

Vertitur interea caelum		Meanwhile the sky revolves
et ruit Oceano nox	250	and the night rushes from the ocean
involuens <b>umbra magna</b> terramque polumque Myrmidonumque dolos;		wrapping the earth and the sky and the tricks of the Greeks <b>in a great shadow</b> ;
fusi per moenia Teucri conticuere;		pouring out through the walls the Trojans become silent;
sopor fessos complectitur artus.		sleep embraces the tired limbs.
et iam		And now,
Argiva phalanx <b>instructis nauibus</b> ibat		the Greek phalanx is going <b>with their ships having been drawn up</b>
a Tenedo tacitae per amica		from Tenedos through the friendly silence
silentia lunae	255	in the silent moonlight
litora nota petens,		heading for familiar shores,
flammas cum regia puppibus extulerat,		when the royal ship had raised up the flames.
fatisque deum defensus iniquis		And having been defended by the unfair fates of the gods,
inclusos utero Danaos et <b>pineam furtim</b> laxat <b>claustra</b> Sinon.		Sinon <b>stealthily</b> releases the Greeks shut in the belly and <b>the pine barrier</b> .
illos patefactus ad auras reddit equus		The horse having been opened gives them back to the air
laetique cavo se robore promunt	260	and happy they bring themselves forth with hollow strength
Thessandrus Sthenelusque duces et dirus Ulixes,		and the leaders Thessandrus and Sthenelus and dreadful Ulixes,
demissum lapsi per funem,		having slipped through the loosened rope,

Acamasque Thoasque Pelidesque Neoptolemus  
primusque Machaon et Menelaus

et ipse doli fabricator Epeos.

inuadunt urbem somno uinoque sepultam;

caeduntur vigiles,

portisque patentibus omnis

accipiunt socios

atque agmina conscia iungunt.

Tempus erat

quo prima quies mortalibus aegris  
incipit

et dono divum gratissima serpit.

in somnis,

ecce, ante oculos

maestissimus Hector 270

uisus adesse mihi

largosque effundere fletus,

raptatus bigis ut quondam,

aterque cruento puluere

perque pedes traiectus lora tumentis.

ei mihi, qualis erat,

quantum mutatus

ab illo Hectore qui redit exuuias indutus  
Achilli 275

and Acamas and Thoas and Pelides and Neoptolemus  
and noble Machaon and Menelaus

and the constructor of the ruse himself Epeos.

265 They invade the city buried in sleep and wine;

The guards are killed,

and with all the gates having been opened

they accept all their companions

and unite the confederate battle lines.

It was time

when first rest began for the weary mortals

and very welcome creeps up as a gift of the gods.

In sleep,

behold, before my eyes,

a very mournful Hector

who seemed to appear to me

and to pour forth copious tears

as once dragged by two horsed chariots,

and black with bloody dust

and having been pierced by a rope through his swollen  
feet.

Alas to me, how he was,

how much changed

from that Hector who returned wearing the armor of  
Achilles

uel Danaum Phrygios iaculatus puppibus ignis!

squalentem barbam

et concretos sanguine crinis

uulneraque illa gerens,

quae circum plurima muros accepit patrios.

ultra flens ipse uidebar compellare virum

et maestus expromere uoces: 280

'o lux Dardaniae,

spes o fidissima Teucrum,

quae tantae tenere morae?

quibus Hector ab oris expectate venis?

ut te post multa tuorum funera,

post varios hominumque urbisque labores  
defessi aspiciamus!

quae causa indigna serenos 285  
foedauit uultus?

Aut cur haec uulnera cerno?

or who having hurled Phrygian flames on the ships of  
the Greeks.

Wearing a filthy beard

and hair matted with blood

and those wounds

which very many he received around his ancestral  
walls.

Weeping further I myself seem to address the man

and to express sad words.

“Oh light of Troy,

Oh most faithful hope of the Trojans,

what such delays hold you?

From which shore do you come, awaited Hector?

How gladly, we see you weary after many disasters,  
after labors of your people and city!

Which undeserved cause defiled your serene face?

Or why do I discern these wounds?”

ille nihil,  
 nec me quaerentem uana moratur,  
 sed grauius gemitus imo de pectore ducens,  
 'heu fuge, nate dea,  
 teque his' ait 'eripe flammis.  
 hostis habet muros;  
 ruit alto a culmine Troia.           290  
 sat patriae Priamoque datum:  
 si Pergama dextra defendi possent,  
 etiam hac defensa fuissent.  
 sacra suosque tibi commendat Troia penatis;  
 hos cape fatorum comites,  
 his moenia quaere magna  
 pererrato statues quae  
 denique ponto.'                   295

He says nothing,  
 nor does he delay me seeking vain things,  
 but groaning seriously from his deepest heart **he says**,  
 "Alas, Goddess born, flee,  
 and snatch yourself from these flames.  
 Enemies have the walls;  
 Troy rushes from its high peak.  
 Enough was given to your country and to Priam;  
 if the citadel of Troy were able to be defiled by your  
 right hand,  
 indeed it would have been defended by this one.  
 Troy entrusts its household gods and its sacred things  
 to you.  
 Take these companions of your tale,  
 seek out the great walls with these (household gods)  
 which you will set up  
 at last all of the sea **has been traversed**.