Oinops Word Study, Selected Passages

Iliad Scroll I line 350
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So he spoke, and Patroklos obeyed his beloved companion. He led forth from the hut Briseis of the fair cheeks and gave her to be taken away; and they walked back beside the ships of the Achaians, and the woman all unwilling went with them still. But Achilleus weeping went and sat in sorrow apart from his companions beside the beach of the grey sea looking out on the wine-faced sea.

Many times stretching forth his hands he called on his mother: 'Since, my mother, you bore me to be a man with a short life, therefore Zeus of the loud thunder on Olympos should grant me honour at least. But now he has given me not even a little. Now the son of Atreus, powerful Agamemnon, has dishonoured me, since he has taken away my prize and keeps it.'
καὶ Τεγέην εἶχον καὶ Μαντινέην ἔρατεινή
Στύμφηλόν τε εἶχον καὶ Παρρασίην ἐνέμοντο,
tῶν ἦρα Ἀγκαίιοι παῖς κρείων Ἀγαπήνωρ
ἐξήκοντα νεών: πολέες δ’ ἐν νη ἐκάστῃ
Ἀρκάδες ἀνδρεῖς ἔβαïνον ἐπιστάμενοι πολεμίζειν
αὐτὸς γὰρ σφιν δῶκεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνονς
νῆς εὐσσέλους περάν ἐπὶ οἶνοπα πόντον
Ἀτρείδης, ἐπεὶ οὐ σφι θαλάσσια ἔργα μεμήλει. 610

And those that held Arcadia, under the high mountain of Cyllene, near the tomb of Aipytos, where the people fight hand to hand;
[605] the men of Pheneus also, and Orkhomenos rich in flocks; of Rhipai, Stratie, and bleak Enispe; of Tegea and fair Mantinea; of Stymphelos and Parrhasia; of these powerful King Agapenor son of Ankaios was commander,
[610] and they had sixty ships. Many Arcadians, good warriors, came in each one of them, but Agamemnon found them the ships in which to cross the wine-faced [oïnops] sea [pontos], for they were not a people that occupied their business upon the waters.

Iliad Scroll V line 771
Greek via Perseus:

He of the white arms did as he had said. She lashed her horses, and they flew forward nothing loath midway betwixt earth and sky.

English via CHS: http://chs.harvard.edu/wa/pageR?tn=ArticleWrapper&bdc=12&mn=5286
As far as a man can see when he looks out upon the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos] from some high beacon, so far can the loud-neighing horses of the gods spring at a single bound. When they reached Troy and the place where its two flowing streams Simoeis and Skamandros meet, there Hera of the white arms stayed them and took them from the chariot.

**Iliad Scroll VII line 88**


In like manner, if Apollo grant me glory and I slay your champion, I will strip him of his armor and take it to the city of Ilion, where I will hang it in the temple of far-striking Apollo, but I will give up his body, [85] that the Achaean may bury him at their ships, and then build him a tomb [sēma] by the wide waters of the Hellespont. Then will one say hereafter as he sails his ship over the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos], ‘This is the marker [sēma] of one who died long since [90] a champion who was slain by mighty Hector.’ Thus will one say, and my fame [kleos] shall not perish.”

**Iliad Scroll XIII line 703**


In like manner, if Apollo grant me glory and I slay your champion, I will strip him of his armor and take it to the city of Ilion, where I will hang it in the temple of far-striking Apollo, but I will give up his body, [85] that the Achaean may bury him at their ships, and then build him a tomb [sēma] by the wide waters of the Hellespont. Then will one say hereafter as he sails his ship over the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos], ‘This is the marker [sēma] of one who died long since [90] a champion who was slain by mighty Hector.’ Thus will one say, and my fame [kleos] shall not perish.”
πρυμνοὶσιν κεράεσσι πολὺς ἀνακηκίει ἱδρώς: 705
tω μὲν τε ζυγόν οἶον ἐξὸν ἀμφὶς ἐέργη
ιεμένω κατὰ ὅλακα: τέμει δὲ τε τέλον ἀρούρης:
ὡς τί παρβεβάωτε μάλ᾽ ἐστασαν ἀλλήλοιον.

