by mischance, lets them get too close, or forgets them in the morning; so the god was altered by the flames, and all his heart burned, feeding his useless desire with hope. He sees her disordered hair hanging about her neck and sighs 'What if it were properly dressed?' He gazes at her eyes sparkling with the brightness of starlight. He gazes on her lips, where mere gazing does not satisfy. He praises her wrists and hands and fingers, and her arms bare to the shoulder: whatever is hidden, he imagines more beautiful. But she flees swifter than the lightest breath of air, and resists his words calling her back again.

Apollo begs Daphne to yield to him

'Wait nymph, daughter of Peneus, I beg you! I who am chasing you am not your enemy. Nymph, Wait! This is the way a sheep runs from the wolf, a deer from the mountain lion, and a dove with fluttering wings flies from the eagle: everything flies from its foes, but it is love that is driving me to follow you! Pity me! I am afraid you might fall headlong or thorns undeservedly scar your legs and I be a cause of grief to you! These are rough places you run through. Slow down, I ask you, check your flight, and I too will slow. At least enquire whom it is you have charmed. I am no mountain man, no shepherd, no rough guardian of the herds and flocks. Rash girl, you do not know, you cannot realise, who you run from, and so you run. Delphi's lands are mine, Claros and Tenedos, and Patara acknowledges me king. Jupiter is my father. Through me what was, what is, and what will be, are revealed. Through me strings sound in harmony, to song. My aim is certain, but an arrow truer than mine, has wounded my free heart! The whole world calls me the bringer of aid; medicine is my invention; my power is in herbs. But love cannot be healed by any herb, nor can the arts that cure others cure their lord!'

Daphne becomes the laurel bough

He would have said more as timid Daphne ran, still lovely to see, leaving him with his words unfinished. The winds bared her body, the opposing breezes in her way fluttered her clothes, and the light airs threw her streaming hair behind her, her beauty enhanced by flight. But the young god could no longer waste time on further blandishments, urged on by Amor, he ran on at full speed. Like a hound of Gaul starting a hare in an empty field, that heads for its prey, she for safety: he, seeming about to clutch her, thinks now, or now, he has her fast, grazing her heels with his outstretched jaws, while she uncertain whether she is already caught, escaping his bite, spurts from the muzzle touching her. So the virgin and the god: he driven by desire, she by fear. He ran faster, Amor giving him wings, and allowed her no rest, hung on her fleeing shoulders, breathed on the hair flying round her neck. Her strength was gone, she grew pale, overcome by the effort of her rapid flight, and seeing Peneus' waters near cried out 'Help me father! If your streams have divine powers change me, destroy this beauty that pleases too well!' Her prayer was scarcely done when a heavy numbness seized her limbs, thin bark closed over her breast, her hair turned into leaves, her arms into branches, her feet so swift a moment ago stuck fast in slow-growing roots, her face was lost in the canopy. Only her shining beauty was left.

Apollo honours Daphne

Even like this Apollo loved her and, placing his hand against the trunk, he felt her heart still quivering under the new bark. He clasped the branches as if they were parts of human arms, and kissed the wood. But even the wood shrank from his kisses, and the god said 'Since you cannot be my bride, you must be my tree! Laurel, with you my hair will be wreathed, with you my lyre, with you my quiver. You will go with the Roman generals when joyful voices acclaim their triumph, and the Capitol witnesses their long processions. You will stand outside Augustus-

157 Goddess of the hunt, sister of Apollo.

158 God of marriage.

159 God of love, a.k.a. Cupid.

tus' doorposts, a faithful guardian, and keep watch over the crown of oak between them. And just as my head with its uncropped hair is always young, so you also will wear the beauty of undying leaves.' Paeon had done: the laurel bowed her newly made branches, and seemed to shake her leafy crown like a head giving consent.

Inachus mourns for Io

There is a grove in Haemonia, closed in on every side by wooded cliffs. They call it Tempe. Through it the river Peneus rolls, with foaming waters, out of the roots of Pindus, and in its violent fall gathers clouds, driving the smoking mists along, raining down spray onto the tree tops, and deafening remoter places with its roar. Here is the house, the home, the innermost sanctuary of the great river. Seated here, in a rocky cavern, he laid down the law to the waters and the nymphs who lived in his streams. Here the rivers of his own country first met, unsure whether to console with or celebrate Daphne's father: Spercheus among poplars, restless Enipeus, gentle Amphrysus, Aëas and ancient Apidanus; and then later all the others that, whichever way their force carries them, bring down their weary wandering waters to the sea. Only Inachus is missing, but hidden in the deepest cave he swells his stream with tears, and in utter misery laments his lost daughter, Io, not knowing if she is alive or among the shades. Since he cannot find her anywhere, he imagines her nowhere, and his heart fears worse than death.

Jupiter's rape of Io

Jupiter first saw her returning from her father's stream, and said 'Virgin, worthy of Jupiter himself, who will make some unknown man happy when you share his bed, while it is hot and the sun is at the highest point of its arc, find shade in the deep woods! (and he showed her the woods' shade). But if you are afraid to enter the wild beasts' lairs, you can go into the remote woods in safety, protected by a god, and not by any lesser god, but by the one who holds the sceptre of heaven in his mighty hand, and who hurls the flickering bolts of lightning. Do not fly from me!' She was already in flight. She had left behind Lerna's pastures, and the Lyrcean plain's wooded fields, when the god hid the wide earth in a covering of fog, caught the fleeing girl, and raped her.

Jupiter transforms Io to a heifer

Meanwhile Juno looked down into the heart of Argos, surprised that rapid mists had created night in shining daylight. She knew they were not vapours from the river, or breath from the damp earth. She looked around to see where her husband was, knowing by now the intrigues of a spouse so often caught in the act. When she could not find him in the skies, she said 'Either I am wrong, or being wronged' and gliding down from heaven's peak, she stood on earth ordering the clouds to melt. Jupiter had a presage of his wife's arrival and had changed Inachus' daughter into a gleaming heifer. Even in that form she was beautiful. Juno approved the animal's looks, though grudgingly, asking, then, whose she was, where from, what herd, as if she did not know. Jupiter, to stop all inquiry, lied, saying she had been born from the earth. Then Juno claimed her as a gift. What could he do? Cruel to sacrifice his love, but suspicious not to. Shame urges him to it, Amor urges not. Amor would have conquered Shame, but if he refused so slight a gift as a heifer to the companion of his race and bed, it might appear no heifer!

Juno claims Io and Argus guards her

Though her rival was given up the goddess did not abandon her fears at once, cautious of Jupiter and afraid of his trickery, until she had given Io into Argus' keeping, that son of Arestor. Argus had a hundred eyes round his head, that took their rest two at a time in succession while the others kept watch and stayed on guard. Wherever he stood he was looking at Io, and had Io in front of his eyes when his back was turned. He let her graze in the light, but when the sun sank below the earth, he penned her, and fastened a rope round her innocent neck. She grazed on the leaves of trees and bitter herbs. She often lay on the bare ground, and the poor thing drank water from muddy streams. When she wished to stretch her arms out to Argus in supplication, she had no arms to stretch. Trying to complain, a lowing came from her mouth, and she was alarmed and frightened by the sound of her own voice. When she came to Inachus' riverbanks where she often used to play and saw her gaping mouth and her new horns in the water, she grew frightened and fled terrified of herself.

