

All dazed I took up arms, though why to arms  
I ran, sufficient reason there was none :  
Excitement longs to see the crowd in arms  
And with its allies seek the citadel ;  
For rage and fury drive the will extreme  
Till glorious 'tis felt to die in arms.  
But why detail the night's catastrophe  
Or mortal loss ? Can these our tears the toils  
Atone ? The poor old city soon in ruin lies,—  
The town supreme in power, so many years ;  
And here and there are strewn along the streets  
The listless dead, as in our very homes  
And temple-porches sacred to the gods.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Alas ! the day of all, the last, has come,  
The inevitable time to us of Troy,  
Thus perish Trojans, perish Troy, for Jove  
Transfers to Argos all ; our foes, the Greeks,  
Have made them masters of the burning town.

