

Flies streaming, if perchance the neighbours round  
May see, and sail to help them in the war ;  
So from his head the splendour went to heaven.  
From wall to dyke he stept, he stood, nor join'd  
The Achæans—honouring his wise mother's word—  
There standing, shouted, and Pallas far away  
Call'd ; and a boundless panic shook the foe.  
For like the clear voice when a trumpet shrills,  
Blown by the fierce beleaguerers of a town,  
So rang the clear voice of Æakidês ;  
And when the brazen cry of Æakidês  
Was heard among the Trojans, all their hearts  
Were troubled, and the full-maned horses whirl'd  
The chariots backward, knowing griefs at hand ;  
And sheer-astounded were the charioteers  
To see the dread, unweariable fire  
That always o'er the great Peleion's head  
Burn'd, for the bright-eyed goddess made it burn.