Inachus finds Io and grieves for her

The naiads¹⁶⁰ did not know her: Inachus himself did not know her, but she followed her father, followed her sisters, allowing herself to be petted, and offering herself to be admired. Old Inachus pulled some grasses and held

160 Water nymphs.

them out to her: she licked her father's hand and kissed his palm, could not hold back her tears, and if only words could have come she would have begged for help, telling her name and her distress. With letters drawn in the dust with her hoof, instead of words, she traced the sad story of her changed form. 'Pity me!' said her father Inachus, clinging to the groaning heifer's horns and snow-white neck, 'Pity me!' he sighed; 'Are you really my daughter I searched the wide world for? There was less sadness with you lost than found! Without speech, you do not answer in words to mine, only heave deep sighs from your breast, and all you can do is low in reply to me. Unknowingly I was arranging marriage and a marriage-bed for you, hoping for a son-in-law first and then grandchildren. Now you must find a mate from the herd, and from the herd get you a son. I am not allowed by dying to end such sorrow; it is hard to be a god, the door of death closed to me, my grief goes on immortal forever.' As he mourned, Argus with his star-like eyes drove her to distant pastures, dragging her out of her father's arms. There, sitting at a distance he occupied a high peak of the mountain, where resting he could keep a watch on every side.

Jupiter sends Mercury to kill Argus

Now the king of the gods can no longer stand Io's great sufferings, and he calls his son, born of the shining Pleiad,¹⁶¹ and orders him to kill Argus. Mercury, quickly puts on his winged sandals, takes his sleep-inducing wand in his divine hand, and sets his cap on his head. Dressed like this the son of Jupiter touches down on the earth from his father's stronghold. There he takes off his cap, and doffs his wings, only keeping his wand. Taking this, disguised as a shepherd, he drives she-goats, stolen on the way, through solitary lanes, and plays his reed pipe as he goes. Juno's guard is captivated by this new sound. 'You there, whoever you are' Argus calls 'you could sit here beside me on this rock; there's no better grass elsewhere for your flock, and you can see that the shade is fine for shepherds.'

The descendant of Atlas sits down, and passes the day in conversation, talking of many things, and playing on his reed pipe, trying to conquer those watching eyes. Argus however fights to overcome gentle sleep, and though he allows some of his eyes to close, the rest stay vigilant. He even asks, since the reed pipe has only just been invented, how it was invented.

Mercury tells the story of Syrinx

So the god explained 'On Arcadia's cold mountain slopes among the wood nymphs, the hamadryads, of Mount Nonacris, one was the most celebrated: the nymphs called her Syrinx. She had often escaped from the satyrs chasing her, and from others of the demi-gods that live in shadowy woods and fertile fields. But she followed the worship of the Ortygian goddess in staying virgin. Her dress caught up like Diana she deceives the eye, and could be mistaken for Leto's daughter, except that her bow is of horn, and the other's is of gold. Even so she is deceptive. Pan,¹⁶² whose head is crowned with a wreath of sharp pine shoots, saw her, coming from Mount Lycaeus, and spoke to her: Now Mercury still had to relate what Pan said, and how the nymph, despising his entreaties, ran through the wilds till she came to the calm waters of sandy Ladon; and how when the river stopped her flight she begged her sisters of the stream to change her; and how Pan, when he thought he now had Syrinx, found that instead of the nymph's body he only held reeds from the marsh; and, while he sighed there, the wind in the reeds, moving, gave out a clear, plaintive sound. Charmed by this new art and its sweet tones the god said 'This way of communing with you is still left to me' So unequal lengths of reed, joined together with wax, preserved the girl's name.

About to tell all this, Cyllenian Mercury saw that every eye had succumbed and their light was lost in sleep. Quickly he stops speaking and deepens their rest, caressing those drowsy eyes with touches of his magic wand. Then straightaway he strikes the nodding head, where it joins the neck, with his curved sword, and sends it bloody down the rocks, staining the steep cliff. Argus, you are overthrown, the light of your many eyes is extinguished, and one dark sleeps under so many eyelids.

Io is returned to human form

Juno took his eyes and set them into the feathers of her own bird, and filled the tail with star-like jewels. Immediately she blazed with anger, and did not hold back from its consequences. She set a terrifying Fury¹⁶³ in front of the eyes and mind of that 'slut' from the Argolis, buried a tormenting restlessness in her breast, and drove her as a fugitive through the world. You, Nile, put an end to her immeasurable suffering. When she reached you, she fell forward onto her knees on the riverbank and turning back her long neck with her face upwards, in the only way she could, looked to the sky, and with groans and tears and sad lowing seemed to reproach Jupiter and beg him to end

161 One of the Seven Stars (The constellation Pleiades).

162 Nature god; protector of shepherds; half-goat, half-man.

163 The Furies were the goddesses of revenge.

her troubles. Jupiter threw his arms round his wife's neck and pleaded for an end to vengeance, saying 'Do not fear, in future she will never be a source of pain' and he called the Stygian waters¹⁶⁴ to witness his words.

As the goddess grows calmer, Io regains her previous appearance, and becomes what she once was. The rough hair leaves her body, the horns disappear, the great eyes grow smaller, the gaping mouth shrinks, the shoulders and hands return, and the hooves vanish, each hoof changing back into five nails. Nothing of the heifer is left except her whiteness. Able to stand on two feet she raises herself erect and fearing to speak in case she lows like a heifer, timidly attempts long neglected words.

Phaethon's parentage

Now she is worshipped as a greatly honoured goddess by crowds of linen clad acolytes.¹⁶⁵ In due time she bore a son, Epaphus,¹⁶⁶ who shared the cities' temples with his mother, and was believed to have been conceived from mighty Jupiter's seed. He had a friend, Phaethon, child of the Sun, equal to him in spirit and years, who once boasted proudly that Phoebus¹⁶⁷ was his father, and refused to concede the claim, which Inachus' grandson could not accept. 'You are mad to believe all your mother says, and you have an inflated image of your father.' Phaethon reddened but, from shame, repressed his anger, and went to his mother Clymene with Epaphus' reproof. 'To sadden you more, mother, I the free, proud, spirit was silent! I am ashamed that such a reproach can be spoken and not answered. But if I am born at all of divine stock, give me some proof of my high birth, and let me claim my divinity!' So saying he flung his arms round his mother's neck, entreating her, by his own and her husband Merops' life, and by his sisters' marriages, to reveal to him some true sign of his parentage.

Phaethon sets out for the Palace of the Sun

Clymene, moved perhaps by Phaethon's entreaties or more by anger at the words spoken, stretched both arms out to the sky and looking up at the sun's glow said 'By that brightness marked out by glittering rays, that sees us and hears us, I swear to you, my son, that you are the child of the Sun; of that being you see; you are the child of he who governs the world; if I lie, may he himself decline to look on me again, and may this be the last light to reach our eyes! It is no great effort for you yourself to find your father's house. The place he rises from is near our land. If you have it in mind to do so, go and ask the sun himself!' Immediately Phaethon, delighted at his mother's words, imagining the heavens in his mind, darts off and crosses Ethiopia his people's land, then India, land of those bathed in radiant fire, and with energy reaches the East.

Book 2

The Palace of the Sun

The palace of the Sun towered up with raised columns, bright with glittering gold, and gleaming bronze like fire. Shining ivory crowned the roofs, and the twin doors radiated light from polished silver. The work of art¹⁶⁸ was finer than the material: on the doors Mulciber¹⁶⁹ had engraved the waters that surround the earth's centre, the earthly globe, and the overarching sky. The dark blue sea contains the gods, melodious Triton, shifting Proteus,¹⁷⁰ Aegaeon¹⁷¹ crushing two huge whales together, his arms across their backs, and Doris with her daughters, some seen swimming, some sitting on rocks drying their sea-green hair, some riding the backs of fish. They are neither all alike, nor all different, just as sisters should be. The land shows men and towns, woods and creatures, rivers and nymphs and other rural gods. Above them was an image of the glowing sky, with six signs of the zodiac on the right hand door and the same number on the left.

