

1: The Iliad of Homer (Cowper)/Book VI - Wikisource, the free online library

Bk VI Agamemnon kills Adrastus. So the Greeks and Trojans were left to their grim conflict, and the battle, in a hail of bronze-tipped spears, surged this way and that over the plain, between Simoë's and the streams of Xanthus.

When they were close up to one another Diomed of the loud war-cry was the first to speak. I have never seen you in battle until now, but you are daring beyond all others if you abide my onset. Woe to those fathers whose sons face my might. If, however, you are one of the immortals and have come down from heaven, I will not fight you; for even valiant Lycurgus, son of Dryas, did not live long when he took to fighting with the gods. He it was that drove the nursing women who were in charge of frenzied Bacchus through the land of Nysa, and they flung their thyrsi on the ground as murderous Lycurgus beat them with his oxgoad. Bacchus himself plunged terror-stricken into the sea, and Thetis took him to her bosom to comfort him, for he was scared by the fury with which the man reviled him. Thereon the gods who live at ease were angry with Lycurgus and the son of Saturn struck him blind, nor did he live much longer after he had become hateful to the immortals. Therefore I will not fight with the blessed gods; but if you are of them that eat the fruit of the ground, draw near and meet your doom. Men come and go as leaves year by year upon the trees. Those of autumn the wind sheds upon the ground, but when spring returns the forest buds forth with fresh vines. Even so is it with the generations of mankind, the new spring up as the old are passing away. If, then, you would learn my descent, it is one that is well known to many. There is a city in the heart of Argos, pasture land of horses, called Ephyra, where Sisyphus lived, who was the craftiest of all mankind. He was the son of Aeolus, and had a son named Glaucus, who was father to Bellerophon, whom heaven endowed with the most surpassing comeliness and beauty. But Proetus devised his ruin, and being stronger than he, drove him from the land of the Argives, over which Jove had made him ruler. For Antea, wife of Proetus, lusted after him, and would have had him lie with her in secret; but Bellerophon was an honourable man and would not, so she told lies about him to Proteus. He bade Bellerophon show these letters to his father-in-law, to the end that he might thus perish; Bellerophon therefore went to Lycia, and the gods convoyed him safely. When he had received the wicked letter he first commanded Bellerophon to kill that savage monster, the Chimaera, who was not a human being, but a goddess, for she had the head of a lion and the tail of a serpent, while her body was that of a goat, and she breathed forth flames of fire; but Bellerophon slew her, for he was guided by signs from heaven. He next fought the far-famed Solymi, and this, he said, was the hardest of all his battles. Thirdly, he killed the Amazons, women who were the peers of men, and as he was returning thence the king devised yet another plan for his destruction; he picked the bravest warriors in all Lycia, and placed them in ambuscade, but not a man ever came back, for Bellerophon killed every one of them. Then the king knew that he must be the valiant offspring of a god, so he kept him in Lycia, gave him his daughter in marriage, and made him of equal honour in the kingdom with himself; and the Lycians gave him a piece of land, the best in all the country, fair with vineyards and tilled fields, to have and to hold. Jove, the lord of counsel, lay with Laodameia, and she bore him noble Sarpedon; but when Bellerophon came to be hated by all the gods, he wandered all desolate and dismayed upon the Alean plain, gnawing at his own heart, and shunning the path of man. Mars, insatiate of battle, killed his son Isander while he was fighting the Solymi; his daughter was killed by Diana of the golden reins, for she was angered with her; but Hippolochus was father to myself, and when he sent me to Troy he urged me again and again to fight ever among the foremost and outvie my peers, so as not to shame the blood of my fathers who were the noblest in Ephyra and in all Lycia. This, then, is the descent I claim.

2: Homer: Iliad Book VI by Homer

THE fight between Trojans and Achaeans was now left to rage as it would, and the tide of war surged hither and thither over the plain as they aimed their bronze-shod spears at one another between the streams of Simois and Xanthus.

