

Tryphiodorus — The Destruction of Troy

translated by J.
Merrick, 1739

How conqu'ring *Greece*, by *Heav'n's*
assisting care,
Form'd the tall Steed, and clos'd the
ling'ring War,
While on my mind the bright Ideas play,
While my Breast glows impatient of
delay,

Begin *Calliope*, inspire my Tongue,
Paint the dire Scene, and raise the
tuneful Song.

Ten years had *Greece*, and *Ilion*'s
warlike bands

With mutual slaughter bath'd the
Phrygian sands,

While oft as *Mars* had swerv'd from
side to side,

The vanquish'd triumph'd, and the
Victors died.

Vain were the wounds they gave, the
toils they bore,

Till tir'd at length, and gorg'd with
hostile gore,

No more the Spears sustain'd the
Warriour's strides,

No more the falchions threaten'd by their

sides:

Loose from each breast the sounding
cors'let hung,
Their shields no more with hollow
murmurs rung,
Useless their arrows, and their bows
unstrung.

Fast by the manger stands th' unactive
Steed,
And, sunk in sorrow, hangs his languid
head,
He stands, and, careless of the golden
grain,
Weeps his Associates, and his Master
slain.

Eternal slumbers close *Pelides'* eyes,
While by his side his lov'd *Patroclus*
lies;

By his own hand the frantick *Ajax* bled,
And *Nestor's* Son was number'd with
the dead.

Proud *Troy* in tears bewail'd her *Hector*
slain,

And dragg'd in triumph o'er his native
plain.

Nor flow'd her sorrows for herself
alone,

A foreign grief was added to her own,
Tear answer'd tear, and groan
succeeded groan.

To *Troy* *Jove's* Son, divine *Sarpedon*,
came,

By deathless deeds to win immortal
fame.

At him *Patroclus* launch'd the fatal dart,
The well-aim'd jav'lin pierc'd the

Hero's heart.

Him *Troy's* Auxiliars, *Lycia's* Sons,
deplor'd,

While hardy *Thrace* bemoan'd her
murder'd Lord;

Ill-fated *Rhesus*, slain by fraudulent pow'r
Amidst the Slumbers of the silent hour.

Aurora, breathless as her *Memnon*
lay,
Held from it's wonted course the rising
Day;

Her rosy Beams in thickest Night she
shrouds,

And hides her tears within a Veil of
Clouds.

The warlike *Amazons*, a pensive
Train,

(Bred where *Thermodon* laves the

Scythian plain)

While lost in anguish on their Spears
they lean,

Strike their fear'd breasts, and mourn
their martial Queen.

E'er death untimely seiz'd the
conqu'ring Maid,

She fought, and *Ilion* gloried in her aid.

Not clouds of Heroes could her force
withstand,

But fled reluctant from a female hand:

Till Fate at length to stern *Pelides* gave

Her glitt'ring Spoils, and doom'd her to
the grave.

Yet still unshaken *Troy's* foundations
stand,

Still brave the fury of the hostile Band.

The baffled *Greeks* pursue the Fight

no more,
But pant in secret for their native shore:
Ev'n then their Ships had plough'd the
wat'ry main,
And *Jove's* great Daughter lent her aid
in vain,
Had not the *Trojan* Seer, incens'd, to
shun
His Brother's nuptials, left the hated
town:
Fir'd with his wrongs, from *Ilion's*
walls he fled,
And *Menelaus* accepts the Prophet's
aid;
Pleas'd while he tells, "A time shall yet
be found,
"When *Troy's* high Tow'rs shall totter to
the ground."

So spoke the Sage; th' applauding
Greeks prepare
At one decisive stroke to end the War.
Studious to crown their Hopes, and
share their toil,
Thy Son, *Pelides*, from the *Scyrian* Isle,
Hastes to their aid; e'er yet the down
began
To shade his youthful cheeks, and
promise man:
Yet wond'ring Hosts his martial flame
admire,
Pleas'd in the Son to trace the godlike
Sire.

Eager he burns the sacred shrine t'
invade,
Where stood the Statue of the blue-eyed
maid;

That *Greece* might thence the wish'd for
prize enjoy,
The Gift of *Pallas*, and the Guard of
Troy.

Epeus now, by heav'nly counsel led,
Rears the vast fabrick of the *Trojan*
Steed.

By *Pallas* taught, the wond'rous task he
plies,
And bids the dire destructive Engine
rise.

His hands the timber for the work
supply'd,
From the tall forests of the fountful *Ide*.
From these, when *Paris* sought the
Spartan Fair,
The Trees were fell'd by *Phereclus*'s
care,

To raise the guilty fleet, the source of all
the war.

With just proportion ev'ry part to joyn,
It's bulk he measures by the rule and
line;

Like some large Ship, in caverns deep
and wide,

He forms the womb, and scoops it's
ample side.

Then bids the Breast his arching Neck
sustain,

While from his Head descends the
purple Mane;

The purple Mane, bedrop'd with liquid
gold,

Floats o'er his arching Neck in wavy
ringlets roll'd.

To grace the front two various gems

conspire,
And from his eyelids flash the vivid fire;
There flaming Amethysts their light
display,
And sparkling Beryls form the visual
ray.

The silver Teeth in even rows were set,
And champ'd, or seem'd to champ, the
golden Bit.

His hollow'd Throat was form'd with
artful care,

To yield a passage for th' imprison'd
Air:

While from the Caverns of the wide
abode

The smoaky nostrils breath'd a living
cloud.

His Ears erect upon his Temples stand,

Eager to catch the Trumpet's shrill
command.

The flexile Bone his ample Back
divides,

And the large Chest expands it's
cavern'd sides.

His flowing train depends with artful
twine,

Like the long tendrils of the curling Vine.

Scarce did the Feet, (so light they
seem'd to stand)

Or touch the Ground, or press the
yielding Sand.

