

II—TO ACHILLES: GREATEST OF HEROES.

Upon the ensanguined field of Ilios
Achilles, soul of ancient chivalry!
Thou movedst—a god, majestic, swift and free,
And dealing dire destruction for the loss,
By Hector's spear, of thy loved Patroklos,
Thy comrade dear: in vain sent forth by thee
To take thy stead in arms, and ruthlessly
Hurl down Troy's heroes into the horrid jaws
Of gaping Hell. No lust of blood unbent
Thy god-like will; no vulgar sorrow rent
Thy soul. But widowed Love in mortalest pain
For high-souled Patroklos, untimely slain,
Did haste thee to avenge Troy's bloody deeds
When by thy hand the mighty Hector bleeds.