

## Book 3

When both sides had been marshalled, with their leaders,  
the Trojans advanced with clamor and loud cries, like birds,  
like the clamor of cranes that goes up high to heaven  
when they're escaping winter storms and endless rain,  
and, calling, fly towards the streams of Ocean, 5  
to Pygmy warriors bringing death and destruction  
down through the air, an offer of grim conflict.  
But the Achaians came on in silence, breathing fury,  
all determined to stand firm, each one by another.

As when on a mountaintop the south wind sheds thick mist, 10  
no friend to the shepherds, but for a robber better than night,  
and a man can see no further than he throws a stone,  
just so from under their feet a thick dust cloud went up  
as they marched on, making good speed across the plain.

When the two sides had come together, within close range, 15  
out from the Trojans Aléxandros, divinely handsome, pranced,  
a leopard skin on his shoulders, with a curved bow and a sword,  
clutching a couple of javelins tipped with bronze,  
and challenged the best of the Argives, any of them,  
to meet him face to face, in fearsome combat. 20

Now when war-minded Menelaös first caught sight of him  
emerging out of the crowd with his lengthy strides,  
then, as a lion rejoices at finding, when ravenous,  
some hefty carcass—an antlered stag or a wild goat—  
and eat it he must, despite being set upon by swift 25  
hunting dogs and tough youngsters, so Menelaös  
delighted at seeing Aléxandros, divinely handsome,  
with his own eyes, and, hot for revenge on the wrongdoer,  
promptly sprang, fully armed, from his chariot to the ground.

But when Aléxandros, divinely handsome, saw him 30  
show up in the front ranks, he was panic-stricken at heart,  
and shrank back among his countrymen, evading fate;  
and just as a man at the sight of a snake retreats  
in some mountain glen, and trembling seizes his limbs,

and he backs away once more, and green pallor drains his cheeks,  
so into the crowd of lordly Trojans Aléxandros,  
divinely handsome, in fear of Atreus's son, now shrank back. 35

But Hektōr, seeing him, rebuked him with shaming words:  
"Wretched Paris, so handsome, so mad for women, seducer,  
I wish you had never been born or had died unmarried! 40  
Yes, that I'd prefer: far better than being left with you  
as this object of other men's ridicule and contempt.  
Oh, they'll snigger aloud, indeed, will the long-haired Achaians,  
and say, here's a leading man who gets to be champion  
on good looks alone, without strength or courage in his heart. 45  
Were you such a one when in your seafaring vessels  
you sailed the deep, with the trusty comrades you'd mustered,  
consorted with foreigners, brought back a beautiful woman  
from a far-off land, the child of warrior spearmen,  
a great grief to your father, your city, your whole nation: 50  
a delight to our enemies, to yourself a cause of shame?  
So will you not, then, confront the warlike Menelaös,  
find out the kind of man whose lusty bedmate you've taken?  
No help for you from the lyre, or the gifts of Aphrodītē,  
or your hair or your good looks, when you're laid low in the dust. 55  
The Trojans are arrant cowards: otherwise by now  
you'd be wearing a shower of stones for all your evil deeds."

To him then Aléxandros, divinely handsome, replied:  
"Hektōr, since you rebuke me justly, nor more than is proper—  
always your heart is like the unwearying axe blade 60  
struck through a beam by some craftsman who uses his skill  
to shape a ship's timber, and it adds force to his own effort:  
just so is the heart in your breast unshakable—do not  
bring up against me the sweet gifts of golden Aphrodītē.  
Not to be cast aside are the gods' illustrious gifts, 65  
of whatever sort—even if no man would choose them.  
But now, if you want me to play the warrior, to join battle,  
then make the other Trojans sit down, and all the Achaians,  
and set me there in the middle with warlike Menelaös  
to battle it out for Helen and the sum of her possessions. 70  
Whichever one of us wins, and proves himself the stronger,  
let him claim the goods and the woman, and go off home with them.  
You others must swear solemn oaths of friendship, and then

you can live on in rich-soiled Troy, while they sail home  
to horse-pasturing Argos and Achaia's lovely women." 75

So he spoke, and Hektōr, delighted by his proposal,  
went into the middle ground, held back the Trojans' ranks,  
grasping his spear in the middle, and they all sat down.  
Not so the long-haired Achaians, who chose him as their target,  
aiming arrows at him, and showering him with stones, 80  
till there came a loud shout from the lord of men, Agamemnōn:  
"Argives, hold off! Don't shoot, you young Achaians!  
He's trying to tell us something, is bright-helmeted Hektōr."

