

ANCIENT GREEK POETRY. THE COLLECTED WORKS OF HOMER, HESIOD, AND SAPPHO

ILLUSTRATED



**THE ODYSSEY, WORKS AND DAYS,
LYRIC POETRY**



Ancient Greek poetry

**The Collected Works of
Homer, Hesiod and Sappho**

(Illustrated)

**The Odyssey, Works and Days,
Lyric Poetry**

The ancient Greeks revered Homer and Hesiod and often cited their names together in theological and philosophical works. While the two could have been contemporaries, some estimate that Hesiod lived up to 100 years after Homer.

Sappho was an ancient Greek poetess and musician. She pioneered song lyrics and the ancient Greeks included her in the canon of nine lyric poets. Plato even numbered her among the Parnassian goddesses, referring to her as the tenth muse.

The longevity of Greek ideas, images, and systems of thought bears witness to the incomparable originality of ancient Greek scientific and artistic achievements and the genius of Hellenist society. It is on the foundation of Hellenist achievements that many of our modern advancements have developed. Greek culture also significantly impacted the development of literature and education, beginning with the Romans and expanding to Europe and the West.

Contents:

Homer. The Odyssey. Translated by William Cowper

Hesiod. Works and Days. Translated by Hugh G. Evelyn-White

Sappho. The Complete Poems. Translated by John Myers O'Hara

Table of contents

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER

Book I

Book II

Book III

Book IV

Book V

Book VI

Book VII

Book VIII

Book IX

Book X

Book XI

Book XII

Book XIII

Book XIV

Book XV

Book XVI

Book XVII

Book XVIII

Book XIX

Book XX

Book XXI

Book XXII

Book XXIII

Book XXIV

Notes

HESIOD WORKS AND DAYS

HESIOD'S WORKS AND DAYS

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF SAPPHO (illustrated).

SAPPHICS

THE MUSES

MUSAGETES

LOVE'S BANQUET
MOON AND STARS
ODE TO ANACTORIA
THE ROSE
ODE TO APHRODITE
SUMMER
THE GARDEN OF THE NYMPHS
APHRODITE'S DOVES
ANACREON'S SONG
THE DAUGHTER OF CYPRUS
THE DISTAFF
THE SLEEP WIND
THE REPROACH
LONG AGO
EPITHALAMIA THRENODES
HYMENAIOS
BRIDAL SONG
EPITHALAMIUM
PIERIA'S ROSE
LAMENT FOR ADONIS
THE STRICKEN FLOWER
DEATH
PERSEPHONE
PARTHENEIA DIDAKTIKA
MAIDENHOOD
EVER MAIDEN
CLĒIS
ASPIRATION
HERO, OF GYARA
COURAGE
THE BOAST OF ARES
GOLD
GNOMICS
PRIDE
LETO AND NIOBE
THE DYE

EROTIKA DITHYRAMBS

HYMN TO PAPHIA

EROS

PASSION

APHRODITE'S PRAISE

THE FIRST KISS

ODE TO ATTHIS

COMPARISON

THE SACRIFICE

LEDA

AMŒBEUM: ALCÆUS AND SAPPHO

THE LOVE OF SELENE

THE CRETAN DANCE

TO ALCÆUS

HYPORCHEME

LARICHUS

SPRING

GIRL FRIENDS

PRELUDE

ANDROMEDA

EUNEICA

GORGON

MNASIDICA

TELESIPPA

GYRINNO

MEGARA

ERINNA

GONGYLA

DAMOPHYLA

ANAGORA

PHAON

PHILOMEL

GOLDEN PULSE

THE SWALLOW

TIDINGS

HESPERUS

DAWN

THE FAREWELL

DARK-EYED SLEEP

THE CLIFF OF LEUCAS

EPIGRAMS

THE DUST OF TIMAS

THE PRIESTESS OF ARTEMIS

PELAGON

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER

Book I

In a council of the Gods, Minerva calls their attention to Ulysses, still a wanderer. They resolve to grant him a safe return to Ithaca. Minerva descends to encourage Telemachus, and in the form of Mentos directs him in what manner to proceed. Throughout this book the extravagance and profligacy of the suitors are occasionally suggested.

Muse make the man thy theme, for shrewdness famed

And genius versatile, who far and wide

A Wand'rer, after Ilium overthrown,

Discover'd various cities, and the mind

And manners learn'd of men, in lands remote.