English via CHS: http://chs.harvard.edu/wa/pageR?tn=ArticleWrapper&bdc=12&mn=5286

Swift Ajax son of Oïleus never for a moment left the side of Ajax son of Telamon, but as two wine-
faced [oinops] oxen [bous] both strain their utmost at the plow which they are drawing in a fallow field,
[705] and the sweat steams upwards from about the roots of their horns – nothing but the yoke divides
them as they break up the ground till they reach the end of the field – even so did the two Ajaxes stand
shoulder to shoulder by one another.

Iliad Scroll XXIII line 143
Greek via Perseus:

ocrates ὅψη ὠν θανὸν θὴ πήφραδ’ Ἀχιλλεύς
καθέσαν, αἴφα δὲ οἱ μενεικέα νήσου ὄλην.
ἐνθ’ αὔτ’ ἄλλ’ ἐνόση ποδάρκης διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς:
στὰς ἀπάνευθε πυρῆς ξανθὴν ἀπεκείρατο χαίτνην,
tὴν ῥὰ Σπερχειῶν ποταμῷ τρέφει τηλεθέωσαν:
ἀχθῆςας δ’ ἄρα εἶπεν ιδὼν ἐπὶ οἶνος πόντων: 140
Σπερχεῖ’ ἄλλως οὐ γε πατήρ ἡρῆσατο Πηλεύς
κεῖσε με νοστήσαταν φιλὴν ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν
σοὶ τε κόμην κερέειν ἐπέρευσιν θ’ ἱερὴν ἐκατόμβην,
πεντήκοντα δ’ ἐνορχὴ παρ’ αὐτόθι μηλ’ ἵεροῦσίν
ἐς πηγάς, δὴτι τοί τέμενος βωμὸς τε θυήεις.
ὡς ἱερᾶθ’ ο ἑρῶν, ὅποι δὲ οἱ νόν οὐκ ἐτέλεοσας.
νῦν δ’ ἐπέτε νῦν νέομαι γε φιλὴν ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν
Πατρόκλῳ ἣρωὶ κόμην ὀπάσαιμι φέρεσθαι.

When they came to the place of which Achilles had told them they laid the body down and built up the
wood.
[140] Radiant swift-footed Achilles then turned his thoughts to another matter. He went a space away
from the pyre, and cut off the yellow lock which he had let grow for the river Sperkheios. He looked all
sorrowfully out upon the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos], and said, “Sperkheios, in vain did my
father Peleus vow to you
[145] that when I returned home to my loved native land I should cut off this lock and offer you a holy hecatomb; fifty she-goats was I to sacrifice to you there at your springs, where is your grove and your altar fragrant with burnt-offerings. Thus did my father vow, but you have not fulfilled the thinking [noos] of his prayer; [150] now, therefore, that I shall see my home no more, I give this lock as a keepsake to the hero Patroklos."

**Iliad Scroll XXIII line 316**

The other drivers know less than you do, but their horses are fleeter; therefore, my dear son, see if you cannot hit upon some artifice [mētis] whereby you may insure that the prize shall not slip through your fingers. [315] The woodsman does more by skill [mētis] than by brute force [biē]; by skill [mētis] the helmsman guides his storm-tossed ship over the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos], and so by skill [mētis] one driver can beat another.

**Odyssey Scroll i line 183**

The woodsman does more by skill [mētis] than by brute force [biē]; by skill [mētis] the helmsman guides his storm-tossed ship over the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos], and so by skill [mētis] one driver can beat another.
And owl-vision Athena answered, “I will tell you truly and particularly all about it.

[180] I am Mentes, son of high-spirited Ankhiolos, and I am King of the oar-loving Taphians. I have come here with my ship and crew, on the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos] to men of a foreign tongue being bound for Temesa with a cargo of iron, and I shall bring back copper.

[185] As for my ship, it lies over yonder off the open country away from the town, in the harbor Rheithron under the wooded mountain Neriton. Our fathers were friends before us, as the old hero Laertes will tell you, if you will go and ask him. They say, however, that he never comes to town [190] now, and lives by himself in the country, faring hardly, with an old woman to look after him and get his dinner for him, when he comes in tired from pottering about his vineyard.

Odyssey Scroll ii line 421
Greek via Perseus:
With these words he led the way and the others followed after.