As soon as Clymene's son had climbed the steep path there, and entered the house of this parent of whose relationship to him he was uncertain, he immediately made his way into his father's presence, but stopped some way off, unable to bear his light too close. Wearing a purple robe, Phoebus sat on a throne shining with bright emeralds. To right and left stood the Day, Month, and Year, the Century and the equally spaced Hours. Young Spring stood there circled with a crown of flowers, naked Summer wore a garland of ears of corn, Autumn was stained by the trodden grapes, and icy Winter had white, bristling hair.

164 The gods swore by the River Styx when making unbreakable oaths.
 165 Io became the Egyptian goddess Isis, inventor of writing, goddess of love.
 166 As the son of Io/Isis, Epaphus would be the equivalent of the Egyptian god Horus.
 167 In Roman mythology Phoebus is Apollo; however, Ovid seems to treat them as separate deities.
 168 Ekphrasis, the description of a visual work of art, is used frequently by Ovid.
 169 Vulcan.
 170 A sea god who could shape-sift.
 171 Possibly, Hercules.

Phaethon and his father

The Sun,¹⁷² seated in the middle of them, looked at the boy, who was fearful of the strangeness of it all, with eyes that see everything, and said 'What reason brings you here? What do you look for on these heights, Phaethon, son that no father need deny?' Phaethon replied 'Universal light of the great world, Phoebus, father, if you let me use that name, if Clymene is not hiding some fault behind false pretence, give me proof father, so they will believe I am your true offspring, and take away this uncertainty from my mind!' He spoke, and his father removed the crown of glittering rays from his head and ordered him to come nearer. Embracing him, he said 'It is not to be denied you are worthy to be mine, and Clymene has told you the truth of your birth. So that you can banish doubt, ask for any favour, so that I can grant it to you. May the Stygian lake, that my eyes have never seen, by which the gods swear, witness my promise.' Hardly had he settled back properly in his seat when the boy asked for his father's chariot and the right to control his wing-footed horses for a day.

The Sun's admonitions

His father regretted his oath. Three times, and then a fourth, shaking his bright head, he said 'Your words show mine were rash; if only it were right to retract my promise! I confess my boy I would only refuse you this one thing. It is right to dissuade you. What you want is unsafe. Phaethon you ask too great a favour, and one that is unfitting for your strength and boyish years. Your fate is mortal: it is not mortal what you ask. Unknowingly you aspire to more than the gods can share. Though each deity can please themselves, within what is allowed, no one except myself has the power to occupy the chariot of fire. Even the lord of mighty Olympus, who hurls terrifying lightning-bolts from his right hand, cannot drive this team, and who is greater than Jupiter?'

His further warnings

'The first part of the track is steep, and one that my fresh horses at dawn can hardly climb. In mid-heaven it is highest, where to look down on earth and sea often alarms even me, and makes my heart tremble with awesome fear. The last part of the track is downwards and needs sure control. Then even Tethys¹⁷³ herself, who receives me in her submissive waves, is accustomed to fear that I might dive headlong. Moreover the rushing sky is constantly turning, and drags along the remote stars, and whirls them in rapid orbits. I move the opposite way, and its momentum does not overcome me as it does all other things, and I ride contrary to its swift rotation. Suppose you are given the chariot. What will you do? Will you be able to counter the turning poles so that the swiftness of the skies does not carry you away? Perhaps you conceive in imagination that there are groves there and cities of the gods and temples with rich gifts. The way runs through ambush, and apparitions of wild beasts! Even if you keep your course, and do not steer awry, you must still avoid the horns of Taurus the Bull, Sagittarius the Haemonian Archer, raging Leo and the Lion's jaw, Scorpio's cruel pincers sweeping out to encircle you from one side, and Cancer's crab-claws reaching out from the other. You will not easily rule those proud horses, breathing out through mouth and nostrils the fires burning in their chests. They scarcely tolerate my control when their fierce spirits are hot, and their necks resist the reins. Beware my boy, that I am not the source of a gift fatal to you, while something can still be done to set right your request!'

Phaethon insists on driving the chariot

'No doubt, since you ask for a certain sign to give you confidence in being born of my blood, I give you that sure sign by fearing for you, and show myself a father by fatherly anxiety. Look at me. If only you could look into my heart, and see a father's concern from within! Finally, look around you, at the riches the world holds, and ask for anything from all of the good things in earth, sea, and sky. I can refuse you nothing. Only this one thing I take exception to, which would truly be a punishment and not an honour. Phaethon, you ask for punishment as your reward! Why do you unknowingly throw your coaxing arms around my neck? Have no doubt! Whatever you ask will be given, I have sworn it by the Stygian streams, but make a wiser choice!'

The warning ended, but Phaethon still rejected his words, and pressed his purpose, blazing with desire to drive the chariot. So, as he had the right, his father led the youth to the high chariot, Vulcan's work. It had an axle of gold, and a gold chariot pole, wheels with golden rims, and circles of silver spokes. Along the yoke chrysolites and gemstones, set in order, glowed with brilliance reflecting Phoebus' own light.

The Sun's instructions

Now while brave Phaethon is gazing in wonder at the workmanship, see, Aurora, awake in the glowing east,

172 Phoebus.

173 Sea goddess.

opens wide her bright doors, and her rose-filled courts. The stars, whose ranks are shepherded by Lucifer the morning star,¹⁷⁴ vanish, and he, last of all, leaves his station in the sky.

When Titan saw his setting, as the earth and skies were reddening, and just as the crescent of the vanishing moon faded, he ordered the swift Hours to yoke his horses. The goddesses quickly obeyed his command, and led the team, sated with ambrosial food and breathing fire, out of the tall stables, and put on their ringing harness. Then the father rubbed his son's face with a sacred ointment, and made it proof against consuming flames, and placed his rays amongst his hair, and foreseeing tragedy, and fetching up sighs from his troubled heart, said 'If you can at least obey your father's promptings, spare the whip, boy, and rein them in more strongly! They run swiftly of their own accord. It is a hard task to check their eagerness. And do not please yourself, taking a path straight through the five zones of heaven! The track runs obliquely in a wide curve, and bounded by the three central regions, avoids the southern pole and the Arctic north. This is your road, you will clearly see my wheel-marks, and so that heaven and earth receive equal warmth, do not sink down too far or heave the chariot into the upper air! Too high and you will scorch the roof of heaven: too low, the earth. The middle way is safest.

'Nor must you swerve too far right towards writhing [Dragon], nor lead your wheels too far left towards sunken [Altar].¹⁷⁵ Hold your way between them! I leave the rest to Fortune, I pray she helps you, and takes better care of you than you do yourself. While I have been speaking, dewy night has touched her limit on Hesperus¹⁷⁶ far western shore. We have no time for freedom! We are needed: Aurora, the dawn, shines, and the shadows are gone. Seize the reins in your hand, or if your mind can be changed, take my counsel, do not take my horses! While you can, while you still stand on solid ground, before unknowingly you take to the chariot you have unluckily chosen, let me light the world, while you watch in safety!

The Horses run wild

The boy has already taken possession of the fleet chariot, and stands proudly, and joyfully, takes the light reins in his hands, and thanks his unwilling father.

Meanwhile the sun's swift horses, Pyrois, Eoüs, Aethon, and the fourth, Phlegon, fill the air with fiery whinnying, and strike the bars with their hooves. When Tethys, ignorant of her grandson's fate, pushed back the gate, and gave them access to the wide heavens, rushing out, they tore through the mists in the way with their hooves and, lifted by their wings, overtook the East winds rising from the same region. But the weight was lighter than the horses of the Sun could feel, and the yoke was free of its accustomed load. Just as curved-sided boats rock in the waves without their proper ballast, and being too light are unstable at sea, so the chariot, free of its usual burden, leaps in the air and rushes into the heights as though it were empty.

