

Projekttitle: eManual Alte Geschichte  
Modul [optional]:  
Autor\_in: Theodore C. Williams  
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**Text Übersetzung:**

(Theodore C. Williams)

That hour it was when heaven's first gift of sleep  
on weary hearts of men most sweetly steals.  
O, then my slumbering senses seemed to see  
Hector, with woeful face and streaming eyes;  
I seemed to see him from the chariot trailing,  
foul with dark dust and gore, his swollen feet  
pierced with a cruel thong. Ah me! what change  
from glorious Hector when he homeward bore  
the spoils of fierce Achilles; or hurled far  
that shower of torches on the ships of Greece!  
Unkempt his beard, his tresses thick with blood,  
and all those wounds in sight which he did take  
defending Troy. Then, weeping as I spoke,  
I seemed on that heroic shape to call  
with mournful utterance: "O star of Troy!  
O surest hope and stay of all her sons!  
Why tarriest thou so long? What region sends  
the long-expected Hector home once more?  
These weary eyes that look on thee have seen  
hosts of thy kindred die, and fateful change  
upon thy people and thy city fall.  
O, say what dire occasion has defiled  
thy tranquil brows? What mean those bleeding wounds?"  
Silent he stood, nor anywise would stay  
my vain lament; but groaned, and answered thus:  
"Haste, goddess-born, and out of yonder flames  
achieve thy flight. Our foes have scaled the wall;

exalted Troy is falling. Fatherland  
and Priam ask no more. If human arm  
could profit Troy, my own had kept her free.  
Her Lares and her people to thy hands  
Troy here commends. Companions let them be  
of all thy fortunes. Let them share thy quest  
of that wide realm, which, after wandering far,  
thou shalt achieve, at last, beyond the sea.”  
He spoke: and from our holy hearth brought forth  
the solemn fillet, the ancestral shrines,  
and Vesta's ever-bright, inviolate fire.