

(Horace, Odes, Book 1. Ode 14.)

While o'er the Ocean in Idaean ships
Paris the shepherd treacherously bare
His hostess Helen, the swift winds were hushed
In unaccustomed calm, to hear the song
Of Nereus, prophesying cruel fates:
 "Evilly dost thou lead
 One to thy father's home
Whom Greece shall seek with a mighty host
 Over the wide sea-foam;
Banded together to break
 The marriage-bonds in twain,
And overthrow the renown
 Of Priam's ancient reign.
"Ah, woe is me! What a strife I see
 Of hero, what sweat of steed!
How great a destruction dost thou bring
 Upon old Dardanus' seed!
Pallas, Pallas e'en now
 Makes ready her helmet and spear,
Prepares her car and her wrath.
 In vain, though thou be dear
To Venus, and trust in her care,
Shalt thou comb thy shining hair,
And on the unwarlike lyre with women
 Harmonious burden bear.".....