

Chorus: (str. 1) *Troy, our fatherland,
a city no longer,
sacked and in ruins, 610
for when the cloud of Greeks
rained down their spears
a death mantle covered the earth.
Raping our towered walls,
they crushed them to ashes and smoke
a city no more.*

(ant. 1) *Midnight, hour of doom,
long after our dinner,
sacrifice, dancing,
our song gave way to sleep, 620
sweetest of gifts.
My husband lay down in our bed,
putting aside his sword
and finally closing his eyes
on war with the Greeks.*

(str. 2) *I let my flowing hair down
and prepared for bed,
gazing long into my golden mirror's
endless depths, then gently
I lay down beside him, 630
when suddenly a shout rose through the city,
a foreign voice, from the bowels
of the wooden horse: "Sons of Greece,
isn't it time to bring down this proud city
and head for home at last?"*

(ant. 2) *My husband grabbed his sword hilt
and raced off to die.
Rising from my marriage bed I ran out*

*in my single tunic,
like some Spartan maiden, 640
and joined the women gathered at the altar
of Artemis, supplicating,
all of it in vain. Carried off
in the Greek ships, we gazed back on Troy's ruins
and wept for all we'd lost.*

(epode) *My curse on Helen, sister of Castor and Pollux,
and Paris, who judged the goddesses' beauty.
Aphrodite won, arranging a marriage
that wedded Troy to ruin.
May the salt sea drag Helen down, 650
may she never live to see her home in Sparta.*