Though firm they stood, and void of vital
flame,

Nor added motion to the finish'd frame,

Eager they seem'd, to form the rapid
chace,

Or whirl the Chariot o'er the dusty race.
To deck each hoof, and grace the
Artist's skill,
The clouded Tortoise yields her
polish'd shell.
Through the wide gate an ample passage
lay,
To the dark Cells the Warriors to
convey,
Or from it's sides th' imprison'd crouds
to pour,
And lodge the Chiefs in *Iliion*'s destin'd
tow'r.
While from it's womb a ladder, fix'd
within,
Descends to guide them to the tall
Machine.
The purple reins the labour'd Structure

grace,
Enrich'd with Elephant and shining
Brass.

At length the Artist view'd the work
complete,
Then fix'd the Wheels beneath the
Monster's feet:
That, aided thus, with ease the *Trojan*
croud
O'er the rough way might roll the heavy
load.

Thus while in graceful Majesty it
stood,
Wide o'er the Frame the dazzling
splendor flow'd;
As, when the Heav'ns their fiercest
flames display,
Keen flash the Lightnings, and the

Clouds give way.

So well the Fabrick spoke the Builder's
art,

That, could his hand the vital air impart,
Mars with the Steed might grace his
rapid car,

And drive him, furious, through the ranks
of war.

Last round the Work a tall enclosure
stood,

To screen from vulgar eyes th' insidious
wood.

And now the Princes of the *Grecian*
Band

Leave their black Ships, and press the
neighb'ring strand;

There while conven'd th' expecting
Heroes stay,

Where the tall vessel of *Atrides* lay,
Pallas descending, by the Croud unseen,
(A Herald's Form conceals the martial
Queen)

Singles the wise *Ulysses* from the
Throng,

And pours celestial Nectar on his
tongue.

His lab'ring breast with sudden rapture
seiz'd,

He paus'd, and on the ground in silence
gaz'd.

Unskill'd and uninspir'd he seems to
stand,

Nor lifts the eye, nor graceful moves the
hand:

Then, while the Chiefs in still attention
hung,

Pours the full tide of elequence along;
While from his lips the melting Torrent
flows,
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows.
Now stronger notes engage the list'ning
croud,
Louder the Accents rise, and yet more
loud,
Like thunders rolling from a distant
cloud.

At length, he cries, th' important task
is done,
And man has wrought what *Pallas* first
begun.
Is there a Chief with gen'rous transport
warm,
Strong to endure, and active to perform?
'Tis his the heav'nly mandate to obey,

And follow where *Ulysses* leads the way.

Say shall we thus, inglorious, still behold

Days, Months, and Years, in long succession roll'd?

Shall Age surprize us on a foreign soil,
And *Greece* at length desert th'
unfinish'd toil?

Swift let us rise, some brave Exploit to try,

And live with Honour, or with Honour die.

Let haughty *Ilion* for her fall prepare,
And learn, 'tis ours to hope, and hers to fear.

Can *Greece* forget the memorable day,
When the fierce Dragon seiz'd his

feather'd prey,
Climb'd the tall Plane, and high
advanc'd in air
Snatch'd the fond Mother with her infant
care?

What though slow *Calchas* has our
hopes delay'd
With distant promises of heav'nly aid;
The *Trojan* Seer, inspir'd, directs our
eye
To nearer views of certain Victory.
Haste then, that shrouded in the stately
pile
(Fond of the prize, unknowing of the
guile)
Troy through her Gates her latent foes
may lead,
Destruction ent'ring in the fatal Steed.

Be this our care; while others, prompt
to joyn
The bold attempt, and speed the great
design,
Through the wide camp continu'd fires
may raise,
And bid each tent promote the gen'ral
blaze;
Then launch their vessels from the
Phrygian shore,
And measure back the waves they crost
before.
Homeward a while, delusive, let them
fly,
Nor steer returning to the coast of *Troy*,
Till pleas'd the flaming *Beacon* they
survey,
While through the gloom it darts a

distant ray,
To guide their passage o'er the wat'ry
way.
Then strain each nerve, the crouding
waves repell,
Ply the strong oar, and hoist the swelling
sail.
But oh! be each unmanly thought
suppress'd,
Let fear's dark cloud be banish'd ev'ry
Breast;
Such fears, as ever shake the tim'rous
soul,
When Night sits brooding o'er the dusky
pole.
Conscious of inbred worth, assert your
claim,
Nor sink the honour of the *Grecian*

name.

Troy then her Steeds shall yield, the
destin'd spoil

By *Heav'n* reserv'd to crown the
Victor's toil.

He spoke; then hasten'd through the
parting croud:

Young *Pyrrhus* first with equal steps
pursu'd.

As when the youthful Steed, with
conscious pride,

Views the gay trappings glitt'ring at his
side,

Restless he stands, and eager to be gone,
Nor asks the Rider's voice to drive him
on;

With fierce impatience pants in ev'ry
vein,

Springs to the race, and headlong seeks
the plain.

Tydides follow'd, and, with wonder
fill'd,

A new *Achilles* in his Son beheld.

Here *Cyanippus* through the martial
throng,

Comætho's gen'rous offspring, moves
along.

With brave *Ægialeûs* the heav'nly Maid
(Thy daughter, *Tydeus*) shar'd the
nuptial bed;

Till sever'd from her arms, in battel
slain,

The youthful Heroe prest the *Theban*
plain.

Here *Sparta*'s Prince with fierce
resentment glows,

Thy death, *Deiphobus*, the Warrior
VOWS,

And burns, incens'd, t'avenge his
ravish'd Spouse.

Oilean Ajax next advanc'd (his fame
Shone yet unsully'd with his impious
flame.)

And *Idomen* of *Crete*, his silver hair
Chang'd by a length of days, and martial
care.

Eumelus next, from brave *Admetus*
sprung,

With *Teucer* came, the valiant and the
young;

Skill'd in the race to guide the flying
Car,

And urge the fiery Courser to the War.
Already taught what *Jove* and *Heav'n*

ordain'd,
The rev'rend *Calchas* joyns the Martial
Band;

Pleas'd, while in thought he sees th'
approaching hour,

Fix'd for the fall of *Troy's* devoted
tow'r.