[415] When they had brought the things as he told them, dear [philos] son of Odysseus, Telemakhos went on board, Athena going before him and taking her seat in the stern of the vessel, while Telemakhos sat beside her. Then the men loosed the hawsers and took their places on the benches. [420] Owl-vision Athena sent them a fair wind from the West, that whistled over the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos]. Telemakhos told them to catch hold of the ropes and hoist sail, and they did as he told them. They set the mast in its socket in the cross plank, raised it, [425] and made it fast with the forestays; then they hoisted their white sails aloft with ropes of twisted ox-hide. As the sail bellied out with the wind, the ship flew through the deep blue water, and the foam hissed against her bows as she sped onward.

[430] Then they made all fast throughout the ship, filled the mixing-bowls to the brim, and made drink offerings to the immortal gods that are from everlasting, but more particularly to the owl-vision daughter of Zeus. Thus, then, the ship sped on her way through the watches of the night from dark till dawn.

**Odyssey Scroll iii line 286**

Apollo with his painless shafts killed Phrontis the steersman of Menelaos' ship (and never a man knew better how to handle a vessel in rough weather) so that he died then and there with the steering oar in his hand, and Menelaos, though very anxious to press forward, had to wait in order to bury his comrade and give him his due funeral rites. But when at last that one [Menelaos] was going across the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos], and had sailed on as far as the Malean headland, Zeus of the wide brows counseled evil against him and made it blow hard till the waves ran mountains high. Here he divided his fleet and took the one half towards Crete where the Cydonians dwell round about the waters of the river Iardanos. There is a high headland hereabouts stretching out into the sea from a place called Gortyn, and all along this part of the coast as far as Phaistos the sea runs high when there is a south wind blowing, but past Phaistos the coast is more protected, for a small headland can make a great shelter. Here this part of the fleet was driven on to the rocks and wrecked; but the crews just managed to save themselves.

As for the other five ships, they were taken by winds and seas to Egypt,
“You know that yourself, old man,” I answered.

[465] You will gain nothing by trying to put me off. It is because I have been kept so long in this island, and see no sign of my being able to get away. I am losing all heart; tell me, then, for you gods know everything, which of the immortals it is that is hindering me,

[470] and tell me also how I may sail the sea so as to have a homecoming [nostos]?” “Then,” he said, ‘if you would finish your voyage and get home quickly sailing over the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos], you must offer sacrifices to Zeus and to the rest of the gods before embarking;

[475] for it is decreed that you shall not get back to your friends, and to your own house, till you have returned to the sky-fed stream of Egypt, and offered holy hecatombs to the immortal gods that reign in the sky.

[480] When you have done this they will let you finish your voyage.’

*Odyssey Scroll v line 132*

Greek via Perseus:


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ἔνθ᾽ ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἀπέφθιθεν ἐσθλοὶ ἔταρα. τὸν δ᾽ ἄρα δεύρ᾽ ἄνεμος τε φέρων καὶ κύμα πέλασσε. τὸν μὲν ἔγω φίλεόν τε καὶ ἔτερον, ἠδὲ ἐφάσκον ἰησοῖν ἀθανάτου καὶ ἀγήραν ήματα πάντα. ἀλλ᾽ ἐπεί οὐ πως ἔστι Δίως νόν αἰγίχοιο οὕτω παρεξηλθεὶν ἀλλον θεὸν οὐθ᾽ ἀλλῶσαι, ἐρέτοι, εἴ μιν κεῖνος ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνόγει, πόντον ἐπ᾽ ἀτρύγετον: πέμψω δὲ μιν οὐ πη ἐγώ γε: οὐ γάρ μοι πάρα νής επήρεται καὶ ἑταῖροι, οὐ κέν μιν πέμποιεν ἐπ᾽ εὐρέα νύτα θαλάσσης. αὐτὰρ οί πρόφρων ὑποθῆσομαι, οὐδ᾽ ἐπικεύσω, ὡς κε μάλ᾽ ἀσκηθης ἢν πατρίδα γαίαν ἰκηται.‘