The epic is supposed to be about the wrath of Achilles, but flip ahead to the last line of the entire work. Why is Hector given this moment -- why is Hector the subject of the last line of the Iliad? Material in this book VI may offer some perspective on this peculiarity. Helen says some surprising things about herself. How do you explain her character? We read names not worth mention, since they all die quickly. One Trojan asks for mercy from Menelaus, but Agamemnon intervenes. Why such concern for enemies? I suppose you got such tender loving care at home from the Trojans. Ah would to god not one of them could escape his sudden plunging death beneath our hands! Nestor recommends slaughter over plunder: Good advice and a nice way to unwind this afternoon. A Trojan recommendation is that they promise sacrifice to Athena to stop Diomedes, who seems a veritable Achilles today. The report and scene end in mutual respect. After all the battlefield encounters, we turn to Hector in a portion of the epic often anthologized. In his brief encounter with his mother, he turns down wine and, perhaps even more shockingly, expresses his wish that Paris his brother were dead 6. The advised prayer to Athena is carried out, but futilely. Hector encounters his brother Paris in the bedroom "polishing, fondling his splendid battle-gear" 6. Oh how wrong it is, this anger you keep smoldering in your heart! Paris, like Achilles, seems actually to be sulking rather than angry when Hector greets him with insults. Is this a form of rage too? Hector has a moment with Helen, who is really odd. Helen wishes she had never been born, and somewhat habitually self-lacerates: How does one explain this attitude on her part? But she gets this right: Hector excuses himself from this scene of wallowing, and the encounter between Hector and Andromache is effective. Andromache expresses her fears, and Hector himself does not respond with any sugar-coated optimism. Astyanax, is afraid of him 6. Hector listens to more pleas for him to forgo battle, but he says something interesting But I would die of shame to face the men of Troy and the Trojan women trailing their long robes if I would shrink from battle now, a coward" 6. And then the key line: He is in touch with and trusts his own inclination. Why so much grief for me? No man will hurl me down to Death, against my fate. You just know this. What a paradoxically freeing notion!

3: Iliad, Book VI by Homer

The end of Book VI is the famous scene between Hector and Andromache and their infant son, Astyanax. Most commentators consider this scene to be the most moving in the Iliad. It is a portrait of the warrior at home, war forgotten as he watches his son play and talks with his wife.

The battle is continued. The Trojans being closely pursued, Hector by the advice of Helenus enters Troy, and recommends it to Hecuba to go in solemn procession to the temple of Minerva; she with the matrons goes accordingly. Hector takes the opportunity to find out Paris, and exhorts him to return to the field of battle. An interview succeeds between Hector and Andromache, and Paris, having armed himself in the mean time, comes up with Hector at the close of it, when they sally from the gate together. Thus was the field forsaken by the Gods. But of his numerous guests none interposed To avert his woful doom; nor him alone²⁰ He slew, but with him also to the shades Calesius sent, his friend and charioteer. Bucolion pasturing his flocks, embraced³⁰ The lovely nymph; she twins produced, both whom, Brave as they were and beautiful, thy son ⁴ Mecisteus! Oh, son of Atreus, let me live! Now, brother, whence this milkiness of mind, These scruples about blood? Thy Trojan friends Have doubtless much obliged thee. May none escape us! Perish universal Troy Unpitied, till her place be found no more! Let none, desirous of the spoil, his time Devote to plunder now; now slay your foes, And strip them when the field shall be your own. When thus ye shall have rallied every band And roused their courage, weary though we be, Yet since necessity commands, even here Will we give battle to the host of Greece. For never yet Achilles hath himself So taught our people fear, although esteemed Son of a Goddess. So Helenus; nor Hector not complied. I go to charge our senators and wives That they address the Gods with prayers and vows For our success, and hecatombs devote. So saying the Hero went, and as he strode The sable hide that lined his bossy shield Smote on his neck and on his ankle-bone. And now into the middle space between Both hosts, the son of Tydeus and the son Moved of Hippolochus, intent alike On furious combat; face to face they stood, And thus heroic Diomedes began. Past all thy peers I must esteem thee valiant, who hast dared To meet my coming, and my spear defy. I fight not with the Gods. The nurses he Of brain-disturbing Bacchus down the steep Pursued of sacred Nyssa; they their wands Vine-wreathed cast all away, with an ox-goad Chastised by fell Lycurgus. Why asks brave Diomedes of my descent? For, as the leaves, such is the race of man. One generation meets Its destined period, and a new succeeds. Himself a son begat, Glaucus, and he Bellerophon, to whom The Gods both manly force and beauty gave. Die thou, or slay Bellerophon, who sought Of late to force me to his lewd embrace. Nine days complete He feasted him, and slew each day an ox. And now his consort fair three children bore To bold Bellerophon; Isandrus one, And one, Hippolochus; his youngest born Laodamia was for beauty such That she became a concubine of Jove. She bore Sarpedon of heroic note. Such is my lineage; such the blood I boast. Then valiant Diomedes rejoiced. Thou art my own hereditary friend, Whose noble grandsire was the guest of mine. Oeneus a belt radiant with purple gave To brave Bellerophon, who in return Gave him a golden goblet. Coming forth I left the kind memorial safe at home. We will not clash. Trojans or aids of Troy No few the Gods shall furnish to my spear, Whom I may slaughter; and no want of Greeks On whom to prove thy prowess, thou shalt find. But it were well that an exchange ensued Between us; take mine armor, give me thine, That all who notice us may understand Our patrimonial ¹⁷ amity and love. On his hand she hung and said: Why leavest thou, O my son! For wine is mighty to renew the strength Of weary man, and weary thou must be Thyself, thus long defending us and ours. My mother, whom I reverence! I, the while, Seek Paris, and if Paris yet can hear, Shall call him forth. But oh that earth would yawn And swallow him, whom Jove hath made a curse To Troy, to Priam, and to all his house; Methinks, to see him plunged into the shades For ever, were a cure for all my woes. He ceased; the Queen, her palace entering, charged Her maidens; they, incontinent, throughout All Troy convened the matrons, as she bade. The most magnificent, and varied most With colors radiant, from the rest she chose For Pallas; vivid as a star it shone, And lowest lay of all. Then forth she went, The Trojan matrons all following her steps. All with lifted hands ²² In presence of Minerva wept aloud. But Hector to the palace sped meantime Of Alexander, which himself had built, Aided by every architect of name Illustrious then in Troy.

