

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a seven years' voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Aeolus raises at the request of Juno. The tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest. Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea. Aeneas, with his own ship and six more, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Aeneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage, where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by fate,
 And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
 Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore.
 Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore,
 And in the doubtful war, before he won
 The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town;
 His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
 And settled sure succession in his line,
 From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
 And the long glories of majestic Rome.
 O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;
 What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;
 For what offence the Queen of Heav'n began

Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris
 Italiam, fato profugus, Laviniaque venit
 litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto
 vi superum saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram;
 multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem, 5
 inferretque deos Latio, genus unde Latinum,
 Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae.
 Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso,
 quidve dolens, regina deum tot volvere casus
 insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores 10
 impulerit. Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?

To persecute so brave, so just a man;
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,
Expos'd to wants, and hurried into wars!
Can heav'nly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?

Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea;
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade:
Carthage the name; belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot; here, if Heav'n were kind,
The seat of awful empire she design'd.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly,
(Long cited by the people of the sky,
That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs deface;
Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of sov'reign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late
For conqu'ring Greece against the Trojan state.
Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind;
Deep graven in her heart the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd;
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.
Each was a cause alone; and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host;
And sev'n long years th' unhappy wand'ring train
Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd thro' the main.

Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere coloni,
Karthago, Italiam contra Tiberinaque longe
ostia, dives opum studiisque asperrima belli,
quam Iuno fertur terris magis omnibus unam 15
posthabita coluisse Samo; hic illius arma,
hic currus fuit; hoc regnum dea gentibus esse,
si qua Fata sinant, iam tum tenditque fovetque.
Progeniem sed enim Troiano a sanguine duci
audierat, Tyrias olim quae verteret arces; 20
hinc populum late regem belloque superbum
venturum excidio Libyae: sic volvere Parcas.
Id metuens, veterisque memor Saturnia belli,
prima quod ad Troiam pro caris gesserat Argis—
necdum etiam causae irarum saevique dolores 25
exciderant animo: manet alta mente repostum
iudicium Paridis spretaeque iniuria formae,
et genus invisum, et rapti Ganymedis honores.
His accensa super, iactatos aequore toto
Troas, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli, 30
arcebat longe Latio, multosque per annos
errabant, acti Fatis, maria omnia circum.
Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem!

Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labour for so vast a frame.

Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars,
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,
Ent'ring with cheerful shouts the wat'ry reign,
And plowing frothy furrows in the main;
When, lab'ring still with endless discontent,
The Queen of Heav'n did thus her fury vent:
“**Then** am I vanquish'd? must I yield?” said she,
“And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So Fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my pow'r divert their happy course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep;
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch, yet hissing with her father's flame,
She strongly seiz'd, and with a burning wound
Transfix'd, and naked, on a rock she bound.
But I, who walk in awful state above,
The majesty of heav'n, the sister wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy!
What nations now to Juno's pow'r will pray,
Or off'rings on my slighted altars lay?”

Thus rag'd the goddess; and, with fury fraught.
The restless regions of the storms she sought,
Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Aeolus, from his airy throne,
With pow'r imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds.

Vix e conspectu Siculae telluris in altum
vela dabant laeti, et spumas salis aere ruebant, 35
cum Iuno, aeternum servans sub pectore volnus,
haec secum: ‘Mene incepto desistere victam,
nec posse Italia Teucrorum avertere regem?
Quippe vetor fatis. Pallasne exurere classem
Argivom atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto, 40
unius ob noxam et furias Aiakis Oilei?
Ipsa, Iovis rapidum iaculata e nubibus ignem,
disiecitque rates evertitque aequora ventis,
illum expirantem transfixo pectore flammam
turbine corripuit scopuloque infixit acuto. 45
Ast ego, quae divom incedo regina, Iovisque
et soror et coniunx, una cum gente tot annos
bella gero! Et quisquam numen Iunonis adoret
praeterea, aut supplex aris imponet honorem?’

Talia flammato secum dea corde volutans 50
nimborum in patriam, loca feta furentibus austris,
Aeoliam venit. Hic vasto rex Aeolus antro
luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras
imperio premit ac vinclis et carcere frenat.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis 55

This way and that th' impatient captives tend,
 And, pressing for release, the mountains rend.
 High in his hall th' undaunted monarch stands,
 And shakes his scepter, and their rage commands;
 Which did he not, their unresisted sway
 Would sweep the world before them in their way;
 Earth, air, and seas thro' empty space would roll,
 And heav'n would fly before the driving soul.
 In fear of this, the Father of the Gods
 Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,
 And lock'd 'em safe within, oppress'd with mountain loads;
 Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,
 To loose their fetters, or their force allay.
 To whom the suppliant queen her pray'rs address'd,
 And thus the tenor of her suit express'd:

"O Aeolus! for to thee the King of Heav'n
 The pow'r of tempests and of winds has giv'n;
 Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
 And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled main.
 A race of wand'ring slaves, abhorr'd by me,
 With prosp'rous passage cut the Tuscan sea;
 To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
 And for their vanquish'd gods design new temples there.
 Raise all thy winds; with night involve the skies;
 Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.
 Twice sev'n, the charming daughters of the main,
 Around my person wait, and bear my train:
 Succeed my wish, and second my design;
 The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine,
 And make thee father of a happy line."

To this the god: "Tis yours, O queen, to will
 The work which duty binds me to fulfil.
 These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
 Are all the presents of your bounteous hand:

circum claustra fremunt; celsa sedet Aeolus arce
 sceptrum tenens, mollique animos et temperat iras.
 Ni faciat, maria ac terras caelumque profundum
 quippe ferant rapidi secum verrantque per auras.
 Sed pater omnipotens speluncis abdidit atris, 60
 hoc metuens, molemque et montis insuper altos
 imposuit, regemque dedit, qui foedere certo
 et premere et laxas sciret dare iussus habenas.
 Ad quem tum Iuno supplex his vocibus usa est:

'Aeole, namque tibi divom pater atque hominum rex 65
 et mulcere dedit fluctus et tollere vento,
 gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat aequor,
 Ilium in Italiam portans victosque Penates:
 incute vim ventis submersasque obrue puppes,
 aut age diversos et disiice corpora ponto. 70
 Sunt mihi bis septem praestanti corpore nymphae,
 quarum quae forma pulcherrima Deiopea,
 conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo,
 omnis ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
 exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.' 75

Aeolus haec contra: 'Tuus, O regina, quid optes
 explorare labor; mihi iussa capessere fas est.
 Tu mihi, quodcumque hoc regni, tu sceptrum Iovemque
 concilias, tu das epulis accumbere divom,

Yours is my sov'reign's grace; and, as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast;
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you."

He said, and hurl'd against the mountain side
His quiv'ring spear, and all the god applied.
The raging winds rush thro' the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground;
Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.
South, East, and West with mix'd confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack; the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;
And heav'n itself is ravish'd from their eyes.
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue;
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And present death in various forms appears.
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief;
And, "Thrice and four times happy those," he cried,
"That under Ilian walls before their parents died!
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train!
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain,
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear!"

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets; the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessels to the skies:

nimborumque facis tempestatumque potentem.' 80

Haec ubi dicta, cavum conversa cuspide montem
impulit in latus: ac venti, velut agmine facto,
qua data porta, ruunt et terras turbine perflant.
Incubuerunt mari, totumque a sedibus imis 85
una Eurusque Notusque ruunt creberque procellis
Africus, et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.
Insequitur clamorque virum stridorque rudentum.
Eripiunt subito nubes caelumque diemque
Teucrorum ex oculis; ponto nox incubat atra.
Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus aether,
praesentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.
Extemplo Aeneae solvuntur frigore membra:
ingemit, et duplicis tendens ad sidera palmas
taliam voce refert: 'O terque quaterque beati, 95
quis ante ora patrum Troiae sub moenibus altis
contigit oppetere! O Danaum fortissime gentis
Tydide! Mene Iliacis occumbere campis
non potuisse, tuaque animam hanc effundere dextra,
saevus ubi Aeacidae telo iacet Hector, ubi ingens
Sarpedon, ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis 100
scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volvit?'

Talia iactanti stridens Aquilone procella
velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit.
Franguntur remi; tum prora avertit, et undis
dat latus; insequitur cumulo praeruptus aquae mons. 105

Nor can the shiv'ring oars sustain the blow;
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow;
While those astern, descending down the steep,
Thro' gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast.
Those hidden rocks th' Ausonian sailors knew:
They call'd them Altars, when they rose in view,
And show'd their spacious backs above the flood.
Three more fierce Eurys, in his angry mood,
Dash'd on the shallows of the moving sand,
And in mid ocean left them moor'd a-land.
Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight!) ev'n in the hero's view,
From stem to stern by waves was overborne:
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd; thrice round the ship was toss'd,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost;
And here and there above the waves were seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men.
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way,
And suck'd thro' loosen'd planks the rushing sea.
Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endur'd not less; their ships, with gaping seams,
Admit the deluge of the briny streams.

Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground.
Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main,
Serene in majesty; then roll'd his eyes
Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, distress'd,
By stormy winds and wintry heav'n oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,

Hi summo in fluctu pendent; his unda dehiscens
terram inter fluctus aperit; furit aestus harenis.
Tris Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet—
saxa vocant Itali mediis quae in fluctibus aras—
dorsum immane mari summo; tris Eurys ab alto 110
in brevia et Syrtis urget, miserabile visu,
inluditque vadis atque aggere cingit harenae.
Unam, quae Lycios fidumque vehebat Oronten,
ipsius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus
in puppim ferit: excutitur pronusque magister 115
volvitur in caput; ast illam ter fluctus ibidem
torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat aequore vortex.
Adparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
arma virum, tabulaeque, et Troia gaza per undas.
Iam validam Ilionei navem, iam fortis Achaty, 120
et qua vectus Abas, et qua grandaevus Aletes,
vicit hiems; laxis laterum compagibus omnes
accipiunt inimicum imbrem, rimisque fatiscunt.

Interea magno misceri murmure pontum,
emissamque hiemem sensit Neptunus, et imis 125
stagna refusa vadis, graviter commotus; et alto
prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda.
Disiectam Aeneae, toto videt aequore classem,
fluctibus oppressos Troas caelique ruina,
nec latuere doli fratrem Iunonis et irae. 130
Eurum ad se Zephyrumque vocat, dehinc talia fatur:

And what her aims and what her arts pursue.
He summon'd Eurus and the western blast,

And first an angry glance on both he cast;
Then thus rebuk'd: "Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?
To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I—but first 'tis fit the billows to restrain;
And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.
Hence! to your lord my royal mandate bear,
The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
His pow'r to hollow caverns is confin'd:
There let him reign, the jailer of the wind,
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty hall."

He spoke; and, while he spoke, he smooth'd the sea,
Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day.
Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands:
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands;
Then heaves them off the shoals. Where'er he guides
His finny coursers and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle and the sea subsides.
As, when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:
If then some grave and pious man appear,

'Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri?
Iam caelum terramque meo sine numine, venti,
miscere, et tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego—sed motos praestat componere fluctus. 135
Post mihi non simili poena commissa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique haec dicite vestro:
non illi imperium pelagi saevumque tridentem,
sed mihi sorte datum. Tenet ille immania saxa,
vestras, Eure, domos; illa se iactet in aula 140
Aeolus, et clauso ventorum carcere regnet.'

Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida aequora placat,
collectasque fugat nubes, solemque reducit.
Cymothoe simul et Triton adnexus acuto
detrudunt navis scopulo; levat ipse tridenti; 145
et vastas aperit syrtis, et temperat aequor,
atque rotis summas levibus perlabitur undas.
Ac veluti magno in populo cum saepe coorta est
seditio, saevitque animis ignobile volgus,
iamque faces et saxa volant—furor arma ministrat; 150
tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant;
ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet,—
sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, aequora postquam
prospiciens genitor caeloque invectus aperto 155
flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.

They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood:
So, when the Father of the Flood appears,
And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,
Their fury falls: he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and, with loosen'd reins,
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.

The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.
Within a long recess there lies a bay:
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride;
Broke by the jutting land, on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of rocks a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green:
A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
Down thro' the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls:
No haulsers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they fear.
Sev'n ships within this happy harbour meet,
The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd repose.
First, good Achates, with repeated strokes
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes:
Short flame succeeds; a bed of wither'd leaves
The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies.
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around

Defessi Aeneadae, quae proxima litora, cursu
contendunt petere, et Libyae vertuntur ad oras.
Est in secessu longo locus: insula portum
efficit obiectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto 160
frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.
Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes geminique minantur
in caelum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late
aequora tuta silent; tum silvis scaena coruscis
desuper horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra. 165
Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum,
intus aquae dulces vivoque sedilia saxo,
nympharum domus: hic fessas non vincula navis
ulla tenent, unco non alligat ancora morsu.
Huc septem Aeneas collectis navibus omni 170
ex numero subit; ac magno telluris amore
egressi optata potiuntur Troes harena,
et sale tabentis artus in litore ponunt.
Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates,
succepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum 175
nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum Cererem corruptam undis Cerealiaque arma
expediunt fessi rerum, frugesque receptas
et torrere parant flammis et frangere saxo.

The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground:
Some dry their corn, infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.

Aeneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
And takes a prospect of the seas below,
If Capys thence, or Antheus he could spy,
Or see the streamers of Caicus fly.
No vessels were in view; but, on the plain,
Three beamy stags command a lordly train
Of branching heads: the more ignoble throng
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
He stood; and, while secure they fed below,
He took the quiver and the trusty bow
Achates us'd to bear: the leaders first
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain
Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood distain.
For the sev'n ships he made an equal share,
And to the port return'd, triumphant from the war.
The jars of gen'rous wine (Acestes' gift,
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
He set abroach, and for the feast prepar'd,
In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief
With cheerful words allay'd the common grief:

“Endure, and conquer! Jove will soon dispose
To future good our past and present woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have tried;
Th' inhuman Cyclops and his den defied.
What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
Resume your courage and dismiss your care,
An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
Your sorrows past, as benefits of Fate.

Aeneas scopulum interea conscendit, et omnem 180
prospectum late pelago petit, Anthea si quem
iactatum vento videat Phrygiasque biremis,
aut Capyn, aut celsis in puppibus arma Caici.
Navem in conspectu nullam, tris litore cervos
prospicit errantis; hos tota armenta sequuntur 185
a tergo, et longum per vallis pascitur agmen.
Constitit hic, arcumque manu celerisque sagittas
corripuit, fidus quae tela gerebat Achates;
ductoresque ipsos primum, capita alta ferentis
cornibus arboreis, sternit, tum volgus, et omnem 190
miscet agens telis nemora inter frondea turbam;
nec prius absistit, quam septem ingentia victor
corpora fundat humi, et numerum cum navibus aequet.
Hinc portum petit, et socios partitur in omnes.
Vina bonus quae deinde cadis onerarat Acestes 195
litore Trinacrio dederatque abeuntibus heros,
dividit, et dictis maerentia pectora mulcet:

O socii—neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum—
O passi graviores, dabit deus his quoque finem.
Vos et Scyllaeam rabiem penitusque sonantis 200
accestis scopulos, vos et Cyclopea saxa
expertis: revocate animos, maestumque timorem
mittite: forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
tendimus in Latium; sedes ubi fata quietas 205
ostendunt; illic fas regna resurgere Troiae.

Thro' various hazards and events, we move
To Latium and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise,
Endure the hardships of your present state;
Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate.”
These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart;
His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.
The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste.
Some strip the skin; some portion out the spoil;
The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldrons boil;
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with
wine.
Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends
The doubtful fortune of their absent friends:
Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
Whether to deem 'em dead, or in distress.
Above the rest, Aeneas mourns the fate
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus.
The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus.

When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas
At length on Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes:
Whom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,
When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,
Not free from tears, her heav'nly sire bespoke:

“O King of Gods and Men! whose awful hand

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.’

Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus aeger
spem voltu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.
Illi se praedae accingunt, dapibusque futuris; 210
tergora deripiunt costis et viscera nudant;
pars in frusta secant veribusque trementia figunt;
litore aena locant alii, flammisque ministrant.
Tum victu revocant vires, fusique per herbam
implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinae. 215
Postquam exempta fames epulis mensaeque remotae,
amissos longo socios sermone requirunt,
spemque metumque inter dubii, seu vivere credant,
sive extrema pati nec iam exaudire vocatos.
Praecipue pius Aeneas nunc acris Oronti, 220
nunc Amyci casum gemit et crudelia secum
fata Lyci, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

Et iam finis erat, cum Iuppiter aethere summo
despiciens mare velivolum terrasque iacentis
litoraue et latos populos, sic vertice caeli 225
constitit, et Libyae defixit lumina regnis.
Atque illum talis iactantem pectore curas
tristior et lacrimis oculos suffusa nitentis
adloquitur Venus: ‘O qui res hominumque deumque
aeternis regis imperiis, et fulmine terres, 230

Disperses thunder on the seas and land,
 Disposing all with absolute command;
 How could my pious son thy pow'r incense?
 Or what, alas! is vanish'd Troy's offence?
 Our hope of Italy not only lost,
 On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
 But shut from ev'ry shore, and barr'd from ev'ry coast.
 You promis'd once, a progeny divine
 Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
 In after times should hold the world in awe,
 And to the land and ocean give the law.
 How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care
 When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war?
 Then fates to fates I could oppose; but now,
 When Fortune still pursues her former blow,
 What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?
 What end of labours has your will decreed?
 Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
 Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts,
 Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves
 And thro' nine channels disembogues his waves.
 At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
 And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
 There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
 And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame.
 But we, descended from your sacred line,
 Entitled to your heav'n and rites divine,
 Are banish'd earth; and, for the wrath of one,
 Remov'd from Latium and the promis'd throne.
 Are these our scepters? these our due rewards?
 And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?"

To whom the Father of th' immortal race,
 Smiling with that serene indulgent face,
 With which he drives the clouds and clears the skies,
 First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies:

quid meus Aeneas in te committere tantum,
 quid Troes potuere, quibus, tot funera passis,
 cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur orbis?
 Certe hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis,
 hinc fore ductores, revocato a sanguine Teucri, 235
 qui mare, qui terras omni dicione tenerent,
 pollicitus, quae te, genitor, sententia vertit?
 Hoc equidem occasum Troiae tristisque ruinas
 solabar, fatis contraria fata rependens;
 nunc eadem fortuna viros tot casibus actos 240
 insequitur. Quem das finem, rex magne, laborum?
 Antenor potuit, mediis elapsus Achivis,
 Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
 regna Liburnorum, et fontem superare Timavi,
 unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis 245
 it mare proruptum et pelago premit arva sonanti.
 Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi sedesque locavit
 Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
 Troia; nunc placida compostus pace quiescit:
 nos, tua progenies, caeli quibus adnuis arcem, 250
 navibus (infandum!) amissis, unius ob iram
 prodimur atque Italis longe disiungimur oris.
 Hic pietatis honos? Sic nos in sceptris reponis?'

Olli subridens hominum sator atque deorum,
 voltu, quo caelum tempestatesque serenat, 255
 oscula libavit natae, dehinc talia fatur:
 'Parce metu, Cytherea: manent immota tuorum

“Daughter, dismiss thy fears; to thy desire
The fates of thine are fix’d, and stand entire.
Thou shalt behold thy wish’d Lavinian walls;
And, ripe for heav’n, when fate Aeneas calls,
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me:
No councils have revers’d my firm decree.
And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
Know, I have search’d the mystic rolls of Fate:
Thy son (nor is th’ appointed season far)
In Italy shall wage successful war,
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And sov’reign laws impose, and cities build,

Till, after ev’ry foe subdued, the sun
Thrice thro’ the signs his annual race shall run:
This is his time prefix’d. Ascanius then,
Now call’d Iulus, shall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,
Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,
And, with hard labour, Alba Longa build.
The throne with his succession shall be fill’d
Three hundred circuits more: then shall be seen
Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,
Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain:
Then Romulus his grandsire’s throne shall gain,
Of martial tow’rs the founder shall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them no bounds of empire I assign,
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
Ev’n haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,
Earth, seas, and heav’n, and Jove himself turmoils;
At length aton’d, her friendly pow’r shall join,

fata tibi; cernes urbem et promissa Lavini
moenia, sublimemque feres ad sidera caeli
magnanimum Aenean; neque me sententia vertit. 260
Hic tibi (fabor enim, quando haec te cura remordet,
longius et volvens fatorum arcana movebo)
bellum ingens geret Italia, populosque feroces
contundet, moresque viris et moenia ponet,
tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit aestas, 265
ternaque transierint Rutulis hiberna subactis.
At puer Ascanius, cui nunc cognomen Iulo
additur,—Ilus erat, dum res stetit Ilia regno,—
triginta magnos volvendis mensibus orbis
imperio explebit, regnumque ab sede Lavini 270
transferet, et longam multa vi muniet Albam.

Hic iam ter centum totos regnabitur annos
gente sub Hectorea, donec regina sacerdos,
Marte gravis, geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem.
Inde lupae fulvo nutricis tegmine laetus 275
Romulus excipiet gentem, et Mavortia condet
moenia, Romanosque suo de nomine dicet.
His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono;
imperium sine fine dedi. Quin aspera Iuno,
quae mare nunc terrasque metu caelumque fatigat, 280
consilia in melius referet, mecumque fovebit
Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam:
sic placitum. Veniet lustris labentibus aetas,
cum domus Assaraci Phthiam clarasque Mycenae
servitio premet, ac victis dominabitur Argis. 285
Nascetur pulchra Troianus origine Caesar,
imperium oceano, famam qui terminet astris,—
Iulius, a magno demissum nomen Iulo.
Hunc tu olim caelo, spoliis Orientis onustum,
accipies securus; vocabitur hic quoque votis. 290
Aspera tum positae mitescent saecula bellis;
cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus,

To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state,
And sweet revenge her conqu'ring sons shall call,
To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.
Then Caesar from the Julian stock shall rise,
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies
Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with eastern spoils,
Our heav'n, the just reward of human toils,
Securely shall repay with rites divine;
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
Then dire debate and impious war shall cease,
And the stern age be soften'd into peace:
Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
And Vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn;
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains;
High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms."

He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and state.
Down from the steep of heav'n Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
Performs his message, and displays his rod:
The surly murmurs of the people cease;
And, as the fates requir'd, they give the peace:

iura dabunt; dirae ferro et compagibus artis
claudentur Belli portae; Furor impius intus,
saeva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus aenis 295
post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.'

Haec ait, et Maia genitum demittit ab alto,
ut terrae, utque novae pateant Karthaginis arces
hospitio Teucris, ne fati nescia Dido
finibus arceret: volat ille per aera magnum 300
remigio alarum, ac Libyae citus adstitit oris.
Et iam iussa facit, ponuntque ferocia Poeni
corda volente deo; in primis regina quietum
accipit in Teucros animum mentemque benignam.

The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.

Meantime, in shades of night Aeneas lies:
Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.
But, when the sun restor'd the cheerful day,
He rose, the coast and country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more.
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore;
But, whether humankind, or beasts alone
Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides:
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides;
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
And true Achates on his steps attends.

Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddess mother stood:
A huntress in her habit and her mien;
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;
Her hand sustain'd a bow; her quiver hung behind.
She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood:
With such array Harpalyce bestrode
Her Thracian courser and outstripp'd the rapid flood.
“Ho, strangers! have you lately seen,” she said,
“One of my sisters, like myself array'd,
Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd?
A painted quiver at her back she bore;
Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore;
And at full cry pursued the tusky boar.”

Thus Venus: thus her son replied again:
“None of your sisters have we heard or seen,

At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima volvens, 305
ut primum lux alma data est, exire locosque
explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras,
qui teneant, nam inculta videt, hominesne feraene,
quaerere constituit, sociisque exacta referre
Classem in convexo nemorum sub rupe cavata 310
arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris
occultit; ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate,
bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro.

Cui mater media sese tulit obvia silva,
virginis os habitumque gerens, et virginis arma 315
Spartanae, vel qualis equos Threissa fatigat
Harpalyce, volucremque fuga praevertitur Hebrum.
Namque umeris de moreabilem suspenderat arcum
venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis,
nuda genu, nodoque sinus collecta fluentis. 320
Ac prior, ‘Heus’ inquit ‘iuvenes, monstrate mearum
vidistis si quam hic errantem forte sororum,
succinctam pharetra et maculosae tegmine lyncis,
aut spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem.’

Sic Venus; et Veneris contra sic filius orsus: 325
‘Nulla tuarum audita mihi neque visa sororum—

O virgin! or what other name you bear
Above that style; O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!
If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train,
Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain;
But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,
What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?

Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
And offer'd victims at your altars fall."
"I dare not," she replied, "assume the name
Of goddess, or celestial honours claim:
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are:
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The rising city, which from far you see,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phoenician Dido rules the growing state,
Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate.
Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate;

Which I will sum in short. Sichaeus, known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possess'd fair Dido's bed; and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian scepter sway'd:
One who condemn'd divine and human laws.
Then strife ensued, and cursed gold the cause.
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed.
Some tale, some new pretence, he daily coin'd,

O quam te memorem, virgo? Namque haud tibi voltus
mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat: O, dea certe—
an Phoebi soror? an nympharum sanguinis una?—
sis felix, nostrumque leves, quaecumque, laborem, 330
et, quo sub caelo tandem, quibus orbis in oris
iactemur, doceas. Ignari hominumque locorumque
erramus, vento huc vastis et fluctibus acti:
multa tibi ante aras nostra cadet hostia dextra.'

Tum Venus: 'Haud equidem tali me dignor honore; 335
virginibus Tyriis mos est gestare pharetram,
purpureoque alte suras vincere cothurno.
Punica regna vides, Tyrios et Agenoris urbem;
sed fines Libyci, genus intractabile bello.
Imperium Dido Tyria regit urbe profecta, 340
germanum fugiens. Longa est iniuria, longae
ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.

'Huic coniunx Sychaeus erat, ditissimus agri
Phoenicum, et magno miserae dilectus amore,
cui pater intactam dederat, primisque iugarat 345
ominibus. Sed regna Tyri germanus habebat
Pygmalion, scelere ante alios immanior omnes.
Quos inter medius venit furor. Ille Sychaeum
impius ante aras, atque auri caecus amore,
clam ferro incautum superat, securus amorum 350
germanae; factumque diu celavit, et aegram,
multa malus simulans, vana spe lusit amantem.
Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago
coniugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris,
crudeles aras traiectaque pectora ferro 355

To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
Of her unhappy lord: the spectre stares,
And, with erected eyes, his bloody bosom bares.
The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals,
Then warns the widow, with her household gods,
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.
Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
The queen provides companions of her flight:
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
With prosp'rous winds; a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by stress of weather driv'n,
Or was their fatal course dispos'd by Heav'n;
At last they landed, where from far your eyes
May view the turrets of new Carthage rise;
There bought a space of ground, which Byrsa call'd,
From the bull's hide, they first inclos'd, and wall'd.
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?"
To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:

"Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph, the tedious annals of our fate!
Thro' such a train of woes if I should run,
The day would sooner than the tale be done!
From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came,
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.
On various seas by various tempests toss'd,

nudavit, caecumque domus scelus omne retexit.
Tum celerare fugam patriaue excedere suadet,
auxiliumque viae veteres tellure recludit
thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus et auri.
His commota fugam Dido sociosque parabat: 360
conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni
aut metus acer erat; navis, quae forte paratae,
corripiunt, onerantque auro: portantur avari
Pygmalionis opes pelago; dux femina facti.
Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernis 365
moenia surgentemque novae Karthaginis arcem,
mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam,
taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.
Sed vos qui tandem, quibus aut venistis ab oris,
quove tenetis iter? 'Quaerenti talibus ille 370
suspirans, imoque trahens a pectore vocem:

'O dea, si prima repetens ab origine pergam,
et vacet annalis nostrorum audire laborum,
ante diem clauso componat Vesper Olympo.
Nos Troia antiqua, si vestras forte per auris 375
Troiae nomen iit, diversa per aequora vectos
forte sua Libycis tempestas adpulit oris.
Sum pius Aeneas, raptos qui ex hoste Penates

At length we landed on your Libyan coast.
The good Aeneas am I call'd, a name,
While Fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame.
My household gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I rescued from our foes.
To fruitful Italy my course was bent;
And from the King of Heav'n is my descent.
With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
Scarce sev'n, the thin remainders of my fleet,
From storms preserv'd, within your harbour meet.
Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
In Libyan deserts wander thus alone.”
His tender parent could no longer bear;
But, interposing, sought to soothe his care.
“Who'er you are, not unbelov'd by Heav'n,

Since on our friendly shore your ships are driv'n:
Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
And to the queen expose your just request.
Now take this earnest of success, for more:
Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;
The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free;
Or I renounce my skill in augury.
Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
And stoop with closing pinions from above;
Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,
And thro' the clouds pursued the scatt'ring throng:
Now, all united in a goodly team,
They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
And ride the circuit of the skies in rings;
Not otherwise your ships, and ev'ry friend,
Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
No more advice is needful; but pursue

classe veho mecum, fama super aethera notus.
Italiam quaero patriam et genus ab Iove summo. 380
Bis denis Phrygium conscendi navibus aequor,
matre dea monstrante viam, data fata secutus;
vix septem convolsae undis Euroque supersunt.
Ipse ignotus, egens, Libyae deserta peragro,
Europa atque Asia pulsus.' Nec plura querentem 385
passa Venus medio sic interfata dolore est:

‘Quisquis es, haud, credo, invisus caelestibus auras
vitalis carpis, Tyriam qui adveneris urbem.
Perge modo, atque hinc te reginae ad limina perfer,
Namque tibi reduces socios classemque relatam 390
nuntio, et in tutum versis aquilonibus actam,
ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes.
Aspice bis senos laetantis agmine cycnos,
aetheria quos lapsa plaga Iovis ales aperto
turbabat caelo; nunc terras ordine longo 395
aut capere, aut captas iam despectare videntur:
ut reduces illi ludunt stridentibus alis,
et coetu cinxere polum, cantusque dedere,
haud aliter puppesque tuae pubesque tuorum
aut portum tenet aut pleno subit ostia velo. 400
Perge modo, et, qua te ducit via, dirige gressum.’

