

### Hom. II. 9.9-78

#### Text Übersetzung:

(Übersetzung A. T. Murray)

But the son of Atreus, stricken to the heart with sore grief, [10] went this way and that, bidding the clear-voiced heralds summon every man by name to the place of gathering, but not to shout aloud; and himself he toiled amid the foremost. So they sat in the place of gathering, sore troubled, and Agamemnon stood up weeping even as a fountain of dark water [15] that down over the face of a beetling cliff poureth its dusky stream; even so with deep groaning spake he amid the Argives, saying: "My friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, great Zeus, son of Cronos, hath ensnared me in grievous blindness of heart, cruel god! seeing that of old he promised me, and bowed his head thereto, [20] that not until I had sacked well-walled Ilios should I get me home; but now hath he planned cruel deceit, and biddeth me return inglorious to Argos, when I have lost much people. So, I ween, must be the good pleasure of Zeus supreme in might, who hath laid low the heads of many cities, [25] yea, and shall lay low; for his power is above all. Nay, come, even as I shall bid let us all obey: let us flee with our ships to our dear native land; for no more is there hope that we shall take broad-wayed Troy." So spake he, and they all became hushed in silence. [30] Long time were they silent in their grief, the sons of the Achaeans, but at length there spake among them Diomedes, good at the war-cry: "Son of Atreus, with thee first will I contend in thy folly, where it is meet, O king, even in the place of gathering: and be not thou anywise wroth thereat. My valour didst thou revile at the first amid the Danaans, [35] and saidst that I was no man of war but a weakling; and all this know the Achaeans both young and old. But as for thee, the son of crooked-counselling Cronos hath endowed thee in divided wise: with the sceptre hath he granted thee to be honoured above all, but valour he gave thee not, wherein is the greatest might. [40] Strange king, dost thou indeed deem that the sons of the Achaeans are thus unwarlike and weaklings as thou sayest? Nay, if thine own heart is eager to return, get thee gone; before thee lies the way, and thy ships stand beside the sea, all the many ships that followed thee from Mycenae. [45] Howbeit the other long-haired Achaeans will abide here until we have laid waste Troy. Nay, let them also flee in their ships to their dear native land; yet will we twain, Sthenelus and I, fight on, until we win the goal of Ilios; for with the aid of heaven are we come." [50] So spake he, and all the sons of the Achaeans shouted aloud, applauding the word of Diomedes, tamer of horses. Then uprose and spake among them the horseman Nestor: "Son of Tydeus, above all men art thou mighty in battle, [55] and in council art the best amid all those of thine own age. Not one of all the Achaeans will make light of what thou sayest neither gainsay it; yet hast thou not reached a final end of words. Moreover, thou art in sooth but young, thou mightest e'en be my son, my youngest born; yet thou givest prudent counsel to the princes of the Argives, seeing thou speakest according to right. [60] But come, I that avow me to be older than thou will speak forth and will declare the whole; neither shall any man scorn my words, no, not even lord Agamemnon. A clanless, lawless, hearthless man is he that loveth dread strife among his own folk. [65] Howbeit for this present let us yield to black night and make ready our supper; and let sentinels post themselves severally along the digged ditch without the wall. To the young men give I this charge; but thereafter do thou, son of Atreus, take the lead, for thou art most kingly. [70] Make thou a feast for the elders; this were but right and seemly for thee. Full are thy huts of wine that the ships of the Achaeans bring thee each day from Thrace, over the wide sea; all manner of entertainment hast thou at hand, seeing

thou art king over many. And when many are gathered together thou shalt follow him whoso shall devise [75] the wisest counsel. And sore need have all the Achaeans of counsel both good and prudent, seeing that foemen hard by the ships are kindling their many watchfires; what man could rejoice thereat? This night shall either bring to ruin or save our host.”