

If any such there be, I thee beseech  
To sympathize with hardships such as these,  
Have pity on a soul that's pressed unworthily.

O'ercome with tears like these, we grant him life,  
And willingly compassion on him take;  
And Priam first of all an order gives  
To unloose the wretch's manacles and bonds,  
And thus with friendly words addresses him:  
'Who'er thou art, the Greeks, now gone, forget;  
Thou wilt be ours, and to me asking thee  
Repeat the truth:—Why have they reared this mass,  
This mighty horse? Who was its architect?  
What seek they, or what rite do they observe?  
Or what machine of war is it?' He asked.

Well trained in craft and Grecian guile, he raised  
His hands, now free from chains, towards the stars:  
'O ye eternal fires, your will divine,  
Inviolatè, I call to bear me out,' he cries;  
'Ye altars of the impious and weapons foul  
Which now I flee, ye fillets of the gods  
Which, as a victim, I have lately borne,—  
'Tis lawful now that I reveal things sworn  
And sacred of the Greeks; 'tis right to hate  
Such men, and publish all abroad whate'er  
They seek to hide, since now I'm not restrained  
By any laws of theirs or fatherland;  
Do only thou hold fast thy promises  
And keep good faith, when Troy hath been preserved;  
So shall I speak the truth, and rich thee recompense.

'All Grecian hope, and faith in war declared  
Had ever ground in fair Minerva's aid;  
But from the time when impious Diomedè  
And dread Ulysses, working ever ill,  
Had underta'en to steal from sacred shrine  
The ominous Palladium,—they, having slain  
The guards of the Acropolis, had dared