

Anthony Asmus – 3.203-231

Trīs adeō incertōs caecā caligine solēs  
erramus pelagō, totidem sine sīdere noctēs.  
205 Quartō terra diē primum se attollere tandem  
vīsa, aperīre procul montīs, ac volvere fumum.  
Vela cadunt, remīs insurgimus; haud mora nautae

adnixī torquent spumās et caerula verrunt.  
Servatum ex undīs Strophadum me litora primum  
210 excipiunt; Strophades Graiō stant nomine dictae,  
insulae Ioniō in magnō, quās dira Celaenō  
Harpyiaequae colunt aliae, Phineia postquam

clausa domus, mensāsque metu līquēre priōrēs.  
Tristius haud illīs monstrum, nec saevior ulla  
215 pestis et ira deum Stygiīs sese extulit undīs.  
Virgineī volucrum vultūs, foedissima ventris  
proluviēs, uncaeque manūs, et pallida semper

ora famē.

Hūc ubi delatī portūs intrāvimus, ecce  
220 laeta boum passim campīs armenta vidēmus,  
caprigenumque pecus nullō custode per herbās.  
Inruimus ferrō, et divōs ipsumque vocāmus  
in partem praedamque lovem; tum litore curvō

exstruimusque torōs, dapibusque epulāmur opimīs.  
225 At subitae horricō lapsū de montibus adsunt  
Harpyiae, et magnīs quatiunt clangoribus alās,  
diripiuntque dapēs, contactūque omnia foedant  
immundō; tum vox taetrum dira inter odorem.

Rursum in secessū longō sub rupe cavatā,  
230 arboribus clausā circum atque horrentibus umbrīs,  
instruimus mensās arīsque reponimus ignem:

Three days we wander in gloomy fog  
Three nights we wander without a star  
Four days the earth seemed to lift itself out of the sea  
It took Four night till our ship came on the dire strophades

2x

And the sails they fall  
and the oars they fall  
And the sea it falls  
To to the land we fall

Rich herds, cattle spread over the grasses,  
Ditch the ships, goats eating from green pastures  
Grab your swords and take of the fields what jove leaves for you  
Slabs of meat as we lay on the beach and eat what we are due

But the sun it falls  
From the mountains they fall  
To the beach they fall  
Creatures of the fall

With faces of woman  
But bodies of birds  
And sharpened hands  
with starving demands

Three men were taken up into the air  
Three birds of men they took their share  
For the trees we scurried with every hope for our lives  
under a cliff we relight the fire and hid for the night

But the sun it falls  
From the mountains they fall  
To the beach they fall  
Creatures of the fall

With faces of woman  
But bodies of birds  
And sharpened hands  
with starving demands

But Troy it falls  
And our armies they fall  
But we will not fall  
To these creatures of the fall

Or to this sea