To these the Chiefs of *Theseus's* race
succeed,

With *Nestor's* Son the godlike
Thrasymede;

While *Anticlus*, th' advent'rous deed to
try,

Enters the fabrick, fated there to die.

Amphidamas, *Eurydamas*, were there,

Both *Pelias's* Sons, and both renown'd in
War;

None like *Amphidamas* could boast the

skill,
Swift from their hands to send th'
unerring steel,
Or give the flying arrow wings to kill.
Antiphates and *Meges* next appear,
Peneleus and *Epeus* close the rear.

To *Jove's* great Daughter first the
Warriors pray'd,
Then hasten'd to the Work. The blue-
eyed Maid,
In ev'ry breast new vigour to infuse,
Brings *Nectar* temper'd with *Ambrosial*
dews;
Lest faint and weary'd, e'er the task was
done,
(Stretch'd through the length of one
revolving Sun)
Their knees might fail, by hunger's force

subdu'd,
And sink, unable to support their load.
As when the wint'ry Clouds incessant
pour
The Snow, descending in a fleecy
show'r,
Which, melting on some hill's exalted
brow,
Spreads a wild Torrent o'er the vales
below,
Swift rushing to their dens, the Sylvans
hide
In the close covert of the Mountain's
side,
There, shelter'd from the tempest,
trembling lie,
Till *Phœbus* rising clears the clouded
sky;

So through the op'ning gate the martial
Croud

Rush to the caverns of the dark abode;
Such fears the Warriors in their Steed
endure,

And wait impatient for the wish'd for
hour.

Ulysses now, the Chiefs dispos'd
within,

Shuts the wide passage to the tall
Machine;

Then climbs aloft, from thence their
doom to know,

And watch the motions of th'
approaching Foe.

Meanwhile the Chiefs of *Atreus*' race
decreed

That *Troy* from far should view the

finish'd Steed;
Swift at the word the *Greeks* the work
surround,
And throw the tall Enclosure to the
ground.

And now the Sun, with a declining
ray,
Sunk in the western Deep, and clos'd the
day.

Warn'd by the Herald's voice, the
martial Train
Launch their tall Barks, and plough the
wat'ry main.

But first their smoaking tents extended
lie,
Wrapt in one flame, high-blazing to the
skie.

Seam'd o'er with wounds, on *Ilion's*

hostile strand,
Sinon alone of all their Host remain'd;
With covert fraud the passive Heroe
stay'd,
Well-pleas'd to suffer in his Country's
aid.

As when the Hunting train, at early
dawn,
With circling Nets surround the dewy
lawn,
One, while the rest the savage haunts
invade,
Lurks undiscover'd in the secret shade;
In the thick foliage he conceals his stay,
Guards the strong toils, and meditates
the prey.
So stay'd the Youth, the *Trojan* foe t'
insnare,

And pour on *Ilion*'s walls the destin'd
war.

His Back with voluntary stripes was
plough'd,

While from his sides distill'd the
sanguine flood.

Now from the Camp thick clouds of
smoak arise,

Wreath their long spires, and stream
thro' half the Skies;

From tent to tent impetuous *Vulcan* past,
Pour'd the red Storm, and drove the
furious Blast;

While *Juno*, Parent of the raging Fire,
Blows with her winds, and bids the
flames aspire.

Fame now to *Troy* tumultuous hastes
along,

And various rumours spread from ev'ry
tongue:

Trembling they heard, and fill'd with
wild amaze

View'd through the twilight shade the
distant blaze.

Their force no longer by the Gates
withheld,

They rush impetuous o'er the sounding
field;

Eager they run, each hidden fraud
explore,

And search impatient round the winding
shore.

With these old *Priam's* venerable train
Mount the swift Car, and hasten to the
plain:

Delusive hopes their joyful hearts

possess'd,
And Love paternal glow'd in ev'ry
breast;
Glad that their Sons might now no longer
fear
The lifted Falchion, or the flying Spear;
Glad that themselves might from their
sorrows cease,
And close the Evening of their Days in
peace:
Doom'd but a while the short-liv'd joy
to prove!
Such *Heav'n's* decrees, and such the
will of *Jove*.

But when their Eyes the lofty Pile
survey'd,
Swift round the Work the gath'ring
Bands were spread

Frequent and full; as round the Bird of
Jove

The wond'ring Cranes in airy circles
move,

And mingled Clamours shake the
echoing Grove.

The varying Croud their diff'rent
minds declare;

Part mourn'd the labours of the
lengthen'd War,

And fierce in vengeance to the *Greeks*
decreed

With hostile force to cleave th' insidious
Steed,

Or from some rock th' unwieldy Weight
to throw,

And plunge it headlong in the waves
below.

Others more mild, admiring ev'ry part,
View the tall frame, and praise the
Builder's Art.

Eager they urge within some hallow'd
shrine

To fix it sacred to the Pow'rs divine;
That future *Greeks*, while they the Steed
survey'd,

Might curse the Battel, where their
Fathers bled.

While the contending *Trojans* thus
advise,

A diff'rent Object strikes their
wond'ring eyes;

Far from the Croud, all naked and alone,
Up starts the figure of a Man unknown.

On his torn sides the livid stripes
appear,

Marks of the recent Scourge: with acted
fear

Trembling and pale to *Priam*'s feet he
ran,

Then grasp'd his knees, and artful thus
began.

If *Troy*, he cries, offended *Troy* can
spare

A suppliant *Greek*, and hear a *Wretch*'s
pray'r,

Troy to that Suppliant shall her safety
owe,

And *Greece* in me for ever find a foe;
Whose faithless Sons, injurious, proud,
and vain,

No Laws can bind, nor Heav'n itself
restrain.

By these *Achilles* lost his royal Slave,

Rob'd of the prize the gen'ral suffrage
gave:

So *Philoctetes* mourn'd his Country's
guile,

Abandon'd, helpless, on a desert Ile:
Such was her envy, *Palamede*, to thee,
And such the treatment she bestows on
me.