Thy sullen humors, Paris, are ill-timed. Haste, seek the field This moment, lest, the next, all Ilium blaze. Since, Hector, thou hast charged me with a fault, And not unjustly, I will answer make, And give thou special heed. I tell thee also, that even now my wife Was urgent with me in most soothing terms That I would forth to battle; and myself, Aware that victory oft changes sides, That course prefer. But since the Gods would bring these ills to pass, I should, at least, some worthier mate have chosen, One not insensible to public shame. But this, oh this, nor hath nor will acquire Hereafter, aught which like discretion shows Or reason, and shall find his just reward. To whom the warlike Hector huge 26 replied. The Trojans miss me, and myself no less Am anxious to return. But urge in haste This loiterer forth; yea, let him urge himself To overtake me ere I quit the town. So spake the dauntless hero, and withdrew. He then, not finding his chaste spouse within, Thus from the portal, of her train inquired. Tell me, ye maidens, whither went from home Andromache the fair? Andromache, meantime, before him stood, With streaming cheeks, hung on his hand, and said. Thy own great courage will cut short thy days, My noble Hector! Then let me to the tomb, my best retreat When thou art slain. For comfort none or joy Can I expect, thy day of life extinct, But thenceforth, sorrow. Father I have none; No mother. My mother, Queen of the well-wooded realm Of Hypoplacian Thebes, her hither brought Among his other spoils, he loosed again At an inestimable ransom-price, But by Diana pierced, she died at home. Yet Hectorâ€™oh my husband! I in thee Find parents, brothers, all that I have lost. Go not hence, But guard this turret, lest of me thou make A widow, and an orphan of thy boy. These cares, Andromache, which thee engage, All touch me also; but I dread to incur The scorn of male and female tongues in Troy, If, dastard-like, I should decline the fight. For that the day shall come when sacred Troy, When Priam, and the people of the old Spear-practised King shall perish, well I know. But may I rest beneath my hill of earth Or ere that day arrive! I would not live To hear thy cries, and see thee torn away. Hear all ye Gods! And be his record this, in time to come, When he returns from battle. War belongs To man; to all men; and of all who first Drew vital breath in Ilium, most to me. At once he came where noble Hector stood Now turning, after conference with his spouse, When godlike Alexander thus began. More dispatch Had pleased thee more, for such was thy command. To whom the warlike Hector thus replied. No man, judicious, and in feat of arms Intelligent, would pour contempt on thee For thou art valiant wert thou not remiss And wilful negligent; and when I hear The very men who labor in thy cause Reviling thee, I make thy shame my own. The depressing effect of his sad interview is wearing away from his mind, and he is already prepared for the battle with Ajax, which awaits him. The student who has once read this book, will read it again and again. It contains much that is addressed to the deepest feelings of our common nature, and, despite of the long interval of time which lies between our age and the Homericâ€™despite the manifold changes of customs, habits, pursuits, and the advances that have been made in civilization and artâ€™despite of all these, the universal spirit of humanity will recognize in these scenes much of that true poetry which delights alike all ages, all nations, all men. Ida, and the Xanthus had its origin near Troy. It is observed of this hero, that he is never assisted by the deities. This trait was characteristic of the Oriental nations, and is often alluded to by ancient writers. The rite of hospitality often united families belonging to different and hostile nations, and was even transmitted from father to son. This description is a fine tribute to the generosity of Axylus. The historical books of the Old Testament abound in instances of the like cruelty to conquered enemies. According to Dacier, it was for such lessons as these that Alexander so much esteemed Homer and studied his poem. Its origin seems to have been the same as that of sacrifices: These gifts were sometimes very costly, but often nothing more than locks of hair cut from the head of the votary. This feeling brought to his mind the story of Lycurgus. Hence the fable that Thetis received Bacchus into her bosom. Thus Goliath to David, "Approach, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. In this sense it is a direct answer to the question of Diomedes, as well as a proper preface to what Glatius relates of his own family, which, having become extinct in Corinth, recovers new life in Lycia. The question is a difficult one, and the most distinguished scholars are divided in opinion. We can hardly imagine that a poem of the length and general excellence of the Iliad, could be composed without the aid of writing; and yet, we are told, there are well-authenticated examples of such works being preserved and handed down by traditional memory.