So he spoke: they held back from fighting, and all fell silent  
readily, while Hektōr, between the armies, addressed them: 85  
"Hear from me, you Trojans and you well-greaved Achaians,  
the words of Aléxandros, over whom this strife has arisen.  
What he asks is that all the Achaians and the rest of the Trojans  
lay aside their fine arms and armor on the bountiful earth,  
while he himself, in the middle, and warlike Menelaös 90  
battle it out alone for Helen and all her possessions.  
Whichever one wins, and proves himself the stronger,  
let him claim the goods and the woman, and go off home with  
them,  
and let the rest of us swear solemn oaths of friendship."

So he spoke: all fell hushed and silent. Menelaös 95  
then spoke up among them, he of the great war cry:  
"Hear me too now, since it's my heart that this agony  
hurts worst. High time, I hold, for both sides to disengage,  
Argives and Trojans: you've suffered troubles galore  
on account of my quarrel since Aléxandros began it. 100  
Whichever one of us two has death fixed as his destiny,  
let him die; but you others should be parted without delay.  
Fetch here two lambs, one white, and the other black,  
for Earth and Sun, while for Zeus we provide a third.  
And bring Priam the mighty hither, to swear an oath 105  
in person—his sons being arrogant and faithless—  
lest overstepping the mark someone void oaths that were sworn  
by Zeus. Younger men's ideas are forever flighty,  
but whatever an old man's involved in, he'll always look  
forward and back as well, ensure what's best for both sides." 110

So he spoke, and both Achaians and Trojans were joyful,  
hoping now for an end to warfare's wretchedness.  
They held back their horses in line, stepped down from their chariots,  
took off arms and armor, laid them out on the ground,  
each close to the next man's, with little space between them. 115

Hektōr now dispatched two heralds to the city  
to bring the lambs at once and to summon Priam.  
Talthybios meanwhile lord Agamemnōn sent  
back to the hollow ships, with orders to fetch a lamb  
nor did he fail in obedience to noble Agamemnōn. 120

Now Iris went as a messenger to white-armed Helen  
in the form of her husband's sister, the wife of Antēnōr's son,  
her whom Antēnōr's son, the lordly Helikaōn,  
had married: Laodikē, the fairest of Priam's daughters.  
Helen she found in her quarters, weaving a great web, 125  
double-sized, purple, including the many struggles  
between horse-taming Trojans and bronze-corseleted Achaians  
endured on her account at the hands of Arēs.

Standing close, swift-footed Iris thus addressed her:  
"Come with me, dear sister, to see the wondrous conduct 130  
of the horse-taming Trojans and bronze-corseleted Achaians!  
They who before were waging, one side against the another,  
grievous war in the plain, hearts bent on deadly battle,  
now are sitting in silence, their conflict abandoned,  
leaning on their shields, their lances planted beside them; 135  
for Aléxandros now and the warlike Menelaös  
with their long spears are about to battle it out over you,  
and you'll be named the dear wife of whichever one's the victor."

With these words, the goddess put sweet yearning in Helen's  
heart for her former husband, for her city and for her parents. 140  
At once she put on a veil of white linen, and hurried  
out of her private chamber, shedding round tears:  
not alone, for two maidservants went along with her,  
Aithrē, daughter of Pittheus, and ox-eyed Klyménē,  
and quickly they then came to where the Skaian Gates were. 145

Now Priam and his companions—Pánthoös, Thymoitéēs,  
Lampos and Klytios, Hiketáōn, scion of Arēs,  
Oukalegōn and Antēnōr, astute men both,