And this my crime; that, while their
Vessels lay

Just launch'd for *Greece*, I urg'd a
longer stay;

Urg'd to prevent th' approaching shame,
nor fly,

Repuls'd and baffled, from the shores of
Troy.

For this thus torn with frequent stripes I
stand,

For this they leave me on a foreign Land,
To fall defenceless by some hostile
hand.

But hear me, *Priam*; if the pow'r of
Jove,

If these my tears thy pitying breast can
move,

Oh! let not *Argos* triumph in my woe,
Nor add new pleasure to th' insulting
Foe.

Let not (regardless, while I thus
complain)

The Suppliant and the Stranger plead in
vain.

Then rest assur'd, that frighted *Troy* no
more

Shall hear their troops embattled on her
shore.

His flowing tears, and well-invented
tale

O'er the good Monarch's easy faith
prevail.

Stranger, he cries, dismiss thy fears, and
know

How grateful *Ilion* treats a gen'rous Foe;
Here, fled from *Greece*, a safe retreat
enjoy,

The Guest of *Priam*, and the Friend of
Troy.

Here let thy sorrows end, and think no
more

Of thy lost riches, or thy native shore.
But first explain, by what inducements
led

The *Greeks* departing form'd this
wond'rous Steed.

Then tell us, faithful to the just demand,
Thy name, thy lineage, and thy natal
land.

The Monarch spoke: The Heroe cast
aside

His well-dissembled fear, and thus
reply'd.

With joy my tongue their counsels shall
reveal,

And *Heav'n* be witness to the truths I
tell.

From old *Æsimus* I derive my line,
Argos my Country's name, and *Sinon*
mine.

Warn'd by the voice of *Heav'n*, the
hostile Train

Have rais'd this Pile; for thus the Fates
ordain:

If on the field be left the fatal Horse,
Troy yet shall perish by the *Grecian*
force.

But should the Monster to the Shrine be
led,

An off'ring sacred to the blue-eyed
Maid,

Again their ships shall waft the Warriors
o'er,

Their toil unfinish'd, to their native
shore.

Haste then, oh! haste; th' important work
begin,

And drag through *Ilion's* gates the tall
Machine.

He spoke. Commanded by the good
old King,

The menial train a cov'ring vesture

bring,

Warm with the softest wool. Th'
attending Croud

Roll the dire Engine o'er the lab'ring
road,

Big with the fate of *Troy*. Before the
Steed

The vocal tribe in just array proceed:
Their breathing Flutes and sounding
Viols play,

And the glad Chorus chants the tuneful
Lay.

Such are our joys, to one short point
confin'd!

Such are our counsels, to the future
blind!

To dangers unforeseen we madly run,
Eager to die, and fond to be undone.

Troy thus, unmindful of her fate to come,
Hastes to her fall, and speeds th'
impending doom.

The fairest flow'rs from *Simois'* bank
they chose,

To deck the Author of their Country's
woes.

The trembling Earth the mighty pressure
feels,

Harsh thunder grating from the brazen
Wheels;

The Axles, shock'd, bound o'er the
rugged stones,

The strong planks heave, and the
stretch'd cordage groans:

While the smoak rises from th' extended
chain,

And spreads in gath'ring clouds along

the plain.

From ev'ry part the deaf'ning clamours
rise,

Mount in the wind, and strike the distant
skies.

Tall *Ida* shakes, with waving forests
crown'd,

And gulphy *Xanthus* echoes back the
sound;

The Waves of *Simois* with tumultuous
roar

Lift their loud Voice, and refluent beat
the shore:

While *Jove's* hoarse Clarion threatens
from afar,

And sounds a signal to th' approaching
war.

Through rugged paths their toilsome

passage lay,

The winding Rivers crost the parted
way.

The martial Steed, amid the shouting
throng,

In solemn state majestick moves along:
To speed his course, the blue-eyed Maid
apply'd

Her hands assisting to the Monster's
side;

Then sudden through the wond'ring
croud he flies,

Swift as an arrow cuts the liquid Skies.

Fix'd at the *Scæan* gate the Fabrick
stay'd,

Nor found admission; till by *Juno*'s aid

The op'ning valves a wider path
display,

And *Neptune*'s Trident clears th'
obstructed way.

Maids, Wives, and Matrons now the
Steed surround,

And dance responsive to the vocal
sound.

Others with rich refulgent vests secure
The votive Structure from the falling
show'r;

Others their zones unloose with pious
care,

To bind with flow'ry wreaths his
flowing hair:

While studious One t' appease the
Pow'rs divine

With fragrant Saffron mix'd ambrosial
wine;

With the full tide the plenteous cask she

crown'd,

And pour'd a large libation on the
ground.

The Shouts of Manhood, and the Cries of
Age,

The Voice of Infants, sav'd from hostile
rage,

Mix with the Clamours of the Female
train,

And wide beneath them shake the
echoing plain.

Loud as th' embody'd Cranes, a
num'rous throng,

Driv'n by the stormy winter sail along;

Wheel in the air, in circling mazes fly,

And seek o'er the distant seas a milder
sky;

While the faint Ploughman and the

lab'ring Swain

Curse the dire clangor of the noisy

Train.

So led th' exulting troops, with

clam'rous joy,

The pregnant fabrick through the gates of

Troy.

'Twas then *Cassandra*, by the God

possess'd,

Felt the strong impulse lab'ring in her

breast:

Forth sprung the Maid, impatient of

delay;

Groan the strong hinges, and the doors

give way.

So the young Heifer, seiz'd with frantick

pain,

Tosses aloft her head, and scow'rs the

plain:

Struck by the madd'ning Breeze, she
quits the stall,
Flies from her kindred Herd, nor hears
the Keeper's call.

So raves the Maid, with inward frenzy
stung,

And breaks resistless through th'
opposing throng;

She feels her breast with sudden
raptures glow,

And shakes the sacred Laurel on her
brow.