4: Homer (c BC) - The Iliad: Book VI

The sixth book of the Iliad includes some of the most memorable and best-loved episodes in the whole poem: it holds meaning and interest for many different people, not just students of ancient Greek.

The introductions to each translator need to be longer and the introduction to the whole volume also should be lengthened. At this point in his career I am certain that our editor, George Steiner, has no interest in doing any of this. Whoever does the next edition of this book will There were Heroes before those who fell at Troy; but they had no Poet, and therefore they are Dead I enjoyed this book greatly; but as noted by a previous reviewer here on Amazon, the apparatus is woefully inadequate. Whoever does the next edition of this book will hopefully tackle all this. This would have allowed us to see how these different translators treated these pivotal moments. I think one of the problems with this book is that there seems to be no rhyme or reason in choosing the passages that appear here. I believe that the reader would be better served by seeing how the Homeric translators all handle given passages than reading different passages that exemplify the style and strategy of a given translation. Style and strategy could be covered in expanded introductions to each translator. She is a force of nature: Sane men do not hold the Storm accountable; they blame themselves for being unprepared. Shame on you if you are unprepared when radiant Helen burns your world! The embassy to Achilles The certainty with which people today tend to see Achilles and Odysseus as friends is absurd. Look at what Achilles says to the face of Odysseus after his speech. It is Ajax and Achilles who should be paired! Odysseus points toward the classical world to come; Ajax points back to the archaic world that has already begun declining. Achilles to Lycaon The white hot rage of our hero, and relentless Death, which awaits us all. Priam goes to Achilles to beg for the corpse of his son Perhaps the high point of the poem. By the gods, even Niobe remembers to eat! Demodocus sings of the Trojan War Beautiful. Living Odysseus listens to the recounting of the war that destroyed so many. He is akin to a ghost listening to a his! The ghost of Achilles meets Odysseus: That sentence should shriek! Any translation that does not scream at this point does not understand the text it is translating. If dead Achilles had thought that in life, Troy would not have fallen. Indeed, Achilles would not have been Achilles. And no one would have remembered him It brings forth a world unlike any we know. It is tempting to call it a Tragedy. No matter how horrible and terrifying the moment, somewhere a shepherd tends sheep, a father teaches a son, lovers find each other again. It should never cease to amaze us that the author of the Iliad and the author of the Odyssey are the same person. Though this has been intelligently doubted. The publisher and editor of any new edition of this work should choose passages that highlight this. I loved this book. But I only give four stars for the reasons stated earlier. The snippets provided are too short to give an adequate understanding of the selected translators strategies and styles. Rather, I believe that certain passages as translated by different people should be used to to give us a richer understanding of Homer and his masterpieces. It is the Poet, not the translators, who has made god-like Achilles and Helen unforgettable. The next iteration of this book should focus on him. But there is brilliance too: The Greeks almost always come off better: Which sides gets the better armor in a trade? Which sides sends out two sentry instead of one? Which side has six fighters as strong and at least one stronger than the strongest Trojan? Moreover, Homer understood that heroes can only shine when faced with heroic competitors. Any of the current spate of superhero movies show this, as the movies are only as good as the villains are. Sure, Achilleus is a punk. The leader of the troops disrespects you? Ask her to have the gods make your side lose. Let your fellow countrymen die because you are angry. The book is far bigger than Achilleus and his anger. To borrow a phrase from Yeats, "there is a terrible beauty born" out of all this violence. But it is never not worthwhile.

5: Iliad 6 and 22 – Greek and Latin Texts with Facing Vocabulary and Commentary

Iliad by Homer Book VI Then Glaucus son of Hippolochus, and the son of Tydeus went into the open space between the hosts to fight in single combat. When they were close up to one another Diomed of the loud war-cry was the first to speak.

Iliad by Homer Book VI His mother went into the house and called her waiting-women who gathered the matrons throughout the city. She then went down into her fragrant store-room, where her embroidered robes were kept, the work of Sidonian women, whom Alexandrus had brought over from Sidon when he sailed the seas upon that voyage during which he carried off Helen. Hecuba took out the largest robe, and the one that was most beautifully enriched with embroidery, as an offering to Minerva: With this she went on her way and many matrons with her. When they reached the temple of Minerva, lovely Theano, daughter of Cisseus and wife of Antenor, opened the doors, for the Trojans had made her priestess of Minerva. The women lifted up their hands to the goddess with a loud cry, and Theano took the robe to lay it upon the knees of Minerva, praying the while to the daughter of great Jove. Do this, and we will sacrifice twelve heifers that have never yet known the goad, in your temple, if you will have pity upon the town, with the wives and little ones of the Trojans. While they were thus praying to the daughter of great Jove, Hector went to the fair house of Alexandrus, which he had built for him by the foremost builders in the land. They had built him his house, storehouse, and courtyard near those of Priam and Hector on the acropolis. Here Hector entered, with a spear eleven cubits long in his hand; the bronze point gleamed in front of him, and was fastened to the shaft of the spear by a ring of gold. He found Alexandrus within the house, busied about his armour, his shield and cuirass, and handling his curved bow; there, too, sat Argive Helen with her women, setting them their several tasks; and as Hector saw him he rebuked him with words of scorn. Up then, or ere long the city will be in a blaze. My wife was even now gently urging me to battle, and I hold it better that I should go, for victory is ever fickle. Wait, then, while I put on my armour, or go first and I will follow. I shall be sure to overtake you. This fellow was never yet to be depended upon, nor never will be, and he will surely reap what he has sown. Still, brother, come in and rest upon this seat, for it is you who bear the brunt of that toil that has been caused by my hateful self and by the sin of Alexandrus- both of whom Jove has doomed to be a theme of song among those that shall be born hereafter. I am in haste to help the Trojans, who miss me greatly when I am not among them; but urge your husband, and of his own self also let him make haste to overtake me before I am out of the city. I must go home to see my household, my wife and my little son, for I know not whether I shall ever again return to them, or whether the gods will cause me to fall by the hands of the Achaeans. He did not find Andromache, for she was on the wall with her child and one of her maids, weeping bitterly.