Kalypso, shining among divinities, trembled with rage when she heard this, “You gods,” she exclaimed, “ought to be ashamed of yourselves. You are always jealous and hate seeing a goddess take a fancy [120] to a mortal man, and live with him in open matrimony. So when rosy-fingered Dawn made love to Orion, you precious gods were all of you furious till Artemis went and killed him in Ortygia. [125] So again when Demeter of the lovely hair fell in love with Iasion, and yielded to him in a thrice plowed fallow field, Zeus came to hear of it before so long and killed Iasion with his thunder-bolts. And now you are angry with me too because [130] I have a man here. I found the poor creature sitting all alone astride of a keel, for Zeus had struck his ship with lightning and sunk it in the middle of the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos], so that all his crew were drowned, while he himself was driven by wind and waves on to my island. [135] I got fond of him and cherished him, and had set my heart on making him immortal, so that he should never grow old all his days; still I cannot cross aegis-bearing Zeus, nor bring his counsels [noos] to nothing; therefore, if he insists upon it, [140] let the man go beyond the seas again; but I cannot send him anywhere myself for I have neither ships nor men who can take him. Nevertheless I will readily give him such advice, in all good faith, as will be likely to bring him safely to his own country.”

Odyssey Scroll v line 221

Greek via Perseus:
“Goddess,” replied resourceful Odysseus, [215] “do not be angry with me about this. I am quite aware that my wife circumspect Penelope is nothing like so tall or so beautiful as yourself. She is only a woman, whereas you are an immortal. Nevertheless, I want to get home, [220] and can think of nothing else. If some god wrecks me when I am on the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos], I will bear it and make the best of it. I have had infinite trouble both by land and sea already, so let this go with the rest.” [225] Presently the sun set and it became dark, whereon the pair retired into the inner part of the cave and went to bed.

**Odyssey Scroll v line 349**

“My poor good man,” said she, “why is Poseidon the shaker of the earth so furiously angry with you? He is giving you a great deal of trouble, but for all his bluster he will not kill you. You seem to be a sensible person, do then as I bid you; strip, leave your raft to drive before the wind, and swim to the Phaeacian coast where better luck awaits you. And here, take my veil and put it round your chest; it is enchanted, and you can come to no harm so long as you wear it. As soon as you touch land take it off, throw it back as far as you can into the wine-faced sea, and then go away again.” With these words she took off her veil and gave it him. Then she dived down again like a sea-gull and vanished beneath the seething dark waters. But long-suffering great Odysseus did not know what to think.

Odyssey Scroll vi line 170

Greek via Perseus:

I never yet saw any one so beautiful, neither man nor woman, and am lost in admiration as I behold you. I can only compare you to a young palm tree which I saw when I was at Delos growing near the altar of Apollo – for I was there, too, with much people after me, when I was on that journey which has been the source of all my troubles. Never yet did such a young plant shoot out of the ground as that was, and I admired and wondered at it exactly as I now admire and wonder at yourself. I dare not clasp your knees, but I am in great distress [penthos];
yesterday made the twentieth day that I had been tossing about upon the \textit{wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos]}. The winds and waves have taken me all the way from the Ogygian island, and now a superhuman force [\textit{daimōn}] has flung me upon this coast that I may endure still further suffering; for I do not think that I have yet come to the end of it, but rather that the gods have still much evil in store for me.

\textbf{Odyssey Scroll vii line 250}

Greek via Perseus: 
τῇν δ᾽ ἀργαλέον, βασίλεια, δησικέως ἀγορέυσαι κήθε», ἐπεὶ μοι πολλὰ δόσαν θεοὶ Ὀυρανίωνες:
tοῦτο δὲ τοῖς ἐρέω δ᾽ ἀνέίρει, ἱδὲ μεταλλάς.
 quamὴ τις νῆδοι ἀπόπροθεν ἐνὶ ἄλι κεῖται:
ἐνθὰ μὲν Ἀτλαντος θυγάτηρ, δολόσασα Καλυψώ
ναίει ὑπλόκαμος, δεινῆς θεός: οὐδὲ τις αὐτῇ
μίσηται οὔτε θεών οὔτε θυτών ἀνθρώπων.
ἀλλ᾽ ἐμὲ τὸν δύστην ἐφέστιον ἡγαγεν ὁμίων
οἶν, ἐπεὶ μοι νήθ᾽ ἀγρίητε κεραυνοῖ.
Zeus ἐλασας ἐκέασσε μέῳ ἐνι οἶνοπι πόντῳ.
ἐνθ᾽ ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἀπέφθιθεν ἐσθλοὶ ἑταιροί,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τρόπιν ἀγκας ἐλών νεός ἀμφιλίσσης
ἐννήμαρον φερόμην: δεκάτη δὲ με νυκτὶ μελαίνη
νῆσον ἐς Ὀγυγίην πέλασαν θεοί, ἐνθὰ Καλυψώ
ναίει ὑπλόκαμος, δεινῆς θεός, ἢ με λαβώσα
ἐνυδακέως ἐφίλει τε καὶ ἐτρεφεν ἂδε ἐφασκε
θῆσεν ἀδάνατον καὶ ἀγήραν ἡματα πάντα:
ἀλλ᾽ ἐμὸν οὔ ποτε θυμον ἄλι στήθεσσιν ἐπειθεν.