the community's elders—sat there above the Skaian Gates,  
 too old now for fighting, but still most valiant 150  
 talkers, like cicadas, that in the woodland,  
 aloft in trees, emit their fine sawing utterance:  
 such were the Trojans' leaders, perched on the ramparts.  
 When they saw Helen there on the ramparts, approaching,  
 softly they spoke winged words to one another: 155  
 "The Trojans and well-greaved Achaeans cannot be blamed  
 for enduring woes so long over such a woman:  
 terribly like the deathless goddesses she is to look at.  
 Yet even so, being such, let her sail away, not linger  
 here to bring grief to us, and our children after us." 160  
 So they spoke. But Priam called out, summoning Helen:  
 "Come over here, dear child, and sit beside me,  
 to catch sight of your former husband, your friends and kinsmen—  
 in my eyes you're not to blame, I rather blame the gods  
 who stirred up against me this wretched Achaian war— 165  
 and to put a name for me to that huge warrior down there,  
 that Achaian leader, of such stature and so strong:  
 others there may be taller still by a head, and yet  
 so fine a man have I never set eyes on, nor one  
 so majestic in bearing—he looks to be of royal blood." 170  
 Then Helen, glorious among women, replied in these words:  
 "I revere you, my husband's dear father, I stand in awe of you!  
 A sorry death should have been my choice when I came here  
 following your son, abandoning marriage and family,  
 my growing daughter, my sweet loving girl companions. 175  
 But that's not how things turned out, and I'm worn with weeping.  
 Still, I'll answer the question you put to me: that man  
 is the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon,  
 a noble king, a strong spearman, and, formerly, brother-in-law  
 to me, the bitch—if all this really happened." 180  
 So she spoke, and the old man marveled, and said:  
 "Ah, happy son of Atreus, fortune's child, blest by the gods!  
 How many Achaian youths have been made subject to you!  
 Time was when I traveled to vine-rich Phrygia, where I viewed  
 Phrygian troops in great numbers, with their spirited horses, 185  
 the men of Otreus and of Mygdōn the godlike, at that time  
 encamped along the banks of the Sangarios river.

For I too, being their ally, was then numbered among them  
 that day when the Amazons came, a match for men—  
 yet not even they were as many as these sharp-eyed Achaians.” 190

Next the old man’s eye picked out Odysseus, and, pointing,  
 “Tell me, dear child,” he asked, “about *that* one too—who is he?  
 By a head he’s shorter than Agamemnōn, son of Atreus,  
 but looks broader in the chest and across the shoulders.  
 His gear he’s left on the nurturing earth, but he himself 195  
 goes striding through the ranks like a ram. Yes, yes indeed,  
 it’s a ram of which he reminds me, a thick-fleeced bellwether  
 prowling through a great flock of white sheep.”

Then Helen,  
 scion of Zeus, made him the following answer:  
 “That man is the son of Laertēs, resourceful Odysseus, 200  
 who was reared in the land of Ithákē, a rugged dominion,  
 and knows all manner of wiles and sharp devices.”  
 Then sagacious Antēnōr in turn addressed her:

“Lady,  
 what you just said is indeed the truth. He came here  
 once before, on a mission, did the noble Odysseus, 205  
 concerning yourself, along with warlike Menelaös:  
 it was I who entertained and welcomed them in my halls,  
 and took heed of the stature of both, and of their sharp devices.  
 Now when they joined the Trojans in assembly, and stood up,  
 broad-shouldered Menelaös was taller; but with both seated, 210  
 then Odysseus it was who looked the more majestic.  
 And when they began to weave their words and devices,  
 Menelaös certainly spoke with nimble fluency,  
 in few words, but with clarity, being no blabbermouth,  
 nor given to off-the-mark rambling, though he was the  
 younger. 215

But whenever resourceful Odysseus got up to speak,  
 he’d stand there looking down, eyes fixed on the ground,  
 not moving that staff of his either forward or back,  
 but clutching it, rooted firm, like some ignorant fellow—  
 you’d think him just a curmudgeon, the merest simpleton. 220  
 But when he let out that great voice from his chest—  
 the words resembling some driving wintry snowstorm—

then there was no living man that could match Odysseus,  
and we no longer bothered to question his appearance.”

Thirdly, looking at Aias, the old man asked: “Now who  
is *that* Achaian out there, so sturdy and tall, outstripping  
the other Argives in height by his head and broad shoulders?” 225

Then long-robed Helen, glorious among women, replied:  
“That great giant is Aias, the Achaians’ bulwark, and there  
beyond him, among the Krêtans, Idomeneus stands, 230  
godlike, the Krêtan captains all gathered round him.

Often he was the guest of warlike Menelaös  
in our house, whenever he came across from Krêtē.  
All the others, too, I see now, every sharp-eyed Achaian—  
I know them all well, could tell you all their names— 235

two only I cannot see, two high commanders,  
Kastōr the horse breaker, Polydeukēs the skilled boxer,  
brothers of mine, all born of the same mother.  
Either they didn’t come with them from lovely Lakedaimōn,  
or, if they did make the trip in their seagoing vessels, 240  
they’re not willing now to join these men in combat  
through fear of all the shame and reproaches leveled at me.”

