

Translation A David West (Penguin) 1991

We breached the walls and laid open the buildings of our city. They all buckled to the task, setting wheels to roll beneath the horse's feet and stretching ropes of flax to its neck. The engine of Fate mounted our walls, teeming with armed men. Unmarried girls and boys sang their hymns around it and rejoiced to have a hand on the rope. On it came, gliding smoothly, looking down on the heart of the city. O my native land! O Ilium, home of the gods! O walls of the people of Dardanus, famous in war!