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[240] And resourceful Odysseus answered, “It would be a long story, my Lady, were I to relate in full the tale of my misfortunes, for the hand of the gods has been laid heavy upon me; but as regards your question, there is an island far away in the sea which is called ‘the Ogygian’.

[245] Here dwells the cunning and powerful goddess Kalypsō, daughter of Atlas. She lives by herself far from all neighbors human or divine. A superhuman force [\textit{daimōn}], however, led me to her hearth all desolate and alone, for Zeus struck my ship with his thunderbolts,

[250] and broke it up in the middle of the \textit{wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos]}. My brave comrades were drowned every man of them, but I stuck to the keel and was carried here and there for the space of nine days, till at last during the darkness of the tenth night the gods brought me to the Ogygian island where the great goddess Kalypsō of ordered hair.
lives. She took me in and treated me with the utmost kindness; indeed she wanted to make me immortal that I might never grow old, but she could not persuade me to let her do so.

**Odyssey Scroll xii line 388**

Greek via Perseus:

 Olympia, ‘Hephaestus, Apollo, and the immortals, Zeus quoth, “I will have vengeance on the crew of Laertis’ son Odysseus’ ship: they have had the insolence to kill my cows, which were the one thing I loved to look upon, whether I was going up the sky or down again. If they do not square accounts with me about my cows, I will go down to Hadès and shine there among the dead.’ ”

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“Meanwhile Lampetie of the light robes went straight off to the sun and told him we had been killing his cows, whereon he flew into a great rage, and said to the immortals, ‘Father Zeus, and all you other gods who live in everlasting bliss, I must have vengeance on the crew of Laertes’ son Odysseus’ ship: they have had the insolence to kill my cows, which were the one thing I loved to look upon, whether I was going up the sky or down again. If they do not square accounts with me about my cows, I will go down to Hadès and shine there among the dead.’ ”

“Sun,” said Zeus, “go on shining upon us gods and upon humankind over the fruitful earth. I will shiver their ship into little pieces with a bolt of white lightning as soon as they get to the middle of the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos].” “I was told all this by fair-haired Kalypso, who said she had heard it from the mouth of Hermes.
Odyssey Scroll xiii line 32
Greek via Perseus:

τοῖσι δὲ βοῦν ίέρευσ’ ἱερὸν μένος ’Αλκινόοιο Ζηνὶ κελαινεφέι Κρονίδῃ, δὲ πᾶσιν ἀνάσσει. μὴρα δὲ κήαντες δαίνυντ’ ἐρικυδέα δαίτα τερπόμενοι: μετὰ δὲ οἰνὸν ἐμέλπετο θείος ἀοιδός, Δημόδοκος, λαοὶσι τετιμένος, αὐτάρ Ὀδυσσεύς πολλὰ πρὸς ἡλίουν κεφαλὴν τρέπε παμφανώντα, δῦναι ὑπειγόμενος: δὴ γὰρ μενέαν νέεθαι. ὡς δ’ ὅτ’ ἄνηρ δόρποιο λλαίται, ὦ τε πανῆμαρ νειὸν ἀν’ ἔλκητον βδε οἶνος πηκτὸν ἄροτρον: ἀσπαιωὶς δ’ ἄρα τῷ κατέδυ φῶς ἡλίῳ δόρπον ἑποίχεσθαι, βλάβεται δὲ τε γούνατ’ ἱόντι: ὡς Ὀδυσσῆ’ ἀσπαστὸν ἐδύ φῶς ἡλίῳ. αἰώρα δὲ Ψαμηκεσι φιληρέτμοισι μετήμαδα, ’Αλκινῶ δὲ μάλιστα πιφαυσκόμενος φάτο μύθον:

