

The Odyssey by Homer

Book 1 (translated text)

[1] Tell me, O Muse, of the man of many devices, who wandered full many ways after he had sacked the sacred citadel of Troy. Many were the men whose cities he saw and whose mind he learned, aye, and many the woes he suffered in his heart upon the sea, seeking to win his own life and the return of his comrades. Yet even so he saved not his comrades, though he desired it sore, for through their own blind folly they perished—fools, who devoured the kine of Helios Hyperion; but he took from them the day of their returning. Of these things, goddess, daughter of Zeus, beginning where thou wilt, tell thou even unto us.

[11] Now all the rest, as many as had escaped sheer destruction, were at home, safe from both war and sea, but Odysseus alone, filled with longing for his return and for his wife, did the queenly nymph Calypso, that bright goddess, keep back in her hollow caves, yearning that he should be her husband. But when, as the seasons revolved, the year came in which the gods had ordained that he should return home to Ithaca, not even there was he free from toils, even among his own folk. And all the gods pitied him save Poseidon; but he continued to rage unceasingly against godlike Odysseus until at length he reached his own land. Howbeit Poseidon had gone among the far-off Ethiopians—the Ethiopians who dwell sundered in twain, the farthestmost of men, some where Hyperion sets and some where he rises, there to receive a hecatomb of bulls and rams, and there he was taking his joy, sitting at the feast; but the other gods were gathered together in the halls of Olympian Zeus.

[28] Among them the father of gods and men was first to speak, for in his heart he thought of noble Aegisthus, whom far-famed Orestes, Agamemnon's son, had slain. Thinking on him he spoke among the immortals, and said: "Look you now, how ready mortals are to blame the gods. It is from us, they say, that evils come, but they even of themselves, through their own blind folly, have sorrows beyond that which is ordained. Even as now Aegisthus, beyond that which was ordained, took to himself the wedded wife of the son of Atreus, and slew him on his return, though well he knew of sheer destruction, seeing that we spake to him before, sending Hermes, the keen-sighted Argeiphontes, that he should neither slay the man nor woo his wife; for from Orestes shall come vengeance for the son of Atreus when once he has come to manhood and longs for his own land. So Hermes spoke, but for all his good intent he prevailed not upon the heart of Aegisthus; and now he has paid the full price of all."

[44] Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, answered him: "Father of us all, thou son of Cronos, high above all lords, aye, verily that man lies low in a destruction that is his due; so, too, may any other also be destroyed who does such deeds. But my heart is torn for wise Odysseus, hapless man, who far from his friends has long been suffering woes in a sea-girt isle, where is the navel of the sea. 'Tis a wooded isle, and therein dwells a goddess, daughter of Atlas of baneful mind, who knows the depths of every sea, and himself holds the tall pillars which keep earth and heaven apart. His daughter it is that keeps back that wretched, sorrowing man; and ever with soft and wheedling words she beguiles him that he may forget Ithaca. But Odysseus, in his longing to see were it but the smoke leaping up from his own land, yearns to die. Yet thy heart doth not regard it, Olympian. Did not Odysseus beside the ships of the Argives offer thee sacrifice without stint in the broad land of Troy? Wherefore then didst thou conceive such wrath against him, O Zeus?"

[63] Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered her and said: "My child, what a word has escaped the barrier of thy teeth? How should I, then, forget godlike Odysseus, who is beyond all mortals in wisdom, and beyond all has paid sacrifice to the immortal gods, who hold broad heaven? Nay, it is Poseidon, the earth-enfolder, who is ever filled with stubborn wrath because of the Cyclops, whom Odysseus blinded of his eye—even the godlike Polyphemus, whose might is greatest among all the

Cyclopes; and the nymph Thoosa bore him, daughter of Phorcys who rules over the unresting sea; for in the hollow caves she lay with Poseidon. From that time forth Poseidon, the earth-shaker, does not indeed slay Odysseus, but makes him a wanderer from his native land. But come, let us who are here all take thought of his return, that he may come home; and Poseidon will let go his anger, for he will in no wise be able, against all the immortal gods and in their despite, to contend alone.”

The Blinding of Polyphemus

[80] Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, answered him: “Father of us all, thou son of Cronos, high above all lords, if indeed this is now well pleasing to the blessed gods, that the wise Odysseus should return to his own home, let us send forth Hermes, the messenger, Argeiphontes, to the isle Ogygia, that with all speed he may declare to the fair-tressed nymph our fixed resolve, even the return of Odysseus of the steadfast heart, that he may come home. But, as for me, I will go to Ithaca, that I may the more arouse his son, and set courage in his heart to call to an assembly the long-haired Achaeans, and speak out his word to all the wooers, who are ever slaying his thronging sheep and his sleek kine of shambling gait. And I will guide him to Sparta and to sandy Pylos, to seek tidings of the return of his dear father, if haply he may hear of it, that good report may be his among men.”

[96] So she spoke, and bound beneath her feet her beautiful sandals, immortal, golden, which were wont to bear her both over the waters of the sea and over the boundless land swift as the blasts of the wind. And she took her mighty spear, tipped with sharp bronze, heavy and huge and strong, wherewith she vanquishes the ranks of men—of warriors, with whom she is wroth, she, the daughter of the mighty sire. Then she went darting down from the heights of Olympus, and took her stand in the land of Ithaca at the outer gate of Odysseus, on the threshold of the court. In her hand she held the spear of bronze, and she was in the likeness of a stranger, Mentos, the leader of the Taphians. There she found the proud wooers. They were taking their pleasure at draughts in front of the doors, sitting on the hides of oxen which they themselves had slain; and of the heralds and busy squires, some were mixing wine and water for them in bowls, others again were washing the tables with porous sponges and setting them forth, while still others were portioning out meats in abundance. Her the godlike Telemachus was far the first to see, for he was sitting among the wooers, sad at heart, seeing in thought his noble father, should he perchance come from somewhere and make a scattering of the wooers in the palace, and himself win honor and rule over his own house. As he thought of these things, sitting among the wooers, he beheld Athena, and he went straight to the outer door; for in his heart he counted it shame that a stranger should stand long at the gates. So, drawing near, he clasped her right hand, and took from her the spear of bronze; and he spoke, and addressed her with winged words: “Hail, stranger; in our house thou shalt find entertainment and then, when thou hast tasted food, thou shalt tell of what thou hast need.”

[125] So saying, he led the way, and Pallas Athena followed. And when they were within the lofty house, he bore the spear and set it against a tall pillar in a polished spear-rack, where were set many spears besides, even those of Odysseus of the steadfast heart. Athena herself he led and seated on a chair, spreading a linen cloth beneath—a beautiful chair, richly-wrought, and below was a footstool for the feet. Beside it he placed for himself an inlaid seat, apart from the others, the wooers, lest the stranger, vexed by their din, should loathe the meal, seeing that he was in the company of overweening men; and also that he might ask him about his father that was gone. Then a handmaid brought water for the hands in a fair pitcher of gold, and poured it over a silver basin for them to wash, and beside them drew up a polished table. And the grave housewife brought and set before them bread, and therewith dainties in abundance, giving freely of her store. And a carver lifted up and placed before them platters of all manner of meats, and set by them golden goblets, while a herald ever walked to and fro pouring them wine. Then in came the proud wooers, and thereafter sat them down in rows on chairs and high

seats. Heralds poured water over their hands, and maid-servants heaped by them bread in baskets, and youths filled the bowls brim full of drink; and they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. Now after the wooers had put from them the desire of food and drink, their hearts turned to other things, to song and to dance; for these things are the crown of a feast. And a herald put the beautiful lyre in the hands of Phemius, who sang perforce among the wooers; and he struck the chords in prelude to his sweet lay.

[156] But Telemachus spoke to flashing-eyed Athena, holding his head close, that the others might not hear: "Dear stranger, wilt thou be wroth with me for the word that I shall say? These men care for things like these, the lyre and song, full easily, seeing that without atonement they devour the livelihood of another, of a man whose white bones, it may be, rot in the rain as they lie upon the mainland, or the wave rolls them in the sea. Were they to see him returned to Ithaca, they would all pray to be swifter of foot, rather than richer in gold and in raiment. But now he has thus perished by an evil doom, nor for us is there any comfort, no, not though any one of men upon the earth should say that he will come; gone is the day of his returning. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly. Who art thou among men, and from whence? Where is thy city and where thy parents? On what manner of ship didst thou come, and how did sailors bring thee to Ithaca? Who did they declare themselves to be? For nowise, methinks, didst thou come hither on foot. And tell me this also truly, that I may know full well, whether this is thy first coming hither, or whether thou art indeed a friend of my father's house. For many were the men who came to our house as strangers, since he, too, had gone to and fro among men."

The Goddess
Pallas Athena

[178] Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, answered him: "Therefore of a truth will I frankly tell thee all. I declare that I am Mentos, the son of wise Anchialus, and I am lord over the oar-loving Taphians. And now have I put in here, as thou seest, with ship and crew, while sailing over the wine-dark sea to men of strange speech, on my way to Temese for copper; and I bear with me shining iron. My ship lies yonder beside the fields away from the city, in the harbor of Rheithron, under woody Neion. Friends of one another do we declare ourselves to be, even as our fathers were, friends from of old. Nay, if thou wilt, go and ask the old warrior Laertes, who, they say, comes no more to the city, but afar in the fields suffers woes attended by an aged woman as his handmaid, who sets before him food and drink, after weariness has laid hold of his limbs, as he creeps along the slope of his vineyard plot.

[194] "And now am I come, for of a truth men said that he, thy father, was among his people; but lo, the gods are thwarting him of his return. For not yet has goodly Odysseus perished on the earth, but still, I ween, he lives and is held back on the broad sea in a sea-girt isle, and cruel men keep him, a savage folk, that constrain him, haply sore against his will. Nay, I will now prophesy to thee, as the immortals put it in my heart, and as I think it shall be brought to pass, though I am in no wise a soothsayer, nor one versed in the signs of birds. Not much longer shall he be absent from his dear native land, no, not though bonds of iron hold him. He will contrive a way to return, for he is a man of many devices. But come, tell me this and declare it truly, whether indeed, tall as thou art, thou art the son of Odysseus himself. Wondrously like his are thy head and beautiful eyes; for full often did we consort with one another before he embarked for the land of Troy, whither others, too, the bravest of the Argives, went in their hollow ships. But since that day neither have I seen Odysseus, nor he me."

[213] Then wise Telemachus answered her: "Therefore of a truth, stranger, will I frankly tell thee all. My mother says that I am his child; but I know not, for never yet did any man of himself know his own parentage. Ah, would that I had been the son of some blest man, whom old age overtook among his own possessions. But now of him who was the most ill-fated of mortal men they say that I am sprung,

since thou askest me of this.”

[221] Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, answered him: “Surely, then, no nameless lineage have the gods appointed for thee in time to come, seeing that Penelope bore thee such as thou art. But come, tell me this and declare it truly. What feast, what throng is this? What need hast thou of it? Is it a drinking bout, or a wedding feast? For this plainly is no meal to which each brings his portion, with such outrage and overweening do they seem to me to be feasting in thy halls. Angered would a man be at seeing all these shameful acts, any man of sense who should come among them.”

[230] Then wise Telemachus answered her: “Stranger, since indeed thou dost ask and question me of this, our house once bade fair to be rich and honorable, so long as that man was still among his people. But now the gods have willed otherwise in their evil devising, seeing that they have caused him to pass from sight as they have no other man. For I should not so grieve for his death, if he had been slain among his comrades in the land of the Trojans, or had died in the arms of his friends, when he had wound up the skein of war. Then would the whole host of the Achaeans have made him a tomb, and for his son, too, he would have won great glory in days to come. But as it is, the spirits of the storm have swept him away and left no tidings: he is gone out of sight, out of hearing, and for me he has left anguish and weeping; nor do I in any wise mourn and wail for him alone, seeing that the gods have brought upon me other sore troubles. For all the princes who hold sway over the islands—Dulichium and Same and wooded Zacynthus— and those who lord it over rocky Ithaca, all these woo my mother and lay waste my house. And she neither refuses the hateful marriage, nor is she able to make an end; but they with feasting consume my substance: ere long they will bring me, too, to ruin.”

[252] Then, stirred to anger, Pallas Athena spoke to him: “Out on it! Thou hast of a truth sore need of Odysseus that is gone, that he might put forth his hands upon the shameless wooers. Would that he might come now and take his stand at the outer gate of the house, with helmet and shield and two spears, such a man as he was when I first saw him in our house drinking and making merry, on his way back from Ephyre, from the house of Ilus, son of Mermerus. For thither, too, went Odysseus in his swift ship in search of a deadly drug, that he might have wherewith to smear his bronze-tipped arrows; yet Ilus gave it not to him, for he stood in awe of the gods that are forever; but my father gave it, for he held him strangely dear. Would, I say, that in such strength Odysseus might come amongst the wooers; then should they all find swift destruction and bitterness in their wooing. Yet these things verily lie on the knees of the gods, whether he shall return and wreak vengeance in his halls, or whether he shall not; but for thyself, I bid thee take thought how thou mayest thrust forth the wooers from the hall. Come now, give ear, and hearken to my words. On the morrow call to an assembly the Achaean lords, and speak out thy word to all, and let the gods be thy witnesses. As for the wooers, bid them scatter, each to his own; and for thy mother, if her heart bids her marry, let her go back to the hall of her mighty father, and there they will prepare a wedding feast, and make ready the gifts full many—aye, all that should follow after a well-loved daughter. And to thyself will I give wise counsel, if thou wilt hearken.

[280] "Man with twenty rowers the best ship thou hast, and go to seek tidings of thy father, that has long been gone, if haply any mortal may tell thee, or thou mayest hear a voice from Zeus, which oftenest brings tidings to men. First go to Pylos and question goodly Nestor, and from thence to Sparta to fair-haired Menelaus; for he was the last to reach home of the brazen-coated Achaeans. If so be thou shalt hear that thy father is alive and coming home, then verily, though thou art sore afflicted, thou couldst endure for yet a year. But if thou shalt hear that he is dead and gone, then return to thy dear native land and heap up a mound for him, and over it pay funeral rites, full many as is due, and give thy mother to a husband. Then when thou hast done all this and brought it to an end, thereafter take thought in mind and heart how thou mayest slay the wooers in thy halls whether by guile or openly; for it beseems thee not to practise childish ways, since thou art no longer of such an age. Or hast thou not heard what fame the goodly Orestes won among all mankind when he slew his father's murderer, the

guileful Aegisthus, for that he slew his glorious father? Thou too, my friend, for I see that thou art comely and tall, be thou valiant, that many an one of men yet to be born may praise thee. But now I will go down to my swift ship and my comrades, who, methinks, are chafing much at waiting for me. For thyself, give heed and have regard to my words.”

[306] Then wise Telemachus answered her: “Stranger, in truth thou speakest these things with kindly thought, as a father to his son, and never will I forget them. But come now, tarry, eager though thou art to be gone, in order that when thou hast bathed and satisfied thy heart to the full, thou mayest go to thy ship glad in spirit, and bearing a gift costly and very beautiful, which shall be to thee an heirloom from me, even such a gift as dear friends give to friends.”

[314] Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, answered him: “Stay me now no longer, when I am eager to be gone, and whatsoever gift thy heart bids thee give me, give it when I come back, to bear to my home, choosing a right beautiful one; it shall bring thee its worth in return.”

[319] So spoke the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, and departed, flying upward as a bird; and in his heart she put strength and courage, and made him think of his father even more than aforetime. And in his mind he marked her and marvelled, for he deemed that she was a god; and straightway he went among the wooers, a godlike man.

[325] For them the famous minstrel was singing, and they sat in silence listening; and he sang of the return of the Achaeans—the woeful return from Troy which Pallas Athena laid upon them. And from her upper chamber the daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, heard his wondrous song, and she went down the high stairway from her chamber, not alone, for two handmaids attended her. Now when the fair lady had come to the wooers, she stood by the door-post of the well-built hall, holding before her face her shining veil; and a faithful handmaid stood on either side of her. Then she burst into tears, and spoke to the divine minstrel: “Phemius, many other things thou knowest to charm mortals, deeds of men and gods which minstrels make famous. Sing them one of these, as thou sittest here, and let them drink their wine in silence. But cease from this woeful song which ever harrows the heart in my breast, for upon me above all women has come a sorrow not to be forgotten. So dear a head do I ever remember with longing, even my husband, whose fame is wide through Hellas and mid-Argos.”

[345] Then wise Telemachus answered her: “My mother, why dost thou begrudge the good minstrel to give pleasure in whatever way his heart is moved? It is not minstrels that are to blame, but Zeus, I ween, is to blame, who gives to men that live by toil, to each one as he will. With this man no one can be wroth if he sings of the evil doom of the Danaans; for men praise that song the most which comes the newest to their ears. For thyself, let thy heart and soul endure to listen; for not Odysseus alone lost in Troy the day of his return, but many others likewise perished. Nay, go to thy chamber, and busy thyself with thine own tasks, the loom and the distaff, and bid thy handmaids ply their tasks; but speech shall be for men, for all, but most of all for me; since mine is the authority in the house.”

[360] She then, seized with wonder, went back to her chamber, for she laid to heart the wise saying of her son. Up to her upper chamber she went with her handmaids, and then bewailed Odysseus, her dear husband until flashing-eyed Athena cast sweet sleep upon her eyelids.

[365] But the wooers broke into uproar throughout the shadowy halls, and all prayed, each that he might lie by her side. And among them wise Telemachus was the first to speak: “Wooers of my mother, overweening in your insolence, for the present let us make merry with feasting, but let there be no brawling; for this is a goodly thing, to listen to a minstrel such as this man is, like to the gods in voice. But in the morning let us go to the assembly and take our seats, one and all, that I may declare my word to you outright that you depart from these halls. Prepare you other feasts, eating your own substance

and changing from house to house. But if this seems in your eyes to be a better and more profitable thing, that one man's livelihood should be ruined without atonement, waste ye it. But I will call upon the gods that are forever, if haply Zeus may grant that deeds of requital may be wrought. Without atonement, then, should ye perish within my halls.”

[381] So he spoke, and they all bit their lips and marvelled at Telemachus, for that he spoke boldly. Then Antinous, son of Eupheithes, answered him: “Telemachus, verily the gods themselves are teaching thee to be a man of vaunting tongue, and to speak with boldness. May the son of Cronos never make thee king in sea-girt Ithaca, which thing is by birth thy heritage.”

[388] Then wise Telemachus answered him: “Antinous, wilt thou be wroth with me for the word that I shall say? Even this should I be glad to accept from the hand of Zeus. Thinkest thou indeed that this is the worst fate among men? Nay, it is no bad thing to be a king. Straightway one's house grows rich and oneself is held in greater honor. However, there are other kings of the Achaeans full many in seagirt Ithaca, both young and old. One of these haply may have this place, since goodly Odysseus is dead. But I will be lord of our own house and of the slaves that goodly Odysseus won for me.”

[399] Then Eurymachus, son of Polybus, answered him: “Telemachus, this matter verily lies on the knees of the gods, who of the Achaeans shall be king in sea-girt Ithaca; but as for thy possessions, thou mayest keep them thyself, and be lord in thine own house. Never may that man come who by violence and against thy will shall wrest thy possessions from thee, while men yet live in Ithaca. But I am fain, good sir, to ask thee of the stranger, whence this man comes. Of what land does he declare himself to be? Where are his kinsmen and his native fields? Does he bring some tidings of thy father's coming, or came he hither in furtherance of some matter of his own? How he started up, and was straightway gone! Nor did he wait to be known; and yet he seemed no base man to look upon.”

[412] Then wise Telemachus answered him: “Eurymachus, surely my father's home-coming is lost and gone. No longer do I put trust in tidings, whencesoever they may come, nor reck I of any prophecy which my mother haply may learn of a seer, when she has called him to the hall. But this stranger is a friend of my father's house from Taphos. He declares that he is Mentès, son of wise Anchialus, and he is lord over the oar-loving Taphians.” So spoke Telemachus, but in his heart he knew the immortal goddess.

[421] Now the wooers turned to the dance and to gladsome song, and made them merry, and waited till evening should come; and as they made merry dark evening came upon them. Then they went, each man to his house, to take their rest. But Telemachus, where his chamber was built in the beautiful court, high, in a place of wide outlook, thither went to his bed, pondering many things in mind; and with him, bearing blazing torches, went true-hearted Eurycleia, daughter of Ops, son of Peisenor. Her long ago Laertes had bought with his wealth, when she was in her first youth, and gave for her the price of twenty oxen; and he honored her even as he honored his faithful wife in his halls, but he never lay with her in love, for he shunned the wrath of his wife. She it was who bore for Telemachus the blazing torches; for she of all the handmaids loved him most, and had nursed him when he was a child. He opened the doors of the well-built chamber, sat down on the bed, and took off his soft tunic and laid it in the wise old woman's hands. And she folded and smoothed the tunic and hung it on a peg beside the corded bedstead, and then went forth from the chamber, drawing the door to by its silver handle, and driving the bolt home with the thong. So there, the night through, wrapped in a fleece of wool, he pondered in his mind upon the journey which Athena had shewn him.

Book 2 (summary)

When the assembly meets the next day, Aegyptius, a wise Ithacan elder, speaks first. He praises Telemachus for stepping into his father's shoes, noting that this occasion marks the first time that the

assembly has been called since Odysseus left. Telemachus then gives an impassioned speech in which he laments the loss of both his father and his father's home—his mother's suitors, the sons of Ithaca's elders, have taken it over. He rebukes them for consuming his father's oxen and sheep as they pursue their courtship day in and day out when any decent man would simply go to Penelope's father, Icarius, and ask him for her hand in marriage.

Antinous blames the impasse on Penelope, who, he says, seduces every suitor but will commit to none of them. He reminds the suitors of a ruse that she concocted to put off remarrying: Penelope maintained that she would choose a husband as soon as she finished weaving a burial shroud for her elderly father-in-law, Laertes. But each night, she carefully undid the knitting that she had completed during the day, so that the shroud would never be finished. If Penelope can make no decision, Antinous declares, then she should be sent back to Icarius so that he can choose a new husband for her. The dutiful Telemachus refuses to throw his mother out and calls upon the gods to punish the suitors. At that moment, a pair of eagles, locked in combat, appears overhead. The soothsayer Halitherses interprets their struggle as a portent of Odysseus's imminent return and warns the suitors that they will face a massacre if they don't leave. The suitors balk at such foolishness, and the meeting ends in deadlock.

As Telemachus is preparing for his trip to Pylos and Sparta, Athena visits him again, this time disguised as Mentor, another old friend of Odysseus. She encourages him and predicts that his journey will be fruitful. She then sets out to town and, assuming the disguise of Telemachus himself, collects a loyal crew to man his ship. Telemachus himself tells none of the household servants of his trip for fear that his departure will upset his mother. He tells only Eurycleia, his wise and aged nurse. She pleads with him not to take to the open sea as his father did, but he puts her fears to rest by saying that he knows that a god is at his side.

Book 3 (summary)

At Pylos, Telemachus and Mentor (Athena in disguise) witness an impressive religious ceremony in which dozens of bulls are sacrificed to Poseidon, the god of the sea. Although Telemachus has little experience with public speaking, Mentor gives him the encouragement that he needs to approach Nestor, the city's king, and ask him about Odysseus. Nestor, however, has no information about the Greek hero. He recounts that after the fall of Troy a falling-out occurred between Agamemnon and Menelaus, the two Greek brothers who had led the expedition. Menelaus set sail for Greece immediately, while Agamemnon decided to wait a day and continue sacrificing on the shores of Troy. Nestor went with Menelaus, while Odysseus stayed with Agamemnon, and he has heard no news of Odysseus. He says that he can only pray that Athena will show Telemachus the kindness that she showed Odysseus. He adds that he has heard that suitors have taken over the prince's house in Ithaca and that he hopes that Telemachus will achieve the renown in defense of his father that Orestes, son of Agamemnon, won in defense of his father.

Telemachus then asks Nestor about Agamemnon's fate. Nestor explains that Agamemnon returned from Troy to find that Aegisthus, a base coward who remained behind while the Greeks fought in Troy, had seduced and married his wife, Clytemnestra. With her approval, Aegisthus murdered Agamemnon. He would have then taken over Agamemnon's kingdom had not Orestes, who was in exile in Athens, returned and killed Aegisthus and Clytemnestra. Nestor holds the courage of Orestes up as an example for Telemachus. He sends his own son Pisistratus along to accompany Telemachus to Sparta, and the two set out by land the next day. Athena, who reveals her divinity by shedding the form of Mentor and changing into an eagle before the entire court of Pylos, stays behind to protect Telemachus's ship and its crew.

Book 4 (translated text)

1] And they came to the hollow land of Lacedaemon with its many ravines, and drove to the palace of glorious Menelaus. Him they found giving a marriage feast to his many kinsfolk for his noble son and daughter within his house. His daughter he was sending to the son of Achilles, breaker of the ranks of men, for in the land of Troy he first had promised and pledged that he would give her, and now the gods were bringing their marriage to pass. Her then he was sending forth with horses and chariots to go her way to the glorious city of the Myrmidons, over whom her lord was king; but for his son he was bringing to his home from Sparta the daughter of Alector, even for the stalwart Megapenthes, who was his son well-beloved, born of a slave woman; for to Helen the gods vouchsafed issue no more after that she had at the first borne her lovely child, Hermione, who had the beauty of golden Aphrodite. So they were feasting in the great high-roofed hall, the neighbors and kinsfolk of glorious Menelaus, and making merry; and among them a divine minstrel was singing to the lyre, and two tumblers whirled up and down through the midst of them, as he began his song.

[20] Then the two, the prince Telemachus and the glorious son of Nestor, halted at the gateway of the palace, they and their two horses. And the lord Eteoneus came forth and saw them, the busy squire of glorious Menelaus; and he went through the hall to bear the tidings to the shepherd of the people. So he came near and spoke to him winged words: "Here are two strangers, Menelaus, fostered of Zeus, two men that are like the seed of great Zeus. But tell me, shall we unyoke for them their swift horses, or send them on their way to some other host, who will give them entertainment?"

[30] Then, stirred to sore displeasure, fair-haired Menelaus spoke to him: "Aforetime thou was not wont to be a fool, Eteoneus, son of Boethous, but now like a child thou talkest folly. Surely we two ate full often hospitable cheer of other men, ere we came hither in the hope that Zeus would hereafter grant us respite from sorrow. Nay, unyoke the strangers' horses, and lead the men forward into the house, that they may feast."

[37] So he spoke, and the other hastened through the hall, and called to the other busy squires to follow along with him. They loosed the sweating horses from beneath the yoke and tied them at the stalls of the horses, and flung before them spelt, and mixed therewith white barley. Then they tilted the chariot against the bright entrance walls, and led the men into the divine palace. But at the sight they marvelled as they passed through the palace of the king, fostered of Zeus; for there was a gleam as of sun or moon over the high-roofed house of glorious Menelaus. But when they had satisfied their eyes with gazing they went into the polished baths and bathed.

[49] And when the maids had bathed them and anointed them with oil, and had cast about them fleecy cloaks and tunics, they sat down on chairs beside Menelaus, son of Atreus. Then a handmaid brought water for the hands in a fair pitcher of gold, and poured it over a silver basin for them to wash, and beside them drew up a polished table. And the grave housewife brought and set before them bread, and therewith dainties in abundance, giving freely of her store. And a carver lifted up and placed before them platters of all manner of meats, and set by them golden goblets. Then fair-haired Menelaus greeted the two and said: "Take of the food, and be glad, and then when you have supped, we will ask you who among men you are; for in you two the breed of your sires is not lost, but ye are of the breed of men that are sceptred kings, fostered of Zeus; for base churls could not beget such sons as you."

[65] So saying he took in his hands roast meat and set it before them, even the fat ox-chine which they had set before himself as a mess of honor. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, lo, then Telemachus spoke to the son of Nestor, holding his head close to him, that the others might not hear: "Son of Nestor, dear to this heart of mine, mark the flashing of bronze throughout the echoing halls, and the flashing of gold, of electrum, of silver, and of ivory. Of such sort, methinks, is the court of Olympian Zeus within, such

untold wealth is here; amazement holds me as I look.”

[76] Now as he spoke fair-haired Menelaus heard him, and he spoke and addressed them with winged words: “Dear children, with Zeus verily no mortal man could vie, for everlasting are his halls and his possessions; but of men another might vie with me in wealth or haply might not. For of a truth after many woes and wide wanderings I brought my wealth home in my ships and came in the eighth year. Over Cyprus and Phoenicia I wandered, and Egypt, and I came to the Ethiopians and the Sidonians and the Erebi, and to Libya, where the lambs are horned from their birth. For there the ewes bear their young thrice within the full course of the year; there neither master nor shepherd has any lack of cheese or of meat or of sweet milk, but the flocks ever yield milk to the milking the year through. While I wandered in those lands gathering much livelihood, meanwhile another slew my brother by stealth and at unawares, by the guile of his accursed wife. Thus, thou mayest see, I have no joy in being lord of this wealth; and you may well have heard of this from your fathers, whosoever they may be, for full much did I suffer, and let fall into ruin a stately house and one stored with much goodly treasure. Would that I dwelt in my halls with but a third part of this wealth, and that those men were safe who then perished in the broad land of Troy far from horse-pasturing Argos.

[100] "And yet, though I often sit in my halls weeping and sorrowing for them all—one moment indeed I ease my heart with weeping, and then again I cease, for men soon have surfeit of chill lament—yet for them all I mourn not so much, despite my grief, as for one only, who makes me to loathe both sleep and food, when I think of him; for no one of the Achaeans toiled so much as Odysseus toiled and endured. But to himself, as it seems, his portion was to be but woe, and for me there is sorrow never to be forgotten for him, in that he is gone so long, nor do we know aught whether he be alive or dead. Mourned is he, I ween, by the old man Laertes, and by constant Penelope, and by Telemachus, whom he left a new-born child in his house.”

[113] So he spoke, and in Telemachus he roused the desire to weep for his father. Tears from his eyelids he let fall upon the ground, when he heard his father's name, and with both hands held up his purple cloak before his eyes. And Menelaus noted him, and debated in mind and heart whether he should leave him to speak of his father himself, or whether he should first question him and prove him in each thing.

[120] While he pondered thus in mind and heart, forth then from her fragrant high-roofed chamber came Helen, like Artemis of the golden arrows; and with her came Adraste, and placed for her a chair, beautifully wrought, and Alcippe brought a rug of soft wool and Phylo a silver basket, which Alcandre had given her, the wife of Polybus, who dwelt in Thebes of Egypt, where greatest store of wealth is laid up in men's houses. He gave to Menelaus two silver baths and two tripods and ten talents of gold. And besides these, his wife gave to Helen also beautiful gifts,—a golden distaff and a basket with wheels beneath did she give, a basket of silver, and with gold were the rims thereof gilded. This then the handmaid, Phylo, brought and placed beside her, filled with finely-spun yarn, and across it was laid the distaff laden with violet-dark wool. So Helen sat down upon the chair, and below was a footstool for the feet; and at once she questioned her husband on each matter, and said: “Do we know, Menelaus, fostered of Zeus, who these men declare themselves to be who have come to our house? Shall I disguise my thought, or speak the truth? Nay, my heart bids me speak. For never yet, I declare, saw I one so like another, whether man or woman—amazement holds me, as I look—as this man is like the son of great-hearted Odysseus, even Telemachus, whom that warrior left a new-born child in his house, when for the sake of shameless me ye Achaeans came up under the walls of Troy, pondering in your hearts fierce war.”

[147] Then fair-haired Menelaus answered her: “Even so do I myself now note it, wife, as thou markest the likeness. Such were his feet, such his hands, and the glances of his eyes, and his head and hair

above. And verily but now, as I made mention of Odysseus and was telling of all the woe and toil he endured for my sake, this youth let fall a bitter tear from beneath his brows, holding up his purple cloak before his eyes.”

[155] Then Peisistratus, son of Nestor, answered him: “Menelaus, son of Atreus, fostered of Zeus, leader of hosts, his son indeed this youth is, as thou sayest. But he is of prudent mind and feels shame at heart thus on his first coming to make a show of forward words in the presence of thee, in whose voice we both take delight as in a god's. But the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, sent me forth to go with him as his guide, for he was eager to see thee, that thou mightest put in his heart some word or some deed. For many sorrows has a son in his halls when his father is gone, when there are none other to be his helpers, even as it is now with Telemachus; his father is gone, and there are no others among the people who might ward off ruin.”

[168] Then fair-haired Menelaus answered him and said: “Lo now, verily is there come to my house the son of a man well-beloved, who for my sake endured many toils. And I thought that if he came back I should give him welcome beyond all the other Argives, if Olympian Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, had granted to us two a return in our swift ships over the sea. And in Argos I would have given him a city to dwell in, and would have built him a house, when I had brought him from Ithaca with his goods and his son and all his people, driving out the dwellers of some one city among those that lie round about and obey me myself as their lord. Then, living here, should we oftentimes have met together, nor would aught have parted us, loving and joying in one another, until the black cloud of death enfolded us. Howbeit of this, methinks, the god himself must have been jealous, who to that hapless man alone vouchsafed no return.”

[183] So he spoke, and in them all aroused the desire of lament. Argive Helen wept, the daughter of Zeus, Telemachus wept, and Menelaus, son of Atreus, nor could the son of Nestor keep his eyes tearless. For he thought in his heart of peerless Antilochus, whom the glorious son of the bright Dawn had slain. Thinking of him, he spoke winged words: “Son of Atreus, old Nestor used ever to say that thou wast wise above all men, whenever we made mention of thee in his halls and questioned one another. And now, if it may in any wise be, hearken to me, for I take no joy in weeping at supper time, —and moreover early dawn will soon be here. I count it indeed no blame to weep for any mortal who has died and met his fate. Yea, this is the only due we pay to miserable mortals, to cut the hair and let a tear fall from the cheeks. For a brother of mine, too, is dead, nowise the meanest of the Argives, and thou mayest well have known him. As for me, I never met him nor saw him; but men say that Antilochus was above all others pre-eminent in speed of foot and as a warrior.”

[203] Then fair-haired Menelaus answered him and said: “My friend, truly thou hast said all that a wise man might say or do, even one that was older than thou; for from such a father art thou sprung, wherefore thou dost even speak wisely. Easily known is the seed of that man for whom the son of Cronos spins the thread of good fortune at marriage and at birth, even as now he has granted to Nestor throughout all his days continually that he should himself reach a sleek old age in his halls, and that his sons in their turn should be wise and most valiant with the spear. But we will cease the weeping which but now was made, and let us once more think of our supper, and let them pour water over our hands. Tales there will be in the morning also for Telemachus and me to tell to one another to the full.”

[216] So he spoke, and Asphalion poured water over their hands, the busy squire of glorious Menelaus. And they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them.

[219] Then Helen, daughter of Zeus, took other counsel. Straightway she cast into the wine of which they were drinking a drug to quiet all pain and strife, and bring forgetfulness of every ill. Whoso should drink this down, when it is mingled in the bowl, would not in the course of that day let a tear fall down

over his cheeks, no, not though his mother and father should lie there dead, or though before his face men should slay with the sword his brother or dear son, and his own eyes beheld it. Such cunning drugs had the daughter of Zeus, drugs of healing, which Polydamna, the wife of Thon, had given her, a woman of Egypt, for there the earth, the giver of grain, bears greatest store of drugs, many that are healing when mixed, and many that are baneful; there every man is a physician, wise above human kind; for they are of the race of Paeon.

[233] Now when she had cast in the drug, and had bidden pour forth the wine, again she made answer, and said: “Menelaus, son of Atreus, fostered of Zeus, and ye that are here, sons of noble men—though now to one and now to another Zeus gives good and ill, for he can do all things,—now verily sit ye in the halls and feast, and take ye joy in telling tales, for I will tell what fitteth the time. All things I cannot tell or recount, even all the labours of Odysseus of the steadfast heart; but what a thing was this which that mighty man wrought and endured in the land of the Trojans, where you Achaens suffered woes! Marring his own body with cruel blows, and flinging a wretched garment about his shoulders, in the fashion of a slave he entered the broad-wayed city of the foe, and he hid himself under the likeness of another, a beggar, he who was in no wise such an one at the ships of the Achaeans. In this likeness he entered the city of the Trojans, and all of them were but as babes. I alone recognized him in this disguise, and questioned him, but he in his cunning sought to avoid me. Howbeit when I was bathing him and anointing him with oil, and had put on him raiment, and sworn a mighty oath not to make him known among the Trojans as Odysseus before that he reached the swift ships and the huts, then at length he told me all the purpose of the Achaeans. And when he had slain many of the Trojans with the long sword, he returned to the company of the Argives and brought back plentiful tidings. Then the other Trojan women wailed aloud, but my soul was glad, for already my heart was turned to go back to my home, and I groaned for the blindness that Aphrodite gave me, when she led me thither from my dear native land, forsaking my child and my bridal chamber, and my husband, a man who lacked nothing, whether in wisdom or in comeliness.”

[265] Then fair-haired Menelaus answered her and said: “Aye verily, all this, wife, hast thou spoken aright. Ere now have I come to know the counsel and the mind of many warriors, and have travelled over the wide earth, but never yet have mine eyes beheld such an one as was Odysseus of the steadfast heart. What a thing was this, too, which that mighty man wrought and endured in the carven horse, wherein all we chiefs of the Argives were sitting, bearing to the Trojans death and fate! Then thou camest thither, and it must be that thou wast bidden by some god, who wished to grant glory to the Trojans, and godlike Deiphobus followed thee on thy way. Thrice didst thou go about the hollow ambush, trying it with thy touch, and thou didst name aloud the chieftains of the Danaans by their names, likening thy voice to the voices of the wives of all the Argives. Now I and the son of Tydeus and goodly Odysseus sat there in the midst and heard how thou didst call, and we two were eager to rise up and come forth, or else to answer straightway from within, but Odysseus held us back and stayed us, despite our eagerness. Then all the other sons of the Achaeans held their peace, but Anticlus alone was fain to speak and answer thee; but Odysseus firmly closed his mouth with strong hands, and saved all the Achaeans, and held him thus until Pallas Athena led thee away.”

[290] Then wise Telemachus answered him: “Menelaus, son of Atreus, fostered of Zeus, leader of hosts, all the more grievous is it; for in no wise did this ward off from him woeful destruction, nay, not though the heart within him had been of iron. But come, send us to bed, that lulled now by sweet sleep we may rest and take our joy.”

[296] Thus he spoke, and Argive Helen bade her handmaids place bedsteads beneath the portico, and to lay on them fair purple blankets, and to spread there over coverlets, and on these to put fleecy cloaks for clothing. But the maids went forth from the hall with torches in their hands and strewed the couch, and a herald led forth the guests. So they slept there in the fore-hall of the palace, the prince

Telemachus and the glorious son of Nestor; but the son of Atreus slept in the inmost chamber of the lofty house, and beside him lay long-robed Helen, peerless among women.