As soon as they feel this the team of four run wild and leave the beaten track, no longer running in their pre-ordained course. He was terrified, unable to handle the reins entrusted to him, not knowing where the track was, nor, if he had known, how to control the team. Then for the first time the chill stars of the Great and Little Bears, grew hot, and tried in vain to douse themselves in forbidden waters. And the Dragon, Draco, that is nearest to the frozen pole, never formidable before and sluggish with the cold, now glowed with heat, and took to seething with new fury. They say that you Bootës also fled in confusion, slow as you are and hampered by the Plough.

Phaethon lets go of the reins

When the unlucky Phaethon looked down from the heights of the sky at the earth far, far below he grew pale and his knees quaked with sudden fear, and his eyes were robbed of shadow by the excess light. Now he would rather he had never touched his father's horses, and regrets knowing his true parentage and possessing what he asked for. Now he wants only to be called Merops' son, as he is driven along like a ship in a northern gale, whose master lets go the ropes, and leaves her to prayer and the gods. What can he do? Much of the sky is now behind his back, but more is before his eyes. Measuring both in his mind, he looks ahead to the west he is not fated to reach and at times back to the east. Dazed he is ignorant how to act, and can neither grasp the reins nor has the power to loose them, nor can he change course by calling the horses by name. Also, alarmed, he sees the marvellous forms of huge creatures everywhere in the glowing sky. There is a place where Scorpio bends his pincers in twin arcs, and, with his tail and his curving arms stretched out to both sides, spreads his body and limbs over two star signs. When the boy saw this monster drenched with black and poisonous venom threatening to wound him with its arched sting, robbed of his wits by chilling horror, he dropped the reins.

174 The planet Venus (as seen in the morning, hence "the morning star").

175 The Dragon (Anguis) and the Altar (Ara) are constellations.

176 The evening star or planet Venus in the evening (half-brother of Lucifer).

The mountains burn

When the horses feel the reins lying across their backs, after he has thrown them down, they veer off course and run unchecked through unknown regions of the air. Wherever their momentum takes them there they run, lawlessly, striking against the fixed stars in deep space and hurrying the chariot along remote tracks. Now they climb to the heights of heaven, now rush headlong down its precipitous slope, sweeping a course nearer to the earth. The Moon, amazed, sees her brother's horses running below her own, and the boiling clouds smoke. The earth bursts into flame, in the highest regions first, opens in deep fissures and all its moisture dries up. The meadows turn white, the trees are consumed with all their leaves, and the scorched corn makes its own destruction. But I am bemoaning the lesser things. Great cities are destroyed with all their walls, and the flames reduce whole nations with all their peoples to ashes. The woodlands burn, with the hills. Mount Athos is on fire, Cilician Taurus, Tmolus, Oete and Ida, dry now once covered with fountains, and Helicon home of the Muses, and Haemus not yet linked with King Oeagrius' name. Etna blazes with immense redoubled flames, the twin peaks of Parnassus, Eryx, Cynthus, Othrys, Rhodope fated at last to lose its snow, Mimas and Dindyma, Mycale and Cithaeron, ancient in rites. Its chilly climate cannot save Scythia. The Caucasus burn, and Ossa along with Pindus, and Olympos greater than either, and the lofty Alps and cloud-capped Apennines.

The rivers are dried up

Then, truly, Phaethon sees the whole earth on fire. He cannot bear the violent heat, and he breathes the air as if from a deep furnace. He feels his chariot glowing white. He can no longer stand the ash and sparks flung out, and is enveloped in dense, hot smoke. He does not know where he is, or where he is going, swept along by the will of the winged horses.

It was then, so they believe, that the Ethiopians acquired their dark colour, since the blood was drawn to the surface of their bodies. Then Libya became a desert, the heat drying up her moisture. Then the nymphs with dishevelled hair wept bitterly for their lakes and fountains. Boeotia searches for Dirce's rills, Argos for Amydone's fountain, Corinth for the Pirenian spring. Nor are the rivers safe because of their wide banks. The Don turns to steam in mid-water, and old Peneus, and Mysian Caicus and swift-flowing Ismenus, Arcadian Erymanthus, Xanthus destined to burn again, golden Lycormas and Maeander playing in its watery curves, Thracian Melas and Laconian Eurotas. Babylonian Euphrates burns. Orontes burns and quick Thermodon, Ganges, Phasis, and Danube. Alpheus boils. Spercheos' banks are on fire. The gold that the River Tagus carries is molten with the fires, and the swans for whose singing Maeonia's riverbanks are famous, are scorched in Caÿster's midst. The Nile fled in terror to the ends of the earth, and hid its head that remains hidden. Its seven mouths are empty and dust-filled, seven channels without a stream.

The same fate parches the Thracian rivers, Hebrus and Strymon, and the western rivers, Rhine, Rhone, Po and the Tiber who had been promised universal power. Everywhere the ground breaks apart, light penetrates through the cracks down into Tartarus, and terrifies the king of the underworld and his queen. The sea contracts and what was a moment ago wide sea is a parched expanse of sand. Mountains emerge from the water, and add to the scattered Cyclades. The fish dive deep, and the dolphins no longer dare to rise arcing above the water, as they have done, into the air. The lifeless bodies of seals float face upwards on the deep. They even say that Nereus himself, and Doris and her daughters drifted through warm caves.¹⁷⁷ Three times Neptune tried to lift his fierce face and arms above the waters. Three times he could not endure the burning air.

Earth complains

Nevertheless, kindly Earth, surrounded as she was by sea, between the open waters and the dwindling streams that had buried themselves in their mother's dark womb, lifted her smothered face. Putting her hand to her brow, and shaking everything with her mighty tremors, she sank back a little lower than she used to be, and spoke in a faint voice 'If this pleases you, if I have deserved it, O king of the gods, why delay your lightning bolts? If it is right for me to die through the power of fire, let me die by your fire and let the doer of it lessen the pain of the deed! I can hardly open my lips to say these words' (the heat was choking her). Look at my scorched hair and the ashes in my eyes, the ashes over my face! Is this the honour and reward you give me for my fruitfulness and service, for carrying wounds from the curved plough and the hoe, for being worked throughout the year, providing herbage and tender grazing for the flocks, produce for the human race and incense to minister to you gods?

Even if you find me deserving of ruin, what have the waves done, why does your brother deserve this? Why are the waters that were his share by lot diminished and so much further from the sky? If neither regard for me or for your brother moves you pity at least your own heavens! Look around you on either side: both the poles are steam-

177 Nereus and his wife Doris are sea gods and parents to the Nereids (sea nymphs).

ing! If the fire should melt them, your own palace will fall! Atlas himself is suffering, and can barely hold up the white-hot sky on his shoulders! If the sea and the land and the kingdom of the heavens are destroyed, we are lost in ancient chaos! Save whatever is left from the flames, and think of our common interest!

Jupiter intervenes and Phaethon dies

So the Earth spoke, and unable to tolerate the heat any longer or speak any further, she withdrew her face into her depths closer to the caverns of the dead. But the all-powerful father of the gods climbs to the highest summit of heaven, from where he spreads his clouds over the wide earth, from where he moves the thunder and hurls his quivering lightning bolts, calling on the gods, especially on him who had handed over the sun chariot, to witness that, unless he himself helps, the whole world will be overtaken by a ruinous fate. Now he has no clouds to cover the earth, or rain to shower from the sky. He thundered, and balancing a lightning bolt in his right hand threw it from eye-level at the charioteer, removing him, at the same moment, from the chariot and from life, extinguishing fire with fierce fire. Thrown into confusion the horses, lurching in different directions, wrench their necks from the yoke and throw off the broken harness. Here the reins lie, there the axle torn from the pole, there the spokes of shattered wheels, and the fragments of the wrecked chariot are flung far and wide.