This way and that she bends her rapid
course,

Nor Friend nor Parent can obstruct her
force;

Lost to her native shame, she flies along,

While rage prophetick guides her boding
tongue.

Wild as the *Thracian Bacchanal*
appears,

While from afar the vocal pipe she
hears;

When, fir'd to rage, she joyns the
frantick croud,

Roams o'er the hills, and hails th'
approaching God:

Rears her stiff locks, with wreaths of Ivy
crown'd,

And rolls her haggard eyes, and shakes
the lab'ring ground.

Thus impotent of mind the raptur'd
Fair

Strikes on her breast, and rends her
scatter'd hair;

Then lifts her voice, her Country to
bemoan,
In sounds confus'd, and accents not her
own.

Say by what rage, what desp'rate
frenzy, led,
Thus through your Streets ye drag this
treach'rous Steed.
Thus fondly strive to speed the fatal
hour,
To sink in endless night, and wake no
more.
Hark! how, while *Hecuba* laments in
vain
Her Dream accomplish'd, and her
People slain,
The shouting Victors rend the trembling
air,

And *Greece* exulting hails the finish'd
war.

Lo! the dire Steed, whose spacious sides
contain

The bravest Heroes of the *Grecian*
Train,

It's pregnant womb just ready to
disclose,

Nor ask *Lucina's* hand to ease the
throes,

Or help the fatal birth; the blue-eyed
Maid,

Who formed the Structure, shall the
labor aid.

The adverse Pow'r, impatient to destroy,
In shouts of triumph shall proclaim her
joy,

And loose the vengeance on the walls of

Troy.

See where their arms a horrid gleam
display,

And flash through Night's dark veil a
sudden day.

Through ev'ry street the sanguine
Torrents flow,

Thick floods of slaughter gath'ring as
they go:

Our Matrons strive to lift their hands in
vain,

Their hands, that struggle with the
Victor's chain.

While with resistless force the latent
flame

Bursts from the Caverns of this hostile
Frame.

Oh wretched I! Oh *Troy!* by *Heav'n's*

decree

Doom'd to preeminence in misery.

Farewell the Honours of the *Phrygian*
Throne!

Farewell the walls of proud *Laomedon*!

Heav'd from it's lowest base, the

Heav'n-built Tow'r

Sinks in the dust, and *Ilion* is no more.

Nor shalt Thou, *Priam*, want thy share of
woe,

But fall a Victim to th' insulting foe:

I see thy hands with feeble tremblings
move,

And grasp the altar of *Hercéan Jove*.

Thou too, sad Parent, in the gen'ral
doom

(Though Kings have issued from thy
fertile womb)

Shalt find an equal share: Thy offspring
slain,
Thy human shape no more thou shalt
retain,
But howl, transform'd, along the frighted
plain.
Thrice blest *Polyxena*! thy woes shall
have
A timely refuge in the silent grave.
Oh! had indulgent *Heav'n* for me
ordain'd,
Like thee, to perish in my native land!
For what is life, if Fate the stroke
forbear,
Only to make my doom the more severe?
To live subservient to another's pow'r,
And die unpitied on a foreign shore.
I see, I see a haughty Mistress bring

The fatal present to th' unwary King;
While the same hand, *Atrides*, deals the
Blow,
To crown thy toils, and end *Cassandra's*
woe.

Hear then, ye Princes of the *Dardan*
State,

And shun, while yet you may, th'
impending fate:

Thus warn'd by *Heav'n*, your erring
minds recall,

Awake, Arise, or you for ever fall.

To this curst fabrick be the Axe applied,
And sever with it's force it's ample
side;

Or round the troops, within it's womb
contain'd,

Raise the tall Pile, and bid the Blaze

ascend.

While thus the Heroes of the *Grecian*
name

Shall sink envelop'd in one fun'ral
flame,

Then spread the banquet, then let mirth
advance,

Crown the free Bowl, and lead the
joyous Dance.

So spoke the Maid before the
wond'ring train,

Doom'd by th' inspiring God to speak in
vain:

Prophetik truths on ev'ry accent hung,
But unregarded issued from her tongue.

Scarce had she ceas'd, when *Priam* rose
severe,

And thus, incens'd, bespoke the

trembling Fair.

Shame of thy Sex, for ever boding ill,
Unaw'd, ungovern'd by a Parent's will,
What Dæmon now inspires thy frantick
tongue,

And leads thee forth amid the gazing
throng?

Have years on years in long succession
joyn'd

To glut with madness thy distemper'd
mind?

And com'st thou now? Now, while the
sprightly bowl

Gows in each vein, and opens ev'ry
soul:

When *Jove* with wish'd for freedom
crowns the day,

And drives the hostile navy far away:

While we no more the threat'ning
falchion rear,
Bend the tough bow, or shake the
glitt'ring spear.

When hand in hand our conqu'ring Youth
advance,
Tune the loud harp, or lead the circling
dance.

No plaintive Matron, helpless and
undone,
Mourns o'er the ashes of her slaughter'd
son.

No Bride laments her youthful Consort
slain,
Or trembling arms him for the fatal
plain.

While fav'ring *Pallas*, *Ilion's* guardian
Pow'r,

Admits the sacred Steed within her
tow'r.

And would'st thou now with hated voice
intrude,

And scatter terrors through the
wond'ring croud?

Curst be that voice. But let exulting *Troy*
Drain the full bowl, and give a loose to
joy.

Lost to her fears, she dreads the *Greeks*
no more,

Nor asks thy tongue, to crown the genial
hour.

The Monarch spoke: Th' Attendants
homeward led
All drown'd in tears the much-lamenting
Maid;
Aw'd by her Sire, reluctant she

withdrew,
Her limbs convulsive on her bed she
threw;
Thick beats her heart, her eyes incessant
stream,
While full in view she sees the hostile
flame
High o'er the walls in dreadful conflict
rise,
Till the last blaze sends *Ilion* to the
skies.