[306] So soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, up from his bed arose Menelaus, good at the war-cry, and put on his clothing. About his shoulders he slung his sharp sword, and beneath his shining feet bound his fair sandals, and went forth from his chamber like unto a god to look upon. Then he sat down beside Telemachus, and spoke, and addressed him: "What need has brought thee hither, prince Telemachus, to goodly Lacedaemon over the broad back of the sea? Is it a public matter, or thine own? Tell me the truth of this."

[315] Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Menelaus, son of Atreus, fostered of Zeus, leader of hosts, I came if haply thou mightest tell me some tidings of my father. My home is being devoured and my rich lands are ruined; with men that are foes my house is filled, who are ever slaying my thronging sheep and my sleek kine of shambling gait, even the wooers of my mother, overweening in their insolence. Therefore am I now come to thy knees, if perchance thou wilt be willing to tell me of his woeful death, whether thou sawest it haply with thine own eyes, or didst hear from some other the story of his wanderings; for beyond all men did his mother bear him to sorrow. And do thou no wise out of ruth or pity for me speak soothing words, but tell me truly how thou didst come to behold him. I beseech thee, if ever my father, noble Odysseus, promised aught to thee of word or deed and fulfilled it in the land of the Trojans, where you Achaeans suffered woes, be mindful of it now, I pray thee, and tell me the truth."

[332] Then, stirred to sore displeasure, fair-haired Menelaus spoke to him: "Out upon them, for verily in the bed of a man of valiant heart were they fain to lie, who are themselves cravens. Even as when in the thicket-lair of a mighty lion a hind has laid to sleep her new-born suckling fawns, and roams over the mountain slopes and grassy vales seeking pasture, and then the lion comes to his lair and upon the two lets loose a cruel doom, so will Odysseus let loose a cruel doom upon these men. I would, O father Zeus and Athena and Apollo, that in such strength as when once in fair-stablished Lesbos he rose up and wrestled a match with Philomeleides and threw him mightily, and all the Achaeans rejoiced, even in such strength Odysseus might come among the wooers; then should they all find swift destruction and bitterness in their wooing. But in this matter of which thou dost ask and beseech me, verily I will not swerve aside to speak of other things, nor will I deceive thee; but of all that the unerring old man of the sea told me not one thing will I hide from thee or conceal.

[351] "In Egypt, eager though I was to journey hither, the gods still held me back, because I offered not to them hecatombs that bring fulfillment, and the gods ever wished that men should be mindful of their commands. Now there is an island in the surging sea in front of Egypt, and men call it Pharos, distant as far as a hollow ship runs in a whole day when the shrill wind blows fair behind her. Therein is a harbor with good anchorage, whence men launch the shapely ships into the sea, when they have drawn supplies of black water. There for twenty days the gods kept me, nor ever did the winds that blow over the deep spring up, which speed men's ships over the broad back of the sea. And now would all my stores have been spent and the strength of my men, had not one of the gods taken pity on me and saved me, even Eidothea, daughter of mighty Proteus, the old man of the sea; for her heart above all others had I moved. She met me as I wandered alone apart from my comrades, who were ever roaming about the island, fishing with bent hooks, for hunger pinched their bellies; and she came close to me, and spoke, and said: 'Art thou so very foolish, stranger, and slack of wit, or art thou of thine own will remiss, and hast pleasure in suffering woes? So long art thou pent in the isle and canst find no sign of deliverance and the heart of thy comrades grows faint.'

[375] "So she spoke, and I made answer and said: 'I will speak out and tell thee, whosoever among goddesses thou art, that in no wise am I pent here of mine own will, but it must be that I have sinned

against the immortals, who hold broad heaven. But do thou tell me—for the gods know all things—who of the immortals fetters me here, and has hindered me from my path, and tell me of my return, how I may go over the teeming deep.’

[382] “So I spoke, and the beautiful goddess straightway made answer: ‘Then verily, stranger, will I frankly tell thee all. There is wont to come hither the unerring old man of the sea, immortal Proteus of Egypt, who knows the depths of every sea, and is the servant of Poseidon. He, they say, is my father that begat me. If thou couldst in any wise lie in wait and catch him, he will tell thee thy way and the measure of thy path, and of thy return, how thou mayest go over the teeming deep. Aye, and he will tell thee, thou fostered of Zeus, if so thou wilt, what evil and what good has been wrought in thy halls, while thou hast been gone on thy long and grievous way.’

[394] “So she spoke, and I made answer and said: ‘Do thou thyself now devise a means of lying in wait for the divine old man, lest haply he see me beforehand and being ware of my purpose avoid me. For hard is a god for a mortal man to master.’

[398] “So I spoke, and the beautiful goddess straightway made answer: ‘Then verily, stranger, will I frankly tell thee all. When the sun hath reached mid-heaven, the unerring old man of the sea is wont to come forth from the brine at the breath of the West Wind, hidden by the dark ripple. And when he is come forth, he lies down to sleep in the hollow caves; and around him the seals, the brood of the fair daughter of the sea, sleep in a herd, coming forth from the gray water, and bitter is the smell they breathe of the depths of the sea. Thither will I lead thee at break of day and lay you all in a row; for do thou choose carefully three of thy companions, who are the best thou hast in thy well-benched ships. And I will tell thee all the wizard wiles of that old man. First he will count the seals, and go over them; but when he has told them all off by fives, and beheld them, he will lay himself down in their midst, as a shepherd among his flocks of sheep. Now so soon as you see him laid to rest, thereafter let your hearts be filled with strength and courage, and do you hold him there despite his striving and struggling to escape. For try he will, and will assume all manner of shapes of all things that move upon the earth, and of water, and of wondrous blazing fire. Yet do ye hold him unflinchingly and grip him yet the more. But when at length of his own will he speaks and questions thee in that shape in which you saw him laid to rest, then, hero, stay thy might, and set the old man free, and ask him who of the gods is wroth with thee, and of thy return, how thou mayest go over the teeming deep.’

[425] “So saying she plunged beneath the surging sea, but I went to my ships, where they stood on the sand, and many things did my heart darkly ponder as I went. But when I had come down to the ship and to the sea, and we had made ready our supper, and immortal night had come on, then we lay down to rest on the shore of the sea. And as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, I went along the shore of the broad-wayed sea, praying earnestly to the gods; and I took with me three of my comrades, in whom I trusted most for every adventure.

[435] “She meanwhile had plunged beneath the broad bosom of the sea, and had brought forth from the deep the skins of four seals, and all were newly flayed; and she devised a plot against her father. She had scooped out lairs in the sand of the sea, and sat waiting; and we came very near to her, and she made us to lie down in a row, and cast a skin over each. Then would our ambush have proved most terrible, for terribly did the deadly stench of the brine-bred seals distress us—who would lay him down by a beast of the sea?—but she of herself delivered us, and devised a great boon; she brought and placed ambrosia of a very sweet fragrance beneath each man's nose, and destroyed the stench of the beast.

[448] “So all the morning we waited with steadfast heart, and the seals came forth from the sea in throngs. These then laid them down in rows along the shore of the sea, and at noon the old man came

forth from the sea and found the fatted seals; and he went over all, and counted their number. Among the creatures he counted us first, nor did his heart guess that there was guile; and then he too laid him down. Thereat we rushed upon him with a shout, and threw our arms about him, nor did that old man forget his crafty wiles. Nay, at the first he turned into a bearded lion, and then into a serpent, and a leopard, and a huge boar; then he turned into flowing water, and into a tree, high and leafy; but we held on unflinchingly with steadfast heart.

[460] But when at last that old man, skilled in wizard arts, grew weary, then he questioned me, and spoke, and said: ‘Who of the gods, son of Atreus, took counsel with thee that thou mightest lie in wait for me, and take me against my will? Of what hast thou need?’

[464] “So he spoke, and I made answer, and said: ‘Thou knowest, old man—why dost thou seek to put me off with this question?—how long a time I am pent in this isle, and can find no sign of deliverance, and my heart grows faint within me. But do thou tell me—for the gods know all things—who of the immortals fetters me here, and has hindered me from my path, and tell me of my return, how I may go over the teeming deep.’

[471] “So I spoke, and he straightway made answer, and said: ‘Nay, surely thou oughtest to have made fair offerings to Zeus and the other gods before embarking, that with greatest speed thou mightest have come to thy country, sailing over the wine-dark sea. For it is not thy fate to see thy friends, and reach thy well-built house and thy native land, before that thou hast once more gone to the waters of Aegyptus, the heaven-fed river, and hast offered holy hecatombs to the immortal gods who hold broad heaven. Then at length shall the gods grant thee the journey thou desirest.’

[481] “So he spoke, and my spirit was broken within me, for that he bade me go again over the misty deep to Aegyptus, a long and weary way. Yet even so I made answer, and said: ‘All this will I perform, old man, even as thou dost bid. But come now, tell me this, and declare it truly. Did all the Achaeans return unscathed in their ships, all those whom Nestor and I left, as we set out from Troy? Or did any perish by a cruel death on board his ship, [490] or in the arms of his friends, when he had wound up the skein of war?’

[492] “So I spoke, and he straightway made answer, and said: ‘Son of Atreus, why dost thou question me of this? In no wise does it behove thee to know, or to learn my mind; nor, methinks, wilt thou long be free from tears, when thou hast heard all aright. For many of them were slain, and many were left; but two chieftains alone of the brazen-coated Achaeans perished on their homeward way (as for the fighting, thou thyself wast there), and one, I ween, still lives, and is held back on the broad deep. ‘Aias truly was lost amid his long-oared ships. Upon the great rocks of Gyrae Poseidon at first drove him, but saved him from the sea; and he would have escaped his doom, hated of Athena though he was, had he not uttered a boastful word in great blindness of heart. He declared that it was in spite of the gods that he had escaped the great gulf of the sea; and Poseidon heard his boastful speech, and straightway took his trident in his mighty hands, and smote the rock of Gyrae and clove it in sunder. And one part abode in its place, but the sundered part fell into the sea, even that on which Aias sat at the first when his heart was greatly blinded, and it bore him down into the boundless surging deep. So there he perished, when he had drunk the salt water.

[512] “‘But thy brother escaped, indeed, the fates and shunned them with his hollow ships, for queenly Hera saved him. But when he was now about to reach the steep height of Malea, then the storm-wind caught him up and bore him over the teeming deep, groaning heavily, to the border of the land, where aforetime Thyestes dwelt, but where now dwelt Thyestes' son Aegisthus. But when from hence too a safe return was shewed him, and the gods changed the course of the wind that it blew fair, and they reached home, then verily with rejoicing did Agamemnon set foot on his native land, and he clasped his

land and kissed it, and many were the hot tears that streamed from his eyes, for welcome to him was the sight of his land. Now from his place of watch a watchman saw him, whom guileful Aegisthus took and set there, promising him as a reward two talents of gold; and he had been keeping guard for a year, lest Agamemnon should pass by him unseen, and be mindful of his furious might. So he went to the palace to bear the tidings to the shepherd of the people, and Aegisthus straightway planned a treacherous device. He chose out twenty men, the best in the land, and set them to lie in wait, but on the further side of the hall he bade prepare a feast. Then he went with chariot and horses to summon Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, his mind pondering a dastardly deed. So he brought him up all unaware of his doom, and when he had feasted him he slew him, as one slays an ox at the stall. And not one of the comrades of the son of Atreus was left, of all that followed him, nor one of the men of Aegisthus, but they were all slain in the halls.'

[538] "So he spoke, and my spirit was broken within me, and I wept, as I sat on the sands, nor had my heart any longer desire to live and to behold the light of the sun. But when I had had my fill of weeping and writhing, then the unerring old man of the sea said to me: 'No more, son of Atreus, do thou weep long time thus without ceasing, for in it we shall find no help. Nay, rather, with all the speed thou canst, strive that thou mayest come to thy native land, for either thou wilt find Aegisthus alive, or haply Orestes may have forestalled thee and slain him, and thou mayest chance upon his funeral feast.'

[548] "So he spoke, and my heart and spirit were again warmed with comfort in my breast despite my grief, and I spoke, and addressed him with winged words: 'Of these men now I know, but do thou name the third, who he is that still lives, and is held back upon the broad sea, or is haply dead. Fain would I hear, despite my grief.'

[554] "So I spoke, and he straightway made answer, and said: 'It is the son of Laertes, whose home is in Ithaca. Him I saw in an island, shedding big tears, in the halls of the nymph Calypso, who keeps him there perforce, and he cannot come to his native land, for he has at hand no ships with oars and no comrades to send him on his way over the broad back of the sea. But for thyself, Menelaus, fostered of Zeus, it is not ordained that thou shouldst die and meet thy fate in horse-pasturing Argos, but to the Elysian plain and the bounds of the earth will the immortals convey thee, where dwells fair-haired Rhadamanthus, and where life is easiest for men. No snow is there, nor heavy storm, nor ever rain, but ever does Ocean send up blasts of the shrill-blowing West Wind that they may give cooling to men; for thou hast Helen to wife, and art in their eyes the husband of the daughter of Zeus.'

[570] "So saying he plunged beneath the surging sea, but I went to my ships with my god like comrades, and many things did my heart darkly ponder as I went. But when I had come down to the ship and to the sea, and we had made ready our supper, and immortal night had come on, then we lay down to rest on the shore of the sea. And as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, our ships first of all we drew down to the bright sea, and set the masts and the sails in the shapely ships, and the men, too, went on board and sat down upon the benches, and sitting well in order smote the grey sea with their oars. So back again to the waters of Aegyptus, the heaven-fed river, I sailed, and there moored my ships and offered hecatombs that bring fulfillment. But when I had stayed the wrath of the gods that are forever, I heaped up a mound to Agamemnon, that his fame might be unquenchable. Then, when I had made an end of this, I set out for home, and the immortals gave me a fair wind, and brought me swiftly to my dear native land.

[587] "But come now, tarry in my halls until the eleventh or the twelfth day be come. Then will I send thee forth with honor and give thee splendid gifts, three horses and a well-polished car; and besides I will give thee a beautiful cup, that thou mayest pour libations to the immortal gods, and remember me all thy days."

[593] Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Son of Atreus, keep me no long time here, for verily for a year would I be content to sit in thy house, nor would desire for home or parents come upon me; for wondrous is the pleasure I take in listening to thy tales and thy speech. But even now my comrades are chafing in sacred Pylos, and thou art keeping me long time here. And whatsoever gift thou wouldest give me, let it be some treasure; but horses will I not take to Ithaca, but will leave them here for thyself to delight in, for thou art lord of a wide plain, wherein is lotus in abundance, and galingale and wheat and spelt, and broad-eared white barley. But in Ithaca there are no widespread courses nor aught of meadow-land. It is a pasture-land of goats and pleasanter than one that pastures horses. For not one of the islands that lean upon the sea is fit for driving horses, or rich in meadows, and Ithaca least of all."

[609] So he spoke, and Menelaus, good at the war-cry, smiled, and stroked him with his hand, and spoke, and addressed him: "Thou art of noble blood, dear child, that thou speakest thus. Therefore will I change these gifts, for well I may. Of all the gifts that lie stored as treasures in my house, I will give thee that one which is fairest and costliest. I will give thee a well-wrought mixing bowl. All of silver it is, and with gold are the rims thereof gilded, the work of Hephaestus; and the warrior Phaedimus, king of the Sidonians, gave it me, when his house sheltered me as I came thither, and now I am minded to give it to thee."

[620] Thus they spoke to one another, and meanwhile the banqueters came to the palace of the divine king. They drove up sheep, and brought strengthening wine, and their wives with beautiful veils sent them bread. Thus they were busied about the feast in the halls.

[625] But the wooers in front of the palace of Odysseus were making merry, throwing the discus and the javelin in a levelled place, as their wont was, in insolence of heart; and Antinous and godlike Eurymachus were sitting there, the leaders of the wooers, who in valiance were far the best of all. To them Noemon, son of Phronius, drew near, and he questioned Antinous, and spoke, and said: "Antinous, know we at all in our hearts, or know we not, when Telemachus will return from sandy Pylos? He is gone, taking a ship of mine, and I have need of her to cross over to spacious Elis, where I have twelve brood mares, and at the teat sturdy mules as yet unbroken. Of these I would fain drive one off and break him in."

[637] So he spoke, and they marvelled at heart, for they did not deem that Telemachus had gone to Neleian Pylos, but that he was somewhere there on his lands, among the flocks or with the swineherd. Then Antinous, son of Eupheithes, spoke to him, saying: "Tell me the truth; when did he go, and what youths went with him? Were they chosen youths of Ithaca, or hirelings and slaves of his own? Able would he be to accomplish even that. And tell me this truly, that I may know full well. Was it perforce and against thy will that he took from thee the black ship? or didst thou give it him freely of thine own will, because he besought thee?"

[648] Then Noemon, son of Phronius, answered him: "I myself freely gave it him. What else could any man do, when a man like him, his heart laden with care, makes entreaty? Hard it were to deny the gift. The youths that are the noblest in the land after ourselves, even these have gone with him; and among them I noted one going on board as their leader, Mentor, or a god, who was in all things like unto Mentor. But at this I marvel. I saw goodly Mentor here yesterday at early dawn; but at that time he embarked for Pylos."

[657] So saying he departed to his father's house, but of those two the proud hearts were angered. The wooers they straightway made to sit down and cease from their games; and among them spoke Antinous, son of Eupheithes, in displeasure; and with rage was his black heart wholly filled, and his eyes were like blazing fire. "Out upon him, verily a proud deed has been insolently brought to pass by Telemachus, even this journey, and we deemed that he would never see it accomplished. Forth in

despite of all of us here the lad is gone without more ado, launching a ship, and choosing the best men in the land. He will begin by and by to be our bane; but to his own undoing may Zeus destroy his might before ever he reaches the measure of manhood. But come, give me a swift ship and twenty men, that I may watch in ambush for him as he passes in the strait between Ithaca and rugged Samos. Thus shall his voyaging in search of his father come to a sorry end.”

[672] So he spoke, and they all praised his words, and bade him act. And straightway they rose up and went to the house of Odysseus.

[675] Now Penelope was no long time without knowledge of the plans which the wooers were plotting in the deep of their hearts; for the herald Medon told her, who heard their counsel as he stood without the court and they within were weaving their plot. So he went through the hall to bear the tidings to Penelope; and as he stepped across the threshold Penelope spoke to him and said: “Herald, why have the lordly wooers sent thee forth? Was it to tell the handmaids of divine Odysseus to cease from their tasks, and make ready a feast for them? Never wooing any more, nor consorting together elsewhere, may they now feast here their latest and their last—even ye who are ever thronging here and wasting much livelihood, the wealth of wise Telemachus. Surely ye hearkened not at all in olden days, when ye were children, when your fathers told what manner of man Odysseus was among them that begat you, in that he wrought no wrong in deed or word to any man in the land, as the wont is of divine kings—one man they hate and another they love. Yet he never wrought iniquity at all to any man. But your mind and your unseemly deeds are plain to see, nor is there in after days any gratitude for good deeds done.”

[696] Then Medon, wise of heart, answered her: “I would, O queen, that this were the greatest evil. But another greater far and more grievous are the wooers planning, which I pray that the son of Cronos may never bring to pass. They are minded to slay Telemachus with the sharp sword on his homeward way; for he went in quest of tidings of his father to sacred Pylos and to goodly Lacedaemon.” So he spoke, and her knees were loosened where she sat, and her heart melted. Long time she was speechless, and both her eyes were filled with tears, and the flow of her voice was checked. But at last she made answer, and said to him: “Herald, why is my son gone? He had no need to go on board swift-faring ships, which serve men as horses of the deep, and cross over the wide waters of the sea. Was it that not even his name should be left among men?”

[711] Then Medon, wise of heart, answered her: “I know not whether some god impelled him, or whether his own heart was moved to go to Pylos, that he might learn either of his father's return or what fate he had met.”

[715] So he spoke, and departed through the house of Odysseus, and on her fell a cloud of soul-consuming grief, and she had no more the heart to sit upon one of the many seats that were in the room, but down upon the threshold of her fair-wrought chamber she sank, moaning piteously, and round about her wailed her handmaids, even all that were in the house, both young and old. Among these with sobs of lamentation spoke Penelope: “Hear me, my friends, for to me the Olympian has given sorrow above all the women who were bred and born with me. For long since I lost my noble husband of the lion heart, pre-eminent in all manner of worth among the Danaans, my noble husband, whose fame is wide through Hellas and mid-Argos. And now again my well-loved son have the storm-winds swept away from our halls without tidings, nor did I hear of his setting forth. Cruel, that ye are! Not even you took thought, any one of you, to rouse me from my couch, though in your hearts ye knew full well when he went on board the hollow black ship. For had I learned that he was pondering this journey, he should verily have stayed here, how eager soever to be gone, or he should have left me dead in the halls. But now let one hasten to call hither the aged Dolius, my servant, whom my father gave me or ever I came hither, and who keeps my garden of many trees, that he may straightway go and sit by

Laertes, and tell him of all these things. So haply may Laertes weave some plan in his heart, and go forth and with weeping make his plea to the people, who are minded to destroy his race and that of godlike Odysseus.”

[742] Then the good nurse Eurycleia answered her: “Dear lady, thou mayest verily slay me with the pitiless sword or let me abide in the house, yet will I not hide my word from thee. I knew all this, and gave him whatever he bade me, bread and sweet wine. But he took from me a mighty oath not to tell thee until at least the twelfth day should come, or thou shouldst thyself miss him and hear that he was gone, that thou mightest not mar thy fair flesh with weeping. But now bathe thyself, and take clean raiment for thy body, and then go up to thy upper chamber with thy handmaids and pray to Athena, the daughter of Zeus who bears the aegis; for she may then save him even from death. And trouble not a troubled old man; for the race of the son of Arceisus is not, methinks, utterly hated by the blessed gods, but there shall still be one, I ween, to hold the high-roofed halls and the rich fields far away.”

[758] So she spoke, and lulled Penelope's laments, and made her eyes to cease from weeping. She then bathed, and took clean raiment for her body, and went up to her upper chamber with her handmaids, and placing barley grains in a basket prayed to Athena: “Hear me, child of Zeus who bears the aegis, unwearied one. If ever Odysseus, of many wiles, burnt to thee in his halls fat thigh-pieces of heifer or ewe, remember these things now, I pray thee, and save my dear son, and ward off from him the wooers in their evil insolence.”

[767] So saying she raised the sacred cry, and the goddess heard her prayer. But the wooers broke into uproar throughout the shadowy halls, and thus would one of the proud youths speak: “Aye, verily the queen, wooed of many, is preparing our marriage, nor does she know at all that death has been made ready for her son.”

[773] So would one of them speak; but they knew not how these things were to be. And Antinous addressed their company, and said: “Good sirs, shun haughty speech of every kind alike, lest someone report your speech even within the house. Nay come, in silence thus let us arise and put into effect our plan which pleased us one and all at heart.”

[778] So he spoke, and chose twenty men that were best, and they went their way to the swift ship and the shore of the sea. The ship first of all they drew down to the deep water, and set the mast and sail in the black ship, and fitted the oars in the leathern thole-straps, all in due order, and spread the white sail. And proud squires brought them their weapons. Well out in the roadstead they moored the ship, and themselves disembarked. There then they took supper, and waited till evening should come. But she, the wise Penelope, lay there in her upper chamber, touching no food, tasting neither meat nor drink, pondering whether her peerless son would escape death, or be slain by the insolent wooers. And even as a lion is seized with fear and broods amid a throng of men, when they draw their crafty ring about him, so was she pondering when sweet sleep came upon her. And she sank back and slept, and all her joints relaxed.

[795] Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, took other counsel. She made a phantom, and likened it in form to a woman, Iphthime, daughter of great-hearted Icarius, whom Eumelus wedded, whose home was in Pherae. And she sent it to the house of divine Odysseus, to Penelope in the midst of her wailing and lamenting, to bid her cease from weeping and tearful lamentation. So into the chamber it passed by the thong of the bolt, and stood above her head, and spoke to her, and said: “Sleepest thou, Penelope, thy heart sore stricken? Nay, the gods that live at ease suffer thee not to weep or be distressed, seeing that thy son is yet to return; for in no wise is he a sinner in the eyes of the gods.”

[808] Then wise Penelope answered her, as she slumbered very sweetly at the gates of dreams: “Why,

sister, art thou come hither? Thou hast not heretofore been wont to come, for thou dwellest in a home far away. And thou biddest me cease from my grief and the many pains that distress me in mind and heart. Long since I lost my noble husband of the lion heart, pre-eminent in all manner of worth among the Danaans, my noble husband whose fame is wide in Hellas and mid-Argos. And now again my well-loved son is gone forth in a hollow ship, a mere child, knowing naught of toils and the gatherings of men. For him I sorrow even more than for that other, and tremble for him, and fear lest aught befall him, whether it be in the land of the men to whom he is gone, or on the sea. For many foes are plotting against him, eager to slay him before he comes back to his native land.”

[824] Then the dim phantom answered her, and said: “Take heart, and be not in thy mind too sore afraid; since such a guide goes with him as men have full often besought to stand by their side, for she has power,—even Pallas Athena. And she pities thee in thy sorrow, for she it is that has sent me forth to tell thee this.”

[830] Then again wise Penelope answered her: “If thou art indeed a god, and hast listened to the voice of a god, come, tell me, I pray thee, also of that hapless one, whether he still lives and beholds the light of the sun, or whether he is already dead and in the house of Hades.”

[835] And the dim phantom answered her, and said: “Nay, of him I may not speak at length, whether he be alive or dead; it is an ill thing to speak words vain as wind.”

[839] So saying the phantom glided away by the bolt of the door into the breath of the winds. And the daughter of Icarus started up from sleep, and her heart was warmed with comfort, that so clear a vision had sped to her in the darkness of night. But the woers embarked, and sailed over the watery ways, pondering in their hearts utter murder for Telemachus. There is a rocky isle in the midst of the sea, midway between Ithaca and rugged Samos, Asteris, of no great size, but therein is a harbor where ships may lie, with an entrance on either side. There it was that the Achaeans tarried, lying in wait for Telemachus.

Book 5 (translated text)

[1] Now Dawn arose from her couch from beside lordly Tithonus, to bear light to the immortals and to mortal men. And the gods were sitting down to council, and among them Zeus, who thunders on high, whose might is supreme. To them Athena was recounting the many woes of Odysseus, as she called them to mind; for it troubled her that he abode in the dwelling of the nymph: “Father Zeus, and ye other blessed gods that are forever, never henceforward let sceptred king with a ready heart be kind and gentle, nor let him heed righteousness in his mind; but let him ever be harsh, and work unrighteousness, seeing that no one remembers divine Odysseus of the people whose lord he was; yet gentle was he as a father. He verily abides in an island suffering grievous pains, in the halls of the nymph Calypso, who keeps him perforce; and he cannot return to his own land, for he has at hand no ships with oars and no comrades to send him on his way over the broad back of the sea. And now again they are minded to slay his well-loved son on his homeward way; for he went in quest of tidings of his father to sacred Pylos and to goodly Lacedaemon.”

[21] Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered her, and said: “My child, what a word has escaped the barrier of thy teeth! Didst thou not thyself devise this plan, that verily Odysseus might take vengeance on these men at his coming? But concerning Telemachus, do thou guide him in thy wisdom, for thou canst, that all unscathed he may reach his native land, and the woers may come back in their ship baffled in their purpose.”

[28] He spoke, and said to Hermes, his dear son: “Hermes, do thou now, seeing that thou art at other times our messenger, declare to the fair-tressed nymph our fixed resolve, even the return of Odysseus

of the steadfast heart, that he may return with guidance neither of gods nor of mortal men, but that on a stoutly-bound raft, suffering woes, he may come on the twentieth day to deep-soiled Scheria, the land of the Phaeacians, who are near of kin to the gods. These shall heartily shew him all honor, as if he were a god, and shall send him in a ship to his dear native land, after giving him stores of bronze and gold and raiment, more than Odysseus would ever have won for himself from Troy, if he had returned unscathed with his due share of the spoil. For in this wise it is his fate to see his friends, and reach his high-roofed house and his native land.”

[43] So he spoke, and the messenger, Argeiphontes, failed not to hearken. Straightway he bound beneath his feet his beautiful sandals, immortal, golden, which were wont to bear him over the waters of the sea and over the boundless land swift as the blasts of the wind. And he took the wand wherewith he lulls to sleep the eyes of whom he will, while others again he awakens even out of slumber. With this in his hand the strong Argeiphontes flew.

[50] On to Pieria he stepped from the upper air, and swooped down upon the sea, and then sped over the wave like a bird, the cormorant, which in quest of fish over the dread gulfs of the unresting sea wets its thick plumage in the brine. In such wise did Hermes ride upon the multitudinous waves. But when he had reached the island which lay afar, then forth from the violet sea he came to land, and went his way until he came to a great cave, wherein dwelt the fair-tressed nymph; and he found her within. A great fire was burning on the hearth, and from afar over the isle there was a fragrance of cleft cedar and juniper, as they burned; but she within was singing with a sweet voice as she went to and fro before the loom, weaving with a golden shuttle. Round about the cave grew a luxuriant wood, alder and poplar and sweet-smelling cypress, wherein birds long of wing were wont to nest, owls and falcons and sea-crows with chattering tongues, who ply their business on the sea. And right there about the hollow cave ran trailing a garden vine, in pride of its prime, richly laden with clusters. And fountains four in a row were flowing with bright water hard by one another, turned one this way, one that. And round about soft meadows of violets and parsley were blooming. There even an immortal, who chanced to come, might gaze and marvel, and delight his soul; and there the messenger Argeiphontes stood and marvelled.

Hermes the
Messenger

[76] But when he had marvelled in his heart at all things, straightway he went into the wide cave; nor did Calypso, the beautiful goddess, fail to know him, when she saw him face to face; for not unknown are the immortal gods to one another, even though one dwells in a home far away. But the great-hearted Odysseus he found not within; for he sat weeping on the shore, as his wont had been, racking his soul with tears and groans and griefs, and he would look over the unresting sea, shedding tears. And Calypso, the beautiful goddess, questioned Hermes, when she had made him sit on a bright shining chair: “Why, pray, Hermes of the golden wand, hast thou come, an honorable guest and welcome? heretofore thou hast not been wont to come. Speak what is in thy mind; my heart bids me fulfil it, if fulfil it I can, and it is a thing that hath fulfillment. But follow me further, that I may set before thee entertainment.”

[92] So saying, the goddess set before him a table laden with ambrosia, and mixed the ruddy nectar. So he drank and ate, the messenger Argeiphontes. But when he had dined and satisfied his soul with food, then he made answer, and addressed her, saying: “Thou, a goddess, dost question me, a god, upon my coming, and I will speak my word truly, since thou biddest me. It was Zeus who bade me come hither against my will. Who of his own will would speed over so great space of salt sea-water, great past telling? Nor is there at hand any city of mortals who offer to the gods sacrifice and choice hecatombs. But it is in no wise possible for any other god to evade or make void the will of Zeus, who bears the

aegis. He says that there is here with thee a man most wretched above all those warriors who around the city of Priam fought for nine years, and in the tenth year sacked the city and departed homeward. But on the way they sinned against Athena, and she sent upon them an evil wind and long waves. There all the rest of his goodly comrades perished, but as for him, the wind and the wave, as they bore him, brought him hither. Him now Zeus bids thee to send on his way with all speed, for it is not his fate to perish here far from his friends, but it is still his lot to see his friends and reach his high-roofed house and his native land.”

[116] So he spoke, and Calypso, the beautiful goddess, shuddered, and she spoke, and addressed him with winged words: “Cruel are ye, O ye gods, and quick to envy above all others, seeing that ye begrudge goddesses that they should mate with men openly, if any takes a mortal as her dear bed-fellow. Thus, when rosy-fingered Dawn took to herself Orion, ye gods that live at ease begrudged her, till in Ortygia chaste Artemis of the golden throne assailed him with her gentle shafts and slew him. Thus too, when fair-tressed Demeter, yielding to her passion, lay in love with Iasion in the thrice-ploughed fallow land, Zeus was not long without knowledge thereof, but smote him with his bright thunder-bolt and slew him. And even so again do ye now begrudge me, O ye gods, that a mortal man should abide with me. Him I saved when he was bestriding the keel and all alone, for Zeus had smitten his swift ship with his bright thunder-bolt, and had shattered it in the midst of the wine-dark sea. There all the rest of his goodly comrades perished, but as for him, the wind and the wave, as they bore him, brought him hither. Him I welcomed kindly and gave him food, and said that I would make him immortal and ageless all his days. But since it is in no wise possible for any other god to evade or make void the will of Zeus who bears the aegis, let him go his way, if Zeus thus orders and commands, over the unresting sea. But it is not I that shall give him convoy, for I have at hand no ships with oars and no men to send him on his way over the broad back of the sea. But with a ready heart will I give him counsel, and will hide naught, that all unscathed he may return to his native land.”

[145] Then again the messenger Argeiphontes answered her: “Even so send him forth now, and beware of the wrath of Zeus, lest haply he wax wroth and visit his anger upon thee hereafter.”

[148] So saying, the strong Argeiphontes departed, and the queenly nymph went to the great-hearted Odysseus, when she had heard the message of Zeus. Him she found sitting on the shore, and his eyes were never dry of tears, and his sweet life was ebbing away, as he longed mournfully for his return, for the nymph was no longer pleasing in his sight. By night indeed he would sleep by her side perforce in the hollow caves, unwilling beside the willing nymph, but by day he would sit on the rocks and the sands, racking his soul with tears and groans and griefs, and he would look over the unresting sea, shedding tears.

[159] Then coming close to him, the beautiful goddess addressed him: “Unhappy man, sorrow no longer here, I pray thee, nor let thy life pine away; for even now with a ready heart will I send thee on thy way. Nay, come, hew with the axe long beams, and make a broad raft, and fasten upon it cross-planks for a deck well above it, that it may bear thee over the misty deep. And I will place therein bread and water and red wine to satisfy thy heart, to keep hunger from thee. And I will clothe thee with raiment, and will send a fair wind behind thee, that all unscathed thou mayest return to thy native land, if it be the will of the gods who hold broad heaven; for they are mightier than I both to purpose and to fulfil.”

[171] So she spoke, and much-enduring goodly Odysseus shuddered, and he spoke, and addressed her with winged words: “Some other thing, goddess, art thou planning in this, and not my sending, seeing that thou biddest me cross on a raft the great gulf of the sea, dread and grievous, over which not even the shapely, swift-faring ships pass, rejoicing in the wind of Zeus. But I will not set foot on a raft in thy despite, unless thou, goddess, wilt bring thyself to swear a mighty oath that thou wilt not plot against

me any fresh mischief to my hurt.”

[180] So he spoke, but Calypso, the beautiful goddess, smiled, and stroked him with her hand, and spoke, and addressed him: “Verily thou art a knave, and not stunted in wit, that thou hast bethought thee to utter such a word. Now therefore let earth be witness to this, and the broad heaven above, and the down-flowing water of the Styx, which is the greatest and most dread oath for the blessed gods, that I will not plot against thee any fresh mischief to thy hurt. Nay, I have such thoughts in mind, and will give such counsel, as I should devise for mine own self, if such need should come on me. For I too have a mind that is righteous, and the heart in this breast of mine is not of iron, but hath compassion.”

[192] So saying, the beautiful goddess led the way quickly, and he followed in the footsteps of the goddess. And they came to the hollow cave, the goddess and the man, and he sat down upon the chair from which Hermes had arisen, and the nymph set before him all manner of food to eat and drink, of such sort as mortal men eat. But she herself sat over against divine Odysseus, and before her the handmaids set ambrosia and nectar. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had their fill of food and drink, Calypso, the beautiful goddess, was the first to speak, and said: “Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, would'st thou then fare now forthwith home to thy dear native land! Yet, even so fare thee well. Howbeit if in thy heart thou knewest all the measure of woe it is thy fate to fulfil before thou comest to thy native land thou wouldest abide here and keep this house with me, and wouldest be immortal, for all thy desire to see thy wife for whom thou longest day by day. Surely not inferior to her do I declare myself to be either in form or stature, for in no wise is it seemly that mortal women should vie with immortals in form or comeliness.”

[214] Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: “Mighty goddess, be not wroth with me for this. I know full well of myself that wise Penelope is meaner to look upon than thou in comeliness and in stature, for she is a mortal, while thou art immortal and ageless. But even so I wish and long day by day to reach my home, and to see the day of my return. And if again some god shall smite me on the wine-dark sea, I will endure it, having in my breast a heart that endures affliction. For ere this I have suffered much and toiled much amid the waves and in war; let this also be added unto that.”

[225] So he spoke, and the sun set and darkness came on. And the two went into the innermost recess of the hollow cave, and took their joy of love, abiding each by the other's side.

[228] As soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, straightway Odysseus put on a cloak and a tunic, and the nymph clothed herself in a long white robe, finely woven and beautiful, and about her waist she cast a fair girdle of gold, and on her head a veil above. Then she set herself to plan the sending of the great-hearted Odysseus. She gave him a great axe, well fitted to his hands, an axe of bronze, sharpened on both sides; and in it was a beautiful handle of olive wood, securely fastened; and thereafter she gave him a polished adze. Then she led the way to the borders of the island where tall trees were standing, alder and poplar and fir, reaching to the skies, long dry and well-seasoned, which would float for him lightly. But when she had shewn him where the tall trees grew, Calypso, the beautiful goddess, returned homewards, but he fell to cutting timbers, and his work went forward apace. Twenty trees in all did he fell, and trimmed them with the axe; then he cunningly smoothed them all and made them straight to the line. Meanwhile Calypso, the beautiful goddess, brought him augers; and he bored all the pieces and fitted them to one another, and with pegs and morticings did he hammer it together. Wide as a man well-skilled in carpentry marks out the curve of the hull of a freight-ship, broad of beam, even so wide did Odysseus make his raft. And he set up the deck-beams, bolting them to the close-set ribs, and laboured on; and he finished the raft with long gunwales. In it he set a mast and a yard-arm, fitted to it, and furthermore made him a steering-oar, wherewith to steer. Then he fenced in the whole from stem to stern with willow withes to be a defence against the wave,

and strewed much brush thereon. Meanwhile Calypso, the beautiful goddess, brought him cloth to make him a sail, and he fashioned that too with skill. And he made fast in the raft braces and halyards and sheets, and then with levers forced it down into the bright sea.

The Raft of Odysseus

[262] Now the fourth day came and all his work was done. And on the fifth the beautiful Calypso sent him on his way from the island after she had bathed him and clothed him in fragrant raiment. On the raft the goddess put a skin of dark wine, and another, a great one, of water, and provisions, too, in a wallet. Therein she put abundance of dainties to satisfy his heart, and she sent forth a gentle wind and warm. Gladly then did goodly Odysseus spread his sail to the breeze; and he sat and guided his raft skilfully with the steering-oar, nor did sleep fall upon his eyelids, as he watched the Pleiads, and late-setting Bootes, and the Bear, which men also call the Wain, which ever circles where it is and watches Orion, and alone has no part in the baths of Ocean. For this star Calypso, the beautiful goddess, had bidden him to keep on the left hand as he sailed over the sea. For seventeen days then he sailed over the sea, and on the eighteenth appeared the shadowy mountains of the land of the Phaeacians, where it lay nearest to him; and it shewed like unto a shield in the misty deep.