But Phaethon, flames ravaging his glowing hair, is hurled headlong, leaving a long trail in the air, as sometimes a star does in the clear sky, appearing to fall although it does not fall. Far from his own country, in a distant part of the world, the river god Eridanus takes him from the air, and bathes his smoke-blackened face. There the Italian nymphs consign his body, still smoking from that triple-forked flame, to the earth, and they also carve a verse in the rock:

HERE PHAETHON LIES WHO THE SUN'S JOURNEY MADE
DARED ALL THOUGH HE BY WEAKNESS WAS BETRAYED

Phaethon's sisters grieve for him

Now the father, pitiful, ill with grief, hid his face, and, if we can believe it, a whole day went by without the sun. But the fires gave light, so there was something beneficial amongst all that evil. But Clymene, having uttered whatever can be uttered at such misfortune, grieving and frantic and tearing her breast, wandered over the whole earth first looking for her son's limbs, and then failing that his bones. She found his bones already buried however, beside the riverbank in a foreign country. Falling to the ground she bathed with tears the name she could read on the cold stone and warmed it against her naked breast. The Heliads, her daughters and the Sun's, cry no less, and offer their empty tribute of tears to the dead, and, beating their breasts with their hands, they call for their brother night and day, and lie down on his tomb, though he cannot hear their pitiful sighs.

The sisters turned into poplar trees

Four times the moon had joined her crescent horns to form her bright disc. They by habit, since use creates habit, devoted themselves to mourning. Then Phaethusa, the eldest sister, when she tried to throw herself to the ground, complained that her ankles had stiffened, and when radiant Lampetia tried to come near her she was suddenly rooted to the spot. A third sister attempting to tear at her hair pulled out leaves. One cried out in pain that her legs were sheathed in wood, another that her arms had become long branches. While they wondered at this, bark closed round their thighs and by degrees over their waists, breasts, shoulders, and hands, and all that was left free were their mouths calling for their mother. What can their mother do but go here and there as the impulse takes her, pressing her lips to theirs where she can? It is no good. She tries to pull the bark from their bodies and break off new branches with her hands, but drops of blood are left behind like wounds. 'Stop, mother, please' cries out whichever one she hurts, 'Please stop: It is my body in the tree you are tearing. Now, farewell.' and the bark closed over her with her last words. Their tears still flow, and hardened by the sun, fall as amber from the virgin branches, to be taken by the bright river and sent onwards to adorn Roman brides.

Cycnus

Cycnus,¹⁷⁸ the son of Sthenelus witnessed this marvel, who though he was kin to you Phaethon, through his mother, was closer still in love. Now, though he had ruled the people and great cities of Liguria, he left his kingdom, and filled Eridanus' green banks and streams, and the woods the sisters had become part of, with his grief. As he did so his voice vanished and white feathers hid his hair, his long neck stretched out from his body, his reddened fingers became webbed, wings covered his sides, and a rounded beak his mouth. So Cycnus became a new kind of bird, the

178 This is an etiological tale (an origin story); "Cycnus" is Latin for "swan."

swan. But he had no faith in Jupiter and the heavens, remembering the lightning bolt the god in his severity had hurled. He looked for standing water, and open lakes hating fire, choosing to live in floods rather than flames.

The Sun returns to his task

Meanwhile Phaethon's father, mourning and without his accustomed brightness, as if in eclipse, hated the light, himself and the day. He gave his mind over to grief, and to grief added his anger, and refused to provide his service to the earth. 'Enough' he says 'since the beginning my task has given me no rest and I am weary of work without end and labour without honour! Whoever chooses to can steer the chariot of light! If no one does, and all the gods acknowledge they cannot, let Jupiter himself do it, so that for a while at least, while he tries to take the reins, he must put aside the lightning bolts that leave fathers bereft! Then he will know when he has tried the strength of those horses, with hooves of fire, that the one who failed to rule them well did not deserve to be killed.'

All the gods gather round Sol,¹⁷⁹ as he talks like this, and beg him not to shroud everything with darkness. Jupiter himself tries to excuse the fire he hurled, adding threats to his entreaties as kings do. Then Phoebus rounds up his horses, maddened and still trembling with terror, and in pain lashes out at them with goad and whip (really lashes out) reproaching them and blaming them for his son's death.

Jupiter sees Callisto

Now the all-powerful father of the gods circuits the vast walls of heaven and examines them to check if anything has been loosened by the violent fires. When he sees they are as solid and robust as ever he inspects the earth and the works of humankind. Arcadia above all is his greatest care. He restores her fountains and streams, that are still hardly daring to flow, gives grass to the bare earth, leaves to the trees, and makes the scorched forests grow green again.

Often, as he came and went, he would stop short at the sight of a girl from Nonacris, feeling the fire take in the very marrow of his bones. She was not one to spin soft wool or play with her hair. A clasp fastened her tunic, and a white ribbon held back her loose tresses. Dressed like this, with a spear or a bow in her hand, she was one of Diana's¹⁸⁰ companions. No nymph who roamed Maenalus was dearer to Trivia,¹⁸¹ goddess of the crossways, than she, Callisto, was. But no favour lasts long.

Jupiter rapes Callisto

The sun was high, just past the zenith, when she entered a grove that had been untouched through the years. Here she took her quiver from her shoulder, unstrung her curved bow, and lay down on the grass, her head resting on her painted quiver. Jupiter, seeing her there weary and unprotected, said 'Here, surely, my wife will not see my cunning, or if she does find out it is, oh it is, worth a quarrel! Quickly he took on the face and dress of Diana, and said 'Oh, girl who follows me, where in my domains have you been hunting?'

The virgin girl got up from the turf replying 'Greetings, goddess greater than Jupiter: I say it even though he himself hears it.' He did hear, and laughed, happy to be judged greater than himself, and gave her kisses unrestrainedly, and not those that virgins give. When she started to say which woods she had hunted he embraced and prevented her and not without committing a crime. Face to face with him, as far as a woman could, (I wish you had seen her Juno: you would have been kinder to her) she fought him, but how could a girl win, and who is more powerful than Jove? Victorious, Jupiter made for the furthest reaches of the sky: while to Callisto the grove was odious and the wood seemed knowing. As she retraced her steps she almost forgot her quiver and its arrows, and the bow she had left hanging.

Diana discovers Callisto's shame

Behold how Diana, with her band of huntresses, approaching from the heights of Maenalus, magnificent from the kill, spies her there, and seeing her calls out. At the shout she runs, afraid at first in case it is Jupiter disguised, but when she sees the other nymphs come forward she realises there is no trickery and joins their number. Alas! How hard it is not to show one's guilt in one's face! She can scarcely lift her eyes from the ground, not as she used to be, wedded to her goddess' side or first of the whole company, but is silent and by her blushing shows signs of her shame at being attacked. Even if she were not herself virgin, Diana could sense her guilt in a thousand ways. They say all the nymphs could feel it.

Nine crescent moons had since grown full when the goddess faint from the chase in her brother's hot sunlight found a cool grove out of which a murmuring stream ran, winding over fine sand. She loved the place and tested

179 Sol Invictus, a.k.a Phoebus. Again, Ovid indicates that he considers Phoebus the Sun god to be a deity separate from Apollo.

