

My blameless friend. Nor did I silent keep
When maddened sore, but spoke myself avenger,
If but some lucky chance would take me back,
If, victor, I should e'er return to Greece
My fatherland. And so with such like threats
I kindled soon a hate the most intense:
Thus fell the final stain of ill on me:
Hence was 't Ulysses sought from time to time
To frighten me with fresh recriminations,
Reports of dubious import spread abroad,
Till openly obnoxious, he a quarrel sought.
Nor did he cease till Calchas helping him—
But why need I unpleasant things narrate
Like these, forsooth in vain? why linger thus?
If all the Greeks you reckon of a kind
This is enough to hear,—for this Ulysses prays,
This shall the sons of Atreus rich reward.'
Then of a truth we long to know and learn
The causes, ignorant of wickedness
Like this and Grecian guile. All trembling still,
He thus proceeds and speaks with purpose feigned:
'The Greeks, awearied with protracted war,
Did often have desire to take their flight,
To sail away, with Troy left far behind.
Would that they had! Yet oft a bois'trous storm
At sea them hindered, while the south-west wind
Them terrified at times when setting forth.
Indeed, when, built of maple beams, this horse
Arose, the clouds made noise o'er all the sky.
In deep suspense, we send Eurypylus,
The oracle of Phœbus to consult,
And from the shrine he brought these sorrow-words:
'With blood, and with a virgin sacrificed,
The winds you did appease, when first, as Greeks,
You came to Trojan shores: with blood, return
In safety must be sought, with life of Greek