

BOOK I. Ως ἔφατ' ὑκόμενος τῷ δ' ἐκλυε Φαῖβος Ἀπόλλων, &c.

His \* prayer was granted by the Deity,  
Who with his silver bow and arrows keen,  
Descended from Olympus silently,  
In likeness of the sable night unseen.  
His bow and quiver both behind him hang;  
The arrows chink as often as he jogs,  
And as he shot, the bow was heard to twang, &c.

HOBBS.

Thus Chryses pray'd—the favoring power attends,  
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends;  
Bent was his bow the Grecian hearts to wound,  
Fierce as he mov'd his silver shafts resound;  
Breathing revenge a sudden night he spread,  
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.  
The fleet in view he twang'd his deadly blow, &c.

PORZ.

Id. Πατροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπειθεὶς ἑταίρῳ, &c. &c.

This, said Patroclus, led Briseis forth,  
And to Atrides' messengers her gave,  
She with them went, though much against her heart,  
Achilles from his friends went off and pray'd;  
And sitting with his face to th' sea apart,  
Weeping unto his mother Thetis, said, &c.

HOBBS.

Patroclus now, th' unwilling beauty brought,  
She in soft sorrows and in pensive thought  
Past silent, as the heralds held her hand,  
And oft look'd back, slow moving o'er the strand.

Not

\* Chryses.