6: Iliad by Homer Book VI - Classical Wisdom Weekly

Questions for Book VI: The epic is supposed to be about the wrath of Achilles, but flip ahead to the last line of the entire work. Why is Hector given this moment -- why is Hector the subject of the last line of the Iliad?

Diomedes prays to Athena for revenge, and the goddess endows him with superhuman strength and the extraordinary power to discern gods on the field of battle. She warns him, however, not to challenge any of them except Aphrodite. Diomedes fights like a man possessed, slaughtering all Trojans he meets. Apollo, issuing a stern warning to Diomedes, effortlessly pushes him aside and whisks Aeneas off of the field. He also rouses Ares, god of war, to fight on the Trojan side. With the help of the gods, the Trojans begin to take the upper hand in battle. Hector and Ares prove too much for the Achaeans; the sight of a hero and god battling side by side frightens even Diomedes. The Trojan Sarpedon kills the Achaean Tlepolemus. Odysseus responds by slaughtering entire lines of Trojans, but Hector cuts down still more Greeks. Hera rallies the rest of the Achaean troops, while Athena encourages Diomedes. She withdraws her earlier injunction not to attack any of the gods except Aphrodite and even jumps in the chariot with him to challenge Ares. The divinely driven chariot charges Ares, and, in the seismic collision that follows, Diomedes wounds Ares. Ares immediately flies to Mount Olympus and complains to Zeus, but Zeus counters that Ares deserved his injury. Athena and Hera also depart the scene of the battle. Book 6 With the gods absent, the Achaean forces again overwhelm the Trojans, who draw back toward the city. Menelaus considers accepting a ransom in return for the life of Adrestus, a Trojan he has subdued, but Agamemnon persuades him to kill the man outright. Nestor senses the Trojans weakening and urges the Achaeans not to bother stripping their fallen enemies of their weapons but to focus instead on killing as many as possible while they still have the upper hand. The Trojans anticipate downfall, and the soothsayer Helenus urges Hector to return to Troy to ask his mother, Queen Hecuba, along with her noblewomen, to pray for mercy at the temple of Athena. He then visits his brother Paris, who has withdrawn from battle, claiming he is too grief-stricken to participate. Hector and Helen heap scorn on him for not fighting, and at last he arms himself and returns to battle. Hector also prepares to return but first visits his wife, Andromache, whom he finds nursing their son Astyanax by the walls of the city. As she cradles the child, she anxiously watches the struggle in the plain below. Andromache begs Hector not to go back, but he insists that he cannot escape his fate, whatever it may be. Andromache, convinced that he will soon die, begins to mourn his death. Hector meets Paris on his way out of the city, and the brothers prepare to rejoin the battle. Even with divine help, Diomedes cannot quite provide the force that Achilles did. As potent as the rage that Achilles feels toward Agamemnon is his ability to intimidate the Trojans. Homer communicates the scope and intensity of the battle with long descriptive passages of mass slaughter, yet he intersperses these descriptions with intimate characterization, thereby personalizing the violence. Homer often fleshes out the characters being killed by telling stories about their backgrounds or upbringings. He uses this technique, for instance, when, after Aeneas fells Orsilochus and Crethon midway through Book 5, he recounts the story of how these twins joined up with the Achaean ranks. Furthermore, Homer often alternates between depictions of Trojan and Achaean deaths, sometimes rendering the victor of the first exchange the victim of the next. In this way, he injects a sense of rhythm into what would otherwise be a numbing litany of mass destruction. The battle narratives also give Homer the chance to comment on the similarities and differences between the mortals and the gods. For while the mortals engage in their armed warfare, the gods engage in their own squabbles. Invariably, the latter conflicts appear less serious, more frivolous, and almost petty. The gods base their support for one side or the other not on principle but on which heroes they happen to favor. They scheme or make pacts to help one another but often fail to honor these pacts. Ares, for example, though having vowed to support the Achaeans, fights alongside the Trojans throughout Books 5 and 6. In contrast with the glorious tragedy of the human conflict, the conflict between the gods has the feel of a dysfunctional family feud.

