Yet it is not enough for the gods above: behold the urn, choosing a master for the daughters and daughters-in-law of Priam, is casting lots, and I will follow— see, a cheap reward! This man pledges Hector’s wife to himself, this man wishes for the wife of Helenus, this for that of Antenor; there is even someone who seeks your marriage bed, Cassandra. My lot is feared, I alone am feared by the Danians. Do your lamentations tarry, my band of captive women? Beat your breasts with palms, beat out the sounds of sorrow, and perform the funeral rites for Troy. Let Mt Ida sing at once, the home of the skilful leader.

Vocabulary
nuribus - daughters in law
natis - daughters
legens - picking out
sortitur - chooses
vilis - cheap
despondet - pledges, is betrothed to
dest - is wanting, wishes
timetur - fears
metus - fear (4th)
lamenta - lamentings
cessant - tarry, rest
ferite - strike
palmis - palms
planctus - wailings, beating of breasts
date - give, beat out, utter, produce
iusta - funeral writes
iamdudum - long ago, immediately
iudicis - leader
diri - terrible, skilful

Summary
This destruction and sacrilege isn't alone enough. An urn chooses husbands for the women of Troy, and Hecuba calls herself a cheap reward. She speaks about men pledging different wives to themselves. She is feared because she is the oldest and most decrepit. She instructs the women to mourn, and perform the due rites for Troy. Also for Mt Ida to sing a funeral song also, the home of the skilful leader.
HECUBA:
For you my right hand hits my arms, 117
and it hits my bloody shoulders for you, 118
for you my right hand beats my head; 119
for you by maternal fingers, my breasts 120
lie torn: 121
Let it flow and be ruptured with much blood, 122
whichever scar I made at your funeral 123
Column of our country, delayer of Fates, 124
you were a protector for weary Phrygians, 125
you were a wall, and by your shoulders 126
she stood supported for ten years; 127
with you she fell, and the last day 128
for Hector was also his country's. 129
Turn your grief: 130
for Priam pour out your tears; 131
Hector has this enough. 132

Vocabulary
ferit - hits
umeros - shoulders
ubera - teat
laniata - torn
quamcumque - wherever
funere - funeral
rupta - ruptured
cicatrix - scar
mora - delayer
praesidium - protector
fessis - wearied
fulta - supported
idem - also
vertite - turn
fundite - fletus

Summary
All the body parts go at each other. The right hand to the arms, and the shoulders. The right hand
to the head, the breasts are torn by maternal fingers. All these scars were made at the funeral of
Priam, and can flow for days. She describes the greatness of Priam, he delayed destruction, and
was a protector for Phrygians and kept Troy afloat. Troy died with Hector. Hector’s death is done
with and now it is time to mourn Priam.
LINES 164-177

TALTHYBIUS:
O long delay always in port for the Danaeans, whether they wish to seek war or their homeland.

CHORUS:
What is the cause of delay for the ships and the Daneans speak up, which god closes the returning paths/routes.

TALTHYBIUS:
My soul trembles, a fearful trembling shakes my fingers I saw weird things, greater than of the truth, barely do they warrant faith, I myself saw this. Now the Sun was grazing the highest peaks with his rising, day had conquered the night.

When suddenly the earth was rumbling with unseen bellowing, and shaken dragged up all its recesses out of the depths. The forests shook their heads and the high wood and the holy grove of trees with a vast crashing sound; On Mt Ida rocks fell from broken ridges. Not only did the earth tremble: even the sea felt its own Achilles to be present and smoothed its streams.

Vocabulary
ratibus - ships
moram - delay
reduces - closes
pavet - trembles
horridus - fearful
quassat - shakes
tremor - trembling
vix - scarcely
iuga - peaks
stringebat - grazing, touching
ortu - rising
caeco - obscure
mugitu - bellowing
fremens - rumbling
concussa - dragged up
fragore - crashing
tonuit - thundered
lucus - grove, wood
Idae - of Ida
iugis - ridges
solum - only
adesse - to have been/be present
vada - streams
volvit - wished

Summary
Talthybius joins in, and addresses the long delay, no matter the Danaeans motivations. Chorus asks him to clarify which god is the delay. Talthybius claims that at sun rise the earth had suddenly rumbled and spewed its innards, all the woods shook. Also the sea decides to accept Achilles and became smooth. (Are these omens of Achilles).
Having said these things he banished the daylight with deep darkness, and as he returned to Dis and having sunk himself down he joined with the earth coming back together. The tranquility of the calmed seas lie flat, the wind dropped its menace, and the tranquil sea murmured with gentle waves, and a chorus of Tritinians sung a hymn from the deep.

