

hope and drive from my mind the unsated thought that still returns to the prey (?).

It is my right to tell—it is an encouragement upon their way permitted to them whose vigour is past, that still at their years they draw from heaven that winning inspiration, which is the strength of song,—how the twin-throned Achæan Kings, concordant leaders of Hellas' youth, were sped with avenging arm and spear to the Teucrian land by a gallant omen, when to the kings of ships appeared the black king of birds and the white-backed king together, seen near the palace on the spear-hand in conspicuous place, feasting on hares, then full of young, stayed one course short of home.

Be sorrow, sorrow spoken, but still let the good prevail!

'Then the good seer, who followed the host, when he saw how the two brave Atridae were in temper<sup>1</sup> twain, took cognizance of those hare-devouring birds and of the princely captains, and thus he spake interpreting: 'After long time they that here go forth must win King Priam's town, though ere they pass the wall all their cattle, their public store, shall perforce be divided and consumed. Only may no divine displeasure fore-smite and overcloud the gathering of the host, whose might should bridle Troy. For the wrath of holy Artemis rests on the house of those winged coursers of her sire, who sacrifice a trembling mother with all her young unborn. She loathes such a feast of eagles.

'Be sorrow, sorrow spoken, but still let the good prevail.

'Yea, fair one, loving though thou art unto the uncouth whelps of many a fierce breed, and sweet to the suckling young of all that roam the field, yet to this sign thou art prayed to let the event accord. Auspicious are these eagle-omens, but not without a flaw. But oh, in the blessed name of the Healer, raise thou not hindering winds, long to delay from the seas the Argive fleet; urge not a second sacrifice, foul offering of forbidden meat, which shall put hate between flesh and bone and break marital awe. For patient, terrible, never to be laid, is the wrath of the wife still plotting at home revenge for the unforgotten child.'

Thus Calchas crossed his chant of high promise to the royal house from the omens of the march: and so with according burden

Be sorrow, sorrow spoken, but still let the good prevail!

'Zeus'—power unknown, whom, since so to be called is his own pleasure, I by that name address. When I ponder upon all things, I

<sup>1</sup> Or 'in colour'. See Appendix C.