[282] But the glorious Earth-shaker, as he came back from the Ethiopians, beheld him from afar, from the mountains of the Solymi: for Odysseus was seen of him sailing over the sea; and he waxed the more wroth in spirit, and shook his head, and thus he spoke to his own heart: "Out on it! Surely the gods have changed their purpose regarding Odysseus, while I was among the Ethiopians. And lo, he is near to the land of the Phaeacians, where it is his fate to escape from the great bonds of the woe which has come upon him. Aye, but even yet, methinks, I shall drive him to surfeit of evil."

[291] So saying, he gathered the clouds, and seizing his trident in his hands troubled the sea, and roused all blasts of all manner of winds, and hid with clouds land and sea alike; and night rushed down from heaven. Together the East Wind and the South Wind dashed, and the fierce-blowing West Wind and the North Wind, born in the bright heaven, rolling before him a mighty wave. Then were the knees of Odysseus loosened and his heart melted, and deeply moved he spoke to his own mighty spirit: "Ah me, wretched that I am! What is to befall me at the last? I fear me that verily all that the goddess said was true, when she declared that on the sea, before ever I came to my native land, I should fill up my measure of woes; and lo, all this now is being brought to pass. In such wise does Zeus overcast the broad heaven with clouds, and has stirred up the sea, and the blasts of all manner of winds sweep upon me; now is my utter destruction sure. Thrice blessed those Danaans, aye, four times blessed, who of old perished in the wide land of Troy, doing the pleasure of the sons of Atreus. Even so would that I had died and met my fate on that day when the throngs of the Trojans hurled upon me bronze-tipped spears, fighting around the body of the dead son of Peleus. Then should I have got funeral rites, and the Achaeans would have spread my fame, but now by a miserable death was it appointed me to be cut off."

Poseidon King of the Sea

[313] Even as thus he spoke the great wave smote him from on high, rushing upon him with terrible might, and around it whirled his raft. Far from the raft he fell, and let fall the steering-oar from his hand; but his mast was broken in the midst by the fierce blast of tumultuous winds that came upon it, and far in the sea sail and yardarm fell. As for him, long time did the wave hold him in the depths, nor could he rise at once from beneath the onrush of the mighty wave, for the garments which beautiful Calypso had given him weighed him down. At length, however, he came up, and spat forth from his

mouth the bitter brine which flowed in streams from his head. Yet even so he did not forget his raft, in evil case though he was, but sprang after it amid the waves, and laid hold of it, and sat down in the midst of it, seeking to escape the doom of death; and a great wave ever bore him this way and that along its course. As when in autumn the North Wind bears the thistle-tufts over the plain, and close they cling to one another, so did the winds bear the raft this way and that over the sea. Now the South Wind would fling it to the North Wind to be driven on, and now again the East Wind would yield it to the West Wind to drive.

[333] But the daughter of Cadmus, Ino of the fair ankles, saw him, even Leucothea, who of old was a mortal of human speech, but now in the deeps of the sea has won a share of honor from the gods. She was touched with pity for Odysseus, as he wandered and was in sore travail, and she rose up from the deep like a sea-mew on the wing, and sat on the stoutly-bound raft, and spoke, saying: "Unhappy man, how is it that Poseidon, the earth-shaker, has conceived such furious wrath against thee, that he is sowing for thee the seeds of many evils? Yet verily he shall not utterly destroy thee for all his rage. Nay, do thou thus; and methinks thou dost not lack understanding. Strip off these garments, and leave thy raft to be driven by the winds, but do thou swim with thy hands and so strive to reach the land of the Phaeacians, where it is thy fate to escape. Come, take this veil, and stretch it beneath thy breast. It is immortal; there is no fear that thou shalt suffer aught or perish. But when with thy hands thou hast laid hold of the land, loose it from thee, and cast it into the wine-dark sea far from the land, and thyself turn away."

[351] So saying, the goddess gave him the veil, and herself plunged again into the surging deep, like a sea-mew; and the dark wave hid her. Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus pondered, and deeply moved he spoke to his own mighty spirit: "Woe is me! Let it not be that some one of the immortals is again weaving a snare for me, that she bids me leave my raft. Nay, but verily I will not yet obey, for afar off mine eyes beheld the land, where she said I was to escape. But this will I do, and meseems that this is best: as long as the timbers hold firm in their fastenings, so long will I remain here and endure to suffer affliction; but when the wave shall have shattered the raft to pieces, I will swim, seeing that there is naught better to devise."

[365] While he pondered thus in mind and heart, Poseidon, the earth-shaker, made to rise up a great wave, dread and grievous, arching over from above, and drove it upon him. And as when a strong wind tosses a heap of straw that is dry, and some it scatters here, some there, even so the wave scattered the long timbers of the raft. But Odysseus bestrode one plank, as though he were riding a horse, and stripped off the garments which beautiful Calypso had given him. Then straightway he stretched the veil beneath his breast, and flung himself headlong into the sea with hands outstretched, ready to swim. And the lord, the earth-shaker, saw him, and he shook his head, and thus he spoke to his own heart: "So now, after thou hast suffered many ills, go wandering over the deep, till thou comest among the folk fostered of Zeus. Yet even so, methinks, thou shalt not make any mock at thy suffering."

[380] So saying, he lashed his fair-maned horses, and came to Aegae, where is his glorious palace. But Athena, daughter of Zeus, took other counsel. She stayed the paths of the other winds, and bade them all cease and be lulled to rest; but she roused the swift North Wind, and broke the waves before him, to the end that Zeus-born Odysseus might come among the Phaeacians, lovers of the oar, escaping from death and the fates. Then for two nights and two days he was driven about over the swollen waves, and full often his heart forboded destruction. But when fair-tressed Dawn brought to its birth the third day, then the wind ceased and there was a windless calm, and he caught sight of the shore close at hand, casting a quick glance forward, as he was raised up by a great wave. And even as when most welcome to his children appears the life of a father who lies in sickness, bearing grievous pains, long while wasting away, and some cruel god assails him, but then to their joy the gods free him from his woe, so to Odysseus did the land and the wood seem welcome; and he swam on, eager to set foot on the land.

But when he was as far away as a man's voice carries when he shouts, and heard the boom of the sea upon the reefs—for the great wave thundered against the dry land, belching upon it in terrible fashion, and all things were wrapped in the foam of the sea; for there were neither harbors where ships might ride, nor road-steads, but projecting headlands, and reefs, and cliffs—then the knees of Odysseus were loosened and his heart melted, and deeply moved he spoke to his own mighty spirit:

[408] “Ah me, when Zeus has at length granted me to see the land beyond my hopes, and lo, I have prevailed to cleave my way and to cross this gulf, nowhere doth there appear a way to come forth from the grey sea. For without are sharp crags, and around them the wave roars foaming, and the rock runs up sheer, and the water is deep close in shore, so that in no wise is it possible to plant both feet firmly and escape ruin. Haply were I to seek to land, a great wave may seize me and dash me against the jagged rock, and so shall my striving be in vain. But if I swim on yet further in hope to find shelving beaches and harbors of the sea, I fear me lest the storm-wind may catch me up again, and bear me, groaning heavily, over the teeming deep; or lest some god may even send forth upon me some great monster from out the sea -- and many such does glorious Amphitrite breed. For I know that the glorious Earth-shaker is filled with wrath against me.”

[424] While he pondered thus in mind and heart, a great wave bore him against the rugged shore. There would his skin have been stripped off and his bones broken, had not the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, put a thought in his mind. On he rushed and seized the rock with both hands, and clung to it, groaning, until the great wave went by. Thus then did he escape this wave, but in its backward flow it once more rushed upon him and smote him, and flung him far out in the sea. And just as, when a cuttlefish is dragged from its hole, many pebbles cling to its suckers, even so from his strong hands were bits of skin stripped off against the rocks; and the great wave covered him. Then verily would hapless Odysseus have perished beyond his fate, had not flashing-eyed Athena given him prudence. Making his way forth from the surge where it belched upon the shore, he swam outside, looking ever toward the land in hope to find shelving beaches and harbors of the sea.

[441] But when, as he swam, he came to the mouth of a fair-flowing river, where seemed to him the best place, since it was smooth of stones, and besides there was shelter from the wind, he knew the river as he flowed forth, and prayed to him in his heart: “Hear me, O king, whosoever thou art. As to one greatly longed-for do I come to thee, seeking to escape from out the sea from the threats of Poseidon. Reverend even in the eyes of the immortal gods is that man who comes as a wanderer, even as I have now come to thy stream and to thy knees, after many toils. Nay, pity me, O king, for I declare that I am thy suppliant.”

[451] So he spoke, and the god straightway stayed his stream, and checked the waves, and made a calm before him, and brought him safely to the mouth of the river. And he let his two knees bend and his strong hands fall, for his spirit was crushed by the sea. And all his flesh was swollen, and sea water flowed in streams up through his mouth and nostrils. So he lay breathless and speechless, with scarce strength to move; for terrible weariness had come upon him. But when he revived, and his spirit returned again into his breast, then he loosed from him the veil of the goddess and let it fall into the river that murmured seaward; and the great wave bore it back down the stream, and straightway Ino received it in her hands.

[463] But Odysseus, going back from the river, sank down in the reeds and kissed the earth, the giver of grain; and deeply moved he spoke to his own mighty spirit: “Ah, woe is me! what is to befall me? What will happen to me at the last? If here in the river bed I keep watch throughout the weary night, I fear that together the bitter frost and the fresh dew may overcome me, when from feebleness I have breathed forth my spirit; and the breeze from the river blows cold in the early morning. But if I climb up the slope to the shady wood and lie down to rest in the thick brushwood, in the hope that the cold

and weariness might leave me, and if sweet sleep comes over me, I fear me lest I become a prey and spoil to wild beasts.”

[474] Then, as he pondered, this thing seemed to him the better: he went his way to the wood and found it near the water in a clear space; and he crept beneath two bushes that grew from the same spot, one of thorn and one of olive. Through these the strength of the wet winds could never blow, nor the rays of the bright sun beat, nor could the rain pierce through them, so closely did they grow, intertwining one with the other. Beneath these Odysseus crept and straightway gathered with his hands a broad bed, for fallen leaves were there in plenty, enough to shelter two men or three in winter-time, however bitter the weather. And the much-enduring goodly Odysseus saw it, and was glad, and he lay down in the midst, and heaped over him the fallen leaves. And as a man hides a brand beneath the dark embers in an outlying farm, a man who has no neighbors, and so saves a seed of fire, that he may not have to kindle it from some other source, so Odysseus covered himself with leaves. And Athena shed sleep upon his eyes, that it might enfold his lids and speedily free him from toilsome weariness.

Book 6 (summary)

That night, Athena appears in a dream to the Phaeacian princess Nausicaa, disguised as her friend. She encourages the young princess to go to the river the next day to wash her clothes so that she will appear more fetching to the many men courting her. The next morning, Nausicaa goes to the river, and while she and her handmaidens are naked, playing ball as their clothes dry on the ground, Odysseus wakes in the forest and encounters them. Naked himself, he humbly yet winningly pleads for their assistance, never revealing his identity. Nausicaa leaves him alone to wash the dirt and brine from his body, and Athena makes him look especially handsome, so that when Nausicaa sees him again she begins to fall in love with him. Afraid of causing a scene if she walks into the city with a strange man at her side, Nausicaa gives Odysseus directions to the palace and advice on how to approach Arete, queen of the Phaeacians, when he meets her. With a prayer to Athena for hospitality from the Phaeacians, Odysseus sets out for the palace.

Book 7 (summary)

On his way to the palace of Alcinous, the king of the Phaeacians, Odysseus is stopped by a young girl who is Athena in disguise. She offers to guide him to the king's house and shrouds him in a protective mist that keeps the Phaeacians, a kind but somewhat xenophobic people, from harassing him. She also advises him to direct his plea for help to Arete, the wise and strong queen who will know how to get him home. Once Athena has delivered Odysseus to the palace, she departs from Scheria to her beloved city of Athens.

Odysseus finds the palace residents holding a festival in honor of Poseidon. He is struck by the splendor of the palace and the king's opulence. As soon as he sees the queen, he throws himself at her feet, and the mist about him dissipates. At first, the king wonders if this wayward traveler might be a god, but without revealing his identity, Odysseus puts the king's suspicions to rest by declaring that he is indeed a mortal. He then explains his predicament, and the king and queen gladly promise to see him off the next day in a Phaeacian ship.

Later that evening, when the king and queen are alone with Odysseus, the wise Arete recognizes the clothes that he is wearing as ones that she herself had made for her daughter Nausicaa. Suspicious, she interrogates Odysseus further. While still withholding his name, Odysseus responds by recounting the story of his journey from Calypso's island and his encounter with Nausicaa that morning, which involved her giving him a set of clothes to wear. To absolve the princess for not accompanying him to

the palace, Odysseus claims that it was his idea to come alone. Alcinous is so impressed with his visitor that he offers Odysseus his daughter's hand in marriage.

Book 8 (summary)

The next day, Alcinous calls an assembly of his Phaeacian counselors. Athena, back from Athens, ensures attendance by spreading word that the topic of discussion will be the godlike visitor who recently appeared on the island. At the assembly, Alcinous proposes providing a ship for his visitor so that the man can return to his homeland. The measure is approved, and Alcinous invites the counselors to his palace for a feast and celebration of games in honor of his guest. There, a blind bard named Demodocus sings of the quarrel between Odysseus and Achilles at Troy. Everyone listens with pleasure except Odysseus, who weeps at the painful memories that the story recalls. The king notices Odysseus's grief and ends the feast so that the games can begin.

The games include the standard lineup of boxing, wrestling, racing, and throwing of the discus. At one point, Odysseus is asked to participate. Still overcome by his many hardships, he declines. One of the young athletes, Broadsea, then insults him, which goads his pride to action. Odysseus easily wins the discus toss and then challenges the Phaeacian athletes to any other form of competition they choose. The discussion becomes heated, but Alcinous diffuses the situation by insisting that Odysseus join them in another feast, at which the Phaeacian youth entertain him and prove their preeminence in song and dance. Demodocus performs again, this time a light song about a tryst between Ares and Aphrodite. Afterward, Alcinous and each of the young Phaeacian men, including Broadsea, give Odysseus gifts to take with him on his journey home.

At dinner that night, Odysseus asks Demodocus to sing of the Trojan horse and the sack of Troy, but as he listens to the accomplished minstrel he again breaks down. King Alcinous again notices and stops the music. He asks Odysseus at last to tell him who he is, where he is from, and where he is going.

Book 9 (translated text)

[1] Then Odysseus, of many wiles, answered him, and said: "Lord Alcinous, renowned above all men, verily this is a good thing, to listen to a minstrel such as this man is, like unto the gods in voice. For myself I declare that there is no greater fulfillment of delight than when joy possesses a whole people, and banqueters in the halls listen to a minstrel as they sit in order due, and by them tables are laden with bread and meat, and the cup-bearer draws wine from the bowl and bears it round and pours it into the cups. This seems to my mind the fairest thing there is. But thy heart is turned to ask of my grievous woes, that I may weep and groan the more. What, then, shall I tell thee first, what last? for woes full many have the heavenly gods given me. First now will I tell my name, that ye, too, may know it, and that I hereafter, when I have escaped from the pitiless day of doom, may be your host, though I dwell in a home that is afar.

[19] "I am Odysseus, son of Laertes, who am known among men for all manner of wiles, and my fame reaches unto heaven. But I dwell in clear-seen Ithaca, wherein is a mountain, Neriton, covered with waving forests, conspicuous from afar; and round it lie many isles hard by one another, Dulichium, and Same, and wooded Zacynthus. Ithaca itself lies close in to the mainland the furthest toward the gloom, but the others lie apart toward the Dawn and the sun—a rugged isle, but a good nurse of young men; and for myself no other thing can I see sweeter than one's own land. Of a truth Calypso, the beautiful goddess, sought to keep me by her in her hollow caves, yearning that I should be her husband; and in like manner Circe would fain have held me back in her halls, the guileful lady of Aeaea, yearning that I should be her husband; but they could never persuade the heart within my breast. So true is it that

naught is sweeter than a man's own land and his parents, even though it be in a rich house that he dwells afar in a foreign land away from his parents.

[36] "But come, let me tell thee also of my woeful home-coming, which Zeus laid upon me as I came from Troy. From Ilios the wind bore me and brought me to the Cicones, to Ismarus. There I sacked the city and slew the men; and from the city we took their wives and great store of treasure, and divided them among us, that so far as lay in me no man might go defrauded of an equal share. Then verily I gave command that we should flee with swift foot, but the others in their great folly did not hearken. But there much wine was drunk, and many sheep they slew by the shore, and sleek kine of shambling gait.

[47] "Meanwhile the Cicones went and called to other Cicones who were their neighbors, at once more numerous and braver than they—men that dwelt inland and were skilled at fighting with their foes from chariots, and, if need were, on foot. So they came in the morning, as thick as leaves or flowers spring up in their season; and then it was that an evil fate from Zeus beset us luckless men, that we might suffer woes full many. They set their battle in array and fought by the swift ships, and each side hurled at the other with bronze-tipped spears. Now as long as it was morn and the sacred day was waxing, so long we held our ground and beat them off, though they were more than we. But when the sun turned to the time for the unyoking of oxen, then the Cicones prevailed and routed the Achaeans, and six of my well-greaved comrades perished from each ship; but the rest of us escaped death and fate. "Thence we sailed on, grieved at heart, glad to have escaped from death, though we had lost our dear comrades; nor did I let my curved ships pass on till we had called thrice on each of those hapless comrades of ours who died on the plain, cut down by the Cicones.

[67] But against our ships Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, roused the North Wind with a wondrous tempest, and hid with clouds the land and the sea alike, and night rushed down from heaven. Then the ships were driven headlong, and their sails were torn to shreds by the violence of the wind. So we lowered the sails and stowed them aboard, in fear of death, and rowed the ships hurriedly toward the land. There for two nights and two days continuously we lay, eating our hearts for weariness and sorrow. But when now fair-tressed Dawn brought to its birth the third day, we set up the masts and hoisted the white sails, and took our seats, and the wind and the helmsmen steered the ships. And now all unscathed should I have reached my native land, but the wave and the current and the North Wind beat me back as I was rounding Malea, and drove me from my course past Cythera.

[82] "Thence for nine days' space I was borne by direful winds over the teeming deep; but on the tenth we set foot on the land of the Lotus-eaters, who eat a flowery food. There we went on shore and drew water, and straightway my comrades took their meal by the swift ships. But when we had tasted food and drink, I sent forth some of my comrades to go and learn who the men were, who here ate bread upon the earth; two men I chose, sending with them a third as a herald. So they went straightway and mingled with the Lotus-eaters, and the Lotus-eaters did not plan death for my comrades, but gave them of the lotus to taste. And whosoever of them ate of the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus, had no longer any wish to bring back word or to return, but there they were fain to abide among the Lotus-eaters, feeding on the lotus, and forgetful of their homeward way. These men, therefore, I brought back perforce to the ships, weeping, and dragged them beneath the benches and bound them fast in the hollow ships; and I bade the rest of my trusty comrades to embark with speed on the swift ships, lest perchance anyone should eat of the lotus and forget his homeward way. So they went on board straightway and sat down upon the benches, and sitting well in order smote the grey sea with their oars.

[105] "Thence we sailed on, grieved at heart, and we came to the land of the Cyclopes, an overweening and lawless folk, who, trusting in the immortal gods, plant nothing with their hands nor plough; but all these things spring up for them without sowing or ploughing, wheat, and barley, and vines, which bear

the rich clusters of wine, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase. Neither assemblies for council have they, nor appointed laws, but they dwell on the peaks of lofty mountains in hollow caves, and each one is lawgiver to his children and his wives, and they reckon nothing one of another.

[116] “Now there is a level isle that stretches aslant outside the harbor, neither close to the shore of the land of the Cyclopes, nor yet far off, a wooded isle. Therein live wild goats innumerable, for the tread of men scares them not away, nor are hunters wont to come thither, men who endure toils in the woodland as they course over the peaks of the mountains. Neither with flocks is it held, nor with ploughed lands, but unsown and untilled all the days it knows naught of men, but feeds the bleating goats. For the Cyclopes have at hand no ships with vermilion cheeks, nor are there shipwrights in their land who might build them well-benched ships, which should perform all their wants, passing to the cities of other folk, as men often cross the sea in ships to visit one another—craftsmen, who would have made of this isle also a fair settlement. For the isle is nowise poor, but would bear all things in season. In it are meadows by the shores of the grey sea, well-watered meadows and soft, where vines would never fail, and in its level ploughland, whence they might reap from season to season harvests exceeding deep, so rich is the soil beneath; and in it, too, is a harbor giving safe anchorage, where there is no need of moorings, either to throw out anchor-stones or to make fast stern cables, but one may beach one's ship and wait until the sailors' minds bid them put out, and the breezes blow fair.

[140] “Now at the head of the harbor a spring of bright water flows forth from beneath a cave, and round about it poplars grow. Thither we sailed in, and some god guided us through the murky night; for there was no light to see, but a mist lay deep about the ships and the moon showed no light from heaven, but was shut in by clouds. Then no man's eyes beheld that island, nor did we see the long waves rolling on the beach, until we ran our well-benched ships on shore. And when we had beached the ships we lowered all the sails and ourselves went forth on the shore of the sea, and there we fell asleep and waited for the bright Dawn.

[152] “As soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, we roamed throughout the isle marvelling at it; and the nymphs, the daughters of Zeus who bears the aegis, roused the mountain goats, that my comrades might have whereof to make their meal. Straightway we took from the ships our curved bows and long javelins, and arrayed in three bands we fell to smiting; and the god soon gave us game to satisfy our hearts. The ships that followed me were twelve, and to each nine goats fell by lot, but for me alone they chose out ten.

[161] “So then all day long till set of sun we sat feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. For not yet was the red wine spent from out our ships, but some was still left; for abundant store had we drawn in jars for each crew when we took the sacred citadel of the Cicones. And we looked across to the land of the Cyclopes, who dwelt close at hand, and marked the smoke, and the voice of men, and of the sheep, and of the goats. But when the sun set and darkness came on, then we lay down to rest on the shore of the sea. And as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, I called my men together and spoke among them all: ‘Remain here now, all the rest of you, my trusty comrades, but I with my own ship and my own company will go and make trial of yonder men, to learn who they are, whether they are cruel, and wild, and unjust, or whether they love strangers and fear the gods in their thoughts.’

[177] “So saying, I went on board the ship and bade my comrades themselves to embark, and to loose the stern cables. So they went on board straightway and sat down upon the benches, and sitting well in order smote the grey sea with their oars. But when we had reached the place, which lay close at hand, there on the land's edge hard by the sea we saw a high cave, roofed over with laurels, and there many flocks, sheep and goats alike, were wont to sleep. Round about it a high court was built with stones set deep in the earth, and with tall pines and high-crested oaks. There a monstrous man was wont to sleep, who shepherded his flocks alone and afar, and mingled not with others, but lived apart, with his heart

set on lawlessness. For he was fashioned a wondrous monster, and was not like a man that lives by bread, but like a wooded peak of lofty mountains, which stands out to view alone, apart from the rest.

[193] “Then I bade the rest of my trusty comrades to remain there by the ship and to guard the ship, but I chose twelve of the best of my comrades and went my way. With me I had a goat-skin of the dark, sweet wine, which Maro, son of Euanthes, had given me, the priest of Apollo, the god who used to watch over Ismarus. And he had given it me because we had protected him with his child and wife out of reverence; for he dwelt in a wooded grove of Phoebus Apollo. And he gave me splendid gifts: of well-wrought gold he gave me seven talents, and he gave me a mixing-bowl all of silver; and besides these, wine, wherewith he filled twelve jars in all, wine sweet and unmixed, a drink divine. Not one of his slaves nor of the maids in his halls knew thereof, but himself and his dear wife, and one house-dame only. And as often as they drank that honey-sweet red wine he would fill one cup and pour it into twenty measures of water, and a smell would rise from the mixing-bowl marvellously sweet; then verily would one not choose to hold back. With this wine I filled and took with me a great skin, and also provision in a scrip; for my proud spirit had a foreboding that presently a man would come to me clothed in great might, a savage man that knew naught of justice or of law.

The Cyclops

Polyphemus

[216] “Speedily we came to the cave, nor did we find him within, but he was pasturing his fat flocks in the fields. So we entered the cave and gazed in wonder at all things there. The crates were laden with cheeses, and the pens were crowded with lambs and kids. Each kind was penned separately: by themselves the firstlings, by themselves the later lambs, and by themselves again the newly weaned. And with whey were swimming all the well-wrought vessels, the milk-pails and the bowls into which he milked. Then my comrades spoke and besought me first of all to take of the cheeses and depart, and thereafter speedily to drive to the swift ship the kids and lambs from out the pens, and to sail over the salt water. But I did not listen to them—verily it would have been better far—to the end that I might see the man himself, and whether he would give me gifts of entertainment. Yet, as it fell, his appearing was not to prove a joy to my comrades.

[231] “Then we kindled a fire and offered sacrifice, and ourselves, too, took of the cheeses and ate, and thus we sat in the cave and waited for him until he came back, herding his flocks. He bore a mighty weight of dry wood to serve him at supper time, and flung it down with a crash inside the cave, but we, seized with terror, shrank back into a recess of the cave. But he drove his fat flocks into the wide cavern—all those that he milked; but the males—the rams and the goats—he left without in the deep court. Then he lifted on high and set in place the great door-stone, a mighty rock; two and twenty stout four-wheeled wagons could not lift it from the ground, such a towering mass of rock he set in the doorway. Thereafter he sat down and milked the ewes and bleating goats all in turn, and beneath each dam he placed her young. Then presently he curdled half the white milk, and gathered it in wicker baskets and laid it away, and the other half he set in vessels that he might have it to take and drink, and that it might serve him for supper.

[250] But when he had busily performed his tasks, then he rekindled the fire, and caught sight of us, and asked: ‘Strangers, who are ye? Whence do ye sail over the watery ways? Is it on some business, or do ye wander at random over the sea, even as pirates, who wander, hazarding their lives and bringing evil to men of other lands?’

[256] “So he spoke, and in our breasts our spirit was broken for terror of his deep voice and monstrous self; yet even so I made answer and spoke to him, saying: ‘We, thou must know, are from Troy, Achaeans, driven wandering by all manner of winds over the great gulf of the sea. Seeking our home,

we have come by another way, by other paths; so, I ween, Zeus was pleased to devise. And we declare that we are the men of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, whose fame is now mightiest under heaven, so great a city did he sack, and slew many people; but we on our part, thus visiting thee, have come as suppliants to thy knees, in the hope that thou wilt give us entertainment, or in other wise make some present, as is the due of strangers. Nay, mightiest one, reverence the gods; we are thy suppliants; and Zeus is the avenger of suppliants and strangers—Zeus, the strangers' god—who ever attends upon reverend strangers.'

[272] "So I spoke, and he straightway made answer with pitiless heart: 'A fool art thou, stranger, or art come from afar, seeing that thou biddest me either to fear or to shun the gods. For the Cyclopes reckon not of Zeus, who bears the aegis, nor of the blessed gods, since verily we are better far than they. Nor would I, to shun the wrath of Zeus, spare either thee or thy comrades, unless my own heart should bid me. But tell me where thou didst moor thy well-wrought ship on thy coming. Was it haply at a remote part of the land, or close by? I fain would know.'

[281] "So he spoke, tempting me, but he trapped me not because of my great cunning; and I made answer again in crafty words: 'My ship Poseidon, the earth-shaker, dashed to pieces, casting her upon the rocks at the border of your land; for he brought her close to the headland, and the wind drove her in from the sea. But I, with these men here, escaped utter destruction.'

[287] "So I spoke, but from his pitiless heart he made no answer, but sprang up and put forth his hands upon my comrades. Two of them at once he seized and dashed to the earth like puppies, and the brain flowed forth upon the ground and wetted the earth. Then he cut them limb from limb and made ready his supper, and ate them as a mountain-nurtured lion, leaving naught—ate the entrails, and the flesh, and the marrowy bones. And we with wailing held up our hands to Zeus, beholding his cruel deeds; and helplessness possessed our souls. But when the Cyclops had filled his huge maw by eating human flesh and thereafter drinking pure milk, he lay down within the cave, stretched out among the sheep. And I formed a plan in my great heart to steal near him, and draw my sharp sword from beside my thigh and smite him in the breast, where the midriff holds the liver, feeling for the place with my hand. But a second thought checked me, for right there should we, too, have perished in utter ruin. For we should not have been able to thrust back with our hands from the high door the mighty stone which he had set there. So then, with wailing, we waited for the bright Dawn.

[308] "As soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, he rekindled the fire and milked his goodly flocks all in turn, and beneath each dam placed her young. Then, when he had busily performed his tasks, again he seized two men at once and made ready his meal. And when he had made his meal he drove his fat flocks forth from the cave, easily moving away the great door-stone; and then he put it in place again, as one might set the lid upon a quiver. Then with loud whistling the Cyclops turned his fat flocks toward the mountain, and I was left there, devising evil in the deep of my heart, if in any way I might take vengeance on him, and Athena grant me glory.

[318] "Now this seemed to my mind the best plan. There lay beside a sheep-pen a great club of the Cyclops, a staff of green olive-wood, which he had cut to carry with him when dry; and as we looked at it we thought it as large as is the mast of a black ship of twenty oars, a merchantman, broad of beam, which crosses over the great gulf; so huge it was in length and in breadth to look upon. To this I came, and cut off therefrom about a fathom's length and handed it to my comrades, bidding them dress it down; and they made it smooth, and I, standing by, sharpened it at the point, and then straightway took it and hardened it in the blazing fire. Then I laid it carefully away, hiding it beneath the dung, which lay in great heaps throughout the cave. And I bade my comrades cast lots among them, which of them should have the hardihood with me to lift the stake and grind it into his eye when sweet sleep should come upon him. And the lot fell upon those whom I myself would fain have chosen; four they were,

and I was numbered with them as the fifth. At even then he came, herding his flocks of goodly fleece, and straightway drove into the wide cave his fat flocks one and all, and left not one without in the deep court, either from some foreboding or because a god so bade him. Then he lifted on high and set in place the great door-stone, and sitting down he milked the ewes and bleating goats all in turn, and beneath each dam he placed her young. But when he had busily performed his tasks, again he seized two men at once and made ready his supper.

[345] "Then I drew near and spoke to the Cyclops, holding in my hands an ivy bowl of the dark wine: 'Cyclops, take and drink wine after thy meal of human flesh, that thou mayest know what manner of drink this is which our ship contained. It was to thee that I was bringing it as a drink offering, in the hope that, touched with pity, thou mightest send me on my way home; but thou ragest in a way that is past all bearing. Cruel man, how shall any one of all the multitudes of men ever come to thee again hereafter, seeing that thou hast wrought lawlessness?'

[354] "So I spoke, and he took the cup and drained it, and was wondrously pleased as he drank the sweet draught, and asked me for it again a second time: 'Give it me again with a ready heart, and tell me thy name straightway, that I may give thee a stranger's gift whereat thou mayest be glad. For among the Cyclopes the earth, the giver of grain, bears the rich clusters of wine, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase; but this is a streamlet of ambrosia and nectar.'

[360] "So he spoke, and again I handed him the flaming wine. Thrice I brought and gave it him, and thrice he drained it in his folly. But when the wine had stolen about the wits of the Cyclops, then I spoke to him with gentle words: 'Cyclops, thou askest me of my glorious name, and I will tell it thee; and do thou give me a stranger's gift, even as thou didst promise. Noman is my name, Noman do they call me—my mother and my father, and all my comrades as well.'

[368] So I spoke, and he straightway answered me with pitiless heart: 'Noman will I eat last among his comrades, and the others before him; this shall be thy gift.'

The Blinding of Polyphemus

[371] "He spoke, and reeling fell upon his back, and lay there with his thick neck bent aslant, and sleep, that conquers all, laid hold on him. And from his gullet came forth wine and bits of human flesh, and he vomited in his drunken sleep. Then verily I thrust in the stake under the deep ashes until it should grow hot, and heartened all my comrades with cheering words, that I might see no man flinch through fear. But when presently that stake of olive-wood was about to catch fire, green though it was, and began to glow terribly, then verily I drew nigh, bringing the stake from the fire, and my comrades stood round me and a god breathed into us great courage. They took the stake of olive-wood, sharp at the point, and thrust it into his eye, while I, throwing my weight upon it from above, whirled it round, as when a man bores a ship's timber with a drill, while those below keep it spinning with the thong, which they lay hold of by either end, and the drill runs around unceasingly. Even so we took the fiery-pointed stake and whirled it around in his eye, and the blood flowed around the heated thing. And his eyelids wholly and his brows round about did the flame singe as the eyeball burned, and its roots crackled in the fire. And as when a smith dips a great axe or an adze in cold water amid loud hissing to temper it—for therefrom comes the strength of iron—even so did his eye hiss round the stake of olive-wood.

[395] "Terribly then did he cry aloud, and the rock rang around; and we, seized with terror, shrank back, while he wrenched from his eye the stake, all befouled with blood, and flung it from him, wildly waving his arms. Then he called aloud to the Cyclopes, who dwelt round about him in caves among the windy heights, and they heard his cry and came thronging from every side, and standing around the

cave asked him what ailed him: `What so sore distress is thine, Polyphemus, that thou criest out thus through the immortal night, and makest us sleepless? Can it be that some mortal man is driving off thy flocks against thy will, or slaying thee thyself by guile or by might?`

[408] “Then from out the cave the mighty Polyphemus answered them: `My friends, it is Noman that is slaying me by guile and not by force.’

[409] “And they made answer and addressed him with winged words: `If, then, no man does violence to thee in thy loneliness, sickness which comes from great Zeus thou mayest in no wise escape. Nay, do thou pray to our father, the lord Poseidon.’

[413] “So they spoke and went their way; and my heart laughed within me that my name and cunning device had so beguiled. But the Cyclops, groaning and travailing in anguish, groped with his hands and took away the stone from the door, and himself sat in the doorway with arms outstretched in the hope of catching anyone who sought to go forth with the sheep—so witless, forsooth, he thought in his heart to find me. But I took counsel how all might be the very best, if I might haply find some way of escape from death for my comrades and for myself. And I wove all manner of wiles and counsel, as a man will in a matter of life and death; for great was the evil that was nigh us. And this seemed to my mind the best plan. Rams there were, well-fed and thick of fleece, fine beasts and large, with wool dark as the violet. These I silently bound together with twisted withes on which the Cyclops, that monster with his heart set on lawlessness, was wont to sleep. Three at a time I took. The one in the middle in each case bore a man, and the other two went, one on either side, saving my comrades. Thus every three sheep bore a man. But as for me—there was a ram, far the best of all the flock; him I grasped by the back, and curled beneath his shaggy belly, lay there face upwards with steadfast heart, clinging fast with my hands to his wondrous fleece. So then, with wailing, we waited for the bright dawn.

Escape from the Cyclops' Cave

[437] “As soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, then the males of the flock hastened forth to pasture and the females bleated un milked about the pens, for their udders were bursting. And their master, distressed with grievous pains, felt along the backs of all the sheep as they stood up before him, but in his folly he marked not this, that my men were bound beneath the breasts of his fleecy sheep. Last of all the flock the ram went forth, burdened with the weight of his fleece and my cunning self. And mighty Polyphemus, as he felt along his back, spoke to him, saying: `Good ram, why pray is it that thou goest forth thus through the cave the last of the flock? Thou hast not heretofore been wont to lag behind the sheep, but wast ever far the first to feed on the tender bloom of the grass, moving with long strides, and ever the first didst reach the streams of the river, and the first didst long to return to the fold at evening. But now thou art last of all. Surely thou art sorrowing for the eye of thy master, which an evil man blinded along with his miserable fellows, when he had overpowered my wits with wine, even Noman, who, I tell thee, has not yet escaped destruction. If only thou couldst feel as I do, and couldst get thee power of speech to tell me where he skulks away from my wrath, then should his brains be dashed on the ground here and there throughout the cave, when I had smitten him, and my heart should be lightened of the woes which good-for-naught Noman has brought me.’

[461] “So saying, he sent the ram forth from him. And when we had gone a little way from the cave and the court, I first loosed myself from under the ram and set my comrades free. Speedily then we drove off those long-shanked sheep, rich with fat, turning full often to look about until we came to the ship. And welcome to our dear comrades was the sight of us who had escaped death, but for the others they wept and wailed; yet I would not suffer them to weep, but with a frown forbade each man. Rather I bade them to fling on board with speed the many sheep of goodly fleece, and sail over the salt water.

So they went on board straightway and sat down upon the benches, and sitting well in order smote the grey sea with their oars. But when I was as far away as a man's voice carries when he shouts, then I spoke to the Cyclops with mocking words: `Cyclops, that man, it seems, was no weakling, whose comrades thou wast minded to devour by brutal strength in thy hollow cave. Full surely were thy evil deeds to fall on thine own head, thou cruel wretch, who didst not shrink from eating thy guests in thine own house. Therefore has Zeus taken vengeance on thee, and the other gods.'

[480] "So I spoke, and he waxed the more wroth at heart, and broke off the peak of a high mountain and hurled it at us, and cast it in front of the dark-prowed ship. And the sea surged beneath the stone as it fell, and the backward flow, like a flood from the deep, bore the ship swiftly landwards and drove it upon the shore. But I seized a long pole in my hands and shoved the ship off and along the shore, and with a nod of my head I roused my comrades, and bade them fall to their oars that we might escape out of our evil plight. And they bent to their oars and rowed. But when, as we fared over the sea, we were twice as far distant, then was I fain to call to the Cyclops, though round about me my comrades, one after another, sought to check me with gentle words: 'Reckless one, why wilt thou provoke to wrath a savage man, who but now hurled his missile into the deep and drove our ship back to the land, and verily we thought that we had perished there? And had he heard one of us uttering a sound or speaking, he would have hurled a jagged rock and crushed our heads and the timbers of our ship, so mightily does he throw.'

[500] "So they spoke, but they could not persuade my great-hearted spirit; and I answered him again with angry heart: `Cyclops, if any one of mortal men shall ask thee about the shameful blinding of thine eye, say that Odysseus, the sacker of cities, blinded it, even the son of Laertes, whose home is in Ithaca.'

Escape from
the Cyclops

[506] "So I spoke, and he groaned and said in answer: `Lo now, verily a prophecy uttered long ago is come upon me. There lived here a soothsayer, a good man and tall, Telemus, son of Eurymus, who excelled all men in soothsaying, and grew old as a seer among the Cyclopes. He told me that all these things should be brought to pass in days to come, that by the hands of Odysseus I should lose my sight. But I ever looked for some tall and comely man to come hither, clothed in great might, but now one that is puny, a man of naught and a weakling, has blinded me of my eye when he had overpowered me with wine. Yet come hither, Odysseus, that I may set before thee gifts of entertainment, and may speed thy sending hence, that the glorious Earth-shaker may grant it thee. For I am his son, and he declares himself my father; and he himself will heal me, if it be his good pleasure, but none other either of the blessed gods or of mortal men.'