**Vocabulary**
- divisit - banished
- mersus - having sunk oneself
- repetens - returning
- coeunte - coming together
- pelagi - the open sea
- ventus - wind
- abiecit - dropped
- minas - menace
- fluctu - waves
- leni - gentle
- cecinit - sung
- hymenaeum - hymn

**Summary**
When all was said, he took the daylight with him and sunk himself as the earth joined together again. The seas lie flat, the wind stopped howling, and the Tritinians sung a hymn.
LINES 360-370

CALCHAS: 
The Fates give to the Danaans a passage by which price they are accustomed: 360
A virgin is needing to be sacrificed at the funeral mound of the Thessalian leader. 361
But in which clothing Thessalian brides are accustomed to be married in 362
or Ionians or the Mycenaeans, 363
let Pyrrhus deliver the bridge to his father: 364
thus she will be given with proper rites. However, this cause alone doesn’t hold 365
back our ships: more noble than yours 366
blood is owed, Polyxena. 367
Whom the fates seek, let that person fall from the tower’s height, 368
the Hectorian grandson of Priam and let him then meet his death. 369
Then let the fleet fill the seas with its thousand sails. 370

Vocabulary
solent - they are accustomed to
pretio - price
mactanda - needs to be sacrificed
busto - funeral mound
iugari - to be married
nurus - brides
tradat - let him give
rite - with proper rites
puppies - ships
nobilior - more noble
quaerunt - seek
turre - from the tower
nepos - grandson
Hectoreus - Hectorian
letum - death
oppetat - let him meet
velis - sails
impleat - fill
classis - fleet

Summary
The fates then intervene and give the Greeks a passage, but it must be by sacrifice yet again. She must be dressed in the clothes of a bride to be sacrifice (can be any race). Yet the blood needed must be more noble than Polyxена's. The fates actually seek Priam's grandson through Priam must fall from the height of the tower. Only then can the fleet set sail.
LINES 382-396

CHORUS:
Whatever the rising sun knows, and the setting sun knows, 382
all that is washed by Ocean with its blue waters 383
twice approaching and twice fleeing, 384
time will seize at the pace of Pegasus. 385
As the twelve constellations fly at whirlwind speed, 386
as the lord of the stars hastens apace 387
to roll on the centuries, in the way that Hecate 388
hurries to run on her slanting arcs: 389
so we all head for death. No longer does one 390
who has reached the pools that bind the gods’ oaths 391
exist at all. As smoke from burning fires 392
fades away, soiling the air for a brief space; 393
as the leaden clouds that we saw just now 394
the onset of northern Boreas scatter 395
so this spirit, by which we are ruled, will flow away. 396

Vocabulary
oriens - rising
aetas - time
occidens - setting
caeeruleis - blue
corripiet - will seize
gradu - pace
sena - twelve (two sixes)
turbine - whirlwind
properat - flies (hastens)
volvere - roll
saecula - centuries
astrorum - of the stars
obliquis - arcs
currere - to run
flexibus - slanting
(nec) amplius - no longer
iuratos - oaths
lacus - resevoirs (pools)
calidis - burning (pure)
vanescit - vanishes
sordidus - soiling (dirtying)
nubes - clouds
arctoi - northen
impetus - onset
regimur - we are ruled
effluet - flow away

Summary
Starts off with a grand description of all known to the Sun, covered by the ocean - with its tidal
activities, time will swallow up quickly. The zodiac and the lord of the stars turn the centuries, just
as Hecate runs on her slanting arcs - all things die. Nothing exists beyond death. When smoke
from the funeral fires fade into the heavens eccetera, our spirit fades.