

Hom. II. 23.499-554

Text Übersetzung:

(Übersetzung A. T. Murray)

So spake he, and Tydeus' son came hard anigh as he drave, [500] and with his lash dealt many a stroke down from the shoulder; and his horses leapt on high as they swiftly sped on their way. And ever did flakes of dust smite the charioteer, and his chariot overlaid with gold and tin ran on behind the swift-footed horses, and small trace there was [505] of the wheel tires behind in the light dust, as the twain flew speeding on. Then he drew up in the midst of the place of gathering, and in streams the sweat flowed from the necks and chests of the horses to the ground. And Diomedes himself leapt to the ground from his gleaming car, [510] and leaned the goad against the yoke. Neither did mighty Sthenelus anywise tarry, but speedily took the prize, and gave to his comrades, high of heart, the woman and the eared tripod to bear away; and himself loosed the horses from beneath the yoke. And next after him Antilochus of the stock of Neleus drave his horses, [515] for that by guile, and nowise by speed, had he outstripped Menelaus; howbeit even so Menelaus guided his swift horses close behind. Far as a horse is from the wheel, a horse that draweth his master over the plain, and straineth at the car—the tire thereof do the hindmost hairs of his tail touch, [520] for it runneth close behind, and but scant space is there between, as he courseth over the wide plain—even by so much was Menelaus behind peerless Antilochus, though at the first he was behind far as a man hurleth the discus; howbeit quickly was he overtaking Antilochus, for the goodly mettle [525] of the mare of Agamemnon, fair-maned Aethe, waxed ever higher. And if the course had been yet longer for the twain, then had he passed him by, neither left the issue in doubt. But Meriones, valiant squire of Idomeneus, was a spear-cast behind glorious Menelaus, [530] for slowest of all were his fair-maned horses, and himself least skilled to drive a chariot in the race. And the son of Admetus came in last, behind all the rest, dragging his fair chariot and driving his horses before him. And at sight of him swift-footed, goodly Achilles had pity [535] and he stood up amid the Argives, and spake winged words: “Lo, in the last place driveth his single-hooved horses the man that is far the best. But come, let us give him a prize, as is meet, a prize for the second place; but the first let the son of Tydeus bear away.” So spake he, and they all assented even as he bade. [540] And now would he have given him the mare—for the Achaeans assented thereto—but that Antilochus, son of great-souled Nestor, uprose and answered Achilles, son of Peleus, to claim his due: “Achilles, sore wroth shall I be with thee if thou fulfill this word, for thou art minded to rob me of my prize, [545] bethinking thee of this, how his chariot and his swift horses came to harm, and himself withal, good man though he be. Nay, he should have made prayer to the immortals, then had he nowise come in last of all in the race. But if so be thou pitiest him, and he be dear to thy heart, lo, in thy hut is great store of gold, and bronze is there [550] and sheep, aye, and handmaids too, and single-hooved horses. Thereof do thou hereafter take and give him even a goodlier prize, or even now forthwith, that the Achaeans may applaud thee. But the mare will not yield; for her let any man that will, essay to do battle with me by might of hand.”