

Iliad 4.104-4.129

Corey Scannell, '18

Athena spoke, and swayed the thoughts within the foolish man,
So then he grabbed his polished bow – a horn of nimble goat,
Which he encountered once as it descended from a bluff:
He crept in ambush underneath, when off a rock it stepped,
From down below he struck its chest and sent it sprawling back,
And from the supine goat he took the horns, ten feet in height.
Some craftsman wrought them, smoothed them good, and clasped the
two ends tight,
And then he laid the crooked horn, now burnished bright, in gold.
Pandarus planted one end firmly, bent upon the earth,
And strung the bow; his trusty friends arranged their shields in rows
In case Achaean boys, so fearsome, dashed upon him now,
Before he got to hit Atrides, warlike Menelaus.
So then he stripped the quiver's cap, he took an arrow out –
A new one, winged, soon to deal out pain in dark-black bouts
He fastened, next, the keen-edged arrow, tight against the string,
Implored Apollo, Lycian born, who's foremost with the bow,
That once he makes the journey home to holy Zeleia,
He'll sacrifice one hundred lambs – a prize to heap on fame.
He grasped the arrow's notch along the ox-hide string, and pulled...
He drew the bronze tip to the bow, the string back to his chest
And when he strained the giant weapon, bent it in an arc:
Zing! the bow, the great string hissed, the arrow leapt away,
The barb flew through the tangled crowd and tracked to meet its prey.
But blessed gods, immortal ones, had not forgotten you,
Menelaus, but soon the daughter of Zeus, the one who stores the loot
Stood in front, and warded off the sharply shooting arrow.

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