

***Translation C* Trans by John Dryden, 1697**

A spacious breach is made, the town lies bare.  
Some hoisting levers, some the wheels prepare  
And fasten to the horse's feet; the rest  
With cables haul along the unwieldy beast;  
Each on his fellow for assistance calls.  
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,  
Big with destruction. Boys, with chaplets crowned,  
And choirs of virgins sing and dance around.  
Thus raised aloft and then descending down,  
It enters o'er our heads and threatens the town.  
O sacred city, built by hands divine!  
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!