The path before you, and the town in view.”

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair,
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground.
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:
In length of train descends her sweeping gown;
And, by her graceful walk, the Queen of Love is known.
The prince pursued the parting deity
With words like these: “Ah! whither do you fly?
Unkind and cruel! to deceive your son
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun;
Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
And still to speak in accents not your own.”
Against the goddess these complaints he made,
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.

They march, obscure; for Venus kindly shrouds
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds,
That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
Or force to tell the causes of their way.
This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime
To visit Paphos and her native clime;
Where garlands, ever green and ever fair,
With vows are offer'd, and with solemn pray'r:
A hundred altars in her temple smoke;
A thousand bleeding hearts her pow'r invoke.

They climb the next ascent, and, looking down,
Now at a nearer distance view the town.
The prince with wonder sees the stately tow'rs,
Which late were huts and shepherds' homely bow'rs,
The gates and streets; and hears, from ev'ry part,
The noise and busy concourse of the mart.

Dixit, et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,
ambrosiaeque comae divinum vertice odorem
spiravere, pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
et vera incessu patuit dea. Ille ubi matrem 405
adgnovit, tali fugientem est voce secutus:
‘Quid natum totiens, crudelis tu quoque, falsis
ludis imaginibus? Cur dextrae iungere dextram
non datur, ac veras audire et reddere voces?’

Talibus incusat, gressumque ad moenia tendit: 410
at Venus obscuro gradientes aere saepsit,
et multo nebulae circum dea fudit amictu,
cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere posset,
molirive moram, aut veniendi poscere causas.
Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit 415
laeta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo
ture calent arae, sertisque recentibus halant.

Corripuere viam interea, qua semita monstrat.
Iamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
imminet, adversasque adspectat desuper arces. 420
Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam,
miratur portas strepitumque et strata viarum.
Instant ardentes Tyrii pars ducere muros,

The toiling Tyrians on each other call
To ply their labour: some extend the wall;
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or push unwieldly stones along.
Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
Which, first design'd, with ditches they surround.
Some laws ordain; and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre;
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains,
When winter past, and summer scarce begun,
Invites them forth to labour in the sun;
Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense;
Some at the gate stand ready to receive
The golden burthen, and their friends relieve;
All with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive:
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
"Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise!"
Aeneas said, and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty tow'rs; then, ent'ring at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate)
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.

Full in the centre of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood.
The Tyrians, landing near this holy ground,
And digging here, a prosp'rous omen found:
From under earth a courser's head they drew,

molirique arcem et manibus subvolvere saxa,
pars optare locum tecto et concludere sulco. 425
[Iura magistratusque legunt sanctumque senatum;]
hic portus alii effodiunt; hic alta theatri
fundamenta locant alii, immanisque columnas
rupibus excidunt, scaenis decora alta futuris.
Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura 430
exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos
educunt fetus, aut cum liquentia mella
stipant et dulci distendunt nectare cellas,
aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
ignavom fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent: 435
fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.
'O fortunati, quorum iam moenia surgunt!'
Aeneas ait, et fastigia suspicit urbis.
Infert se saeptus nebula, mirabile dictu,
per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli. 440

Lucus in urbe fuit media, laetissimus umbra,
quo primum iactati undis et turbine Poeni
effodere loco signum, quod regia Iuno
monstrarat, caput acris equi; sic nam fore bello
egregiam et facilem victu per saecula gentem. 445

Their growth and future fortune to foreshew.
This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build, and consecrate,
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose:
The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crown'd;
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
What first Aeneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wond'ring eyes, and round the temple gaz'd,
Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,
The striving artists, and their arts' renown;
He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and ev'ry leader known.

There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He stopp'd, and weeping said: "O friend! ev'n here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear!
Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim."
He said, his tears a ready passage find,
Devouring what he saw so well design'd,
And with an empty picture fed his mind:
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Pursued by fierce Achilles thro' the plain,

Hic templum Iunoni ingens Sidonia Dido
condebatur, donis opulentum et numine divae,
aerea cui gradibus surgebant limina, nexaeque
aere trabes, foribus cardo stridebat aenis.
Hoc primum in luco nova res oblata timorem 450
leniit, hic primum Aeneas sperare salutem
ausus, et adflictis melius confidere rebus.
Namque sub ingenti lustrat dum singula templo,
reginam opperiens, dum, quae fortuna sit urbi,
artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem 455
miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnās,
bellaque iam fama totum volgata per orbem,
Atridas, Priamumque, et saevum ambobus Achillem.
Constitit, et lacrimans, 'Quis iam locus' inquit 'Achate,
quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?' 460
En Priamus! Sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi;
sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.
Solve metus; feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem.'

Sic ait, atque animum pictura pascit inani,
multa gemens, largoque umectat flumine vultum. 465
Namque videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum
hac fugerent Graii, premeret Troiana iuventus,
hac Phryges, instaret curru cristatus Achilles.
Nec procul hinc Rhesi niveis tentoria velis
adgnoscat lacrimans, primo quae prodita somno 470
Tydides multa vastabat caede cruentus,
ardentisque avertit equos in castra, prius quam
pabula gustassent Troiae Xanthumque bibissent.
Parte alia fugiens amissis Troilus armis,
infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli, 475
fertur equis, curruque haeret resupinus inani,
lora tenens tamen; huic cervixque comaeque trahuntur

On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
The tents of Rhesus next, his grief renew,
By their white sails betray'd to nightly view;
And wakeful Diomed, whose cruel sword
The sentries slew, nor spar'd their slumb'ring lord,
Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defied
Achilles, and unequal combat tried;
Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins,
Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains,
Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around:
The hostile spear, yet sticking in his wound,
With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground.
Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe,
To Pallas' fane in long procession go,
In hopes to reconcile their heav'nly foe.
They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend their hair,
And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear;
But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with pray'r.
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
The lifeless body of his son is sold.
So sad an object, and so well express'd,
Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast,
To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
And his old sire his helpless hand extend.
Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain;
And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthesilea there, with haughty grace,
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race:
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.

per terram, et versa pulvis inscribitur hasta.
Interea ad templum non aequae Palladis ibant
crinibus Iliades passis peplumque ferebant, 480
suppliciter tristes et tunsae pectora palmis;
diva solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat.
Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,
exanimumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.
Tum vero ingentem gemitum dat pectore ab imo, 485
ut spolia, ut currus, utque ipsum corpus amici,
tendentemque manus Priamum conspexit inermis.
Se quoque principibus permixtum adgnovit Achivis,
Eoasque acies et nigri Memnonis arma.
Ducit Amazonidum lunatis agmina peltis 490
Penthesilea furens, mediisque in milibus ardet,
aurea subnectens exsertae cingula mammae,
bellatrix, audetque viris concurrere virgo.

Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes,
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.

Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,
The beauteous Dido, with a num'rous train
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads:
Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen;
Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.
Their labour to her future sway she speeds,
And passing with a gracious glance proceeds;
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the shrine:
In crowds around, the swarming people join.
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines ev'ry private cause;
Their tasks in equal portions she divides,
And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
Another way by chance Aeneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends,
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,
And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng,
Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,
And widely scatter'd on another coast.
The prince, unseen, surpris'd with wonder stands,
And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands;
But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays,
And from the hollow cloud his friends surveys,

Haec dum Dardanio Aeneae miranda videntur,
dum stupet, obtutuque haeret defixus in uno, 495
regina ad templum, forma pulcherrima Dido,
incessit magna iuvenum stipante caterva.
Qualis in Eurotae ripis aut per iuga Cynthi
exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutae
hinc atque hinc glomerantur oreades; illa pharetram 500
fert umero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnis:
Latonae tacitum pertemptant gaudia pectus:
talis erat Dido, talem se laeta ferebat
per medios, instans operi regnisque futuris.
Tum foribus divae, media testudine templi, 505
saepta armis, solioque alte subnixa resedit.
Iura dabat legesque viris, operumque laborem
partibus aequabat iustis, aut sorte trahebat:
cum subito Aeneas concursu accedere magno
Anthea Sergestumque videt fortemque Cloanthum, 510
Teucrorumque alios, ater quos aequore turbo
dispulerat penitusque alias avexerat oras.
Obstipuit simul ipse simul perculsus Achates
laetitiaque metuque; avidi coniungere dextras
ardebant; sed res animos incognita turbat. 515
Dissimulant, et nube cava speculantur amicti,
quae fortuna viris, classem quo litore linquant,
quid veniant; cunctis nam lecti navibus ibant,
orantes veniam, et templum clamore petebant.

Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their fate,
And why they came, and what was their request;
For these were sent, commission'd by the rest,
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.

Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:
"O Queen! indulg'd by favour of the gods
To found an empire in these new abodes,
To build a town, with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign,
We wretched Trojans, toss'd on ev'ry shore,
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore.
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface!
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race!
We come not with design of wasteful prey,
To drive the country, force the swains away:
Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire;
The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.
A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old;
The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold
Th' Oenotrians held it once, by common fame
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds and ev'ry warring element
Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:
The sea came on; the South, with mighty roar,
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.
Those few you see escap'd the storm, and fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here.
What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,
What laws, what barb'rous customs of the place,

Postquam introgressi et coram data copia fandi, 520
maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore coepit:
'O Regina, novam cui condere Iuppiter urbem
iustitiaque dedit gentis frenare superbas,
Troes te miseri, ventis maria omnia vecti,
oramus, prohibe infandos a navibus ignis, 525
parce pio generi, et propius res aspice nostras.
Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penatis
venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere praedas;
non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis.
Est locus, Hesperiam Grai cognomine dicunt, 530
terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glaebae;
Oenotri coluere viri; nunc fama minores
Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem.
Hic cursus fuit:
cum subito adsurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion 535
in vada caeca tulit, penitusque procacibus austris
perque undas, superante salo, perque invia saxa
dispulit; huc pauci vestris adnavimus oris.
Quod genus hoc hominum? Quaeve hunc tam barbara morem
permittit patria? Hospitio prohibemur harenae; 540
bella cient, primaque vetant consistere terra.
Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma
at sperate deos memores fandi atque nefandi.

Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again?
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
Nor hospitable rights, nor human laws,
The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.

Aeneas was our prince: a juster lord,
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword;
Observant of the right, religious of his word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,
Nor we, his friends, of safety shall despair;
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
Where King Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars,
That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
But if, O best of men, the Fates ordain
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main,
And if our young Iulus be no more,
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore,
That we to good Acestes may return,
And with our friends our common losses mourn.”

Thus spoke Ilioneus: the Trojan crew
With cries and clamours his request renew.

The modest queen a while, with downcast eyes,
Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies:
“Trojans, dismiss your fears; my cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes.
Who has not heard the story of your woes,
The name and fortune of your native place,

‘Rex erat Aeneas nobis, quo iustior alter,
nec pietate fuit, nec bello maior et armis. 545
Quem si fata virum servant, si vescitur aura
aetheria, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris,
non metus; officio nec te certasse priorem
poeniteat. Sunt et Siculis regionibus urbes
armaque, Troianoque a sanguine clarus Acestes. 550
Quassatam ventis liceat subducere classem,
et silvis aptare trabes et stringere remos:
si datur Italiam, sociis et rege recepto,
tendere, ut Italiam laeti Latiumque petamus;
sin absumpta salus, et te, pater optime Teucrum, 555
pontus habet Libyae, nec spes iam restat Iuli,
at freta Sicaniae saltem sedesque paratas,
unde huc advecti, regemque petamus Acesten.’

Talibus Ilioneus; cuncti simul ore fremebant
Dardanidae. 560

Tum breviter Dido, voltum demissa, profatur:
‘Solvite corde metum, Teucri, secludite curas.
Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
moliri, et late finis custode tueri.
Quis genus Aeneadum, quis Troiae nesciat urbem, 565
virtutesque virosque, aut tanti incendia belli?
Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni,

The fame and valour of the Phrygian race?
We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
Nor so remote from Phoebus' influence.
Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
Or, driv'n by tempests from your first intent,
You seek the good Acestes' government,
Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard:
Or, would you stay, and join your friendly pow'rs
To raise and to defend the Tyrian tow'rs,
My wealth, my city, and myself are yours.
And would to Heav'n, the Storm, you felt, would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wand'ring king.
My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of ev'ry winding shore,
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest."

Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud:
Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way:
"From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay?
What more can you desire, your welcome sure,
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
One only wants; and him we saw in vain
Oppose the Storm, and swallow'd in the main.
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid;
The rest agrees with what your mother said."
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
The mists flew upward and dissolv'd in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine,
And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face;

nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol iungit ab urbe.
Seu vos Hesperiam magnam Saturniaque arva,
sive Erycis finis regemque optatis Acesten, 570
auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque iuvabo.
Vultis et his mecum pariter considerare regnis;
urbem quam statuo vestra est, subducite navis;
Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.
Atque utinam rex ipse Noto compulsus eodem 575
adforet Aeneas! Equidem per litora certos
dimittam et Libyae lustrare extrema iubebo,
si quibus eiectus silvis aut urbibus errat.'

His animum arrecti dictis et fortis Achates
et pater Aeneas iamdudum erumpere nubem 580
ardebant. Prior Aenean compellat Achates:
'Nate dea, quae nunc animo sententia surgit?
omnia tuta vides, classem sociosque receptos.
Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi
submersum; dictis respondent cetera matris.' 585
Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repente
scindit se nubes et in aethera purgat apertum.
Restitit Aeneas claraque in luce refulsit,
os umerosque deo similis; namque ipsa decoram
caesariem nato genetrix lumenque iuventae 590
purpureum et laetos oculis adflarat honores:
quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.
Tum sic reginam adloquitur, cunctisque repente
improvisus ait: 'Coram, quem quaeritis, adsum, 595
Troius Aeneas, Libycis ereptus ab undis.

Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold:
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
And thus with manly modesty he spoke:
“**He whom** you seek am I; by tempests toss'd,
And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast;
Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress,
You, who your pious offices employ
To save the relics of abandon'd Troy;
Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore,
With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
Associate in your town a wand'ring train,
And strangers in your palace entertain:
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who, scatter'd thro' the world, in exile mourn?
The gods, if gods to goodness are inclin'd;
If acts of mercy touch their heav'nly mind,
And, more than all the gods, your gen'rous heart.
Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth,
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
And round the space of heav'n the radiant sun;
While trees the mountain tops with shades supply,
Your honour, name, and praise shall never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my mind.”
Thus having said, he turn'd with pious haste,
And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Serestus with his left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the noble Gyan press'd;
And so by turns descended to the rest.

O sola infandos Troiae miserata labores,
quae nos, reliquias Danaum, terraeque marisque
omnibus exhaustos iam casibus, omnium egenos,
urbe, domo, socias, grates persolvere dignas 600
non opis est nostrae, Dido, nec quicquid ubique est
gentis Dardaniae, magnum quae sparsa per orbem.
Di tibi, si qua pios respectant numina, si quid
usquam iustitia est et mens sibi conscia recti,
praemia digna ferant. Quae te tam laeta tulerunt 605
saecula? Qui tanti talem genuere parentes?
In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae
lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt,
quae me cumque vocant terrae.' Sic fatus, amicum 610
Ilionea petit dextra, laevaue Serestum,
post alios, fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum.

The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face,
Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace;
Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
Then recollected stood, and thus began:
"What fate, O goddess-born; what angry pow'rs
Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren shores?
Are you the great Aeneas, known to fame,
Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?
The same Aeneas whom fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchises on th' Idaean shore?
It calls into my mind, tho' then a child,
When Teucer came, from Salamis exil'd,
And sought my father's aid, to be restor'd:
My father Belus then with fire and sword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,
And, conqu'ring, finish'd the successful war.
From him the Trojan siege I understood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.
Your foe himself the Dardan valour prais'd,
And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd.
Enter, my noble guest, and you shall find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:
For I myself, like you, have been distress'd,
Till Heav'n afforded me this place of rest;
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes so like my own."
She said, and to the palace led her guest;
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast
Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends;
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams;
And jars of gen'rous wine and spacious bowls
She gives, to cheer the sailors' drooping souls.

Obstipuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido,
casu deinde viri tanto, et sic ore locuta est:
'Quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula casus 615
insequitur? Quae vis immanibus applicat oris?
Tune ille Aeneas, quem Dardanio Anchisae
alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam?
Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire
finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem 620
auxilio Beli; genitor tum Belus opimam
vastabat Cyprum, et victor dicione tenebat.
Tempore iam ex illo casus mihi cognitus urbis
Troianae nomenque tuum regesque Pelasgi.
Ipse hostis Teucros insigni laude ferebat, 625
seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum ab stirpe volebat.
Quare agite, O tectis, iuvenes, succedite nostris.
Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores
iactatam hac demum voluit consistere terra.
Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.' 630
Sic memorat; simul Aenean in regia ducit
tectis, simul divom templis indicit honorem.
Nec minus interea sociis ad litora mittit
viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
terga suum, pinguis centum cum matribus agnos, 635
munera laetitiamque dii.
At domus interior regali splendida luxu
instruitur, mediisque parant convivia tectis:
arte laboratae vestes ostroque superbo,
ingens argentum mensis, caelataque in auro 640
fortia facta patrum, series longissima rerum
per tot ducta viros antiqua ab origine gentis.

Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls,
And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls:
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
With loads of massy plate the sideboards shine,
And antique vases, all of gold emboss'd
(The gold itself inferior to the cost),
Of curious work, where on the sides were seen
The fights and figures of illustrious men,
From their first founder to the present queen.

The good Aeneas, whose paternal care
Iulus' absence could no longer bear,
Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
To give a glad relation of the past,
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy,
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:
A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;
An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,
From Argos by the fam'd adultress brought,
With golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought,
Her mother Leda's present, when she came
To ruin Troy and set the world on flame;
The scepter Priam's eldest daughter bore,
Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore
Of double texture, glorious to behold,
One order set with gems, and one with gold.
Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes,
And in his diligence his duty shows.

But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,
New counsels tries, and new designs prepares:
That Cupid should assume the shape and face
Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace;
Should bring the presents, in her nephew's stead,
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed:
For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongued,

Aeneas (neque enim patrius consistere mentem
passus amor) rapidum ad navis praemittit Achaten,
Ascanio ferat haec, ipsumque ad moenia ducat; 645
omnis in Ascanio cari stat cura parentis.
Munera praeterea, Iliacis erepta ruinis,
ferre iubet, pallam signis auroque rigentem,
et circumtextum croceo velamen acantho,
ornatus Argivae Helenae, quos illa Mycenis, 650
Pergama cum peteret inconcessosque hymenaeos,
extulerat, matris Ladae mirabile donum:
praeterea sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim,
maxima natarum Priami, colloque monile
bacatum, et duplicem gemmis auroque coronam. 655
Haec celerans ita ad naves tendebat Achates.

At Cytherea novas artes, nova pectore versat
Consilia, ut faciem mutatus et ora Cupido
pro dulci Ascanio veniat, donisque furentem
incendat reginam, atque ossibus implicet ignem; 660
quippe domum timet ambiguum Tyriosque bilinguis;
urit atrox Iuno, et sub noctem cura recursat.
Ergo his aligerum dictis adfatur Amorem:

And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke,
And thus alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke:
"My son, my strength, whose mighty pow'r alone
Controls the Thund'rer on his awful throne,
To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
And on thy succour and thy faith relies.
Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,
By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life;
And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains.
Him Dido now with blandishment detains;
But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.
For this 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phoenician's heart:
A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:
Ascanius by his father is design'd
To come, with presents laden, from the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to keep,
Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit
May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.
Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace
But only for a night's revolving space:
Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face;
That when, amidst the fervour of the feast,
The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,
And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her veins."
The God of Love obeys, and sets aside
His bow and quiver, and his plummy pride;
He walks Iulus in his mother's sight,
And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.
The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,

'Nate, meae vires, mea magna potentia solus,
nate, patris summi qui tela Typhoia temnis, 665
ad te confugio et supplex tua numina posco.
Frater ut Aeneas pelago tuus omnia circum
litora iactetur odiis Iunonis iniquae,
nota tibi, et nostro doluisti saepe dolore.
Hunc Phoenissa tenet Dido blandisque moratur 670
vocibus; et vereor, quo se Iunonia vertant
hospitia; haud tanto cessabit cardine rerum.
Quocirca capere ante dolis et cingere flamma
reginam meditor, ne quo se numine mutet,
sed magno Aeneae mecum teneatur amore. 675
Qua facere id possis, nostram nunc accipe mentem.
Regius accitu cari genitoris ad urbem
Sidoniam puer ire parat, mea maxima cura,
dona ferens, pelago et flammis restantia Troiae:
hunc ego sopitum somno super alta Cythera 680
aut super Idalium sacrata sede recondam,
ne qua scire dolos mediusve occurrere possit.
Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam
falle dolo, et notos pueri puer indue voltus,
ut, cum te gremio accipiet laetissima Dido 685
regalis inter mensas laticemque Lyaeum,
cum dabit amplexus atque oscula dulcia figet,
occultum inspiret ignem fallasque veneno.
Paret Amor dictis carae genetricis, et alas
exuit, et gressu gaudens incedit Iuli. 690
At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
inrigat, et fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliae lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
floribus et dulci adspirans complectitur umbra.

And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes:
Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of Loves,
She gently bears him to her blissful groves,
Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
And softly lays him on a flow'ry bed.

Cupid meantime assum'd his form and face,
Foll'wing Achates with a shorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already sate
Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
High on a golden bed: her princely guest
Was next her side; in order sate the rest.
Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high;
Th' attendants water for their hands supply,
And, having wash'd, with silken towels dry.
Next fifty handmaids in long order bore
The censers, and with fumes the gods adore:
Then youths, and virgins twice as many, join
To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.
The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,
Approach, and on the painted couches rest.
All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze,
But view the beauteous boy with more amaze,
His rosy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
His motions, voice, and shape, and all the god's disguise;
Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine,
Which wand'ring foliage and rich flow'rs entwine.
But, far above the rest, the royal dame,
(Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame,)
With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
The guileful god about the hero long,
With children's play, and false embraces, hung;
Then sought the queen: she took him to her arms
With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,

Iamque ibat dicto parens et dona Cupido 695
regia portabat Tyriis, duce laetus Achate.
Cum venit, aulaeis iam se regina superbis
aurea composuit sponda mediamque locavit.
Iam pater Aeneas et iam Troiana iuventus
conveniunt, stratoque super discumbitur ostro. 700
Dant famuli manibus lymphas, Cereremque canistris
expediunt, tonsisque ferunt mantelia villis.
Quinquaginta intus famulae, quibus ordine longam
cura penum struere, et flammis adolere Penatis;
centum aliae totidemque pares aetate ministri, 705
qui dapibus mensas onerent et pocula ponant.
Nec non et Tyrii per limina laeta frequentes
convenere, toris iussi discumbere pictis.
Mirantur dona Aeneae, mirantur Iulum
flagrantisque dei voltus simulataque verba, 710
[pallamque et pictum croceo velamen acantho.]
Praecipue infelix, pesti devota futurae,
expleri mentem nequit ardescitque tuendo
Phoenissa, et pariter puero donisque movetur.
Ille ubi complexu Aeneae colloque pependit 715
et magnum falsi implevit genitoris amorem,
reginam petit haec oculis, haec pectore toto
haeret et interdum gremio fovet, inscia Dido,
insidat quantus miserae deus; at memor ille
matris Acidaliae paulatim abolere Sychaeum 720
incipit, et vivo temptat praevertere amore
iam pridem resides animos desuetaque corda.

How dire a god, she drew so near her breast;
But he, not mindless of his mother's pray'r,
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
The dead is to the living love resign'd;
And all Aeneas enters in her mind.

Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
The meat remov'd, and ev'ry guest was pleas'd,
The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
And thro' the palace cheerful cries resound.
From gilded roofs depending lamps display
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine:
The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.
Then, silence thro' the hall proclaim'd, she spoke:
"O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke,
With solemn rites, thy sacred name and pow'r;
Bless to both nations this auspicious hour!
So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line
In lasting concord from this day combine.
Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
And gracious Juno, both be present here!
And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
To Heav'n with mine, to ratify the peace."
The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd
(Sprinkling the first libations on the ground,)
And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace;
Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
'Twas Bitias whom she call'd, a thirsty soul;
He took the challenge, and embrac'd the bowl,
With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.
The goblet goes around: Iopas brought
His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught:

Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaeque remotae,
crateras magnos statuunt et vina coronant.
Fit strepitus tectis, vocemque per ampla volutant 725
atria; dependent lychni laquearibus aureis
incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.
Hic regina gravem gemmis auroque poposcit
implevitque mero pateram, quam Belus et omnes
a Belo soliti; tum facta silentia tectis: 730
'Iuppiter, hospitibus nam te dare iura loquuntur,
hunc laetum Tyriisque diem Troiaque profectis
esse velis, nostrosque huius meminisse minores.
Adsit laetitiae Bacchus dator, et bona Iuno;
et vos, O, coetum, Tyrii, celebrate faventes.' 735
Dixit, et in mensam laticum libavit honorem,
primaque, libato, summo tenus attigit ore,
tum Bitiae dedit increpitans; ille impiger hausit
spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit auro
post alii procures. Cithara crinitus Iopas 740
personat aurata, docuit quem maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem lunam solisque labores;
unde hominum genus et pecudes; unde imber et ignes;
Arcturum pluviasque Hyadas geminosque Triones;
quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles 745
hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet.
Ingeminant plausu Tyrii, Troesque sequuntur.
Nec non et vario noctem sermone trahebat
infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem,
multa super Priamo rogitans, super Hectore multa; 750
nunc quibus Aurorae venisset filius armis,

The various labours of the wand'ring moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun;
Th' original of men and beasts; and whence
The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense,
And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence;
What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays
The summer nights and shortens winter days.
With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song:
Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
And drank large draughts of love with vast delight;
Of Priam much enquir'd, of Hector more;
Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore,
What troops he landed on the Trojan shore;
The steeds of Diomedes varied the discourse,
And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force;
At length, as fate and her ill stars requir'd,
To hear the series of the war desir'd.
"Relate at large, my godlike guest," she said,
"The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd:
The fatal issue of so long a war,
Your flight, your wand'rings, and your woes, declare;
For, since on ev'ry sea, on ev'ry coast,
Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,
Sev'n times the sun has either tropic view'd,
The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd."

nunc quales Diomedis equi, nunc quantus Achilles.
'Immo age, et a prima dic, hospes, origine nobis
insidias,' inquit, 'Danaum, casusque tuorum,
erroresque tuos; nam te iam septima portat 755
omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus aestas.'

THE ARGUMENT.

Aeneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years' siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken not to survive the ruin of his country, and the various adventures he met with in defence of it. At last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

All were attentive to the godlike man,
 When from his lofty couch he thus began:
 "Great queen, what you command me to relate
 Renews the sad remembrance of our fate:
 An empire from its old foundations rent,
 And ev'ry woe the Trojans underwent;
 A peopled city made a desert place;
 All that I saw, and part of which I was:
 Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
 Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.
 And now the latter watch of wasting night,
 And setting stars, to kindly rest invite;
 But, since you take such int'rest in our woe,
 And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
 I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
 What in our last and fatal night befell.
 "By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
 The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war,

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 5
 et quorum pars magna fui. quis talia fando
 Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulixi
 temperet a lacrimis? et iam nox umida caelo
 praecipitat suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.
 sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros 10
 et breviter Troiae supremum audire laborem,
 quamquam animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit,
 incipiam. Fracti bello fatisque repulsi
 ductores Danaum tot iam labentibus annis
 instar montis equum divina Palladis arte 15
 aedificant, sectaque intexunt abiete costas;
 votum pro reditu simulant; ea fama vagatur.
 huc delecta virum sortiti corpora furtim

And by Minerva's aid a fabric rear'd,
 Which like a steed of monstrous height appear'd:
 The sides were plank'd with pine; they feign'd it made
 For their return, and this the vow they paid.
 Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side
 Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
 With inward arms the dire machine they load,
 And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
 In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
 (While Fortune did on Priam's empire smile)
 Renown'd for wealth; but, since, a faithless bay,
 Where ships expos'd to wind and weather lay.
 There was their fleet conceal'd. We thought, for Greece
 Their sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
 The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,
 Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
 Like swarming bees, and with delight survey
 The camp deserted, where the Grecians lay:
 The quarters of the sev'ral chiefs they show'd;
 Here Phoenix, here Achilles, made abode;
 Here join'd the battles; there the navy rode.
 Part on the pile their wond'ring eyes employ:
 The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy.
 Thymoetes first ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,
 Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
 Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
 To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
 But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
 The fatal present to the flames designed,
 Or to the wat'ry deep; at least to bore
 The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore.
 The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
 With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.

Laocoon, follow'd by a num'rous crowd,
 Ran from the fort, and cried, from far, aloud:

includunt caeco lateri penitusque cavernas
 ingentis utrumque armato milite complent. 20
 est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
 insula, dives opum Priami dum regna manebant,
 nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis:
 huc se provecti deserto in litore condunt;
 nos abiisse rati et vento petiisse Mycenae. 25
 ergo omnis longo soluit se Teucra 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 solebant. 30
 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, 35
 aut pelago Danaum insidias suspectaque dona
 praecipitare iubent subiectisque urere flammis,
 aut terebrare cavas uteri et temptare latebras.
 scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.

Primus ibi ante omnis magna comitante caterva
 Laocoon ardens summa decurrit ab arce, 40

'O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
 What more than madness has possess'd your brains?
 Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone?
 And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
 This hollow fabric either must inclose,
 Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
 Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town,
 T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
 Somewhat is sure design'd, by fraud or force:
 Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.
 Thus having said, against the steed he threw
 His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,
 Pierc'd thro' the yielding planks of jointed wood,
 And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
 The sides, transpierc'd, return a rattling sound,
 And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing thro' the wound
 And, had not Heav'n the fall of Troy design'd,
 Or had not men been fated to be blind,
 Enough was said and done t'inspire a better mind.
 Then had our lances pierc'd the treach'rous wood,
 And Ilian tow'rs and Priam's empire stood.

Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
 A captive Greek, in bands, before the king;
 Taken to take; who made himself their prey,
 T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray;
 Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
 To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
 About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
 All press to see, and some insult the foe.
 Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd;
 Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
 Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound;
 He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around,
 Then said: 'Alas! what earth remains, what sea
 Is open to receive unhappy me?

et procul 'o miseri, quae tanta insania, cives?
 creditis avectos hostis? aut ulla putatis
 dona carere dolis Danaum? sic notus Ulixes?
 aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi, 45
 aut haec in nostros fabricata est machina muros,
 inspectura domos venturaque desuper urbi,
 aut aliquis latet error; equo ne credite, Teucri.
 quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentis.'
 sic fatus ualidis ingentem viribus hastam 50
 in latus inque feri curvam compagibus alvum
 contorsit. stetit illa tremens, utroque recusso
 insonuere cavae gemitumque dedere cavernae.
 et, si fata deum, si mens non laeva fuisset,
 impulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras, 55
 Troiaque nunc staret, Priamique arx alta maneres.

Ecce, manus iuvenem interea post terga revinctum
 pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant
 Dardanidae, qui se ignotum venientibus ultro,
 hoc ipsum ut strueret Troiamque aperiret Achivis, 60
 obtulerat, fidens animi atque in utrumque paratus,
 seu versare dolos seu certae occumbere morti.
 undique visendi studio Troiana iuventus
 circumfusa ruit certantque inludere capto.
 accipe nunc Danaum insidias et crimine ab uno 65
 disce omnis.
 namque ut conspectu in medio turbatus, inermis
 constitit atque oculis Phrygia agmina circumspexit,
 'heu, quae nunc tellus,' inquit, 'quae me aequora possunt
 accipere? aut quid iam misero mihi denique restat, 70

What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
 Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends?
 He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
 Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
 We cheer the youth to make his own defence,
 And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
 What news he could impart, we long to know,
 And what to credit from a captive foe.

“His fear at length dismiss'd, he said: ‘Whate’er
 My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
 I neither can nor dare my birth disclaim;
 Greece is my country, Sinon is my name.
 Tho’ plung’d by Fortune’s pow’r in misery,
 ’Tis not in Fortune’s pow’r to make me lie.
 If any chance has hither brought the name
 Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
 Who suffer’d from the malice of the times,
 Accus’d and sentenc’d for pretended crimes,
 Because these fatal wars he would prevent;
 Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament;
 Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
 Of other means, committed to his care,
 His kinsman and companion in the war.
 While Fortune favour’d, while his arms support
 The cause, and rul’d the counsels, of the court,
 I made some figure there; nor was my name
 Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.
 But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
 Had made impression in the people’s hearts,
 And forg’d a treason in my patron’s name
 (I speak of things too far divulg’d by fame),
 My kinsman fell. Then I, without support,
 In private mourn’d his loss, and left the court.
 Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
 With silent grief, but loudly blam’d the state,

cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi
 Dardanidae infensi poenas cum sanguine poscunt?’
 quo gemitu conversi animi compressus et omnis
 impetus. hortamur fari quo sanguine cretus,
 quidve ferat; memoret quae sit fiducia capto. 75

Ille haec, deposita tandem formidine, fatur:
 'Cuncta equidem tibi, rex, fuerit quodcumque, fatebor 77
 vera,' inquit; 'neque me Argolica de gente negabo.
 hoc primum; nec, si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
 finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget. 80
 fando aliquod si forte tuas pervenit ad auris
 Belidae nomen Palamedis et incluta fama
 gloria, quem falsa sub prodicione Pelasgi
 insontem infando indicio, quia bella vetabat,
 demisere neci, nunc cassum lumine lugent: 85
 illi me comitem et consanguinitate propinquum
 pauper in arma pater primis huc misit ab annis.
 dum stabat regno incolumis regumque vigeat
 conciliis, et nos aliquod nomenque decusque
 gessimus. invidia postquam pellacis Ulixi 90
 (haud ignota loquor) superis concessit ab oris,
 adflictus vitam in tenebris luctuque trahebam
 et casum insontis mecum indignabar amici.
 nec tacui demens et me, fors si qua tulisset,
 si patrios umquam remeassem victor ad Argos, 95
 promisi ultorem et verbis odia aspera movi.
 hinc mihi prima mali labes, hinc semper Ulixes
 criminibus terrere novis, hinc spargere voces
 in vulgum ambiguas et quaerere conscius arma.
 nec requievit enim, donec Calchante ministro— 100
 sed quid ego haec autem nequiquam ingrata revoluo,
 quidue moror? si omnis uno ordine habetis Achivos,

And curs'd the direful author of my woes.
'Twas told again; and hence my ruin rose.
I threaten'd, if indulgent Heav'n once more
Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to restore.
This mov'd the murderer's hate; and soon ensued
Th' effects of malice from a man so proud.
Ambiguous rumours thro' the camp he spread,
And sought, by treason, my devoted head;
New crimes invented; left unturn'd no stone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own;
Till Calchas was by force and threat'ning wrought:
But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on my nation just revenge you seek,
And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know;
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow:
My death will both the kingly brothers please,
And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.'

This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts:
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.
His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear, the villain thus pursued:

“Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
And wearied with an unsuccessful war)
Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town;
And, had the gods permitted, they had gone;
But oft the wintry seas and southern winds
Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their minds.
Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;
But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd:
Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
And thunders rattled thro' a sky serene.

idque audire sat est, iamdudum sumite poenas:
hoc Ithacus velit et magno mercentur Atridae.'

Tum vero ardemus scitari et quaerere causas, 105
ignari scelerum tantorum artisque Pelasgae.
prosequitur pavitans et ficto pectore fatur:

'Saepe fugam Danai Troia cupiere relictā
moliri et longo fessi discedere bello;
fecissentque utinam! saepe illos aspera ponti 110
interclusit hiems et terruit Auster euntis.
praecipue cum iam hic trabibus contextus acernis
staret equus, toto sonuerunt aethere nimbi.
suspensi Eurypylum scitatum oracula Phoebi
mittimus, isque adytis haec tristia dicta reportat: 115
"sanguine placastis ventos et virgine caesa,
cum primum Iliacas, Danai, venistis ad oras;

Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
 Eurypylus t' enquire their fate was sent.
 He from the gods this dreadful answer brought:
 "O Grecians, when the Trojan shores you sought,
 Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought:
 So must your safe return be bought again,
 And Grecian blood once more atone the main."
 The spreading rumour round the people ran;
 All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the man.
 Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright;
 Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open sight:
 Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate
 The public victim, to redeem the state.
 Already some presag'd the dire event,
 And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.
 For twice five days the good old seer withstood
 Th' intended treason, and was dumb to blood,
 Till, tir'd, with endless clamours and pursuit
 Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute;
 But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
 Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die.
 All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm should fall
 On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all.
 The dismal day was come; the priests prepare
 Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
 I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow
 I broke my bonds and fled the fatal blow.
 Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
 Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
 But now what further hopes for me remain,
 To see my friends, or native soil, again;
 My tender infants, or my careful sire,
 Whom they returning will to death require;
 Will perpetrate on them their first design,
 And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?
 Which, O! if pity mortal minds can move,

sanguine quaerendi reditus animaque litandum
 Argolica." vulgi quae uox ut venit ad auris,
 obstipuerunt animi gelidusque per ima cucurrit 120
 ossa tremor, cui fata parent, quem poscat Apollo.
 hic Ithacus vatem magno Calchanta tumultu
 protrahit in medios; quae sint ea numina divum
 flagitat. et mihi iam multi crudele caneant
 artificis scelus, et taciti ventura videbant. 125
 bis quinos silet ille dies tectusque recusat
 prodere voce sua quemquam aut opponere morti.
 vix tandem, magnis Ithaci clamoribus actus,
 composito rumpit vocem et me destinat arae.
 adsensere omnes et, quae sibi quisque timebat, 130
 unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.
 iamque dies infanda aderat; mihi sacra parari
 et salsae fruges et circum tempora vittae.
 eripui, fateor, leto me et vincula rupi,
 limosoque lacu per noctem obscurus in ulva 135
 delitui dum vela darent, si forte dedissent.
 nec mihi iam patriam antiquam spes ulla videndi
 nec dulcis natos exoptatumque parentem,
 quos illi fors et poenas ob nostra reposcent
 effugia, et culpam hanc miserorum morte piabunt. 140
 quod te per superos et conscia numina veri,
 per si qua est quae restet adhuc mortalibus usquam
 intemerata fides, oro, miserere laborum
 tantorum, miserere animi non digna ferentis.'

If there be faith below, or gods above,
If innocence and truth can claim desert,
Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.'

"False tears true pity move; the king commands
To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:
Then adds these friendly words: 'Dismiss thy fears;
Forget the Greeks; be mine as thou wert theirs.
But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or some religious end, you rais'd the pile?'
Thus said the king. He, full of fraudulent arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts:
'Ye lamps of heav'n!' he said, and lifted high
His hands now free, 'thou venerable sky!
Inviolable pow'rs, ador'd with dread!
Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head!
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled!
Be all of you adjur'd; and grant I may,
Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray,
Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate!
But you, O king, preserve the faith you gave,
If I, to save myself, your empire save.
The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
Were only founded on Minerva's aid.
But from the time when impious Diomedes,
And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
Her fatal image from the temple drew,
The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands;
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before:
Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd;
And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare

His lacrimis vitam damus et miserescimus ultro. 145
ipse viro primus manicas atque arta levare
vincla iubet Priamus dictisque ita fatur amicis:
'quisquis es, amissos hinc iam obliviscere Graios
(noster eris) mihi que haec edissere vera roganti:
quo molem hanc immanis equi statuere? quis auctor? 150
quidve petunt? quae religio? aut quae machina belli?'
dixerat. ille dolis instructus et arte Pelasga
sustulit exutas vinclis ad sidera palmas:
'vos, aeterni ignes, et non violabile vestrum
testor numen,' ait, 'vos arae ensesque nefandi, 155
quos fugi, vittaeque deum, quas hostia gessi:
fas mihi Graiorum sacrata resolvere iura,
fas odisse viros atque omnia ferre sub auras,
si qua tegunt, teneor patriae nec legibus ullis.
tu modo promissis maneat servataque serves 160
Troia fidem, si vera feram, si magna rependam.
omnis spes Danaum et coepti fiducia belli
Palladis auxiliis semper stetit. impius ex quo
Tydides sed enim scelerumque inventor Ulixes,
fatale adgressi sacrato avellere templo 165
Palladium caesis summae custodibus arcis,
corripuere sacram effigiem manibusque cruentis
virgineas ausi divinae contingere vittas,
ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri
spes Danaum, fractae vires, aversa deae mens. 170
nec dubiis ea signa dedit Tritonia monstris.
vix positum castris simulacrum: arsere coruscae
luminibus flammae arrectis, salsusque per artus
sudor iit, terque ipsa solo (mirabile dictu)
emicuit parmamque ferens hastamque trementem. 175
extemplo temptanda fuga canit aequora Calchas,

Her alter'd mind and alienated care.
 When first her fatal image touch'd the ground,
 She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,
 That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
 Her heav'nly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.
 Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield
 Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield.
 Then Calchas bade our host for flight
 And hope no conquest from the tedious war,
 Till first they sail'd for Greece; with pray'rs besought
 Her injur'd pow'r, and better omens brought.
 And now their navy plows the wat'ry main,
 Yet soon expect it on your shores again,
 With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.
 But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid
 For her stol'n statue and her tow'r betray'd,
 Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name
 We rais'd and dedicate this wondrous frame,
 So lofty, lest thro' your forbidden gates
 It pass, and intercept our better fates:
 For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;
 And Troy may then a new Palladium boast;
 For so religion and the gods ordain,
 That, if you violate with hands profane
 Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn,
 (Which omen, O ye gods, on Grecia turn!)
 But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
 The Trojan walls, and in the city stands;
 Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenae burn,
 And the reverse of fate on us return.'

"With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
 Too prone to credit his perfidious arts.
 What Diomedes, nor Thetis' greater son,
 A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege, had done:
 False tears and fawning words the city won.

nec posse Argolicis exscindi Pergama telis
 omina ni repetant Argis numenque reducant
 quod pelago et curvis secum auexere carinis.
 et nunc quod patrias vento petiere Mycenae, 180
 arma deosque parant comites pelagoque remenso
 improvisi aderunt; ita digerit omina Calchas.
 hanc pro Palladio moniti, pro numine laeso
 effigiem statuere, nefas quae triste piaret.
 hanc tamen immensam Calchas attollere molem 185
 roboribus textis caeloque educere iussit,
 ne recipi portis aut duci in moenia posset,
 neu populum antiqua sub religione tueri.
 nam si vestra manus violasset dona Minervae,
 tum magnum exitium (quod di prius omen in ipsum 190
 convertant!) Priami imperio Phrygibusque futurum;
 sin manibus vestris vestram ascendisset in urbem,
 ultro Asiam magno Pelopea ad moenia bello
 venturam, et nostros ea fata manere nepotes.'

Talibus insidiis periurique arte Sinon 195
 credita res, captique dolis lacrimisque coactis
 quos neque Tydides nec Larisaeus Achilles,
 non anni domuere decem, non mille carinae.
 Hic aliud maius miseris multoque tremendum

“A greater omen, and of worse portent,
 Did our unwary minds with fear torment,
 Concurring to produce the dire event.
 Laocoon, Neptune’s priest by lot that year,
 With solemn pomp then sacrific’d a steer;
 When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spied
 Two serpents, rank’d abreast, the seas divide,
 And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
 Their flaming crests above the waves they show;
 Their bellies seem to burn the seas below;
 Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
 And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.
 And now the strand, and now the plain they held;
 Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill’d;
 Their nimble tongues they brandish’d as they came,
 And lick’d their hissing jaws, that sputter’d flame.
 We fled amaz’d; their destin’d way they take,
 And to Laocoon and his children make;
 And first around the tender boys they wind,
 Then with their sharpen’d fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
 The wretched father, running to their aid
 With pious haste, but vain, they next invade;
 Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll’d;
 And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
 The priest thus doubly chok’d, their crests divide,
 And tow’ring o’er his head in triumph ride.
 With both his hands he labours at the knots;
 His holy fillets the blue venom blots;
 His roaring fills the flitting air around.
 Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
 He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
 And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies.
 Their tasks perform’d, the serpents quit their prey,
 And to the tow’r of Pallas make their way:
 Couch’d at her feet, they lie protected there
 By her large buckler and protended spear.

obicitur magis atque improvida pectora turbat. 200
 Laocoon, ductus Neptuno sorte sacerdos,
 sollemnis taurum ingentem mactabat ad aras.
 ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta
 (horresco referens) immensis orbibus angues
 incumbunt pelago pariterque ad litora tendunt; 205
 pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta iubaeque
 sanguineae superant undas, pars cetera pontum
 pone legit sinuatque immensa volumine terga.
 fit sonitus spumante salo; iamque arva tenebant
 ardentisque oculos suffecti sanguine et igni 210
 sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.
 diffugimus visu exsanguis. illi agmine certo
 Laocoonta petunt; et primum parva duorum
 corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque
 implicat et miseros morsu depascitur artus; 215
 post ipsum auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem
 corripunt spirisque ligant ingentibus; et iam
 bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
 terga dati superant capite et cervicibus altis.
 ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos 220
 perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno,
 clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit:
 qualis mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram
 taurus et incertam excussit cervice securim.
 at gemini lapsu delubra ad summa dracones 225
 effugiunt saevaeque petunt Tritonidis arcem,
 sub pedibusque deae clipeique sub orbe teguntur.
 tum vero tremefacta novus per pectora cunctis
 insinuat pavor, et scelus expendisse merentem
 Laocoonta ferunt, sacrum qui cuspide robur 230
 laeserit et tergo sceleratam intorserit hastam.
 ducendum ad sedes simulacrum orandaque divae
 numina conclamant.
 dividimus muros et moenia pandimus urbis.
 accingunt omnes operi pedibusque rotarum 235

Amazement seizes all; the gen'ral cry
Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dared to violate the sacred wood.
All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid
And incense offer'd to th' offended maid.
A spacious breach is made; the town lies bare;
Some hoisting levers, some the wheels prepare
And fasten to the horse's feet; the rest
With cables haul along th' unwieldly beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls;
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town.
O sacred city, built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
We haul along the horse in solemn state;
Then place the dire portent within the tow'r.
Cassandra cried, and curs'd th' unhappy hour;
Foretold our fate; but, by the god's decree,
All heard, and none believ'd the prophecy.
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste,
In jollity, the day ordain'd to be the last.

Meantime the rapid heav'ns roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night;
Our men, secure, nor guards nor sentries held,
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
The Grecians had embark'd their naval pow'rs
From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores,
Safe under covert of the silent night,

subiciunt lapsus, et stuppea vincula collo
intendunt; scandit fatalis machina muros
feta armis. pueri circum innuptaeque puellae
sacra canunt funemque manu contingere gaudent;
illa subit mediaeque minans inlabitur urbi. 240
o patria, o divum domus Ilium et incluta bello
moenia Dardanidum! quater ipso in limine portae
substitit atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere;
instamus tamen immemores caecique furore
et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce. 245
tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris
ora dei iussu non umquam credita Teucris.
nos delubra deum miseri, quibus ultimus esset
ille dies, festa velamus fronde per urbem.

Vertitur interea caelum et ruit Oceano nox 250
involvans umbra magna terramque polumque
Myrmidonumque dolos; fusi per moenia Teucris
conticuere; sopor fessos complectitur artus.
et iam Argiua phalanx instructis navibus ibat
a Tenedo tacitae per amica silentia lunae 255
litora nota petens, flammas cum regia puppis

And guided by th' imperial galley's light;
 When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
 Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
 Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
 Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
 Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
 And dire Ulysses down the cable slide:
 Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haste;
 Nor was the Podalirian hero last,
 Nor injur'd Menelaus, nor the fam'd
 Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd.
 A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
 T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
 Those few they find awake first meet their fate;
 Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.

"Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
 Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
 When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
 A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears;
 Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
 Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
 Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
 Thro' the bor'd holes; his body black with dust;
 Unlike that Hector who return'd from toils
 Of war, triumphant, in Aeacian spoils,
 Or him who made the fainting Greeks retire,
 And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
 His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
 And all the wounds he for his country bore
 Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.
 I wept to see the visionary man,
 And, while my trance continued, thus began:
 'O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
 Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
 O, long expected by thy friends! from whence

extulerat, fatisque deum defensus iniquis
 inclusos utero Danaos et pinea furtim
 laxat claustra Sinon. illos patefactus ad auras
 reddit equus laetique cavo se robore promunt 260
 Thessandrus Sthenelusque duces et dirus Ulixes,
 demissum lapsi per funem, Acamasque Thoasque
 Pelidesque Neoptolemus primusque Machaon
 et Menelaus et ipse doli fabricator Epeos.
 invadunt urbem somno vinoque sepultam; 265
 caeduntur vigiles, portisque patentibus omnis
 accipiunt socios atque agmina conscia iungunt.

Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus aegris
 incipit et dono divum gratissima serpit.
 in somnis, ecce, ante oculos maestissimus Hector 270
 visus adesse mihi largosque effundere fletus,
 raptatus bigis ut quondam, aterque cruento
 pulvere perque pedes traiectus lora tumentis.
 ei mihi, qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo
 Hectore qui redit exuvias indutus Achilli 275
 vel Danaum Phrygios iaculatus puppibus ignis!
 squalentem barbam et concretos sanguine crinis
 vulneraque illa gerens, quae circum plurima muros
 accepit patrios. ultro flens ipse videbar
 compellare virum et maestas expromere voces: 280
 'o lux Dardaniae, spes o fidissima Teucrum,
 quae tantae tenuere morae? quibus Hector ab oris
 exspectate venis? ut te post multa tuorum
 funera, post varios hominumque urbisque labores
 defessi aspicimus! quae causa indigna serenos 285
 foedavit vultus? aut cur haec vulnera cerno?'
 ille nihil, nec me quaerentem uana moratur,

Art thou so late return'd for our defence?
Do we behold thee, wearied as we are
With length of labours, and with toils of war?
After so many fun'rals of thy own
Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?
But say, what wounds are these? What new disgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy face?

“**To this the spectre** no reply did frame,
But answer'd to the cause for which he came,
And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
This warning in these mournful words express'd:
'O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess'd the wall;
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone.
Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their assistance walls expect,
Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.'
He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
The venerable statues of the gods,
With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir,
The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.

“Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war:
The noise approaches, tho' our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood.
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer stay,

sed graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens,
'heu fuge, nate dea, teque his' ait 'eripe flammis.
hostis habet muros; ruit alto a culmine Troia. 290
sat patriae Priamoque datum: si Pergama dextra
defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.
sacra suosque tibi commendat Troia penatis;
hos cape fatorum comites, his moenia quaere
magna pererrato statues quae denique ponto.' 295
sic ait et manibus vittas Vestamque potentem
aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.

Diverso interea miscentur moenia luctu,
et magis atque magis, quamquam secreta parentis
Anchisae domus arboribusque oblecta recessit, 300
clarescunt sonitus armorumque ingruit horror.
excutor somno et summi fastigia tecti
ascensu supero atque arrectis auribus asto:
in segetem veluti cum flamma furentibus Austris

But mount the terrace, thence the town survey,
 And hearken what the frightful sounds convey.
 Thus, when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
 Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn;
 Or deluges, descending on the plains,
 Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
 Of lab'ring oxen and the peasant's gains;
 Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
 Flocks, folds, and trees, and undistinguish'd prey:
 The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far
 The wasteful ravage of the wat'ry war.
 Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd,
 And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd.
 The palace of Deiphobus ascends
 In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
 Ucalegon burns next: the seas are bright
 With splendour not their own, and shine with Trojan light.
 New clamours and new clangours now arise,
 The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.
 With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
 Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms,
 But first to gather friends, with them t' oppose
 If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes;
 Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd,
 With sense of honour and revenge inspir'd.

"Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
 Had scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame:
 With relics loaden, to my doors he fled,
 And by the hand his tender grandson led.
 'What hope, O Pantheus? whither can we run?
 Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?'
 Scarce had I said, when Pantheus, with a groan:
 'Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
 The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
 When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom

incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens 305
 sternit agros, sternit sata laeta boumque labores
 praecipitisque trahit silvas; stupet inscius alto
 accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor.
 tum vero manifesta fides, Danaumque patescunt
 insidiae. iam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam 310
 Volcano superante domus, iam proximus ardet
 Ucalegon; Sigea igni freta lata relucet.
 exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.
 arma amens capio; nec sat rationis in armis,
 sed glomerare manum bello et concurrere in arcem 315
 cum sociis ardent animi; furor iraque mentem
 praecipitat, pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis.

Ecce autem telis Panthus elapsus Achivum,
 Panthus Othryades, arcis Phoebique sacerdos,
 sacra manu victosque deos parvumque nepotem 320
 ipse trahit cursuque amens ad limina tendit.
 'quo res summa loco, Panthu? quam prendimus arcem?'
 vix ea fatus eram gemitu cum talia reddit:
 'venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus
 Dardaniae. fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens 325
 gloria Teucrorum; feros omnia Iuppiter Argos
 transtulit; incensa Danaï dominantur in urbe.

Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
 The fire consumes the town, the foe commands;
 And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
 Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.
 Within the gates, proud Sinon throws about
 The flames; and foes for entrance press without,
 With thousand others, whom I fear to name,
 More than from Argos or Mycenae came.
 To sev'ral posts their parties they divide;
 Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide:
 The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprise;
 Who fights finds death, and death finds him who flies.
 The warders of the gate but scarce maintain
 Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.'

"I heard; and Heav'n, that well-born souls inspires,
 Prompts me thro' lifted swords and rising fires
 To run where clashing arms and clamour calls,
 And rush undaunted to defend the walls.
 Ripheus and Iph'itas by my side engage,
 For valour one renown'd, and one for age.
 Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
 My motions and my mien, and to my party drew;
 With young Coroebus, who by love was led
 To win renown and fair Cassandra's bed,
 And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid,
 Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid.
 Whom when I saw resolv'd in arms to fall,
 And that one spirit animated all:
 'Brave souls!' said I, 'but brave, alas! in vain:
 Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.
 You see the desp'rate state of our affairs,
 And heav'n's protecting pow'rs are deaf to pray'rs.
 The passive gods behold the Greeks defile
 Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
 Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire
 To save a sinking town, involv'd in fire.

arduus armatos mediis in moenibus astans
 fundit equus victorque Sinon incendia miscet
 insultans. portis alii bipatentibus adsunt, 330
 milia quot magnis umquam venere Mycenis;
 obsedere alii telis angusta viarum
 oppositis; stat ferri acies mucrone corusco
 stricta, parata neci; vix primi proelia temptant
 portarum vigiles et caeco Marte resistunt.' 335
 talibus Othryadae dictis et numine divum
 in flammis et in arma feror, quo tristis Erinys,
 quo fremitus vocat et sublatus ad aethera clamor.
 addunt se socios Rhipeus et maximus armis
 Epytus, oblatis per lunam, Hypanisque Dymasque 340
 et lateri adglomerant nostro, iuvenisque Coroebus
 Mygdonides—illis ad Troiam forte diebus
 venerat insano Cassandrae incensus amore
 et gener auxilium Priamo Phrygibusque ferebat,
 infelix qui non sponsae praecepta furentis 345
 audierit!
 quos ubi confertos ardere in proelia vidi,
 incipio super his: 'iuvenes, fortissima frustra
 pectora, si vobis audentem extrema cupido
 certa sequi, quae sit rebus fortuna videtis: 350
 excessere omnes adytis arisque relictis
 di quibus imperium hoc steterat; succurritis urbi
 incensae. moriamur et in media arma ruamus.
 una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.'
 sic animis iuvenum furor additus. inde, lupi ceu 355
 raptores atra in nebula, quos improba ventris
 exegit caecos rabies catulique relictis
 faucibus exspectant siccis, per tela, per hostis
 vadimus haud dubiam in mortem mediaeque tenemus
 urbis iter; nox atra cava circumvolat umbra. 360
 quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
 explicet aut possit lacrimis aequare labores?
 urbs antiqua ruit multos dominata per annos;

Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes:
 Despair of life the means of living shows.
 So bold a speech encourag'd their desire
 Of death, and added fuel to their fire.
“As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
 Scour thro' the fields, nor fear the stormy night;
 Their whelps at home expect the promis'd food,
 And long to temper their dry chaps in blood:
 So rush'd we forth at once; resolv'd to die,
 Resolv'd, in death, the last extremes to try.
 We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare
 Th' unequal combat in the public square:
 Night was our friend; our leader was despair.
 What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night?
 What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright?
 An ancient and imperial city falls:
 The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals;
 Houses and holy temples float in blood,
 And hostile nations make a common flood.
 Not only Trojans fall; but, in their turn,
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn.
 Ours take new courage from despair and night:
 Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
 All parts resound with tumults, complaints, and fears;
 And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.