[523] "So he spoke, and I answered him and said: `Would that I were able to rob thee of soul and life, and to send thee to the house of Hades, as surely as not even the Earth-shaker shall heal thine eye.'

[526] "So I spoke, and he then prayed to the lord Poseidon, stretching out both his hands to the starry heaven: `Hear me, Poseidon, earth-enfolder, thou dark-haired god, if indeed I am thy son and thou declarest thyself my father; grant that Odysseus, the sacker of cities, may never reach his home, even the son of Laertes, whose home is in Ithaca; but if it is his fate to see his friends and to reach his well-built house and his native land, late may he come and in evil case, after losing all his comrades, in a ship that is another's; and may he find woes in his house.'

[536] "So he spoke in prayer, and the dark-haired god heard him. But the Cyclops lifted on high again a far greater stone, and swung and hurled it, putting into the throw measureless strength. He cast it a little

behind the dark-prowed ship, and barely missed the end of the steering-oar. And the sea surged beneath the stone as it fell, and the wave bore the ship onward and drove it to the shore.

[543] “Now when we had come to the island, where our other well-benched ships lay all together, and round about them our comrades, ever expecting us, sat weeping, then, on coming thither, we beached our ship on the sands, and ourselves went forth upon the shore of the sea. Then we took from out the hollow ship the flocks of the Cyclops, and divided them, that so far as in me lay no man might go defrauded of an equal share. But the ram my well-greaved comrades gave to me alone, when the flocks were divided, as a gift apart; and on the shore I sacrificed him to Zeus, son of Cronos, god of the dark clouds, who is lord of all, and burned the thigh-pieces. Howbeit he heeded not my sacrifice, but was planning how all my well-benched ships might perish and my trusty comrades.

[556] “So, then, all day long till set of sun we sat feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine; but when the sun set and darkness came on, then we lay down to rest on the shore of the sea. And as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, I roused my comrades, and bade them themselves to embark and to loose the stern cables. So they went on board straightway and sat down upon the benches, and sitting well in order smote the grey sea with their oars. Thence we sailed on, grieved at heart, glad to have escaped death, though we had lost our dear comrades.

Book 10 (translated text)

[1] “Then to the Aeolian isle we came, where dwelt Aeolus, son of Hippotas, dear to the immortal gods, in a floating island, and all around it is a wall of unbreakable bronze, and the cliff runs up sheer. Twelve children of his, too, there are in the halls, six daughters and six sturdy sons, and he gave his daughters to his sons to wife. These, then, feast continually by their dear father and good mother, and before them lies boundless good cheer. And the house, filled with the savour of feasting, resounds all about even in the outer court by day, and by night again they sleep beside their chaste wives on blankets and on corded bedsteads.

[13] “To their city, then, and fair palace did we come, and for a full month he made me welcome and questioned me about each thing, about Ilios, and the ships of the Argives, and the return of the Achaeans. And I told him all the tale in due order. But when I, on my part, asked him that I might depart and bade him send me on my way, he, too, denied me nothing, but furthered my sending. He gave me a wallet, made of the hide of an ox nine years old, which he flayed, and therein he bound the paths of the blustering winds; for the son of Cronos had made him keeper of the winds, both to still and to rouse whatever one he will. And in my hollow ship he bound it fast with a bright cord of silver, that not a breath might escape, were it never so slight. But for my furtherance he sent forth the breath of the West Wind to blow, that it might bear on their way both ships and men. Yet this he was not to bring to pass, for we were lost through our own folly.

[28] “For nine days we sailed, night and day alike, and now on the tenth our native land came in sight, and lo, we were so near that we saw men tending the beacon fires. Then upon me came sweet sleep in my weariness, for I had ever kept in hand the sheet of the ship, and had yielded it to none other of my comrades, that we might the sooner come to our native land. But my comrades meanwhile began to speak one to another, and said that I was bringing home for myself gold and silver as gifts from Aeolus, the great-hearted son of Hippotas. And thus would one speak, with a glance at his neighbor: ‘Out on it, how beloved and honored this man is by all men, to whose city and land soever he comes! Much goodly treasure is he carrying with him from the land of Troy from out the spoil, while we, who have accomplished the same journey as he, are returning, bearing with us empty hands. And now Aeolus has given him these gifts, granting them freely of his love. Nay, come, let us quickly see what is here, what store of gold and silver is in the wallet.’

[46] "So they spoke, and the evil counsel of my comrades prevailed. They loosed the wallet, and all the winds leapt forth, and swiftly the storm-wind seized them and bore them weeping out to sea away from their native land; but as for me, I awoke, and pondered in my goodly heart whether I should fling myself from the ship and perish in the sea, or endure in silence and still remain among the living. However, I endured and abode, and covering my head lay down in the ship. But the ships were borne by an evil blast of wind back to the Aeolian isle; and my comrades groaned.

[56] "There we went ashore and drew water, and straightway my comrades took their meal by the swift ships. But when we had tasted of food and drink, I took with me a herald and one companion and went to the glorious palace of Aeolus, and I found him feasting beside his wife and his children. So we entered the house and sat down by the doorposts on the threshold, and they were amazed at heart, and questioned us: 'How hast thou come hither, Odysseus? What cruel god assailed thee? Surely we sent thee forth with kindly care, that thou mightest reach thy native land and thy home, and whatever place thou wouldest.'

[66] "So said they, but I with a sorrowing heart spoke among them and said: 'Bane did my evil comrades work me, and therewith sleep accursed; but bring ye healing, my friends, for with you is the power.'

[70] "So I spoke and addressed them with gentle words, but they were silent. Then their father answered and said: 'Begone from our island with speed, thou vilest of all that live. In no wise may I help or send upon his way that man who is hated of the blessed gods. Begone, for thou comest hither as one hated of the immortals.'

[76] "So saying, he sent me forth from the house, groaning heavily. Thence we sailed on, grieved at heart. And worn was the spirit of the men by the grievous rowing, because of our own folly, for no longer appeared any breeze to bear us on our way. So for six days we sailed, night and day alike, and on the seventh we came to the lofty citadel of Lamus, even to Telepylus of the Laestrygonians, where herdsman calls to herdsman as he drives in his flock, and the other answers as he drives his forth. There a man who never slept could have earned a double wage, one by herding cattle, and one by pasturing white sheep; for the out goings of the night and of the day are close together.

[87] "When we had come thither into the goodly harbor, about which on both sides a sheer cliff runs continuously, and projecting headlands opposite to one another stretch out at the mouth, and the entrance is narrow, then all the rest steered their curved ships in, and the ships were moored within the hollow harbor close together; for therein no wave ever swelled, great or small, but all about was a bright calm. But I alone moored my black ship outside, there on the border of the land, making the cables fast to the rock. Then I climbed to a rugged height, a point of outlook, and there took my stand; from thence no works of oxen or of men appeared; smoke alone we saw springing up from the land. So then I sent forth some of my comrades to go and learn who the men were, who here ate bread upon the earth—two men I chose, and sent with them a third as a herald. Now when they had gone ashore, they went along a smooth road by which wagons were wont to bring wood down to the city from the high mountains.

[105] "And before the city they met a maiden drawing water, the goodly daughter of Laestrygonian Antiphates, who had come down to the fair-flowing spring Artacia, from whence they were wont to bear water to the town. So they came up to her and spoke to her, and asked her who was king of this folk, and who they were of whom he was lord. And she showed them forth with the high-roofed house of her father. Now when they had entered the glorious house, they found there his wife, huge as the peak of a mountain, and they were aghast at her. At once she called from the place of assembly the glorious Antiphates, her husband, and he devised for them woeful destruction. Straightway he seized

one of my comrades and made ready his meal, but the other two sprang up and came in flight to the ships.

[118] Then he raised a cry throughout the city, and as they heard it the mighty Laestrygonians came thronging from all sides, a host past counting, not like men but like the Giants. They hurled at us from the cliffs with rocks huge as a man could lift, and at once there rose throughout the ships a dreadful din, alike from men that were dying and from ships that were being crushed. And spearing them like fishes they bore them home, a loathly meal. Now while they were slaying those within the deep harbor, I meanwhile drew my sharp sword from beside my thigh, and cut therewith the cables of my dark-prowed ship; and quickly calling to my comrades bade them fall to their oars, that we might escape from out our evil plight. And they all tossed the sea with their oar-blades in fear of death, and joyfully seaward, away from the beetling cliffs, my ship sped on; but all those other ships were lost together there.

[133] "Thence we sailed on, grieved at heart, glad to have escaped death, though we had lost our dear comrades; and we came to the isle of Aea, where dwelt fair-tressed Circe, a dread goddess of human speech, own sister to Aeetes of baneful mind; and both are sprung from Helios, who gives light to mortals, and from Perse, their mother, whom Oceanus begot. Here we put in to shore with our ship in silence, into a harbor where ships may lie, and some god guided us. Then we disembarked, and lay there for two days and two nights, eating our hearts for weariness and sorrow.

[144] "But when fair-tressed Dawn brought to its birth the third day, then I took my spear and my sharp sword, and quickly went up from the ship to a place of wide prospect, in the hope that I might see the works of men, and hear their voice. So I climbed to a rugged height, a place of outlook, and there took my stand, and I saw smoke rising from the broad-wayed earth in the halls of Circe, through the thick brush and the wood. And I debated in mind and heart, whether I should go and make search, when I had seen the flaming smoke. And as I pondered, this seemed to me to be the better way, to go first to the swift ship and the shore of the sea, and give my comrades their meal, and send them forth to make search.

[156] "But when, as I went, I was near to the curved ship, then some god took pity on me in my loneliness, and sent a great, high-horned stag into my very path. He was coming down to the river from his pasture in the wood to drink, for the might of the sun oppressed him; and as he came out I struck him on the spine in the middle of the back, and the bronze spear passed right through him, and down he fell in the dust with a moan, and his spirit flew from him. Then I planted my foot upon him, and drew the bronze spear forth from the wound, and left it there to lie on the ground. But for myself, I plucked twigs and osiers, and weaving a rope as it were a fathom in length, well twisted from end to end, I bound together the feet of the monstrous beast, and went my way to the black ship, bearing him across my back and leaning on my spear, since in no wise could I hold him on my shoulder with one hand, for he was a very mighty beast. Down I flung him before the ship, and heartened my comrades with gentle words, coming up to each man in turn: 'Friends, not yet shall we go down to the house of Hades, despite our sorrows, before the day of fate comes upon us. Nay, come, while there is yet food and drink in our swift ship, let us bethink us of food, that we pine not with hunger.'

[178] "So I spoke, and they quickly hearkened to my words. From their faces they drew their cloaks, and marvelled at the stag on the shore of the unresting sea, for he was a very mighty beast. But when they had satisfied their eyes with gazing, they washed their hands, and made ready a glorious feast. So then all day long till set of sun we sat feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. But when the sun set and darkness came on, then we lay down to rest on the shore of the sea. And as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, I called my men together, and spoke among them all: 'Hearken to my words, comrades, for all your evil plight. My friends, we know not where the darkness is or where the

dawn, neither where the sun, who give light to mortals, goes beneath the earth, nor where he rises; but let us straightway take thought if any device be still left us. As for me I think not that there is. For I climbed to a rugged point of outlook, and beheld the island, about which is set as a crown the boundless deep. The isle itself lies low, and in the midst of it my eyes saw smoke through the thick brush and the wood.'

[198] "So I spoke, and their spirit was broken within them, as they remembered the deeds of the Laestrygonian, Antiphates, and the violence of the great-hearted Cyclops, the man-eater. And they wailed aloud, and shed big tears. But no good came of their mourning. Then I told off in two bands all my well-greaved comrades, and appointed a leader for each band. Of the one I took command, and of the other godlike Eurylochus. Quickly then we shook lots in a brazen helmet, and out leapt the lot of great-hearted Eurylochus.

The Witch Circe & Odysseus' Men

[208] "So he set out, and with him went two-and-twenty comrades, all weeping; and they left us behind, lamenting. Within the forest glades they found the house of Circe, built of polished stone in a place of wide outlook, and round about it were mountain wolves and lions, whom Circe herself had bewitched; for she gave them evil drugs. Yet these beasts did not rush upon my men, but pranced about them fawningly, wagging their long tails. And as when hounds fawn around their master as he comes from a feast, for he ever brings them bits to soothe their temper, so about them fawned the stout-clawed wolves and lions; but they were seized with fear, as they saw the dread monsters. So they stood in the gateway of the fair-tressed goddess, and within they heard Circe singing with sweet voice, as she went to and fro before a great imperishable web, such as is the handiwork of goddesses, finely-woven and beautiful, and glorious. Then among them spoke Polites, a leader of men, dearest to me of my comrades, and trustiest: 'Friends, within someone goes to and fro before a great web, singing sweetly, so that all the floor echoes; some goddess it is, or some woman. Come, let us quickly call to her.'

[229] "So he spoke, and they cried aloud, and called to her. And she straightway came forth and opened the bright doors, and bade them in; and all went with her in their folly. Only Eurylochus remained behind, for he suspected that there was a snare. She brought them in and made them sit on chairs and seats, and made for them a potion of cheese and barley meal and yellow honey with Pramnian wine; but in the food she mixed baneful drugs, that they might utterly forget their native land. Now when she had given them the potion, and they had drunk it off, then she presently smote them with her wand, and penned them in the sties. And they had the heads, and voice, and bristles, and shape of swine, but their minds remained unchanged even as before. So they were penned there weeping, and before them Circe flung mast and acorns, and the fruit of the cornel tree, to eat, such things as wallowing swine are wont to feed upon.

[244] "But Eurylochus came back straightway to the swift, black ship, to bring tidings of his comrades and their shameful doom. Not a word could he utter, for all his desire, so stricken to the heart was he with great distress, and his eyes were filled with tears, and his spirit was set on lamentation. But when we questioned him in amazement, then he told the fate of the others, his comrades. 'We went through the thickets, as thou badest, noble Odysseus. We found in the forest glades a fair palace, built of polished stones, in a place of wide outlook. There someone was going to and fro before a great web, and singing with clear voice, some goddess or some woman, and they cried aloud, and called to her. And she came forth straightway, and opened the bright doors, and bade them in; and they all went with her in their folly. But I remained behind, for I suspected that there was a snare. Then they all vanished together, nor did one of them appear again, though I sat long and watched.'

[261] “So he spoke, and I cast my silver-studded sword about my shoulders, a great sword of bronze, and slung my bow about me, and bade him lead me back by the self-same road. But he clasped me with both hands, and he sought me by my knees, and with wailing he spoke to me winged words: ‘Lead me not thither against my will, O thou fostered of Zeus, but leave me here. For I know that thou wilt neither come back thyself, nor bring anyone of thy comrades. Nay, with these that are here let us flee with all speed, for still we may haply escape the evil day.’

[270] “So he spoke, but I answered him, and said: ‘Eurylochus, do thou stay here in this place, eating and drinking by the hollow, black ship; but I will go, for strong necessity is laid upon me.’

Hermes the
Messenger

[274] “So saying, I went up from the ship and the sea. But when, as I went through the sacred glades, I was about to come to the great house of the sorceress, Circe, then Hermes, of the golden wand, met me as I went toward the house, in the likeness of a young man with the first down upon his lip, in whom the charm of youth is fairest. He clasped my hand, and spoke, and addressed me: ‘Whither now again, hapless man, dost thou go alone through the hills, knowing naught of the country? Lo, thy comrades yonder in the house of Circe are penned like swine in close-barred sties. And art thou come to release them? Nay, I tell thee, thou shalt not thyself return, but shalt remain there with the others. But come, I will free thee from harm, and save thee. Here, take this potent herb, and go to the house of Circe, and it shall ward off from thy head the evil day. And I will tell thee all the baneful wiles of Circe. She will mix thee a potion, and cast drugs into the food; but even so she shall not be able to bewitch thee, for the potent herb that I shall give thee will not suffer it. And I will tell thee all. When Circe shall smite thee with her long wand, then do thou draw thy sharp sword from beside thy thigh, and rush upon Circe, as though thou wouldst slay her. And she will be seized with fear, and will bid thee lie with her. Then do not thou thereafter refuse the couch of the goddess, that she may set free thy comrades, and give entertainment to thee. But bid her swear a great oath by the blessed gods, that she will not plot against thee any fresh mischief to thy hurt, lest when she has thee stripped she may render thee a weakling and unmanned.’

[302] “So saying, Argeiphontes gave me the herb, drawing it from the ground, and showed me its nature. At the root it was black, but its flower was like milk. Moly the gods call it, and it is hard for mortal men to dig; but with the gods all things are possible. Hermes then departed to high Olympus through the wooded isle, and I went my way to the house of Circe, and many things did my heart darkly ponder as I went. So I stood at the gates of the fair-tressed goddess. There I stood and called, and the goddess heard my voice. Straightway then she came forth, and opened the bright doors, and bade me in; and I went with her, my heart sore troubled. She brought me in and made me sit on a silver-studded chair, a beautiful chair, richly wrought, and beneath was a foot-stool for the feet. And she prepared me a potion in a golden cup, that I might drink, and put therein a drug, with evil purpose in her heart. But when she had given it me, and I had drunk it off, yet was not bewitched, she smote me with her wand, and spoke, and addressed me: ‘Begone now to the sty, and lie with the rest of thy comrades.’

[321] “So she spoke, but I, drawing my sharp sword from beside my thigh, rushed upon Circe, as though I would slay her. But she, with a loud cry, ran beneath, and clasped my knees, and with wailing she spoke to me winged words: ‘Who art thou among men, and from whence? Where is thy city, and where thy parents? Amazement holds me that thou hast drunk this charm and wast in no wise bewitched. For no man else soever hath withstood this charm, when once he has drunk it, and it has passed the barrier of his teeth. Nay, but the mind in thy breast is one not to be beguiled. Surely thou art Odysseus, the man of ready device, who Argeiphontes of the golden wand ever said to me would come

hither on his way home from Troy with his swift, black ship. Nay, come, put up thy sword in its sheath, and let us two then go up into my bed, that couched together in love we may put trust in each other.’

[336] “So she spoke, but I answered her, and said: ‘Circe, how canst thou bid me be gentle to thee, who hast turned my comrades into swine in thy halls, and now keepest me here, and with guileful purpose biddest me go to thy chamber, and go up into thy bed, that when thou hast me stripped thou mayest render me a weakling and unmanned? Nay, verily, it is not I that shall be fain to go up into thy bed, unless thou, goddess, wilt consent to swear a mighty oath that thou wilt not plot against me any fresh mischief to my hurt.’

Odysseus & the Witch Circe

[345] “So I spoke, and she straightway swore the oath to do me no harm, as I bade her. But when she had sworn, and made an end of the oath, then I went up to the beautiful bed of Circe. But her handmaids meanwhile were busied in the halls, four maidens who are her serving-women in the house. Children are they of the springs and groves, and of the sacred rivers that flow forth to the sea, and of them one threw upon chairs fair rugs of purple above, and spread beneath them a linen cloth; another drew up before the chairs tables of silver, and set upon them golden baskets; and the third mixed sweet, honey-hearted wine in a bowl of silver, and served out golden cups; and the fourth brought water, and kindled a great fire beneath a large cauldron, and the water grew warm. But when the water boiled in the bright bronze, she set me in a bath, and bathed me with water from out the great cauldron, mixing it to my liking, and pouring it over my head and shoulders, till she took from my limbs soul-consuming weariness. But when she had bathed me, and anointed me richly with oil, and had cast about me a fair cloak and a tunic, she brought me into the hall, and made me sit upon a silver-studded chair—a beautiful chair, richly wrought, and beneath was a foot-stool for the feet. Then a handmaid brought water for the hands in a fair pitcher of gold, and poured it over a silver basin for me to wash, and beside me drew up a polished table. And the grave housewife brought and set before me bread, and therewith meats in abundance, granting freely of her store. Then she bade me eat, but my heart inclined not thereto. Rather, I sat with other thoughts, and my spirit boded ill.

[375] “Now when Circe noted that I sat thus, and did not put forth my hands to the food, but was burdened with sore grief, she came close to me, and spoke winged words: ‘Why, Odysseus, dost thou sit thus like one that is dumb, eating thy heart, and dost not touch food or drink? Dost thou haply forbode some other guile? Nay, thou needest in no wise fear, for already have I sworn a mighty oath to do thee no harm.’

[383] “So she spoke, but I answered her, and said: ‘Circe, what man that is right-minded could bring himself to taste of food or drink, ere yet he had won freedom for his comrades, and beheld them before his face? But if thou of a ready heart dost bid me eat and drink, set them free, that mine eyes may behold my trusty comrades.’

[388] “So I spoke, and Circe went forth through the hall holding her wand in her hand, and opened the doors of the sty, and drove them out in the form of swine of nine years old. So they stood there before her, and she went through the midst of them, and anointed each man with another charm. Then from their limbs the bristles fell away which the baneful drug that queenly Circe gave them had before made to grow, and they became men again, younger than they were before, and far comelier and taller to look upon. They knew me, and clung to my hands, each man of them, and upon them all came a passionate sobbing, and the house about them rang wondrously, and the goddess herself was moved to pity.

[400] “Then the beautiful goddess drew near me, and said: ‘Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus,

Odysseus of many devices, go now to thy swift ship and to the shore of the sea. First of all do ye draw the ship up on the land, and store your goods and all the tackling in caves. Then come back thyself, and bring thy trusty comrades.’

[406] “So she spoke, and my proud heart consented. I went my way to the swift ship and the shore of the sea, and there I found my trusty comrades by the swift ship, wailing piteously, shedding big tears. And as when calves in a farmstead sport about the droves of cows returning to the yard, when they have had their fill of grazing—all together they frisk before them, and the pens no longer hold them, but with constant lowing they run about their mothers—so those men, when their eyes beheld me, thronged about me weeping, and it seemed to their hearts as though they had got to their native land, and the very city of rugged Ithaca, where they were bred and born. And with wailing they spoke to me winged words: ‘At thy return, O thou fostered of Zeus, we are as glad as though we had returned to Ithaca, our native land. But come, tell the fate of the others, our comrades.’

[422] “So they spoke, and I answered them with gentle words: ‘First of all let us draw the ship up on the land, and store our goods and all the tackling in caves. Then haste you, one and all, to go with me that you may see your comrades in the sacred halls of Circe, drinking and eating, for they have unfailing store.’

[428] “So I spoke, and they quickly hearkened to my words. Eurylochus alone sought to hold back all my comrades, and he spoke, and addressed them with winged words: ‘Ah, wretched men, whither are we going? Why are you so enamoured of these woes, as to go down to the house of Circe, who will change us all to swine, or wolves, or lions, that so we may guard her great house perforce? Even so did the Cyclops, when our comrades went to his fold, and with them went this reckless Odysseus. For it was through this man's folly that they too perished.’

[439] “So he spoke, and I pondered in heart, whether to draw my long sword from beside my stout thigh, and therewith strike off his head, and bring it to the ground, near kinsman of mine by marriage though he was; but my comrades one after another sought to check me with gentle words: ‘O thou sprung from Zeus, as for this man, we will leave him, if thou so biddest, to abide here by the ship, and to guard the ship, but as for us, do thou lead us to the sacred house of Circe.’

[446] “So saying, they went up from the ship and the sea. Nor was Eurylochus left beside the hollow ship, but he went with us, for he feared my dread reproof. Meanwhile in her halls Circe bathed the rest of my comrades with kindly care, and anointed them richly with oil, and cast about them fleecy cloaks and tunics; and we found them all feasting bountifully in the halls. But when they saw and recognized one another, face to face, they wept and wailed, and the house rang around. Then the beautiful goddess drew near me, and said: ‘No longer now do ye rouse this plenteous lamenting. Of myself I know both all the woes you have suffered on the teeming deep, and all the wrong that cruel men have done you on the land. Nay, come, eat food and drink wine, until you once more get spirit in your breasts such as when at the first you left your native land of rugged Ithaca; but now ye are withered and spiritless, ever thinking of your weary wanderings, nor are your hearts ever joyful, for verily ye have suffered much.’

[466] “So she spoke, and our proud hearts consented. So there day after day for a full year we abode, feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. But when a year was gone and the seasons turned, as the months waned and the long days were brought in their course, then my trusty comrades called me forth, and said: ‘Strange man, bethink thee now at last of thy native land, if it is fated for thee to be saved, and to reach thy high-roofed house and thy native land.’

[475] “So they spoke, and my proud heart consented. So then all day long till set of sun we sat feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. But when the sun set and darkness came on, they lay down to sleep

throughout the shadowy halls, but I went up to the beautiful bed of Circe, and besought her by her knees; and the goddess heard my voice, and I spoke, and addressed her with winged words: `Circe, fulfil for me the promise which thou gavest to send me home; for my spirit is now eager to be gone, and the spirit of my comrades, who make my heart to pine, as they sit about me mourning, whensoever thou haply art not at hand.'

[487] "So I spoke, and the beautiful goddess straightway made answer: `Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, abide ye now no longer in my house against your will; but you must first complete another journey, and come to the house of Hades and dread Persephone, to seek soothsaying of the spirit of Theban Teiresias, the blind seer, whose mind abides steadfast. To him even in death Persephone has granted reason, that he alone should have understanding; but the others flit about as shadows.'

[496] "So she spoke, and my spirit was broken within me, and I wept as I sat on the bed, nor had my heart any longer desire to live and behold the light of the sun. But when I had my fill of weeping and writhing, then I made answer, and addressed her, saying: `O Circe, who will guide us on this journey? To Hades no man ever yet went in a black ship.'

[503] "So I spoke, and the beautiful goddess straightway made answer: `Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, let there be in thy mind no concern for a pilot to guide thy ship, but set up thy mast, and spread the white sail, and sit thee down; and the breath of the North Wind will bear her onward. But when in thy ship thou hast now crossed the stream of Oceanus, where is a level shore and the groves of Persephone —tall poplars, and willows that shed their fruit—there do thou beach thy ship by the deep eddying Oceanus, but go thyself to the dank house of Hades. There into Acheron flow Periphlegethon and Cocytus, which is a branch of the water of the Styx; and there is a rock, and the meeting place of the two roaring rivers. Thither, prince, do thou draw nigh, as I bid thee, and dig a pit of a cubit's length this way and that, and around it pour a libation to all the dead, first with milk and honey, thereafter with sweet wine, and in the third place with water, and sprinkle thereon white barley meal. And do thou earnestly entreat the powerless heads of the dead, vowing that when thou comest to Ithaca thou wilt sacrifice in thy halls a barren heifer, the best thou hast, and wilt fill the altar with rich gifts; and that to Teiresias alone thou wilt sacrifice separately a ram, wholly black, the goodliest of thy flock. But when with prayers thou hast made supplication to the glorious tribes of the dead, then sacrifice a ram and a black ewe, turning their heads toward Erebus but thyself turning backward, and setting thy face towards the streams of the river. Then many ghosts of men that are dead will come forth. But do thou thereafter call to thy comrades, and bid them flay and burn the sheep that lie there, slain by the pitiless bronze, and make prayer to the gods, to mighty Hades and to dread Persephone. And do thou thyself draw thy sharp sword from beside thy thigh, and sit there, not suffering the powerless heads of the dead to draw near to the blood, till thou hast enquired of Teiresias. Then the seer will presently come to thee, leader of men, and he will tell thee thy way and the measures of thy path, and of thy return, how thou mayest go over the teeming deep.'

[541] "So she spoke, and straightway came golden-throned Dawn. Round about me then she cast a cloak and tunic as raiment, and the nymph clothed herself in a long white robe, finely-woven and beautiful, and about her waist she cast a fair girdle of gold, and upon her head she put a veil. But I went through the halls, and roused my men with gentle words, coming up to each man in turn. `No longer now sleep ye, and drowse in sweet slumber, but let us go; lo! queenly Circe has told me all.'

[550] "So I spoke, and their proud hearts consented. But not even from thence could I lead my men unscathed. There was one, Elpenor, the youngest of all, not over valiant in war nor sound of understanding, who had laid him down apart from his comrades in the sacred house of Circe, seeking the cool air, for he was heavy with wine. He heard the noise and the bustle of his comrades as they

moved about, and suddenly sprang up, and forgot to go to the long ladder that he might come down again, but fell headlong from the roof, and his neck was broken away from the spine, and his spirit went down to the house of Hades.

[561] “But as my men were going on their way I spoke among them, saying: ‘Ye think, forsooth, that ye are going to your dear native land; but Circe has pointed out for us another journey, even to the house of Hades and dread Persephone, to consult the spirit of Theban Teiresias.’

[566] “So I spoke, and their spirit was broken within them, and sitting down right where they were, they wept and tore their hair. But no good came of their lamenting. But when we were on our way to the swift ship and the shore of the sea, sorrowing and shedding big tears, meanwhile Circe had gone forth and made fast beside the black ship a ram and a black ewe, for easily had she passed us by. Who with his eyes could behold a god against his will, whether going to or fro?

Book 11 (translated text)

[1] “But when we had come down to the ship and to the sea, first of all we drew the ship down to the bright sea, and set the mast and sail in the black ship, and took the sheep and put them aboard, and ourselves embarked, sorrowing, and shedding big tears. And for our aid in the wake of our dark-prowed ship a fair wind that filled the sail, a goodly comrade, was sent by fair-tressed Circe, dread goddess of human speech. So when we had made fast all the tackling throughout the ship, we sat down, and the wind and the helms man made straight her course. All the day long her sail was stretched as she sped over the sea; and the sun set and all the ways grew dark.

[13] “She came to deep-flowing Oceanus, that bounds the Earth, where is the land and city of the Cimmerians, wrapped in mist and cloud. Never does the bright sun look down on them with his rays either when he mounts the starry heaven or when he turns again to earth from heaven, but baneful night is spread over wretched mortals. Thither we came and beached our ship, and took out the sheep, and ourselves went beside the stream of Oceanus until we came to the place of which Circe had told us.

[24] “Here Perimedes and Eurylochus held the victims, while I drew my sharp sword from beside my thigh, and dug a pit of a cubit's length this way and that, and around it poured a libation to all the dead, first with milk and honey, thereafter with sweet wine, and in the third place with water, and I sprinkled thereon white barley meal. And I earnestly entreated the powerless heads of the dead, vowing that when I came to Ithaca I would sacrifice in my halls a barren heifer, the best I had, and pile the altar with goodly gifts, and to Teiresias alone would sacrifice separately a ram, wholly black, the goodliest of my flocks. But when with vows and prayers I had made supplication to the tribes of the dead, I took the sheep and cut their throats over the pit, and the dark blood ran forth.

[37] “Then there gathered from out of Erebus the spirits of those that are dead, brides, and unwedded youths, and toil-worn old men, and tender maidens with hearts yet new to sorrow, and many, too, that had been wounded with bronze-tipped spears, men slain in fight, wearing their blood-stained armour. These came thronging in crowds about the pit from every side, with a wondrous cry; and pale fear seized me. Then I called to my comrades and bade them flay and burn the sheep that lay there slain with the pitiless bronze, and to make prayer to the gods, to mighty Hades and dread Persephone. And I myself drew my sharp sword from beside my thigh and sat there, and would not suffer the powerless heads of the dead to draw near to the blood until I had enquired of Teiresias.

[51] “The first to come was the spirit of my comrade Elpenor. Not yet had he been buried beneath the broad-wayed earth, for we had left his corpse behind us in the hall of Circe, unwept and unburied, since another task was then urging us on. When I saw him I wept, and my heart had compassion on him; and I spoke and addressed him with winged words: ‘Elpenor, how didst thou come beneath the murky

darkness? Thou coming on foot hast out-stripped me in my black ship.'

[59] "So I spoke, and with a groan he answered me and said: 'Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, an evil doom of some god was my undoing, and measureless wine. When I had lain down to sleep in the house of Circe I did not think to go to the long ladder that I might come down again, but fell headlong from the roof, and my neck was broken away from the spine and my spirit went down to the house of Hades. Now I beseech thee by those whom we left behind, who are not present with us, by thy wife and thy father who reared thee when a babe, and by Telemachus whom thou didst leave an only son in thy halls; for I know that as thou goest hence from the house of Hades thou wilt touch at the Aeaean isle with thy well-built ship. There, then, O prince, I bid thee remember me. Leave me not behind thee unwept and unburied as thou goest thence, and turn not away from me, lest haply I bring the wrath of the gods upon thee. Nay, burn me with my armour, all that is mine, and heap up a mound for me on the shore of the grey sea, in memory of an unhappy man, that men yet to be may learn of me. Fulfil this my prayer, and fix upon the mound my oar wherewith I rowed in life when I was among my comrades.'

[79] "So he spoke, and I made answer and said: 'All this, unhappy man, will I perform and do.' Thus we two sat and held sad converse one with the other, I on one side holding my sword over the blood, while on the other side the phantom of my comrade spoke at large.

[84] "Then there came up the spirit of my dead mother, Anticleia, the daughter of great-hearted Autolycus, whom I had left alive when I departed for sacred Ilios. At sight of her I wept, and my heart had compassion on her, but even so I would not suffer her to come near the blood, for all my great sorrow, until I had enquired of Teiresias.

[90] "Then there came up the spirit of the Theban Teiresias, bearing his golden staff in his hand, and he knew me and spoke to me: 'Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, what now, hapless man? Why hast thou left the light of the sun and come hither to behold the dead and a region where is no joy? Nay, give place from the pit and draw back thy sharp sword, that I may drink of the blood and tell thee sooth.'

[97] "So he spoke, and I gave place and thrust my silver-studded sword into its sheath, and when he had drunk the dark blood, then the blameless seer spoke to me and said: 'Thou askest of thy honey-sweet return, glorious Odysseus, but this shall a god make grievous unto thee; for I think not that thou shalt elude the Earth-shaker, seeing that he has laid up wrath in his heart against thee, angered that thou didst blind his dear son. Yet even so ye may reach home, though in evil plight, if thou wilt curb thine own spirit and that of thy comrades, as soon as thou shalt bring thy well-built ship to the island Thrinacia, escaping from the violet sea, and ye find grazing there the kine and goodly flocks of Helios, who over sees and overhears all things. If thou leavest these unharmed and heedest thy homeward way, verily ye may yet reach Ithaca, though in evil plight. But if thou harmest them, then I foresee ruin for thy ship and thy comrades, and even if thou shalt thyself escape, late shalt thou come home and in evil case, after losing all thy comrades, in a ship that is another's, and thou shalt find woes in thy house—proud men that devour thy livelihood, wooing thy godlike wife, and offering wooers' gifts. Yet verily on their violent deeds shalt thou take vengeance when thou comest.

[119] "'But when thou hast slain the wooers in thy halls, whether by guile or openly with the sharp sword, then do thou go forth, taking a shapely oar, until thou comest to men that know naught of the sea and eat not of food mingled with salt, aye, and they know naught of ships with purple cheeks, or of shapely oars that are as wings unto ships. And I will tell thee a sign right manifest, which will not escape thee. When another wayfarer, on meeting thee, shall say that thou hast a winnowing-fan on thy stout shoulder, then do thou fix in the earth thy shapely oar and make goodly offerings to lord Poseidon

—a ram, and a bull, and a boar that mates with sows—and depart for thy home and offer sacred hecatombs to the immortal gods who hold broad heaven, to each one in due order. And death shall come to thee thyself far from the sea, a death so gentle, that shall lay thee low when thou art overcome with sleek old age, and thy people shall dwell in prosperity around thee. In this have I told thee sooth.’

[138] “So he spoke, and I made answer and said: `Teiresias, of all this, I ween, the gods themselves have spun the thread. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly. I see here the spirit of my dead mother; she sits in silence near the blood, and deigns not to look upon the face of her own son or to speak to him. Tell me, prince, how she may recognize that I am he?’

[145] “So I spoke, and he straightway made answer, and said: `Easy is the word that I shall say and put in thy mind. Whomsoever of those that are dead and gone thou shalt suffer to draw near the blood, he will tell thee sooth; but whomsoever thou refusest, he surely will go back again.’

[150] “So saying the spirit of the prince, Teiresias, went back into the house of Hades, when he had declared his prophecies; but I remained there steadfastly until my mother came up and drank the dark blood. At once then she knew me, and with wailing she spoke to me winged words: `My child, how didst thou come beneath the murky darkness, being still alive? Hard is it for those that live to behold these realms, for between are great rivers and dread streams; Oceanus first, which one may in no wise cross on foot, but only if one have a well-built ship. Art thou but now come hither from Troy after long wanderings with thy ship and thy companions? and hast thou not yet reached Ithaca, nor seen thy wife in thy halls?’

[163] “So she spoke, and I made answer and said: `My mother, necessity brought me down to the house of Hades, to seek soothsaying of the spirit of Theban Teiresias. For not yet have I come near to the shore of Achaea, nor have I as yet set foot on my own land, but have ever been wandering, laden with woe, from the day when first I went with goodly Agamemnon to Ilios, famed for its horses, to fight with the Trojans. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly. What fate of grievous death overcame thee? Was it long disease, or did the archer, Artemis, assail thee with her gentle shafts, and slay thee? And tell me of my father and my son, whom I left behind me. Does the honor that was mine still abide with them, or does some other man now possess it, and do they say that I shall no more return? And tell me of my wedded wife, of her purpose and of her mind. Does she abide with her son, and keep all things safe? or has one already wedded her, whosoever is best of the Achaeans?’

[180] “So I spoke, and my honored mother straightway answered: `Aye verily she abides with steadfast heart in thy halls, and ever sorrowfully for her do the nights and the days wane, as she weeps. But the fair honor that was thine no man yet possesses, but Telemachus holds thy demesne unharassed, and feasts a equal banquets, such as it is fitting that one who deals judgment should share, for all men invite him. But thy father abides there in the tilled land, and comes not to the city, nor has he, for bedding, bed and cloaks and bright coverlets, but through the winter he sleeps in the house, where the slaves sleep, in the ashes by the fire, and wears upon his body mean raiment. But when summer comes and rich autumn, then all about the slope of his vineyard plot are strewn his lowly beds of fallen leaves. There he lies sorrowing, and nurses his great grief in his heart, in longing for thy return, and heavy old age has come upon him. Even so did I too perish and meet my fate. Neither did the keen-sighted archer goddess assail me in my halls with her gentle shafts, and slay me, nor did any disease come upon me, such as oftenest through grievous wasting takes the spirit from the limbs; nay, it was longing for thee, and for thy counsels, glorious Odysseus, and for thy tender-heartedness, that robbed me of honey-sweet life.’

[204] “So she spoke, and I pondered in heart, and was fain to clasp the spirit of my dead mother. Thrice I sprang towards her, and my heart bade me clasp her, and thrice she flitted from my arms like a

shadow or a dream, and pain grew ever sharper at my heart. And I spoke and addressed her with winged words: 'My mother, why dost thou not stay for me, who am eager to clasp thee, that even in the house of Hades we two may cast our arms each about the other, and take our fill of chill lamenting. Is this but a phantom that august Persephone has sent me, that I may lament and groan the more?'