Regardless of her tears, the *Trojans* lead
To *Pallas*' Shrine the consecrated Steed.
Firm on it's polished Base the Fabrick
stands,
Struck by the lab'ring Priest's uplifted
hands
The Victims fall: To *Heav'n* they make

their pray'r,
The curling Vapours load the ambient
air.
But vain their toil; the Pow'rs who rule
the skies
Averse beheld th' ungrateful Sacrifice.
Now from the finish'd rites they bend
their way
To drown in wine the labours of the day;
Blind to their future fate, their hours
employ
In frantick riot and tumultuous joy.
In lessen'd bands the scatter'd Sentry
lay,
And left th' approaching *Greeks* an easy
prey:
Nor ceas'd the banquet, till the Night
was come,

Big with the weight of *Troy's* impending doom.

'Twas then the Queen of love, with close design,

Veil'd in a borrow'd shape the form divine;

Disguis'd in age to *Argive Helen* came,
And artful thus address'd the list'ning Dame:

Haste, *Helen*, haste; 'tis *Heav'n* directs thy way,

And *Menelaus* forbids a longer stay;
Lock'd in the Steed with Chiefs who came from far,

Sworn in thy cause to wage the fatal war.

Let *Ilion's* race no more thy care engage,
Nor young *Deiphobus*, nor *Priam's* age;

Since *Jove* thus wills, and pitying Fates
ordain,

That *Helen* own her rightful Lord again.

The Goddess spoke; and, parting, left
impress'd

Her fatal wiles on *Helen's* lab'ring
breast:

Swift to *Minerva's* Fane her steps she
bends,

With her *Deiphobus* the Dome ascends;
The *Trojan* Matrons view'd her graceful
mien,

Admiring view'd, and prais'd the
beauteous Queen.

The faithless Fair, when to the Steed she
came,

Stood fix'd in wonder at the lofty frame:
Then thrice, low-whisp'ring, round the

Pile she goes,
And speaks the name of ev'ry *Argive*
Spouse:
Each much-lov'd name the latent
warriors hear,
And not a Chief but drop'd a silent tear.
The *Spartan* Prince, when *Helen's*
voice he knew,
Wip'd from his moisten'd cheeks the
falling dew;
Tydides and *Ulysses* next she tried,
And each in secret wept his absent
Bride:
Not so the hapless *Anticlus* suppress'd
The kindling passion in his tortur'd
breast:
Eager he rose, to own his am'rous flame,
Touch'd at the sound of *Laodamia's*

name.

That instant, anxious for his Country's
fate,

The wise *Ulysses* started from his seat;
Forceful he stop'd each avenue of
breath,

And held him struggling in the arms of
Death:

He pants, he heaves, he tries in vain to
rise,

Forc'd by *Ulysses'* hand the spirit flies,
And sleep eternal seals his closing eyes.

His Corse the *Greeks*, with inward
anguish torn,

In silence bury, and in silence mourn:

Breathless he lies, with cov'ring
vestures spread,

Deep in the caverns of the spacious

Steed.

Again had *Helen* trod the fatal round,
And other Heroes answer'd to the sound,
But *Pallas* stop'd her way: The martial
Maid

Shone fierce in dreadful majesty array'd.
To none but *Helen*, of the *Trojan* crew,
The heav'nly Vision stood confess'd in
view.

Instant the Goddess led her from the
shrine,
And thus, incens'd, was heard the voice
divine.

How long shall *Helen* live her Sex's
shame?

How long, remorseless, own her
impious flame?

Still canst thou bear, unpitied,

undeplor'd,
An absent Daughter, and an injur'd
Lord?
Shall *Troy* still boast, and *Argos* want
thy aid,
Thou faithless partner of a foreign bed?
Go haste, perfidious, haste in silence
home,
And from the summit of the lofty Dome
Lift high the blazing torch, and friendly
guide
The *Grecian* Warriors o'er the swelling
tide.

She spoke: And *Helen*, from the
sacred Tow'r
(Her fraud defeated by the heav'nly
Pow'r)
In haste withdrew. Asleep the *Trojans*

lay,
Tir'd with the various revels of the day.
No more they lead the Dance, no more
they sing,
Dumb was each voice, and mute the
tuneful string.
One, stretch'd at ease, with weary'd
limbs was laid,
While the round goblet prop'd his
sinking head;
Others, while Sleep weigh'd down the
heavy soul,
Drop'd from their op'ning hands the
plenteous bowl.
Silence, Attendant of the *Night's* dark
train,
Had stretch'd her empire o'er the sons
of men.

No voice was heard, no tumult shook the town,
No Dog stood barking at the distant Moon.

While sacred *Ilion*, in the peaceful gloom,
Calls for the Slaughter, and invites her doom.

Jove now, sole Arbiter of Peace and War,
Held forth the fatal Balance from afar:
Each Host he weighs; by turns they both prevail,
Till *Troy* descending fix'd the doubtful Scale.

This *Phoebus* view'd: To *Lycia*'s ample fane
Sorrowing he moves, and quits the

Phrygian plain.

Lo! at thy tomb, *Pelides*, *Sinon* stands,
The promis'd Signal blazing in his
hands;

And *Argive Helen*, from the lofty Tow'r,
Lights the glad Warriors to the *Trojan*
shore.

As from her radiant throne the Queen of
Night
Sheds o'er the wide Expanse her golden
light;

Not when at first, in feebler beams
array'd,
She tips the Mountains with a
glimm'ring shade,
But when her Eye reflects the borrow'd
ray
From it's full Orb, and emulates the

Day:

With equal lustre shone *Therapne's*

Fair,

And wav'd the blazing torch aloft in air;

The distant *Greeks* beheld the flaming
brand,

And back returning sought the *Trojan*
strand.

All urg'd to end the War; each Heroe
plied

The lab'ring oar, and cut the yielding
tide:

Chief animated Chief with thirst of
Fame,

And catch'd from breast to breast the
noble flame.