So she spoke; but them the nurturing earth already  
held under in Lakedaimōn, their dear native land.

Now heralds brought through the city the gods’ oath-  
offerings: 245

two lambs, with heartwarming wine, fruit of the tilled soil,  
in a goatskin bag, while the herald Idaios carried  
a shining wine bowl, together with golden goblets.

Standing by the old man, he called on him, saying: “Up now,  
son of Laomedōn! You are summoned by the leaders 250  
of the horse-breaking Trojans and the bronze-corseleted  
Achaians

to come down into the plain and swear a solemn pact.  
For Menelaös the warlike and Aléxandros are to do battle  
with long spears over the woman; and whichever of them wins,  
to him will go both the woman and all her possessions. 255

The rest must swear solemn oaths of friendship, and then  
we can live on in rich-soiled Troy, while they sail home  
to horse-pasturing Argos and Achaia’s lovely women.”

So he spoke. The old man shivered, but ordered his comrades  
to yoke the horses, and they quickly obeyed him. 260

Then Priam mounted and gathered the reins, and Antēnōr  
mounted the elegant chariot by his side, and together  
they drove the swift horses out through the Skaian gates to the plain.

When they arrived among the Trojans and the Achaians,  
they left the horses, stepped down on the nurturing earth, 265  
and took their place amid them, between Trojans and Achaians.

Then at once there sprang up Agamemnōn, lord of men,  
and resourceful Odysseus, while the noble heralds brought in  
the victims for the gods' oaths, poured wine in the mixing bowl,  
and water over the hands of the kings. Then Atreus's son 270

drew out with his hand the knife he always had by him,  
hanging beside his sword's great sheath, and with it  
cut hairs from the heads of the lambs. These hairs the heralds  
gave out to the Trojan and the Achaian nobles. For them  
Atreus's son now prayed aloud, both arms upraised: 275

"Zeus, Father, ruling from Ida, most glorious, greatest,  
and you, Sun, the all-seeing, all-hearing, and you  
rivers and earth, and you in the underworld who take  
vengeance on men deceased who have sworn false oaths—  
be you our witnesses, watch over these solemn pledges! 280

If Aléxandros should happen to kill Menelaös, then  
let him have and keep Helen, with all her possessions,  
while we sail away in our seafaring vessels. But should it  
befall that fair-haired Menelaös kill Aléxandros, then  
the Trojans must give back Helen and all her possessions, 285  
and pay to the Argives such recompense as is fitting  
and will stay in the minds of men in time hereafter.

But if Priam and Priam's sons should not prove willing  
to pay recompense to us when Aléxandros is fallen, 290  
then will I still fight on for such retribution,  
remaining here until I reach an end of warfare."

So saying, he cut the lambs' throats with the pitiless bronze,  
and dropped them on the ground, still gasping, their life's breath  
ebbing away, now the bronze had taken their strength.  
Then drawing wine from the bowl they poured it into the cups, 295  
and made their prayers to the gods who live for ever,  
and such words would one of them, Achaian or Trojan, utter:



“Zeus, greatest, most glorious, and you other immortal gods,  
 whichever side first does violence to these oaths we swear,  
 may their brains be spilled on the ground as is this wine,  
 theirs and their children’s, may their wives be had by others.” 300

So they spoke, but not yet would Kronos’s son grant their  
 prayers.

Then the scion of Dardanos, Priam, addressed them in these  
 words:

“Now hear me, all you Trojans, all you well-greaved Achaians!  
 For my part, I’m going back now to windy Ilion— 305  
 no way could I bring myself to watch my own dear son  
 battling it out hand to hand with warlike Menelaös.  
 But Zeus, I suppose, must know, and the other deathless gods,  
 for which of these two the doom of death is decreed.”

So he, the godlike mortal, put the lambs in his chariot,  
 climbed aboard himself, and gathered the reins, 310  
 and Antēnōr boarded the elegant chariot beside him,  
 and the two set off back into Ilion together.

Now Hektōr, Priam’s son, and noble Achilles  
 first measured out an arena, and next took lots, 315  
 put them in a bronze helmet, and shook them to decide  
 which of the two should first let fly his spear of bronze.

