

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 Diomedé could not subdue,  
 Nor ev'n Achilles, Larissæan chief,  
 Nor full ten years, nor yet a thousand ships.

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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, smitten 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 perilous 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, overshrouding with its shades