Androgeos fell among us, with his band,
 Who thought us Grecians newly come to land.
 'From whence,' said he, 'my friends, this long delay?
 You loiter, while the spoils are borne away:
 Our ships are laden with the Trojan store;
 And you, like truants, come too late ashore.'
 He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
 Found, by the doubtful answers which we make:
 Amaz'd, he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight;
 But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.

plurima perque vias sternuntur inertia passim
 corpora perque domos et religiosa deorum 365
 limina. nec soli poenas dant sanguine Teucri;
 quondam etiam victis redit in praecordia virtus
 uictoresque cadunt Danai. crudelis ubique
 luctus, ubique pavor et plurima mortis imago.

Primus se Danaum magna comitante caterva 370
 Androgeos offert nobis, socia agmina credens
 inscius, atque ultro verbis compellat amicis:
 'festinate, viri! nam quae tam sera moratur
 segnities? alii rapiunt incensa feruntque
 Pergama: vos celsis nunc primum a navibus itis?' 375
 dixit, et extemplo (neque enim responsa dabantur
 fida satis) sensit medios delapsus in hostis.
 obstipuit retroque pedem cum voce repressit.
 improvisum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem

As when some peasant, in a bushy brake,
 Has with unwary footing press'd a snake;
 He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
 His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
 So from our arms surpris'd Androgeos flies.
 In vain; for him and his we compass'd round,
 Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground,
 And of their lives an easy conquest found.
 Thus Fortune on our first endeavor smil'd.
 Coroebus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
 Swoln with success, and a daring mind,
 This new invention fatally design'd.
 'My friends,' said he, 'since Fortune shows the way,
 'Tis fit we should th' auspicious guide obey.
 For what has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,
 But their destruction, and the Trojans' good?
 Then change we shields, and their devices bear:
 Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
 They find us arms.' This said, himself he dress'd
 In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,
 His painted buckler, and his plummy crest.
 Thus Ripheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
 Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.
 Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,
 Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage;
 Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet,
 And strew with Grecian carcasses the street.
 Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,
 Some to the shore and safer ships retreat;
 And some, oppress'd with more ignoble fear,
 Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret there.

"But, ah! what use of valour can be made,
 When heav'n's propitious pow'rs refuse their aid!
 Behold the royal prophetess, the fair
 Cassandra, dragg'd by her dishevel'd hair,

pressit humi nitens trepidusque repente refugit 380
 attollentem iras et caerula colla tumentem,
 haud secus Androgeos visu tremefactus abibat.
 inruimus densis et circumfundimur armis,
 ignarosque loci passim et formidine captos
 sternimus; aspirat primo Fortuna labori. 385
 atque hic successu exsultans animisque Coroebus
 'o socii, qua prima' inquit 'Fortuna salutis
 monstrat iter, quaque ostendit se dextra, sequamur:
 mutemus clipeos Danaumque insignia nobis
 aptemus. dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat? 390
 arma dabunt ipsi.' sic fatus deinde comantem
 Androgei galeam clipeique insigne decorum
 induitur laterique Argium accommodat ensem.
 hoc Rhipeus, hoc ipse Dymas omnisque iuventus
 laeta facit: spoliis se quisque recentibus armat. 395
 vadimus immixti Danais haud numine nostro
 multaque per caecam congressi proelia noctem
 conserimus, multos Danaum demittimus Orco.
 diffugiunt alii ad navis et litora cursu
 fida petunt; pars ingentem formidine turpi 400
 scandunt rursus equum et nota conduntur in alvo.

Heu nihil inuitis fas quemquam fidere divis!
 ecce trahebatur passis Priameia virgo
 crinibus a templo Cassandra adytisque Minervae
 ad caelum tendens ardentia lumina frustra, 405

Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred bands,
 In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:
 On heav'n she cast her eyes, she sigh'd, she cried,
 ('Twas all she could) her tender arms were tied.
 So sad a sight Coroebus could not bear;
 But, fir'd with rage, distracted with despair,
 Amid the barb'rous ravishers he flew:
 Our leader's rash example we pursue.
 But storms of stones, from the proud temple's height,
 Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
 We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow,
 Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in show.
 They aim at the mistaken crests, from high;
 And ours beneath the pond'rous ruin lie.
 Then, mov'd with anger and disdain, to see
 Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin free,
 The Grecians rally, and their pow'rs unite,
 With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
 The brother kings with Ajax join their force,
 And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.
"Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
 Contending for the kingdom of the sky,
 South, east, and west, on airy coursers borne;
 The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
 Then Nereus strikes the deep; the billows rise,
 And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies.
 The troops we squander'd first again appear
 From several quarters, and enclose the rear.
 They first observe, and to the rest betray,
 Our diff'rent speech; our borrow'd arms survey.
 Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Coroebus first,
 At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
 Then Ripheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
 Just of his word, observant of the right:
 Heav'n thought not so. Dymas their fate attends,
 With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends.

lumina, nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.
 non tulit hanc speciem furiata mente Coroebus
 et sese medium iniecit periturus in agmen;
 consequimur cuncti et densis incurrimus armis.
 hic primum ex alto delubri culmine telis 410
 nostrorum obruimur oriturque miserrima caedes
 armorum facie et Graiarum errore iubarum.
 tum Danai gemitu atque ereptae virginis ira
 undique collecti invadunt, acerrimus Ajax
 et gemini Atridae Dolopumque exercitus omnis: 415
 adversi rupto ceu quondam turbine venti
 confligunt, Zephyrusque Notusque et laetus Eois
 Euris equis; stridunt silvae saevitque tridenti
 spumeus atque imo Nereus ciet aequora fundo.
 illi etiam, si quos obscura nocte per umbram 420
 fudimus insidiis totaque agitavimus urbe,
 apparent; primi clipeos mentitaque tela
 agnoscunt atque ora sono discordia signant.
 ilicet obruimur numero, primusque Coroebus
 Penelei dextra divae armipotentis ad aram 425
 procumbit; cadit et Rhipeus, iustissimus unus
 qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus aequi
 (dis aliter visum); pereunt Hypanisque Dymasque
 confixi a sociis; nec te tua plurima, Panthu,
 labentem pietas nec Apollinis infula textit. 430
 Iliaci cineres et flamma extrema meorum,
 testor, in occasu vestro nec tela nec ullas
 vitavisse vices Danaum et, si fata fuissent
 ut caderem, meruisse manu. divellimur inde,
 Iphitus et Pelias mecum (quorum Iphitus aevo 435
 iam gravior, Pelias et vulnere tardus Ulixi),
 protinus ad sedes Priami clamore vocati.
 hic vero ingentem pugnam, ceu cetera nusquam
 bella forent, nulli tota morerentur in urbe,
 sic Martem indomitum Danaosque ad tecta ruentis 440
 cernimus obsessumque acta testudine limen.

Nor, Pantheus, thee, thy mitre, nor the bands
Of awful Phoebus, sav'd from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames, your testimony bear,
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there;
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life;
Witness, ye heavens! I live not by my fault:
I strove to have deserv'd the death I sought.
But, when I could not fight, and would have died,
Borne off to distance by the growing tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
New clamours from th' invested palace ring:
We run to die, or disengage the king.
So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow space;
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and slaughter, only there.
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes,
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling ladders; some, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold;
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' ascent,
While with their right they seize the battlement.
From their demolish'd tow'rs the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe;
And heavy beams and rafters from the sides
(Such arms their last necessity provides)
And gilded roofs, come tumbling from on high,
The marks of state and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage with recover'd breath,
A second time we ran to tempt our death,

haerent parietibus scalae postisque sub ipsos
nituntur gradibus clipeosque ad tela sinistris
protecti obiciunt, prensant fastigia dextris.
Dardanidae contra turris ac tota domorum 445
culmina convellunt; his se, quando ultima cernunt,
extrema iam in morte parant defendere telis,
auratasque trabes, veterum decora alta parentum,
devolvunt; alii strictis mucronibus imas
obsedere fores, has servant agmine denso. 450
instaurati animi regis succurrere tectis
auxilioque levare viros uimque addere victis.

To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.

“A postern door, yet unobserv’d and free,
Join’d by the length of a blind gallery,
To the king’s closet led: a way well known
To Hector’s wife, while Priam held the throne,
Thro’ which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
To cheer his grandsire and his grandsire’s queen.
Thro’ this we pass, and mount the tow’r, from whence
With unavailing arms the Trojans make defence.
From this the trembling king had oft descried
The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
Beams from its lofty height with swords we hew,
Then, wrenching with our hands, th’ assault renew;
And, where the rafters on the columns meet,
We push them headlong with our arms and feet.
The lightning flies not swifter than the fall,
Nor thunder louder than the ruin’d wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent;
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.

Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threat’ning loud,
With glitt’ring arms conspicuous in the crowd.
So shines, renew’d in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake,
And, casting off his slough when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns;
Restor’d with poisonous herbs, his ardent sides
Reflect the sun; and rais’d on spires he rides;
High o’er the grass, hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes by fits his forked tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,

Limen erat caecaeque fores et pervius usus
tectorum inter se Priami, postesque relict
a tergo, infelix qua se, dum regna manebant, 455
saepius Andromache ferre incommitata solebat
ad soceros et auo puerum Astyanacta trahebat.
evado ad summi fastigia culminis, unde
tela manu miseri iactabant inrita Teucris.
turrim in praecipiti stantem summisque sub astra 460
eductam tectis, unde omnis Troia videri
et Danaum solitae naves et Achaica castra,
adgressi ferro circum, qua summa labantis
iuncturas tabulata dabant, convellimus altis
sedibus impulimusque; ea lapsa repente ruinam 465
cum sonitu trahit et Danaum super agmina late
incidit. ast alii subeunt, nec saxa nec ullum
telorum interea cessat genus.

Vestibulum ante ipsum primoque in limine Pyrrhus
exsultat telis et luce coruscus aena: 470
qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus,
frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat,
nunc, positis novus exuviis nitidusque iuventa,
lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis. 475
una ingens Periphas et equorum agitator Achillis,
armiger Automedon, una omnis Scyria pubes
succedunt tecto et flammis ad culmina iactant.
ipse inter primos correpta dura bipenni

His father's charioteer, together run
 To force the gate; the Scyrian infantry
 Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
 Ent'ring the court, with shouts the skies they rend;
 And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
 Himself, among the foremost, deals his blows,
 And with his ax repeated strokes bestows
 On the strong doors; then all their shoulders ply,
 Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.
 He hews apace; the double bars at length
 Yield to his ax and unresisted strength.
 A mighty breach is made: the rooms conceal'd
 Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd;
 The halls of audience, and of public state,
 And where the lonely queen in secret sate.
 Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen,
 With not a door, and scarce a space, between.
 The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
 And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies;
 The fearful matrons run from place to place,
 And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace.
 The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
 And all his father sparkles in his eyes;
 Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain:
 The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
 In rush the Greeks, and all the apartments fill;
 Those few defendants whom they find, they kill.
 Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood
 Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood;
 Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
 And sweeps the cattle and the cots away.
 These eyes beheld him when he march'd between
 The brother kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,
 The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
 To stain his hallow'd altar with his brood.
 The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,

limina perrumpit postisque a cardine vellit	480
aeratos; iamque excisa trabe firma cavavit	
robora et ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram.	
apparet domus intus et atria longa patescunt;	
apparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum,	
armatosque vident stantis in limine primo.	485
at domus interior gemitu miseroque tumultu	
miscetur, penitusque cavae plangoribus aedes	
femineis ululant; ferit aurea sidera clamor.	
tum pavidae tectis matres ingentibus errant	
amplexaeque tenent postis atque oscula figunt.	490
instat vi patria Pyrrhus; nec claustra nec ipsi	
custodes sufferre valent; labat ariete crebro	
ianua, et emoti procumbunt cardine postes.	
fit via vi; rumpunt aditus primosque trucidant	
immissi Danai et late loca milite complent.	495
non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis	
exiit oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,	
fertur in arva furens cumulo camposque per omnis	
cum stabulis armenta trahit. vidi ipse furentem	
caede Neoptoleum geminosque in limine Atridas,	500
vidi Hecubam centumque nurus Priamumque per aras	
sanguine foedantem quos ipse sacraverat ignis.	
quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum,	
barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi	
procubuere; tenent Danai qua deficit ignis.	505

So large a promise, of a progeny),
The posts, of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
The Grecians enter and possess the place.

“Perhaps you may of Priam's fate enquire.
He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,
On ev'ry side inevitable woes,
In arms, disus'd, invests his limbs, decay'd,
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain;
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain,
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!
Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The Queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
'What rage,' she cried, 'has seiz'd my husband's mind?
What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
These times want other aids! Were Hector here,
Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd.'
She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.

Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.

Forsitan et Priami fuerint quae fata requiras.
urbis uti captae casum convulsaque vidit
limina tectorum et medium in penetralibus hostem,
arma diu senior desueta trementibus aevo
circumdat nequiquam umeris et inutile ferrum 510
cingitur, ac densos fertur moriturus in hostis.
aedibus in mediis nudoque sub aetheris axe
ingens ara fuit iuxtaque veterrima laurus
incumbens arae atque umbra complexa penatis.
hic Hecuba et natae nequiquam altaria circum, 515
praecipites atra ceu tempestate columbae,
condensae et divum amplexae simulacra sedebant.
ipsum autem sumptis Priamum iuvenalibus armis
ut vidit, 'quae mens tam dira, miserrime coniunx,
impulit his cingi telis? aut quo ruis?' inquit. 520
'non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
tempus eget; non, si ipse meus nunc adforet Hector.
huc tandem concede; haec ara tuebitur omnis,
aut moriere simul.' sic ore effata recepit
ad sese et sacra longaeuum in sede locavit. 525

Ecce autem elapsus Pyrrhi de caede Polites,
unus natorum Priami, per tela, per hostis

Thro' swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies
 Thro' empty courts and open galleries.
 Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
 And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
 The youth, transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
 Expires before his wretched parent's eyes:
 Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,
 The fear of death gave place to nature's law;
 And, shaking more with anger than with age,
 'The gods,' said he, 'requite thy brutal rage!
 As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must,
 If there be gods in heav'n, and gods be just:
 Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
 With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.
 Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
 To call thee his; not he, thy vaunted sire,
 Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
 The laws of nature and of nations heard.
 He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
 The bloodless carcass of my Hector sold;
 Pitied the woes a parent underwent,
 And sent me back in safety from his tent.'
 "This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
 Which, flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew:
 Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
 And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.
 "Then Pyrrhus thus: 'Go thou from me to fate,
 And to my father my foul deeds relate.
 Now die!' With that he dragg'd the trembling sire,
 Slidd'ring thro' clotter'd blood and holy mire,
 (The mingled paste his murder'd son had made,)
 Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
 And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
 His right hand held his bloody falchion bare,
 His left he twisted in his hoary hair;
 Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found:

porticibus longis fugit et vacua atria lustrat
 saucius. illum ardens infesto vulnere Pyrrhus
 insequitur, iam iamque manu tenet et premit hasta. 530
 ut tandem ante oculos evasit et ora parentum,
 concidit ac multo vitam cum sanguine fudit.
 hic Priamus, quamquam in media iam morte tenetur,
 non tamen abstinuit nec voci iraeque pepercit:
 'at tibi pro scelere,' exclamat, 'pro talibus ausis 535
 di, si qua est caelo pietas quae talia curet,
 persolvant grates dignas et praemia reddant
 debita, qui nati coram me cernere letum
 fecisti et patrios foedasti funere vultus.
 at non ille, satum quo te mentiris, Achilles 540
 talis in hoste fuit Priamo; sed iura fidemque
 supplicis erubuit corpusque exsanguie sepulcro
 reddidit Hectoreum meque in mea regna remisit.'
 sic fatus senior telumque imbelles sine ictu
 coniecit, rauco quod protinus aere repulsum, 545
 et summo clipei nequiquam umbone pependit.
 cui Pyrrhus: 'referes ergo haec et nuntius ibis
 Pelidae genitori. illi mea tristia facta
 degeneremque Neoptolemum narrare memento.
 nunc morere.' hoc dicens altaria ad ipsa trementem 550
 traxit et in multo lapsantem sanguine nati,
 implicuitque comam laeva, dextraque coruscum
 extulit ac lateri capulo tenus abdidit ensem.
 haec finis Priami factorum, hic exitus illum
 sorte tulit Troiam incensam et prolapsa videntem 555
 Pergama, tot quondam populis terrisque superbum
 regnatorem Asiae. iacet ingens litore truncus,
 avulsumque umeris caput et sine nomine corpus.

The lukewarm blood came rushing thro' the wound,
And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state:
He, who the scepter of all Asia sway'd,
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd.
On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.

“Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood
Congeal with fear, my hair with horror stood:
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myself alone,
Deserted at my need! My friends were gone.
Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames consum'd the rest.
Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spied

Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
Muffled she sate, and, what she could, unknown:
But, by the flames that cast their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan sword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
Ev'n by those gods who refug'd her abhorr'd.
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward:
'Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,
In state attended with a captive crew,
While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,

At me tum primum saevus circumstetit horror.
obstipui; subiit cari genitoris imago, 560
ut regem aequaeuum crudeli vulnere vidi
vitam exhalantem, subiit deserta Creusa
et direpta domus et parvi casus Iuli.
respicio et quae sit me circum copia lustro.
deseruere omnes defessi, et corpora saltu 565
ad terram misere aut ignibus aegra dedere.

Iamque adeo super unus eram, cum limina Vestae
servantem et tacitam secreta in sede latentem
Creusa aspicio; dant claram incendia lucem
erranti passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti. 570
illa sibi infestos eversa ob Pergama Teucros
et Danaum poenam et deserti coniugis iras
praemetuens, Troiae et patriae communis Erinys,
abdiderat sese atque aris invisa sedebat.
exarsere ignes animo; subit ira cadentem 575
ulcisci patriam et sceleratas sumere poenas.
'scilicet haec Spartam incolumis patriasque Mycenae
aspiciet, partoque ibit regina triumpho?
coniugiumque domumque patris natosque videbit
Iliadum turba et Phrygiis comitata ministris? 580

And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls?
 For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
 Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood?
 'Tis true, a soldier can small honour gain,
 And boast no conquest, from a woman slain:
 Yet shall the fact not pass without applause,
 Of vengeance taken in so just a cause;
 The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,
 And murmur'ring manes of my friends appease.
 Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing light
 Spread o'er the place; and, shining heav'nly bright,
 My mother stood reveal'd before my sight
 Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
 Not her own star confess'd a light so clear:
 Great in her charms, as when on gods above
 She looks, and breathes herself into their love.
 She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break;
 Then from her rosy lips began to speak:
 'My son, from whence this madness, this neglect
 Of my commands, and those whom I protect?
 Why this unmanly rage? Recall to mind
 Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
 Look if your helpless father yet survive,
 Or if Ascanius or Creusa live.
 Around your house the greedy Grecians err;
 And these had perish'd in the nightly war,
 But for my presence and protecting care.
 Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault;
 But by the gods was this destruction brought.
 Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve
 The mists and films that mortal eyes involve,
 Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
 The shape of each avenging deity.
 Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil,
 Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
 Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies,

occiderit ferro Priamus? Troia arserit igni?
 Dardanium totiens sudarit sanguine litus?
 non ita. namque etsi nullum memorabile nomen
 feminea in poena est, habet haec victoria laudem;
 exstinxisse nefas tamen et sumpsisse merentis 585
 laudabor poenas, animumque explesse iuvabit
 ultricis flammae et cineres satiasse meorum.'
 talia iactabam et furiata mente ferebar,]
 cum mihi se, non ante oculis tam clara, videndam
 obtulit et pura per noctem in luce refulsit 590
 alma parens, confessa deam qualisque videri
 caelicolis et quanta solet, dextraque prehensum
 continuit roseoque haec insuper addidit ore:
 'nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras?
 quid furis? aut quonam nostri tibi cura recessit? 595
 non prius aspicias ubi fessum aetate parentem
 liqueris Anchisen, superet coniunxne Creusa
 Ascaniusque puer? quos omnis undique Graiae
 circum errant acies et, ni mea cura resistat,
 iam flammae tulerint inimicus et hauserit ensis. 600
 non tibi Tyndaridis facies invisae Lacaenae
 culpatusue Paris, divum inclementia, divum
 has evertit opes sternitque a culmine Troiam.
 aspice (namque omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
 mortalis hebetat visus tibi et umida circum 605
 caligat, nubem eripiam; tu ne qua parentis
 iussa time neu praeceptis parere recusa):
 hic, ubi disiectas moles avulsaque saxis
 saxa vides, mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum,
 Neptunus muros magnoque emota tridenti 610
 fundamenta quatit totamque a sedibus urbem
 eruit. hic Iuno Scaeas saevissima portas
 prima tenet sociumque furens a navibus agmen
 ferro accincta vocat.
 iam summas arces Tritonia, respice, Pallas 615
 insedit nimbo effulgens et Gorgone saeva.

Stones rent from stones; where clouds of dust arise,
 Amid that smother Neptune holds his place,
 Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,
 And heaves the building from the solid base.
 Look where, in arms, imperial Juno stands
 Full in the Scaean gate, with loud commands,
 Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.
 See! Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,
 Bestrides the tow'r, refulgent thro' the cloud:
 See! Jove new courage to the foe supplies,
 And arms against the town the partial deities.
 Haste hence, my son; this fruitless labour end:
 Haste, where your trembling spouse and sire attend:
 Haste; and a mother's care your passage shall befriend.'
 She said, and swiftly vanish'd from my sight,
 Obscure in clouds and gloomy shades of night.
 I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful sounds I hear;
 And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
 Troy sunk in flames I saw, nor could prevent;
 And Ilium from its old foundations rent;
 Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds,
 And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds.
 About the roots the cruel ax resounds;
 The stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds:
 The war is felt on high; the nodding crown
 Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy honours down.
 To their united force it yields, tho' late,
 And mourns with mortal groans th' approaching fate:
 The roots no more their upper load sustain;
 But down she falls, and spreads a ruin thro' the plain.

"Descending thence, I scape thro' foes and fire:
 Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.
 Arriv'd at home, he, for whose only sake,
 Or most for his, such toils I undertake,
 The good Anchises, whom, by timely flight,

ipse pater Danaïs animos virisque secundas
 sufficit, ipse deos in Dardana suscitât arma.
 eripe, nate, fugam finemque impone labori;
 nusquam abero et tutum patrio te limine sistam.'
 dixerat et spissis noctis se condidit umbris.
 apparent dirae facies inimicaque Troiae
 numina magna deum.

620

Tum vero omne mihi visum considerare in ignis
 Ilium et ex imo verti Neptunia Troia:
 ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum
 cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
 eruere agricolae certatim, illa usque minatur

625

I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height,
 Refus'd the journey, resolute to die
 And add his fun'rals to the fate of Troy,
 Rather than exile and old age sustain.
 'Go you, whose blood runs warm in ev'ry vein.
 Had Heav'n decreed that I should life enjoy,
 Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
 'Tis, sure, enough, if not too much, for one,
 Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
 Make haste to save the poor remaining crew,
 And give this useless corpse a long adieu.
 These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath;
 At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
 To take my spoils, and leave my body bare:
 As for my sepulcher, let Heav'n take care.
 'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife
 Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a ling'ring life;
 Since ev'ry hour and moment I expire,
 Blasted from heav'n by Jove's avenging fire.'

This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die:
 Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
 Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry.
 'What, will he still persist, on death resolve,
 And in his ruin all his house involve?'
 He still persists his reasons to maintain;
 Our pray'rs, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.
"Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
 The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die:
 'What hope remains, but what my death must give?
 Can I, without so dear a father, live?
 You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
 Could such a word from such a parent fall?
 If Fortune please, and so the gods ordain,

et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat,
 vulneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum 630
 congemuit traxitque iugis avulsa ruinam.
 descendo ac ducente deo flammam inter et hostis
 expedior: dant tela locum flammaeque recedunt.
 Atque ubi iam patriae perventum ad limina sedis
 antiquasque domos, genitor, quem tollere in altos 635
 optabam primum montis primumque petebam,
 abnegat excisa vitam producere Troia
 exsiliumque pati. 'vos o, quibus integer aevi
 sanguis,' ait, 'solidaeque suo stant robore vires,
 vos agitate fugam. 640
 me si caelicolae voluissent ducere vitam,
 has mihi servassent sedes. satis una superque
 vidimus excidia et captae superavimus urbi.
 sic o sic positum adfati discedite corpus.
 ipse manu mortem inveniam; miserebitur hostis 645
 exuviasque petet. facilis iactura sepulcri.
 iam pridem invisus divis et inutilis annos
 demoror, ex quo me divum pater atque hominum rex
 fulminis adflavit ventis et contigit igni.'

Talia perstabat memorans fixusque manebat. 650
 nos contra effusi lacrimis coniunxque Creusa
 Ascaniusque omnisque domus, ne vertere secum
 cuncta pater fatoque urgenti incumbere vellet.
 abnegat inceptoque et sedibus haeret in isdem.
 rursus in arma feror mortemque miserrimus opto. 655
 nam quod consilium aut quae iam fortuna dabatur?
 'mene efferre pedem, genitor, te posse relicto
 sperasti tantumque nefas patrio excidit ore?
 si nihil ex tanta superis placet urbe relinqui,
 et sedet hoc animo perituraeque addere Troiae 660
 teque tuosque iuvat, patet isti ianua leto,
 iamque aderit multo Priami de sanguine Pyrrhus,
 natum ante ora patris, patrem qui obtruncat ad aras.

That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain,
 And you conspire with Fortune to be slain,
 The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:
 For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
 Reeking with Priam's blood: the wretch who slew
 The son (inhuman) in the father's view,
 And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew.
 O goddess mother, give me back to Fate;
 Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late!
 Did you, for this, unhappy me convey
 Thro' foes and fires, to see my house a prey?
 Shall I my father, wife, and son behold,
 Welt'ring in blood, each other's arms infold?
 Haste! gird my sword, tho' spent and overcome:
 'Tis the last summons to receive our doom.
 I hear thee, Fate; and I obey thy call!
 Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall.
 Restore me to the yet unfinish'd fight:
 My death is wanting to conclude the night.'

Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring sword I wield,
 While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield,
 And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field.
 I went; but sad Creusa stopp'd my way,
 And cross the threshold in my passage lay,
 Embrac'd my knees, and, when I would have gone,
 Shew'd me my feeble sire and tender son:
 'If death be your design, at least,' said she,
 'Take us along to share your destiny.
 If any farther hopes in arms remain,
 This place, these pledges of your love, maintain.
 To whom do you expose your father's life,
 Your son's, and mine, your now forgotten wife!'

While thus she fills the house with clam'rous cries,
 Our hearing is diverted by our eyes:

hoc erat, alma parens, quod me per tela, per ignis
 eripis, ut mediis hostem in penetralibus utque 665
 Ascanium patremque meum iuxtaque Creusam
 alterum in alterius mactatos sanguine cernam?
 arma, viri, ferte arma; vocat lux ultima victos.
 reddite me Danais; sinite instaurata revisam
 proelia. numquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti.' 670

Hinc ferro accingor rursus clipeoque sinistram
 insertabam aptans meque extra tecta ferebam.
 ecce autem complexa pedes in limine coniunx
 haerebat, parvumque patri tendebat Iulum:
 'si periturus abis, et nos rape in omnia tecum; 675
 sin aliquam expertus sumptis spem ponis in armis,
 hanc primum tutare domum. cui parvus Iulus,
 cui pater et coniunx quondam tua dicta relinquer?'

