

Armies and Navies

Seminar 2

Alkaios

(Fr. 6)

This wave in turn, like the earlier one,
comes on, and it will give us much labor
to bail out once it enters the ship's . . .

[one line missing]

[two lines missing]

Let us strengthen the ship's sides as quickly as possible,
and make a run to a safe harbor;

and let no craven hesitation seize
any of us, for clear before us stands a great ordeal.

Remember our previous trouble;
now let every man prove himself reliable,

and let us not put to shame by cowardice
our noble fathers lying under the earth....

(Fr. 34)

Come to me here, leaving the island of Pelops,
you mighty sons of Zeus and Leda;
appear with kindly hearts, Kastor
and Polydeukes,

you who travel across the broad earth
and all the sea on swift-footed horses,
and easily rescue men from death's
deep chill,

springing upon the tops of well-benched ships,
shining afar as you run up the forestays,
in the threatening darkness bringing light
to the black ship. . .

(Fr. 70)

. . . making merry, the lyre takes part in
the drinking-party, feasting with
worthless charlatans....

But let *him*, kinsman by marriage to the Atreidai,
keep on devouring the city just as he did with Myrsilos,
until such time as Ares chooses to turn us
to our weapons. This present anger may we put from our minds,

and let us relax from this factional strife that eats our hearts,
this civil warfare which some one of the Olympians
stirred up among us, bringing the people into ruin,
but to Pittakos giving delightful glory....

Fr. 140)

The great house glitters
with bronze. The entire ceiling is decorated
with shining helmets, down
from which white plumes of horsehair
nod, the adornments of
men's heads. Greaves of bronze
conceal the pegs they hang on,
shining bright, a protection against strong arrows,
while corslets of new linen
and hollow shields lie thrown about.
Beside them are Chalkidian swords,
beside them are many belts and tunics.
These it has not been possible to forget,
since first we undertook this task of ours.

(Fr. 208a)

I cannot understand the strife of the winds;
from this side one wave rolls in,
from that side another, and we in the middle

are borne along together with our black ship,

suffering many hardships in the mighty storm.

The bilge water is over the masthold,

the entire sail lets light through now,

tattered to shreds as it is;

the halyards are slackening, the rudders . . .

[two lines missing]

. . . both my feet remain caught

in the ropes. This is what saves me,

this alone; but the cargo....

Sappho

(Fr. 16)

Some say a host of horsemen is the most beautiful thing

on the black earth, some say a host of foot-soldiers,

some, a fleet of ships; but I say it is

whatever one loves.

Wholly easy it is to make this intelligible

to everyone, for she who by far surpassed

all humankind in beauty, Helen,

forsook her husband,

noblest of men, to sail away to Troy;

neither of child nor of beloved parents

did she take thought at all, being led astray by . . .

[one line missing]

. . . for pliant . . .

. . . lightly . . .

. . . now has brought Anaktoria to my mind,

though she is absent:

I would rather see her lovely step

and the glancing brightness of her face

than Lydian chariots and foot soldiers

arrayed in armor.

Tyrtaios

This is the common good, for the *polis* and the whole *demos*, when a man
stands firm in the front ranks

Without flinching and puts disgraceful flight completely from his mind,
making his soul and spirit endure

And with his words encourages the man stationed next to him