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Telamonian Ajax , bulwark of the Achaeans, was the first to shatter a Trojan company and give his comrades hope, felling the best of the Thracian warriors, Acamas , tall and powerful son of Eussorus. He struck him first on the ridge of his horsehair-crested helmet, and drove the bronze spear-point into the bone, so darkness filled his eyes. Then Diomedes , of the loud war-cry, killed Axylus , son of Teuthras. He was a rich man from fine Arisbe , loved for the hospitality shown at his roadside home. But none of his friends were there that day to face the enemy and save him from his sad fate; for Diomedes killed both him and his charioteer Calesius , and they went down under the earth. And Euryalus killed Dresus and Opheltius then chased down Aesepeus and Pegasus , whom the water-nymph Abarbarea bore to peerless Bucolion. He was the eldest bastard son of noble Laomedon , who lay with the nymph while shepherding his flock. She bore him twins, and now Euryalus, son of Mecisteus , loosed their noble limbs, they in their prime, stripping the armour from their breasts. As Phylacus fled before him, Leitus slew him there, while in turn Eurypylos laid Melanthius low. Menelaus, son of Atreus, was soon before him, grasping a long-shadowed spear. Then Adrastus clasped him by the knees and begged: Were these Trojans kind to you back home? Let none escape death at our hands, not even the child in the womb; let not a one survive, let all Ilium die: Backward he fell and the son of Atreus, planting his foot on his chest, drew forth the ashen spear. Meanwhile Nestor was shouting loudly, calling out to the Greeks: Let us kill these men; then you may strip the corpses on the field at your ease. Then go to the city, Hector, and speak to our mother, Hecabe. Then let her make a vow to sacrifice a dozen yearling heifers, unused to the goad, in her temple, so that she may take pity on Troy, and the Trojan women and children, and keep that savage warrior Diomedes from Ilium, that great panic-maker, who I say has proved the mightiest of the Greeks. Not even Achilles, prince of men, is as feared, and he they say is son of a goddess. This son of Tydeus, in his merciless rage, is unrivalled in his power. Brandishing two sharp spears he went everywhere among the men, urging them on, and stirring the hum of battle. They wheeled about and turned to face the Greeks, who then gave ground and stopped their slaughter, thinking some god had come from the starry heavens to assist the Trojans, they rallied now so strongly. Hector cried aloud to the army: When they had come within range, the son of Tydeus, he of the loud war-cry, called: I have never seen you on the field of honour before today, yet facing my long-shadowed spear, you show greater daring than all the rest. Unhappy are those whose sons meet my fury. But if you be one of the gods from heaven, I will not fight with the immortals. Not even mighty Lycurgus , son of Dryas , survived his war with the gods for long. Then the gods who take their ease were angered by Lycurgus, and Zeus blinded him. So that, hated by the immortals, he soon died. No way then would I wish to oppose the blessed gods. But if you are mortal, and eat the food men grow, come on, and meet the toils of fate the sooner. Like the generations of leaves are those of men. So a generation of men is born as another passes away. Still if you wish to know my lineage, listen well to what others know already. He had a son called Glaucus , and Glaucus was father of peerless Bellerophon , to whom the gods gave beauty and every manly grace. But Zeus made him subject to King Proetus , who was stronger and plotted against him, and drove him from Argive lands. So she wove a web of deceit, and said to King Proetus: He would not kill Bellerophon, as his heart shrank from murder, but he packed him off to Lycia , and scratching many deadly signs on a folded tablet, gave him that fatal token, and told him to hand it to the Lycian king, his father-in-law, so to engineer his death. Bellerophon went to Lycia escorted by peerless gods, and when he reached the streams of Xanthus the king of great Lycia welcomed him with honour, entertaining him for nine days, and sacrificing nine oxen. But when rosy-fingered Dawn lit the tenth day his host questioned him, and asked what token he brought him from his son-in-law Proetus. But Bellerophon slew her, guided by the gods. Next he was sent against the notorious Solymi , and fought, he said, the mightiest battle he ever fought. Then thirdly he slaughtered the Amazons , women the equal of men. The king planned a deadly ruse for his return, staging an ambush by the pick of the Lycian warriors. But not one of them returned: The king then realised he was a true

