[ὡς εἶπὼν πυλέων ἐξέσων το φαιδιμίος] Ἐκτωρ,
[τῷ δ' ἄμυ' Ἀλέξανδρος] κόι ἀδελφοῦς [ἐν [δ' ἁρα] θυμῷ
[ὡς δὲ θεοὶ ναύτησι]ν [ἐξελθομένοι]ν ἑβδοκεῖν
[ἐνθ' ἐλέτην δ μὲν ύιὸν] Ἀρ[η]θοῦσιον ἀνακ[τός]
[Ἀργη ναιτά]οντα Μενέσθησιον, δὺ κορυ[νή]την[ς]
[γείνα]τ' Ἀρηθοος καὶ Φι[λο]μένουσα βοώπις:
[Ἐκτωρ δ' Ἰηοῦνθα βάλ' ἔγχε]ε[ῖ ὁ] ξύσετι
[Γλαύκος δ' Ἰππολόχοιοι πά]ϊς Λυκίων ἀγο[ς ἀ]νθρῶν
[Ἰφινου]ν βάλε δουρὰ κατὰ θρητήν ὑ[σμίν]ὴν
[Ἰλιον εἰς ἱερὴν: τῇ δ' ἄν]τιος δ[ρ]υν[τ'] Ἀπόλλων]
[Περγάμου ἐκκατιδῶν], Ἰ[ρ]ώμεσι δ[ε] βοῦ]λετο] νίκην:
[ἀλλήλοιοι δὲ τῷ γε συναντέσθην παρὰ φι]γω[.]
[τὴν πρότερος προσεειπεν ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων:]
[τίπτε σὺ δ' αὐ] μένας Ἄρτος θυγατερ] μεγάλοιο]
[ἡλθε]ς ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιοι, μέ[γας δὲ σ]ἑ[θυμ]ός ἀνήκεν;
[ἡ] να δὴ Δαυνοῦ]σι μά[χης ἐτεραλκέα νίκην]
[δό ϑ' ἐπεὶ οὐ τῷ Τρω][ACES ἀπολλυμένους ἐξειρείς.]
[ἄλλο εἴ' μοι τῷ πίθοιοι τῷ κεν πολὺ κέρδιον εἴτη:]
1 -στιν is not the predominant ending in most Homeric manuscripts. but rather just -στι
2 The text often varies at this point between λῦσε and λῦντο.
(Translation)

Thus speaking, glorious Hector rushed forth from the gates, and with him was his brother Alexander: in their heart(s) both were eager to wage war and engage in battle. Just as a god gives wind to longing sailors, when they have grown weary from beating the sea with polished fir oars, and their limbs are worn out with weariness, even so they appeared to the longing Trojans. Then one (of the two) killed the son of king Areithous, Menesthius, who lived in Arne, who was born of mace-wielding Areithous and ox-eyed Phylomedusa.

But Hector struck Eioneus with his sharp spear on the neck under his well-wrought bronze helmet, and he let loose his limbs. And Glaucus, the son of Hippolochus, leader of the Lycian people, struck with his spear in the fierce conflict at Iphinous son of Dexios, laying him upon his swift mares, (struck him) on his shoulder. He fell from the horses to the ground, and his limbs were let loose. But the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, noticed them killing the Argives in the fierce conflict, she began to race, darting down from the peaks of Olympus to sacred Illios. And Apollo rushed forth to meet her,
looking down from out of Pergamus, but he wanted victory for the Trojans.
They met with each other by the oak-tree.
Then to her the lord Apollo, son of Zeus, spoke first:
“Why have you come so eagerly from Olympus, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus,
why has your great heart compelled you?
Is it that you are inclined to give the victory of battle to the Danaans,
since you do not pity the Trojans who are perishing.
But if you might obey me, it would be better by far,
let us now stop the war and the day's fighting.
Thereafter they will fight, until one (side) wins the goal of Illios,
since it seemed pleasing to the heart of you immortal goddesses,
to lay waste to the city.”
To him the goddess flashing-eyed Athene replied:
'Let it be, worker from afar. Considering these things
I myself come from Olympus to the midst of the Trojans and Achaeans.

Additional notes on front:
There appears to be a scribble on the right side that reads: λυτομ (meaning unknown). This might be an overflow of names from the reverse.