

Martin Robertson

Two Songs of a Mercenary

from Archilochus

1

The spear is my rough wine, as it is my bread,
and even when I'm drinking my spear is ready.

2

My shield (not its fault) is making some tribesman's day,
picked from the bush in which I threw it away.
I didn't want to, but I saved my skin. Good-bye
that shield. I shall get one no worse quite easily.