[215] "So I spoke, and my honored mother straightway answered: 'Ah me, my child, ill-fated above all men, in no wise does Persephone, the daughter of Zeus, deceive thee, but this is the appointed way with mortals when one dies. For the sinews no longer hold the flesh and the bones together, but the strong might of blazing fire destroys these, as soon as the life leaves the white bones, and the spirit, like a dream, flits away, and hovers to and fro. But haste thee to the light with what speed thou mayest, and bear all these things in mind, that thou mayest hereafter tell them to thy wife.'

Hades & Persephone

[225] "Thus we two talked with one another; and the women came, for august Persephone sent them forth, even all those that had been the wives and the daughters of chieftains. These flocked in throngs about the dark blood, and I considered how I might question each; and this seemed to my mind the best counsel. I drew my long sword from beside my stout thigh, and would not suffer them to drink of the dark blood all at one time. So they drew near, one after the other, and each declared her birth, and I questioned them all.

[235] "Then verily the first that I saw was high-born Tyro, who said that she was the daughter of noble Salmoneus, and declared herself to be the wife of Cretheus, son of Aeolus. She became enamoured of the river, divine Enipeus, who is far the fairest of rivers that send forth their streams upon the earth, and she was wont to resort to the fair waters of Enipeus. But the Enfolder and Shaker of the earth took his form, and lay with her at the mouths of the eddying river. And the dark wave stood about them like a mountain, vaulted-over, and hid the god and the mortal woman. And he loosed her maiden girdle, and shed sleep upon her. But when the god had ended his work of love, he clasped her hand, and spoke, and addressed her: 'Be glad, woman, in our love, and as the year goes on its course thou shalt bear glorious children, for not weak are the embraces of a god. These do thou tend and rear. But now go to thy house, and hold thy peace, and tell no man; but know that I am Poseidon, the shaker of the earth.' So saying, he plunged beneath the surging sea. But she conceived and bore Pelias and Neleus, who both became strong servants of great Zeus; and Pelias dwelt in spacious Iolcus, and was rich in flocks, and the other dwelt in sandy Pylos. But her other children she, the queenly among women, bore to Cretheus, even Aeson, and Pheres, and Amythaon, who fought from chariots.

[260] "And after her I saw Antiope, daughter of Asopus, who boasted that she had slept even in the arms of Zeus, and she bore two sons, Amphion and Zethus, who first established the seat of seven-gated Thebe, and fenced it in with walls, for they could not dwell in spacious Thebe unfenced, how mighty soever they were. And after her I saw Alcmena, wife of Amphitryon, who lay in the arms of great Zeus, and bore Heracles, staunch in fight, the lion-hearted. And Megara I saw, daughter of Creon, high-of-heart, whom the son of Amphitryon, ever stubborn in might, had to wife.

[271] "And I saw the mother of Oedipodes, fair Epicaste, who wrought a monstrous deed in ignorance of mind, in that she wedded her own son, and he, when he had slain his own father, wedded her, and straightway the gods made these things known among men. Howbeit he abode as lord of the Cadmeans in lovely Thebe, suffering woes through the baneful counsels of the gods, but she went down to the house of Hades, the strong warder. She made fast a noose on high from a lofty beam, overpowered by her sorrow, but for him she left behind woes full many, even all that the Avengers of a mother bring to pass.

[281] “And I saw beauteous Chloris, whom once Neleus wedded because of her beauty, when he had brought countless gifts of wooing. Youngest daughter was she of Amphion, son of Iasus, who once ruled mightily in Orchomenus of the Minyae. And she was queen of Pylos, and bore to her husband glorious children, Nestor, and Chromius, and lordly Periclymenus, and besides these she bore noble Pero, a wonder to men. Her all that dwelt about sought in marriage, but Neleus would give her to no man, save to him who should drive from Phylace the kine of mighty Iphicles, sleek and broad of brow; and hard they were to drive. These the blameless seer alone undertook to drive off; but a grievous fate of the gods ensnared him, even hard bonds and the herdsmen of the field. Howbeit when at length the months and the days were being brought to fulfillment, as the year rolled round, and the seasons came on, then verily mighty Iphicles released him, when he had told all the oracles; and the will of Zeus was fulfilled.

[299] “And I saw Lede, the wife of Tyndareus, who bore to Tyndareus two sons, stout of heart, Castor the tamer of horses, and the boxer Polydeuces. These two the earth, the giver of life, covers, albeit alive, and even in the world below they have honor from Zeus. One day they live in turn, and one day they are dead; and they have won honor like unto that of the gods.

The Giant Twins

Otus & Ephialtes

[305] “And after her I saw Iphimedeia, wife of Aloeus, who declared that she had lain with Poseidon. She bore two sons, but short of life were they, godlike Otus, and far-famed Ephialtes—men whom the earth, the giver of grain, reared as the tallest, and far the comeliest, after the famous Orion. For at nine years they were nine cubits in breadth and in height nine fathoms. Yea, and they threatened to raise the din of furious war against the immortals in Olympus. They were fain to pile Ossa on Olympus, and Pelion, with its waving forests, on Ossa, that so heaven might be scaled. And this they would have accomplished, if they had reached the measure of manhood; but the son of Zeus, whom fair-haired Leto bore, slew them both before the down blossomed beneath their temples and covered their chins with a full growth of beard.

[321] “And Phaedra and Procris I saw, and fair Ariadne, the daughter of Minos of baneful mind, whom once Theseus was fain to bear from Crete to the hill of sacred Athens; but he had no joy of her, for ere that Artemis slew her in sea-girt Dia because of the witness of Dionysus.

[326] “And Maera and Clymene I saw, and hateful Eriphyle, who took precious gold as the price of the life of her own lord. But I cannot tell or name all the wives and daughters of heroes that I saw; ere that immortal night would wane. Nay, it is now time to sleep, either when I have gone to the swift ship and the crew, or here. My sending shall rest with the gods, and with you.”

[334] So he spoke, and they were all hushed in silence, and were held spell-bound throughout the shadowy halls. Then among them white-armed Arete was the first to speak: “Phaeacians, how seems this man to you for comeliness and stature, and for the balanced spirit within him? And moreover he is my guest, though each of you has a share in this honor. Wherefore be not in haste to send him away, nor stint your gifts to one in such need; for many are the treasures which lie stored in your halls by the favour of the gods.”

[342] Then among them spoke also the old lord Echeneus, who was an elder among the Phaeacians: “Friends, verily not wide of the mark or of our own thought are the words of our wise queen. Nay, do you give heed to them. Yet it is on Alcinous here that deed and word depend.”

[347] Then again Alcinous answered him and said: “This word of hers shall verily hold, as surely as I live and am lord over the Phaeacians, lovers of the oar. But let our guest, for all his great longing to return, nevertheless endure to remain until tomorrow, till I shall make all our gift complete. His sending shall rest with the men, with all, but most of all with me; for mine is the control in the land.”

[354] Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him and said: “Lord Alcinous, renowned above all men, if you should bid me abide here even for a year, and should further my sending, and give glorious gifts, even that would I choose; and it would be better far to come with a fuller hand to my dear native land. Aye, and I should win more respect and love from all men who should see me when I had returned to Ithaca.”

[361] Then again Alcinous made answer and said: “Odysseus, in no wise as we look on thee do we deem this of thee, that thou art a cheat and a dissembler, such as are many whom the dark earth breeds scattered far and wide, men that fashion lies out of what no man can even see. But upon thee is grace of words, and within thee is a heart of wisdom, and thy tale thou hast told with skill, as doth a minstrel, even the grievous woes of all the Argives and of thine own self. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly, whether thou sawest any of thy godlike comrades, who went to Ilios together with thee, and there met their fate. The night is before us, long, aye, wondrous long, and it is not yet the time for sleep in the hall. Tell on, I pray thee, the tale of these wondrous deeds. Verily I could abide until bright dawn, so thou wouldest be willing to tell in the hall of these woes of thine.”

[377] Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him and said: “Lord Alcinous, renowned above all men, there is a time for many words and there is a time also for sleep. But if thou art fain still to listen, I would not begrudge to tell thee of other things more pitiful still than these, even the woes of my comrades, who perished afterward, who escaped from the dread battle-cry of the Trojans, but perished on their return through the will of an evil woman.

[385] “When then holy Persephone had scattered this way and that the spirits of the women, there came up the spirit of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sorrowing; and round about him others were gathered, spirits of all those who were slain with him in the house of Aegisthus, and met their fate. He knew me straightway, when he had drunk the dark blood, and he wept aloud, and shed big tears, and stretched forth his hands toward me eager to reach me. But no longer had he aught of strength or might remaining such as of old was in his supple limbs. When I saw him I wept, and my heart had compassion on him, and I spoke, and addressed him with winged words: ‘Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men, Agamemnon, what fate of grievous death overcame thee? Did Poseidon smite thee on board thy ships, when he had roused a furious blast of cruel winds? Or did foemen work thee harm on the land, while thou wast cutting off their cattle and fair flocks of sheep, or wast fighting to win their city and their women?’

[404] “So I spoke, and he straightway made answer and said: ‘Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, neither did Poseidon smite me on board my ships, when he had roused a furious blast of cruel winds, nor did foemen work me harm on the land, but Aegisthus wrought for me death and fate, and slew me with the aid of my accursed wife, when he had bidden me to his house and made me a feast, even as one slays an ox at the stall. So I died by a most pitiful death, and round about me the rest of my comrades were slain unceasingly like white-tusked swine, which are slaughtered in the house of a rich man of great might at a marriage feast, or a joint meal, or a rich drinking-bout. Ere now thou hast been present at the slaying of many men, killed in single combat or in the press of the fight, but in heart thou wouldest have felt most pity hadst thou seen that sight, how about the mixing bowl and the laden tables we lay in the hall, and the floor all swam with blood. But the most piteous cry that I heard was that of the daughter of Priam, Cassandra, whom guileful Clytemnestra slew by my side. And I sought to raise my hands and smite down the murderess, dying though I was, pierced

through with the sword. But she, the shameless one, turned her back upon me, and even though I was going to the house of Hades deigned neither to draw down my eyelids with her fingers nor to close my mouth. So true is it that there is nothing more dread or more shameless than a woman who puts into her heart such deeds, even as she too devised a monstrous thing, contriving death for her wedded husband. Verily I thought that I should come home welcome to my children and to my slaves; but she, with her heart set on utter wickedness, has shed shame on herself and on women yet to be, even upon her that doeth uprightly.'

[435] "So he spoke, and I made answer and said: 'Ah, verily has Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, visited wondrous hatred on the race of Atreus from the first because of the counsels of women. For Helen's sake many of us perished, and against thee Clytemnestra spread a snare whilst thou wast afar.'

[440] "So I spoke, and he straightway made answer and said: 'Wherefore in thine own case be thou never gentle even to thy wife. Declare not to her all the thoughts of thy heart, but tell her somewhat, and let somewhat also be hidden. Yet not upon thee, Odysseus, shall death come from thy wife, for very prudent and of an understanding heart is the daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope. Verily we left her a bride newly wed, when we went to the war, and a boy was at her breast, a babe, who now, I ween, sits in the ranks of men, happy in that his dear father will behold him when he comes, and he will greet his father as is meet. But my wife did not let me sate my eyes even with sight of my own son. Nay, ere that she slew even me, her husband. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart: in secret and not openly do thou bring thy ship to the shore of thy dear native land; for no longer is there faith in women. But, come, tell me this, and declare it truly, whether haply ye hear of my son as yet alive in Orchomenus it may be, or in sandy Pylos, or yet with Menelaus in wide Sparta; for not yet has goodly Orestes perished on the earth.'

[462] "So he spoke, and I made answer and said: 'Son of Atreus, wherefore dost thou question me of this? I know not at all whether he be alive or dead, and it is an ill thing to speak words vain as wind.'

[465] "Thus we two stood and held sad converse with one another, sorrowing and shedding big tears; and there came up the spirit of Achilles, son of Peleus, and those of Patroclus and of peerless Antilochus and of Aias, who in comeliness and form was the goodliest of all the Danaans after the peerless son of Peleus. And the spirit of the swift-footed son of Aeacus recognized me, and weeping, spoke to me winged words: 'Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, rash man, what deed yet greater than this wilt thou devise in thy heart? How didst thou dare to come down to Hades, where dwell the unheeding dead, the phantoms of men outworn.'

[477] "So he spoke, and I made answer and said: 'Achilles, son of Peleus, far the mightiest of the Achaeans, I came through need of Teiresias, if haply he would tell me some plan whereby I might reach rugged Ithaca. For not yet have I come near to the land of Achaea, nor have I as yet set foot on my own country, but am ever suffering woes; whereas than thou, Achilles, no man aforetime was more blessed nor shall ever be hereafter. For of old, when thou wast alive, we Argives honored thee even as the gods, and now that thou art here, thou rulest mightily among the dead. Wherefore grieve not at all that thou art dead, Achilles.'

[486] "So I spoke, and he straightway made answer and said: 'Nay, seek not to speak soothingly to me of death, glorious Odysseus. I should choose, so I might live on earth, to serve as the hireling of another, of some portionless man whose livelihood was but small, rather than to be lord over all the dead that have perished. But come, tell me tidings of my son, that lordly youth, whether or not he followed to the war to be a leader. And tell me of noble Peleus, if thou hast heard aught, whether he still has honor among the host of the Myrmidons, or whether men do him dishonor throughout Hellas and Phthia, because old age binds him hand and foot. For I am not there to bear him aid beneath the

rays of the sun in such strength as once was mine in wide Troy, when I slew the best of the host in defence of the Argives. If but in such strength I could come, were it but for an hour, to my father's house, I would give many a one of those who do him violence and keep him from his honor, cause to rue my strength and my invincible hands.'

[504] "So he spoke, and I made answer and said: 'Verily of noble Peleus have I heard naught, but as touching thy dear son, Neoptolemus, I will tell thee all the truth, as thou biddest me. I it was, myself, who brought him from Scyros in my shapely, hollow ship to join the host of the well-greaved Achaeans. And verily, as often as we took counsel around the city of Troy, he was ever the first to speak, and made no miss of words; godlike Nestor and I alone surpassed him. But as often as we fought with the bronze on the Trojan plain, he would never remain behind in the throng or press of men, but would ever run forth far to the front, yielding to none in his might; and many men he slew in dread combat. All of them I could not tell or name, all the host that he slew in defence of the Argives; but what a warrior was that son of Telephus whom he slew with the sword, the prince Eurypylus! Aye, and many of his comrades, the Ceteians, were slain about him, because of gifts a woman craved. He verily was the comeliest man I saw, next to goodly Memnon. And again, when we, the best of the Argives, were about to go down into the horse which Epeus made, and the command of all was laid upon me, both to open and to close the door of our stout-built ambush, then the other leaders and counsellors of the Danaans would wipe away tears from their eyes, and each man's limbs shook beneath him, but never did my eyes see his fair face grow pale at all, nor see him wiping tears from his cheeks; but he earnestly besought me to let him go forth from the horse, and kept handling his sword-hilt and his spear heavy with bronze, and was eager to work harm to the Trojans. But after we had sacked the lofty city of Priam, he went on board his ship with his share of the spoil and a goodly prize—all unscathed he was, neither smitten with the sharp spear nor wounded in close fight, as often befalls in war; for Ares rages confusedly.'

[538] "So I spoke, and the spirit of the son of Aeacus departed with long strides over the field of asphodel, joyful in that I said that his son was preeminent. And other spirits of those dead and gone stood sorrowing, and each asked of those dear to him. Alone of them all the spirit of Aias, son of Telamon, stood apart, still full of wrath for the victory that I had won over him in the contest by the ships for the arms of Achilles, whose honored mother had set them for a prize; and the judges were the sons of the Trojans and Pallas Athena. I would that I had never won in the contest for such a prize, over so noble a head did the earth close because of those arms, even over Aias, who in comeliness and in deeds of war was above all the other Achaeans, next to the peerless son of Peleus. To him I spoke with soothing words: 'Aias, son of peerless Telamon, wast thou then not even in death to forget thy wrath against me because of those accursed arms? Surely the gods set them to be a bane to the Argives: such a tower of strength was lost to them in thee; and for thee in death we Achaeans sorrow unceasingly, even as for the life of Achilles, son of Peleus. Yet no other is to blame but Zeus, who bore terrible hatred against the host of Danaan spearmen, and brought on thee thy doom. Nay, come hither, prince, that thou mayest hear my word and my speech; and subdue thy wrath and thy proud spirit.'

[563] "So I spoke, but he answered me not a word, but went his way to Erebus to join the other spirits of those dead and gone. Then would he nevertheless have spoken to me for all his wrath, or I to him, but the heart in my breast was fain to see the spirits of those others that are dead.

[567] "There then I saw Minos, the glorious son of Zeus, golden sceptre in hand, giving judgment to the dead from his seat, while they sat and stood about the king through the wide-gated house of Hades, and asked of him judgment.

[572] "And after him I marked huge Orion driving together over the field of asphodel wild beasts which he himself had slain on the lonely hills, and in his hands he held a club all of bronze, ever

unbroken.

Punishment of Sisyphus

[576] “And I saw Tityos, son of glorious Gaea, lying on the ground. Over nine roods he stretched, and two vultures sat, one on either side, and tore his liver, plunging their beaks into his bowels, nor could he beat them off with his hands. For he had offered violence to Leto, the glorious wife of Zeus, as she went toward Pytho through Panopeus with its lovely lawns.

[582] “Aye, and I saw Tantalus in violent torment, standing in a pool, and the water came nigh unto his chin. He seemed as one athirst, but could not take and drink; for as often as that old man stooped down, eager to drink, so often would the water be swallowed up and vanish away, and at his feet the black earth would appear, for some god made all dry. And trees, high and leafy, let stream their fruits above his head, pears, and pomegranates, and apple trees with their bright fruit, and sweet figs, and luxuriant olives. But as often as that old man would reach out toward these, to clutch them with his hands, the wind would toss them to the shadowy clouds.

[593] “Aye, and I saw Sisyphus in violent torment, seeking to raise a monstrous stone with both his hands. Verily he would brace himself with hands and feet, and thrust the stone toward the crest of a hill, but as often as he was about to heave it over the top, the weight would turn it back, and then down again to the plain would come rolling the ruthless stone. But he would strain again and thrust it back, and the sweat flowed down from his limbs, and dust rose up from his head.

[601] “And after him I marked the mighty Heracles—his phantom; for he himself among the immortal gods takes his joy in the feast, and has to wife Hebe, of the fair ankles, daughter of great Zeus and of Here, of the golden sandals. About him rose a clamor from the dead, as of birds flying everywhere in terror; and he like dark night, with his bow bare and with arrow on the string, glared about him terribly, like one in act to shoot. Awful was the belt about his breast, a baldric of gold, whereon wondrous things were fashioned, bears and wild boars, and lions with flashing eyes, and conflicts, and battles, and murders, and slayings of men. May he never have designed, or hereafter design such another, even he who stored up in his craft the device of that belt.

Heracles & Cerberus

[615] "He in turn knew me when his eyes beheld me, and weeping spoke to me winged words: ‘Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, ah, wretched man, dost thou, too, drag out an evil lot such as I once bore beneath the rays of the sun? I was the son of Zeus, son of Cronos, but I had woe beyond measure; for to a man far worse than I was I made subject, and he laid on me hard labours. Yea, he once sent me hither to fetch the hound of Hades, for he could devise for me no other task mightier than this. The hound I carried off and led forth from the house of Hades; and Hermes was my guide, and flashing-eyed Athena.’

[627] “So saying, he went his way again into the house of Hades, but I abode there steadfastly, in the hope that some other haply might still come forth of the warrior heroes who died in the days of old. And I should have seen yet others of the men of former time, whom I was fain to behold, even Theseus and Peirithous, glorious children of the gods, but ere that the myriad tribes of the dead came thronging up with a wondrous cry, and pale fear seized me, lest august Persephone might send forth upon me from out the house of Hades the head of the Gorgon, that awful monster.

[637] "Straightway then I went to the ship and bade my comrades themselves to embark, and to loose the stern cables. So they went on board quickly and sat down upon the benches. And the ship was borne down the stream Oceanus by the swelling flood, first with our rowing, and afterwards the wind was fair.

Book 12 (translated text)

[1] "Now after our ship had left the stream of the river Oceanus and had come to the wave of the broad sea, and the Aeaean isle, where is the dwelling of early Dawn and her dancing-lawns, and the risings of the sun, there on our coming we beached our ship on the sands, and ourselves went forth upon the shore of the sea, and there we fell asleep, and waited for the bright Dawn.

[8] "As soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, then I sent forth my comrades to the house of Circe to fetch the body of the dead Elpenor. Straightway then we cut billets of wood and gave him burial where the headland runs furthest out to sea, sorrowing and shedding big tears. But when the dead man was burned, and the armour of the dead, we heaped up a mound and dragged on to it a pillar, and on the top of the mound we planted his shapely oar.

[16] "We then were busied with these several tasks, howbeit Circe was not unaware of our coming forth from the house of Hades, but speedily she arrayed herself and came, and her handmaids brought with her bread and meat in abundance and flaming red wine. And the beautiful goddess stood in our midst, and spoke among us, saying: 'Rash men, who have gone down alive to the house of Hades to meet death twice, while other men die but once. Nay, come, eat food and drink wine here this whole day through; but at the coming of Dawn ye shall set sail, and I will point out the way and declare to you each thing, in order that ye may not suffer pain and woes through wretched ill-contriving either by sea or on land.'

[28] "So she spoke, and our proud hearts consented. So then all day long till set of sun we sat feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. But when the sun set and darkness came on, they lay down to rest beside the stern cables of the ship; but Circe took me by the hand, and leading me apart from my dear comrades, made me to sit, and herself lay down close at hand and asked me all the tale. And I told her all in due order.

[36] "Then queenly Circe spoke to me and said: 'All these things have thus found an end; but do thou hearken as I shall tell thee, and a god shall himself bring it to thy mind. To the Sirens first shalt thou come, who beguile all men whosoever comes to them. Whoso in ignorance draws near to them and hears the Sirens' voice, he nevermore returns, that his wife and little children may stand at his side rejoicing, but the Sirens beguile him with their clear-toned song, as they sit in a meadow, and about them is a great heap of bones of mouldering men, and round the bones the skin is shrivelling. But do thou row past them, and anoint the ears of thy comrades with sweet wax, which thou hast kneaded, lest any of the rest may hear. But if thou thyself hast a will to listen, let them bind thee in the swift ship hand and foot upright in the step of the mast, and let the ropes be made fast at the ends to the mast itself, that with delight thou mayest listen to the voice of the two Sirens. And if thou shalt implore and bid thy comrades to loose thee, then let them bind thee with yet more bonds.

[55] "'But when thy comrades shall have rowed past these, thereafter I shall not fully say on which side thy course is to lie, but do thou thyself ponder it in mind, and I will tell thee of both ways. For on the one hand are beetling crags, and against them roars the great wave of dark-eyed Amphitrite; the Planctae do the blessed gods call these. Thereby not even winged things may pass, no, not the timorous doves that bear ambrosia to father Zeus, but the smooth rock ever snatches away one even of these, and the father sends in another to make up the tale. And thereby has no ship of men ever yet escaped that has come thither, but the planks of ships and bodies of men are whirled confusedly by the waves of the

sea and the blasts of baneful fire. One seafaring ship alone has passed thereby, that Argo famed of all, on her voyage from Aetes, and even her the wave would speedily have dashed there against the great crags, had not Here sent her through, for that Jason was dear to her.

[73] “Now on the other path are two cliffs, one of which reaches with its sharp peak to the broad heaven, and a dark cloud surrounds it. This never melts away, nor does clear sky ever surround that peak in summer or in harvest time. No mortal man could scale it or set foot upon the top, not though he had twenty hands and feet; for the rock is smooth, as if it were polished. And in the midst of the cliff is a dim cave, turned to the West, toward Erebus, even where you shall steer your hollow ship, glorious Odysseus. Not even a man of might could shoot an arrow from the hollow ship so as to reach into that vaulted cave. Therein dwells Scylla, yelping terribly. Her voice is indeed but as the voice of a new-born whelp, but she herself is an evil monster, nor would anyone be glad at sight of her, no, not though it were a god that met her. Verily she has twelve feet, all misshapen, and six necks, exceeding long, and on each one an awful head, and therein three rows of teeth, thick and close, and full of black death. Up to her middle she is hidden in the hollow cave, but she holds her head out beyond the dread chasm, and fishes there, eagerly searching around the rock for dolphins and sea-dogs and whatever greater beast she may haply catch, such creatures as deep-moaning Amphitrite rears in multitudes past counting. By her no sailors yet may boast that they have fled unscathed in their ship, for with each head she carries off a man, snatching him from the dark-prowed ship.

[101] “But the other cliff, thou wilt note, Odysseus, is lower—they are close to each other; thou couldst even shoot an arrow across—and on it is a great fig tree with rich foliage, but beneath this divine Charybdis sucks down the black water. Thrice a day she belches it forth, and thrice she sucks it down terribly. Mayest thou not be there when she sucks it down, for no one could save thee from ruin, no, not the Earth-shaker. Nay, draw very close to Scylla's cliff, and drive thy ship past quickly; for it is better far to mourn six comrades in thy ship than all together.’

[111] “So she spoke, but I made answer and said: ‘Come, I pray thee, goddess, tell me this thing truly, if in any wise I might escape from fell Charybids, and ward off that other, when she works harm to my comrades.’

[115] “So I spoke, and the beautiful goddess answered and said: ‘Rash man, lo, now again thy heart is set on the deeds of war and on toil. Wilt thou not yield even to the immortal gods? She is not mortal, but an immortal bane, dread, and dire, and fierce, and not to be fought with; there is no defence; to flee from her is bravest. For if thou tarriest to arm thyself by the cliff, I fear lest she may again dart forth and attack thee with as many heads and seize as many men as before. Nay, row past with all thy might, and call upon Crataeis, the mother of Scylla, who bore her for a bane to mortals. Then will she keep her from darting forth again.

[127] “And thou wilt come to the isle Thrinacia. There in great numbers feed the kine of Helios and his goodly flocks, seven herds of kine and as many fair flocks of sheep, and fifty in each. These bear no young, nor do they ever die, and goddesses are their shepherds, fair-tressed nymphs, Phaethusa and Lampetie, whom beautiful Neaera bore to Helios Hyperion. These their honored mother, when she had borne and reared them, sent to the isle Thrinacia to dwell afar, and keep the flocks of their father and his sleek kine. If thou leavest these unharmed and heedest thy homeward way, verily ye may yet reach Ithaca, though in evil plight. But if thou harmest them, then I foretell ruin for thy ship and for thy comrades, and even if thou shalt thyself escape, late shalt thou come home and in evil case, after losing all thy comrades.’

[143] “So she spoke, and presently came golden-throned Dawn. Then the beautiful goddess departed up the island, but I went to the ship and roused my comrades themselves to embark and to loose the stern

cables. So they went on board straightway and sat down upon the benches, and sitting well in order smote the grey sea with their oars. And for our aid in the wake of our dark-prowed ship a fair wind that filled the sail, a goodly comrade, was sent by fair-tressed Circe, dread goddess of human speech. So when we had straightway made fast all the tackling throughout the ship we sat down, but the wind and the helmsman guided the ship.

[153] “Then verily I spoke among my comrades, grieved at heart: ‘Friends, since it is not right that one or two alone should know the oracles that Circe, the beautiful goddess, told me, therefore will I tell them, in order that knowing them we may either die or, shunning death and fate, escape. First she bade us avoid the voice of the wondrous Sirens, and their flowery meadow. Me alone she bade to listen to their voice; but do ye bind me with grievous bonds, that I may abide fast where I am, upright in the step of the mast, and let the ropes be made fast at the ends to the mast itself; and if I implore and bid you to loose me, then do ye tie me fast with yet more bonds.’

Odysseus & the Sirens

[165] “Thus I rehearsed all these things and told them to my comrades. Meanwhile the well-built ship speedily came to the isle of the two Sirens, for a fair and gentle wind bore her on. Then presently the wind ceased and there was a windless calm, and a god lulled the waves to sleep. But my comrades rose up and furled the sail and stowed it in the hollow ship, and thereafter sat at the oars and made the water white with their polished oars of fir. But I with my sharp sword cut into small bits a great round cake of wax, and kneaded it with my strong hands, and soon the wax grew warm, forced by the strong pressure and the rays of the lord Helios Hyperion. Then I anointed with this the ears of all my comrades in turn; and they bound me in the ship hand and foot, upright in the step of the mast, and made the ropes fast at the ends to the mast itself; and themselves sitting down smote the grey sea with their oars. But when we were as far distant as a man can make himself heard when he shouts, driving swiftly on our way, the Sirens failed not to note the swift ship as it drew near, and they raised their clear-toned song: ‘Come hither, as thou farest, renowned Odysseus, great glory of the Achaeans; stay thy ship that thou mayest listen to the voice of us two. For never yet has any man rowed past this isle in his black ship until he has heard the sweet voice from our lips. Nay, he has joy of it, and goes his way a wiser man. For we know all the toils that in wide Troy the Argives and Trojans endured through the will of the gods, and we know all things that come to pass upon the fruitful earth.’

[192] “So they spoke, sending forth their beautiful voice, and my heart was fain to listen, and I bade my comrades loose me, nodding to them with my brows; but they fell to their oars and rowed on. And presently Perimedes and Eurylochus arose and bound me with yet more bonds and drew them tighter. But when they had rowed past the Sirens, and we could no more hear their voice or their song, then straightway my trusty comrades took away the wax with which I had anointed their ears and loosed me from my bonds.

[201] “But when we had left the island, I presently saw smoke and a great billow, and heard a booming. Then from the hands of my men in their terror the oars flew, and splashed one and all in the swirl, and the ship stood still where it was, when they no longer plied with their hands the tapering oars. But I went through the ship and cheered my men with gentle words, coming up to each man in turn: ‘Friends, hitherto we have been in no wise ignorant of sorrow; surely this evil that besets us now is no greater than when the Cyclops penned us in his hollow cave by brutal strength; yet even thence we made our escape through my valor and counsel and wit; these dangers, too, methinks we shall some day remember. But now come, as I bid, let us all obey. Do you keep your seats on the benches and smite with your oars the deep surf of the sea, in the hope that Zeus may grant us to escape and avoid this death. And to thee, steersman, I give this command, and do thou lay it to heart, since thou wieldest the

steering oar of the hollow ship. From this smoke and surf keep the ship well away and hug the cliff, lest, ere thou know it, the ship swerve off to the other side and thou cast us into destruction.'

[222] "So I spoke, and they quickly hearkened to my words. But of Scylla I went not on to speak, a cureless bane, lest haply my comrades, seized with fear, should cease from rowing and huddle together in the hold. Then verily I forgot the hard command of Circe, whereas she bade me in no wise to arm myself; but when I had put on my glorious armour and grasped in my hand two long spears, I went to the fore-deck of the ship, whence I deemed that Scylla of the rock would first be seen, who was to bring ruin upon my comrades. But nowhere could I descry her, and my eyes grew weary as I gazed everywhere toward the misty rock.

Scylla the Sea-Monster

[234] "We then sailed on up the narrow strait with wailing. For on one side lay Scylla and on the other divine Charybdis terribly sucked down the salt water of the sea. Verily whenever she belched it forth, like a cauldron on a great fire she would seethe and bubble in utter turmoil, and high over head the spray would fall on the tops of both the cliffs. But as often as she sucked down the salt water of the sea, within she could all be seen in utter turmoil, and round about the rock roared terribly, while beneath the earth appeared black with sand; and pale fear seized my men. So we looked toward her and feared destruction; but meanwhile Scylla seized from out the hollow ship six of my comrades who were the best in strength and in might. Turning my eyes to the swift ship and to the company of my men, even then I noted above me their feet and hands as they were raised aloft. To me they cried aloud, calling upon me by name for that last time in anguish of heart. And as a fisher on a jutting rock, when he casts in his baits as a snare to the little fishes, with his long pole lets down into the sea the horn of an ox of the steading, and then as he catches a fish flings it writhing ashore, even so were they drawn writhing up towards the cliffs. Then at her doors she devoured them shrieking and stretching out their hands toward me in their awful death-struggle. Most piteous did mine eyes behold that thing of all that I bore while I explored the paths of the sea.

[260] "Now when we had escaped the rocks, and dread Charybdis and Scylla, presently then we came to the goodly island of the god, where were the fair kine, broad of brow, and the many goodly flocks of Helios Hyperion. Then while I was still out at sea in my black ship, I heard the lowing of the cattle that were being stalled and the bleating of the sheep, and upon my mind fell the words of the blind seer, Theban Teiresias, and of Aeaean Circe, who very straitly charged me to shun the island of Helios, who gives joy to mortals. Then verily I spoke among my comrades, grieved at heart: 'Hear my words, comrades, for all your evil plight, that I may tell you the oracles of Teiresias and of Aeaean Circe, who very straitly charged me to shun the island of Helios, who gives joy to mortals; for there, she said, was our most terrible bane. Nay, row the black ship out past the island.'

[277] "So I spoke, but their spirit was broken within them, and straightway Eurylochus answered me with hateful words: 'Hardy art thou, Odysseus; thou hast strength beyond that of other men and thy limbs never grow weary. Verily thou art wholly wrought of iron, seeing that thou sufferest not thy comrades, worn out with toil and drowsiness, to set foot on shore, where on this sea-girt isle we might once more make ready a savoury supper; but thou biddest us even as we are to wander on through the swift night, driven away from the island over the misty deep. It is from the night that fierce winds are born, wreckers of ships. How could one escape utter destruction, if haply there should suddenly come a blast of the South Wind or the blustering West Wind, which oftenest wreck ships in despite of the sovereign gods? Nay, verily for this time let us yield to black night and make ready our supper, remaining by the swift ship, and in the morning we will go aboard, and put out into the broad sea.'

[294] “So spoke Eurylochus, and the rest of my comrades gave assent. Then verily I knew that some god was assuredly devising ill, and I spoke and addressed him with winged words: `Eurylochus, verily ye constrain me, who stand alone. But come now, do ye all swear to me a mighty oath, to the end that, if we haply find a herd of kine or a great flock of sheep, no man may slay either cow or sheep in the blind folly of his mind; but be content to eat the food which immortal Circe gave.’

[302] “So I spoke; and they straightway swore that they would not, even as I bade them. But when they had sworn and made an end of the oath, we moored our well-built ship in the hollow harbor near a spring of sweet water, and my comrades went forth from the ship and skilfully made ready their supper. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, then they fell to weeping, as they remembered their dear comrades whom Scylla had snatched from out the hollow ship and devoured; and sweet sleep came upon them as they wept. But when it was the third watch of the night, and the stars had turned their course, Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, roused against us a fierce wind with a wondrous tempest, and hid with clouds the land and sea alike, and night rushed down from heaven. And as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, we dragged our ship, and made her fast in a hollow cave, where were the fair dancing-floors and seats of the nymphs. Then I called my men together and spoke among them: `Friends, in our swift ship is meat and drink; let us therefore keep our hands from those kine lest we come to harm, for these are the cows and goodly sheep of a dread god, even of Helios, who oversees all things and overhears all things.’

[324] “So I spoke, and their proud hearts consented. Then for a full month the South Wind blew unceasingly, nor did any other wind arise except the East and the South.

[327] “Now so long as my men had grain and red wine they kept their hands from the kine, for they were eager to save their lives. But when all the stores had been consumed from out the ship, and now they must needs roam about in search of game, fishes, and fowl, and whatever might come to their hands—fishing with bent hooks, for hunger pinched their bellies—then I went apart up the island that I might pray to the gods in the hope that one of them might show me a way to go. And when, as I went through the island, I had got away from my comrades, I washed my hands in a place where there was shelter from the wind, and prayed to all the gods that hold Olympus; but they shed sweet sleep upon my eyelids.

[339] And meanwhile Eurylochus began to give evil counsel to my comrades: `Hear my words, comrades, for all your evil plight. All forms of death are hateful to wretched mortals, but to die of hunger, and so meet one's doom, is the most pitiful. Nay, come, let us drive off the best of the kine of Helios and offer sacrifice to the immortals who hold broad heaven. And if we ever reach Ithaca, our native land, we will straightway build a rich temple to Helios Hyperion and put therein many goodly offerings. And if haply he be wroth at all because of his straight-horned kine, and be minded to destroy our ship, and the other gods consent, rather would I lose my life once for all with a gulp at the wave, than pine slowly away in a desert isle.’

[352] “So spoke Eurylochus, and the rest of my comrades gave assent. Straightway they drove off the best of the kine of Helios from near at hand, for not far from the dark-prowed ship were grazing the fair, sleek kine, broad of brow. Around these, then, they stood and made prayer to the gods, plucking the tender leaves from off a high-crested oak; for they had no white barley on board the well-benched ship. Now when they had prayed and had cut the throats of the kine and flayed them, they cut out the thigh-pieces and covered them with a double layer of fat and laid raw flesh upon them. They had no wine to pour over the blazing sacrifice, but they made libations with water, and roasted all the entrails over the fire.

[364] "Now when the thighs were wholly burned and they had tasted the inner parts, they cut up the

rest and spitted it. Then it was that sweet sleep fled from my eyelids, and I went my way to the swift ship and the shore of the sea. But when, as I went, I drew near to the curved ship, then verily the hot savour of the fat was wafted about me, and I groaned and cried aloud to the immortal gods: 'Father Zeus and ye other blessed gods that are for ever, verily it was for my ruin that ye lulled me in pitiless sleep, while my comrades remaining behind have contrived a monstrous deed.'

Helios the
Sun-God

[374] "Swiftly then to Helios Hyperion came Lampetie of the long robes, bearing tidings that we had slain his kine; and straightway he spoke among the immortals, wroth at heart: 'Father Zeus and ye other blessed gods that are for ever, take vengeance now on the comrades of Odysseus, son of Laertes, who have insolently slain my kine, in which I ever took delight, when I went toward the starry heaven and when I turned back again to earth from heaven. If they do not pay me fit atonement for the kine I will go down to Hades and shine among the dead.'

[384] "Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered him and said: 'Helios, do thou verily shine on among the immortals and among mortal men upon the earth, the giver of grain. As for these men I will soon smite their swift ship with my bright thunder-bolt, and shatter it to pieces in the midst of the wine-dark sea.'

[389] "This I heard from fair-haired Calypso, and she said that she herself had heard it from the messenger Hermes. But when I had come down to the ship and to the sea I upbraided my men, coming up to each in turn, but we could find no remedy—the kine were already dead. For my men, then, the gods straightway shewed forth portents. The hides crawled, the flesh, both roast and raw, bellowed upon the spits, and there was a lowing as of kine.

[397] "For six days, then, my trusty comrades feasted on the best of the kine of Helios which they had driven off. But when Zeus, the son of Cronos, brought upon us the seventh day, then the wind ceased to blow tempestuously, and we straightway went on board, and put out into the broad sea when we had set up the mast and hoisted the white sail.

