

**FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD. BATTLE
OF THE FROGS AND MICE. HYMN
TO THE DELIAN APOLLO.
BACCHUS, OR THE ROVERS.
SECOND BOOK OF THE ILIAD**

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First Book of the Iliad. Battle of the Frogs and Mice. Hymn to the Delian Apollo. Bacchus, or the Rovers. Second Book of the Iliad by Homer & William John Blew

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HOMER & WILLIAM JOHN BLEW

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TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER

BY

WILLIAM JOHN BLEW, B.A.

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THERE IS NO POETRY BUT HOMER'S ILIADS.

MUSE'S LOOKING-GLASS.

FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

SING, Maid of Heaven! Achilles' wrath, the fount
Of woe to Greece, and sufferings past account,
That wrath which downward swept¹ to Death's² strong
hold

The warrior-spirits of her brave and bold,
Leaving their limbs unsepulchred and bare,
For dogs to rend, and every fowl of air³—
Doom'd from that hour when first, in maddening mood,
Uprose reviling and asunder stood⁴

The King of men, and Peleus' heavenly son :—
Thus willed high Jove, and thus his will was done.

Who then the god that fired them till they strove?—
What power? the son of Leto and of Jove.—
Wroth with their sovereign he, thro' each thinned rank,
Pour'd a loathed plague : in death the people sank⁵.
For their proud king on Chryses' hallowed head
Heaped foul dishonour, when the priest had sped
To the swift war-ships of the Greeks, to free
His daughter from her lone captivity;
Boundless the gifts he bare, and in his hand
Apollo's chaplets and his golden wand ;

To all he breath'd his suppliant prayer, but most
To Atreus' sons⁶—twain captains of the host.

“ Princes and mailed warriors! may the powers,
Who dwell for aye in yon Olympian bowers,
Accord ye Priam's rampired town to sack,
And tend your navy on its homeward track,
—Yield but my child, this rich requital take,
And dread the Jove-born Archer's wrath to wake.”
Then rose glad shouts from all the host of Greece⁷,
The priest to homage, and the maid release,—
All save the king: he bids the seer avaunt,
With rude dismissal and unholy taunt.

“ Hence,—Grey-beard! what 'mid guarded fleets
dost, thou ?

Hence—no return—away—nor tarry now,—
Lest, should I light upon thy form again,
Vain were that want, thy god's own chaplets vain:
But, mark me, ne'er will I the slave unthrall,
Ere in fair Argos, in my kingly hall,—
Far from her father and dear father-land,—
Wrecked be her bloom by Time's invading hand,
Drudge of the loom—weak handmaid of my will:—
Hence then, nor chafe me, lest thou perish still.”

Trembling the old man heard his stern command,
Then slow-departing pac'd the trending strand
In silent agony,—while from the sea
Roll'd in the tumbling billows lustily;
Then, a far distance gain'd, he pour'd his prayer
To him, the king, whom bright-tress'd Leto bare.

" Hear me, O thou, with bow of silver bright,
 Thou who dost compass Chrysa in thy might,
 Lord of bright Tenedos and Cilla fair,
 O hear me Smintheus, hear thy servant's prayer!
 If e'er these hands have garlanded thy fane,
 If at thine altar-stone the victims slain,
 And burn'd the steaming thighs to thee, O king,
 Of bulls and goats a rich meat-offering,—
 Grant this my prayer,—beneath thy shafts of dread,
 Let Greece weep blood for all the tears I shed⁹".

He prayed, the godhead heard his suppliant cry,
 Wrath waxed his soul, and from the heavens on high
 Apollo came;—across his shoulder slung,
 His bow of strength and close-wrought quiver hung,
 In wrath he sped, while ever and anon
 Knell'd his keen shafts, he came like midnight on¹⁰,
 Then sat aloof: fast forth the arrows sprang,
 And the bright bow with death triumphant rang.
 First on the mules the slaughtering shower fell fast,
 Next on the hounds,—on man's doomed race the last;
 On man was lanc'd the withering bolt amain,
 And quenchless death-pyres lit the midnight plain.
 Nine days swept onward thro' that host forlorn
 The god's swift shafts, but on the tenth bright morn,
 By Peleus' son convok'd, to council press'd
 The banded Greeks,—'twas Juno's high behest.
 For mark'd had she, in all the gall of grief,
 Her Danaans fall, and fall without relief.
 Then, the wide synod met, and hushed the crowd,
 Uprising, thus Achilles spake aloud.