

Hom. II. 23, 122 – 179

Text Übersetzung:

And all the woodcutters bare logs; for so were they bidden of Meriones, squire of kindly Idomeneus. [125] Then down upon the shore they cast these, man after man, where Achilles planned a great barrow for Patroclus and for himself. But when on all sides they had cast down the measureless wood, they sate them down there and abode, all in one throng. And Achilles straightway bade the war-loving Myrmidons [130] gird them about with bronze, and yoke each man his horses to his car. And they arose and did on their armour and mounted their chariots, warriors and charioteers alike. In front fared the men in chariots, and thereafter followed a cloud of footmen, a host past counting and in the midst his comrades bare Patroclus. [135] And as with a garment they wholly covered the corpse with their hair that they shore off and cast thereon; and behind them goodly Achilles clasped the head, sorrowing the while; for peerless was the comrade whom he was speeding to the house of Hades. But when they were come to the place that Achilles had appointed unto them, they set down the dead, and swiftly heaped up for him abundant store of wood. [140] Then again swift-footed goodly Achilles took other counsel; he took his stand apart from the fire and shore off a golden lock, the rich growth whereof he had nursed for the river Spercheüs, and his heart mightily moved, he spake, with a look over the wine-dark sea: "Spercheüs, to no purpose did my father Peleus vow to thee [145] that when I had come home thither to my dear native land, I would shear my hair to thee and offer a holy hecatomb, and on the selfsame spot would sacrifice fifty rams, males without blemish, into thy waters, where is thy demesne and thy fragrant altar. So vowed that old man, but thou didst not fulfill for him his desire. [150] Now, therefore, seeing I go not home to my dear native land, I would fain give unto the warrior Patroclus this lock to fare with him." He spake and set the lock in the hands of his dear comrade, and in them all aroused the desire of lament. And now would the light of the sun have gone down upon their weeping, [155] had not Achilles drawn nigh to Agamemnon's side and said: "Son of Atreus—for to thy words as to those of none other will the host of the Achaeans give heed— of lamenting they may verily take their fill, but for this present disperse them from the pyre, and bid them make ready their meal; for all things here we to whom the dead is nearest and dearest will take due care; [160] and with us let the chieftains also abide." Then when the king of men Agamemnon heard this word, he forthwith dispersed the folk amid

the shapely ships, but they that were neareat and dearest to the dead abode there, and heaped up the wood, and made a pyre of an hundred feet this way and that, [165] and on the topmost part thereof they set the dead man, their hearts sorrow-laden. And many goodly sheep and many sleek kine of shambling gait they flayed and dressed before the pyre; and from them all great-souled Achilles gathered the fat, and enfolded the dead therein from head to foot, and about him heaped the flayed bodies. [170] And thereon he set two-handled jars of honey and oil, leaning them against the bier; and four horses with high arched neeks he cast swiftly upon the pyre, groaning aloud the while. Nine dogs had the prince, that fed beneath his table, and of these did Achilles cut the throats of twain, and cast them upon the pyre. [175] And twelve valiant sons of the great-souled Trojans slew he with the bronze—and grim was the work he purposed in his heart and thereto he set the iron might of fire, to range at large. Then he uttered a groan, and called on his dear comrade by name: “Hail, I bid thee, O Patroclus, even in the house of Hades [...] But at the hour when the star of morning goeth forth to herald light over the face of the earth—the star after which followeth saffron-robed Dawn and spreadeth over the sea—even then grew the burning faint, and the flame thereof died down. And the winds went back again to return to their home [230] over the Thracian sea, and it roared with surging flood. Then the son of Peleus withdrew apart from the burning pyre, and laid him down sore-wearied; and sweet sleep leapt upon him. But they that were with the son of Atreus gathered in a throng, and the noise and din of their oncoming aroused him; [235] and he sat upright and spake to them saying: “Son of Atreus, and ye other princes of the hosts of Achaea, first quench ye with flaming wine the burning pyre, even all whereon the might of the fire hath come, and thereafter let us gather the bones of Patroclus, Menoetius' son, singling them out well from the rest; [240] and easy they are to discern, for he lay in the midst of the pyre, while the others burned apart on the edges thereof, horses and men mingled together. Then let us place the bones in a golden urn wrapped in a double layer of fat until such time as I myself be hidden in Hades. [245] Howbeit no huge barrow do I bid you rear with toil for him, but such a one only as beseemeth; but in aftertime do ye Achaeans build it broad and high, ye that shall be left amid the benched ships when I am gone.” So spake he, and they hearkened to the swift-footed son of Peleus. [250] First they quenched with flaming wine the pyre, so far as the flame had come upon it, and the ash had settled deep; and with weeping they gathered up the white bones of their gentle comrade into a golden urn, and wrapped them in a double layer of fat, and placing the urn in the hut they covered it with a soft linen cloth. [255] Then they traced the compass of the barrow and set forth the foundations thereof round about the pyre, and forthwith they piled the up-piled earth. And when they had piled the barrow, they set them to go back again.