[404] "But when we had left that island and no other land appeared, but only sky and sea, then verily the son of Cronos set a black cloud above the hollow ship, and the sea grew dark beneath it. She ran on for no long time, for straightway came the shrieking West Wind, blowing with a furious tempest, and the blast of the wind snapped both the fore-stays of the mast, so that the mast fell backward and all its tackling was strewn in the bilge. On the stern of the ship the mast struck the head of the pilot and crushed all the bones of his skull together, and like a diver he fell from the deck and his proud spirit left his bones. Therewith Zeus thundered and hurled his bolt upon the ship, and she quivered from stem to stern, smitten by the bolt of Zeus, and was filled with sulphurous smoke, and my comrades fell from out the ship. Like sea-crows they were borne on the waves about the black ship, and the god took from them their returning. But I kept pacing up and down the ship till the surge tore the sides from the keel, and the wave bore her on dismantled and snapped the mast off at the keel; but over the mast had been flung the back-stay fashioned of ox-hide; with this I lashed the two together, both keel and mast, and sitting on these was borne by the direful winds.

[426] "Then verily the West Wind ceased to blow tempestuously, and swiftly the South Wind came, bringing sorrow to my heart, that I might traverse again the way to baneful Charybdis. All night long was I borne, and at the rising of the sun I came to the cliff of Scylla and to dread Charybdis. She verily sucked down the salt water of the sea, but I, springing up to the tall fig-tree, laid hold of it, and clung to it like a bat. Yet I could in no wise plant my feet firmly or climb upon the tree, for its roots spread far

below and its branches hung out of reach above, long and great, and overshadowed Charybdis. There I clung steadfastly until she should vomit forth mast and keel again, and to my joy they came at length. At the hour when a man rises from the assembly for his supper, one that decides the many quarrels of young men that seek judgment, even at that hour those spars appeared from out Charybdis. And I let go hands and feet from above and plunged down into the waters out beyond the long spars, and sitting on these I rowed onward with my hands. But as for Scylla, the father of gods and men did not suffer her again to catch sight of me, else should I never have escaped utter destruction.

[447] “Thence for nine days was I borne, and on the tenth night the gods brought me to Ogygia, where the fair-tressed Calypso dwells, dread goddess of human speech, who gave me welcome and tendance. But why should I tell thee this tale? For it was but yesterday that I told it in thy hall to thyself and to thy noble wife. It is an irksome thing, meseems, to tell again a plain-told tale.”

Book 13 (translated text)

[1] So he spoke, and they were all hushed in silence, and were spellbound throughout the shadowy halls. And Alcinous again answered him, and said: “Odysseus, since thou hast come to my high-roofed house with floor of brass, thou shalt not, methinks, be driven back, and return with baffled purpose, even though thou hast suffered much. And to each man of you that in my halls are ever wont to drink the flaming wine of the elders, and to listen to the minstrel, I speak, and give this charge. Raiment for the stranger lies already stored in the polished chest, with gold curiously wrought and all the other gifts which the counsellors of the Phaeacians brought hither. But, come now, let us give him a great tripod and a cauldron, each man of us, and we in turn will gather the cost from among the people, and repay ourselves. It were hard for one man to give freely, without requital.”

[16] So spake Alcinous, and his word was pleasing to them. They then went, each man to his house, to take their rest; but as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, they hastened to the ship and brought the bronze, that gives strength to men. And the strong and mighty Alcinous went himself throughout the ship, and carefully stowed the gifts beneath the benches, that they might not hinder any of the crew at their rowing, when they busily plied the oars. Then they went to the house of Alcinous, and prepared a feast. And for them the strong and mighty Alcinous sacrificed a bull to Zeus, son of Cronos, god of the dark clouds, who is lord of all. Then, when they had burned the thigh-pieces, they feasted a glorious feast, and made merry, and among them the divine minstrel Demodocus, held in honor by the people, sang to the lyre. But Odysseus would ever turn his head toward the blazing sun, eager to see it set, for verily he was eager to return home. And as a man longs for supper, for whom all day long a yoke of wine-dark oxen has drawn the jointed plough through fallow land, and gladly for him does the light of the sun sink, that he may busy him with his supper, and his knees grow weary as he goes; even so gladly for Odysseus did the light of the sun sink.

[36] Straightway then he spoke among the Phaeacians, lovers of the oar, and to Alcinous above all he declared his word, and said: “Lord Alcinous, renowned above all men, pour libations now, and send ye me on my way in peace; and yourselves too—Farewell! For now all that my heart desired has been brought to pass: a convoy, and gifts of friendship. May the gods of heaven bless them to me, and on my return may I find in my home my peerless wife with those I love unscathed; and may you again, remaining here, make glad your wedded wives and children; and may the gods grant you prosperity of every sort, and may no evil come upon your people.”

[47] So he spoke, and they all praised his words, and bade send the stranger on his way, since he had spoken fittingly. Then the mighty Alcinous spoke to the herald, saying: “Pontonous, mix the bowl, and serve out wine to all in the hall, in order that, when we have made prayer to father Zeus, we may send forth the stranger to his own native land.”

[53] So he spoke, and Pontonous mixed the honey hearted wine and served out to all, coming up to each in turn; and they poured libations to the blessed gods, who hold broad heaven, from where they sat. But goodly Odysseus arose, and placed in the hand of Arete the two-handled cup, and spoke, and addressed her with winged words: "Fare thee well, O queen, throughout all the years, till old age and death come, which are the lot of mortals. As for me, I go my way, but do thou in this house have joy of thy children and thy people and Alcinous the king."

[63] So the goodly Odysseus spake and passed over the threshold. And with him the mighty Alcinous sent forth a herald to lead him to the swift ship and the shore of the sea. And Arete sent with him slave women, one bearing a newly washed cloak and a tunic, and another again she bade follow to bear the strong chest, and yet another bore bread and red wine. But when they had come down to the ship and to the sea, straightway the lordly youths that were his escort took these things, and stowed them in the hollow ship, even all the food and drink. Then for Odysseus they spread a rug and a linen sheet on the deck of the hollow ship at the stern, that he might sleep soundly; and he too went aboard, and laid him down in silence. Then they sat down on the benches, each in order, and loosed the hawser from the pierced stone. And as soon as they leaned back, and tossed the brine with their oarblades, sweet sleep fell upon his eyelids, an unawakening sleep, most sweet, and most like to death. And as on a plain four yoked stallions spring forward all together beneath the strokes of the lash, and leaping on high swiftly accomplish their way, even so the stern of that ship leapt on high, and in her wake the dark wave of the loud-sounding sea foamed mightily, and she sped safely and surely on her way; not even the circling hawk, the swiftest of winged things, could have kept pace with her. Thus she sped on swiftly and clove the waves of the sea, bearing a man the peer of the gods in counsel, one who in time past had suffered many griefs at heart in passing through wars of men and the grievous waves; but now he slept in peace, forgetful of all that he had suffered.

[93] Now when that brightest of stars rose which ever comes to herald the light of early Dawn, even then the seafaring ship drew near to the island. There is in the land of Ithaca a certain harbor of Phorcys, the old man of the sea, and at its mouth two projecting headlands sheer to seaward, but sloping down on the side toward the harbor. These keep back the great waves raised by heavy winds without, but within the benched ships lie unmoored when they have reached the point of anchorage. At the head of the harbor is a long-leaved olive tree, and near it a pleasant, shadowy cave sacred to the nymphs that are called Naiads. Therein are mixing bowls and jars of stone, and there too the bees store honey. And in the cave are long looms of stone, at which the nymphs weave webs of purple dye, a wonder to behold; and therein are also ever-flowing springs. Two doors there are to the cave, one toward the North Wind, by which men go down, but that toward the South Wind is sacred, nor do men enter thereby; it is the way of the immortals. Here they rowed in, knowing the place of old; and the ship ran full half her length on the shore in her swift course, at such pace was she driven by the arms of the rowers. Then they stepped forth from the benched ship upon the land, and first they lifted Odysseus out of the hollow ship, with the linen sheet and bright rug as they were, and laid him down on the sand, still overpowered by sleep. And they lifted out the goods which the lordly Phaeacians had given him, as he set out for home, through the favour of great-hearted Athena. These they set all together by the trunk of the olive tree, out of the path, lest haply some wayfarer, before Odysseus awoke, might come upon them and spoil them. Then they themselves returned home again.

[126] But the Shaker of the Earth did not forget the threats wherewith at the first he had threatened godlike Odysseus, and he thus enquired of the purpose of Zeus: "Father Zeus, no longer shall I, even I, be held in honor among the immortal gods, seeing that mortals honor me not a whit—even the Phaeacians, who, thou knowest, are of my own lineage. For I but now declared that Odysseus should suffer many woes ere he reached his home, though I did not wholly rob him of his return when once thou hadst promised it and confirmed it with thy nod; yet in his sleep these men have borne him in a swift ship over the sea and set him down in Ithaca, and have given him gifts past telling, stores of

bronze and gold and woven raiment, more than Odysseus would ever have won for himself from Troy, if he had returned unscathed with his due share of the spoil.”

[139] Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered him, and said: “Ah me, thou shaker of the earth, wide of sway, what a thing hast thou said! The gods do thee no dishonor; hard indeed would it be to assail with dishonor our eldest and best. But as for men, if any one, yielding to his might and strength, fails to do thee honor in aught, thou mayest ever take vengeance, even thereafter. Do as thou wilt, and as is thy good pleasure.”

[146] Then Poseidon, the earth-shaker, answered him: “Straightway should I have done as thou sayest, thou god of the dark clouds, but I ever dread and avoid thy wrath. But now I am minded to smite the fair ship of the Phaeacians, as she comes back from his convoy on the misty deep, that hereafter they may desist and cease from giving convoy to men, and to fling a great mountain about their city.”

[153] Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered him and said: “Lazy one, hear what seems best in my sight. When all the people are looking forth from the city upon her as she speeds on her way, then do thou turn her to stone hard by the land—a stone in the shape of a swift ship, that all men may marvel; and do thou fling a great mountain about their city.”

[159] Now when Poseidon, the earth-shaker, heard this he went his way to Scheria, where the Phaeacians dwell, and there he waited. And she drew close to shore, the seafaring ship, speeding swiftly on her way. Then near her came the Earth-shaker and turned her to stone, and rooted her fast beneath by a blow of the flat of his hand, and then he was gone. But they spoke winged words to one another, the Phaeacians of the long oars, men famed for their ships. And thus would one speak, with a glance at his neighbor: “Ah me, who has now bound our swift ship on the sea as she sped homeward? Lo, she was in plain sight.”

[170] So would one of them speak, but they knew not how these things were to be. Then Alcinous addressed their company and said: “Lo now, verily the oracles of my father, uttered long ago, have come upon me. He was wont to say that Poseidon was wroth with us because we give safe convoy to all men. He said that some day, as a beautiful ship of the Phaeacians was returning from a convoy over the misty deep, Poseidon would smite her, and would fling a great mountain about our town. So that old man spoke, and lo, now all this is being brought to pass. But now come, as I bid let us all obey. Cease ye to give convoy to mortals, when anyone comes to our city, and let us sacrifice to Poseidon twelve choice bulls, if haply he may take pity, and not fling a lofty mountain about our town.”

[184] So he spoke, and they were seized with fear and made ready the bulls. Thus they were praying to the lord Poseidon, the leaders and counsellors of the land of the Phaeacians, as they stood about the altar, but Odysseus awoke out of his sleep in his native land. Yet he knew it not after his long absence, for about him the goddess had shed a mist, even Pallas Athena, daughter of Zeus, that she might render him unknown, and tell him all things, so that his wife might not know him, nor his townfolk, nor his friends, until the wooers had paid the full price of all their transgressions. Therefore all things seemed strange to their lord, the long paths, the bays offering safe anchorage, the sheer cliffs, and the luxuriant trees.

[197] So he sprang up and stood and looked upon his native land, and then he groaned and smote both of his thighs with the flat of his hands, and mournfully spoke, and said: “Woe is me, to the land of what mortals am I now come? Are they cruel, and wild, and unjust, or do they love strangers and fear the gods in their thoughts? Whither shall I bear all this wealth, or whither shall I myself go wandering on? Would that I had remained there among the Phaeacians, and had then come to some other of the mighty kings, who would have entertained me and sent me on my homeward way. But now I know not where

to bestow this wealth; yet here will I not leave it, lest haply it become the spoil of others to my cost. Out upon them; not wholly wise, it seems, nor just were the leaders and counsellors of the Phaeacians who have brought me to a strange land. Verily they said that they would bring me to clear-seen Ithaca, but they have not made good their word. May Zeus, the suppliant's god, requite them, who watches over all men, and punishes him that sins. But come, I will number the goods, and go over them, lest to my cost these men have carried off aught with them in the hollow ship.”

[217] So he spake, and set him to count the beautiful tripods, and the cauldrons, and the gold, and the fair woven raiment, and of these he missed nothing. Then, mournfully longing for his native land, he paced by the shore of the loud-sounding sea, uttering many a moan. And Athena drew near him in the form of a young man, a herdsman of sheep, one most delicate, as are the sons of princes. In a double fold about her shoulders she wore a well-wrought cloak, and beneath her shining feet she had sandals, and in her hands a spear. Then Odysseus was glad at sight of her, and came to meet her, and he spoke, and addressed her with winged words: “Friend, since thou art the first to whom I have come in this land, hail to thee, and mayst thou meet me with no evil mind. Nay, save this treasure, and save me; for to thee do I pray, as to a god, and am come to thy dear knees. And tell me this also truly, that I may know full well. What land, what people is this? What men dwell here? Is it some clear-seen island, or a shore of the deep-soiled mainland that lies resting on the sea?”

[236] Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, answered him: “A fool art thou, stranger, or art come from far, if indeed thou askest of this land. Surely it is no wise so nameless, but full many know it, both all those who dwell toward the dawn and the sun, and all those that are behind toward the murky darkness. It is a rugged isle, not fit for driving horses, yet it is not utterly poor, though it be but narrow. Therein grows corn beyond measure, and the wine-grape as well, and the rain never fails it, nor the rich dew. It is a good land for pasturing goats and kine; there are trees of every sort, and in it also pools for watering that fail not the year through. Therefore, stranger, the name of Ithaca has reached even to the land of Troy which, they say, is far from this land of Achaea.”

[250] So she spake, and the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus was glad, and rejoiced in his land, the land of his fathers, as he heard the word of Pallas Athena, daughter of Zeus, who bears the aegis; and he spoke, and addressed her with winged words; yet he spoke not the truth, but checked the word ere it was uttered, ever revolving in his breast thoughts of great cunning: “I heard of Ithaca, even in broad Crete, far over the sea; and now have I myself come hither with these my goods. And I left as much more with my children, when I fled the land, after I had slain the dear son of Idomeneus, Orsilochus, swift of foot, who in broad Crete surpassed in fleetness all men that live by toil. Now he would have robbed me of all that booty of Troy, for which I had borne grief of heart, passing through wars of men and the grievous waves, for that I would not shew favour to his father, and serve as his squire in the land of the Trojans, but commanded other men of my own. So I smote him with my bronze-tipped spear as he came home from the field, lying in wait for him with one of my men by the roadside. A dark night covered the heavens, and no man was ware of us, but unseen I took away his life. Now when I had slain him with the sharp bronze, I went straightway to a ship, and made prayer to the lordly Phoenicians, giving them booty to satisfy their hearts. I bade them take me aboard and land me at Pylos, or at goodly Elis, where the Epeans hold sway. Yet verily the force of the wind thrust them away from thence, sore against their will, nor did they purpose to play me false; but driven wandering from thence we came hither by night. With eager haste we rowed on into the harbor, nor had we any thought of supper, sore as was our need of it, but even as we were we went forth from the ship and lay down, one and all. Then upon me came sweet sleep in my weariness, but they took my goods out of the hollow ship and set them where I myself lay on the sands. And they went on board, and departed for the well-peopled land of Sidon; but I was left here, my heart sore troubled.”

[287] So he spoke, and the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, smiled, and stroked him with her hand, and

changed herself to the form of a woman, comely and tall, and skilled in glorious handiwork. And she spoke, and addressed him with winged words: “Cunning must he be and knavish, who would go beyond thee in all manner of guile, aye, though it were a god that met thee. Bold man, crafty in counsel, insatiate in deceit, not even in thine own land, it seems, wast thou to cease from guile and deceitful tales, which thou lovest from the bottom of thine heart. But come, let us no longer talk of this, being both well versed in craft, since thou art far the best of all men in counsel and in speech, and I among all the gods am famed for wisdom and craft. Yet thou didst not know Pallas Athena, daughter of Zeus, even me, who ever stand by thy side, and guard thee in all toils. Aye, and I made thee beloved by all the Phaeacians. And now am I come hither to weave a plan with thee, and to hide all the treasure, which the lordly Phaeacians gave thee by my counsel and will, when thou didst set out for home; and to tell thee all the measure of woe it is thy fate to fulfil in thy well-built house. But do thou be strong, for bear it thou must, and tell no man of them all nor any woman that thou hast come back from thy wanderings, but in silence endure thy many griefs, and submit to the violence of men.”

[311] Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: “Hard is it, goddess, for a mortal man to know thee when he meets thee, how wise soever he be, for thou takest what shape thou wilt. But this I know well, that of old thou wast kindly toward me, so long as we sons of the Achaeans were warring in the land of Troy. But after we had sacked the lofty city of Priam, and had gone away in our ships, and a god had scattered the Achaeans, never since then have I seen thee, daughter of Zeus, nor marked thee coming on board my ship, that thou mightest ward off sorrow from me. Nay, I ever wandered on, bearing in my breast a stricken heart, till the gods delivered me from evil, even until in the rich land of the Phaeacians thou didst cheer me with thy words, and thyself lead me to their city. But now I beseech thee by thy father—for I think not that I am come to clear-seen Ithaca; nay, it is some other land over which I roam, and thou, methinks, dost speak thus in mockery to beguile my mind—tell me whether in very truth I am come to my dear native land.”

[329] Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, answered him: “Ever such is the thought in thy breast, and therefore it is that I cannot leave thee in thy sorrow, for thou art soft of speech, keen of wit, and prudent. Eagerly would another man on his return from wanderings have hastened to behold in his halls his children and his wife; but thou art not yet minded to know or learn of aught, till thou hast furthermore proved thy wife, who abides as of old in her halls, and ever sorrowfully for her the nights and days wane, as she weeps. But as for me, I never doubted of this, but in my heart knew it well, that thou wouldest come home after losing all thy comrades. Yet, thou must know, I was not minded to strive against Poseidon, my father's brother, who laid up wrath in his heart against thee, angered that thou didst blind his dear son. But come, I will shew thee the land of Ithaca, that thou mayest be sure. This is the harbor of Phorcys, the old man of the sea, and here at the head of the harbor is the long-leaved olive tree, and near it is the pleasant, shadowy cave, sacred to the nymphs that are called Naiads. This, thou must know, is the vaulted cave in which thou wast wont to offer to the nymphs many hecatombs that bring fulfillment; and yonder is Mount Neriton, clothed with its forests.”

[352] So spake the goddess, and scattered the mist, and the land appeared. Glad then was the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus, rejoicing in his own land, and he kissed the earth, the giver of grain. And straightway he prayed to the nymphs with upstretched hands: “Ye Naiad Nymphs, daughters of Zeus, never did I think to behold you again, but now I hail you with loving prayers. Aye, and gifts too will I give, as aforetime, if the daughter of Zeus, she that drives the spoil, shall graciously grant me to live, and shall bring to manhood my dear son.” Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, answered him again: “Be of good cheer, and let not these things distress thy heart. But let us now forthwith set thy goods in the innermost recess of the wondrous cave, where they may abide for thee in safety, and let us ourselves take thought how all may be far the best.”

[366] So saying, the goddess entered the shadowy cave and searched out its hiding-places. And

Odysseus brought all the treasure thither, the gold and the stubborn bronze and the finely-wrought raiment, which the Phaeacians gave him. These things he carefully laid away, and Pallas Athena, daughter of Zeus, who bears the aegis, set a stone at the door. Then the two sat them down by the trunk of the sacred olive tree, and devised death for the insolent wooers. And the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, was the first to speak, saying: "Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, take thought how thou mayest put forth thy hands on the shameless wooers, who now for three years have been lording it in thy halls, wooing thy godlike wife, and offering wooers' gifts. And she, as she mournfully looks for thy coming, offers hopes to all, and has promises for each man, sending them messages, but her mind is set on other things."

[382] Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Lo now, of a surety I was like to have perished in my halls by the evil fate of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, hadst not thou, goddess, duly told me all. But come, weave some plan by which I may requite them; and stand thyself by my side, and endue me with dauntless courage, even as when we loosed the bright diadem of Troy. Wouldest thou but stand by my side, thou flashing-eyed one, as eager as thou wast then, I would fight even against three hundred men, with thee, mighty goddess, if with a ready heart thou wouldest give me aid."

[392] Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, answered him: "Yea verily, I will be with thee, and will not forget thee, when we are busied with this work; and methinks many a one of the wooers that devour thy substance shall bespatter the vast earth with his blood and brains. But come, I will make thee unknown to all mortals. I will shrivel the fair skin on thy supple limbs, and destroy the flaxen hair from off thy head, and clothe thee in a ragged garment, such that one would shudder to see a man clad therein. And I will dim thy two eyes that were before so beautiful, that thou mayest appear mean in the sight of all the wooers, and of thy wife, and of thy son, whom thou didst leave in thy halls. And for thyself, do thou go first of all to the swineherd who keeps thy swine, and withal has a kindly heart towards thee, and loves thy son and constant Penelope. Thou wilt find him abiding by the swine, and they are feeding by the rock of Corax and the spring Arethusa, eating acorns to their heart's content and drinking the black water, things which cause the rich flesh of swine to wax fat. There do thou stay, and sitting by his side question him of all things, while I go to Sparta, the land of fair women, to summon thence Telemachus, thy dear son, Odysseus, who went to spacious Lacedaemon to the house of Menelaus, to seek tidings of thee, if thou wast still anywhere alive."

[416] Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her: "Why then, I pray thee, didst thou not tell him, thou whose mind knows all things? Nay, was it haply that he too might suffer woes, wandering over the unresting sea, and that others might devour his substance?"

[420] Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, answered him: "Nay verily, not for him be thy heart overmuch troubled. It was I that guided him, that he might win good report by going thither, and he has no toil, but sits in peace in the palace of the son of Atreus, and good cheer past telling is before him. Truly young men in a black ship lie in wait for him, eager to slay him before he comes to his native land, but methinks this shall not be. Ere that shall the earth cover many a one of the wooers that devour thy substance."

[429] So saying, Athena touched him with her wand. She withered the fair flesh on his supple limbs, and destroyed the flaxen hair from off his head, and about all his limbs she put the skin of an aged old man. And she dimmed his two eyes that were before so beautiful, and clothed him in other raiment, a vile ragged cloak and a tunic, tattered garments and foul, begrimed with filthy smoke. And about him she cast the great skin of a swift hind, stripped of the hair, and she gave him a staff, and a miserable wallet, full of holes, slung by a twisted cord. So when the two had thus taken counsel together, they parted; and thereupon the goddess went to goodly Lacedaemon to fetch the son of Odysseus.

Book 14 (summary)

Odysseus finds Eumaeus outside his hut. Although Eumaeus doesn't recognize the withered traveler as his master, he invites him inside. There Odysseus has a hearty meal of pork and listens as Eumaeus heaps praise upon the memory of his former master, whom he fears is lost for good, and scorn upon the behavior of his new masters, the vile suitors. Odysseus predicts that Eumaeus will see his master again quite soon, but Eumaeus will hear none of it—he has encountered too many vagabonds looking for a handout from Penelope in return for fabricated news of Odysseus. Still, Eumaeus takes a liking to his guest. He puts him up for the night and even lets him borrow a cloak to keep out the cold. When Eumaeus asks Odysseus about his origins, Odysseus lies that he is from Crete. He fought with Odysseus at Troy and made it home safely, he claims, but a trip that he made later to Egypt went awry, and he was reduced to poverty. It was during this trip, he says, that he heard that Odysseus was still alive.

Book 15 (summary)

Athena travels to Sparta, where she finds Telemachus and Pisistratus, Nestor's son. She tells Telemachus he must hurry home to Ithaca before the suitors succeed in winning his mother's hand. She also warns him of the ambush that they have set and explains how to avoid it. Finally, she instructs him to head first for the home of the swineherd Eumaeus, who will convey the news of his safe return to Penelope.

The next day, Telemachus announces his departure and accepts gifts from Menelaus and Helen. As Telemachus pulls away from the palace in his chariot, an eagle carrying a goose stolen from a pen swoops down beside him. Helen interprets the incident as an omen that Odysseus is about to swoop down on his home and exact revenge on the suitors.

Once at Pylos, Telemachus has Pisistratus drop him off at his ship, insisting that he has no time to spare to visit Nestor again. The ship is about to set off when Theoclymenus, a famous prophet's descendant who is fleeing prosecution for a crime of manslaughter that he committed in Argos, approaches Telemachus and asks to come aboard. Telemachus welcomes him and offers him hospitality when they get to Ithaca.

In the hut of Eumaeus, Odysseus tests the limit of his hospitality by offering to leave in the morning, a false gesture that he hopes will prompt Eumaeus to offer to let him stay longer. He urges the old man not to go out of his way and says that he will earn his keep working for the suitors, but Eumaeus will have none of it. To get mixed up with those suitors, he warns, would be suicide. Odysseus and the swineherd then swap stories. Eumaeus explains how he first came to Ithaca: the son of a king, he was stolen from his house by Phoenician pirates with the help of a maid that his father employed. The pirates took him all over the seas until Laertes, Odysseus's father, bought him in Ithaca. There, Laertes' wife brought him up alongside her own daughter, the youngest born.

The next morning, Telemachus reaches the shores of Ithaca. He disembarks while the crew heads to the city by ship. He entrusts Theoclymenus to a loyal crewman, Piraeus. As they part, they see a hawk fly by carrying a dove in its talons, which Theoclymenus interprets as a favorable sign of the strength of Odysseus's house and line.

Book 16 (translated text)

[1] [1] Meanwhile the two in the hut, Odysseus and the goodly swineherd, had kindled a fire, and were making ready their breakfast at dawn, and had sent forth the herdsmen with the droves of swine; but around Telemachus the baying hounds fawned, and barked not as he drew near. And goodly Odysseus noted the fawning of the hounds, and the sound of footsteps fell upon his ears; and straightway he

spoke to Eumaeus winged words: “Eumaeus, surely some comrade of thine will be coming, or at least some one thou knowest, for the hounds do not bark, but fawn about him, and I hear the sound of footsteps.”

[11] Not yet was the word fully uttered, when his own dear son stood in the doorway. In amazement up sprang the swineherd, and from his hands the vessels fell with which he was busied as he mixed the flaming wine. And he went to meet his lord, and kissed his head and both his beautiful eyes and his two hands, and a big tear fell from him. And as a loving father greets his own dear son, who comes in the tenth year from a distant land—his only son and well-beloved, for whose sake he has borne much sorrow—even so did the goodly swineherd then clasp in his arms godlike Telemachus, and kiss him all over as one escaped from death; and with wailing he addressed him with winged words: “Thou art come, Telemachus, sweet light of my eyes. I thought I should never see thee more after thou hadst gone in thy ship to Pylos. But come, enter in, dear child, that I may delight my heart with looking at thee here in my house, who art newly come from other lands. For thou dost not often visit the farm and the herdsmen, but abidest in the town; so, I ween, has it seemed good to thy heart, to look upon the destructive throng of the wooers.”

[30] Then wise Telemachus answered him: “So shall it be, father. It is for thy sake that I am come hither, to see thee with my eyes, and to hear thee tell whether my mother still abides in the halls, or whether by now some other man has wedded her, and the couch of Odysseus lies haply in want of bedding, covered with foul spider-webs.”

[36] Then the swineherd, a leader of men, answered him: “Aye, verily, she abides with steadfast heart in thy halls, and ever sorrowfully for her the nights and the days wane as she weeps.”

[40] So saying, he took from him the spear of bronze, and Telemachus went in and passed over the stone threshold. As he drew near, his father, Odysseus, rose from his seat and gave him place, but Telemachus on his part checked him, and said: “Be seated, stranger, and we shall find a seat elsewhere in our farmstead. There is a man here who will set us one.”

[46] So he spoke, and Odysseus went back and sat down again, and for Telemachus the swineherd strewed green brushwood beneath and a fleece above it, and there the dear son of Odysseus sat down. Then the swineherd set before them platters of roast meats, which they had left at their meal the day before, and quickly heaped up bread in baskets, and mixed in a bowl of ivy wood honey-sweet wine, and himself sat down over against divine Odysseus. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, Telemachus spoke to the goodly swineherd, and said: “Father, from whence did this stranger come to thee? How did sailors bring him to Ithaca? Who did they declare themselves to be? For nowise, methinks, did he come hither on foot.”

[60] To him then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer, and say: “Then verily, my child, I will tell thee all the truth. From broad Crete he declares that he has birth, and he says that he has wandered roaming through many cities of mortals; so has a god spun for him this lot. But now he has run away from a ship of the Thesprotians and come to my farmstead, and I shall put him in thy hands. Do what thou wilt. He declares himself thy suppliant.”

[68] Then again wise Telemachus answered him: “Eumaeus, verily this word which thou hast uttered stings me to the heart. For how am I to welcome this stranger in my house? I am myself but young, nor have I yet trust in my might to defend me against a man, when one waxes wroth without a cause. And as for my mother, the heart in her breast wavers this way and that, whether to abide here with me and keep the house, respecting the bed of her husband and the voice of the people, or to go now with him

whosoever is best of the Achaeans that woo her in the halls, and offers the most gifts of wooing. But verily, as regards this stranger, now that he has come to thy house, I will clothe him in a cloak and tunic, fair raiment, and will give him a two-edged sword, and sandals for his feet, and send him whithersoever his heart and spirit bid him go. Or, if thou wilt, do thou keep him here at the farmstead, and care for him, and raiment will I send hither and all his food to eat, that he be not the ruin of thee and of thy men. But thither will I not suffer him to go, to join the company of the wooers, for they are over-full of wanton insolence, lest they mock him, and dread grief come upon me. And to achieve aught is hard for one man among many, how mighty soever he be, for verily they are far stronger.”

[90] Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus answered him: “Friend, since surely it is right for me to make answer—verily ye rend my heart, as I hear your words, such wantonness you say the wooers devise in the halls in despite of thee, so goodly a man. Tell me, art thou willingly thus oppressed? Or do the people throughout the land hate thee, following the voice of a god? Or hast thou cause to blame thy brothers, in whose fighting a man trusts even if a great strife arise. Would that with my present temper I were as young as thou, either the son of blameless Odysseus, or Odysseus himself, straightway then might some stranger cut my head from off my neck, if I did not prove myself the bane of them all when I had come to the halls of Odysseus, son of Laertes. But if they should overwhelm me by their numbers, alone as I was, far rather would I die, slain in my own halls, than behold continually these shameful deeds, strangers mishandled, and men dragging the handmaidens in shameful fashion through the fair halls, and wine drawn to waste, and men devouring my bread all heedlessly, without limit, with no end to the business.”

[112] And wise Telemachus answered him: “Then verily, stranger, I will frankly tell thee all. Neither do the people at large bear me any grudge or hatred, nor have I cause to blame brothers, in whose fighting a man trusts, even if a great strife arise. For in this wise has the son of Cronos made our house to run in but a single line. As his only son did Arceisius beget Laertes, as his only son again did his father beget Odysseus, and Odysseus begot me as his only son, and left me in his halls, and had no joy of me. Therefore it is that foes past counting are now in the house; for all the princes who hold sway over the islands—Dulichium, and Same, and wooded Zacynthus—and those who lord it over rocky Ithaca, all these woo my mother and lay waste my house. And she neither refuses the hateful marriage, nor is she able to make an end; but they with feasting consume my substance, and will ere long bring me, too, to ruin. Yet these things verily lie on the knees of the gods. But, father, do thou go with speed, and tell constant Penelope that she has me safe, and I am come from Pylos. But I will abide here, and do thou come back hither, when thou hast told thy tale to her alone; but of the rest of the Achaeans let no one learn it, for many there are who contrive evil against me.”

[135] To him then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer, and say: “I see, I give heed; this thou biddest one with understanding. But come now, tell me this, and declare it truly; whether I shall go on the self-same way with tidings to Laertes also, wretched man, who for a time, though grieving sorely for Odysseus, was still wont to oversee the fields, and would eat and drink with the slaves in the house, as the heart in his breast bade him. But now, from the day when thou wentest in thy ship to Pylos, they say he has no more eaten and drunk as before, nor overseen the fields, but with groaning and wailing he sits and weeps, and the flesh wastes from off his bones.”

[146] Then wise Telemachus answered him: “’Tis the sadder; but none the less we will let him be, despite our sorrow; for if in any wise all things might be had by mortals for the wishing, we should choose first of all the day of my father's return. No, do thou come back, when thou hast given thy message, and wander not over the fields in search of Laertes; but did my mother with all speed send forth her handmaid, the housewife, secretly, for she might bear word to the old man.”

[154] With this he roused the swineherd, and he took his sandals in his hands and bound them beneath

his feet and went forth to the city. Nor was Athena unaware that the swineherd Eumaeus was gone from the farmstead, but she drew near in the likeness of a woman, comely and tall, and skilled in glorious handiwork. And she stood over against the door of the hut, shewing herself to Odysseus, but Telemachus did not see her before him, or notice her; for in no wise do the gods appear in manifest presence to all. But Odysseus saw her, and the hounds, and they barked not, but with whining slunk in fear to the further side of the farmstead. Then she made a sign with her brows, and goodly Odysseus perceived it, and went forth from the hall, past the great wall of the court, and stood before her, and Athena spoke to him, saying: "Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, even now do thou reveal thy word to thy son, and hide it not, that when you two have planned death and fate for the wooers, you may go to the famous city. Nor will I myself be long away from you, for I am eager for the battle."

[172] With this, Athena touched him with her golden wand. A well-washed cloak and a tunic she first of all cast about his breast, and she increased his stature and his youthful bloom. Once more he grew dark of color, and his cheeks filled out, and dark grew the beard about his chin. Then, when she had wrought thus, she departed, but Odysseus went into the hut. And his dear son marvelled, and, seized with fear, turned his eyes aside, lest it should be a god. And he spoke, and addressed him with winged words: "Of other sort thou seemest to me now, stranger, than awhile ago, and other are the garments thou hast on, and thy color is no more the same. Verily thou art a god, one of those who hold broad heaven. Nay then, be gracious, that we may offer to thee acceptable sacrifices and golden gifts, finely wrought; but do thou spare us."

[186] Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus answered him: "Be sure I am no god; why dost thou liken me to the immortals? Nay, I am thy father, for whose sake thou dost with groaning endure many griefs, and submittest to the violence of men."

[190] So saying, he kissed his son, and from his cheeks let fall a tear to earth, but before he ever steadfastly held them back. Howbeit Telemachus—for he did not yet believe that it was his father--again answered, and spoke to him, saying: "Thou verily art not my father Odysseus, but some god beguiles me, that I may weep and groan yet more. For nowise could a mortal man contrive this by his own wit, unless a god were himself to come to him, and easily by his will make him young or old. For verily but now thou wast an old man and meanly clad, whereas now thou art like the gods, who hold broad heaven."

[201] Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Telemachus, it beseems thee not to wonder overmuch that thy father is in the house, or to be amazed. For thou mayest be sure no other Odysseus will ever come hither; but I here, I, even such as thou seest me, after sufferings and many wanderings, am come in the twentieth year to my native land. But this, thou must know, is the work of Athena, driver of the spoil, who makes me such as she will—for she has the power—now like a beggar, and now again like a young man, and one wearing fair raiment about his body. Easy it is for the gods, who hold broad heaven, both to glorify a mortal man and to abase him."

[213] So saying, he sat down, and Telemachus, flinging his arms about his noble father, wept and shed tears, and in the hearts of both arose a longing for lamentation. And they wailed aloud more vehemently than birds, sea-eagles, or vultures with crooked talons, whose young the country-folk have taken from their nest before they were fledged; even so piteously did they let tears fall from beneath their brows. And now would the light of the sun have gone down upon their weeping, had not Telemachus spoken to his father suddenly: "In what manner of ship, dear father, have sailors now brought thee hither to Ithaca? Who did they declare themselves to be? For nowise, methinks, didst thou come hither on foot."

[225] And the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus answered him: “Then verily, my child, I will tell thee all the truth. The Phaeacians brought me, men famed for their ships, who send other men too on their way, whosoever comes to them. And they brought me as I slept in a swift ship over the sea, and set me down in Ithaca, and gave me glorious gifts, stores of bronze and gold and woven raiment. These treasures, by the favour of the gods, are lying in caves. And now I am come hither at the bidding of Athena, that we may take counsel about the slaying of our foes. Come now, count me the wooers, and tell their tale, that I may know how many they are and what manner of men, and that I may ponder in my noble heart and decide whether we two shall be able to maintain our cause against them alone without others, or whether we shall also seek out others.”

[240] Then wise Telemachus answered him: “Father, of a truth I have ever heard of thy great fame, that thou wast a warrior in strength of hand and in wise counsel, but this thou sayest is too great; amazement holds me. It could not be that two men should fight against many men and mighty. For of the wooers there are not ten alone, or twice ten, but full many more. Here as we are shalt thou straightway learn their number. From Dulichium there are two and fifty chosen youths, and six serving men attend them; from Same came four and twenty men; from Zacynthus there are twenty youths of the Achaeans; and from Ithaca itself twelve men, all of them the noblest, and with them is Medon, the herald, and the divine minstrel, and two squires skilled in carving meats. If we shall meet all these within the halls, bitter, I fear, and with bane will be thy coming to avenge violence. Nay, do thou consider, if thou canst bethink thee of any helper--one that would aid us two with a ready heart.”

[258] Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus answered him: “Well, then, I will tell thee, and do thou give heed and hearken to my words, and consider whether for us two Athena, with father Zeus, will be enough, or whether I shall bethink me of some other helper.” Then wise Telemachus answered him: “Good, thou mayest be sure, are these two helpers whom thou dost mention, though high in the clouds do they abide, and they rule over all men alike and the immortal gods.”

[266] Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus answered: “Not long of a surety will those two hold aloof from the mighty fray, when between the wooers and us in my halls the might of Ares is put to the test. But for the present, do thou go at daybreak to thy house and join the company of the haughty wooers. As for me, the swineherd will lead me later on to the city in the likeness of a woeful and aged beggar. And if they shall put despite on me in the house, let the heart in thy breast endure while I am evil entreated, even if they drag me by the feet through the house to the door, or hurl at me and smite me; still do thou endure to behold it. Thou shalt indeed bid them cease their folly, seeking to dissuade them with gentle words; yet in no wise will they hearken to thee, for verily their day of doom is at hand. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart. When Athena, rich in counsel, shall put it in my mind, I will nod to thee with my head; and do thou thereupon, when thou notest it, take all the weapons of war that lie in thy halls, and lay them away one and all in the secret place of the lofty store-room. And as for the wooers, when they miss the arms and question thee, do thou beguile them with gentle words, saying: ‘Out of the smoke have I laid them, since they are no longer like those which of old Odysseus left behind him when he went forth to Troy, but are all befouled so far as the breath of the fire has reached them. And furthermore this greater fear has the son of Cronos put in my heart, lest haply, when heated with wine, you may set a quarrel afoot among you and wound one another, and so bring shame on your feast and on your wooing. For of itself does the iron draw a man to it.’

