

***Translation D* Trans by Frank Richards, 1928**

We breach our walls and break our town's defence;
All strain to lift the feet on gliding wheels
And strap our hempen fastenings round the neck.
Teeming with armed men, through the wall it mounts,
Engine of fate. Unwedded girls and boys
Chant round it, holding with glad hands the rope:
On moves its menace to the city's heart.
Ah, my own Ilium, ah, the walls of Troy,
War-famed, home of our gods!