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Then they went to the house of Alkinoos, the hallowed prince, to get dinner, and he sacrificed a bull for them [25] in honor of Zeus, the dark-clouded son of Kronos, who is the lord of all. They set the meats to grill and made an excellent dinner, after which the inspired bard, Demodokos, who was a favorite with every one, sang to them; but Odysseus kept on turning his eyes towards [30] the sun, as though to hasten his setting, for he was longing to be on his way. As one who has been all day plowing a fallow field with a pair of wine-faced [oinops] oxen [bous] keeps thinking about his supper and is glad when night comes that he may go and get it, for it is all his legs can do to carry him,

[35] even so did Odysseus rejoice when the sun went down, and he at once said to the oar-loving Phaeacians, addressing himself more particularly to King Alkinoos, pre-eminent among all others:

Odyssey Scroll xix line 172
Greek via Perseus:

tὴν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς: ’ὢ γύναι αἰδοὶς Λαερτιάδεω Ὀδυσῆος, 165 σύκέτ’ ἀπολλήξεις τὸν ἐμὸν γόνον ἐξερέουσα;
Then resourceful Odysseus answered,
[165] "My Lady, wife of Odysseus, son of Laertes, since you persist in asking me about my family, I will answer, no matter what it costs me: people must expect to feel grief [akhos] when they have been exiles as long as I have,
[170] and suffered as much among as many peoples. Nevertheless, as regards your question I will tell you all you ask. There is a fair and fruitful island in the middle of the [pontos] called Crete; it is thickly peopled and there are nine cities in it:
[175] the people speak many different languages which overlap one another, for there are Achaeans, brave Eteocretans, Dorians of three-fold lineage, and noble Pelasgoi.

**Odyssey Scroll xix line 274**

Greek via Perseus:

τὴν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητς Ὀδυσσεύς:
‘ὦ γύναι αἰδεία Λαερτίαδε Ὅδυσσης,
μηκέτι νῦν χρόα καλὸν ἐναίρει, μηδὲ τι θυμὸν τήκε, πόσιν γοῦσσα. νεμεσσώμαι γε μὲν οὐδὲν:
καὶ γὰρ τὶς τ’ ἀλλοίων ὀδύρεται ἀνδρ’ ὀλέασα κουριδίον, τῷ τέκνα τέκη φιλότητι μιγέτσα,
Ἡ Ὅδυσση, ὃν φασι θεός ἐναλίγκιον εἶναι,
ἀλλὰ γόου μὲν παύσαι, ἐμεῖο δὲ σύνθεο μῦθον: νημερτέως γὰρ τοι μυθήσομαι οὐδ’ ἐπικεύσω ὡς ἢδη Ὅδυσσηος ἐγὼ περὶ νόστου ἄκουσα ἄχοι, θεσπρωτῶν ἀνδρῶν ἐν πίονι δῆµω, ζωοῦ: αὐτῶρ ἅγει κειμήλια πολλὰ καὶ ἑσθάλα αἰτίζων ἄνα δῆµον. ἀτάρ ἐρήμας ἐταίρους ἔλεε σε καὶ νῆα γλαφυρῆν ἐνὶ οἶνοπι πόντῳ,
Θρινακίς ἄπο νήσου ἰὼν: ὃδύσαντο γὰρ αὐτῷ
Ζεὺς τε καὶ Ἑλίκος: τοῦ γὰρ βόας ἐκταῖταίροι.

English via CHS: http://chs.harvard.edu/wa/pageR?tn=ArticleWrapper&bdc=12&mn=5287

Then resourceful Odysseus answered, “My Lady, wife of Odysseus, do not disfigure yourself further by grieving thus bitterly for your loss, though I can hardly blame you for doing so.

A woman who has loved her husband and borne him children, would naturally be grieved at losing him, even though he were a worse man than Odysseus, who they say was like a god. Still, cease your tears and listen to what I can tell. I will hide nothing from you, and can say with perfect truth that I have lately heard of Odysseus as being alive and on his way home [nostos]; he is in the district [dēmos] of the Thesprotians, and is bringing back much valuable treasure that he has begged from one and another of them; but his ship and all his crew were lost in the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos] as they were leaving the Thrinacian island, for Zeus and the sun-god were angry with him because his men had slaughtered the sun-god’s cattle, and they were all drowned to a man.

