

From such with grief, my tale I shall begin.
Worn out with war and kept in check by fate,
Through lapse of many years, the Grecian chiefs,
By art divine of Pallas, build a horse
Of wondrous size, and line its curving sides
With planks of fir. 'Tis thus they simulate
A votive offering for their safe return,
And spread its fame abroad; while secretly
Within its hidden sides they enclose a band
Of men detached by lot, and, far within,
Its hollows wide they stow with soldiery.

There is in sight the island Tenedos,
Most widely known by fame and ripe with wealth,
While yet the sway of Priam held its own,—
Now but a bay and treacherous ground for ships,—
And hither come, 'twas here they hid themselves
Along the desert shore. We thought them gone,
With favouring wind bound homeward for Mycenæ.
And thus it was, all Troy from woe prolonged
Was freed. The gates are open thrown: 'tis joy
To pass without, to explore the Grecian camp,
The sites forsaken and the abandoned shore:
Here pitched their tents erewhile the Dolepian bands,
Here fierce Achilles his; here for the fleet
Was place of anchorage, here was it where
The lines were wont to exercise. The gift
To chaste Minerva, alas! so full of woe,
Some stand amazed to see, and marvelling scan
Its wondrous size. And first, perchance from craft,
Or else because the fates had so decreed,
Thymoetes urges that, within the walls
It should be led and stationed in the citadel.
But Capys then, and those whose souls possessed
A better judgment, bid us headlong throw
Such snares of Grecian guile and doubtful gifts
Into the sea, and burn the wreck with flames