Talia vociferans gemitu tectum omne replebat,
 cum subitum dictoque oritur mirabile monstrum. 680

For, while I held my son, in the short space
 Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace;
 Strange to relate, from young Iulus' head
 A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
 Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
 Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
 To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;
 But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd
 His hands to heav'n, and this request preferr'd:
 'If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
 Thy will; if piety can pray'rs commend,
 Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd to send.'

Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear
 A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:
 There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,
 Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly;
 From o'er the roof the blaze began to move,
 And, trailing, vanish'd in th' Idaean grove.
 It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a guide,
 Then in a steaming stench of sulphur died.
"The good old man with suppliant hands implor'd
 The gods' protection, and their star ador'd.
 'Now, now,' said he, 'my son, no more delay!
 I yield, I follow where Heav'n shews the way.
 Keep, O my country gods, our dwelling place,
 And guard this relic of the Trojan race,
 This tender child! These omens are your own,
 And you can yet restore the ruin'd town.
 At least accomplish what your signs foreshow:
 I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.'
"He said. The crackling flames appear on high.
 And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
 With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire,
 And near our palace roll the flood of fire.
 'Haste, my dear father, ('tis no time to wait,)

namque manus inter maestorumque ora parentum
 ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
 fundere lumen apex, tactuque innoxia mollis
 lambere flamma comas et circum tempora pasci.
 nos pavidi trepidare metu crinemque flagrantem 685
 excutere et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignis.
 at pater Anchises oculos ad sidera laetus
 extulit et caelo palmas cum voce tetendit:
 'Iuppiter omnipotens, precibus si flecteris ullis,
 aspice nos, hoc tantum, et si pietate meremur, 690
 da deinde auxilium, pater, atque haec omina firma.'

Vix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore
 intonuit laevum, et de caelo lapsa per umbras
 stella facem ducens multa cum luce cucurrit.
 illam summa super labentem culmina tecti 695
 cernimus Idaea claram se condere silva
 signantemque vias; tum longo limite sulcus
 dat lucem et late circum loca sulphure fumant.
 hic vero victus genitor se tollit ad auras
 adfaturque deos et sanctum sidus adorat. 700
 'iam iam nulla mora est; sequor et qua ducitis adsum,
 di patrii; servate domum, servate nepotem.
 vestrum hoc augurium, vestroque in numine Troia est.
 cedo equidem nec, nate, tibi comes ire recuso.'
 dixerat ille, et iam per moenia clarior ignis 705
 auditur, propiusque aestus incendia volvunt.
 'ergo age, care pater, cervici imponere nostrae;
 ipse subibo umeris nec me labor iste gravabit;
 quo res cumque cadent, unum et commune periculum,
 una salus ambobus erit. mihi parvus Iulus 710
 sit comes, et longe servet vestigia coniunx.
 vos, famuli, quae dicam animis advertite vestris.
 est urbe egressis tumulus templumque vetustum
 desertae Cereris, iuxtaque antiqua cupressus

And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
 Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care;
 One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share.
 My hand shall lead our little son; and you,
 My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.
 Next, you, my servants, heed my strict commands:
 Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
 To Ceres hallow'd once; a cypress nigh
 Shoots up her venerable head on high,
 By long religion kept; there bend your feet,
 And in divided parties let us meet.
 Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
 Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands:
 In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
 Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,
 Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
 Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.
 Thus, ord'ring all that prudence could provide,
 I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide
 And yellow spoils; then, on my bending back,
 The welcome load of my dear father take;
 While on my better hand Ascanius hung,
 And with unequal paces tripp'd along.
 Creusa kept behind; by choice we stray
 Thro' ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.
 I, who so bold and dauntless just before,
 The Grecian darts and shock of lances bore,
 At ev'ry shadow now am seiz'd with fear,
 Not for myself, but for the charge I bear;
 Till, near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
 Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
 A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear.
 My father, looking thro' the shades, with fear,
 Cried out: 'Haste, haste, my son, the foes are nigh;
 Their swords and shining armour I descry.'
 Some hostile god, for some unknown offence,

religione patrum multos servata per annos; 715
 hanc ex diverso sedem veniemus in unam.
 tu, genitor, cape sacra manu patriosque penatis;
 me bello e tanto digressum et caede recenti
 attrectare nefas, donec me flumine vivo
 abluero.' 720
 haec fatus latos umeros subiectaque colla
 veste super fulvique insternor pelle leonis,
 succedoque oneri; dextrae se parvus Iulus
 implicuit sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis;
 pone subit coniunx. ferimur per opaca locorum, 725
 et me, quem dudum non ulla iniecta movebant
 tela neque adverso glomerati examine Grai,
 nunc omnes terrent aurae, sonus excitat omnis
 suspensum et pariter comitique onerique timentem.
 iamque propinquabam portis omnemque videbar 730
 evasisse viam, subito cum creber ad auris
 visus adesse pedum sonitus, genitorque per umbram
 prospiciens 'nate,' exclamat, 'fuge, nate; propinquant.
 ardentis clipeos atque aera micantia cerno.'
 hic mihi nescio quod trepido male numen amicum 735
 confusam eripuit mentem. namque avia cursu
 dum sequor et nota excedo regione viarum,
 heu misero coniunx fatone erepta Creusa
 substitit, erravitne via seu lapsa resedit,
 incertum; nec post oculis est reddita nostris. 740
 nec prius amissam respexi animumue reflexi
 quam tumulum antiquae Cereris sedemque sacratam
 venimus: hic demum collectis omnibus una
 defuit, et comites natumque virumque fefellit.
 quem non incusavi amens hominumque deorumque, 745
 aut quid in eversa vidi crudelius urbe?
 Ascanium Anchisenque patrem Teucrosque penatis
 commendo sociis et curva valle recondo;
 ipse urbem repeto et cingor fulgentibus armis.
 stat casus renovare omnis omnemque reverti 750

Had sure bereft my mind of better sense;
 For, while thro' winding ways I took my flight,
 And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,
 Alas! I lost Creusa: hard to tell
 If by her fatal destiny she fell,
 Or weary sate, or wander'd with affright;
 But she was lost for ever to my sight.
 I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
 My friends, at Ceres' now deserted seat.
 We met: not one was wanting; only she
 Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.
 "What mad expressions did my tongue refuse!
 Whom did I not, of gods or men, accuse!
 This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
 Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
 Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
 Abandoning my now forgotten care,
 Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
 My sire, my son, my country gods I left.
 In shining armour once again I sheathe
 My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
 Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
 And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.
 I tread my former tracks; thro' night explore
 Each passage, ev'ry street I cross'd before.
 All things were full of horror and affright,
 And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.
 Then to my father's house I make repair,
 With some small glimpse of hope to find her there.
 Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met;
 The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.
 Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
 Thro' air transported, to the roofs aspire.
 From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
 And search the citadel and desert court.
 Then, unobserv'd, I pass by Juno's church:

per Troiam et rursus caput obiectare periclis.
 principio muros obscuraque limina portae,
 qua gressum extuleram, repeto et vestigia retro
 observata sequor per noctem et lumine lustro:
 horror ubique animo, simul ipsa silentia terrent. 755
 inde domum, si forte pedem, si forte tulisset,
 me refero: inruerant Danai et tectum omne tenebant.
 ilicet ignis edax summa ad fastigia vento
 voluitur; exsuperant flammae, furit aestus ad auras.
 procedo et Priami sedes arcemque reviso: 760
 et iam porticibus vacuis Iunonis asylo
 custodes lecti Phoenix et dirus Ulixes
 praedam adservabant. huc undique Troia gaza
 incensis erepta adytis, mensaeque deorum
 crateresque auro solidi, captivaeque vestis 765
 congeritur. pueri et pavidae longo ordine matres
 stant circum.
 ausus quin etiam voces iactare per umbram
 implevi clamore vias, maestusque Creusam
 nequiquam ingeminans iterumque iterumque vocavi. 770
 quaerenti et tectis urbis sine fine ruenti
 infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusae
 visa mihi ante oculos et nota maior imago.
 obstipui, steteruntque comae et uox faucibus haesit.
 tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis: 775
 'quid tantum insano iuvat indulgere dolori,
 o dulcis coniunx? non haec sine numine divum
 eveniunt; nec te comitem hinc portare Creusam
 fas, aut ille sinit superi regnator Olympi.
 longa tibi exsilia et vastum maris aequor arandum, 780
 et terram Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius arva
 inter opima virum leni fluit agmine Thybris.
 illic res laetae regnumque et regia coniunx
 parta tibi; lacrimas dilectae pelle Creusae.
 non ego Myrmidonum sedes Dolopumue superbas 785
 aspiciam aut Graeis servitum matribus ibo,

A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch;
There Phoenix and Ulysses watch the prey,
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey:
The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,
And golden bowls from burning altars caught,
The tables of the gods, the purple vests,
The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests.
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons, in long order stands.
Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
Thro' all the silent street, Creusa's name:
Creusa still I call; at length she hears,
And sudden thro' the shades of night appears.
Appears, no more Creusa, nor my wife,
But a pale spectre, larger than the life.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,
I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair.
Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief
'Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief.
Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain;
You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great controller of the sky.
Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decree;
On land hard labours, and a length of sea.
Then, after many painful years are past,
On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast,
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
The flow'ry meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils; and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
There fortune shall the Trojan line restore,
And you for lost Creusa weep no more.
Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,
Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame;
Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace

Dardanis et divae Veneris nurus;
sed me magna deum genetrix his detinet oris.
iamque vale et nati serva communis amorem.'
haec ubi dicta dedit, lacrimantem et multa volentem
dicere deseruit, tenuisque recessit in auras.
ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum;
ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago,
par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

My goddess mother, or my royal race.
And now, farewell! The parent of the gods
Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes:
I trust our common issue to your care.’
She said, and gliding pass’d unseen in air.
I strove to speak: but horror tied my tongue;
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,
And, thrice deceiv’d, on vain embraces hung.
Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blast of wind, she rush’d away.

“Thus having pass’d the night in fruitless pain,
I to my longing friends return again,
Amaz’d th’ augmented number to behold,
Of men and matrons mix’d, of young and old;
A wretched exil’d crew together brought,
With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught,
Resolv’d, and willing, under my command,
To run all hazards both of sea and land.
The Morn began, from Ida, to display
Her rosy cheeks; and Phosphor led the day:
Before the gates the Grecians took their post,
And all pretence of late relief was lost.
I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire.”

Sic demum socios consumpta nocte reviso. 795
Atque hic ingentem comitum adfluxisse novorum
invenio admirans numerum, matresque virosque,
collectam exsilio pubem, miserabile vulgus.
undique convenere animis opibusque parati
in quascumque velim pelago deducere terras. 800
iamque iugis summae surgebat Lucifer Idae
ducebatque diem, Danaique obsessa tenebant
limina portarum, nec spes opis ulla dabatur.
cessi et sublato montis genitore petivi.

THE ARGUMENT.

Aeneas proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace. From thence he directs his course to Delos and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation. By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete. His household gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy. He is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily, where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

When Heav'n had overturn'd the Trojan state
And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate;
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians' prey,
And Ilium's lofty tow'rs in ashes lay;
Warn'd by celestial omens, we retreat,
To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
The timber of the sacred groves we cut,
And build our fleet; uncertain yet to find
What place the gods for our repose assign'd.
Friends daily flock; and scarce the kindly spring
Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing,
When old Anchises summon'd all to sea:
The crew my father and the Fates obey.
With sighs and tears I leave my native shore,
And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.
My sire, my son, our less and greater gods,
All sail at once, and cleave the briny floods.

P. VERGILI MARONIS AENEIDOS LIBER TERTIVS

Postquam res Asiae Priamique evertere gentem
immeritam visum superis, ceciditque superbum
Ilium et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troia,
diversa exsilia et desertas quaerere terras
auguriis agimur divum, classemque sub ipsa 5
Antandro et Phrygiae molimur montibus Idae,
incerti quo fata ferant, ubi sistere detur,
contrahimusque viros. vix prima inceperat aestas
et pater Anchises dare fatis vela iubebat,
litora cum patriae lacrimans portusque relinquo 10
et campos ubi Troia fuit. feror exsul in altum
cum sociis natoque penatibus et magnis dis.

"Against our coast appears a spacious land,
 Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command,
 Thracia the name; the people bold in war;
 Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care,
 A hospitable realm while Fate was kind,
 With Troy in friendship and religion join'd.
 I land; with luckless omens, then adore
 Their gods, and draw a line along the shore;
 I lay the deep foundations of a wall,
 And Aenos, nam'd from me, the city call.
 To Dionaean Venus vows are paid,
 And all the pow'rs that rising labours aid;
 A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.
 Not far, a rising hillock stood in view;
 Sharp myrtles on the sides, and cornels grew.
 There, while I went to crop the sylvan scenes,
 And shade our altar with their leafy greens,
 I pull'd a plant; with horror I relate
 A prodigy so strange and full of fate.
 The rooted fibers rose, and from the wound
 Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.
 Mute and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood;
 Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood.
 Mann'd once again, another plant I try:
 That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.
 Then, fearing guilt for some offence unknown,
 With pray'rs and vows the Dryads I atone,
 With all the sisters of the woods, and most
 The God of Arms, who rules the Thracian coast,
 That they, or he, these omens would avert,
 Release our fears, and better signs impart.
 Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length
 To learn the cause, I tugged with all my strength:
 I bent my knees against the ground; once more
 The violated myrtle ran with gore.
 Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb

Terra procul vastis colitur Mauortia campis
 (Thraces arant) acri quondam regnata Lycurgo,
 hospitium antiquum Troiae sociique penates 15
 dum fortuna fuit. feror huc et litore curvo
 moenia prima loco fatis ingressus iniquis
 Aeneadasque meo nomen de nomine fingo.
 sacra Dionaee matri divisque ferebam
 auspiciis coeptorum operum, superoque nitentem 20
 caelicolum regi mactabam in litore taurum.
 forte fuit iuxta tumulus, quo cornea summo
 virgulta et densis hastilibus horrida myrtus.
 accessi viridemque ab humo convellere silvam
 conatus, ramis tegerem ut frondentibus aras, 25
 horrendum et dictu video mirabile monstrum.
 nam quae prima solo ruptis radicibus arbos
 vellitur, huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttae
 et terram tabo maculant. mihi frigidus horror
 membra quatit gelidusque coit formidine sanguis. 30
 rursus et alterius lentum convellere vimen
 insequor et causas penitus temptare latentis;
 ater et alterius sequitur de cortice sanguis.
 multa movens animo Nymphas venerabar agrestis
 Gradivumque patrem, Geticis qui praesidet arvis, 35
 rite secundarent visus omenque levarent.
 tertia sed postquam maiore hastilia nisu
 adgredior genibusque adversae obluctor harenae,
 (eloquar an sileam?) gemitus lacrimabilis imo
 auditur tumulo et vox reddita fertur ad auris: 40
 'quid miserum, Aenea, laceras? iam parce sepulto,
 parce pias scelerare manus. non me tibi Troia
 externum tulit aut cruor hic de stipite manat.
 heu fuge crudelis terras, fuge litus auarum:
 nam Polydorus ego. hic confixum ferrea texit 45
 telorum seges et iaculis increvit acutis.'
 tum vero ancipiti mentem formidine pressus
 obstipui steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit.

Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
 A groan, as of a troubled ghost, renew'd
 My fright, and then these dreadful words ensued:
 'Why dost thou thus my buried body rend?
 O spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend!
 Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:
 The tears distil not from the wounded wood;
 But ev'ry drop this living tree contains
 Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins.
 O fly from this unhospitable shore,
 Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore!
 Here loads of lances, in my blood embrued,
 Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.'
 "My falt'ring tongue and shiv'ring limbs declare
 My horror, and in bristles rose my hair.

When Troy with Grecian arms was closely pent,
 Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
 This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent:
 Loaded with gold, he sent his darling, far
 From noise and tumults, and destructive war,
 Committed to the faithless tyrant's care;
 Who, when he saw the pow'r of Troy decline,
 Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join;
 Broke ev'ry bond of nature and of truth,
 And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
 O sacred hunger of pernicious gold!
 What bands of faith can impious lucre hold?
 Now, when my soul had shaken off her fears,
 I call my father and the Trojan peers;
 Relate the prodigies of Heav'n, require
 What he commands, and their advice desire.
 All vote to leave that execrable shore,
 Polluted with the blood of Polydore;
 But, ere we sail, his fun'ral rites prepare,
 Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.

Hunc Polydorum auri quondam cum pondere magno
 infelix Priamus furtim mandarāt alendum 50
 Threicio regi, cum iam diffideret armis
 Dardaniae cingique urbem obsidione videret.
 ille, ut opes fractae Teucrum et Fortuna recessit,
 res Agamemnonias victriciaque arma secutus
 fas omne abrumpit: Polydorum obtruncat, et auro 55
 ui potitur. quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
 auri sacra fames! postquam pavor ossa reliquit,
 delectos populi ad proceres primumque parentem
 monstra deum refero, et quae sit sententia posco.
 omnibus idem animus, scelerata excedere terra, 60
 linqui pollutum hospitium et dare classibus Austros.
 ergo instauramus Polydoro funus, et ingens
 aggeritur tumulo tellus; stant Manibus arae
 caeruleis maestae vittis atraque cupresso,
 et circum Iliades crinem de more solutae; 65
 inferimus tepido spumantia cymbia lacte
 sanguinis et sacri pateras, animamque sepulcro
 condimus et magna supremum voce ciemus.

In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round,
With baleful cypress and blue fillets crown'd,
With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.
Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.

“Now, when the raging storms no longer reign,
But southern gales invite us to the main,
We launch our vessels, with a prosp'rous wind,
And leave the cities and the shores behind.
“**An island in th' Aegaeon** main appears;
Neptune and wat'ry Doris claim it theirs.
It floated once, till Phoebus fix'd the sides
To rooted earth, and now it braves the tides.
Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,
With needful ease our weary limbs restore,
And the Sun's temple and his town adore.
“Anius, the priest and king, with laurel crown'd,
His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who saw my sire the Delian shore ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend;
Invites him to his palace; and, in sign
Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.

Then to the temple of the god I went,
And thus, before the shrine, my vows present:
'Give, O Thymbraeus, give a resting place
To the sad relics of the Trojan race;
A seat secure, a region of their own,
A lasting empire, and a happier town.
Where shall we fix? where shall our labours end?
Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?
Let not my pray'rs a doubtful answer find;
But in clear auguries unveil thy mind.'
Scarce had I said: he shook the holy ground,
The laurels, and the lofty hills around;

Inde ubi prima fides pelago, placataque venti
dant maria et lenis crepitans vocat Auster in altum, 70
deducunt socii navis et litora complent;
provehimur portu terraeque urbesque recedunt.
sacra mari colitur medio gratissima tellus
Nereidum matri et Neptuno Aegaeo,
quam pius Arquitenens oras et litora circum 75
errantem Mycono e celsa Gyaroque revinxit,
immotamque coli dedit et contemnere ventos.
huc feror, haec fessos tuto placidissima portu
accipit; egressi veneramur Apollinis urbem.
rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phoebique sacerdos, 80
vittis et sacra redimitus tempora lauro
occurrit; veterem Anchisen agnovit amicum.
iungimus hospitio dextras et tecta subimus.

Templa dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto:
'da propriam, Thymbraee, domum; da moenia fessis 85
et genus et mansuram urbem; serva altera Troiae
Pergama, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli.
quem sequimur? quoue ire iubes? ubi ponere sedes?
da, pater, augurium atque animis inlabere nostris.'
vix ea fatus eram: tremere omnia visa repente, 90
liminaque laurusque dei, totusque moveri
mons circum et mugire adytis cortina reclusis.
summissi petimus terram et vox fertur ad auris:
'Dardanidae duri, quae vos a stirpe parentum
prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere laeto 95

And from the tripos rush'd a bellowing sound.
 Prostrate we fell; confess'd the present god,
 Who gave this answer from his dark abode:
 'Undaunted youths, go, seek that mother earth
 From which your ancestors derive their birth.
 The soil that sent you forth, her ancient race
 In her old bosom shall again embrace.
 Through the wide world th' Aeneian house shall reign,
 And children's children shall the crown sustain.'
 Thus Phoebus did our future fates disclose:
 A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.
 "All are concern'd to know what place the god
 Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode.
 My father, long revolving in his mind
 The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,
 Thus answer'd their demands: 'Ye princes, hear
 Your pleasing fortune, and dispel your fear.
 The fruitful isle of Crete, well known to fame,
 Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,
 In the mid ocean lies, with large command,
 And on its plains a hundred cities stand.
 Another Ida rises there, and we
 From thence derive our Trojan ancestry.
 From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,
 To the Rhoetean shores old Teucrus came;
 There fix'd, and there the seat of empire chose,
 Ere Ilium and the Trojan tow'rs arose.
 In humble vales they built their soft abodes,
 Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,
 With tinkling cymbals charm'd th' Idaean woods,
 She secret rites and ceremonies taught,
 And to the yoke the savage lions brought.
 Let us the land which Heav'n appoints, explore;
 Appease the winds, and seek the Gnosian shore.
 If Jove assists the passage of our fleet,
 The third propitious dawn discovers Crete.'

accipiet reduces. antiquam exquirite matrem.
 hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris
 et nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis.'
 haec Phoebus; mixtoque ingens exorta tumultu
 laetitia, et cuncti quae sint ea moenia quaerunt, 100
 quo Phoebus vocet errantis iubeatque reverti.
 tum genitor veterum volvens monimenta virorum
 'audite, o procures,' ait 'et spes discite vestras.
 Creta Iovis magni medio iacet insula ponto,
 mons Idaeus ubi et gentis cunabula nostrae. 105
 centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna,
 maximus unde pater, si rite audita recordor,
 Teucrus Rhoeteas primum est advectus in oras,
 optavitque locum regno. nondum Ilium et arces
 Pergameae steterant; habitabant vallibus imis. 110
 hinc mater cultrix Cybeli Corybantiaque aera
 Idaeumque nemus, hinc fida silentia sacris,
 et iuncti currum dominae subiere leones.
 ergo agite et divum ducunt qua iussa sequamur:
 placemus ventos et Cnosia regna petamus. 115
 nec longo distant cursu: modo Iuppiter adsit,
 tertia lux classem Cretaeis sistet in oris.'
 sic fatus meritos aris mactavit honores,
 taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo,
 nigram Hiemi pecudem, Zephyris felicibus albam. 120

Thus having said, the sacrifices, laid
 On smoking altars, to the gods he paid:
 A bull, to Neptune an oblation due,
 Another bull to bright Apollo slew;
 A milk-white ewe, the western winds to please,
 And one coal-black, to calm the stormy seas.
 Ere this, a flying rumour had been spread
 That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled,
 Expell'd and exil'd; that the coast was free
 From foreign or domestic enemy.

“We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea.
 By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way;
 Then green Donysa pass; and sail in sight
 Of Paros' isle, with marble quarries white.
 We pass the scatter'd isles of Cyclades,
 That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the seas.
 The shouts of sailors double near the shores;
 They stretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.
 'All hands aloft! for Crete! for Crete!' they cry,
 And swiftly thro' the foamy billows fly.
 Full on the promis'd land at length we bore,
 With joy descending on the Cretan shore.
 With eager haste a rising town I frame,
 Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:
 The name itself was grateful; I exhort
 To found their houses, and erect a fort.

Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow strand;
 The youth begin to till the labour'd land;
 And I myself new marriages promote,
 Give laws, and dwellings I divide by lot;
 When rising vapours choke the wholesome air,
 And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year;
 The trees devouring caterpillars burn;
 Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn:

Fama volat pulsum regnis cessisse paternis
 Idomenea ducem, desertaque litora Cretae,
 hoste vacare domum sedesque astare relictas.
 linquimus Ortygiae portus pelagoque volamus
 bacchatamque iugis Naxon viridemque Donusam, 125
 Olearon niveamque Paron sparsasque per aequor
 Cycladas, et crebris legimus freta concita terris.
 nauticus exoritur vario certamine clamor:
 hortantur socii Cretam proavosque petamus.
 prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntis, 130
 et tandem antiquis Curetum adlabimur oris.
 ergo avidus muros optatae molior urbis
 Pergameamque voco, et laetam cognomine gentem
 hortor amare focos arcemque attollere tectis.

Iamque fere sicco subductae litore puppes, 135
 conubiis arvisque novis operata iuventus,
 iura domosque dabam, subito cum tabida membris
 corrupto caeli tractu miserandaque venit
 arboribusque satisque lues et letifer annus.
 linquebant dulcis animas aut aegra trahebant 140
 corpora; tum sterilis exurere Sirius agros,
 arebant herbae et victum seges aegra negabat.

Nor 'scape the beasts; for Sirius, from on high,
With pestilential heat infects the sky:
My men, some fall, the rest in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me seek the shore
Of sacred Delos, and the god implore,
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary course direct.

“Twas night, when ev'ry creature, void of cares,
The common gift of balmy slumber shares:
The statues of my gods (for such they seem'd),
Those gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
Before me stood, majestically bright,
Full in the beams of Phoebe's ent'ring light.
Then thus they spoke, and eas'd my troubled mind:
'What from the Delian god thou go'st to find,
He tells thee here, and sends us to relate.
Those pow'rs are we, companions of thy fate,
Who from the burning town by thee were brought,
Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.
Thro' seas and lands as we thy steps attend,
So shall our care thy glorious race befriend.
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain,
A town that o'er the conquer'd world shall reign.
Thou, mighty walls for mighty nations build;
Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield:
But change thy seat; for not the Delian god,
Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for our abode.
A land there is, Hesperia call'd of old,
The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold.
Th' Oenotrians held it once, by later fame
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
Jasius there and Dardanus were born;
From thence we came, and thither must return.
Rise, and thy sire with these glad tidings greet.
Search Italy; for Jove denies thee Crete.

rursus ad oraculum Ortygiae Phoebumque remenso
hortatur pater ire mari veniamque precari,
quam fessis finem rebus ferat, unde laborum 145
temptare auxilium iubeat, quo vertere cursus.

Nox erat et terris animalia somnus habebat:
effigies sacrae divum Phrygiique penates,
quos mecum a Troia mediisque ex ignibus urbis 150
extuleram, visi ante oculos astare iacentis
in somnis multo manifesti lumine, qua se
plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras;
tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis:
'quod tibi delato Ortygiam dicturus Apollo est,
hic canit et tua nos en ultro ad limina mittit. 155
nos te Dardania incensa tuaque arma secuti,
nos tumidum sub te permensi classibus aequor,
idem venturos tollemus in astra nepotes
imperiumque urbi dabimus. tu moenia magnis
magna para longumque fugae ne linque laborem. 160
mutandae sedes. non haec tibi litora suasit
Delius aut Cretae iussit considerare Apollo.
est locus, Hesperiam Grai cognomine dicunt,
terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glaebae;
Oenotri coluere viri; nunc fama minores 165
Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem.
hae nobis propriae sedes, hinc Dardanus ortus
Iasiusque pater, genus a quo principe nostrum.
surge age et haec laetus longaeuo dicta parenti
haud dubitanda refer: Corythum terrasque requirat 170
Ausonias; Dictaea negat tibi Iuppiter arva.'
talibus attonitus visis et voce deorum
(nec sopor illud erat, sed coram agnoscere vultus
velatasque comas praesentiaque ora videbar;

“Astonish’d at their voices and their sight,
 (Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night;
 I saw, I knew their faces, and descried,
 In perfect view, their hair with fillets tied;)
 I started from my couch; a clammy sweat
 On all my limbs and shiv’ring body sate.
 To heav’n I lift my hands with pious haste,
 And sacred incense in the flames I cast.
 Thus to the gods their perfect honours done,
 More cheerful, to my good old sire I run,
 And tell the pleasing news. In little space
 He found his error of the double race;
 Not, as before he deem’d, deriv’d from Crete;
 No more deluded by the doubtful seat:
 Then said: ‘O son, turmoil’d in Trojan fate!
 Such things as these Cassandra did relate.
 This day revives within my mind what she
 Foretold of Troy renew’d in Italy,
 And Latian lands; but who could then have thought
 That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought,
 Or who believ’d what mad Cassandra taught?

