Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant. 
Inde toro pater Aeneas sic orsus ab alto: 
Infandum, regina, iubes renovare dolorem, 
Troianas ut opes et lamentabile regnum 
eruerint Danai; quaeque ipse miserrima vidi, 
et quorum pars magna fui. Quis talia fando 
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulixi 
temperet a lacrimes? Et iam nox umida caelo 
praecipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos. 
Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros 
et breviter Troiae supremum audire laborem, 
quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit, 
incipiam.

"Fracti bello fatsique repulsi 
ductores Danaum, tot iam labentibus annis, 
instar montis equum divina Palladis arte 
aedificant, sectaque intexunt abiete costas: 
votum pro reditu simulat; ea fama vagatur. 
Huc delecta virum sortiti corpora furtim 
includunt caeco lateri, penitusque cavernas 
ingentes uterumque armato milite complent."

All men fell silent, and, eager, they held their faces. 
Then from his high couch father Aeneas began thus: 
Queen, you order me to renew unspeakable grief, 
How the Danaans destroyed the Trojan wealth and the lamentable kingdom 
And what more unfortunate things I saw, 
And of which I was a great part. In saying such things 
What Myrmidon or Dolopian or warrior of harsh Ulysses 
Would restrain from tears? And already the damp night 
Casts down from the sky, and the falling stars urge sleepy men. 
But if there is so great a love to know our misfortunes, 
And briefly hear the final labor of Troy, 
Although my mind shudders to remember and runs away at the grief, I will begin. 
Crushed by the war and rebuffed by the fates, 
The leaders of the Danaans, already so many years gliding by, 
Build a horse, the equal of a mountain, by the divine art of Pallas, 
And weave the sides with cut fir. 
They pretend it is a votive offering for their return; the rumor wanders. 
Having cast lots, here in secret they enclose the picked bodies of men, 
In the blind side; and deep within 
They fill the huge caverns and the belly with an armed soldier.
Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant,
nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis:
huc se pro vecti deserto in litore condunt.
Nos abiisse rati et vento petiisse Mycenas:

ergo omnis longo solvit se Teucria luctu;
panduntur portae; iuvat ire et Dorica castra
desertosque videre locos litusque relictum.
Hic Dolopum manus, hic saevus tendebat Achilles;
classibus hic locus; hic acie certare so leb ant.
Pars stupet innuptae donum exitiale Minervae,
et molem mirantur equi; primusque Thymoetes
duci intra muros hortatur et arce locari,
sive dolo, seu iam Troiae sic fata ferebant.

At Capys, et quorum melior sententia menti,
aut pelago Danaum insidias suspectaque dona
praecipitare iubent, subiectisque urere flammis,
a ut terebrare cavas uteri et temptare latebras.
Scinditur incertum studia in contraria volgus.

Tenedos is in sight, an island most notable in
Fame, rich in resources, while the kingdoms of Priam remained,
Now so much a bay and an outpost of a vessel in bad faith:
They, having carried themselves here, hide in the deserted shore.
We thought they had left on a boat and had sought Mycenae with a wind.
Therefore all Troy released itself from its long grief;
The gates are spread out; it pleases to go and to see
The Doric camps and the deserted places and the abandoned shore.
Here the Dolopian gang, here cruel Achilles strived.
Here the place for ships, here they were accustomed to contend at the battle line.
Part was amazed at the destructive gift of virgin Minerva,
And they wonder at the size of the horse; and first Thymoetes
Urges that it be led into the walls and placed in the citadel,
Either by treachery, or already the fates of Troy were bearing it thus.
And Capys, and those whose opinion is better to the mind,
Order either to throw the treacheries and the suspected gifts of the Greeks
Into the sea, and burn them, flames thrown under,
Or to bore through the hollows of its belly and test for hiding places.
The uncertain crowd is divided into contrary spirits.
Primus ibi ante omnis, magna comitante caterva,
Laocoön ardens summa decurrit ab arce,
et procul: "O miseris, quae tanta insania, cives? Creditis avectos hostis? Aut ulla putatis
dona carere dolis Danaum? Sic notus Ulixes?
aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi,
aut haec in nostros fabricata est machina muros
inspectura domos venturaque desuper urbi,
aut aliquis latet error; equo ne credite, Teuci.
Quicquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentis."
Sic fatus, validis ingentem viribus hastam
in latus inque feri curvam compagibus alvum
contorsit: stetit illa tremens, uteroque recusso
insonuere cavae gemitumque dedere cavernae.
Et, si fata deum, si mens non laeva fuisset,
impulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras,
Troiaque, nunc stares, Priamique arx alta, maneres.

The first before all, a great troop following,
Laocoon, being eager, runs down from the top of the citadel,
And at a distance (he says), "O miserable citizens, what so great madness is this? Do you believe
that the enemies were conveyed away? Or do you think
That any gifts are free from the tricks of the Greeks? Is Ulysses thus familiar? Either enclosed in
this wood, Achaean are concealed,
Or this device was made against our walls,
To look into our homes and to come from above to our city,
Or some trick lies hidden. Do not believe the horse, Teucrians.
Whatever it is, I fear the Danaans, even bearing gifts.
Thus having spoken, he twirled with great strength a huge spear into its side And into the belly
of the beast curved with joints.
That (spear) stood, shaking, and the belly having been shaken,
The hollow cavities resounded and gave a groan.
And, if the fates of the gods, if the mind had not been unlucky,
He would have driven (us) to to defile the Argive hiding places with iron,
And now Troy would stand, and you would remain, high citadel of Priam.