180 Virgin goddess of the hunt, twin sister of Apollo; her followers were also virgin huntresses.

181 Equivalent of the Greek Hecate, goddess of witchcraft and crossroads.

the water with her foot. Pleased with this too she said 'Any witness is far away, let's bathe our bodies naked in the flowing water.' The Arcadian girl blushed: all of them took off their clothes: one of them tried to delay: hesitantly the tunic was removed and there her shame was revealed with her naked body. Terrified she tried to conceal her swollen belly. Diana cried 'Go, far away from here: do not pollute the sacred fountain!' and the Moon-goddess commanded her to leave her band of followers.

Callisto turned into a bear

The great Thunderer's wife had known about all this for a long time and had held back her severe punishment until the proper time. Now there was no reason to wait. The girl had given birth to a boy, Arcas, and that in itself enraged Juno. When she turned her angry eyes and mind to thought of him she cried out 'Nothing more was needed, you adulteress, than your fertility, and your marking the insult to me by giving birth, making public my Jupiter's crime. You'll not carry this off safely. Now, insolent girl, I will take that shape away from you, that pleased you and my husband so much!' At this she clutched her in front by the hair of her forehead and pulled her face forwards onto the ground. Callisto stretched out her arms for mercy: those arms began to bristle with coarse black hairs: her hands arched over and changed into curved claws to serve as feet: and her face, that Jupiter had once praised, was disfigured by gaping jaws: and so that her prayers and words of entreaty might not attract him her power of speech was taken from her. An angry, threatening growl, harsh and terrifying, came from her throat. Still her former feelings remained intact though she was now a bear. She showed her misery in continual groaning, raising such hands as she had left to the starry sky, feeling, though she could not speak it, Jupiter's indifference. Ah, how often she wandered near the house and fields that had once been her home, not daring to sleep in the lonely woods! Ah, how often she was driven among the rocks by the baying hounds, and the huntress fled in fear from the hunters! Often she hid at the sight of wild beasts forgetting what she was, and though a bear she shuddered at the sight of other bears on the mountains and feared the wolves though her father Lycaon¹⁸² ran with them.

Arcas and Callisto become constellations

And now Arcas, grandson of Lycaon, had reached his fifteenth year ignorant of his parentage. While he was hunting wild animals, while he was finding suitable glades and penning up the Erymanthian groves with woven nets, he came across his mother, who stood still at sight of Arcas and appeared to know him. He shrank back from those unmoving eyes gazing at him so fixedly, uncertain what made him afraid, and when she quickly came nearer he was about to pierce her chest with his lethal spear. All-powerful Jupiter restrained him and in the same moment removed them and the possibility of that wrong, and together, caught up through the void on the winds, he set them in the heavens and made them similar constellations, the Great and Little Bear.

Juno complains to Tethys and Oceanus

Juno was angered when she saw his innamorato shining among the stars, and went down into the waters to white-haired Tethys and old Oceanus to whom the gods often make reverence. When they asked her the reason for her visit she began 'You ask me why I, the queen of the gods, have left my home in the heavens to be here? Another has taken my place in the sky! I tell a lie, if you do not see, when night falls and the world darkens, newly exalted stars to wound me, set in the sky, where the remotest and shortest orbit circles the uttermost pole. Why should anyone wish to avoid wounding Juno or dread my enmity if I only benefit those I harm? Oh what a great achievement! Oh what marvellous powers I have! I stopped her being human and she becomes a goddess! This is the punishment I inflict on the guilty! This is my wonderful sovereignty! Let him take away her animal form and restore her former beauty as he did before with that Argive girl, Io. Why not divorce Juno, install her in my place, and let Lycaon be his father-in-law? If this contemptible insult to your foster-child moves you, shut out the seven stars of the Bear from your dark blue waters, repulse this constellation set in the heavens as a reward for her defilement, and do not let my rival dip in your pure flood!

The Raven and the Crow

The gods of the sea nodded their consent. Then Juno, in her light chariot drawn by painted peacocks, drove up through the clear air. These peacocks had only recently been painted, when Argus was killed, at the same time that your wings, Corvus, croaking Raven, were suddenly changed to black, though they were white before. He was once a bird with silver-white plumage, equal to the spotless doves, not inferior to the geese, those saviours of the Capitol with their watchful cries, or the swan, the lover of rivers. His speech condemned him. Because of his ready speech he, who was once snow white, was now white's opposite.

182 The Arcadian king turned into a wolf by Jupiter in Book I.

Coronis of Larissa was the loveliest girl in all Thessaly. Certainly she pleased you, god of Delphi.¹⁸³ Well, as long as she was faithful, or not caught out. But that bird of Apollo discovered her adultery and, merciless informer, flew straight to his master to reveal the secret crime. The garrulous Crow followed with flapping wings, wanting to know everything, but when he heard the reason, he said 'This journey will do you no good: don't ignore my prophecy! See what I was, see what I am, and search out the justice in it. Truth was my downfall.

Once upon a time Pallas¹⁸⁴ hid a child, Erichthonius, born without a human mother, in a box made of [Athenian] osiers.¹⁸⁵ She gave this to the three virgin daughters of two-natured Cecrops,¹⁸⁶ who was part human part serpent, and ordered them not to pry into its secret. Hidden in the light leaves that grew thickly over an elm-tree I set out to watch what they might do. Two of the girls, Pandrosus and Herse, obeyed without cheating, but the third Aglauros called her sisters cowards and undid the knots with her hand, and inside they found a baby boy with a snake stretched out next to him. That act I betrayed to the goddess. And this is the reward I got for it, no longer consecrated to Minerva's protection, and ranked below the Owl, that night-bird! My punishment should be a warning to all birds not to take risks by speaking out.

The Crow's story

And just think, not only had I not asked for her favour, she had sought me out, of her own accord! – Ask Pallas herself: though she is angry, she will not deny it even in anger. The famous Coroneus was my father, in the land of Phocis (it is said to be well known) and I was a royal virgin and wealthy princes courted me (so do not disparage me). But my beauty hurt me. Once when I was walking slowly as I used to do along the crest of the sands by the shore the sea-god saw me and grew hot. When his flattering words and entreaties proved a waste of time, he tried force, and chased after me. I ran, leaving the solid shore behind, tiring myself out uselessly in the soft sand. Then I called out to gods and men. No mortal heard my voice, but the virgin goddess feels pity for a virgin and she helped me. I was stretching out my arms to the sky: those arms began to darken with soft plumage. I tried to lift my cloak from my shoulders but it had turned to feathers with roots deep in my skin. I tried to beat my naked breast with my hands but found I had neither hands nor naked breast.

I ran, and now the sand did not clog my feet as before but I lifted from the ground, and soon sailed high into the air. So I became an innocent servant of Minerva. But what use was that to me if Nyctimene, who was turned into an Owl for her dreadful sins, has usurped my place of honour? Or have you not heard the story all Lesbos knows well, how Nyctimene desecrated her father's bed? Though she is now a bird she is conscious of guilt at her crime and flees from human sight and the light, and hides her shame in darkness, and is driven from the whole sky by all the birds.'

Coronis is betrayed and Phoebus kills her

To all this, the Raven replied 'I pray any evil be on your own head. I spurn empty prophecies' and, completing the journey he had started, he told his master he had seen Coronis lying beside a Thessalian youth. The laurel fell from the lover's head on hearing of the charge, his expression and colour and the tone of his lyre changed, and his mind boiled with growing anger. He seized his usual weapons, strung his bow bending it by the tips, and, with his unerring arrow, pierced the breast that had so often been close to his own. She groaned at the wound, and as the arrow was drawn out her white limbs were drenched with scarlet blood and she cried out, 'Oh Phoebus, it was in your power to have punished me, but to have let me give birth first: now two will die in one.' She spoke, and then her life flowed out with her blood. A deathly cold stole over her body, emptied of being.