son of the gods, and offered him his daughter and half of his kingdom, to stay. The Lycians moreover marked out for him an estate of the first rank, with tracts of orchards and plough-land for his delight. The lady bore Bellerephon, that warlike man, three children, Isander, Hippolochus and Laodameia. Zeus the Counsellor slept with Laodameia and she bore godlike Sarpedon, now a bronze-clad warrior. But the time came when Bellerephon too was loathed by the gods, and wandered off alone over the Aleian plain, eating his heart away and shunning the ways of men. Ares, unwearied by war, killed his son Isander, battling with the glorious Solymi; and Laodameia was slain in anger by Artemis of the Golden Reins. Hippolochus remained and fathered me, and from him I claim descent. He sent me here to Troy and charged me earnestly to be the best and bravest, and not bring shame on my ancestors the best men in Ephyre and all broad Lycia. Such is my lineage, from that blood am I sprung. Planting his spear in the fertile earth, he spoke to the Lycian general courteously: Moreover they exchanged fine friendship gifts. Oeneus gave him a bright scarlet belt, and Bellerephon replied with a two-handled gold cup, which was there in the palace when I came away. But Tydeus my father I scarce remember, since I was a little child when he left, when the Achaean warriors died at Thebes. So I will be your good friend at home in Argos, and you will be mine in Lycia, should I come to visit. He ordered them to pray to the gods, and sorrow hung about many. There his gracious mother met him, with Laodice fairest of her daughters. Those vile Achaeans must be closing in on the city that you come to the Acropolis to pray to Zeus. Wait till I fetch you some sweet honeyed wine, first to pour a libation to Zeus and the other gods, and then for your relief if you will drink. Wine fortifies a man wearied by toil, as you must be wearied defending us. Nor should I dare to pour Zeus a libation of bright wine with unwashed hands, nor pray to the son of Cronos, lord of the thunder clouds, spattered with blood and filth. You though must gather the older women, and take burnt offerings to the temple of Athene ever first to chase the spoils, and take her the best and largest robe in your palace, the one you love the most, and lay it on her knees. Go now, to the shrine of Athene the Warrior, while I find Paris and rouse him, if he will listen. Better the earth swallow him now. Zeus made him a great bane to the Trojans, to great Priam and his sons. Meanwhile she went down to the vaulted treasure chamber where she kept her richly-worked robes, embroidered by Sidonian women, whom princely Paris had brought himself from Sidon, when he sailed the seas on that voyage that brought him high-born Helen. From these Hecabe chose the largest and most richly embroidered that had lain beneath the rest, and now gleamed like a star. Then she set out, with the throng of older women hurrying after. At the shrine of Athene on the Acropolis, lovely Theano flung open the doors. She, whom Troy had appointed priestess of Athene, was daughter to Cisseus, and wife to Antenor, the horse-tamer. Topple him headlong before the Scaean Gate, and we will sacrifice in your shrine twelve yearling heifers, unused to the goad. Take pity on the city, the Trojan women and their little ones. There, Zeus-beloved Hector entered, his long spear in his hand, the spear-blade glittering before him, its socket made of gold. He found Paris in his rooms busy with his splendid weapons, the shield and cuirass, and handling his curved bow. Argive Helen sat there too, among her ladies, superintending their fine handiwork. Catching sight of Paris, Hector rebuked him with scornful words: You yourself would reproach those you found shirking the field of battle, so rouse yourself, before flames consume the city! Indeed but now my wife sought to change my mind with gentle words, urging me to fight: I wish that on the day of my birth, some vile blast of wind had blown me to the mountains, or into the waves of the echoing sea, where the waters would have drowned me, and none of this would have come about. But since the gods ordained this fate, I wish that I had a better man for husband, who felt the reproaches and contempt of his fellow men. But this man of mine is fickle, and ever will be so, and will reap the harvest of it hereafter. Zeus has brought an evil fate upon us, and in days to come we shall be a song for those yet unborn. But urge your man to follow swiftly, so he overtakes me in the city. I go now to see my wife, my little boy, my people, not knowing if I shall see them again, or whether the gods have doomed me to die at Achaean hands. She had gone with her son and a fair companion, to the battlements, where she stood in tears and sorrow. Failing to find his peerless wife, Hector stood at the threshold and spoke to her servants: When, after crossing the city, he reached the Scaean Gate by which he intended to leave, his wife came running to meet him. Hector called him Scamandrius, but the rest Astyanax, since, to them, Hector alone protected Ilium. Hector smiled, and gazed at his son in silence, but Andromache crept weeping to his side, and clasped his hand, saying: The

Achaean must soon join arms against you, and destroy you. If I lose you I were better dead, for should you meet your fate, there will be no more joy for me only sorrow. I have no royal father or mother. Achilles killed my noble father when he sacked Cicilian Thebe, that many-peopled city with its high gates. And seven brothers of mine, swift-footed mighty Achilles sent to Hades, all on a day, killing them there among their shambling-gaited cattle and white fleecy sheep.

8: Homer's Iliad: Book VI

The sixth book of the Iliad includes some of the most memorable and best-loved episodes in the whole poem: it holds meaning and interest for many different people, not just students of ancient Greek. Book 6 describes how Glaukos and Diomedes, though fighting on opposite sides, recognise an ancient.

