Którego więci boginka, - przeto się owie w te słowa:

“Daucusie, rodziuci i wy, wieczni szczęśliwi bogowie!

...”

Could all our care elude the gloomy grave
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,

For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war:

But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom;

For that day will come, my soul is assured of its coming,
It will come, when sacred Troy shall go to destruction.

Troy, and warlike Priam too, and the people of Priam.

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