He num'rous woes on Ocean toss'd, endured,

Anxious to save himself, and to conduct

His followers to their home; yet all his care

Preserved them not; they perish'd self-destroy'd

By their own fault; infatuate! who devoured

10 The oxen of the all-o'erseeing Sun,

And, punish'd for that crime, return'd no more.

Daughter divine of Jove, these things record,

As it may please thee, even in our ears.

The rest, all those who had perdition 'scaped
By war or on the Deep, dwelt now at home;
Him only, of his country and his wife
Alike desirous, in her hollow grot
Calypso, Goddess beautiful, detained
Wooing him to her arms. But when, at length,
20 (Many a long year elapsed) the year arrived
Of his return (by the decree of heav'n)
To Ithaca, not even then had he,
Although surrounded by his people, reach'd
The period of his suff'rings and his toils.
Yet all the Gods, with pity moved, beheld
His woes, save Neptune; He alone with wrath
Unceasing and implacable pursued
Godlike Ulysses to his native shores.
But Neptune, now, the Æthiopians fought,
30 (The Æthiopians, utmost of mankind,
These Eastward situate, those toward the West)
Call'd to an hecatomb of bulls and lambs.

There sitting, pleas'd he banqueted; the Gods
In Jove's abode, meantime, assembled all,
'Midst whom the Sire of heav'n and earth began.
For he recall'd to mind Ægisthus slain
By Agamemnon's celebrated son
Orestes, and retracing in his thought
That dread event, the Immortals thus address'd.
40 Alas! how prone are human-kind to blame
The Pow'rs of Heav'n! From us, they say, proceed
The ills which they endure, yet more than Fate
Herself inflicts, by their own crimes incur.
So now Ægisthus, by no force constrained
Of Destiny, Atrides' wedded wife
Took to himself, and him at his return
Slew, not unwarn'd of his own dreadful end
By us: for we commanded Hermes down
The watchful Argicide, who bade him fear
50 Alike, to slay the King, or woo the Queen.
For that Atrides' son Orestes, soon
As grown mature, and eager to assume

His sway imperial, should avenge the deed.
So Hermes spake, but his advice moved not
Ægisthus, on whose head the whole arrear
Of vengeance heap'd, at last, hath therefore fall'n.
Whom answer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.
Oh Jove, Saturnian Sire, o'er all supreme!
And well he merited the death he found;
60 So perish all, who shall, like him, offend.
But with a bosom anguish-rent I view
Ulysses, hapless Chief! who from his friends
Remote, affliction hath long time endured
In yonder woodland isle, the central boss
Of Ocean. That retreat a Goddess holds,
Daughter of sapient Atlas, who the abyss
Knows to its bottom, and the pillars high
Himself upbears which sep'rate earth from heav'n.
His daughter, there, the sorrowing Chief detains,
70 And ever with smooth speech insidious seeks
To wean his heart from Ithaca; meantime

Ulysses, happy might he but behold
The smoke ascending from his native land,
Death covets. Canst thou not, Olympian Jove!
At last relent? Hath not Ulysses oft
With victims slain amid Achaia's fleet
Thee gratified, while yet at Troy he fought?
How hath he then so deep incensed thee, Jove?
To whom, the cloud-assembler God replied.
80 What word hath pass'd thy lips, Daughter belov'd?
Can I forget Ulysses? Him forget
So noble, who in wisdom all mankind
Excels, and who hath sacrific'd so oft
To us whose dwelling is the boundless heav'n?
Earth-circling Neptune-He it is whose wrath
Pursues him ceaseless for the Cyclops' sake
Polypheme, strongest of the giant race,
Whom of his eye Ulysses hath deprived.
For Him, Thoösa bore, Nymph of the sea
90 From Phorcys sprung, by Ocean's mighty pow'r
Impregnated in caverns of the Deep.

E'er since that day, the Shaker of the shores,
Although he slay him not, yet devious drives
Ulysses from his native isle afar.

Yet come-in full assembly his return
Contrive we now, both means and prosp'rous end;
So Neptune shall his wrath remit, whose pow'r
In contest with the force of all the Gods
Exerted single, can but strive in vain.

100 To whom Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed.

Oh Jupiter! above all Kings enthroned!

If the Immortals ever-blest ordain

That wise Ulysses to his home return,
Dispatch we then Hermes the Argicide,
Our messenger, hence to Ogygia's isle,
Who shall inform Calypso, nymph divine,
Of this our fixt resolve, that to his home
Ulysses, toil-enduring Chief, repair.