Phoebus repents and saves Aesculapius

Alas! Too late the lover repents of his cruel act, and hates himself for listening to the tale that has so angered him. He hates the bird that has compelled him to know of the fault that brought him pain. He hates the bow, his hand, and the hastily fired arrow as well as that hand. He cradles the fallen girl and attempts to overcome fate with his healing powers. It is too late, and he tries his arts in vain. Later, when all efforts had failed, seeing the funeral pyre prepared to consume her body, then indeed the god groaned from the depths of his heart (since the faces of the heavenly gods cannot be touched by tears), groans no different from those of a young bullock, seeing the hammer poised at the slaughterer's right ear, crash down on the hollow forehead of a suckling calf.

Even though she cannot know of it, the god pours fragrant incense over her breast, and embraces her body, and unjustly, performs the just rites. He could not let a child of Phoebus be destroyed in the same ruin, and he tore his son, Aesculapius, from its mother's womb and from the flames, and carried him to the cave of Chiron the Centaur,

183 Apollo.

184 Minerva; equivalent to the Greek Athena.

185 Willow branches.

186 Founder of Athens.

who was half man and half horse. But he stopped the Raven, who had hoped for a reward for telling the truth, from living among the white birds.

Chiron and Chariclo's prophecies

The semi-human was pleased with this foster-child of divine origin, glad at the honour it brought him, when his daughter suddenly appeared, her shoulders covered with her long red hair, whom the nymph Chariclo called Ocyrhoë, having given birth to her on the banks of that swift stream. She was not content merely to have learned her father's arts, she also chanted the secrets of the Fates.

So when she felt the prophetic frenzy in her mind, and was on fire with the god enclosed in her breast, she looked at the infant boy and cried out 'Grow and thrive, child, healer of all the world! Human beings will often be in your debt, and you will have the right to restore the dead. But if ever it is done regardless of the god's displeasure you will be stopped, by the flame of your grandfather's lightning bolt, from doing so again. From a god you will turn to a bloodless corpse, and then to a god who was a corpse, and so twice renew your fate.

You also, dear father, now immortal, and created by the law of your birth to live on through all the ages, will long for death, when you are tormented by the terrible venom of the Serpent, Hydra, absorbed through your wounded limbs. But at last the gods will give you the power to die, and the Three Goddesses will sever the thread.' Other prophecies remained to tell: but she sighed deeply, distressed by the tears welling from her eyes, and cried 'The Fates prevent me, and forbid me further speech. My throat is constricted. These arts are not worth the cost if they incur the gods' anger against me. Better not to know the future! Now I see my human shape being taken away, now grass contents me for food, now my impulse is to race over the wide fields. I am changing to a mare, the form of my kindred. But why am I completely so? Surely my father is still half human.' Even as she spoke, the last part of her complaint was hard to understand and her words were troubled. Soon they seemed neither words nor a horse's neighs, but the imitation of a horse. In a little while she gave out clear whinnying noises, and her arms moved in the grass. Then her fingers came together and one thin solid hoof of horn joined her five fingernails. Her head and the length of her neck extended, the greater part of her long gown became a tail, and the loose hair thrown over her neck hung down as a mane on her right shoulder. Now she was altered in both voice and features, and from this marvelous happening she gained a new name.

Mercury, Battus and the stolen cattle

The demi-god, son of Philyra,¹⁸⁷ wept, and called to you for help in vain, O lord of Delphi. You could not re-call mighty Jupiter's command, and, if you had been able to, you were not there. You lived in Elis and the Messenian lands. That was the time when you wore a shepherd's cloak, carried a wooden crook in your left hand, and in the other a pipe of seven disparate reeds. And while your thoughts were of love, while you played sweetly on your pipe, your cattle, unguarded, strayed, it is said, into the Pylian fields. There, Mercury Atlantiades, son of Maia, saw them and by his arts drove them into the woods and hid them there. Nobody saw the theft except one old man, well known in that country, whom they called Battus. He served as guardian of a herd of pedigree mares, for a rich man Neleus, in the rich meadows and woodland pastures. Mercury found him and drawing him away with coaxing hand said 'Whoever you are, friend, if anyone asks if you have seen any of these cattle, say no, and so that the favour is not unrewarded, you can take a shining heifer for your prize!' and he handed it over.

The fellow accepted it and replied 'Go on, you are safe. That stone would betray you quicker than I' and he even pointed out a stone. Jupiter's son pretended to go, but soon returned in another form and voice, saying 'Countryman, if you have seen any cattle going this way, help me, and don't be silent, they were stolen! I'll give you a reward of a bull and its heifer.' The old man, hearing the prize doubled said 'They were at the foot of the mountain, and at the foot of the mountain is where they are.' Atlantiades laughed. 'Would you betray me to myself, you rascal? Betray me to myself? And he turned that deceitful body to solid flint, that even now is called 'touchstone', the 'informer', and unjustly the old disgrace clings to the stone.

Mercury sees Herse

The god with the caduceus lifted upwards on his paired wings and as he flew looked down on the Munychian fields, the land that Minerva loves, and on the groves of the cultured Lyceum. That day happened to be a festival of Pallas, when, by tradition, innocent girls carried the sacred mysteries to her temple, in flower-wreathed baskets, on their heads. The winged god saw them returning and flew towards them, not directly but in a curving flight, as a swift kite, spying out the sacrificial entrails, wheels above, still fearful of the priests crowding round the victim, but afraid to fly further off, circling eagerly on tilted wings over its hoped-for prey. So agile Mercury slanted in flight

187 Chiron.

over the Athenian hill, spiraling on the same winds. As Lucifer shines more brightly than the other stars, and golden Phoebe¹⁸⁸ outshines Lucifer, so Herse was pre-eminent among the virgin girls, the glory of that procession of her comrades. Jupiter's son was astonished at her beauty, and, even though he hung in the air, he was inflamed. Just as when a lead shot is flung from a Balearic sling it flies on and becomes red hot, discovering heat in the clouds it did not have before. He altered course, leaving the sky, and heading towards earth, without disguising himself, he was so confident of his own looks. Nevertheless, even though it is so, he takes care to enhance them. He smooths his hair, and arranges his robe to hang neatly so that the golden hem will show, and has his polished wand, that induces or drives away sleep, in his right hand, and his winged sandals gleaming on his trim feet.

Mercury elicits the help of Aglauros

There were three rooms deep inside the house, decorated with tortoiseshell and ivory. Pandrosus had the right hand room, Aglauros the left, and Herse the room between. She of the left hand room first saw the god's approach and dared to ask his name and the reason for his visit. The grandson of Atlas and Pleione replied 'I am the one who carries my father's messages through the air. My father is Jupiter himself. I won't hide the reason. Only be loyal to your sister and consent to be called my child's aunt. Herse is the reason I am here. I beg you to help a lover.' Aglauros looked at him with the same rapacious eyes with which she had lately looked into golden Minerva's hidden secret, and she demanded a heavy weight of gold for her services. Meanwhile she compelled him to leave the house.

Minerva calls on Envy

Now the warrior goddess turned angry eyes on her, and in her emotion drew breath from deep inside so that both her strong breast and the aegis that covered her breast shook with it. She remembered that this girl had revealed her secret with profane hands, when, breaking her command, she had seen Erichthonius, son of Vulcan, the Lemnian, the child born without a mother. Now the girl would be dear to the god, and to her own sister, and rich with the gold she acquired, demanded by her greed. Straightaway the goddess made for Envy's house that is filthy with dark decay. Her cave was hidden deep among valleys, sunless and inaccessible to the winds, a melancholy place and filled with a numbing cold. Fire is always absent, and fog always fills it.