[295] “But for us two alone do thou leave behind two swords and two spears, and two ox-hide shields for us to grasp, that we may rush upon them and seize them; while as for the wooers, Pallas Athena and Zeus, the counsellor, will beguile them. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart. If in truth thou art my son and of our blood, then let no one hear that Odysseus is at home; neither let Laertes know it, nor the swineherd, nor any of the household, nor Penelope herself; but by ourselves

thou and I will learn the temper of the women. Aye, and we will likewise make trial of many a one of the serving men, and see where any of them honours us two and fears us at heart, and who recks not of us and scorns thee, a man so goodly.”

[308] Then his glorious son answered him, and said: “Father, my spirit, methinks, thou shalt verily come to know hereafter, for no slackness of will possesses me. But I think not that this plan will be a gain to us both, and so I bid thee take thought. Long time shalt thou vainly go about, making trial of each man as thou visitest the farms, while in thy halls those others at their ease are wasting thy substance in insolent wise, and there is no sparing. Yet verily, as for the women, I do bid thee learn who among them dishonor thee, and who are guiltless. But of the men in the farmsteads I would not that we should make trial, but that we should deal therewith hereafter, if in very truth thou knowest some sign from Zeus who bears the aegis.”

[321] Thus they spoke to one another, but meanwhile into Ithaca put the well-built ship that brought Telemachus and all his comrades from Pylos; and they, when they had come into the deep harbor, drew the black ship up on the shore, while proud squires bore forth their armour and straightway carried the beauteous gifts to the house of Clytius. But they sent a herald forth to the house of Odysseus to bear word to wise Penelope that Telemachus was at the farm, and had bidden the ship to sail on to the city, lest the noble queen might grow anxious and let round tears fall. So the two met, the herald and the goodly swineherd, on the self-same errand, to bear tidings to the lady. And when they reached the palace of the godlike king, the herald spoke out in the midst of the handmaids, and said: “Even now, queen, thy son has come back from Pylos.”

[339] But the swineherd came close to Penelope and told her all that her dear son had bidden him say. And when he had fully told all that had been commanded him, he went his way to the swine and left the courtyard and the hall. But the wooers were dismayed and downcast in spirit, and forth they went from the hall past the great wall of the court, and there before the gates they sat down. Then among them Eurymachus, son of Polybus, was the first to speak: “My friends, verily a great deed has been insolently brought to pass by Telemachus, even this journey, and we deemed that he would never see it accomplished. But come, let us launch a black ship, the best we have, and let us get together seamen as rowers that they may straightway bear tidings to those others speedily to return home.”

[351] Not yet was the word fully uttered when Amphinomus, turning in his place, saw a ship in the deep harbor and men furling the sail, and with oars in their hands. Then, breaking into a merry laugh, he spoke among his comrades: “Let us not be sending a message any more, for here they are at home. Either some god told them of this, or they themselves caught sight of the ship of Telemachus as she sailed by, but could not catch her.”

[358] So he spoke, and they rose up and went to the shore of the sea. Swiftly the men drew up the black ship on the shore, and proud squires bore forth their armour. Themselves meanwhile went all together to the place of assembly, and none other would they suffer to sit with them, either of the young men or the old. Then among them spoke Antinous, son of Eupheithes: “Lo, now, see how the gods have delivered this man from destruction. Day by day watchmen sat upon the windy heights, watch ever following watch, and at set of sun we never spent a night upon the shore, but sailing over the deep in our swift ship we waited for the bright Dawn, lying in wait for Telemachus, that we might take him and slay the man himself; howbeit meanwhile some god has brought him home. But, on our part, let us here devise for him a woeful death, even for Telemachus, and let him not escape from out our hands, for I deem that while he lives this work of ours will not prosper. For he is himself shrewd in counsel and in wisdom, and the people nowise show us favour any more. Nay, come, before he gathers the Achaeans to the place of assembly—for methinks he will in no wise be slow to act, but will be full of wrath, and rising up will declare among them all how that we contrived against him utter destruction, but did not

catch him; and they will not praise us when they hear of our evil deeds. Beware, then, lest they work us some harm and drive us out from our country, and we come to the land of strangers. Nay, let us act first, and seize him in the field far from the city, or on the road; and his substance let us ourselves keep, and his wealth, dividing them fairly among us; though the house we would give to his mother to possess, and to him who weds her. Howbeit if this plan does not please you, but you choose rather that he should live and keep all the wealth of his fathers, let us not continue to devour his store of pleasant things as we gather together here, but let each man from his own hall woo her with his gifts and seek to win her; and she then would wed him who offers most, and who comes as her fated lord.”

[393] So he spoke, and they were all hushed in silence. Then Amphinomus addressed their assembly, and spoke among them. He was the glorious son of the prince Nisus, son of Aretias, and he led the wooers who came from Dulichium, rich in wheat and in grass, and above all the others he pleased Penelope with his words, for he had an understanding heart. He it was who with good intent addressed their assembly, and spoke among them: “Friends, I surely would not choose to kill Telemachus; a dread thing is it to slay one of royal stock. Nay, let us first seek to learn the will of the gods. If the oracles of great Zeus approve, I will myself slay him, and bid all the others do so; but if the gods turn us from the act, I bid you desist.”

[406] Thus spoke Amphinomus, and his word was pleasing to them. So they arose straightway and went to the house of Odysseus, and entering in, sat down on the polished seats. Then the wise Penelope took other counsel, to show herself to the wooers, overweening in their insolence. For she had learned of the threatened death of her son in her halls, for the herald Medon told her, who had heard their counsel. So she went her way toward the hall with her handmaids. But when the fair lady reached the wooers, she stood by the doorpost of the well-built hall, holding before her face her shining veil; and she rebuked Antinous, and spoke, and addressed him: “Antinous, full of insolence, deviser of evil! and yet it is thou, men say, that dost excel among all of thy years in the land of Ithaca in counsel and in speech. But thou, it seems, art not such a man. Madman! why dost thou devise death and fate for Telemachus, and carest not for suppliants, for whom Zeus is witness. 'Tis an impious thing to plot evil one against another. Dost thou not know of the time when thy father came to this house a fugitive in terror of the people? For of a truth they were greatly wroth with him because he had joined Taphian pirates and harried the Thesprotians, who were in league with us. Him, then, they were minded to slay, and take from him his life by violence, and utterly to devour his great and pleasant livelihood; but Odysseus held them back, and stayed them despite their eagerness. His house it is that thou consumest now without atonement, and woest his wife, and seekest to slay his son, and on me thou bringest great distress. Nay, forbear, I charge thee, and bid the rest forbear.”

[434] Then Eurymachus, son of Polybus, answered her: “Daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, be of good cheer, and let not things distress thy heart. That man lives not, nor shall live, nor shall ever be born, who shall lay hands upon thy son Telemachus while I live and behold the light upon the earth. For thus will I speak out to thee, and verily it shall be brought to pass. Quickly shall that man's black blood flow forth about my spear; for of a truth me, too, did Odysseus the sacker of cities often set upon his knees, and put roast meat in my hands, and hold to my lips red wine. Therefore Telemachus is far the dearest of all men to me, and I bid him have no fear of death, at least from the wooers; but from the gods can no man avoid it.”

[448] Thus he spoke to cheer her, but against that son he was himself plotting death. So she went up to her bright upper chamber and then bewailed Odysseus, her dear husband, until flashing-eyed Athena cast sweet sleep upon her eyelids. But at evening the goodly swineherd came back to Odysseus and his son, and they were busily making ready their supper, and had slain a boar of a year old. Then Athena came close to Odysseus, son of Laertes, and smote him with her wand, and again made him an old man; and mean raiment she put about his body, lest the swineherd might look upon him and know him,

and might go to bear tidings to constant Penelope, and not hold the secret fast in his heart. Now Telemachus spoke first to the swineherd, and said: "Thou hast come, goodly Eumaeus. What news is there in the city? Have the proud wooers by this time come home from their ambush, or are they still watching for me where they were, to take me on my homeward way?"

[464] To him, then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer and say: "I was not minded to go about the city, asking and enquiring of this; my heart bade me with all speed to come back hither when I had given my message. But there joined me a swift messenger from thy companions, a herald, who was the first to tell the news to thy mother. And this further thing I know, for I saw it with my eyes. I was now above the city, as I went on my way, where the hill of Hermes is, when I saw a swift ship putting into our harbor, and there were many men in her, and she was laden with shields and double-pointed spears. And I thought it was they, but I have no knowledge."

[476] So he spoke, and the strong and mighty Telemachus smiled and with his eyes he glanced at his father, but shunned the swineherd's eye. And when they had ceased from their labour and had made ready the meal, they fell to feasting, nor did their hearts lack aught of the equal feast. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, they bethought them of rest, and took the gift of sleep.

Book 17 (summary)

Telemachus leaves Odysseus at Eumaeus's hut and heads to his palace, where he receives a tearful welcome from Penelope and the nurse Eurycleia. In the palace hall he meets Theoclymenus and Piraeus. He tells Piraeus not to bring his gifts from Menelaus to the palace; he fears that the suitors will steal them if they kill him. When he sits down to eat with Penelope, Telemachus tells her what little news he received of Odysseus in Pylos and Sparta, but he doesn't reveal that he has seen Odysseus with his own eyes in Eumaeus's hut. Theoclymenus then speaks up and swears that Odysseus is in Ithaca at this very moment.

Meanwhile, Eumaeus and Odysseus set out toward town in Telemachus's footsteps. On the way they meet Melanthius, a base subordinate of the suitors, who heaps scorn on Eumaeus and kicks his beggar companion. Odysseus receives a similar welcome at the palace. The suitors give him food with great reluctance, and Antinous goes out of his way to insult him. When Odysseus answers insult with insult, Antinous gives him a blow with a stool that disgusts even the other suitors. Report of this cruelty reaches Penelope, who asks to have the beggar brought to her so that she can question him about Odysseus. Odysseus, however, doesn't want the suitors to see him heading toward the queen's room. Eumaeus announces that he must return to his hut and hogs, leaving Odysseus alone with Telemachus and the suitors.

Book 18 (summary)

Another beggar, Arnaeus (nicknamed Irus), saunters into the palace. For a beggar, he is rather brash: he insults Odysseus and challenges him to a boxing match. He thinks that he will make quick work of the old man, but Athena gives Odysseus extra strength and stature. Irus soon regrets challenging the old man and tries to escape, but by now the suitors have taken notice and are egging on the fight for the sake of their own entertainment. It ends quickly as Odysseus floors Irus and stops just short of killing him.

The suitors congratulate Odysseus. One in particular, the moderate Amphinomus, toasts him and gives him food. Odysseus, fully aware of the bloodshed to come and overcome by pity for Amphinomus, pulls the man aside. He predicts to Amphinomus that Odysseus will soon be home and gives him a thinly veiled warning to abandon the palace and return to his own land. But Amphinomus doesn't

depart, despite being “fraught with grave forebodings,” for Athena has bound him to death at the hands of Telemachus (18.176).

Athena now puts it into Penelope’s head to make an appearance before her suitors. The goddess gives her extra stature and beauty to inflame their hearts. When Penelope speaks to the suitors, she leads them on by telling them that Odysseus had instructed her to take a new husband if he should fail to return before Telemachus began growing facial hair. She then tricks them, to the silent delight of Odysseus, into bringing her gifts by claiming that any suitor worth his salt would try to win her hand by giving things to her instead of taking what’s rightfully hers. The suitors shower her with presents, and, as they celebrate, Odysseus instructs the maidservants to go to Penelope. The maidservant Melantho, Melanthius’s sister, insults him as an inferior being and a drunk; Odysseus then scares them off with threats. Hoping to make Odysseus even more angry at the suitors, Athena now inspires Eurymachus to insult him. When Odysseus responds with insults of his own, Eurymachus throws a stool at him but misses, hitting a servant instead. Just as a riot is about to break out, Telemachus steps in and diffuses the situation, to the consternation of the suitors.

Book 19 (summary)

When the suitors retire for the night, Telemachus and Odysseus remove the arms as planned. Athena lights the room for them so that they can see as they work. Telemachus tells Eurycleia that they are storing the arms to keep them from being damaged.

After they have safely disposed of the arms, Telemachus retires and Odysseus is joined by Penelope. She has come from the women’s quarters to question her curious visitor. She knows that he has claimed to have met Odysseus, and she tests his honesty by asking him to describe her husband. Odysseus describes the Greek hero—himself, capturing each detail so perfectly that it reduces Penelope to tears. He then tells the story of how he met Odysseus and eventually came to Ithaca. In many respects, this story parallels those that he told to Athena and Eumaeus in Books 13 and 14, respectively, though it is identical to neither. He tells Penelope that, essentially, Odysseus had a long ordeal but is alive and freely traveling the seas, and predicts that Odysseus will be back within the month.

Penelope offers the beggar a bed to sleep in, but he is used to the floor, he says, and declines. Only reluctantly does he allow Eurycleia to wash his feet. As she is putting them in a basin of water, she notices a scar on one of his feet. She immediately recognizes it as the scar that Odysseus received when he went boar hunting with his grandfather Autolycus. She throws her arms around Odysseus, but he silences her while Athena keeps Penelope distracted so that Odysseus’s secret will not be carried any further. The faithful Eurycleia recovers herself and promises to keep his secret.

Before she retires, Penelope describes to Odysseus a dream that she has had in which an eagle swoops down upon her twenty pet geese and kills them all; it then perches on her roof and, in a human voice, says that he is her husband who has just put her lovers to death. Penelope declares that she has no idea what this dream means. Rising to the challenge, Odysseus explains it to her. But Penelope decides that she is going to choose a new husband nevertheless: she will marry the first man who can shoot an arrow through the holes of twelve axes set in a line.

Book 20 (summary)

Penelope and Odysseus both have trouble sleeping that night. Odysseus worries that he and Telemachus will never be able to conquer so many suitors, but Athena reassures him that through the gods all things are possible. Tormented by the loss of her husband and her commitment to remarry, Penelope wakes and prays for Artemis to kill her. Her distress wakes Odysseus, who asks Zeus for a

good omen. Zeus responds with a clap of thunder, and, at once, a maid in an adjacent room is heard cursing the suitors.

As the palace springs to life the next day, Odysseus and Telemachus meet, in succession, the swineherd Eumaeus, the foul Melanthius, and Philoetius, a kindly and loyal herdsman who says that he has not yet given up hope of Odysseus's return. The suitors enter, once again plotting Telemachus's murder. Amphinomus convinces them to call it off, however, when a portent of doom appears in the form of an eagle carrying a dove in its talons. But Athena keeps the suitors antagonistic all through dinner to prevent Odysseus's anger from losing its edge. Ctesippus, a wealthy and arrogant suitor, throws a cow's hoof at Odysseus, in response to which Telemachus threatens to run him through with his sword. The suitors laugh and laugh, failing to notice that they and the walls of the room are covered in blood and that their faces have assumed a foreign, ghostly look—all of which Theoclymenus interprets as portents of inescapable doom.

Book 21 (Translated Text)

[1] But the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, put it into the heart of the daughter of Icarus, wise Penelope, to set before the wooers in the halls of Odysseus the bow and the gray iron, to be a contest and the beginning of death. She climbed the high stairway to her chamber, and took the bent key in her strong hand—a goodly key of bronze, and on it was a handle of ivory. And she went her way with her handmaidens to a store-room, far remote, where lay the treasures of her lord, bronze and gold and iron, wrought with toil. And there lay the back-bent bow and the quiver that held the arrows, and many arrows were in it, fraught with groanings—gifts which a friend of Odysseus had given him when he met him once in Lacedaemon, even Iphitus, son of Eurytus, a man like unto the immortals. They two had met one another in Messene in the house of wise Ortilochus. Odysseus verily had come to collect a debt which the whole people owed him, for the men of Messene had lifted from Ithaca in their benched ships three hundred sheep and the shepherds with them.

[20] It was on an embassy in quest of these that Odysseus had come a far journey, while he was but a youth; for his father and the other elders had sent him forth. And Iphitus, on his part, had come in search of twelve brood mares, which he had lost, with sturdy mules at the teat; but to him thereafter did they bring death and doom, when he came to the stout-hearted son of Zeus, the man Heracles, who well knew deeds of daring; for Heracles slew him, his guest though he was, in his own house, ruthlessly, and had regard neither for the wrath of the gods nor for the table which he had set before him, but slew the man thereafter, and himself kept the stout-hoofed mares in his halls. It was while asking for these that Iphitus met Odysseus, and gave him the bow, which of old great Eurytus had been wont to bear, and had left at his death to his son in his lofty house. And to Iphitus Odysseus gave a sharp sword and a mighty spear, as the beginning of loving friendship; yet they never knew one another at the table, for ere that might be the son of Zeus had slain Iphitus, son of Eurytus, a man like unto the immortals, who gave Odysseus the bow. This bow goodly Odysseus, when going forth to war, would never take with him on the black ships, but it lay in his halls at home as a memorial of a dear friend, and he carried it in his own land.

[42] Now when the fair lady had come to the store-room, and had stepped upon the threshold of oak, which of old the carpenter had skilfully planed and made straight to the line—thereon had he also fitted door-posts, and set on them bright doors—straightway she quickly loosed the thong from the handle and thrust in the key, and with sure aim shot back the bolts. And as a bull bellows when grazing in a meadow, even so bellowed the fair doors, smitten by the key; and quickly they flew open before her. Then she stepped upon the high floor, where the chests stood in which fragrant raiment was stored, and stretched out her hand from thence and took from its peg the bow together with the bright case which surrounded it. And there she sat down and laid the case upon her knees and wept aloud, and took out the bow of her lord. But when she had had her fill of tearful wailing, she went her way to the hall, to the company of the lordly wooers, bearing in her hands the back-bent bow and the quiver that held the

arrows, and many arrows were in it, fraught with groanings. And by her side her maidens bore a chest, wherein lay abundance of iron and bronze, the battle-gear of her lord.

[63] Now when the fair lady reached the wooers, she stood by the door-post of the well-built hall, holding before her face her shining veil; and a faithful handmaid stood on either side of her. Then straightway she spoke among the wooers, and said: "Hear me, ye proud wooers, who have beset this house to eat and drink ever without end, since its master has long been gone, nor could you find any other plea to urge, save only as desiring to wed me and take me to wife. Nay, come now, ye wooers, since this is shewn to be your prize. I will set before you the great bow of divine Odysseus, and whosoever shall most easily string the bow in his hands and shoot an arrow through all twelve axes, with him will I go, and forsake this house of my wedded life, a house most fair and filled with livelihood, which, methinks I shall ever remember even in my dreams."

[80] So she spoke, and bade Eumaeus, the goodly swineherd, set for the wooers the bow and the grey iron. And, bursting into tears, Eumaeus took them and laid them down, and in another place the neatherd wept, when he saw the bow of his lord. Then Antinous rebuked them, and spoke, and addressed them: "Foolish boors, who mind only the things of the day! Wretched pair, why now do you shed tears, and trouble the soul in the breast of the lady, whose heart even as it is lies low in pain, seeing that she has lost her dear husband? Nay, sit and feast in silence, or else go forth and weep, and leave the bow here behind as a decisive contest for the wooers; for not easily, methinks, is this polished bow to be strung. For there is no man among all these here such as Odysseus was, and I myself saw him. For I remember him, though I was still but a child."

[96] So he spoke, but the heart in his breast hoped that he would string the bow and shoot an arrow through the iron. Yet verily he was to be the first to taste of an arrow from the hands of noble Odysseus, whom then he, [as he sat in the halls, was dishonoring, and urging on all his comrades. Then among them spoke the strong and mighty Telemachus: "Lo now, of a truth Zeus, son of Cronos, has made me witless. My dear mother, for all that she is wise, declares that she will follow another lord, forsaking this house; yet I laugh, and am glad with a witless mind. Come then, ye wooers, since this is shewn to be your prize, a lady, the like of whom is not now in the Achaean land, neither in sacred Pylos, nor in Argos, nor in Mycene, nor yet in Ithaca itself, nor in the dark mainland. Nay, but of yourselves you know this—what need have I to praise my mother? Come then, put not the matter aside with excuses, nor any more turn away too long from the drawing of the bow, that we may see the issue. Yea, and I would myself make trial of yon bow. If I shall string it and shoot an arrow through the iron, it will not vex me that my honored mother should leave this house and go along with another, seeing that I should be left here able now to wield the goodly battle-gear of my father."

[118] With this he flung the scarlet cloak from off his back, and sprang up erect; and he laid his sharp sword from off his shoulders. First then he set up the axes, when he had dug a trench, one long trench for all, and made it straight to the line, and about them he stamped in the earth. And amazement seized all who saw him, that he set them out so orderly, though before he had never seen them. Then he went and stood upon the threshold, and began to try the bow. Thrice he made it quiver in his eagerness to draw it, and thrice he relaxed his effort, though in his heart he hoped to string the bow and shoot an arrow through the iron. And now at the last he would haply have strung it in his might, as for the fourth time he sought to draw up the string, but Odysseus nodded in dissent, and checked him in his eagerness. Then the strong and mighty Telemachus spoke among them again: "Out on it, even in days to come shall I be a coward and a weakling, or else I am too young, and have not yet trust in my might to defend me against a man, when one waxes wroth without a cause. But, come now, you that are mightier than I, make trial of the bow, and let us end the contest."

[136] So saying, he set the bow from him on the ground, leaning it against the jointed, polished door,

and hard by he leaned the swift arrow against the fair bow-tip, and then sat down again on the seat from which he had risen. Then Antinous, son of Eupheithes, spoke among them: "Rise up in order, all you of our company, from left to right, beginning from the place where the cupbearer pours the wine."

[143] So spoke Antinous, and his word was pleasing to them. Then first arose Leiodes, son of Oenops, who was their soothsayer, and ever sat by the fair mixing-bowl in the innermost part of the hall; deeds of wanton folly were hateful to him alone, and he was full of indignation at all the wooers. He it was who now first took the bow and swift arrow, and he went and stood upon the threshold, and began to try the bow; but he could not string it. Ere that might be his hands grew weary, as he sought to draw up the string, his unworn delicate hands; and he spoke among the wooers: "Friends, it is not I that shall string it; let another take it. For many princes shall this bow rob of spirit and of life, since verily it is better far to die than to live on and fail of that for the sake of which we ever gather here, waiting expectantly day after day. Now many a man even hopes in his heart and desires to wed Penelope, the wife of Odysseus; but when he shall have made trial of the bow, and seen the outcome, thereafter let him woo some other of the fair-robed Achaean women with his gifts, and seek to win her; then should Penelope wed him who offers most, and who comes as her fated lord."

[163] So he spoke, and set the bow from him, leaning it against the jointed, polished door, and hard by he leaned the swift arrow against the fair bow-tip, and then sat down on the seat from which he had risen. But Antinous rebuked him, and spoke, and addressed him: "Leiodes, what a word has escaped the barrier of thy teeth, a dread word and grievous! I am angered to hear it, if forsooth this bow is to rob princes of spirit and of life, because thou art not able to string it. For, I tell thee, thy honored mother did not bear thee of such strength as to draw a bow and shoot arrows; but others of the lordly wooers will soon string it."

[175] So he spoke, and called to Melanthius, the goatherd: "Come now, light a fire in the hall, Melanthius; and set by it a great seat with a fleece upon it, and bring forth a great cake of the fat that is within, that we youths may warm the bow, and anoint it with fat, and so make trial of it, and end the contest."

[181] So he spoke, and Melanthius straightway rekindled the unwearied fire, and brought and placed by it a great seat with a fleece upon it, and he brought forth a great cake of the fat that was within. Therewith the youths warmed the bow, and made trial of it, but they could not string it, for they were far lacking in strength. Now Antinous was still persisting and godlike Eurymachus, leaders of the wooers, who were far the best in valiance; but those other two had gone forth both together from the hall, the neatherd and the swineherd of divine Odysseus; and after them Odysseus himself went forth from the house. But when they were now outside the gates and the court, he spoke and addressed them with gentle words: "Neatherd, and thou too swineherd, shall I tell you something or keep it to myself? Nay, my spirit bids me tell it. What manner of men would you be to defend Odysseus, if he should come from somewhere thus suddenly, and some god should bring him? Would you bear aid to the wooers or to Odysseus? Speak out as your heart and spirit bid you."

[199] Then the herdsmen of the cattle answered him: "Father Zeus, oh that thou wouldest fulfil this wish! Grant that that man may come back, and that some god may guide him. Then shouldest thou know what manner of might is mine, and how my hands obey."

[203] And even in like manner did Eumaeus pray to all the gods that wise Odysseus; might come back to his own home. [205] But when he knew with certainty the mind of these, he made answer, and spoke to them again, saying: "At home now in truth am I here before you, my very self. After many grievous toils I am come in the twentieth year to my native land. And I know that by you two alone of all my thralls is my coming desired, but of the rest have I heard not one praying that I might come back again

to my home. But to you two will I tell the truth, even as it shall be. If a god shall subdue the lordly wooers unto me, I will bring you each a wife, and will give you possessions and a house built near my own, and thereafter you two shall be in my eyes friends and brothers of Telemachus. Nay, come, more than this, I will shew you also a manifest sign, that you may know me well and be assured in heart, even the scar of the wound which long ago a boar dealt me with his white tusk, when I went to Parnassus with the sons of Autolycus.”

[221] So saying, he drew aside the rags from the great scar. And when the two had seen it, and had marked each thing well, they flung their arms about wise Odysseus, and wept; and they kissed his head and shoulders in loving welcome. And even in like manner Odysseus kissed their heads and hands. And now the light of the sun would have gone down upon their weeping, had not Odysseus himself checked them, and said: “Cease now from weeping and wailing, lest some one come forth from the hall and see us, and make it known within as well. But go within one after another, not all together, I first and you thereafter, and let this be made a sign. All the rest, as many as are lordly wooers, will not suffer the bow and the quiver to be given to me; but do thou, goodly Eumaeus, as thou bearest the bow through the halls, place it in my hands, and bid the women bar the close-fitting doors of their hall. And if any one of them hears groanings or the din of men within our walls, let them not rush out, but remain where they are in silence at their work. But to thee, goodly Philoetius, do I give charge to fasten with a bar the gate of the court, and swiftly to cast a cord upon it.”

[242] So saying, he entered the stately house, and went and sat down on the seat from which he had risen. And the two slaves of divine Odysseus went in as well. Eurymachus was now handling the bow, warming it on this side and on that in the light of the fire; but not even so was he able to string it; and in his noble heart he groaned, and with a burst of anger he spoke and addressed them: “Out on it! Verily I am grieved for myself and for you all. It is in no wise for the marriage that I mourn so greatly, grieved though I am; for there are many other Achaean women, some in sea-girt Ithaca itself, and some in other cities; but I mourn if in truth we fall so far short of godlike Odysseus in might, seeing that we cannot string his bow. This is a reproach for men that are yet to be to hear of.”

[256] Then Antinous, son of Eupheithes, answered him: “Eurymachus, this shall not be so, and thou of thyself too knowest it. For to-day throughout the land is the feast of the god—a holy feast. Who then would bend a bow? Nay, quietly [set it by; and as for the axes—what if we should let them all stand as they are? No man, methinks, will come to the hall of Odysseus, son of Laertes, and carry them off. Nay, come, let the bearer pour drops for libation into the cups, that we may pour libations, and lay aside the curved bow. And in the morning bid Melanthius, the goatherd, to bring she-goats, far the best in all the herds, that we may lay thigh-pieces on the altar of Apollo, the famed archer; and so make trial of the bow, and end the contest.”

[269] So spoke Antinous, and his word was pleasing to them. Then the heralds poured water over their hands, and youths filled the bowls brim full of drink, and served out to all, pouring first drops for libation into the cups. But when they had poured libations, and had drunk to their heart's content, then with crafty mind Odysseus of many wiles spoke among them: “Hear me, wooers of the glorious queen, that I may say what the heart in my breast bids me. To Eurymachus most of all do I make my prayer, and to godlike Antinous, since this word also of his was spoken aright, namely that for the present you cease to try the bow, and leave the issue with the gods; and in the morning the god will give the victory to whomsoever he will. But come, give me the polished bow, that in your midst I may prove my hands and strength, whether I have yet might such as was of old in my supple limbs, or whether by now my wanderings and lack of food have destroyed it.”

[285] So he spoke, and they all waxed exceeding wroth, fearing lest he might string the polished bow. And Antinous rebuked him, and spoke and addressed him: “Ah, wretched stranger, thou hast no wit,

no, not a trace. Art thou not content that thou featest undisturbed in our proud company, and lackest naught of the banquet, but hearest our words and our speech, while no other that is a stranger and beggar hears our words? It is wine that wounds thee, honey-sweet wine, which works harm to others too, if one takes it in great gulps, and drinks beyond measure. It was wine that made foolish even the centaur, glorious Eurytion, in the hall of greathearted Peirithous, when he went to the Lapithae: and when his heart had been made foolish with wine, in his madness he wrought evil in the house of Peirithous. Then grief seized the heroes, and they leapt up and dragged him forth through the gateway, when they had shorn off his ears and his nostrils with the pitiless bronze, and he, made foolish in heart, went his way, bearing with him the curse of his sin in the folly of his heart. From hence the feud arose between the centaurs and mankind; but it was for himself first that he found evil, being heavy with wine. Even so do I declare great harm for thee, if thou shalt string the bow, for thou shalt meet with no kindness at the hands of anyone in our land, but we will send thee straightway in a black ship to king Echetus, the maimer of all men, from whose hands thou shalt in no wise escape alive. Nay, then, be still, and drink thy wine, and do not strive with men younger than thou.”

[311] Then wise Penelope answered him: “Antinous, it is not well nor just to rob of their due the guests of Telemachus, whosoever he be that comes to this house. Dost thou think that, if yon stranger strings the great bow of Odysseus, trusting in his strength and his might, he will lead me to his home, and make me his wife? Nay, he himself, I ween, has not this hope in his breast; so let no one of you on this account sit at meat here in sorrow of heart; nay, that were indeed unseemly.”

[320] Then Eurymachus, son of Polybus, answered her: “Daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, it is not that we think the man will lead thee to his home—that were indeed unseemly—but that we dread the talk of men and women, lest hereafter some base fellow among the Achaeans should say: ‘Truly men weaker far are wooing the wife of a noble man, and cannot string his polished bow. But another, a beggar, that came on his wanderings, easily strung the bow, and shot through the iron.’ Thus will men speak, but to us this would become a reproach.”

[330] Then wise Penelope answered him again: “Eurymachus, in no wise can there be good report in the land for men who dishonor and consume the house of a prince. Why then do you make this matter a reproach? This stranger is right tall and well-built, and declares himself to be born the son of a good father. Nay, come, give him the polished bow and let us see. For thus will I speak out to thee, and this word shall verily be brought to pass; if he shall string the bow, and Apollo grant him glory, I will clothe him with a cloak and tunic, fair raiment, and will give him a sharp javelin to ward off dogs and men, and a two-edged sword; and I will give him sandals to bind beneath his feet, and will send him whithersoever his heart and spirit bid him go.”

[344] Then wise Telemachus answered her: “My mother, as for the bow, no man of the Achaeans has a better right than I to give or to deny it to whomsoever I will—no, not all those who lord it in rocky Ithaca, or in the islands towards horse-pasturing Elis. No man among these shall thwart me against my will, even though I should wish to give this bow outright to the stranger to bear away with him. But do thou go thy chamber, and busy thyself with thine own tasks, the loom and the distaff, and bid thy handmaids ply their tasks. The bow shall be for men, for all, but most of all for me; since mine is the authority in the house.”

[354] She then, seized with wonder, went back to her chamber, for she laid to heart the wise saying of her son. Up to her upper chamber she went with her handmaids, and then bewailed Odysseus, her dear husband, until flashing-eyed Athena cast sweet sleep upon her eyelids. Now the goodly swineherd had taken the curved bow and was bearing it, but the wooers all cried out in the halls. And thus would one of the proud youths speak: “Whither, pray, art thou bearing the curved bow, miserable swineherd, thou man distraught? Soon by thy swine, alone and apart from men, shall the swift hounds devour thee--

hounds thyself didst rear—if but Apollo be gracious to us, and the other immortal gods.”

[366] So they spoke, and he set down the bow, as he bore it, in that very place, seized with fear because many men were crying out aloud in the halls. But Telemachus on the other side called out threateningly: “Father, bear the bow onward--soon shalt thou rue giving heed to all—lest, younger though I am, I drive thee to the field, and pelt thee with stones; for in strength I am the better. I would that I were even so much better in strength and might than all the wooers that are in the house; then would I soon send many a one forth from our house to go his way in evil case; for they devise wickedness.”

[376] So he spoke, but all the wooers laughed merrily at him, and relaxed the bitterness of their anger against Telemachus. Howbeit the swineherd bore the bow through the hall, and came up to wise Odysseus, and put it in his hands. Then he called forth the nurse Eurycleia, and said to her: “Telemachus bids thee, wise Eurycleia, to bar the close-fitting doors of the hall, and if any of the women hear within groanings or the din of men within our walls, let them not rush out, but remain where they are in silence at their work.”

[386] So he spoke, but her word remained unwinged; and she barred the doors of the stately halls. But in silence Philoetius hastened forth from the house, and barred the gates of the well-fenced court. Now there lay beneath the portico the cable of a curved ship, made of byblus plant, wherewith he made fast the gates, and then himself went within. Thereafter he came and sat down on the seat from which he had risen, and gazed upon Odysseus; now he was already handling the bow, turning it round and round, and trying it this way and that, lest worms might have eaten the horns, while its lord was afar. And thus would one speak with a glance at his neighbor: “Verily he has a shrewd eye, and is a cunning knave with a bow. It may be haply that he has himself such bows stored away at home, or else he is minded to make one, that he thus turns it this way and that in his hands, the rascally vagabond.” And again another of the proud youths would say: “Would that the fellow might find profit in just such measure as he shall prove able ever to string this bow.”

[404] So spoke the wooers, but Odysseus of many wiles, as soon as he had lifted the great bow and scanned it on every side—even as when a man well-skilled in the lyre and in song easily stretches the string about a new peg, making fast at either end the twisted sheep-gut—so without effort did Odysseus string the great bow. And he held it in his right hand, and tried the string, which sang sweetly beneath his touch, like to a swallow in tone. But upon the wooers came great grief, and the faces of them changed color, and Zeus thundered loud, shewing forth his signs. Then glad at heart was the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus that the son of crooked-counselling Cronos sent him an omen, and he took up a swift arrow, which lay by him on the table, bare, but the others were stored within the hollow quiver, even those of which the Achaeans were soon to taste. This he took, and laid upon the bridge of the bow, and drew the bow-string and the notched arrow even from the chair where he sat, and let fly the shaft with sure aim, and did not miss the end of the handle of one of the axes, but clean through and out at the end passed the arrow weighted with bronze. But he spoke to Telemachus, saying: “Telemachus, the stranger that sits in thy halls brings no shame upon thee, nor in any wise did I miss the mark, or labour long in stringing the bow; still is my strength unbroken--not as the wooers scornfully taunt me. But now it is time that supper too be made ready for the Achaeans, while yet there is light, and thereafter must yet other sport be made with song and with the lyre; for these things are the accompaniments of a feast.”

[431] He spoke, and made a sign with his brows, and Telemachus, the dear son of divine Odysseus, girt about him his sharp sword, and took his spear in his grasp, and stood by the chair at his father's side, armed with gleaming bronze.

Book 22 (translated text)

[1] But Odysseus of many wiles stripped off his rags and sprang to the great threshold with the bow and the quiver full of arrows, and poured forth the swift arrows right there before his feet, and spoke among the wooers: “Lo, now at last is this decisive contest ended; and now as for another mark, which till now no man has ever smitten, I will know if haply I may strike it, and Apollo grant me glory.”

[8] He spoke, and aimed a bitter arrow at Antinous. Now he was on the point of raising to his lips a fair goblet, a two-eared cup of gold, and was even now handling it, that he might drink of the wine, and death was not in his thoughts. For who among men that sat at meat could think that one man among many, how strong soever he were, would bring upon himself evil death and black fate? But Odysseus took aim, and smote him with an arrow in the throat, and clean out through the tender neck passed the point; he sank to one side, and the cup fell from his hand as he was smitten, and straightway up through his nostrils there came a thick jet of the blood of man; and quickly he thrust the table from him with a kick of his foot, and spilled all the food on the floor, and the bread and roast flesh were befouled. Then into uproar broke the wooers through the halls, as they saw the man fallen, and from their high seats they sprang, driven in fear through the hall, gazing everywhere along the well-built walls; but nowhere was there a shield or mighty spear to seize.

[26] But they railed at Odysseus with angry words: “Stranger, to thy cost dost thou shoot at men; never again shalt thou take part in other contests; now is thy utter destruction sure. Aye, for thou hast now slain a man who was far the best of the youths in Ithaca; therefore shall vultures devour thee here.”

[31] So spoke each man, for verily they thought that he had not slain the man willfully; and in their folly they knew not this, that over themselves one and all the cords of destruction had been made fast. Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles answered them: “Ye dogs, ye thought that I should never more come home from the land of the Trojans, seeing that ye wasted my house, and lay with the maidservants by force, and while yet I lived covertly wooed my wife, having no fear of the gods, who hold broad heaven, nor of the indignation of men, that is to be hereafter. Now over you one and all have the cords of destruction been made fast.”

[42] So he spoke, and thereat pale fear seized them all, and each man gazed about to see how he might escape utter destruction; Eurymachus alone answered him, and said: “If thou art indeed Odysseus of Ithaca, come home again, this that thou sayest is just regarding all that the Achaeans have wrought—many deeds of wanton folly in thy halls and many in the field. But he now lies dead, who was to blame for all, even Antinous; for it was he who set on foot these deeds, not so much through desire or need of the marriage, but with another purpose, which the son of Cronos did not bring to pass for him, that in the land of settled Ithaca he might himself be king, and might lie in wait for thy son and slay him. But now he lies slain, as was his due, but do thou spare the people that are thine own; and we will hereafter go about the land and get thee recompense for all that has been drunk and eaten in thy halls, and will bring each man for himself in requital the worth of twenty oxen, and pay thee back in bronze and gold until thy heart be warmed; but till then no one could blame thee that thou art wroth.”

[60] Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles answered him: “Eurymachus, not even if you should give me in requital all that your fathers left you, even all that you now have, and should add other wealth thereto from whence ye might, not even so would I henceforth stay my hands from slaying until the wooers had paid the full price of all their transgression. Now it lies before you to fight in open fight, or to flee, if any man may avoid death and the fates; but many a one, methinks, shall not escape from utter destruction.”