Myself will hence to Ithaca, meantime,

110 His son to animate, and with new force

Inspire, that (the Achaians all convened
In council,) he may, instant, bid depart
The suitors from his home, who, day by day,
His num'rous flocks and fatted herds consume.
And I will send him thence to Sparta forth,
And into sandy Pylus, there to hear
(If hear he may) some tidings of his Sire,
And to procure himself a glorious name.
This said, her golden sandals to her feet
120 She bound, ambrosial, which o'er all the earth
And o'er the moist flood waft her fleet as air,
Then, seizing her strong spear pointed with brass,
In length and bulk, and weight a matchless beam,
With which the Jove-born Goddess levels ranks
Of Heroes, against whom her anger burns,
From the Olympian summit down she flew,
And on the threshold of Ulysses' hall
In Ithaca, and within his vestibule
Apparent stood; there, grasping her bright spear,
130 Mentés^[1] she seem'd, the hospitable Chief

Of Taphos' isle-she found the haughty throng
The suitors; they before the palace gate
With iv'ry cubes sported, on num'rous hides
Reclined of oxen which themselves had slain.
The heralds and the busy menials there
Minister'd to them; these their mantling cups
With water slaked; with bibulous sponges those
Made clean the tables, set the banquet on,
And portioned out to each his plenteous share.
140 Long ere the rest Telemachus himself
Mark'd her, for sad amid them all he sat,
Pourtraying in deep thought contemplative
His noble Sire, and questioning if yet
Perchance the Hero might return to chase
From all his palace that imperious herd,
To his own honour lord of his own home.
Amid them musing thus, sudden he saw
The Goddess, and sprang forth, for he abhorr'd
To see a guest's admittance long delay'd;

150 Approaching eager, her right hand he seized,
The brazen spear took from her, and in words
With welcome wing'd Minerva thus address'd.
Stranger, all hail! to share our cordial love
Thou com'st; the banquet finish'd, thou shalt next
Inform me wherefore thou hast here arrived.
So saying, toward the spacious hall he moved,
Follow'd by Pallas, and, arriving soon
Beneath the lofty roof, placed her bright spear
Within a pillar's cavity, long time
160 The armoury where many a spear had stood,
Bright weapons of his own illustrious Sire.
Then, leading her toward a footstool'd throne
Magnificent, which first he overspread
With linen, there he seated her, apart
From that rude throng, and for himself disposed
A throne of various colours at her side,
Lest, stunn'd with clamour of the lawless band,
The new-arrived should loth perchance to eat,
And that more free he might the stranger's ear

170 With questions of his absent Sire address,
And now a maiden charg'd with golden ew'r,
And with an argent laver, pouring first
Pure water on their hands, supplied them, next,
With a resplendent table, which the chaste
Directress of the stores furnish'd with bread
And dainties, remnants of the last regale.
Then, in his turn, the sewer^[2] with sav'ry meats,
Dish after dish, served them, of various kinds,
And golden cups beside the chargers placed,
180 Which the attendant herald fill'd with wine.
Ere long, in rush'd the suitors, and the thrones
And couches occupied, on all whose hands
The heralds pour'd pure water; then the maids
Attended them with bread in baskets heap'd,
And eager they assail'd the ready feast.
At length, when neither thirst nor hunger more
They felt unsatisfied, to new delights
Their thoughts they turn'd, to song and sprightly dance,

Enlivening sequel of the banquet's joys.

190 An herald, then, to Phemius' hand consign'd
His beauteous lyre; he through constraint regaled
The suitors with his song, and while the chords
He struck in prelude to his pleasant strains,
Telemachus his head inclining nigh
To Pallas' ear, lest others should his words
Witness, the blue-eyed Goddess thus bespake.

My inmate and my friend! far from my lips
Be ev'ry word that might displease thine ear!
The song-the harp, — what can they less than charm
200 These wantons? who the bread unpurchased eat
Of one whose bones on yonder continent
Lie mould'ring, drench'd by all the show'rs of heaven,
Or roll at random in the billowy deep.

