

And on King Priam's realm (which may the gods
 Rather divert upon the thing itself),
 But if within your town with these your hands
 It should ascend, then of its own accord,
 All Asia shall come against the walls
 Of Greece with hostile force, and thus the fates
 Shall fall in time upon our offspring's race."

With snares like these, and artifice
 Of Sinon perjurer, the thing's believed:
 O'ercome by craft, and thus compelled by tears
 Are those whom Diomedes could not subdue,
 Nor ev'n Achilles, Larissæan chief,
 Nor full ten years, nor yet a thousand ships.

* * * * *

We lower the walls and entrance freely give
 Between the towers. All gird them to the work,
 And underneath the horse for feet they give
 The gliding ease of wheels, and from its neck
 Stretch hempen cords. Then past the walls
 The fatal structure enters, filled with arms.
 Young men around and maidens chant their hymns,
 And deem it joy to take the cord in hand.
 So does it move, and fort-ward threatening glides.
 O fatherland! O Troy the home of gods,
 O city of the Trojans famed in war!
 Four times upon the threshold of the gate
 It paused; four times it gave the sound of arms.
 Yet stand we helpless, blind from folly's craze,
 And place the potent monster, full of woe,
 Within the citadel, sacred-safe.
 Then else Cassandra utters prophecy,
 That by decree divine, is ne'er believed,
 While we, alas! for whom that day's the last,
 Festoon with flowers the temples of the gods.

Meanwhile the sky is changed, and night descends
 Upon the deep, beshringing with its shades