Fresh rise the gales to waft their vessels
o'er,

And *Neptune* speeds them to the destin'd shore.

Now to the town, ascending from the Main,

Silent they move along the shaded plain.

But far behind their snorting Steeds were bound,

Lest, *Troy's* proud Coursers answ'ring to the sound,

Greece might at length the brave design forego,

And *Troy*, thus rous'd, repell the baffled Foe.

Meanwhile the Steed's deep caverns, op'ning wide,

Pour forth th' imprison'd Warriors from it's side.

As when within some Oak the Bees have

stor'd

In artful cavities their luscious hoard,
Forth issuing from their cells the swarms
appear,

And spring t' assault the weary
Traveller.

In scatter'd Legions fill th' extended
shore,

And sip the dew from ev'ry fragrant
flow'r.

So from the teeming Monster's fatal
sides

The *Greeks* forth rushing in tumultuous
tides,

Pour through the streets, and send the
sleeping Foe,

In Dreams of Terrour, to the Shades
below.

The pavements float with gore; the
mingled cries
Of flying *Trojans*, echoing to the skies,
Shake the surrounding tow'rs: Old *Ilion*
stands
Just nodding to her fall; the Victor bands
Traverse her paths, like Lyons bath'd in
blood,
And bridge with slaughter'd heaps th'
incumber'd road.
The *Trojan* Matrons hear, alarm'd from
far,
The clashing falchions, and the shouts of
war:
Still fond of Liberty their necks they
bow,
And bid the trembling Husband strike the
blow.

The helpless Mother here, with plaintive
tongue,
As the fond Swallow mourns her absent
Young,
Wails o'er her slaughter'd Child: The
youthful Bride
Sees her lov'd Consort falling by her
side;
Struck at the sight, and scorning to
sustain
The hated bondage of a Captive's chain,
With dauntless pride she braves the
hostile sword,
Nor falls in death divided from her
Lord.
The teeming Matron on the sanguine
earth
Expires, and dying drops th' unfinish'd

birth.

Bellona, thirsting for the blood of Men,
While the gor'd Battel streams in ev'ry
vein,

Swells the full tide; and, issuing on her
Car,

Warp'd in a whirlwind guides the tumult
of the war.

Fell *Discord* animates the growing
Fight,

And adds new horrors to the deathful
night:

High as the Heav'ns her tow'ring head
she bore,

And bade the thunder of the Battel roar.

Mars now unsheaths his sword; where-
e'er he trod,

Destruction march'd, and bath'd his

steps in blood.

Long had the wav'ring God the war
delay'd,

While *Greece* and *Troy* alternate own'd
his aid;

But fix'd at length from *Ilion* bends his
way,

And gives to *Greece* the long-contested
day.

Stern *Pallas*, shouting from the sacred
Spire,

Shakes the black *Ægis* of her heav'nly
Sire:

Struck by the Trident *Earth* confess'd
her fear,

And *Juno* thunder'd through the
trembling air.

Swift from his throne th' infernal

Monarch ran,
All pale and trembling, least the race of
man,
Slain by *Jove's* wrath and led by
Hermes's rod,
Should fill (a countless throng!) his dark
abode.

Troy's tott'ring tow'rs shake at the
horrid din,
And heaps of carnage fill the direful
Scene.

Some to the *Scæan* gate despairing run,
And falling meet the fate they strove to
shun:

Some, while their arms they seek,
receive the wound;
Unseen the jav' lins fix them to the
ground.

A guest, far distant from his native home,
Hears One advancing through the shady
Dome,
And hails him as his Friend: No Friend
was there;
But sudden, e'er he sees the danger near,
Deep in his breast he feels the hostile
blade,
And mourns the social Greeting ill
repay'd.
One climbs the Roof; but e'er he finds
the foe,
The fatal shaft arrests him from below.
These, urg'd by wine, and struck with
wild dismay,
Haste to the tumult, but forget the way;
Headlong they fell; and on the rugged
stone

Lux'd the neck-joynt, and crack'd the
solid bone.

Wine from their throats came issuing, as
they died,

And ting'd the pavement with a purple
tide.

Here gath'ring crouds, o'ercome by
adverse pow'r,

Fall breathless: Others from th'
embattel'd tow'r,

The bold assault unable to sustain,
Plunge headlong, fated ne'er to rise
again.

The happier few, whom *Heav'n*
ordain'd to spare,

Careful to shun the dangers of the war,
Like thieves insidious at the dead of
night,

Through pathless avenues direct their
flight.

Not so did others: in the midnight shade
They fought undaunted in their Country's
aid.

The copious slaughter flow'd on ev'ry
Side,

Till *Ilion* scarce contain'd the rolling
tide:

In heaps on heaps her Sons promiscuous
bled,

And all her streets were glutted with the
dead.

Relentless rigour steel'd the *Grecian*
Band;

Driv'n on by rage, by mercy
unrestrain'd,

The vengeful troops the dire contention

urge,
And wakeful *Tumult* lifts the fatal
Scourge.
Fearless of *Heav'n* they swell the purple
flood,
Till each polluted Altar foams with
blood.

Here aged Sires, to shun the
threat'ning wound,
With suppliant knees low-bending touch
the ground;
Back from the foe the helpless Sires are
thrust,
And their grey hairs are humbled in the
dust:
Here Babes, whose infant tongues scarce
yet began
To form in broken sounds the speech of

Man,
Thoughtless of ill, were dash'd against
the stone,
And suffer'd for offences not their own;
Torn from the foodful breast: While by
their side
The helpless Mothers with their Infants
died.

Here Birds of prey the trembling
limbs devour'd;
Here Dogs, attendants of their Master's
board,
Aw'd by those once-lov'd Masters now
no more,
Rend the dire food, and lick the spatter'd
gore.
Loud-echoing Yells proclaim their
savage joy,

And Screams of Horror fill the
darken'd sky.