Ah! could they see him once to his own isle
Restored, both gold and raiment they would wish
Far less, and nimbleness of foot instead.
But He, alas! hath by a wretched fate,
Past question perish'd, and what news soe'er

We hear of his return, kindles no hope
210 In us, convinced that he returns no more.
But answer undissembling; tell me true;
Who art thou? whence? where stands thy city? where
Thy father's mansion? In what kind of ship
Cam'st thou? Why steer'd the mariners their course
To Ithaca, and of what land are they?
For that on foot thou found'st us not, is sure.
This also tell me, hast thou now arrived
New to our isle, or wast thou heretofore
My father's guest? Since many to our house
220 Resorted in those happier days, for he
Drew pow'rful to himself the hearts of all.
Then Pallas thus, Goddess cærulean-eyed.
I will with all simplicity of truth
Thy questions satisfy. Behold in me
Mentes, the offspring of a Chief renown'd
In war, Anchialus; and I rule, myself,
An island race, the Taphians oar-expert.

With ship and mariners I now arrive,
Seeking a people of another tongue
230 Athwart the gloomy flood, in quest of brass
For which I barter steel, ploughing the waves
To Temesa. My ship beneath the woods
Of Neïus, at yonder field that skirts
Your city, in the haven Rhethrus rides.
We are hereditary guests; our Sires
Were friends long since; as, when thou seest him next,
The Hero old Laertes will avouch,
Of whom, I learn, that he frequents no more
The city now, but in sequester'd scenes
240 Dwells sorrowful, and by an antient dame
With food and drink supplied oft as he feels
Refreshment needful to him, while he creeps
Between the rows of his luxuriant vines.
But I have come drawn hither by report,
Which spake thy Sire arrived, though still it seems
The adverse Gods his homeward course retard.
For not yet breathless lies the noble Chief,

But in some island of the boundless flood
Resides a prisoner, by barbarous force
250 Of some rude race detained reluctant there.
And I will now foreshow thee what the Gods
Teach me, and what, though neither augur skill'd
Nor prophet, I yet trust shall come to pass.
He shall not, henceforth, live an exile long
From his own shores, no, not although in bands
Of iron held, but will ere long contrive
His own return; for in expedients, framed
With wond'rous ingenuity, he abounds.
But tell me true; art thou, in stature such,
260 Son of himself Ulysses? for thy face
And eyes bright-sparkling, strongly indicate
Ulysses in thee. Frequent have we both
Conversed together thus, thy Sire and I,
Ere yet he went to Troy, the mark to which
So many Princes of Achaia steer'd.
Him since I saw not, nor Ulysses me.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.

Stranger! I tell thee true; my mother's voice

Affirms me his, but since no mortal knows

270 His derivation, I affirm it not.

Would I had been son of some happier Sire,

Ordain'd in calm possession of his own

To reach the verge of life. But now, report

Proclaims me his, whom I of all mankind

Unhappiest deem.-Thy question is resolved.

Then answer thus Pallas blue-eyed return'd.

From no ignoble race, in future days,

The Gods shall prove thee sprung, whom so endow'd

With ev'ry grace Penelope hath borne.

280 But tell me true. What festival is this?

This throng-whence are they? wherefore hast thou need

Of such a multitude? Behold I here

A banquet, or a nuptial? for these

Meet not by contribution^[3] to regale,

With such brutality and din they hold

Their riotous banquet! a wise man and good

Arriving, now, among them, at the sight
Of such enormities would much be wroth.
To whom replied Telemachus discrete.
290 Since, stranger! thou hast ask'd, learn also this.
While yet Ulysses, with his people dwelt,
His presence warranted the hope that here
Virtue should dwell and opulence; but heav'n
Hath cast for us, at length, a diff'rent lot,
And he is lost, as never man before.
For I should less lament even his death,
Had he among his friends at Ilium fall'n,
Or in the arms of his companions died,
Troy's siege accomplish'd. Then his tomb the Greeks
300 Of ev'ry tribe had built, and for his son,
He had immortal glory atchieved; but now,
By harpies torn inglorious, beyond reach
Of eye or ear he lies; and hath to me
Grief only, and unceasing sighs bequeath'd.
Nor mourn I for his sake alone; the Gods

Have plann'd for me still many a woe beside;
For all the rulers of the neighbour isles,
Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd
Zacynthus, others also, rulers here
310 In craggy Ithaca, my mother seek
In marriage, and my household stores consume.
But neither she those nuptial rites abhorr'd,
Refuses absolute, nor yet consents
To end them; they my patrimony waste
Meantime, and will not long spare even me.
To whom, with deep commiseration pang'd,
Pallas replied. Alas! great need hast thou
Of thy long absent father to avenge
These num'rous wrongs; for could he now appear
320 There, at yon portal, arm'd with helmet, shield,
And grasping his two spears, such as when first
I saw him drinking joyous at our board,
From Ilus son of Mermeris, who dwelt
In distant Ephyre, just then return'd,
(For thither also had Ulysses gone