Now let us go where Phoebus leads the way.’
 “He said; and we with glad consent obey,
 Forsake the seat, and, leaving few behind,
 We spread our sails before the willing wind.
 Now from the sight of land our galleys move,
 With only seas around and skies above;
 When o’er our heads descends a burst of rain,
 And night with sable clouds involves the main;
 The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise;
 The scatter’d fleet is forc’d to sev’ral ways;
 The face of heav’n is ravish’d from our eyes,
 And in redoubled peals the roaring thunder flies.
 Cast from our course, we wander in the dark.

tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor) 175
 corripio e stratis corpus tendoque supinas
 ad caelum cum voce manus et munera libo
 intemerata focis. perfecto laetus honore
 Anchisen facio certum remque ordine pando.
 agnovit prolem ambiguam geminosque parentis, 180
 seque novo veterum deceptum errore locorum.
 tum memorat: 'nate, Iliacis exercite fatis,
 sola mihi talis casus Cassandra canebat.
 nunc repeto haec generi portendere debita nostro
 et saepe Hesperiam, saepe Itala regna vocare. 185
 sed quis ad Hesperiae venturos litora Teucros
 crederet? aut quem tum vates Cassandra moveret?
 cedamus Phoebo et moniti meliora sequamur.'
 sic ait, et cuncti dicto paremus ovantes.
 hanc quoque deserimus sedem paucisque relictis 190
 vela damus vastumque cava trabe currimus aequor.

Postquam altum tenuere rates nec iam amplius ullae
 apparent terrae, caelum undique et undique pontus,
 tum mihi caeruleus supra caput astitit imber
 noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris. 195
 continuo venti volvunt mare magnaue surgunt
 aequora, dispersi iactamur gurgite vasto;
 involvere diem nimbi et nox umida caelum
 abstulit, ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes,
 excutimur cursu et caecis erramus in undis. 200
 ipse diem noctemque negat discernere caelo
 nec meminisse viae media Palinurus in unda.
 tris adeo incertos caeca caligine soles
 erramus pelago, totidem sine sidere noctes.

No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
 Ev'n Palinurus no distinction found
 Betwixt the night and day; such darkness reign'd around.
 Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays,
 Without distinction, and three sunless days;
 The fourth renews the light, and, from our shrouds,
 We view a rising land, like distant clouds;
 The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight,
 And curling smoke ascending from their height.
 The canvas falls; their oars the sailors ply;
 From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.
 At length I land upon the Strophades,
 Safe from the danger of the stormy seas.
 Those isles are compass'd by th' Ionian main,
 The dire abode where the foul Harpies reign,
 Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair
 To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.
 Monsters more fierce offended Heav'n ne'er sent
 From hell's abyss, for human punishment:
 With virgin faces, but with wombs obscene,
 Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean;
 With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.
"We landed at the port, and soon beheld
 Fat herds of oxen graze the flow'ry field,
 And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd.
 With weapons we the welcome prey invade,
 Then call the gods for partners of our feast,
 And Jove himself, the chief invited guest.
 We spread the tables on the greensward ground;
 We feed with hunger, and the bowls go round;
 When from the mountain-tops, with hideous cry,
 And clatt'ring wings, the hungry Harpies fly;
 They snatch the meat, defiling all they find,
 And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.
 Close by a hollow rock, again we sit,
 New dress the dinner, and the beds refit,

quarto terra die primum se attollere tandem 205
 visa, aperire procul montis ac volvere fumum.
 vela cadunt, remis insurgimus; haud mora, nautae
 adnixi torquent spumas et caerula verrunt.
 servatum ex undis Strophadum me litora primum
 excipiunt. Strophades Graio stant nomine dictae 210
 insulae Ionio in magno, quas dira Celaeno
 Harpyiaeque colunt aliae, Phineia postquam
 clausa domus mensasque metu liquere priores.
 tristius haud illis monstrum, nec saevior ulla
 pestis et ira deum Stygiis sese extulit undis. 215
 virginei volucrum vultus, foedissima ventris
 proluvies uncaeque manus et pallida semper
 ora fame.
 huc ubi delati portus intravimus, ecce
 laeta boum passim campis armenta videmus 220
 caprigenumque pecus nullo custode per herbas.
 inruimus ferro et divos ipsumque vocamus
 in partem praedamque Iovem; tum litore curvo
 exstruimusque toros dapibusque epulamur opimis.
 at subitae horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt 225
 Harpyiae et magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas,
 diripiuntque dapes contactuque omnia foedant
 immundo; tum vox taetrum dira inter odorem.
 rursum in secessu longo sub rupe cavata
 [arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris] 230
 instruimus mensas arisque reponimus ignem;
 rursum ex diverso caeli caecisque latebris
 turba sonans praedam pedibus circumvolat uncis,
 polluit ore dapes. sociis tunc arma capessant
 edico, et dira bellum cum gente gerendum. 235
 haud secus ac iussi faciunt tectosque per herbam
 disponunt ensis et scuta latentia condunt.
 ergo ubi delapsae sonitum per curva dedere
 litora, dat signum specula Misenus ab alta
 aere cavo. invadunt socii et nova proelia temptant, 240

Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,
 Where tufted trees a native arbour made.
 Again the holy fires on altars burn;
 And once again the rav'nous birds return,
 Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
 Or from another quarter of the sky;
 With filthy claws their odious meal repeat,
 And mix their loathsome ordures with their meat.
 I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
 And with the hellish nation wage the war.
 They, as commanded, for the fight provide,
 And in the grass their glitt'ring weapons hide;
 Then, when along the crooked shore we hear
 Their clatt'ring wings, and saw the foes appear,
 Misenus sounds a charge: we take th' alarm,
 And our strong hands with swords and bucklers arm.
 In this new kind of combat all employ
 Their utmost force, the monsters to destroy.
 In vain, the fated skin is proof to wounds;
 And from their plumes the shining sword rebounds.
 At length rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
 And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display.
 Yet one remain'd, the messenger of Fate:
 High on a craggy cliff Celaeno sate,
 And thus her dismal errand did relate:
 'What! not contented with our oxen slain,
 Dare you with Heav'n an impious war maintain,
 And drive the Harpies from their native reign?
 Heed therefore what I say; and keep in mind
 What Jove decrees, what Phoebus has design'd,
 And I, the Furies' queen, from both relate:
 You seek th' Italian shores, foredoom'd by fate:
 Th' Italian shores are granted you to find,
 And a safe passage to the port assign'd.
 But know, that ere your promis'd walls you build,
 My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.

obscenas pelagi ferro foedare volucris.
 sed neque vim plumis ullam nec vulnera tergo
 accipiunt, celerique fuga sub sidera lapsae
 semesam praedam et vestigia foeda relinquunt.
 una in praecelsa consedit rupe Celaeno, 245
 infelix vates, rumpitque hanc pectore vocem;
 'bellum etiam pro caede boum stratisque iuven-
 cis, Laomedontiadae, bellumne inferre paratis
 et patrio Harpyias insontis pellere regno?
 accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta, 250
 quae Phoebus pater omnipotens, mihi Phoebus Apollo
 praedixit, vobis Furiarum ego maxima pando.
 Italiam cursu petitis ventisque vocatis:
 ibitis Italiam portusque intrare licebit.
 sed non ante datam cingetis moenibus urbem 255
 quam vos dira fames nostraeque iniuria caedis
 ambasas subigat malis absumere mensas.'

Fierce famine is your lot for this misdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.'

She said, and to the neighb'ring forest flew.
Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
Hopeless to win by war, to pray'rs we fall,
And on th' offended Harpies humbly call,
And whether gods or birds obscene they were,
Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer.
But old Anchises, off'ring sacrifice,
And lifting up to heav'n his hands and eyes,
Ador'd the greater gods: 'Avert,' said he,
'These omens; render vain this prophecy,
And from th' impending curse a pious people free!'
"Thus having said, he bids us put to sea;
We loose from shore our haulsers, and obey,
And soon with swelling sails pursue the wat'ry way.
Amidst our course, Zacynthian woods appear;
And next by rocky Neritos we steer:
We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,
And curse the land which dire Ulysses bore.
At length Leucate's cloudy top appears,
And the Sun's temple, which the sailor fears.
Resolv'd to breathe a while from labour past,
Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast,
And joyful to the little city haste.
Here, safe beyond our hopes, our vows we pay
To Jove, the guide and patron of our way.
The customs of our country we pursue,
And Trojan games on Actian shores renew.
Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,
And exercise the wrastlers' noble toil;
Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the wind,
And left so many Grecian towns behind.
The sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,
And Boreas on the seas display'd his force:

Dixit, et in silvam pennis ablata refugit.
at sociis subita gelidus formidine sanguis
deriguit: cecidere animi, nec iam amplius armis, 260
sed votis precibusque iubent exposcere pacem,
sive deae seu sint dirae obscenaeque volucres.
et pater Anchises passis de litore palmis
numina magna vocat meritosque indicit honores:
'di, prohibete minas; di, talem avertite casum 265
et placidi servate pios.' tum litore funem
deripere excussosque iubet laxare rudentis.
tendunt vela Noti: fugimus spumantibus undis
qua cursum ventusque gubernatorque vocabat.
iam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos 270
Dulichiumque Sameque et Neritos ardua saxis.
effugimus scopulos Ithacae, Laertia regna,
et terram altricem saevi exsecramur Ulixi.
mox et Leucatae nimbose cacumina montis
et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo. 275
hunc petimus fessi et parvae succedimus urbi;
ancora de prora iacitur, stant litore puppes.
Ergo insperata tandem tellure potiti
lustramurque Iovi votisque incendimus aras,
Actiaque Iliacis celebramus litora ludis. 280
exercent patrias oleo labente palaestras
nudati socii: iuvat evasisse tot urbes
Argolicas mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostis.
interea magnum sol circumvolvitur annum
et glacialis hiems Aquilonibus asperat undas. 285
aere cavo clipeum, magni gestamen Abantis,
postibus adversis figo et rem carmine signo:
Aeneas haec de Danaïs victoribus arma;
linquere tum portus iubeo et considerare transtris.
certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora verrunt: 290

I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
 The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore;
 The verse beneath my name and action speaks:
 'These arms Aeneas took from conqu'ring Greeks.'
 Then I command to weigh; the seamen ply
 Their sweeping oars; the smoking billows fly.
 The sight of high Phaeacia soon we lost,
 And skimm'd along Epirus' rocky coast.
 "Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
 And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend.

Here wondrous things were loudly blaz'd fame:
 How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,
 And reign'd in Greece; that Priam's captive son
 Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne;
 And fair Andromache, restor'd by fate,
 Once more was happy in a Trojan mate.
 I leave my galleys riding in the port,
 And long to see the new Dardanian court.
 By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
 Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate.
 Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts she crown'd,
 And sacred priests in order stand around,
 And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound.
 The grove itself resembles Ida's wood;
 And Simois seem'd the well-dissembled flood.
 But when at nearer distance she beheld
 My shining armour and my Trojan shield,
 Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
 Forsakes her limbs; her veins no longer beat:
 She faints, she falls, and scarce recov'ring strength,
 Thus, with a falt'ring tongue, she speaks at length:
"Are you alive, O goddess-born?' she said,
 'Or if a ghost, then where is Hector's shade?'
 At this, she cast a loud and frightful cry.
 With broken words I made this brief reply:

protinus aerias Phaeacum abscondimus arces
 litoraue Epiri legimus portuque subimus
 Chaonio et celsam Buthroti accedimus urbem.

Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat auris,
 Priamiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbis 295
 coniugio Aeacidae Pyrrhi sceptrisque potitum,
 et patrio Andromachen iterum cessisse marito.
 obstipui, miroque incensum pectus amore
 compellare virum et casus cognoscere tantos.
 progredior portu classis et litora linquens, 300
 sollemnis cum forte dapes et tristia dona
 ante urbem in luco falsi Simoentis ad undam
 libabat cineri Andromache manisque vocabat
 Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem caespite inanem
 et geminas, causam lacrimis, sacraverat aras. 305
 ut me conspexit venientem et Troia circum
 arma amens vidit, magnis exterrita monstros
 deriguit visu in medio, calor ossa reliquit,
 labitur, et longo vix tandem tempore fatur:
 'verane te facies, verus mihi nuntius adfers, 310
 nate dea? vivisne? aut, si lux alma recessit,
 Hector ubi est?' dixit, lacrimasque effudit et omnem
 implevit clamore locum. vix pauca furenti
 subicio et raris turbatus vocibus hisco:
 'vivo equidem vitamque extrema per omnia duco; 315
 ne dubita, nam vera vides.
 heu! quis te casus deiectam coniuge tanto
 excipit, aut quae digna satis fortuna revisit,

'All of me that remains appears in sight;
 I live, if living be to loathe the light.
 No phantom; but I drag a wretched life,
 My fate resembling that of Hector's wife.
 What have you suffer'd since you lost your lord?
 By what strange blessing are you now restor'd?
 Still are you Hector's? or is Hector fled,
 And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus' bed?'
 With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
 After a modest pause she thus begun:
 "O only happy maid of Priam's race,
 Whom death deliver'd from the foes' embrace!
 Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,
 Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity,
 Or in a haughty master's arms to lie.
 In Grecian ships unhappy we were borne,
 Endur'd the victor's lust, sustain'd the scorn:
 Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
 Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
 Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
 And Helen's lovely daughter sought to wed;
 Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd,
 And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd;
 Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep despair,
 And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
 Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher.
 By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd:
 At least one half with Helenus remain'd.
 Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls,
 And names from Pergamus his rising walls.
 But you, what fates have landed on our coast?
 What gods have sent you, or what storms have toss'd?
 Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,
 Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy?
 O tell me how his mother's loss he bears,
 What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years,

Hectoris Andromache? Pyrrhin conubia servas?
 deiecit vultum et demissa voce locuta est: 320
 'o felix una ante alias Priameia virgo,
 hostilem ad tumulum Troiae sub moenibus altis
 iussa mori, quae sortitus non pertulit ullos
 nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
 nos patria incensa diversa per aequora vectae 325
 stirpis Achilleae fastus iuvenemque superbum
 servitio enixae tulimus; qui deinde secutus
 Ledaeam Hermionen Lacedaemoniosque hymenaeos
 me famulo famulamque Heleno transmisit habendam.
 ast illum ereptae magno flammatus amore 330
 coniugis et scelerum furiis agitatus Orestes
 excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad aras.
 morte Neoptolemi regnorum reddita cessit
 pars Heleno, qui Chaonios cognomine campos
 Chaoniamque omnem Troiano a Chaone dixit, 335
 Pergamaque Iliacamque iugis hanc addidit arcem.
 sed tibi qui cursum venti, quae fata dedere?
 aut quisnam ignarum nostris deus appulit oris?
 quid puer Ascanius? superatne et vescitur aura?
 quem tibi iam Troia— 340
 ecqua tamen puero est amissae cura parentis?
 ecquid in antiquam virtutem animosque virilis
 et pater Aeneas et avunculus excitat Hector?'
 talia fundebat lacrimans longosque ciebat
 incassum fletus, cum sese a moenibus heros 345
 Priamides multis Helenus comitantibus adfert,
 agnoscitque suos laetusque ad limina ducit,
 et multum lacrimas verba inter singula fundit.
 procedo et parvam Troiam simulataque magnis
 Pergama et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum 350
 agnosco, Scaetaeque amplector limina portae;
 nec non et Teucri socia simul urbe fruuntur.
 illos porticibus rex accipiebat in amplis:
 aulai medio libabant pocula Bacchi

How much of Hector in his face appears?
 She spoke; and mix'd her speech with mournful cries,
 And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.
“At length her lord descends upon the plain,
 In pomp, attended with a num'rous train;
 Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
 And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
 Proceeding on, another Troy I see,
 Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.
 A riv'let by the name of Xanthus ran,
 And I embrace the Scaean gate again.
 My friends in porticoes were entertain'd,
 And feasts and pleasures thro' the city reign'd.
 The tables fill'd the spacious hall around,
 And golden bowls with sparkling wine were crown'd.

Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
 Blown from the south supplied our swelling sails.
 Then to the royal seer I thus began:
 'O thou, who know'st, beyond the reach of man,
 The laws of heav'n, and what the stars decree;
 Whom Phoebus taught unerring prophecy,
 From his own tripod, and his holy tree;
 Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
 What auspices their notes and flights declare:
 O say; for all religious rites portend
 A happy voyage, and a prosp'rous end;
 And ev'ry power and omen of the sky
 Direct my course for destin'd Italy;
 But only dire Celaeno, from the gods,
 A dismal famine fatally forebodes:
 O say what dangers I am first to shun,
 What toils vanquish, and what course to run.'

“The prophet first with sacrifice adores

impositis auro dapibus, paterasque tenebant. 355

Iamque dies alterque dies processit, et aerae
 vela vocant tumidoque inflatur carbasus Austro:
 his vatem adgredior dictis ac talia quaeso:
 'Troiugena, interpres divum, qui numina Phoebi,
 qui tripodas Clarii et laurus, qui sidera sentis 360
 et volucrum linguas et praepetis omina pennae,
 fare age (namque omnis cursum mihi prospera dixit
 religio, et cuncti suaserunt numine divi
 Italiam petere et terras temptare repostas;
 sola novum dictuque nefas Harpyia Celaeno 365
 prodigium canit et tristis denuntiat iras
 obscenamque famem), quae prima pericula vito?
 quidve sequens tantos possim superare labores?'
 hic Helenus caesis primum de more iuvenicis
 exorat pacem divum vittasque resolvit 370
 sacrati capitis, meque ad tua limina, Phoebe,
 ipse manu multo suspensum numine ducit,
 atque haec deinde canit divino ex ore sacerdos:

The greater gods; their pardon then implores;
 Unbinds the fillet from his holy head;
 To Phoebus, next, my trembling steps he led,
 Full of religious doubts and awful dread.
 Then, with his god possess'd, before the shrine,
 These words proceeded from his mouth divine:

'O goddess-born, (for Heav'n's appointed will,
 With greater auspices of good than ill,
 Foreshows thy voyage, and thy course directs;
 Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects,)
 Of many things some few I shall explain,
 Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main,
 And how at length the promis'd shore to gain.
 The rest the fates from Helenus conceal,
 And Juno's angry pow'r forbids to tell.
 First, then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh,
 Will far from your deluded wishes fly;
 Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from Italy:
 For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,
 And stem the currents with your struggling oars;
 Then round th' Italian coast your navy steer;
 And, after this, to Circe's island veer;
 And, last, before your new foundations rise,
 Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the nether skies.
 Now mark the signs of future ease and rest,
 And bear them safely treasur'd in thy breast.
 When, in the shady shelter of a wood,
 And near the margin of a gentle flood,
 Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
 With thirty sucking young encompass'd round;
 The dam and offspring white as falling snow:
 These on thy city shall their name bestow,
 And there shall end thy labours and thy woe.
 Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind,
 For Phoebus will assist, and Fate the way will find.

'Nate dea (nam te maioribus ire per altum
 auspiciis manifesta fides; sic fata deum rex 375
 sortitur voluitque vices, is vertitur ordo),
 pauca tibi e multis, quo tutior hospita lustres
 aequora et Ausonio possis considerare portu,
 expediam dictis; prohibent nam cetera Parcae
 scire Helenum farique vetat Saturnia Iuno. 380
 principio Italiam, quam tu iam rere propinquam
 vicinosque, ignare, paras invadere portus,
 longa procul longis via dividit invia terris.
 ante et Trinacria lentandus remus in unda
 et salis Ausonii lustrandum navibus aequor 385
 infernique lacus Aeaeaeque insula Circae,
 quam tuta possis urbem componere terra.
 signa tibi dicam, tu condita mente teneto:
 cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam
 litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus 390
 triginta capitem fetus enixa iacebit,
 alba solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati,
 is locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum.
 nec tu mensarum morsus horresce futuros:
 fata viam invenient aderitque vocatus Apollo. 395
 has autem terras Italique hanc litoris oram,
 proxima quae nostri perfunditur aequoris aestu,
 effuge; cuncta malis habitantur moenia Graeis.
 hic et Narycii posuerunt moenia Locri,
 et Sallentinos obsedit milite campos 400
 Lyctius Idomeneus; hic illa ducis Meliboei
 parva Philoctetae subnixa Petelia muro.

Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,
 Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent:
 Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd;
 The salvage Locrians here the shores infest;
 There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
 And guards with arms the Salentinian fields;
 And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands,
 Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
 Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the shore,
 And priests with holy vows the gods adore,
 Then with a purple veil involve your eyes,
 Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice.
 These rites and customs to the rest commend,
 That to your pious race they may descend.
'When, parted hence, the wind, that ready waits
 For Sicily, shall bear you to the straits
 Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
 Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea:
 Veer starboard sea and land. Th' Italian shore
 And fair Sicilia's coast were one, before
 An earthquake caus'd the flaw: the roaring tides
 The passage broke that land from land divides;
 And where the lands retir'd, the rushing ocean rides.
 Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,
 Now rising cities in long order stand,
 And fruitful fields: so much can time invade
 The mould'ring work that beauteous Nature made.
 Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides:
 Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
 And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides;
 Then spouts them from below: with fury driv'n,
 The waves mount up and wash the face of heav'n.
 But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
 The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,
 Then dashes on the rocks. A human face,
 And virgin bosom, hides her tail's disgrace:

quin ubi transmissae steterint trans aequora classes
 et positis aris iam vota in litore solves,
 purpureo velare comas adopertus amictu, 405
 ne qua inter sanctos ignis in honore deorum
 hostilis facies occurrat et omina turbet.
 hunc socii morem sacrorum, hunc ipse teneto;
 hac casti maneant in religione nepotes.
 ast ubi digressum Siculae te admoverit orae 410
 ventus, et angusti rarescent claustra Pelori,
 laeva tibi tellus et longo laeva petantur
 aequora circuitu; dextrum fuge litus et undas.
 haec loca vi quondam et vasta convulsa ruina
 (tantum aevi longinqua valet mutare vetustas) 415
 dissiluisse ferunt, cum protinus utraque tellus
 una foret: venit medio vi pontus et undis
 Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit, arvaque et urbes
 litore diductas angusto interluit aestu.
 dextrum Scylla latus, laevum implacata Charybdis 420
 obsidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos
 sorbet in abruptum fluctus rursusque sub auras
 erigit alternos, et sidera verberat unda.
 at Scyllam caecis cohibet spelunca latebris
 ora exsertantem et navis in saxa trahentem. 425
 prima hominis facies et pulchro pectore virgo
 pube tenus, postrema immani corpore pistrix
 delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.
 praestat Trinacrii metas lustrare Pachyni
 cessantem, longos et circumflectere cursus, 430
 quam semel informem vasto vidisse sub antro
 Scyllam et caeruleis canibus resonantia saxa.
 praeterea, si qua est Heleno prudentia vati,
 si qua fides, animum si veris implet Apollo,
 unum illud tibi, nate dea, proque omnibus unum 435
 praedicam et repetens iterumque iterumque monebo,
 Iunonis magnae primum prece numen adora,
 Iunoni cane vota libens dominamque potentem

Her parts obscene below the waves descend,
 With dogs inclos'd, and in a dolphin end.
 'Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to sea,
 And coast Pachynus, tho' with more delay,
 Than once to view misshapen Scylla near,
 And the loud yell of wat'ry wolves to hear.
“Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,
 And if prophetic Phoebus tell me true,
 Do not this precept of your friend forget,
 Which therefore more than once I must repeat:
 Above the rest, great Juno's name adore;
 Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.
 Let gifts be to the mighty queen design'd,
 And mollify with pray'rs her haughty mind.
 Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,
 And you shall safe descend on Italy.
Arriv'd at Cumae, when you view the flood
 Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,
 The mad prophetic Sibyl you shall find,
 Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.
 She sings the fates, and, in her frantic fits,
 The notes and names, inscrib'd, to leafs commits.
 What she commits to leafs, in order laid,
 Before the cavern's entrance are display'd:
 Unmov'd they lie; but, if a blast of wind
 Without, or vapours issue from behind,
 The leafs are borne aloft in liquid air,
 And she resumes no more her museful care,
 Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse,
 Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.
 Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid
 The madness of the visionary maid,
 And with loud curses leave the mystic shade.
“Think it not loss of time a while to stay,
 Tho' thy companions chide thy long delay;
 Tho' summon'd to the seas, tho' pleasing gales

supplicibus supera donis: sic denique victor
 Trinacria finis Italos mittere relictas. 440
 huc ubi delatus Cumaeam accesseris urbem
 divinosque lacus et Averno sonantia silvis,
 insanam vatem aspicias, quae rupe sub ima
 fata canit foliisque notas et nomina mandat.
 quaecumque in foliis descripsit carmina virgo 445
 digerit in numerum atque antro seclusa relinquit:
 illa manent immota locis neque ab ordine cedunt.
 verum eadem, verso tenuis cum cardine ventus
 impulit et teneras turbavit ianua frondes,
 numquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere saxo 450
 nec revocare situs aut iungere carmina curat:
 inconsulti abeunt sedemque odere Sibyllae.
 hic tibi ne qua morae fuerint dispendia tanti,
 quamvis increpitent socii et vi cursus in altum
 vela vocet, possisque sinus implere secundos, 455
 quin adeas vatem precibusque oracula poscas
 ipsa canat vocemque volens atque ora resolvat.
 illa tibi Italiae populos venturaque bella
 et quo quemque modo fugiasque ferasque laborem
 expediet, cursusque dabit venerata secundos. 460
 haec sunt quae nostra liceat te voce moneri.
 vade age et ingentem factis fer ad aethera Troiam.'

Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails:
But beg the sacred priestess to relate
With willing words, and not to write thy fate.
The fierce Italian people she will show,
And all thy wars, and all thy future woe,
And what thou may'st avoid, and what must undergo.
She shall direct thy course, instruct thy mind,
And teach thee how the happy shores to find.
This is what Heav'n allows me to relate:
Now part in peace; pursue thy better fate,
And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan state.'

"This when the priest with friendly voice declar'd,
He gave me license, and rich gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of treasure, he supplied my wan
With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant;
Then Dodonaean caldrons put on board,
And ev'ry ship with sums of silver stor'd.
A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and ornament;
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest,
That flourish'd with a plume and waving crest.
Nor was my sire forgotten, nor my friends;
And large recruits he to my navy sends:
Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores;
Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars.

Meantime, my sire commands to hoist our sails,
Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.
"The prophet bless'd the parting crew, and last,
With words like these, his ancient friend embrac'd:
'Old happy man, the care of gods above,
Whom heav'nly Venus honour'd with her love,
And twice preserv'd thy life, when Troy was lost,

Quae postquam vates sic ore effatus amico est,
dona dehinc auro gravia ac secto elephanto
imperat ad navis ferri, stipatque carinis 465
ingens argentum Dodonaeosque lebetas,
loricam consertam hamis auroque trilicem,
et conum insignis galeae cristasque comantis,
arma Neoptolemi. sunt et sua dona parenti.
addit equos, additque duces, 470
remigium supplet, socios simul instruit armis.

Interea classem velis aptare iubebat
Anchises, fieret vento mora ne qua ferenti.
quem Phoebi interpretes multo compellat honore:
'coniugio, Anchisa, Veneris dignate superbo, 475
cura deum, bis Pergameis erepte ruinis,
ecce tibi Ausoniae tellus: hanc arripe velis.
et tamen hanc pelago praeterlabare necesse est:

Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian coast:
 There land; but take a larger compass round,
 For that before is all forbidden ground.
 The shore that Phoebus has design'd for you,
 At farther distance lies, conceal'd from view.
 Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes,
 Blest in a son, and favour'd by the gods:
 For I with useless words prolong your stay,
 When southern gales have summon'd you away.
 "Nor less the queen our parting thence deplor'd,
 Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.
 A noble present to my son she brought,
 A robe with flow'rs on golden tissue wrought,
 A phrygian vest; and loads with gifts beside
 Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.
 'Accept,' she said, 'these monuments of love,
 Which in my youth with happier hands I wove:
 Regard these trifles for the giver's sake;
 'Tis the last present Hector's wife can make.
 Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind;
 In thee his features and his form I find:
 His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame;
 Such were his motions; such was all his frame;
 And ah! had Heav'n so pleas'd, his years had been the same.'
 "With tears I took my last adieu, and said:
 'Your fortune, happy pair, already made,
 Leaves you no farther wish. My diff'rent state,
 Avoiding one, incurs another fate.
 To you a quiet seat the gods allow:
 You have no shores to search, no seas to plow,
 Nor fields of flying Italy to chase:
 (Deluding visions, and a vain embrace!)
 You see another Simois, and enjoy
 The labour of your hands, another Troy,
 With better auspice than her ancient tow'rs,
 And less obnoxious to the Grecian pow'rs.