**Homeric Hymn (3) to Apollo, line 391**

Then Phoebus Apollo pondered in his heart what men he should bring in to be his ministers in sacrifice and to serve him in rocky Pytho. And while he considered this, he became aware of a swift ship upon the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos] in which were many men and goodly, Cretans from Cnossos, the city of Minos, they who do sacrifice to the prince and announce his decrees, whatsoever Phoebus Apollo, bearer of the golden blade, speaks in answer from his laurel tree below the dells of Parnassus.
**Homeric Hymn (7) to Dionysus, line 7**

Greek via Perseus:


ἀμφὶ Διώνυσον, Σεμέλης ἐρικυδέος ὑών, ἀμφὶ Διώνυσον, Σεμέλης ἐρικυδέος ὑών, μνήσομαι, ὡς ἐφάνη παρὰ θεῖ' ἀλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο μνήσομαι, ὡς ἐφάνη παρὰ θεῖ' ἀλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο ἀκτῇ ἐπὶ προβλήτη νενιή ἄνδρι ἐοικώς, ἀκτῇ ἐπὶ προβλήτη νενιή ἄνδρι ἐοικώς, πρωθήβη: καλαὶ δὲ περισσεόντο ἰθείραι, πρωθήβη: καλαὶ δὲ περισσεόντο ἰθείραι, κυάνεαι, φάρος δὲ περὶ στιβαροὶς ἔχεν ὁμοῖοι κυάνεαι, φάρος δὲ περὶ στιβαροὶς ἔχεν ὁμοῖοι πορφύρεον: τάχα δ᾽ ἄνδρες ἐπιπρόβλητοι ἐπὶ νῆς πορφύρεον: τάχα δ᾽ ἄνδρες ἐπιπρόβλητοι ἐπὶ νῆς λησται προγένοντο θοῦς ὁνὰ oἰνοπα πόντον, λησται προγένοντο θοῦς ὁνὰ oἰνοπα πόντον, Τυρσηνοὶ: τοὺς δ᾽ ἦγε κακὸς μόρος: οὐ δὲ ἰδόντες Τυρσηνοὶ: τοὺς δ᾽ ἦγε κακὸς μόρος: οὐ δὲ ἰδόντες νεῦσαν ἐς ἀλλήλους, τάχα δ᾽ ἐκθορον. νεῦσαν ἐς ἀλλήλους, τάχα δ᾽ ἐκθορον.

English via the Ancient Greek Hero in 24 Hours (H24H):

|1 About Dionysus son of most glorious Semele |2 my mind will connect, how it was that he made an appearance [phainesthai] by the shore of the barren sea |3 on a prominent headland, looking like a young man |4 at the beginning of adolescence. Beautiful were the locks of hair as they waved in the breeze surrounding him. |5 They were the color of deep blue. And a cloak he wore over his strong shoulders, |6 color of purple. Then, all of a sudden, men seen from a ship with fine benches |7 - men who were pirates - came into view, as they were sailing over the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos]. |8 They were Etruscans. And they were being driven along by a destiny that was bad for them. The moment they saw him [= Dionysus], |9 they gave each other a knowing nod, and the very next thing, they were ashore, jumping out of the ship.

**Works and Days, line 622**

Greek via Perseus:

εἴ δὲ σε ναυτιλίας δυσπεμφέλου νῆς ἀρεῖ, εἴ δὲ σε ναυτιλίας δυσπεμφέλου νῆς ἀρεῖ, εὔτ᾽ ἂν Πληιάδες οθένους ἄριστος ὁμοῖος εὔτ᾽ ἂν Πληιάδες οθένους ἄριστος ὁμοῖος φεύγουσι πίπτωσιν ἐς ἡροιδέα πόντον, φεύγουσι πίπτωσιν ἐς ἡροιδέα πόντον, δὴ τότε παντοίων ἀνέμων ἄκτῃ δὴ τότε παντοίων ἀνέμων ἄκτῃ: καὶ τότε μηκέτι νῆς ἔχειν ἐνὶ oἰνοπι πόντω, καὶ τότε μηκέτι νῆς ἔχειν ἐνὶ oἰνοπι πόντω, γῆν ἐργάζεσθαι μεμνημένος, ὡς σε κελεύω. γῆν ἐργάζεσθαι μεμνημένος, ὡς σε κελεύω. νῆ ἔπειρ᾽ ἒπείρου ἐρύσαι τε κελεύω. νῆ ἔπειρ᾽ ἒπείρου ἐρύσαι τε κελεύω. πάντοθεν, ὅπλα ἐπάρμεναι πάντα τε ἐγκάθεο οἰκῳ πάντοθεν, ὅπλα ἐπάρμεναι πάντα τε ἐγκάθεο οἰκῳ εὐκόσμως στολίσας νῆς πετρὰ ποντοπόροιο: εὐκόσμως στολίσας νῆς πετρὰ ποντοπόροιο: πηδάλιον δ᾽ ἐνεργεῖς ὑπὲρ καπνοῦ κρεμάσσοι. πηδάλιον δ᾽ ἐνεργεῖς ὑπὲρ καπνοῦ κρεμάσσοι.
αὐτὸς δ’ ὀραῖον μίμνειν πλόον, εἰςόκεν ἐλθῆς: καὶ τότε νῆα δοθήν ἄλαδ’ ἐλκέμεν, ἐν δὲ τε φόρτον ἁρμενὸν ἐντύνασθαι, ἵν’ οἰκαδε κέρδος ἀρηται, ὃς περ ἐμὸς τε πατὴρ καὶ σός, μέγα νήπιε Πέρση, πλωίζεσκ’ ἐν νησοὶ, βίου κεχρημένος ἐσθλοῦ: ὁς ποτε καὶ τῇ ὁδῇ ἠλθε, πολὺν δὰ πάντον ἀνύσας, 630
Κύμην Αἰολίδα προλιπὼν, ἐν νησὶ μελαῖνῃ: ὁς ποτε καὶ τῇ ὁδῇ ἠλθε, πολὺν δὰ πάντον ἀνύσας, ἐν νησὶ μελαῖνῃ:

English via CHS: http://chs.harvard.edu/wa/pageR?tn=ArticleWrapper&bdc=12&mn=5290

But let us suppose that the desire for stormy navigation seizes you, when the Pleiades, fleeing the strong and violent Orion, plunge into the misty pontos, and the blasts of winds of all kind rage. At this time you must not have ships sailing on the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos]. Instead, be mindful [memnēmenos] to work the land, as I bid you. Haul up your ship on dry land and pack it with stones all over, which will stand up to the power of the winds blowing their dampness. And pull out the plug of the bilge-drain; otherwise, the rain of Zeus will rot it [the ship].

Works and Days, line 817


eίνας δ’ ἡ μέσση ἐπὶ δεῖελα λὼῖον ἦμαρ, πρωτίστη δ’ εἰνας παναπήμων ἁνθρώποισιν: ἐσθλὴ μὲν γάρ θ’ ἢ γε φυτευέμεν ἧδε γενέσθαι ἀνέρι τ’ ἢδε γυναικί: καὶ οὕποτε πάγκακον ἦμαρ. 620

παῦροι δ’ αὕτε ἵσασι τρισεινάδα μηνὸς ἀρίστην ἀρξασθαί τε πίθου καὶ ἐπὶ ζυγὸν αὐχένι θείναι βουσί καὶ ἡμίόνοις καὶ ἱπποὺς χωρύδοςσι, νὴι πολυκλήιδα θοῦν εἰς οἶνοσα πόντον εἱρύμεναι: παῦροι δὲ τ’ ἀληθέα κικλῆσκουσιν. 815

τετράδι δ’ οἴγε πίθον: περὶ πάντων ιερὸν ἦμαρ μέσση: παῦροι δ’ αὕτε μετ’ εἰκάδα μηνὸς ἀρίστην ἰχὺς γιγνομένης: ἐπὶ δεῖελα δ’ ἐστὶ χερεῖνων. 820
The ninth of the mid-month is better when evening approaches. But the first ninth is the most painless for humans. It is good for conception and for being born for man and woman alike. It is never a completely bad day. Or again, few people know that the thrice-nine of the month is best for opening a wine-jar and for putting yokes on the necks of oxen, mules, and swift-footed horses, or for hauling a swift ship with many oars down to the wine-faced [oinops] sea [pontos]. Few give it its ἀλῆθὲς name.

Open your jar on the fourth. The fourth of the mid-month is the most holy of them all. Again, few do it [give it its true name]. I mean the after-twenty [the twenty-first], which is best when dawn comes. As evening approaches, it is less good.