In his swift bark, seeking some pois'nous drug
Wherewith to taint his brazen arrows keen,
Which drug through fear of the eternal Gods
Ilus refused him, and my father free
330 Gave to him, for he loved him past belief)
Could now, Ulysses, clad in arms as then,
Mix with these suitors, short his date of life
To each, and bitter should his nuptials prove.
But these events, whether he shall return
To take just vengeance under his own roof,
Or whether not, lie all in the Gods lap.
Meantime I counsel thee, thyself to think
By what means likeliest thou shalt expel
These from thy doors. Now mark me: close attend.
340 To-morrow, summoning the Grecian Chiefs
To council, speak to them, and call the Gods
To witness that solemnity. Bid go
The suitors hence, each to his own abode.
Thy mother-if her purpose be resolved

On marriage, let her to the house return
Of her own potent father, who, himself,
Shall furnish forth her matrimonial rites,
And ample dow'r, such as it well becomes
A darling daughter to receive, bestow.

350 But hear me now; thyself I thus advise.
The prime of all thy ships preparing, mann'd
With twenty rowers, voyage hence to seek
Intelligence of thy long-absent Sire.

Some mortal may inform thee, or a word, [\[4\]](#)
Perchance, by Jove directed (safest source
Of notice to mankind) may reach thine ear.
First voyaging to Pylus, there enquire
Of noble Nestor; thence to Sparta tend,
To question Menelaus amber-hair'd,
360 Latest arrived of all the host of Greece.

There should'st thou learn that still thy father lives,
And hope of his return, although
Distress'd, thou wilt be patient yet a year.
But should'st thou there hear tidings that he breathes

No longer, to thy native isle return'd,
First heap his tomb; then with such pomp perform
His funeral rites as his great name demands,
And make thy mother's spousals, next, thy care.
These duties satisfied, delib'rate last
370 Whether thou shalt these troublers of thy house
By stratagem, or by assault, destroy.
For thou art now no child, nor longer may'st
Sport like one. Hast thou not the proud report
Heard, how Orestes hath renown acquired
With all mankind, his father's murtherer
Ægisthus slaying, the deceiver base
Who slaughter'd Agamemnon? Oh my friend!
(For with delight thy vig'rous growth I view,
And just proportion) be thou also bold,
380 And merit praise from ages yet to come.
But I will to my vessel now repair,
And to my mariners, whom, absent long,
I may perchance have troubled. Weigh thou well

My counsel; let not my advice be lost.
To whom Telemachus discrete replied.
Stranger! thy words bespeak thee much my friend,
Who, as a father teaches his own son,
Hast taught me, and I never will forget.
But, though in haste thy voyage to pursue,
390 Yet stay, that in the bath refreshing first
Thy limbs now weary, thou may'st sprightlier seek
Thy gallant bark, charged with some noble gift
Of finish'd workmanship, which thou shalt keep
As my memorial ever; such a boon
As men confer on guests whom much they love.
Then Pallas thus, Goddess cærulean-eyed.
Retard me not, for go I must; the gift
Which liberal thou desirest to bestow,
Give me at my return, that I may bear
400 The treasure home; and, in exchange, thyself
Expect some gift equivalent from me.
She spake, and as with eagle-wings upborne,
Vanish'd incontinent, but him inspired

With daring fortitude, and on his heart
Dearer remembrance of his Sire impress'd
Than ever. Conscious of the wond'rous change,
Amazed he stood, and, in his secret thought
Revolving all, believed his guest a God.
The youthful Hero to the suitors then
410 Repair'd; they silent, listen'd to the song
Of the illustrious Bard: he the return
Deplorable of the Achaian host
From Ilium by command of Pallas, sang.
Penelope, Icarius' daughter, mark'd
Meantime the song celestial, where she sat
In the superior palace; down she came,
By all the num'rous steps of her abode;
Not sole, for two fair handmaids follow'd her.
She then, divinest of her sex, arrived
420 In presence of that lawless throng, beneath
The portal of her stately mansion stood,
Between her maidens, with her lucid veil