Now to thy Dome, *Deiphobus*, ascends
The *Spartan* Prince, and Death his steps
attends:

Fierce as he moves to claim his ravish'd
Bride,

While stern *Ulysses* joins the Warrior's
side.

Thus Ev'ning Wolves, when pinch'd
with winter's cold,

(Dire Sons of hunger) seize th'
unguarded fold:

They bear the labour of the Swains
away,

Grind their sharp fangs, and rend the
trembling prey.

The dauntless Chiefs the rushing fight

sustain,

And combate singly with an host of men:
Here crouds, repulsive, stop'd the
warlike pair;

Here, wing'd with death along the dusky
air,

Stones, darts, and jav'lins flew in
mingled show'rs,

Hurl'd from the summit of the lofty
tow'rs.

In vain they flew: Each Chief the force
repell'd,

Safe in the covert of his ample shield;
While, glancing from the helmet's
polish'd round,

The storm falls harmless, and the shafts
rebound.

On rush'd *Ulysses* with resistless Sway,

Burst the strong valves, and forc'd th'
obstructed way:

Here stern *Atrides*, from the croud
apart,
Fix'd in the *Trojan* Prince his vengeful
dart;
Stretch'd on the ground the bleeding
Warrior lies,
His entrails gushing from the wound he
dies,
And dark oblivion shades his swimming
eyes.
Him *Helen* follow'd: Various doubts
possess'd,
And various passions fill'd her troubled
breast.
Now Scenes of future peace her Hopes
employ,

Now conscious blushes check the rising
joy.

At length her Country's love, as in a
Dream,

Rush'd to her thoughts, and rais'd the
long-extinguish'd flame.

From her full heart the sighs unbidden
stole,

And soft compunction touch'd her
melting soul.

Here through the croud the youthful
Pyrrhus press'd,

And sheath'd his Sword in *Priam's* aged
breast;

The Corse, at *Jove's Hercéan* altar laid,
Sprinkled with kingly blood the

hallow'd shade.

Not all his pray'rs could sooth the

Victor's rage,
Nor *Peleus* sinking with an equal age.
(Not thus *Achilles* heard the Monarch's
pray'r,
Pitying He heard, and pitying learn'd to
spare.)
Such *Priam's* fate! and such by
Heav'n's decree,
Relentless *Pyrrhus!* was reserv'd for
Thee:
When, as thou cam'st the *Delphic* Shrine
t' invade,
Th' avenging Priest the bold attempt
forbade,
And bury'd in thy breast the sacred
blade.

Here, from the tow'r by stern *Ulysses*
thrown,

Andromache bewail'd her infant Son.
From *Ajax*' force *Cassandra* flies in
vain,
To find a refuge in *Minerva*'s fane;
Not *Heav'n* itself could move his soul to
spare,
Or save from brutal strength the
suppliant Fair:
Fir'd at her *Vot'ry*'s wrong, the blue-
ey'd Maid
To *Argos*' Sons no longer lent her aid;
On the whole race she pour'd the
vengeance down,
And thousands suffer'd for the guilt of
One.

But *Venus*, mindful of the secret love
She bore *Anchises* in the conscious
Grove,

The Son and Sire from falling *Ilion* led,
And safe to *Latium*'s realms the Chief
convey'd.

Such *Heav'n*'s high will, and such was
Jove's command,
That, plac'd far distant from their native
Land,
Their martial Line a lasting throne
should raise,
And stretch their Empire through the
length of days.

To Thee, *Antenor*, and thy favor'd
Race
The *Spartan* Monarch shew'd
distinguish'd grace;
Mindful that, when to *Ilion*'s walls he
came,
His ravish'd Bride at *Priam*'s hands to

claim,
Thy threshold had receiv'd the kingly
Guest,
And sage *Theano* spread the plenteous
feast.

Wide discontinuous yawn'd the Earth,
and gave
To thee, *Laodice*, an early Grave.
Not led by *Acamas* to distant shores,
A forc'd attendant on the Victor Pow'rs,
But bury'd quick, near *Ilion*'s ruin'd
wall,
The sad companion of thy Country's fall.

In vain I strive to raise a loftier Lay,
And all the horrors of that night display:
'Tis yours, ye Nine! to touch the
sounding Lyre,
While I, unequal to the task, retire;

While, as the foaming Courser hastes
along,
Swift to the goal I drive the finish'd
Song.

For now the *Morn*, through *Night*'s
retiring shade,
Rises emergent from her eastern Bed.
Drawn by her Steeds she climbs th'
etherial way,
And gladdens Nature with the face of
day.

The *Greeks* exulting view their labour
o'er;
Then through the streets with watchful
care explore,
If any, shelter'd in the secret gloom,
Had lurk'd unseen, and shun'd the
gen'ral doom:

One scene of slaughter'd *Trojans* they
survey;
Countless as fishes on the shores they
lay,
While Death's capacious snares inclos'd
the captive prey.

The stately Dome, the consecrated
Shrine,
Forc'd by the conqu'ring *Greeks*, their
wealth resign:
The *Trojan* Matrons, a dejected train,
Their hands fast-fetter'd with the servile
chain,
Move tow'rd the fleet: With these their
Infants go,
And mourn responsive to their Mother's
woe.
Now round the walls the gath'ring

flames aspire,
And *Netpune*'s labour sinks in floods of
fire.

Afflicted *Troy* her slaughter'd Sons
surveys,

And crowns their ashes with a funeral
blaze.

Sad *Xanthus* mourns the dire destruction
made,

And tears of sorrow swell his wat'ry
bed.

Plac'd by the *Greeks* on stern
Achilles' tomb,

Thy Daughter, *Priam*, waits th'
impending doom:

Struck by the Sword she falls, ill-fated
Maid!

A guiltless Victim to the Heroe's shade.

Shar'd out by lot the female Captives
stand;
The spoils divided with an equal hand,
Each to his ship conveys his rightful
share,
Price of their toil, and trophies of the
war:
Then, launch'd from *Troy*, they cut the
yielding foam,
And *Greece* in triumph seeks her native
home.