Then the troops prayed together, lifting their hands to the gods,  
 and words such as these would some Achaian or Trojan utter:  
 “Zeus, Father, ruling from Ida, most glorious, greatest, 320  
 whichever one it was laid these burdens on both sides,  
 grant that he perish and enter the house of Hādēs;  
 but for us let there be friendship and binding oaths.”

So they spoke. Great Hektōr, bright-helmeted, shook the lots,  
 face turned away: out jumped the lot of Paris. 325

The troops now sat down in rows, each grouped where for each  
 his high-stepping horses waited beside his inlaid armor.<sup>1</sup>

And now noble Aléxandros, fair-haired Helen’s husband,  
 moved to put on round his shoulders his own fine armor.

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1. This line has not occasioned as much comment as it should. Clearly, the audience is the whole army, not just the aristocratic warriors. Equally clearly, the ordinary ranks did not have horses, chariots, and expensive armor. What seems likely is that each company sat close to their captain’s chariot, using it as a marker for location.

The greaves first of all he fastened about his shins—330  
 finely made, and fitted with silver ankle pieces.  
 Next, to cover his chest, he put on the corselet  
 of his brother Lykaōn, refitted for his personal use.  
 About his shoulders he slung the silver-studded sword  
 of bronze; then came the shield, both large and sturdy,335  
 and on his valiant head he set his well-wrought helmet  
 with its horsehair crest's plumes nodding terribly above him,  
 and took a stout spear, well fitted to his grasp,  
 while warlike Menelaōs likewise donned his battle gear.

So when they were armed, each on his side of the throng,340  
 they advanced to the mid-space between Trojans and Achaians,  
 eyeing one another fiercely. Those watching were amazed,  
 both Trojans, breakers of horses, and well-greaved Achaians,  
 as they came to close quarters in the marked-out arena,  
 brandishing their spears, each one full of rage at the other.345  
 Aléxandros first let fly his far-shadowing spear and struck  
 Atreus's son's shield, well-balanced on every side;  
 but the bronze spear did not break through, its point was turned  
 in the shield's thickness. At him now charged, spear ready,  
 Atreus's son Menelaōs, with this prayer to Zeus the Father:350  
 "Zeus, Lord, grant me revenge on this man who did me wrong—  
 the noble Aléxandros! Crush him beneath my hands,  
 so that any man, even of those born long hereafter,  
 may shrink from wronging the host who offers him friendship."

He spoke, then poised his far-shadowing spear and threw it355  
 and struck Priam's son's shield, well-balanced on every side.  
 Right through the shining shield drove the heavy spear,  
 and through the richly worked corselet it made its way:  
 straight on, close in by his ribs the spear ripped through his tunic,  
 but he leaned to one side and escaped the black death-spirit.360  
 Then the son of Atreus, drawing his silver-studded sword,  
 reached up high and struck down at the helmet's boss; but on it  
 the sword broke in three or four pieces, escaped from his hand,  
 so that Atreus's son cried out, eyes raised to heaven:  
 "Zeus, Father, no other god is more malicious than you!365  
 I thought I would get my revenge for Aléxandros's wrongdoing;  
 instead my sword broke in my hands, while my spear  
 flew from my grasp in vain—I failed to hit him."

With that,

he sprang, grabbed Paris's crested helmet, jerked him round,  
 and was hauling him off towards the well-greaved Achaians, 370  
 choking on the sewn strap round his soft throat that was fixed  
 tightly under his chin to hold the helmet steady.  
 And he'd have dragged Paris away, won glory past measure,  
 had not Aphrodītē, Zeus's sharp-eyed daughter, noticed,  
 and snapped the strap—from the hide of a slaughtered bull!— 375  
 so that the empty helmet came away in his strong hand.  
 Among the well-greaved Achaians the hero then whirled  
 and tossed it, to be retrieved by his trusty companions,  
 while he leapt back, in a raging passion to kill  
 with his bronze spear. But Aphrodītē wafted Paris away, 380  
 easily, as a god can, veiled him in a dense mist,  
 set him down in his own fragrant bedchamber, then herself  
 went off to summon Helen. Her she encountered  
 on the high rampart, and round her a throng of Trojan ladies.  
 She caught hold of Helen's scented robe, and tugged it, 385  
 speaking to her in the likeness of an aged woman,  
 a wool dresser, who, when Helen still lived in Lakedaimōn,  
 worked up fine wool for her, and was one she dearly loved.  
 It was in her semblance that Aphrodītē addressed her:  
 "Come, now: Aléxandros is calling for you to go home! 390  
 He's there, in his bedchamber, on that inlaid bed, resplendent—  
 so handsome, such fine clothes—you wouldn't think  
 he'd just come from fighting a man, but was off to a dance,  
 or had just finished dancing, and was sitting there—"

