

**From *The Iliad* (Book XII), transl. by Alexander Pope**

371 Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,  
372 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,  
373 Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,  
374 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,  
375 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,  
376 Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound?  
377 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,  
378 Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd?  
379 Unless great acts superior merit prove,  
380 And vindicate the bount'ous pow'rs above.  
381 'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;  
382 The first in valour, as the first in place.  
383 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands  
384 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,  
385 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,  
386 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate!  
387 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,  
388 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,  
389 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare  
390 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.  
391 But since, alas! ignoble age must come,  
392 Disease, and death's inexorable doom;  
393 The life which others pay, let us bestow,  
394 And give to fame what we to nature owe;  
395 Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,  
396 Or let us glory gain, or glory give!