

Projekttitel: eManual Alte Geschichte  
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### Hom. Od. 22.34-88

#### Text Übersetzung:

(Übersetzung A. T. Murray)

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles answered them: “Ye dogs, ye thought that I should never more come home from the land of the Trojans, seeing that ye wasted my house, and lay with the maidservants by force, and while yet I lived covertly wooed my wife, having no fear of the gods, who hold broad heaven, nor of the indignation of men, that is to be hereafter. Now over you one and all have the cords of destruction been made fast.” So he spoke, and thereat pale fear seized them all, and each man gazed about to see how he might escape utter destruction; Eurymachus alone answered him, and said: “If thou art indeed Odysseus of Ithaca, come home again, this that thou sayest is just regarding all that the Achaeans have wrought—many deeds of wanton folly in thy halls and many in the field. But he now lies dead, who was to blame for all, even Antinous; for it was he who set on foot these deeds, not so much through desire or need of the marriage, but with another purpose, which the son of Cronos did not bring to pass for him, that in the land of settled Ithaca he might himself be king, and might lie in wait for thy son and slay him. But now he lies slain, as was his due, but do thou spare the people that are thine own; and we will hereafter go about the land and get thee recompense for all that has been drunk and eaten in thy halls, and will bring each man for himself in requital the worth of twenty oxen, and pay thee back in bronze and gold until thy heart be warmed; but till then no one could blame thee that thou art wroth.” Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles answered him: “Eurymachus, not even if you should give me in requital all that your fathers left you, even all that you now have, and should add other wealth thereto from whence ye might, not even so would I henceforth stay my hands from slaying until the wooers had paid the full price of all their transgression. Now it lies before you to fight in open fight, or to flee, if any man may avoid death and the fates; but many a one, methinks, shall not escape from utter destruction.” So he spoke, and their knees were loosened where they stood, and their hearts melted; and Eurymachus spoke among them again a second time: “Friends, for you see that this man will not stay his invincible hands, but now that he was got the polished bow and the quiver, will shoot from the smooth threshold until he slays us all, come, let us take thought of battle. Draw your swords, and hold the tables before you against the arrows that bring swift death, and let us all have at him in a body, in the hope that we may thrust him from the threshold and the doorway, and go throughout the city, and so the alarm be swiftly raised; then should this fellow soon have shot his last.” So saying, he drew his sharp sword of bronze, two-edged, and sprang upon Odysseus with a terrible cry, but at the same instant goodly Odysseus let fly an arrow, and struck him upon the breast beside the nipple, and fixed the swift shaft in his liver. And Eurymachus let the sword fall from his hand to the ground, and writhing over the table he bowed and fell, and spilt upon the floor the food and the two-handled cup. With his brow he beat the earth in agony of soul, and with both his feet he spurned and shook the chair, and a mist was shed over his eyes.