So she spoke

and quickened the heart of Helen in her bosom. 395  
 On recognizing the goddess—her elegant neck,  
 her ravishing breasts and bright-gleaming eyes—although  
 amazed, Helen now spoke out, addressed her as herself:  
 "Strange goddess, why are you set on deceiving me like this?  
 Will you drive me still further afield, to some teeming city— 400  
 in Phrygia maybe, or in charming Maiōnia—  
 where some new mortal man may have caught your fancy,  
 just because Menelaös has beaten godlike Aléxandros,  
 and is minded to take hateful me back home again?  
 Is that why you've come here now, heart brimming with guile? 405

*You* go, then, sit at his side, renounce the paths of the gods,  
 and nevermore let your feet return you to Olympos,  
 but always just worry about him, take care of *him*,  
 till he makes you his wedded wife—or maybe his slave girl!  
*I'm* not going back there—it would be too shameful— 410  
 to lie in that man's bed: all the women of Troy thereafter  
 would blame me for it. I have measureless sorrows at heart.”

To her then in wrath bright Aphrodītē made answer:  
 “Don't provoke me, you stubborn woman, lest I abandon you  
 in my rage, come to hate you as terribly as I now love you, 415  
 and work you grim trouble, caught in the middle between  
 Trojans and Danaäns: a nasty end you'd have then.”

So she spoke, and Helen, Zeus's scion, shivered in fear,  
 and went, veiling her face behind her shining mantle, silent,  
 unseen by the Trojan ladies, the goddess leading. 420  
 When they came to Aléxandros's richly elegant abode,  
 the handmaidens quickly turned back to their tasks, while she,  
 queen among women, went up to her high-roofed chamber.  
 Aphrodītē, that laughter-lover, now fetched a chair for her—  
 she, a goddess!—and set it in front of Aléxandros. 425  
 Then Helen, scion of Zeus the aegis-bearer, sat down  
 and with eyes averted, thus reproved her husband:  
 “So you're back from the fight. I'd rather you had died there,  
 beaten by the strong man who at one time was my husband.  
 Time was when you vaunted yourself against warlike Menelaös— 430  
 you were the better man, with stronger hands, truer spear!  
 Well, off with you then, go challenge warlike Menelaös  
 to duel with you once more! But no, I must now require you  
 to stop this, and not to face the fair-haired Menelaös  
 man to man, or do battle with him, or risk a fight, 435  
 fool that you are, lest you fall a quick prey to his spear.”

Then Paris in these words made answer to her:  
 “Woman, don't chide my heart with such harsh reproofs.  
 This time Menelaös had Athēnē's help, and beat me,  
 but another time I shall win: there are gods on our side too. 440  
 But now come, let's to bed, and enjoy some lovemaking,  
 for never has passion so enveloped my senses—not even  
 when I first snatched you away from lovely Lakedaimōn,

and sailed off, taking you, on our seagoing vessels,  
and on the island of Kranaë bedded you lovingly—  
as now I want you, and sweet desire takes possession of me.” 445

This said, he led the way bedwards. His wife went with him.

So those two lay down together on the inlaid bedstead,  
But Atreus’s son like a wild beast raged through the ranks,  
hoping to catch a glimpse of Aléxandros the godlike; 450  
but no one, whether Trojan or one of the far-famed allies,  
could point out Aléxandros to warlike Menelaös—  
nor, had he been seen, would they have kept him hidden  
out of love, for all of them hated him like black death.

Then there spoke up among them the lord of men, Agamemnōn: 455  
“Hear me, Trojans, Dardanians, allies! Victory, plainly,  
must go to Menelaös, the warlike! Do you now, therefore,  
surrender Helen, together with all her possessions,  
and deliver to us such recompense as is fitting,  
and will stay in the minds of men in time hereafter.” 460

So spoke Atreus’s son, and all the Achaians applauded.