There is much slaughter, and in their ardor to defeat the Trojans, the Achaians do not even pause to collect loot. The Trojan force is in full retreat when Helenos, a soothsayer, suggests that his brother Hektor return to Troy and arrange for the queen and the other royal women of the city to make an offering in the temple of Athena in hopes of placating the goddess. Hektor agrees to the wisdom of this plan, and while he goes back to Troy, there is a short lull in the fighting. Diomedes and Glaukos step into the area between the two resting armies and challenge each other to personal combat. They discover, however, while explaining their individual pedigrees, that there were once ties of friendship between their grandfathers; thus, according to the heroic code, they must maintain these same bonds of friendship. They promise to avoid fighting each other in the battles to come, and, as a token of their fellowship, they trade armor. Diomedes comes out ahead in this exchange because his bronze armor is worth only nine oxen, while the golden armor of Glaukos is worth one hundred oxen, but the two men part as comrades. He discovers his brother at home with Helen and her handmaidens, and he sternly rebukes him for his irresponsibility. Paris admits that he has been disgracing himself, and he prepares himself to join the fight. Hektor, meanwhile, goes to visit his own wife and baby son. He finds Andromache and the baby Astyanax on the walls overlooking the battlefield. Andromache pleads with Hektor not to endanger himself any longer. Achilles has killed her father and all her brothers, and now Hektor is her whole family; she begs him to have pity on her and their infant child. Hektor admits his concern for Andromache, but he says that he must consider his reputation and his duty. In his heart, he says, he knows that Troy will fall someday, but he is, after all, foremost a soldier and a prince, and he has many responsibilities. He adds that he often worries about the fate of his dear wife and son after he is dead and his city has been captured, but that a mortal cannot change the will of the gods. After saying this, Hektor kisses Andromache and Astyanax and leaves. Paris joins him at the city gate, and they both return to the battlefield. In the overall structure of the epic, this fighting involves three large movements between the ships and the city. Within Book VI a distinctive movement from cold-heartedness to tenderness, from barbarity to honor occurs. The two warriors discover that they have ties because of their forebears. They not only pledge friendship but exchange armor as well. The exchange of armor is especially significant because armor was associated with identity, and the exchange is a symbolic exchange of character. In this example, Homer shows that war can entail more than carnage, and that bonds of friendship can be established. But Homer goes on to show even greater humanity in wartime. As Hektor returns to Troy, he first meets the wives of the Trojan warriors, reminding the reader that for each soldier there is an individual life and story within the city. Likewise, when Hektor sees his mother, Hekuba, their meeting, too, is a reminder of the ties of kinship and love that implicitly exist for every character in the story. Moreover, these ties of love and kinship have all become disconnected by the war. The scenes in Book VI graphically remind the reader why the Greek soldiers rushed to their ships to return home in Book II when they were offered the opportunity to return home. Before Hektor is reunited with Andromache, he encounters Paris and Helen. Paris and Helen are the causes of the war that men such as Hektor and the husbands of the Trojan wives are fighting, while Paris himself lies in bed with Helen. The contrast between the responsible Hektor and the irresponsible Paris is obvious. This contrast is carried further when Helen makes an oblique pass at Hektor. Once again, the contrast with Paris is clear. Most commentators consider this scene to be the most moving in the Iliad. It is a portrait of the warrior at home, war forgotten as he watches his son play and talks with his wife. Once again, Hektor is the perfect contrast to Achilles. As Hektor stands in the loving circle of his home and family, Achilles, alienated and alone, rages in his tent. Achilles is more dangerous, but Hektor is more human. In fact, with Hector and Achilles, Homer provides two different paradigms. Both are great warriors, both are destined to die; and yet they represent entirely different value systems. Achilles is the warrior; Hektor the family man. Achilles embodies the values

of the individual who fights only for glory and honor; Hektor symbolizes the larger concerns of friends, of family, of home and civilization itself. However, Homer makes it clear that both Hektor and Achilles are alike in one respect – they will fight and die for honor over all else. Home, family, peace – all mean everything to Hektor, yet he will return to the battle, knowing he will be killed, because honor demands it. Even Paris is roused to leave Helen when his honor is challenged. Similarly, Achilles goes into battle later, knowing he too will die, but feeling that honor requires his presence. Hektor and Achilles are worthy counterparts with different values in most respects, but ultimately alike in their deepest motivations. In the end though, both subscribe to the code that the ultimate honor for a hero is to die in battle. Glossary Bellerophon hero from Corinth who killed the Chimaera. Much of the boasting in battle is a type of bravado. Both the distaff and loom are associated with women in the Iliad. Maenad a female votary of Dionysus who took part in the wild, orgiastic rites that characterized his worship; bacchante.

9: SparkNotes: The Iliad: Books 5–6

For the Table of Contents of the Iliad, please following this link: [Iliad Table of Contents](#). [Note that the line numbers in square brackets refer to the Greek text] Book Six.

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