When the feared war goddess came there, she stood outside the cave, since she had no right to enter the place, and struck the doors with the butt of her spear. With the blow they flew open. Envy could be seen, eating vipers' meat that fed her venom, and at the sight the goddess averted her eyes. But the other got up slowly from the ground, leaving the half-eaten snake flesh, and came forward with sluggish steps. When she saw the goddess dressed in her armour and her beauty, she moaned and frowned as she sighed. Pallor spreads over her face, and all her body shrivels.

Her sight is skewed, her teeth are livid with decay, her breast is green with bile, and her tongue is suffused with venom. She only smiles at the sight of suffering. She never sleeps, excited by watchful cares. She finds men's successes disagreeable, and pines away at the sight. She gnaws and being gnawed is also her own punishment. Though she hated her so, nevertheless Tritonia¹⁸⁹ spoke briefly to her. 'Poison one of Cecrops' daughters with your venom. That is the task. Aglauros is the one.' Without more words she fled and with a thrust of her spear sprang from the earth.

Envy poisons Aglauros' heart

Envy, squinting at her as she flees, gives out low mutterings, sorry to think of Minerva's coming success. She takes her staff bound with strands of briar, and sets out, shrouded in gloomy clouds. Wherever she passes she tramples the flower-filled fields, withers the grass, blasts the highest treetops and poisons homes, cities and peoples with her breath. At last she sees Athens, Tritonia's city, flourishing with arts and riches and leisured peace. She can hardly hold back her tears because she sees nothing tearful. But after entering the chamber of Cecrops' daughter, she carried out her command and touched her breast with a hand tinted with darkness and filled her heart with sharp thorns. Then she breathed poisonous, destructive breath into her and spread black venom through her bones and the inside of her lungs. And so that the cause for pain might never be far away she placed Aglauros' sister before her eyes, in imagination, her sister's fortunate marriage, and the beauty of the god, magnifying it all.

Cecrops' daughter, tormented by this, is eaten by secret agony, and troubled by night and troubled by light, she moans and wastes away in slow, wretched decay, like ice eroded by the fitful sun.

Aglauros is turned to stone

Often she longed to die so that she need not look on, often to tell her stern father of it as a crime. Finally she sat down at her sister's threshold to oppose the god's entrance when he came. When he threw compliments, prayers

188 The moon.

189 Minerva.

and gentlest words at her, she said 'Stop now, since I won't go from here until I have driven you away.' 'We'll hold to that contract' Cyllenius quickly replied, and he opened the door with a touch of his heavenly wand. At this the girl tried to rise, but found her limbs, bent from sitting, unable to move from dull heaviness. When she tried to lift her body, her knees were rigid, cold sank through her to her fingernails, and her arteries grew pale with loss of blood.

As an untreatable cancer slowly spreads more widely bringing disease to still undamaged parts so a lethal chill gradually filled her breast sealing the vital paths and airways. She no longer tried to speak, and if she had tried, her voice had no means of exit. Already stone had gripped her neck, her features hardened, and she sat there, a bloodless statue. Nor was she white stone: her mind had stained it.

Jupiter's abduction of Europa

When Mercury had inflicted this punishment on the girl for her impious words and thoughts, he left Pallas' land behind and flew to the heavens on outstretched wings. There his father calls him aside, and without revealing love as the reason, says 'Son, faithful worker of my commands, go, quickly in your usual way, fly down to where, in an eastern land, they observe your mother's star, among the Pleiades, (the inhabitants give it the name of Sidon). There drive the herd of royal cattle, that you will see some distance off, grazing the mountain grass, towards the sea shore!' He spoke, and immediately, as he commanded, the cattle, driven from the mountain, headed for the shore, where the great king's daughter, Europa, used to play together with the Tyrian virgins. Royalty and love do not sit well together, nor stay long in the same house. So the father and ruler of the gods, who is armed with the three-forked lightning in his right hand, whose nod shakes the world, setting aside his royal sceptre, took on the shape of a bull, lowed among the other cattle, and, beautiful to look at, wandered in the tender grass.

In colour he was white as the snow that rough feet have not trampled and the rain-filled south wind has not melted. The muscles rounded out his neck, the dewlaps hung down in front, the horns were twisted, but one might argue they were made by hand, purer and brighter than pearl. His forehead was not fearful, his eyes were not formidable, and his expression was peaceful. Agenor's daughter marvelled at how beautiful he was and how unthreatening. But though he seemed so gentle she was afraid at first to touch him. Soon she drew close and held flowers out to his glistening mouth. The lover was joyful and while he waited for his hoped-for pleasure he kissed her hands. He could scarcely separate then from now. At one moment he frolics and runs riot in the grass, at another he lies down, white as snow on the yellow sands. When her fear has gradually lessened he offers his chest now for virgin hands to pat and now his horns to twine with fresh wreaths of flowers. The royal virgin even dares to sit on the bull's back, not realising whom she presses on, while the god, first from dry land and then from the shoreline, gradually slips his deceitful hooves into the waves. Then he goes further out and carries his prize over the mid-surface of the sea. She is terrified and looks back at the abandoned shore she has been stolen from and her right hand grips a horn, the other his back, her clothes fluttering, winding, behind her in the breeze.

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Appendix

URL LINKS FOR ORIGINAL TEXTS:

The Aeneid

<http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/228/pg228.txt>

The Analects

<http://sacred-texts.com/cfu/>

Apology of Socrates

<http://faculty.sgc.edu/rkelley/the%20Apology%20of%20Socrates.pdf>

The Art of War

<http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/132/pg132.txt>

The Bhagavad Gita

<http://www.sacred-texts.com/hin/gita/agsgita.htm>

The Book of Songs

<http://oll.libertyfund.org/titles/2109>

The Epic of Gilgamesh

<http://www.sacred-texts.com/ane/eog/eog03.htm>

The King James Bible

<http://quod.lib.umich.edu/k/kjv/browse.html>

<http://www.sacred-texts.com/bib/asv/index.htm>

The Iliad

<http://faculty.sgc.edu/rkelley/The%20Iliad%20Of%20Homer.pdf>

The Mahabharata

<http://www.sacred-texts.com/hin/maha/index.htm>

Medea

<http://faculty.sgc.edu/rkelley/Medea.pdf>

The Metamorphoses

<http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus:text:1999.02.0028>

The Mother of Mencius

<http://oll.libertyfund.org/titles/2269>

The Odyssey

<https://ebooks.adelaide.edu.au/h/homer/h8o/>

Oedipus

<https://archive.org/details/Sophocles-OedipusTyrannus>

The Ramayana

<https://archive.org/details/The.Ramayana.of.Valmiki.by.Hari.Prasad.Shastr>

The Zhuangzi

<http://ctext.org/zhuangzi>

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Image 1.3 Eanna District of Uruk

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Image 1.4 Anu District of Uruk

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Image 1.5 Uruk in 2008

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Image 1.6 Mesopotamia in 2nd Millennium BC

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Image 3.1 Wood Carving of a Scene from the Mahabharata

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Image 3.2 The Battle of Kurukshetra

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Image 3.3 Fight with Ghatotkacha

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Image 3.4 Cloth Printed with Human Figures from the Ramayana Epic

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Image 3.5 Jor Bangla Temple (Ramayana Motifs)

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Image 3.6 Battle Scene in a City

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Image 4.1 Augustus

<http://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/imgsrv/download/pdf?id=osu.32435020155099;orient=0;size=175;seq=6;attachment=0>

Image 4.2 Mural in Pompeii

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Image 4.5 Apollo and Daphne

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Image 4.4 Ovidius Metamorphosis

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