

μῆνιν ἄειδε θεὰ Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
Of the wrath sing goddess of the son of Peleus Achilles
οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκε,
his baneful wrath, where plentiful Achaean suffering ordains,
πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν
many lives though strong to Hades sent untimely
ἠρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν
heros, for dogs they make prey
οἰωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή,
and vultures all, for it was Zeus' overpowering will
ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε
out of who need first rive what quarreled between
Ἄτρεΐδης τε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
Son of Atreus king of men and god Achilles' grief.
τίς τ' ἄρ σφωε θεῶν ἕριδι ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι;
who both then them gods vexed brought the fight
Λητοῦς καὶ Διὸς υἱός: ὃ γὰρ βασιλῆϊ χολωθεῖς
Leto and Zeus' son: for the king anger
νοῦσον ἀνὰ στρατὸν ὄρσε κακὴν, ὀλέκοντο δὲ λαοί,
a plague on the king's army incites evil, ruin for all to behold
οὐνεκα τὸν Χρύσην ἠτίμασεν ἀρητῆρα
wherefore the Chryse dishonored priest
Ἄτρεΐδης: ὃ γὰρ ἦλθε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
Son of Atreus: who came quickly upon ships Achaean
λυσόμενός τε θύγατρα φέρων τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,
unbinds his daughter bears a countless price paid
στέμματ' ἔχων ἐν χερσὶν ἐκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος
wreaths bring in his hands taking aim Apollo
χρυσέω ἀνὰ σκήπτρῳ, καὶ λίσσετο πάντας Ἀχαιοῦς,
Chryseo lord's staff, and prayer to all the Achaeans,
Ἄτρεΐδα δὲ μάλιστα δύο, κοσμήτορε λαῶν:
Sons of Atreus though especially two, commanders of men
Ἄτρεΐδαι τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,
Sons of Atreus and all well-armored Achaeans,
ὕμῖν μὲν θεοὶ δοῖεν Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
thou indeed gods grant Olympia house bringing
ἐκτέρσαι Πριάμοιο πόλιν, εὖ δ' οἴκαδ' ἰκέσθαι:
plunder of Priam's city, safe for homecoming
παῖδα δ' ἐμοὶ λύσαιτε φίλην, τὰ δ' ἄποινα δέχεσθαι,
child but my unfasten beloved, for the payment you receive
ἄζόμενοι Διὸς υἱὸν ἐκηβόλον Ἀπόλλωνα.
You stand in awe of Zeus's son, Apollo the archer.
ἐνθ' ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπευφήμησαν Ἀχαιοὶ
there was indeed among all who assent with a shout Achaians

αἰδεῖσθαι θ' ἱερῆα καὶ ἀγλαὰ δέχθαι ἄποινα:
be ashamed thou diviner and bright receive ransom
ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι ἦνδανε θυμῷ,
another assuredly not Atreidi Agamemnoni delight soul
ἀλλὰ κακῶς ἀφίει, κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλε:
go forth with bad tidings, strong though upon your accomplished word
μή σε γέρον κοίλησιν ἐγὼ παρὰ νηυσὶ κιχείω
lest thou old man get clouted and find himself in my ship's hold
ἢ νῦν δηθύνοντ' ἢ ὕστερον αὖτις ἰόντα,
or even now delays the latter back to go,
μή νύ τοι οὐ χραίσμη σκῆπτρον καὶ στέμμα θεοῖο:
lest now you truly not ward off the god's staff and wreath.
τὴν δ' ἐγὼ οὐ λύσω: πρὶν μιν καὶ γῆρας ἔπεισιν
The following though I truly not unbind: before him and old age send
ἡμετέρῳ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ ἐν Ἴαργεῖ τηλόθι πάτρης
our into house of Argos from afar native land
ἰστὸν ἐποικομένην καὶ ἐμὸν λέχος ἀντιώσαν:
mast approaching and mine couch meeting.
ἀλλ' ἴθι μή μ' ἐρέθιζε σαώτερος ὥς κε νέηαι.
another come now lest I rouse to anger safe and sound he come and go

ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδεισεν δ' ὁ γέρον καὶ ἐπείθετο μύθῳ:
Thus he said, afraid though the old man and priest felt,
βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης:
walked though silent beside the sand banks loud-roaring sea
πολλὰ δ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε κιῶν ἠρᾶθ' ὁ γεραιὸς
many for send to far away go raise up the old man
Ἀπόλλωνι ἄνακτι, τὸν ἠῦκομος τέκε Λητώ:
Apolloni lord, our lovely-haired mother Leto
κλυθὶ μευ ἀργυρότοξ', ὃς Χρύσην ἀμφιβέβηκας
hear my silver bow, for Chrysen goes about
Κίλλαν τε ζαθέην Τενέδοιό τε Ἴφι ἀνάσσεις,
Cillan and sacred Tenedos thee forceful master,
Σμινθεῦ εἴ ποτέ τοι χαρίεντ' ἐπὶ νηὸν ἔρεψα,
Smintheu if when the grace upon the ship wreath
ἢ εἰ δὴ ποτέ τοι κατὰ πῖονα μηρί' ἔκηα
and if though go the down plump thighs enkindled
ταύρων ἢ δ' αἰγῶν, τὸ δέ μοι κρήνον ἐέλδωρ:
bull ate goat, and for my desire is accomplished
τίσειαν Δαναοὶ ἐμὰ δάκρυα σοῖσι βέλεσσιν.
paid the price Danaoi mine falls like tears thy arrow.

ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
So he prayed, and for it was heard shining Apollon,

βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων χωόμενος κῆρ,
saw for down Oulumpoia peak anger in heart,
τόξ' ὤμοισιν ἔχων ἀμφηρεφέα τε φαρέτρην:
loosed on his shoulder have closed on both sides the quiver
ἐκλαγξαν δ' ἄρ' ὅϊστοι ἐπ' ὤμων χωομένοιο,
make a shrill sound for by arrows upon the shoulder in anger,
αὐτοῦ κινηθέντος: ὃ δ' ἦϊε νυκτὶ ἐοικώς.
himself set in motion: it for went night looks like.
ἔζετ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε νεῶν, μετὰ δ' ἰὸν ἔηκε:
sitting upon far off hear, in the midst of though arrow uttered
δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο:
terrible sound ancestor's silver bow:
οὐρῆας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπώχετο καὶ κύνας ἀργούς,
the mules were first approached and dogs shining,
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἔχεπευκὲς ἐφίεις
but sitting upon themselves arrows piercing set upon
βάλλ': αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκύων καίοντο θαμειαί.
thrown: ever for the pyre corpses kindle closely.

ἐννήμαρ μὲν ἀνὰ στρατὸν ὤχετο κῆλα θεοῖο,
Nineday the warlord's army went to the shafts of the god,
τῇ δεκάτῃ δ' ἀγορὴν δὲ καλέσσατο λαὸν Ἀχιλλεύς:
and the tenth an assembly was called all men by Achilleos:
τῷ γὰρ ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θῆκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη:
therefore upon the mind acted god white-armed Hira:
κῆδετο γὰρ Δαναῶν, ὅτι ῥα θνήσκοντας ὄρατο.
trouble for the Danaon, that sprinkles death for all to see.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἤγερθεν ὀμηγερέες τε γέγοντο,
so it is that upon they gathered an assembly to be born,
τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενος μετέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς:
thus for they raised up a speaker fleet-footed Achilleos:
Ἄτρεΐδῃ νῦν ἄμμε παλιμπλαγχθέντας οἴω
Atreus's son now our driven back intent
ἄψ ἀπονοστήσειν, εἴ κεν θάνατόν γε φύγοιμεν,
back again that return, thus he came death that is flown,
εἰ δὲ ὁμοῦ πόλεμός τε δαμᾶ καὶ λοιμὸς Ἀχαιοῦς:
on for unites war, breaks and plagues Achaians:
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ τινα μάντιν ἐρείομεν ἢ ἱερεῖα
otherwise leader for anyone prophecy asked the priest
ἢ καὶ ὄνειροπόλον, καὶ γὰρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διὸς ἐστίν,
or an oneiropon, and therefore dream from Zeus determine,
ὅς κ' εἴποι ὃ τι τόσσον ἐχώσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
so he came to say is anyone so great angered Phoibos Apollon,

εἴτ' ἄρ' ὄ γ' εὐχολῆς ἐπιμέμφεται ἠδ' ἑκατόμβης,
then go he at least pray for blame upon devour a hecatomb,
αἴ κέν πως ἄρνῶν κνίσσης αἰγῶν τε τελείων
if he comes how wooled filled with the savor of sacrifice and it is done
βούλεται ἀντιάσας ἡμῖν ἀπὸ λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι.
his will for a meeting I go away ruin ward off.

Rage, goddess sing // of Peleus' son Achilleos,
of that accursed rage // that caused much Achaian suffering,
and threw many mighty heroes' // shades into Hades early;
themselves a feast // for dogs and all types of birds;
thus was Zeus' plan fulfilled. Sing of the time
the two men first part in strife // and of the clashing
between Atreus' son // lord, and godlike Achilleos.

Which of the immortals // set these two at odds?
Leto and Zeus' son // who from the warlord
was angered, brought plague // to the lord's army
a terrible ruin wrought // wherefore the lord
dishonored Chryses, his priest. Chryses, for whom a fortune
did he offer Atreus' son // for his daughter's ransom
came quickly to // the landed Achaian ships
to give a heartfelt display // of far-striking Apollon's
wreaths, priest's staff // and a plea to all the Achaians;
most to the generals // the two sons of Atreus.

"Sons of Atreus and all // Achaians well-greaved,
to you may the gods on Olympus // grant you plunder of
Priamo's city, and safe return. But let my
beloved daughter go // for the ransom I give,
and for the reverence // you hold for far-striking Apollon."

An assenting shout rang up // among the Achaeans,
"It will bring upon us shame // if we refuse the priest's ransom."
But Atreus' son Agamemnon // his heart filled with displeasure,
and he added a command filled with power:
"Go forth with ill luck // and never return,
either now or later, lest you // old man earn a clubbing
and find yourself in my ship's hold. Thou god's staff
and wreaths will not ward you next time. Hear me
when I say that she // will be an old woman attending
the house of Argos // visiting my lounge bed

far from her fatherland // before I set her free.
Go safe now before I am furious!"

Thus he said then // the old priest's heart afeared,
walked he silent through // the dunes and roaring sea
and when the old man // a far distance he had gone
he prayed to his Lord Apolloni // who bright-haired Leto bore:
"Hear me, Silver-bow // the one who holds Chryse
dear and sacred Cilia // potent master of Tenedos,
and Sminthian // if I have ever wreathed a temple,
burned down for you // fat-thick thigh-bones
of bull and goat // grant me this desire:
bring a high price to the Danaans,
pay for my tears with thy arrows."

So he prayed // and for it was heard by Phoibos Apollon,
who looked down from // the peak of Olympus,
with fury in his heart // pulled from the enclosed quiver
on his shoulder // shrill-sounding arrows
and upon his upper-arm // sent them flying:
it came on them as nightfall. Those sitting on far-flung
dunes, in their midst // an arrow uttered
a terrible sound from // the ancestor's silver bow.
First was the mules // and the swift-footed dogs,
then the piercing arrows // set upon the men:
unceasing the corpse-pyres // crowded and burned.

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