

Devise against thee thus so many wrongs,  
That thou, so unrelenting, shouldst desire  
To overturn the well-built city Troy ?  
Methinks if thou shouldst pass within the gates  
And lofty walls, and Priam and his sons  
Devour alive, then possibly thy rage  
Wouldst thou appease. Continue as you wish,  
Lest this contention be between us two  
A strife prolonged for both. But let me say,  
And lay it to your heart, should ever I,  
Inclined, desire to strike a town where men  
Endeared to thee have had their birth, think not  
To curb my rage, but let me have my will.  
Though freely thus I grant thy wish, my soul  
Unwilling is ; for of the towns, beneath  
The sun and starry frame, where dwell the sons  
Of earth-born men, this Troy of sacred fame  
Retains the honored place within my heart,  
As even Priam does and all his kin ;  
For never there my altar banquet lacked,  
Libation, or sweet savour—honour ours.”

Him answered then stern Juno much revered :—

“To me by far there are three cities dear—  
My Argos, Sparta, and Mycenæ, built  
With wide-paved streets. These strike, whene’er they stir  
Thy soul to hate. For them I stand not forth,  
Nor grudge them thee, since should I them refuse,  
Nor suffer thee them utterly destroy,  
My grudging would of no avail be found,  
Since thou of us by far the strongest art.  
Yet it is meet my toil should not be lost,  
For I a goddess am, my origin the same  
As thine : the wily Saturn me begat,  
Revered by most for reasons twain—my birth,  
And that I have been called thy spouse.  
’Tis true o’er all immortals thou hast sway ;  
So let us these concede, even I to thee  
As thou to me, and then the other gods  
Immortal will consent. Do thou at once  
Minerva bid the dreadful battle din  
Of Greeks and Trojans join, and in a way  
Contrive that first the Trojans may begin,  
Despite the truce, to wound the bravest Greeks.”

Thus Juno spoke ; nor disobedient was  
The sire of gods and men, but forthwith he