Ausoniae pars illa procul quam pandit Apollo.
 vade,' ait 'o felix nati pietate. quid ultra 480
 provehor et fando surgentis demoror Austros?'
 nec minus Andromache digressu maesta supremo
 fert picturatas auri subtemine vestis
 et Phrygiam Ascanio chlamydem (nec cedit honore)
 textilibusque onerat donis, ac talia fatur: 485
 'accipe et haec, manuum tibi quae monimenta mearum
 sint, puer, et longum Andromachae testentur amorem,
 coniugis Hectoreae. cape dona extrema tuorum,
 o mihi sola mei super Astyanactis imago.
 sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat; 490
 et nunc aequali tecum pubesceret aevo.'
 hos ego digrediens lacrimis adfabar obortis:
 'vivite felices, quibus est fortuna peracta
 iam sua: nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur.
 vobis parta quies: nullum maris aequor arandum, 495
 arva neque Ausoniae semper cedentia retro
 quaerenda. effigiem Xanthi Troiamque videtis
 quam vestrae fecere manus, melioribus, opto,
 auspiciis, et quae fuerit minus obvia Graeis.
 si quando Thybrim vicinaque Thybridis arva 500
 intraro gentique meae data moenia cernam,
 cognatas urbes olim populosque propinquos,
 Epiro Hesperiam (quibus idem Dardanus auctor
 atque idem casus), unam faciemus utramque
 Troiam animis: maneat nostros ea cura nepotes.' 505

If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
Conduct my steps to Tiber's happy shore;
If ever I ascend the Latian throne,
And build a city I may call my own;
As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
So let our kindred lines in concord live,
And both in acts of equal friendship strive.
Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same:
The double Troy shall differ but in name;
That what we now begin may never end,
But long to late posterity descend.'

"Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore;
The shortest passage to th' Italian shore.
Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,
And hills were hid in dusky shades of night:
We land, and, on the bosom of the ground,
A safe retreat and a bare lodging found.
Close by the shore we lay; the sailors keep
Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.
The night, proceeding on with silent pace,
Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
Her steepy rise and her declining race.
Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy
The face of heav'n, and the nocturnal sky;
And listen'd ev'ry breath of air to try;
Observes the stars, and notes their sliding course,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their wat'ry force;
And both the Bears is careful to behold,
And bright Orion, arm'd with burnish'd gold.
Then, when he saw no threat'ning tempest nigh,
But a sure promise of a settled sky,
He gave the sign to weigh; we break our sleep,
Forsake the pleasing shore, and plow the deep.
"And now the rising morn with rosy light
Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight;

Prouehimur pelago vicina Ceraunia iuxta,
unde iter Italiam cursusque brevissimus undis.
sol ruit interea et montes umbrantur opaci;
sternimur optatae gremio telluris ad undam
sortiti remos passimque in litore sicco 510
corpora curamus, fessos sopor inrigat artus.
necdum orbem medium Nox Horis acta subibat:
haud segnis strato surgit Palinurus et omnis
explorat ventos atque auribus aera captat;
sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia caelo, 515
Arcturum pluviasque Hyadas geminosque Triones,
armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona.
postquam cuncta videt caelo constare sereno,
dat clarum e puppi signum; nos castra movemus
temptamusque viam et velorum pandimus alas. 520
Iamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis
cum procul obscuros collis humilemque videmus
Italiam. Italiam primus conclamat Achates,
Italiam laeto socii clamore salutant.
tum pater Anchises magnum cratera corona 525
induit implevitque mero, divosque vocavit
stans celsa in puppi:
'di maris et terrae tempestatumque potentes,
ferre viam vento facilem et spirare secundi.'

When we from far, like bluish mists, descry
 The hills, and then the plains, of Italy.
 Achates first pronounc'd the joyful sound;
 Then, 'Italy!' the cheerful crew rebound.
 My sire Anchises crown'd a cup with wine,
 And, off'ring, thus implor'd the pow'rs divine:
 'Ye gods, presiding over lands and seas,
 And you who raging winds and waves appease,
 Breathe on our swelling sails a prosp'rous wind,
 And smooth our passage to the port assign'd!
 The gentle gales their flagging force renew,
 And now the happy harbour is in view.
 Minerva's temple then salutes our sight,
 Plac'd, as a landmark, on the mountain's height.
 We furl our sails, and turn the prows to shore;
 The curling waters round the galleys roar.
 The land lies open to the raging east,
 Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compress'd,
 Shuts out the storms; the winds and waves complain,
 And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.
 The port lies hid within; on either side
 Two tow'ring rocks the narrow mouth divide.
 The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
 To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.
 Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld
 Were four white steeds that cropp'd the flow'ry field.
 'War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground,'
 My father cried, 'where warlike steeds are found.
 Yet, since reclaim'd to chariots they submit,
 And bend to stubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
 Peace may succeed to war.' Our way we bend
 To Pallas, and the sacred hill ascend;
 There prostrate to the fierce Virago pray,
 Whose temple was the landmark of our way.
 Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head,
 And all commands of Helenus obey'd,

crebrescunt optatae aurae portusque patescit 530
 iam propior, templumque apparet in arce Minervae;
 vela legunt socii et proras ad litora torquent.
 portus ab Euroo fluctu curvatus in arcum,
 obiectae salsa spumant aspergine cautes,
 ipse latet: gemino demittunt bracchia muro 535
 turriti scopuli refugitque ab litore templum.
 quattuor hic, primum omen, equos in gramine vidi
 tondentis campum late, candore nivali.
 et pater Anchises 'bellum, o terra hospita, portas:
 bello armantur equi, bellum haec armenta minantur. 540
 sed tamen idem olim curru succedere sueti
 quadripedes et frena iugo concordia ferre:
 spes et pacis' ait. tum numina sancta precamur
 Palladis armisonae, quae prima accepit ovantis,
 et capita ante aras Phrygio velamur amictu, 545
 praeceptisque Heleni, dederat quae maxima, rite
 Iunoni Argivae iussos adolemus honores.

And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid.
These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails, and stand
To sea, forsaking that suspected land.

“From hence Tarentum’s bay appears in view,
For Hercules renown’d, if fame be true.
Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands;
Caulonian tow’rs, and Scylacaeon strands,
For shipwrecks fear’d. Mount Aetna thence we spy,
Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky.
Far off we hear the waves with surly sound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.
The billows break upon the sounding strand,
And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.
Then thus Anchises, in experience old:
“Tis that Charybdis which the seer foretold,
And those the promis’d rocks! Bear off to sea!’
With haste the frightened mariners obey.
First Palinurus to the larboard veer’d;
Then all the fleet by his example steer’d.
To heav’n aloft on ridgy waves we ride,
Then down to hell descend, when they divide;
And thrice our galleys knock’d the stony ground,
And thrice the hollow rocks return’d the sound,
And thrice we saw the stars, that stood with dew around.
The flagging winds forsook us, with the sun;
And, wearied, on Cyclopien shores we run.

The port capacious, and secure from wind,
Is to the foot of thund’ring Aetna join’d.
By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high;
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,

Haud mora, continuo perfectis ordine votis
cornua velatarum obuertimus antemnarum,
Graiugenumque domos suspectaque linquimus arva. 550
hinc sinus Herculei (si vera est fama) Tarenti
cernitur, attollit se diva Lacinia contra,
Caulonisque arces et navifragum Scylaceum.
tum procul e fluctu Trinacria cernitur Aetna,
et gemitum ingentem pelagi pulsataque saxa 555
audimus longe fractasque ad litora voces,
exsultantque vada atque aestu miscentur harenae.
et pater Anchises 'nimirum hic illa Charybdis:
hos Helenus scopulos, haec saxa horrenda canebat.
eripite, o socii, pariterque insurgite remis.' 560
haud minus ac iussi faciunt, primusque rudentem
contorsit laevas proram Palinurus ad undas;
laevam cuncta cohors remis ventisque petivit.
tollimur in caelum curvato gurgite, et idem
subducta ad Manis imos desedimus unda. 565
ter scopuli clamorem inter cava saxa dedere,
ter spumam elisam et rorantia vidimus astra.
interea fessos ventus cum sole reliquit,
ignarique viae Cyclopum adlabimur oris.

Portus ab accessu ventorum immotus et ingens 570
ipse: sed horrificis iuxta tonat Aetna ruinis,
interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem
turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla,

And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the sky.
 Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
 And, shiver'd by the force, come piecemeal down.
 Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
 Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.
 Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove,
 With blasted limbs came tumbling from above;
 And, where he fell, th' avenging father drew
 This flaming hill, and on his body threw.
 As often as he turns his weary sides,
 He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the heavens hides.
 In shady woods we pass the tedious night,
 Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls affright,
 Of which no cause is offer'd to the sight;
 For not one star was kindled in the sky,
 Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply;
 For misty clouds involv'd the firmament,
 The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.

"Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd,
 Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd,
 When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,
 Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a sprite,
 So thin, so ghastly meager, and so wan,
 So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.
 This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t'implore
 Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore.
 We look behind, then view his shaggy beard;
 His clothes were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his limbs
 besmear'd;
 The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,
 Appear'd a Greek, and such indeed he was.
 He cast on us, from far, a frightful view,
 Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew;
 Stood still, and paus'd; then all at once began
 To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.

attollitque globos flammaram et sidera lambit;
 interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis 575
 erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
 cum gemitu glomerat fundoque exaestuat imo.
 fama est Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus
 urgeri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Aetnam
 impositam ruptis flammam exspirare caminis, 580
 et fessum quotiens mutet latus, intremere omnem
 murmure Trinacriam et caelum subtexere fumo.
 noctem illam tecti silvis immania monstra
 perferimus, nec quae sonitum det causa videmus.
 nam neque erant astrorum ignes nec lucidus aethra 585
 siderea polus, obscuro sed nubila caelo,
 et lunam in nimbo nox intempesta tenebat.

Postera iamque dies primo surgebat Eoo
 umentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram,
 cum subito e silvis macie confecta suprema 590
 ignoti nova forma viri miserandaque cultu
 procedit supplexque manus ad litora tendit.
 respicimus. dira inluvies immissaque barba,
 consertum tegimen spinis: at cetera Graius,
 et quondam patriis ad Troiam missus in armis. 595
 isque ubi Dardanios habitus et Troia vidit
 arma procul, paulum aspectu conterritus haesit
 continuitque gradum; mox sese ad litora praeceps
 cum fletu precibusque tulit: 'per sidera testor,
 per superos atque hoc caeli spirabile lumen, 600
 tollite me, Teucris. quascumque abducite terras:
 hoc sat erit. scio me Danais e classibus unum
 et bello Iliacos fateor petiisse penatis.
 pro quo, si sceleris tanta est iniuria nostri,

Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
 And thus with tears and sighs for pity calls:
 'Now, by the pow'rs above, and what we share
 From Nature's common gift, this vital air,
 O Trojans, take me hence! I beg no more;
 But bear me far from this unhappy shore.
 'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own,
 Among your foes besieg'd th' imperial town.
 For such demerits if my death be due,
 No more for this abandon'd life I sue;
 This only favour let my tears obtain,
 To throw me headlong in the rapid main:
 Since nothing more than death my crime demands,
 I die content, to die by human hands.'
 He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
 I bade him boldly tell his fortune past,
 His present state, his lineage, and his name,
 Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.
 The good Anchises rais'd him with his hand;
 Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our demand:
 '**From Ithaca**, my native soil, I came
 To Troy; and Achaemenides my name.
 Me my poor father with Ulysses sent;
 (O had I stay'd, with poverty content!)
 But, fearful for themselves, my countrymen
 Left me forsaken in the Cyclops' den.
 The cave, tho' large, was dark; the dismal floor
 Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
 Our monstrous host, of more than human size,
 Erects his head, and stares within the skies;
 Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.
 Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
 The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food;
 And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.
 These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand
 He seiz'd two captives of our Grecian band;

spargite me in fluctus vastoque immergite ponto; 605
 si pereo, hominum manibus periisse iuvabit.'
 dixerat et genua amplexus genibusque volutans
 haerebat. qui sit fari, quo sanguine cretus,
 hortamur, quae deinde agitet fortuna fateri.
 ipse pater dextram Anchises haud multa moratus 610
 dat iuveni atque animum praesenti pignore firmat.
 ille haec deposita tandem formidine fatur:
 'sum patria ex Ithaca, comes infelicis Ulixi,
 nomine Achaemenides, Troiam genitore Adamasto
 paupere (mansissetque utinam fortuna!) profectus. 615
 hic me, dum trepidi crudelia limina linquunt,
 immemores socii vasto Cyclopi in antro
 deseruere. domus sanie dapibusque cruentis,
 intus opaca, ingens. ipse arduus, altaque pulsat
 sidera (di talem terris avertite pestem!) 620
 nec visu facilis nec dictu adfabilis ulli;
 visceribus miserorum et sanguine vescitur atro.
 vidi egomet duo de numero cum corpora nostro
 presa manu magna medio resupinus in antro
 frangeret ad saxum, sanieque aspersa natarent 625
 limina; vidi atro cum membra fluentia tabo
 manderet et tepidi tremerent sub dentibus artus—
 haud impune quidem, nec talia passus Ulixes
 oblitusue sui est Ithacus discrimine tanto.
 nam simul expletus dapibus vinoque sepultus 630
 cervicem inflexam posuit, iacuitque per antrum
 immensus saniem eructans et frusta cruento
 per somnum commixta mero, nos magna precati
 numina sortitique vices una undique circum
 fundimur, et telo lumen terebramus acuto 635
 ingens quod torva solum sub fronte latebat.
 Argolici clipei aut Phoebeae lampadis instar,
 et tandem laeti sociorum ulciscimur umbras.
 sed fugite, o miseri, fugite atque ab litore funem
 rumpite. 640

Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones
Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:
With spouting blood the purple pavement swims,
While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
“**Not unreveng'd** Ulysses bore their fate,
Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state;
For, gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with human wine
While fast asleep the giant lay supine,
Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
His indigested foam, and morsels raw;
We pray; we cast the lots, and then surround
The monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground:
Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand
To bore his eyeball with a flaming brand.
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye;
For only one did the vast frame supply;
But that a globe so large, his front it fill'd,
Like the sun's disk or like a Grecian shield.
The stroke succeeds; and down the pupil bends:
This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd friends.
But haste, unhappy wretches, haste to fly!
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely!
Such, and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him, in caves they shut their woolly sheep;
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from steep to steep
And now three moons their sharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus, in woods and wilds, obscure from view,
I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright,
And in deserted caverns lodge by night;
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thund'ring voice resound,
And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.
Cornels and salvage berries of the wood,

nam qualis quantusque cavo Polyphemus in antro
lanigeras claudit pecudes atque ubera pressat,
centum alii curva haec habitant ad litora vulgo
infandi Cyclopes et altis montibus errant.
tertia iam lunae se cornua lumine complent 645
cum vitam in silvis inter deserta ferarum
lustra domosque traho vastosque ab rupe Cyclopas
prospicio sonitumque pedum vocemque tremesco.
victum infelicem, bacas lapidosaque corna,
dant rami, et vulsis pascunt radicibus herbae. 650
omnia conlustrans hanc primum ad litora classem
conspexi venientem. huic me, quaecumque fuisset,
addixi: satis est gentem effugisse nefandam.
vos animam hanc potius quocumque absumite leto.'

And roots and herbs, have been my meager food.
While all around my longing eyes I cast,
I saw your happy ships appear at last.
On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I run;
'Tis all I ask, this cruel race to shun;
What other death you please, yourselves bestow.'

"Scarce had he said, when on the mountain's brow
We saw the giant shepherd stalk before
His following flock, and leading to the shore:
A monstrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of sight;
His staff a trunk of pine, to guide his steps aright.
His pond'rous whistle from his neck descends;
His woolly care their pensive lord attends:
This only solace his hard fortune sends.
Soon as he reach'd the shore and touch'd the waves,
From his bor'd eye the gutt'ring blood he laves:
He gnash'd his teeth, and groan'd; thro' seas he strides,
And scarce the topmost billows touch'd his sides.
"Seiz'd with a sudden fear, we run to sea,
The cables cut, and silent haste away;
The well-deserving stranger entertain;
Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the main.
The giant harken'd to the dashing sound:
But, when our vessels out of reach he found,
He strided onward, and in vain essay'd
Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther wade.
With that he roar'd aloud: the dreadful cry
Shakes earth, and air, and seas; the billows fly
Before the bellowing noise to distant Italy.
The neighb'ring Aetna trembling all around,
The winding caverns echo to the sound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar,
And, rushing down the mountains, crowd the shore.
We saw their stern distorted looks, from far,

Vix ea fatus erat summo cum monte videmus 655
ipsum inter pecudes vasta se mole moventem
pastorem Polyphemum et litora nota petentem,
monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.
trunca manum pinus regit et vestigia firmat;
lanigeræ comitantur oves; ea sola voluptas 660
solamenque mali.
postquam altos tetigit fluctus et ad aequora venit,
luminis effossi fluidum lavit inde cruorem
dentibus infrendens gemitu, graditurque per aequor
iam medium, necdum fluctus latera ardua tinxit. 665
nos procul inde fugam trepidi celerare recepto
supplice sic merito tacitique incidere funem,
vertimus et proni certantibus aequora remis.
sensit, et ad sonitum vocis vestigia torsit.
verum ubi nulla datur dextra adfectare potestas 670
nec potis Ionios fluctus aequare sequendo,
clamorem immensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes
contremuere undae, penitusque exterrita tellus
Italiae curvisque immugiit Aetna cavernis.
at genus e silvis Cyclopum et montibus altis 675
excitum ruit ad portus et litora complent.
cernimus astantis nequiquam lumine torvo
Aetnaeos fratres caelo capita alta ferentis,
concilium horrendum: quales cum vertice celso
aeriae quercus aut coniferae cyparissi 680
constiterunt, silva alta Iovis lucusve Dianae.
praecipitis metus acer agit quocumque rudentis

And one-eyed glance, that vainly threaten'd war:
 A dreadful council, with their heads on high;
 (The misty clouds about their foreheads fly;)
 Not yielding to the tow'ring tree of Jove,
 Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.
 New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail;
 We tug at ev'ry oar, and hoist up ev'ry sail,
 And take th' advantage of the friendly gale.
 Forewarn'd by Helenus, we strive to shun
 Charybdis' gulf, nor dare to Scylla run.
 An equal fate on either side appears:
 We, tacking to the left, are free from fears;
 For, from Pelorus' point, the North arose,
 And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.
 His rocky mouth we pass, and make our way
 By Thapsus and Megara's winding bay.
 This passage Achaemenides had shown,
 Tracing the course which he before had run.

"Right o'er against Plemmyrium's wat'ry strand,
 There lies an isle once call'd th' Ortygian land.
 Alpheus, as old fame reports, has found
 From Greece a secret passage under ground,
 By love to beauteous Arethusa led;
 And, mingling here, they roll in the same sacred bed.
 As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
 Diana's name, protectress of the shore.
 With prosp'rous gales we pass the quiet sounds
 Of still Elorus, and his fruitful bounds.
 Then, doubling Cape Pachynus, we survey
 The rocky shore extended to the sea.
 The town of Camarine from far we see,
 And fenny lake, undrain'd by fate's decree.

excutere et ventis intendere vela secundis.
 contra iussa monent Heleni, Scyllamque Charybдинque
 inter, utrimque viam leti discrimine parvo, 685
 ni teneam cursus: certum est dare lintea retro.
 ecce autem Boreas angusta ab sede Pelori
 missus adest: vivo praetervehor ostia saxo
 Pantagiae Megarosque sinus Thapsumque iacentem.
 talia monstrabat relegens errata retrorsus 690
 litora Achaemenides, comes infelicis Ulixi.

Sicanio praetenta sinu iacet insula contra
 Plemmyrium undosum; nomen dixere priores
 Ortygiam. Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem
 occultas egisse vias subter mare, qui nunc 695
 ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.
 iussi numina magna loci veneramur, et inde
 exsupero praepingue solum stagnantis Helori.
 hinc altas cautes proiectaue saxa Pachyni
 radimus, et fatis numquam concessa moveri 700
 apparet Camerina procul campique Geloi,
 immanisque Gela fluvii cognomine dicta.
 arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxima longe
 moenia, magnanimum quondam generator equorum;
 teque datis linquo ventis, palmosa Selinus, 705

In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,
And the large walls, where mighty Gela was;
Then Agragas, with lofty summits crown'd,
Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd.
We pass'd Selinus, and the palmy land,
And widely shun the Lilybaean strand,
Unsafe, for secret rocks and moving sand.
At length on shore the weary fleet arriv'd,
Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd.
Here, after endless labours, often toss'd
By raging storms, and driv'n on ev'ry coast,
My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost:
Ease of my cares, and solace of my pain,
Sav'd thro' a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain
The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
Yet this, the greatest and the worst, conceal'd;
And dire Celaeno, whose foreboding skill
Denounc'd all else, was silent of the ill.
This my last labour was. Some friendly god
From thence convey'd us to your blest abode."
Thus, to the list'ning queen, the royal guest
His wand'ring course and all his toils express'd;
And here concluding, he retir'd to rest.

et vada dura lego saxis Lilybeia caecis.
hinc Drepani me portus et inlaetabilis ora
accipit. hic pelagi tot tempestatibus actus
heu, genitorem, omnis curae casusque levamen,
amitto Anchisen. hic me, pater optime, fessum 710
deseris, heu, tantis nequiquam erepte periclis!
nec vates Helenus, cum multa horrenda moneret,
hos mihi praedixit luctus, non dira Celaeno.
hic labor extremus, longarum haec meta viarum,
hinc me digressum vestris deus appulit oris. 715
Sic pater Aeneas intentis omnibus unus
fata renarrabat divum cursusque docebat.
conticuit tandem factoque hic fine quievit.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Aeneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus' consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Aeneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter despatches Mercury to Aeneas, to warn him from Carthage. Aeneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

But anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
 She fed within her veins a flame unseen;
 The hero's valour, acts, and birth inspire
 Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
 His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,
 Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
 Now, when the purple morn had chas'd away
 The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
 Her sister first with early care she sought,
 And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought:
 “**My dearest Anna**, what new dreams affright
 My lab'ring soul! what visions of the night
 Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
 With strange ideas of our Trojan guest!
 His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
 A man descended from the gods declare.
 Fear ever argues a degenerate kind;

-
 At regina gravi iamdudum saucia cura
 vulnus alit venis et caeco carpitur igni.
 multa viri virtus animo multusque recursat
 gentis honos; haerent infixi pectore vultus
 verbaque nec placidam membris dat cura quietem. 5
 postera Phoebea lustrabat lampade terras
 umentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram,
 cum sic unanimam adloquitur male sana sororem:
 'Anna soror, quae me suspensam insomnia terrent!
 quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes, 10
 quem sese ore ferens, quam forti pectore et armis!
 credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum.
 degeneres animos timor arguit. heu, quibus ille
 iactatus fatis! quae bella exhausta canebat!
 si mihi non animo fixum immotumque sederet 15
 ne cui me vinclo vellem sociare iugali,
 postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;

His birth is well asserted by his mind.
 Then, what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd!
 What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
 Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
 That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
 Of hapless marriage, never to be curst
 With second love, so fatal was my first,
 To this one error I might yield again;
 For, since Sichaeus was untimely slain,
 This only man is able to subvert
 The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
 And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,
 Somewhat I find within, if not the same,
 Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
 But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
 And let me thro' the dark abyss descend;
 First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
 Drive down this body to the nether sky,
 Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie,
 Before I break the plighted faith I gave!
 No! he who had my vows shall ever have;
 For, whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave."
 She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes,
 And stopp'd her speech.

Her sister thus replies:
 "O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
 Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath,
 Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
 Without the joys of mother or of wife?
 Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,
 Are known or valued by the ghosts below?
 I grant that, while your sorrows yet were green,
 It well became a woman, and a queen,
 The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
 To scorn Hyarbas, and his love reject,

si non pertaesum thalami taedaeque fuisset,
 huic uni forsán potui succumbere culpae.
 Anna (fatebor enim) miseri post fata Sychaei 20
 coniugis et sparsos fraterna caede penatis
 solus hic inflexit sensus animumque labantem
 impulit. agnosco veteris vestigia flammae.
 sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat
 vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras, 25
 pallentis umbras obortis noctemque profundam,
 ante, pudor, quam te violó aut tua iura resolvo.
 ille meos, primus qui me sibi iunxit, amores
 abstulit; ille habeat secum servetque sepulcro.'
 sic effata sinum lacrimis implevit obortis. 30

Anna refert: 'o luce magis dilecta sorori,
 solane perpetua maerens carpere iuventa
 nec dulcis natos Veneris nec praemia noris?
 id cinerem aut manis credis curare sepultos?
 esto: aegram nulli quondam flexere mariti, 35
 non Libyae, non ante Tyro; despectus Iarbas
 ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis
 dives alit: placitone etiam pugnabis amori?
 nec venit in mentem quorum consederis arvis?
 hinc Gaetulae urbes, genus insuperabile bello, 40
 et Numidae infreni cingunt et inhospita Syrtis;

With all the Libyan lords of mighty name;
 But will you fight against a pleasing flame!
 This little spot of land, which Heav'n bestows,
 On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike foes;
 Gaetolian cities here are spread around,
 And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound;
 Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
 And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand;
 Barcaean troops besiege the narrow shore,
 And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
 Propitious Heav'n, and gracious Juno, lead
 This wand'ring navy to your needful aid:
 How will your empire spread, your city rise,
 From such a union, and with such allies?
 Implore the favour of the pow'rs above,
 And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
 Continue still your hospitable way,
 And still invent occasions of their stay,
 Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,
 And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet."

These words, which from a friend and sister came,
 With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
 And added fury to the kindled flame.
 Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue;
 On ev'ry altar sacrifice renew:
 A chosen ewe of two years old they pay
 To Ceres, Bacchus, and the God of Day;
 Preferring Juno's pow'r, for Juno ties
 The nuptial knot and makes the marriage joys.
 The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
 And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
 A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs adorns,
 And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
 And, while the priests with pray'r the gods invoke,
 She feeds their altars with Sabaeen smoke,

hinc deserta siti regio lateque furentes
 Barcaei. quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam
 germanique minas?
 dis equidem auspiciis reor et Iunone secunda 45
 hunc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas.
 quam tu urbem, soror, hanc cernes, quae surgere regna
 coniugio tali! Teucrum comitantibus armis
 Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus!
 tu modo posce deos veniam, sacrisque litatis 50
 indulge hospitio causasque innecte morandi,
 dum pelago desaevit hiems et aquosus Orion,
 quassataeque rates, dum non tractabile caelum.'

His dictis impenso animum flammavit amore
 spemque dedit dubiae menti solvitque pudorem. 55
 principio delubra adeunt pacemque per aras
 exquirunt; mactant lectas de more bidentis
 legiferae Cereri Phoeboque patrique Lyaeo,
 Iunoni ante omnis, cui vincla iugalia curae.
 ipsa tenens dextra pateram pulcherrima Dido 60
 candentis vaccae media inter cornua fundit,
 aut ante ora deum pinguis spatiat ad aras,
 instauratque diem donis, pecudumque reclusis
 pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.
 heu, vaturn ignarae mentes! quid vota furentem, 65
 quid delubra iuvant? est mollis flamma medullas
 interea et tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.
 uritur infelix Dido totaque vagatur

With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
 And anxiously the panting entrails views.
 What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
 What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart!
 A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
 Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.
 Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
 From street to street the raving Dido roves.
 So when the watchful shepherd, from the blind,
 Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
 Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
 Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods,
 With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
 Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.
 And now she leads the Trojan chief along
 The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
 Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising town,
 Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
 This pomp she shows, to tempt her wand'ring guest;
 Her falt'ring tongue forbids to speak the rest.
 When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
 Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight;
 She longs again to hear the prince relate
 His own adventures and the Trojan fate.
 He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain,
 For still she begs to hear it once again.
 The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends,
 And thus the tragic story never ends.
 Then, when they part, when Phoebe's paler light
 Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
 She last remains, when ev'ry guest is gone,
 Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
 Absent, her absent hero sees and hears;
 Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears,
 And seeks the father's image in the child,
 If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.

urbe furens, qualis coniecta cerva sagitta,
 quam procul incautam nemora inter Cresia fixit 70
 pastor agens telis liquitque volatile ferrum
 nescius: illa fuga silvas saltusque peragrat
 Dictaeos; haeret lateri letalis harundo.
 nunc media Aenean secum per moenia ducit
 Sidoniasque ostentat opes urbemque paratam, 75
 incipit effari mediaque in voce resistit;
 nunc eadem labente die convivia quaerit,
 Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores
 exposcit pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.
 post ubi digressi, lumenque obscura vicissim 80
 luna premit suadentque cadentia sidera somnos,
 sola domo maeret vacua stratisque relictis
 incubat. illum absens absentem auditque videtque,
 aut gremio Ascanium genitoris imagine capta
 detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem. 85
 non coeptae adsurgunt turres, non arma iuventus
 exercet portusve aut propugnacula bello
 tuta parant: pendent opera interrupta minaeque
 murorum ingentes aequataque machina caelo.