[68] So he spoke, and their knees were loosened where they stood, and their hearts melted; and Eurymachus spoke among them again a second time: “Friends, for you see that this man will not stay

his invincible hands, but now that he was got the polished bow and the quiver, will shoot from the smooth threshold until he slays us all, come, let us take thought of battle. Draw your swords, and hold the tables before you against the arrows that bring swift death, and let us all have at him in a body, in the hope that we may thrust him from the threshold and the doorway, and go throughout the city, and so the alarm be swiftly raised; then should this fellow soon have shot his last.”

[79] So saying, he drew his sharp sword of bronze, two-edged, and sprang upon Odysseus with a terrible cry, but at the same instant goodly Odysseus let fly an arrow, and struck him upon the breast beside the nipple, and fixed the swift shaft in his liver. And Eurymachus let the sword fall from his hand to the ground, and writhing over the table he bowed and fell, and spilt upon the floor the food and the two-handled cup. With his brow he beat the earth in agony of soul, and with both his feet he spurned and shook the chair, and a mist was shed over his eyes. Then Amphinomus made at glorious Odysseus, rushing straight upon him, and had drawn his sharp sword, in hope that Odysseus might give way before him from the door. But Telemachus was too quick for him, and cast, and smote him from behind with his bronze-tipped spear between the shoulders, and drove it through his breast; and he fell with a thud, and struck the ground full with his forehead. But Telemachus sprang back, leaving the long spear where it was, fixed in Amphinomus, for he greatly feared lest, as he sought to draw forth the long spear, one of the Achaeans might rush upon him and stab with his sword, or deal him a blow as he stooped over the corpse. So he started to run, and came quickly to his dear father, and standing by his side spoke to him winged words: “Father, now will I bring thee a shield and two spears and a helmet all of bronze, well fitted to the temples, and when I come back I will arm myself, and will give armour likewise to the swineherd and yon neatherd; for it is better to be clothed in armour.”

[105] Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him and said: “Run, and bring them, while yet I have arrows to defend me, lest they thrust me from the door, alone as I am.”

[107] So he spoke, and Telemachus hearkened to his dear father, and went his way to the store-chamber where the glorious arms were stored. Thence he took four shields and eight spears and four helmets of bronze, with thick plumes of horse-hair; and he bore them forth, and quickly came to his dear father. Then first of all he himself girded the bronze about his body, and even in like manner the two slaves put on them the beautiful armour, and took their stand on either side of Odysseus, the wise and crafty-minded. But he, so long as he had arrows to defend him, would ever aim, and smite the wooers one by one in his house, and they fell thick and fast. But when the arrows failed the prince, as he shot, he leaned the bow against the door-post of the well-built hall, and let it stand against the bright entrance wall. For himself, he put about his shoulders a four-fold shield, and set on his mighty head a well-wrought helmet with horse-hair plume, and terribly did the plume wave above him; and he took two mighty spears, tipped with bronze.

[126] Now there was in the well-built wall a certain postern door, and along the topmost level of the threshold of the well-built hall was a way into a passage, and well-fitting folding doors closed it. This postern Odysseus bade the goodly swineherd watch, taking his stand close by, for there was but a single way to reach it. Then Agelaus spoke among the wooers, and declared his word to all: “Friends, will not one mount up by the postern door, and tell the people, that so an alarm may be raised straightway? Then should this fellow soon have shot his last.”

[135] Then Melanthius, the goatherd, answered him: “It may not be, Agelaus, fostered of Zeus, for terribly near is the fair door of the court, and the mouth of the passage is hard. One man could bar the way for all, so he were valiant. But come, let me bring you from the store-room arms to don, for it is within, methinks, and nowhere else that Odysseus and his glorious son have laid the arms.”

[142] So saying, Melanthius, the goatherd, mounted up by the steps of the hall to the store-rooms of

Odysseus. Thence he took twelve shields, as many spears, and as many helmets of bronze with thick plumes of horsehair, and went his way, and quickly brought and gave them to the wooers. Then the knees of Odysseus were loosened and his heart melted, when he saw them donning armour and brandishing long spears in their hands, and great did his task seem to him; but quickly he spoke to Telemachus winged words: “Telemachus, verily some one of the women in the halls is rousing against us an evil battle, or haply it is Melanthius.”

[153] Then wise Telemachus answered him: “Father, it is I myself that am at fault in this, and no other is to blame, for I left the close-fitting door of the store-room open: their watcher was better than I. But go now, goodly Eumaeus, close the door of the store-room, and see whether it is one of the women who does this, or Melanthius, son of Dolius, as I suspect.”

[160] Thus they spoke to one another. But Melanthius, the goatherd, went again to the store-room to bring beautiful armour; howbeit the goodly swineherd marked him, and straightway said to Odysseus who was near: “Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, yonder again is the pestilent fellow, whom we ourselves suspect, going to the store-room. But do thou tell me truly, shall I slay him, if I prove the better man, or shall I bring him hither to thee, that the fellow may pay for the many crimes that he has planned in thy house?”

[170] Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him and said: “Verily I and Telemachus will keep the lordly wooers within the hall, how fierce soever they be, but do you two bend behind him his feet and his arms above, and cast him into the store-room, and tie boards behind his back; then make fast to his body a twisted rope, and hoist him up the tall pillar, till you bring him near the roof-beams, that he may keep alive long, and suffer grievous torment.”

[178] So he spoke, and they readily hearkened and obeyed. Forth they went to the store-room, unseen of him who was within. He truly was seeking for armour in the innermost part of the store-room, and the two lay in wait, standing on either side of the door-posts. And when Melanthius, the goatherd, was about to pass over the threshold, bearing in one hand a goodly helm, and in the other a broad old shield, flecked with rust—the shield of lord Laertes, which he was wont to bear in his youth, but now it was laid by, and the seams of its straps were loosened—then the two sprang upon him and seized him. They dragged him in by the hair, and flung him down on the ground in sore terror, and bound his feet and hands with galling bonds, binding them firmly behind his back, as the son of Laertes bade them, the much enduring, goodly Odysseus; and they made fast to his body a twisted rope, and hoisted him up the tall pillar, till they brought him near the roof-beams. Then didst thou mock him, swineherd Eumaeus, and say: “Now verily, Melanthius, shalt thou watch the whole night through, lying on a soft bed, as befits thee, nor shalt thou fail to mark the early Dawn, golden-throned, as she comes forth from the streams of Oceanus, at the hour when thou art wont to drive thy she-goats for the wooers, to prepare a feast in the halls.”

[200] So he was left there, stretched in the direful bond, but the two put on their armour, and closed the bright door, and went to Odysseus, the wise and crafty-minded. There they stood, breathing fury, those on the threshold but four, while those within the hall were many and brave. Then Athena, daughter of Zeus, drew near them, like unto Mentor in form and voice, and Odysseus saw her, and was glad; and he spoke, saying: “Mentor, ward off ruin, and remember me, thy dear comrade, who often befriended thee. Thou art of like age with myself.”

[210] So he spoke, deeming that it was Athena, the rouser of hosts. But the wooers on the other side shouted aloud in the hall, and first Agelaus, son of Damastor, rebuked Athena, saying: “Mentor, let not Odysseus beguile thee with his words to fight against the wooers and bear aid to himself. For in this wise, methinks, shall our will be brought to pass: when we have killed these men, father and son,

thereafter shalt thou too be slain with them, such deeds art thou minded to do in these halls: with thine own head shalt thou pay the price. But when with the sword we have stripped you of your might, all the possessions that thou hast within doors and in the fields we will mingle with those of Odysseus, and will not suffer thy sons or thy daughters to dwell in thy halls, nor thy faithful wife to fare at large in the city of Ithaca.”

[224] So he spoke, and Athena waxed the more wroth at heart, and she rebuked Odysseus with angry words: “Odysseus, no longer hast thou steadfast might nor any valor, such as was thine when for high-born Helen of the white arms thou didst for nine years battle with the Trojans unceasingly, and many men thou slewest in dread conflict, and by thy counsel was the broad-wayed city of Priam taken. How is it that now, when thou hast come to thy house and thine own possessions, thou shrinkest with wailing from playing the man, and that against the wooers? Nay, friend, come hither and take thy stand by my side, and see my deeds, that thou mayest know what manner of man Mentor, son of Alcimus, is to repay kindness in the midst of the foe.”

[237] She spoke, but did not give him strength utterly to turn the course of the battle, but still made trial of the might and valor of Odysseus and his glorious son; and for herself, she flew up to the roof-beam of the smoky hall, and sat there in the guise of a swallow to look upon. Now the wooers were urged on by Agelaus, son of Damastor, by Eurynomus, and Amphimedon and Demoptolemus and Peisander, son of Polyctor, and wise Polybus, for these were in valiance far the best of all the wooers who still lived and fought for their lives; but the rest the bow and the swiftly-falling arrows had by now laid low. But Agelaus spoke among them, and declared his word to all: “Friends, now at length will this man stay his invincible hands. Lo, Mentor has gone from him, and has but uttered empty boasts, and they are left alone there at the outer doors. Therefore hurl not now upon them your long spears all at once, but come, do you six throw first in the hope that Zeus may grant that Odysseus be struck, and that we win glory. Of the rest there is no care, once he shall have fallen.”

[255] So he spoke, and they all hurled their spears, as he bade, eagerly; but Athena made all vain. One man smote the door-post of the well-built hall, another the close-fitting door, another's ashen spear, heavy with bronze, struck upon the wall. But when they had avoided the spears of the wooers, first among them spoke the much-enduring goodly Odysseus: “Friends, now I give the word that we too cast our spears into the throng of the wooers, who are minded to slay us in addition to their former wrongs.”

[265] So he spoke, and they all hurled their sharp spears with sure aim. Odysseus smote Demoptolemus, Telemachus Euryades, the swineherd Elatus, and the herdsmen of the cattle slew Peisander. So these all at the same moment bit the vast floor with their teeth, and the wooers drew back to the innermost part of the hall. But the others sprang forward and drew forth their spears from the dead bodies. Then again the wooers hurled their sharp spears eagerly, but Athena made them vain, many as they were. One man smote the door-post of the well-built hall, another the close-fitting door, another's ashen spear, heavy with bronze, struck upon the wall. But Amphimedon smote Telemachus on the hand by the wrist, a grazing blow, and the bronze tore the surface of the skin. And Ctesippus with his long spear grazed the shoulder of Eumaeus above his shield, but the spear flew over and fell upon the ground. Then once more Odysseus, the wise and crafty-minded, and his company hurled their sharp spears into the throng of the wooers, and again Odysseus, the sacker of cities, smote Eurydamas, and Telemachus Amphimedon, the swineherd Polybus, and thereafter the herdsman of the cattle smote Ctesippus in the breast, and boasted over him, saying: “Son of Polytherses, thou lover of revilings, never more at all do thou speak big, yielding to folly, but leave the matter to the gods, since verily they are mightier far. This is thy gift of welcome to match the hoof which of late thou gavest to godlike Odysseus, when he went begging through the house.”

[292] So spoke the herdsman of the sleek cattle. But Odysseus wounded the son of Damastor in close

fight with a thrust of his long spear, and Telemachus wounded Leiocritus, son of Evenor, with a spear-thrust full upon the groin, and drove the bronze clean through, and he fell headlong and struck the ground full with his forehead. Then Athena held up her aegis, the bane of mortals, on high from the roof, and the minds of the wooers were panic-stricken, and they fled through the halls like a herd of kine that the darting gad-fly falls upon and drives along in the season of spring, when the long days come. And even as vultures of crooked talons and curved beaks come forth from the mountains and dart upon smaller birds, which scour the plain, flying low beneath the clouds, and the vultures pounce upon them and slay them, and they have no defence or way of escape, and men rejoice at the chase; even so did those others set upon the wooers and smite them left and right through the hall. And therefrom rose hideous groaning as heads were smitten, and all the floor swam with blood.

[310] But Leiodes rushed forward and clasped the knees of Odysseus, and made entreaty to him, and spoke winged words: "By thy knees I beseech thee, Odysseus, and do thou respect me and have pity. For I declare to thee that never yet have I wronged one of the women in thy halls by wanton word or deed; nay, I sought to check the other wooers, when any would do such deeds. But they would not hearken to me to withhold their hands from evil, wherefore through their wanton folly they have met a cruel doom. Yet I, the soothsayer among them, that have done no wrong, shall be laid low even as they; so true is it that there is no gratitude in aftertime for good deeds done."

[320] Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles answered him: "If verily thou dost declare thyself the soothsayer among these men, often, I ween, must thou have prayed in the halls that far from me the issue of a joyous return might be removed, and that it might be with thee that my dear wife should go and bear thee children; wherefore thou shalt not escape grievous death."

[326] So saying, he seized in his strong hand a sword that lay near, which Agelaus had let fall to the ground when he was slain, and with this he smote him full upon the neck. And even while he was yet speaking his head was mingled with the dust.

[330] Now the son of Terpes, the minstrel, was still seeking to escape black fate, even Phemius, who sang perforce among the wooers. He stood with the clear-toned lyre in his hands near the postern door, and he was divided in mind whether he should slip out from the hall and sit down by the well-built altar of great Zeus, the God of the court, whereon Laertes and Odysseus had burned many things of oxen, or whether he should rush forward and clasp the knees of Odysseus in prayer. And as he pondered this seemed to him the better course, to clasp the knees of Odysseus, son of Laertes. So he laid the hollow lyre on the ground between the mixing-bowl and the silver-studded chair, and himself rushed forward and clasped Odysseus by the knees, and made entreaty to him, and spoke winged words: "By thy knees I beseech thee, Odysseus, and do thou respect me and have pity; on thine own self shall sorrow come hereafter, if thou slayest the minstrel, even me, who sing to gods and men. Self-taught am I, and the god has planted in my heart all manner of lays, and worthy am I to sing to thee as to a god; wherefore be not eager to cut my throat. Aye, and Telemachus too will bear witness to this, thy dear son, how that through no will or desire of mine I was wont to resort to thy house to sing to the wooers at their feasts, but they, being far more and stronger, led me hither perforce."

[354] So he spoke, and the strong and mighty Telemachus heard him, and quickly spoke to his father, who was near: "Stay thy hand, and do not wound this guiltless man with the sword. Aye, and let us save also the herald, Medon, who ever cared for me in our house, when I was a child—unless perchance Philoetius has already slain him, or the swineherd, or he met thee as thou didst rage through the house."

[361] So he spoke, and Medon, wise of heart, heard him, for he lay crouching beneath a chair, and had

clothed himself in the skin of an ox, newly flayed, seeking to avoid black fate. Straightway he rose from beneath the chair and stripped off the ox-hide, and then rushed forward and clasped Telemachus by the knees, and made entreaty to him, and spoke winged words: "Friend, here I am; stay thou thy hand and bid thy father stay his, lest in the greatness of his might he harm me with the sharp bronze in his wrath against the wooers, who wasted his possessions in the halls, and in their folly honored thee not at all."

[371] But Odysseus of many wiles smiled, and said to him: "Be of good cheer, for he has delivered thee and saved thee, that thou mayest know in thy heart and tell also to another, how far better is the doing of good deeds than of evil. But go forth from the halls and sit down outside in the court away from the slaughter, thou and the minstrel of many songs, till I shall have finished all that I must needs do in the house."

[378] So he spoke, and the two went their way forth from the hall and sat down by the altar of great Zeus, gazing about on every side, ever expecting death. And Odysseus too gazed about all through his house to see if any man yet lived, and was hiding there, seeking to avoid black fate. But he found them one and all fallen in the blood and dust--all the host of them, like fishes that fishermen have drawn forth in the meshes of their net from the grey sea upon the curving beach, and they all lie heaped upon the sand, longing for the waves of the sea, and the bright sun takes away their life; even so now the wooers lay heaped upon each other. Then Odysseus of many wiles spoke to Telemachus: "Telemachus, go call me the nurse Eurycleia, that I may tell her the word that is in my mind."

[393] So he spoke, and Telemachus hearkened to his dear father, and shaking the door said to Eurycleia: "Up and hither, aged wife, that hast charge of all our woman servants in the halls. Come, my father calls thee, that he may tell thee somewhat."

[398] So he spoke, but her word remained unwinged; she opened the doors of the stately hall, and came forth, and Telemachus led the way before her. There she found Odysseus amid the bodies of the slain, all befouled with blood and filth, like a lion that comes from feeding on an ox of the farmstead, and all his breast and his cheeks on either side are stained with blood, and he is terrible to look upon; even so was Odysseus befouled, his feet and his hands above. But she, when she beheld the corpses and the great welter of blood, made ready to utter loud cries of joy, seeing what a deed had been wrought. But Odysseus stayed and checked her in her eagerness, and spoke and addressed her with winged words: "In thine own heart rejoice, old dame, but refrain thyself and cry not out aloud: an unholy thing is it to boast over slain men. These men here has the fate of the gods destroyed and their own reckless deeds, for they honored no one of men upon the earth, were he evil or good, whosoever came among them; wherefore by their wanton folly they brought on themselves a shameful death. But come, name thou over to me the women in the halls, which ones dishonor me and which are guiltless."

[419] Then the dear nurse Eurycleia answered him: "Then verily, my child, will I tell thee all the truth. Fifty women servants hast thou in the halls, women that we have taught to do their work, to card the wool and bear the lot of slaves. Of these twelve in all have set their feet in the way of shamelessness, and regard not me nor Penelope herself. And Telemachus is but newly grown to manhood, and his mother would not suffer him to rule over the women servants. But come, let me go up to the bright upper chamber and bear word to thy wife, on whom some god has sent sleep."

[430] Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Wake her not yet, but do thou bid come hither the women, who in time past have contrived shameful deeds."

[433] So he spoke, and the old dame went forth through the hall to bear tidings to the women, and bid them come; but Odysseus called to him Telemachus and the neatherd and the swineherd, and spoke to

them winged words: “Begin now to bear forth the dead bodies and bid the women help you, and thereafter cleanse the beautiful chairs and the tables with water and porous sponges. But when you have set all the house in order, lead the women forth from the well-built hall to a place between the dome and the goodly fence of the court, and there strike them down with your long swords, until you take away the life from them all, and they forget the love which they had at the bidding of the wooers, when they lay with them in secret.”

[446] So he spoke, and the women came all in a throng, wailing terribly and shedding big tears. First they bore forth the bodies of the slain and set them down beneath the portico of the well-fenced court, propping them one against the other; and Odysseus himself gave them orders and hastened on the work, and they bore the bodies forth perforce. Then they cleansed the beautiful high seats and the tables with water and porous sponges. But Telemachus and the neatherd and the swineherd scraped with hoes the floor of the well-built house, and the women bore the scrapings forth and threw them out of doors. But when they had set in order all the hall, they led the women forth from the well-built hall to a place between the dome and the goodly fence of the court, and shut them up in a narrow space, whence it was in no wise possible to escape. Then wise Telemachus was the first to speak to the others, saying: “Let it be by no clean death that I take the lives of these women, who on my own head have poured reproaches and on my mother, and were wont to lie with the wooers.”

[465] So he spoke, and tied the cable of a dark-prowed ship to a great pillar and flung it round the dome, stretching it on high that none might reach the ground with her feet. And as when long-winged thrushes or doves fall into a snare that is set in a thicket, as they seek to reach their resting-place, and hateful is the bed that gives them welcome, even so the women held their heads in a row, and round the necks of all nooses were laid, that they might die most piteously. And they writhed a little while with their feet, but not long. Then forth they led Melanthius through the doorway and the court, and cut off his nostrils and his ears with the pitiless bronze, and drew out his vitals for the dogs to eat raw, and cut off his hands and his feet in their furious wrath.

[478] Thereafter they washed their hands and feet, and went into the house to Odysseus, and the work was done. But Odysseus said to the dear nurse Eurycleia: “Bring sulphur, old dame, to cleanse from pollution, and bring me fire, that I may purge the hall; and do thou bid Penelope come hither with her handmaidens, and order all the women in the house to come.”

[485] Then the dear nurse Eurycleia answered him: “Yea, all this, my child, hast thou spoken aright. But come, let me bring thee a cloak and a tunic for raiment, and do not thou stand thus in the halls with thy broad shoulders wrapped in rags; that were a cause for blame.”

[490] Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her: “First of all let a fire now be made me in the hall.” So he spoke, and the dear nurse Eurycleia did not disobey, but brought fire and sulphur; but Odysseus thoroughly purged the hall and the house and the court. Then the old dame went back through the fair house of Odysseus to bear tidings to the women and bid them come; and they came forth from their hall with torches in their hands. They thronged about Odysseus and embraced him, and clasped and kissed his head and shoulders and his hands in loving welcome; and a sweet longing seized him to weep and wail, for in his heart he knew them all.

Book 23 (Summary)

Eurycleia goes upstairs to call Penelope, who has slept through the entire fight. Penelope doesn't believe anything that Eurycleia says, and she remains in disbelief even when she comes downstairs and sees her husband with her own eyes. Telemachus rebukes her for not greeting Odysseus more lovingly after his long absence, but Odysseus has other problems to worry about. He has just killed all of the noble young men of Ithaca—their parents will surely be greatly distressed. He decides that he and his

family will need to lay low at their farm for a while. In the meantime, a minstrel strikes up a happy song so that no passers-by will suspect what has taken place in the palace.

Penelope remains wary, afraid that a god is playing a trick on her. She orders Eurycleia to move her bridal bed, and Odysseus suddenly flares up at her that their bed is immovable, explaining how it is built from the trunk of an olive tree around which the house had been constructed. Hearing him recount these details, she knows that this man must be her husband. They get reacquainted and, afterward, Odysseus gives his wife a brief account of his wanderings. He also tells her about the trip that he must make to fulfill the prophecy of Tiresias in Book 11. The next day, he leaves with Telemachus for Laertes' orchard. He gives Penelope instructions not to leave her room or receive any visitors. Athena cloaks Odysseus and Telemachus in darkness so that no one will see them as they walk through the town.

Book 24 (translated text)

[1] Then the old dame went up to the upper chamber, laughing aloud, to tell her mistress that her dear husband was in the house. Her knees moved nimbly, but her feet trotted along beneath her; and she stood above her lady's head, and spoke to her, and said: "Awake, Penelope, dear child, that with thine own eyes thou mayest see what thou desirest all thy days. Odysseus is here, and has come home, late though his coming has been, and has slain the proud wooers who vexed his house, and devoured his substance, and oppressed his son."

[10] Then wise Penelope answered her: "Dear nurse, the gods have made thee mad, they who can make foolish even one who is full wise, and set the simple-minded in the paths of understanding; it is they that have marred thy wits, though heretofore thou wast sound of mind. Why dost thou mock me, who have a heart full of sorrow, to tell me this wild tale, and dost rouse me out of slumber, the sweet slumber that bound me and enfolded my eyelids? For never yet have I slept so sound since the day when Odysseus went forth to see evil Ilios that should not be named. Nay come now, go down and back to the women's hall, for if any other of the women that are mine had come and told me this, and had roused me out of sleep, straightway would I have sent her back in sorry wise to return again to the hall, but to thee old age shall bring this profit."

[25] Then the dear nurse Eurycleia answered her: "I mock thee not, dear child, but in very truth Odysseus is here, and has come home, even as I tell thee. He is that stranger to whom all men did dishonor in the halls. But Telemachus long ago knew that he was here, yet in his prudence he hid the purpose of his father, till he should take vengeance on the violence of overweening men."

[31] So she spoke, and Penelope was glad, and she leapt from her bed and flung her arms about the old woman and let the tears fall from her eyelids; and she spoke, and addressed her with winged words: "Come now, dear nurse, I pray thee tell me truly, if verily he has come home, as thou sayest, how he put forth his hands upon the shameless wooers, all alone as he was, while they remained always in a body in the house."

[39] Then the dear nurse Eurycleia answered her: "I saw not, I asked not; only I heard the groaning of men that were being slain. As for us women, we sat terror-stricken in the innermost part of our well-built chambers, and the close-fitting doors shut us in, until the hour when thy son Telemachus called me from the hall, for his father had sent him forth to call me. Then I found Odysseus standing among the bodies of the slain, and they, stretched all around him on the hard floor, lay one upon the other; the sight would have warmed thy heart with cheer. And now the bodies are all gathered together at the gates of the court, but he is purging the fair house with sulphur, and has kindled a great fire, and sent

me forth to call thee. Nay, come with me, that the hearts of you two may enter into joy, for you have suffered many woes. But now at length has this thy long desire been fulfilled: he has come himself, alive to his own hearth, and he has found both thee and his son in the halls; while as for those, even the wooers, who wrought him evil, on them has he taken vengeance one and all in his house.”

[58] Then wise Penelope answered her: “Dear nurse, boast not yet loudly over them with laughter. Thou knowest how welcome the sight of him in the halls would be to all, but above all to me and to his son, born of us two. But this is no true tale, as thou tellest it; nay, some one of the immortals has slain the lordly wooers in wrath at their grievous insolence and their evil deeds. For they honored no one among men upon the earth, were he evil or good, whosoever came among them; therefore it is through their own wanton folly that they have suffered evil. But Odysseus far away has lost his return to the land of Achaea, and is lost himself.”

[69] Then the dear nurse Eurycleia answered her: “My child, what a word has escaped the barrier of thy teeth, in that thou saidst that thy husband, who even now is here, at his own hearth, would never more return! Thy heart is ever unbelieving. Nay come, I will tell thee a manifest sign besides, even the scar of the wound which long ago the boar dealt him with his white tusk. This I marked while I washed his feet, and was fain to tell it to thee as well, but he laid his hand upon my mouth, and in the great wisdom of his heart would not suffer me to speak. So come with me; but I will set my very life at stake that, if I deceive thee, thou shouldest slay me by a most pitiful death.”

[80] Then wise Penelope answered her: “Dear nurse, it is hard for thee to comprehend the counsels of the gods that are forever, how wise soever thou art. Nevertheless let us go to my son, that I may see the wooers dead and him that slew them.”

[85] So saying, she went down from the upper chamber, and much her heart pondered whether she should stand aloof and question her dear husband, or whether she should go up to him, and clasp and kiss his head and hands. But when she had come in and had passed over the stone threshold, she sat down opposite Odysseus in the light of the fire beside the further wall; but he was sitting by a tall pillar, looking down, and waiting to see whether his noble wife would say aught to him, when her eyes beheld him. Howbeit she sat long in silence, and amazement came upon her soul; and now with her eyes she would look full upon his face, and now again she would fail to know him, for that he had upon him mean raiment. But Telemachus rebuked her, and spoke, and addressed her: “My mother, cruel mother, that hast an unyielding heart, why dost thou thus hold aloof from my father, and dost not sit by his side and ask and question him? No other woman would harden her heart as thou dost, and stand aloof from her husband, who after many grievous toils had come back to her in the twentieth year to his native land: but thy heart is ever harder than stone.”

[104] Then wise Penelope answered him: “My child, the heart in my breast is lost in wonder, and I have no power to speak at all, nor to ask a question, nor to look him in the face. But if in very truth he is Odysseus, and has come home, we two shall surely know one another more certainly; for we have signs which we two alone know, signs hidden from others.”

[111] So she spoke, and the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus smiled, and straightway spoke to Telemachus winged words: “Telemachus, suffer now thy mother to test me in the halls; presently shall she win more certain knowledge. But now because I am foul, and am clad about my body in mean clothing, she scorns me, and will not yet admit that I am he. But for us, let us take thought how all may be the very best. For whoso has slain but one man in a land, even though it be a man that leaves not many behind to avenge him, he goes into exile, and leaves his kindred and his native land; but we have slain those who were the very stay of the city, far the noblest of the youths of Ithaca. Of this I bid thee take thought.”

[123] Then wise Telemachus answered him: “Do thou thyself look to this, dear father; for thy counsel, they say, is the best among men, nor could any other of mortal men vie with thee. As for us, we will follow with thee eagerly, nor methinks shall we be wanting in valor, so far as we have strength.”

[129] Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him and said: “Then will I tell thee what seems to me to be the best way. First bathe yourselves, and put on your tunics, and bid the handmaids in the halls to take their raiment. But let the divine minstrel with his clear-toned lyre in hand be our leader in the gladsome dance, that any man who hears the sound from without, whether a passer-by or one of those who dwell around, may say that it is a wedding feast; and so the rumor of the slaying of the wooers shall not be spread abroad throughout the city before we go forth to our well-wooded farm. There shall we afterwards devise whatever advantage the Olympian may vouchsafe us.”

[141] So he spoke, and they all readily hearkened and obeyed. First they bathed and put on their tunics, and the women arrayed themselves, and the divine minstrel took the hollow lyre and aroused in them the desire of sweet song and goodly dance. So the great hall resounded all about with the tread of dancing men and of fair-girdled women; and thus would one speak who heard the noise from without the house: “Aye, verily some one has wedded the queen wooed of many. Cruel she was, nor had she the heart to keep the great house of her wedded husband to the end, even till he should come.”

[152] So they would say, but they knew not how these things were. Meanwhile the housewife Eurynome bathed the great-hearted Odysseus in his house, and anointed him with oil, and cast about him a fair cloak and a tunic; and over his head Athena shed abundant beauty, making him taller to look upon and mightier, and from his head she made locks to flow in curls like the hyacinth flower. And as when a man overlays silver with gold, a cunning workman whom Hephaestus and Pallas Athena have taught all manner of craft, and full of grace is the work he produces, even so the goddess shed grace on his head and shoulders, and forth from the bath he came, in form like unto the immortals. Then he sat down again on the chair from which he had risen, opposite his wife; and he spoke to her and said: “Strange lady! to thee beyond all women have the dwellers on Olympus given a heart that cannot be softened. No other woman would harden her heart as thou dost, and stand aloof from her husband who after many grievous toils had come to her in the twentieth year to his native land. Nay come, nurse, strew me a couch, that all alone I may lay me down, for verily the heart in her breast is of iron.”

[173] Then wise Penelope answered him: “Strange sir, I am neither in any wise proud, nor do I scorn thee, nor yet am I too greatly amazed, but right well do I know what manner of man thou wast, when thou wentest forth from Ithaca on thy long-oared ship. Yet come, Eurycleia, strew for him the stout bedstead outside the well-built bridal chamber which he made himself. Thither do ye bring for him the stout bedstead, and cast upon it bedding, fleeces and cloaks and bright coverlets.”

[181] So she spoke, and made trial of her husband. But Odysseus, in a burst of anger, spoke to his true-hearted wife, and said: “Woman, truly this is a bitter word that thou hast spoken. Who has set my bed elsewhere? Hard would it be for one, though never so skilled, unless a god himself should come and easily by his will set it in another place. But of men there is no mortal that lives, be he never so young and strong, who could easily pry it from its place, for a great token is wrought in the fashioned bed, and it was I that built it and none other. A bush of long-leafed olive was growing within the court, strong and vigorous, and girth it was like a pillar. Round about this I built my chamber, till I had finished it, with close-set stones, and I roofed it over well, and added to it jointed doors, close-fitting. Thereafter I cut away the leafy branches of the long-leafed olive, and, trimming the trunk from the root, I smoothed it around with the adze well and cunningly, and made it straight to the line, thus fashioning the bed-post; and I bored it all with the augur. Beginning with this I hewed out my bed, till I had finished it, inlaying it with gold and silver and ivory, and I stretched on it a thong of ox-hide, bright with purple.

Thus do I declare to thee this token; but I know not, woman, whether my bedstead is still fast in its place, or whether by now some man has cut from beneath the olive stump, and set the bedstead elsewhere.”

[205] So he spoke, and her knees were loosened where she sat, and her heart melted, as she knew the sure tokens which Odysseus told her. Then with a burst of tears she ran straight toward him, and flung her arms about the neck of Odysseus, and kissed his head, and spoke, saying: “Be not vexed with me, Odysseus, for in all else thou wast ever the wisest of men. It is the gods that gave us sorrow, the gods who begrudged that we two should remain with each other and enjoy our youth, and come to the threshold of old age. But be not now wroth with me for this, nor full of indignation, because at the first, when I saw thee, I did not thus give thee welcome. For always the heart in my breast was full of dread, lest some man should come and beguile me with his words; for there are many that plan devices of evil. Nay, even Argive Helen, daughter of Zeus, would not have lain in love with a man of another folk, had she known that the warlike sons of the Achaeans were to bring her home again to her dear native land. Yet verily in her case a god prompted her to work a shameful deed; nor until then did she lay up in her mind the thought of that folly, the grievous folly from which at the first sorrow came upon us too. But now, since thou hast told the clear tokens of our bed, which no mortal beside has ever seen save thee and me alone and one single handmaid, the daughter of Actor, whom my father gave me or ever I came hither, even her who kept the doors of our strong bridal chamber, lo, thou dost convince my heart, unbending as it is.”

[231] So she spoke, and in his heart aroused yet more the desire for lamentation; and he wept, holding in his arms his dear and true-hearted wife. And welcome as is the sight of land to men that swim, whose well-built ship Poseidon has smitten on the sea as it was driven on by the wind and the swollen wave, and but few have made their escape from the gray sea to the shore by swimming, and thickly are their bodies crusted with brine, and gladly have they set foot on the land and escaped from their evil case; even so welcome to her was her husband, as she gazed upon him, and from his neck she could in no wise let her white arms go. And now would the rosy-fingered Dawn have arisen upon their weeping, had not the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, taken other counsel. The long night she held back at the end of its course, and likewise stayed the golden-throned Dawn at the streams of Oceanus, and would not suffer her to yoke her swift-footed horses that bring light to men, Lampus and Phaethon, who are the colts that bear the Dawn. Then to his wife said Odysseus of many wiles: “Wife, we have not yet come to the end of all our trials, but still hereafter there is to be measureless toil, long and hard, which I must fulfil to the end; for so did the spirit of Teiresias foretell to me on the day when I went down into the house of Hades to enquire concerning the return of my comrades and myself. But come, wife, let us to bed, that lulled now by sweet slumber we may take our joy of rest.”

[256] Then wise Penelope answered him: “Thy bed shall be ready for thee whensoever thy heart shall desire it, since the gods have indeed caused thee to come back to thy well-built house and thy native land. But since thou hast bethought thee of this, and a god has put it into thy heart, come, tell me of this trial, for in time to come, methinks, I shall learn of it, and to know it at once is no whit worse.”

[263] And Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: “Strange lady! why dost thou now so urgently bid me tell thee? Yet I will declare it, and will hide nothing. Verily thy heart shall have no joy of it, even as I myself have none; for Teiresias bade me go forth to full many cities of men, bearing a shapely oar in my hands, till I should come to men that know naught of the sea, and eat not of food mingled with salt; aye, and they know naught of ships with purple cheeks, or of shapely oars that serve as wings to ships. And he told me this sign, right manifest; nor will I hide it from thee. When another wayfarer, on meeting me, should say that I had a winnowing fan on my stout shoulder, then he bade me fix my oar in the earth, and make goodly offerings to lord Poseidon—a ram and a bull and a boar, that mates with sows—and depart for my home, and offer sacred hecatombs to the immortal gods, who hold

broad heaven, to each one in due order. And death shall come to me myself far from the sea, a death so gentle, that shall lay me low, when I am overcome with sleek old age, and my people shall dwell in prosperity around me. All this, he said, should I see fulfilled.”

[285] Then wise Penelope answered him: “If verily the gods are to bring about for thee a happier old age, there is hope then that thou wilt find an escape from evil.”

[288] Thus they spoke to one another; and meanwhile Eurynome and the nurse made ready the bed [290] of soft coverlets by the light of blazing torches. But when they had busily spread the stout-built bedstead, the old nurse went back to her chamber to lie down, and Eurynome, the maiden of the bedchamber, led them on their way to the couch with a torch in her hands; and when she had led them to the bridal chamber, she went back. And they then gladly came to the place of the couch that was theirs of old. But Telemachus and the neatherd and the swineherd stayed their feet from dancing, and stayed the women, and themselves lay down to sleep throughout the shadowy halls. But when the two had had their fill of the joy of love, they took delight in tales, speaking each to the other. She, the fair lady, told of all that she had endured in the halls, looking upon the destructive throng of the wooers, who for her sake slew many beasts, cattle and goodly sheep; and great store of wine was drawn from the jars. But Zeus-born Odysseus recounted all the woes that he had brought on men, and all the toil that in his sorrow he had himself endured, and she was glad to listen, nor did sweet sleep fall upon her eyelids, till he had told all the tale.

[310] He began by telling how at the first he overcame the Cicones, and then came to the rich land of the Lotus-eaters, and all that the Cyclops wrought, and how he made him pay the price for his mighty comrades, whom the Cyclops had eaten, and had shown no pity. Then how he came to Aeolus, who received him with a ready heart, and sent him on his way; but it was not yet his fate to come to his dear native land, nay, the storm-wind caught him up again, and bore him over the teeming deep, groaning heavily. Next how he came to Telepylus of the Laestrygonians, who destroyed his ships and his well-greaved comrades one and all, and Odysseus alone escaped in his black ship. Then he told of all the wiles and craftiness of Circe, and how in his benched ship he had gone to the dank house of Hades to consult the spirit of Theban Teiresias, and had seen all his comrades and the mother who bore him and nursed him, when a child. And how he heard the voice of the Sirens, who sing unceasingly, and had come to the Wandering Rocks, and to dread Charybdis, and to Scylla, from whom never yet had men escaped unscathed. Then how his comrades slew the kine of Helios, and how Zeus, who thunders on high, smote his swift ship with a flaming thunderbolt, and his goodly comrades perished all together, while he alone escaped the evil fates. And how he came to the isle Ogygia and to the nymph Calypso, who kept him there in her hollow caves, yearning that he should be her husband, and tended him, and said that she would make him immortal and ageless all his days; yet she could never persuade the heart in his breast. Then how he came after many toils to the Phaeacians, who heartily showed him all honor, as if he were a god, and sent him in a ship to his dear native land, after giving him stores of bronze and gold and raiment. This was the end of the tale he told, when sweet sleep, that loosens the limbs of men, leapt upon him, loosening the cares of his heart.

[344] Then again the goddess, flashing-eyed Athena, took other counsel. When she judged that the heart of Odysseus had had its fill of dalliance with his wife and of sleep, straightway she roused from Oceanus golden-throned Dawn to bring light to men; and Odysseus rose from his soft couch, and gave charge to his wife, saying: “Wife, by now have we had our fill of many trials, thou and I, thou here, mourning over my troublous journey home, while as for me, Zeus and the other gods bound me fast in sorrows far from my native land, all eager as I was to return. But now that we have both come to the couch of our desire, do thou care for the wealth that I have within the halls; as for the flocks which the insolent wooers have wasted, I shall myself get me many as booty, and others will the Achaeans give, until they fill all my folds; but I verily will go to my well-wooded farm to see my noble father, who for

my sake is sore distressed, and on thee, wife, do I lay this charge, wise though thou art. Straightway at the rising of the sun will report go abroad concerning the wooers whom I slew in the halls. Therefore go thou up to thy upper chamber with thy handmaids, and abide there. Look thou on no man, nor ask a question.”

[366] He spoke, and girt about his shoulders his beautiful armour, and roused Telemachus and the neatherd and the swineherd, and bade them all take weapons of war in their hands. They did not disobey, but clad themselves in bronze, and opened the doors, and went forth, and Odysseus led the way. By now there was light over the earth, but Athena hid them in night, and swiftly led them forth from the city.