

Intense, both heaven and earth and Grecian craft.
The Trojans scattered o'er the town are hushed :
Deep sleep hath fallen on their wearied limbs.
And now the Grecian bands, with ships in line,
From Tenedos set out, by friendly chance
Of moonlight quiet, and seek the well-known shores.
When signal-lights the royal deck sent forth,
Then Sinon, screened by will of god estranged,
In secret draws the wooden bolts, and frees
The Greeks that lay within. Thus opened wide,
The horse returned its burdens to the air,
Who, joyful, issued from their hiding-place
And seized the town o'ercome with sleep and wine.
They slay the sentinels: and when the gates
Are open thrown, they usher in their friends
And marshal them as bands that duty know.

And soon the city's filled with varied woe,
And more and more (although my father's house
Secluded stands apart begirt with trees)
The sounds grow clear and war-alarms draw nigh.
From sleep I rouse, and with a bound I climb
The upmost roof, and stand with ears intent.
And just as when descends the lightning's flash
On harvest field, while fiercely blows the wind,
Or as the rapid torrent of a mountain stream
Lays waste the farmlands rich with ripening grain,
The toil of beeves, and headlong falls the trees,
And as the shepherd ignorant till then,
Stands speechless, listening from some vantage peak,
So then was manifest our faith betrayed.
And Grecian strategy exposed to light.
The spacious palace of Deiphobus
Now falls to ruin in the whelming flames ;
Then burns Ucalegon's near by, and far
Away Sigeum's cape the glare reflects.
The shouts of men arise, the shouts of crowds :