Meantime the rising tow'rs are at a stand;
No labours exercise the youthful band,
Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms they know;
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe;
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd heighth, that seem'd to threat the sky,

But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love,
Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,
With soothing words to Venus she begun:
"High praises, endless honours, you have won,
And mighty trophies, with your worthy son!
Two gods a silly woman have undone!
Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
This rising city, which my hands erect:
But shall celestial discord never cease?
'Tis better ended in a lasting peace.
You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd:
Poor Dido with consuming love is fir'd.
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join;
So Dido shall be yours, Aeneas mine:
One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dow'r convey."

Then Venus, who her hidden fraud descried,
Which would the scepter of the world misguide
To Libyan shores, thus artfully replied:
"Who, but a fool, would wars with Juno choose,
And such alliance and such gifts refuse,
If Fortune with our joint desires comply?
The doubt is all from Jove and destiny;
Lest he forbid, with absolute command,
To mix the people in one common land.

Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri 90
cara Iovis coniunx nec famam obstare furori,
talibus adgreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis:
'egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis
tuque puerque tuus (magnum et memorabile numen),
una dolo divum si femina victa duorum est. 95
nec me adeo fallit veritam te moenia nostra
suspectas habuisse domos Karthaginis altae.
sed quis erit modus, aut quo nunc certamine tanto?
quin potius pacem aeternam pactosque hymenaeos
exercemus? habes tota quod mente petisti: 100
ardet amans Dido traxitque per ossa furorem.
communem hunc ergo populum paribusque regamus
auspiciis; liceat Phrygio servire marito
dotalisque tuae Tyrios permittere dextrae.'

Olli (sensit enim simulata mente locutam, 105
quo regnum Italiae Libycas averteret oras)
sic contra est ingressa Venus: 'quis talia demens
abnuat aut tecum malit contendere bello?
si modo quod memoras factum fortuna sequatur.
sed fatis incerta feror, si Iuppiter unam 110
esse velit Tyriis urbem Troiaque profectis,
miscerive probet populos aut foedera iungi.
tu coniunx, tibi fas animum temptare precando.

Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line
 In lasting leagues and sure succession join?
 But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
 May move his mind; my wishes are your own.”
“Mine,” said imperial Juno, “be the care;
 Time urges, now, to perfect this affair:
 Attend my counsel, and the secret share.
 When next the Sun his rising light displays,
 And gilds the world below with purple rays,
 The queen, Aeneas, and the Tyrian court
 Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game, resort.
 There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
 And cheerful horns from side to side resound,
 A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain
 With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain;
 The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
 Dispers’d, and all involv’d in gloomy night;
 One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
 To the fair princess and the Trojan lord.
 I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
 If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there:
 So shall their loves be crown’d with due delights,
 And Hymen shall be present at the rites.”
 The Queen of Love consents, and closely smiles
 At her vain project, and discover’d wiles.

The rosy morn was risen from the main,
 And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
 They issue early thro’ the city gate,
 Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,
 With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
 Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.
 The Tyrian peers and officers of state
 For the slow queen in antechambers wait;
 Her lofty courser, in the court below,
 Who his majestic rider seems to know,

perge, sequar.’ tum sic excepit regia Iuno:
 ‘mecum erit iste labor. nunc qua ratione quod instat 115
 confieri possit, paucis (adverte) docebo.
 venatum Aeneas unaque miserrima Dido
 in nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus
 extulerit Titan radiisque retexerit orbem.
 his ego nigrantem commixta grandine nimbum, 120
 dum trepidant alae saltusque indagine cingunt,
 desuper infundam et tonitru caelum omne ciebo.
 diffugient comites et nocte tegentur opaca:
 speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem
 devenient. adero et, tua si mihi certa voluntas, 125
 conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo.
 hic hymenaeus erit.’ non adversata petenti
 adnuit atque dolis risit Cytherea repertis.

Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit.
 it portis iubare exorto delecta iuventus, 130
 retia rara, plagae, lato venabula ferro,
 Massylique ruunt equites et odora canum vis.
 reginam thalamo cunctantem ad limina primi
 Poenorum exspectant, ostroque insignis et auro
 stat sonipes ac frena ferox spumantia mandit. 135
 tandem progreditur magna stipante caterva
 Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo;
 cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,

Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
 And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam around.
 The queen at length appears; on either hand
 The brawny guards in martial order stand.
 A flow'r'd simar with golden fringe she wore,
 And at her back a golden quiver bore;
 Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains,
 A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
 Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
 Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.
 But far above the rest in beauty shines
 The great Aeneas, the troop he joins;
 Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
 Of wint'ry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast,
 When to his native Delos he resorts,
 Ordains the dances, and renews the sports;
 Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
 Before the joyful altars join their hands:
 Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below
 The merry madness of the sacred show.
 Green wreaths of bays his length of hair inclose;
 A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
 His quiver sounds: not less the prince is seen
 In manly presence, or in lofty mien.
Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the seat
 Of salvage beasts, in dens, their last retreat.
 The cry pursues the mountain goats: they bound
 From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground;
 Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train,
 In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain,
 And a long chase in open view maintain.
 The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
 Spurs thro' the vale, and these and those outrides.
 His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel
 The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.
 Impatiently he views the feeble prey,

aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.
 nec non et Phrygii comites et laetus Iulus 140
 incedunt. ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnis
 infert se socium Aeneas atque agmina iungit.
 qualis ubi hibernam Lyciam Xanthique fluenta
 deserit ac Delum maternam invisit Apollo
 instauratque choros, mixtique altaria circum 145
 Cretesque Dryopesque fremunt pictique Agathyrsi;
 ipse iugis Cynthi graditur mollique fluentem
 fronde premit crinem fingens atque implicat auro,
 tela sonant umeris: haud illo segnior ibat
 Aeneas, tantum egregio decus enitet ore. 150
 postquam altos ventum in montis atque invia lustra,
 ecce ferae saxi deiectae vertice caprae
 decurrere iugis; alia de parte patentis
 transmittunt cursu campos atque agmina cervi
 pulverulenta fuga glomerant montisque relinquunt. 155
 at puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri
 gaudet equo iamque hos cursu, iam praeterit illos,
 spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia votis
 optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.

Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way,
And rather would the tusky boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend.

Meantime, the gath'ring clouds obscure the skies:
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
The rattling thunders roll; and Juno pours
A wintry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.
The company, dispers'd, to converts ride,
And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side.
The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
One common cavern in her bosom hides.
Then first the trembling earth the signal gave,
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave;
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious of their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour in time arose
Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.
The queen, whom sense of honour could not move,
No longer made a secret of her love,
But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime and sanctify the shame.

The loud report thro' Libyan cities goes.
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows:
Swift from the first; and ev'ry moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
Inrag'd against the gods, revengeful Earth
Produc'd her last of the Titanian birth.
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste:
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast.
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,

Interea magno misceri murmure caelum 160
incipit, insequitur commixta grandine nimbus,
et Tyrii comites passim et Troiana iuventus
Dardaniusque nepos Veneris diversa per agros
tectata metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes.
speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem 165
deveniunt. prima et Tellus et pronuba Iuno
dant signum; fulsere ignes et conscius aether
conubiis summoque ulularunt vertice Nymphae.
ille dies primus leti primusque malorum
causa fuit; neque enim specie famave movetur 170
nec iam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem:
coniugium vocat, hoc praetexit nomine culpam.

Extemplo Libyae magnas it Fama per urbes,
Fama, malum qua non aliud velocius ullum:
mobilitate viget virisque adquirit eundo, 175
parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras
ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit.
illam Terra parens ira inritata deorum
extremam, ut perhibent, Coeo Enceladoque sororem
progenuit pedibus celerem et pernibus alis, 180
monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui quot sunt corpore plumae,
tot vigiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu),
tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit auris.

So many piercing eyes inlarge her sight;
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,
And ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a tongue,
And round with list'ning ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful universe with cries;
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes;
By day, from lofty tow'rs her head she shews,
And spreads thro' trembling crowds disastrous news;
With court informers haunts, and royal spies;
Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles truth with
lies.

Talk is her business, and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies and cause affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
Who, lost to honour and the sense of shame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wand'ring guest, who from his country fled:
Whole days with him she passes in delights,
And wastes in luxury long winter nights,
Forgetful of her fame and royal trust,
Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust.

The goddess widely spreads the loud report,
And flies at length to King Hyarba's court.
When first possess'd with this unwelcome news
Whom did he not of men and gods accuse?

This prince, from ravish'd Garamantis born,
A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
In Ammon's honour, his celestial sire;
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
And, thro' his vast dominions, priests ordain'd,
Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.
The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beasts enrich'd the ground.

He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love,

nocte volat caeli medio terraeque per umbram
stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno; 185
luce sedet custos aut summi culmine tecti
turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes,
tam ficti pravique tenax quam nuntia veri.
haec tum multiplici populos sermone replebat
gaudens, et pariter facta atque infecta canebat: 190
venisse Aenean Troiano sanguine cretum,
cui se pulchra viro dignetur iungere Dido;
nunc hiemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere
regnorum immemores turpique cupidine captos.
haec passim dea foeda virum diffundit in ora. 195
protinus ad regem cursus detorquet Iarban
incenditque animum dictis atque aggerat iras.

Hic Hammone satus rapta Garamantide nympha
templa Iovi centum latis immania regnis,
centum aras posuit vigilemque sacraverat ignem, 200
excubias divum aeternas, pecudumque cruore
pingue solum et variis florentia limina sertis.
isque amens animi et rumore accensus amaro
dicitur ante aras media inter numina divum
multa Iovem manibus supplex orasse supinis: 205
'Iuppiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pictis
gens epulata toris Lenaeum libat honorem,

His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire,
 Mad with despair, impatient with desire;
 Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
 He thus with pray'rs implor'd his sire divine:
 "Great Jove! propitious to the Moorish race,
 Who feast on painted beds, with off'rings grace
 Thy temples, and adore thy pow'r divine
 With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine,
 Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
 Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign?
 Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance?
 Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance?
 A wand'ring woman builds, within our state,
 A little town, bought at an easy rate;
 She pays me homage, and my grants allow
 A narrow space of Libyan lands to plow;
 Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
 Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed!
 And now this other Paris, with his train
 Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign!
 (Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess,
 Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Lydian dress.)
 He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
 And I, rejected I, adore an empty name."

His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
 And held his altar's horns. The mighty Thund'rer heard;
 Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
 The lustful pair in lawless pleasure drown'd,
 Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
 And both forgetful of their better fame.
 He calls Cyllenius, and the god attends,
 By whom his menacing command he sends:

aspicias haec? an te, genitor, cum fulmina torques
 nequiquam horremus, caecique in nubibus ignes
 terrificant animos et inania murmura miscent? 210
 femina, quae nostris errans in finibus urbem
 exiguam pretio posuit, cui litus arandum
 cuique loci leges dedimus, conubia nostra
 reppulit ac dominum Aenean in regna recepit.
 et nunc ille Paris cum semiviro comitatu, 215
 Maeonia mentum mitra crinemque madentem
 subnexus, raptu potitur: nos munera templis
 quippe tuis ferimus famamque fovemus inanem.'

Talibus orantem dictis arasque tenentem
 audiit Omnipotens, oculosque ad moenia torsit 220
 regia et oblitos famae melioris amantis.
 tum sic Mercurium adloquitur ac talia mandat:
 'vade age, nate, voca Zephyros et labere pennis
 Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Karthagine qui nunc
 exspectat fatisque datas non respicit urbes, 225
 adloquere et celeris defer mea dicta per auras.

“Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky;
 Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly:
 There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days
 In slothful riot and inglorious ease,
 Nor minds the future city, giv’n by fate.
 To him this message from my mouth relate:
 ‘Not so fair Venus hop’d, when twice she won
 Thy life with pray’rs, nor promis’d such a son.
 Hers was a hero, destin’d to command
 A martial race, and rule the Latian land,
 Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw,
 And on the conquer’d world impose the law.’
 If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
 Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
 Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,
 And grudge the Romans their immortal name!
 What are his vain designs! what hopes he more
 From his long ling’ring on a hostile shore,
 Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
 And for his race to gain th’ Ausonian coast!
 Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake;
 With this command the slumb’ring warrior wake.”

Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
 His flying feet, and mounts the western winds:
 And, whether o’er the seas or earth he flies,
 With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
 But first he grasps within his awful hand
 The mark of sov’reign pow’r, his magic wand;
 With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves;
 With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
 With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,
 And eyes, tho’ clos’d in death, restores to light.
 Thus arm’d, the god begins his airy race,
 And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space;
 Now sees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,

non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem
 promisit Graiumque ideo bis vindicat armis;
 sed fore qui gravidam imperiis belloque frementem
 Italiam regeret, genus alto a sanguine Teucris 230
 proderet, ac totum sub leges mitteret orbem.
 si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum
 nec super ipse sua molitur laude laborem,
 Ascanione pater Romanas invidet arces?
 quid struit? aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur 235
 nec prolem Ausoniam et Lavinia respicit arva?
 naviget! haec summa est, hic nostri nuntius esto.'

Dixerat. ille patris magni parere parabat
 imperio; et primum pedibus talaria nectit
 aurea, quae sublimem alis sive aequora supra 240
 seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
 tum virgam capit: hac animas ille evocat Orco
 pallentis, alias sub Tartara tristia mittit,
 dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat.
 illa fretus agit ventos et turbida tranat 245
 nubila. iamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit
 Atlantis duri caelum qui vertice fulcit,
 Atlantis, cinctum adsidue cui nubibus atris
 piniferum caput et vento pulsatur et imbri,
 nix umeros infusa tegit, tum flumina mento 250

Whose brawny back supports the starry skies;
 Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
 Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapours bound.
 Snows hide his shoulders; from beneath his chin
 The founts of rolling streams their race begin;
 A beard of ice on his large breast depends.
 Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends:
 Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring height
 Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight,
 Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood.
 As waterfowl, who seek their fishy food,
 Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show;
 By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
 Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
 And near the surface of the water flies,
 Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
 He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands:
 Where shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds,
 Now tow'rs within the clouds advance their heads.
 Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
 New ramparts raising for the town's defence.
 A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er,
 (Queen Dido's gift,) about his waist he wore;
 A sword, with glitt'ring gems diversified,
 For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
Then thus, with winged words, the god began,
 Resuming his own shape: "Degenerate man,
 Thou woman's property, what mak'st thou here,
 These foreign walls and Tyrian tow'rs to rear,
 Forgetful of thy own? All-pow'rful Jove,
 Who sways the world below and heav'n above,
 Has sent me down with this severe command:
 What means thy ling'ring in the Libyan land?
 If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
 Nor future praise from flitting pleasure wean,
 Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir:

praecipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba.
 hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis
 constitit; hinc toto praeceps se corpore ad undas
 misit avi similis, quae circum litora, circum
 piscosos scopulos humilis volat aequora iuxta. 255
 haud aliter terras inter caelumque volabat
 litus harenosum ad Libyae, ventosque secabat
 materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles.
 ut primum alatis tetigit magalia plantis,
 Aenean fundantem arces ac tecta novantem 260
 conspicit. atque illi stellatus iaspide fulva
 ensis erat Tyrioque ardebat murice laena
 demissa ex umeris, dives quae munera Dido
 fecerat, et tenui telas discreverat auro.
 continuo invadit: 'tu nunc Karthaginiis altae 265
 fundamenta locas pulchramque uxorius urbem
 exstruis? heu, regni rerumque oblite tuarum!
 ipse deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo
 regnator, caelum et terras qui numine torquet,
 ipse haec ferre iubet celeris mandata per auras: 270
 quid struis? aut qua spe Libycis teris otia terris?
 si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum
 [nec super ipse tua moliris laude laborem,]
 Ascanium surgentem et spes heredis Iuli
 respice, cui regnum Italiae Romanaque tellus 275
 debetur.' tali Cyllenius ore locutus
 mortalis visus medio sermone reliquit
 et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.

The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear,
To whom th' Ausonian scepter, and the state
Of Rome's imperial name is ow'd by fate."
So spoke the god; and, speaking, took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds, and vanish'd out of sight.

The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear;
Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair.
Revolving in his mind the stern command,
He longs to fly, and loathes the charming land.
What should he say? or how should he begin?
What course, alas! remains to steer between
Th' offended lover and the pow'rful queen?
This way and that he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries, and none can find.
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means,
After long thought, to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The fleet, and ship their men with silent care;
Some plausible pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in secret he design'd.
Himself, meantime, the softest hours would choose,
Before the love-sick lady heard the news;
And move her tender mind, by slow degrees,
To suffer what the sov'reign pow'r decrees:
Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.
They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.

But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise:
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes!)
She was the first to find the secret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
Love the first motions of the lover hears,
Quick to presage, and ev'n in safety fears.
Nor impious Fame was wanting to report
The ships repair'd, the Trojans' thick resort,

At vero Aeneas aspectu obmutuit amens,
arrectaeque horrore comae et vox faucibus haesit. 280
ardet abire fuga dulcisque relinquere terras,
attonitus tanto monitu imperioque deorum.
heu quid agat? quo nunc reginam ambire furentem
audeat adfatu? quae prima exordia sumat?
atque animum nunc huc celerem nunc dividit illuc 285
in partisque rapit varias perque omnia versat.
haec alternanti potior sententia visa est:
Mnesthea Sergestumque vocat fortemque Serestum,
classem aptent taciti sociosque ad litora cogant,
arma parent et quae rebus sit causa novandis 290
dissimulent; sese interea, quando optima Dido
nesciat et tantos rumpi non speret amores,
temptaturum aditus et quae mollissima fandi
tempora, quis rebus dexter modus. ocius omnes
imperio laeti parent et iussa facessunt. 295

At regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem?)
praesensit, motusque excepit prima futuros
omnia tuta timens. eadem impia Fama furenti
detulit armari classem cursumque parari.
saevit inops animi totamque incensa per urbem 300
bacchatur, qualis commotis excita sacris
Thyias, ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho
orgia nocturnusque vocat clamore Cithaeron.

And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
 Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
 And impotent of mind, she roves the city round.
 Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
 When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
 And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy spear.
 At length she finds the dear perfidious man;
 Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began:
 "Base and ungrateful! could you hope to fly,
 And undiscover'd scape a lover's eye?
 Nor could my kindness your compassion move.
 Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
 Or is the death of a despairing queen
 Not worth preventing, tho' too well foreseen?
 Ev'n when the wintry winds command your stay,
 You dare the tempests, and defy the sea.
 False as you are, suppose you were not bound
 To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;
 Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
 Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
 See whom you fly! am I the foe you shun?
 Now, by those holy vows, so late begun,
 By this right hand, (since I have nothing more
 To challenge, but the faith you gave before;)
 I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
 By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
 If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
 Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
 By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have place,
 Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
 For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
 Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
 For you alone I suffer in my fame,
 Bereft of honour, and expos'd to shame.
 Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest?
 (That only name remains of all the rest!)

tandem his Aenean compellat vocibus ultro:
 'dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum 305
 posse nefas tacitusque mea decedere terra?
 nec te noster amor nec te data dextera quondam
 nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?
 quin etiam hiberno moliri sidere classem
 et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum, 310
 crudelis? quid, si non arva aliena domosque
 ignotas peteres, et Troia antiqua maneret,
 Troia per undosum peteretur classibus aequor?
 mene fugis? per ego has lacrimas dextramque tuam te
 (quando aliud mihi iam miserae nihil ipsa reliqui), 315
 per conubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos,
 si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
 dulce meum, miserere domus labentis et istam,
 oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.
 te propter Libycae gentes Nomadumque tyranni 320
 odere, infensi Tyrii; te propter eundem
 extinctus pudor et, qua sola sidera adibam,
 fama prior. cui me moribundam deseris hospes
 (hoc solum nomen quoniam de coniuge restat)?
 quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum moenia frater 325
 destruat aut captam ducat Gaetulus Iarbas?
 saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
 ante fugam suboles, si quis mihi parvulus aula
 luderet Aeneas, qui te tamen ore referret,
 non equidem omnino capta ac deserta viderer.' 330

What have I left? or whither can I fly?
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty,
Or till Hyarba shall in triumph lead
A queen that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?
Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
And left behind some pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight,
Some young Aeneas, to supply your place,
Whose features might express his father's face;
I should not then complain to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left."

Here paus'd the queen. Unmov'd he holds his eyes,
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
Tho' heaving in his heart; and thus at length replies:
"Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
Your boundless favours, or I own my debt;
Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,
While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
This only let me speak in my defence:
I never hop'd a secret flight from hence,
Much less pretended to the lawful claim
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.
For, if indulgent Heav'n would leave me free,
And not submit my life to fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,
Those relics to review, their dust adore,
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.
But now the Delphian oracle commands,
And fate invites me to the Latian lands.
That is the promis'd place to which I steer,
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian, and a stranger born,
With walls and tow'rs a Libyan town adorn,
Why may not we, like you, a foreign race,
Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place?

Dixerat. ille Iovis monitis immota tenebat
lumina et obnixus curam sub corde premebat.
tandem pauca refert: 'ego te, quae plurima fando
enumerare vales, numquam, regina, negabo
promeritam, nec me meminisse pigebit Elissae 335
dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus.
pro re pauca loquar. neque ego hanc abscondere furto
speravi (ne finge) fugam, nec coniugis umquam
praetendi taedas aut haec in foedera veni.
me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam 340
auspiciis et sponte mea componere curas,
urbem Troianam primum dulcisque meorum
reliquias colerem, Priami tecta alta manerent,
et recidiva manu posuissem Pergama victis.
sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo, 345
Italiam Lyciae iussere capessere sortes;
hic amor, haec patria est. si te Karthaginis arces
Phoenissam Libyaeque aspectus detinet urbis,
quae tandem Ausonia Teucros considerare terra
invidia est? et nos fas extera quaerere regna. 350
me patris Anchisae, quotiens umentibus umbris
nox operit terras, quotiens astra ignea surgunt,
admonet in somnis et turbida terret imago;
me puer Ascanius capitisque iniuria cari,

As often as the night obscures the skies
 With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
 Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
 Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears;
 And young Ascanius justly may complain
 Of his defrauded and destin'd reign.
 Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd:
 Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
 From Jove he came commission'd, heav'nly bright
 With radiant beams, and manifest to sight
 (The sender and the sent I both attest)
 These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd.
 Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command;
 Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land."

Thus while he spoke, already she began,
 With sparkling eyes, to view the guilty man;
 From head to foot survey'd his person o'er,
 Nor longer these outrageous threats forebore:
 "False as thou art, and, more than false, forsworn!
 Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
 But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock!
 And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!
 Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
 Did he once look, or lent a list'ning ear,
 Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?
 All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
 So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
 Of man's injustice why should I complain?
 The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
 Triumphant treason; yet no thunder flies,
 Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes;
 Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
 Justice is fled, and Truth is now no more!
 I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore;
 With needful food his hungry Trojans fed;

quem regno Hesperiae fraudo et fatalibus arvis. 355
 nunc etiam interpret divum Iove missus ab ipso
 (testor utrumque caput) celeris mandata per auras
 detulit: ipse deum manifesto in lumine vidi
 intrantem muros vocemque his auribus hausit.
 desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis; 360
 Italiam non sponte sequor.'

Talia dicentem iamdudum aversa tuetur
 huc illuc volvens oculos totumque pererrat
 luminibus tacitis et sic accensa profatur:
 'nec tibi diva parens generis nec Dardanus auctor, 365
 perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
 Caucasus Hyrcanaeque admorunt ubera tigres.
 nam quid dissimulo aut quae me ad maiora reservo?
 num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?
 num lacrimas victus dedit aut miseratus amantem est? 370
 quae quibus anteferam? iam iam nec maxima Iuno
 nec Saturnius haec oculis pater aspicit aequis.
 nusquam tuta fides. eiectum litore, egentem
 excepi et regni demens in parte locavi.
 amissam classem, socios a morte reduxi 375
 (heu furiis incensa feror!): nunc augur Apollo,
 nunc Lyciae sortes, nunc et Iove missus ab ipso
 interpret divum fert horrida iussa per auras.
 scilicet is superis labor est, ea cura quietos
 sollicitat. neque te teneo neque dicta refello: 380
 i, sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas.
 spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,

I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
Fool that I was—— 'tis little to repeat
The rest, I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads,
And makes Heav'n accessory to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!
But go! thy flight no longer I detain;
Go seek thy promis'd kingdom thro' the main!
Yet, if the heav'ns will hear my pious vow,
The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulchers afford
To thy proud vessels, and their perjur'd lord.
Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry flame,
When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame;
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep:
Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
At least my shade thy punishment shall know,
And Fame shall spread the pleasing news below.”
Abruptly here she stops; then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.
Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led,
And softly laid her on her ivory bed.

But good Aeneas, tho' he much desir'd
To give that pity which her grief requir'd;
Tho' much he mourn'd, and labour'd with his love,
Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove;
Reviews his forces: they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.

supplicia hausurum scopulis et nomine Dido
saepe vocaturum. sequar atris ignibus absens
et, cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus, 385
omnibus umbra locis adero. dabis, improbe, poenas.
audiam et haec Manis veniet mihi fama sub imos.'
his medium dictis sermonem abrumpit et auras
aegra fugit seque ex oculis avertit et aufert,
linquens multa metu cunctantem et multa parantem 390
dicere. suscipiunt famulae conlapsaque membra
marmoreo referunt thalamo stratisque reponunt.

At pius Aeneas, quamquam lenire dolentem
solando cupit et dictis avertere curas,
multa gemens magnoque animum labefactus amore 395
iussa tamen divum exsequitur classemque revisit.
tum vero Teucri incumbunt et litore celsas
deducunt toto navis. natat uncta carina,

The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride,
 And well-calk'd galleys in the harbour ride.
 Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood,
 Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
 Studious of flight. The beach is cover'd o'er
 With Trojan bands, that blacken all the shore:
 On ev'ry side are seen, descending down,
 Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden from the town.
 Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
 Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
 T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
 The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
 The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
 Scarce bear the weighty burthen on their backs:
 Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain;
 Some guard the spoil; some lash the lagging train;
 All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain.
 What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
 When, from the tow'r, she saw the cover'd shore,
 And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
 Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war!
 All-pow'rful Love! what changes canst thou cause
 In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
 Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends:
 To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends.
 No female arts or aids she left untried,
 Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she died.

"Look, Anna! look! the Trojans crowd to sea;
 They spread their canvas, and their anchors weigh.
 The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,
 Invoke the sea gods, and invite the wind.
 Could I have thought this threat'ning blow so near,
 My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
 But do not you my last request deny;
 With yon perfidious man your int'rest try,

frondentisque ferunt remos et robora silvis
 infabricata fugae studio. 400
 migrantis cernas totaque ex urbe ruentis:
 ac velut ingentem formicae farris acervum
 cum populant hiemis memores tectoque reponunt,
 it nigrum campis agmen praedamque per herbas
 convectant calle angusto; pars grandia trudunt 405
 obnixae frumenta umeris, pars agmina cogunt
 castigantque moras, opere omnis semita fervet.
 quis tibi tum, Dido, cernenti talia sensus,
 quosve dabas gemitus, cum litora fervere late
 prospiceres arce ex summa, totumque videres 410
 misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus aequor!
 improbe Amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis!
 ire iterum in lacrimas, iterum temptare precando
 cogitur et supplex animos submittere amanti,
 ne quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat. 415

'Anna, vides toto properari litore circum:
 undique convenere; vocat iam carbasus auras,
 puppibus et laeti nautae imposuere coronas.
 hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem,
 et perferre, soror, potero. miserae hoc tamen unum 420
 exsequere, Anna, mihi; solam nam perfidus ille
 te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus;
 sola viri mollis aditus et tempora noras.

And bring me news, if I must live or die.
 You are his fav'rite; you alone can find
 The dark recesses of his inmost mind:
 In all his trusted secrets you have part,
 And know the soft approaches to his heart.
 Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
 Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go,
 Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
 Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
 Nor mov'd with hands profane his father's dust:
 Why should he then reject a suit so just!
 Whom does he shun, and whither would he fly!
 Can he this last, this only pray'r deny!
 Let him at least his dang'rous flight delay,
 Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
 The nuptials he disclaims I urge no more:
 Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore.
 A short delay is all I ask him now;
 A pause of grief, an interval from woe,
 Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
 Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
 If you in pity grant this one request,
 My death shall glut the hatred of his breast."

This mournful message pious Anna bears,
 And seconds with her own her sister's tears:
 But all her arts are still employ'd in vain;
 Again she comes, and is refus'd again.
 His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor threat'nings move;
 Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.
 As, when the winds their airy quarrel try,
 Justling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
 This way and that the mountain oak they bend,
 His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
 With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground;
 The hollow valleys echo to the sound:

i, soror, atque hostem supplex adfare superbum:
 non ego cum Danais Troianam exscindere gentem 425
 Aulide iuravi classemve ad Pergama misi,
 nec patris Anchisae cinerem manisve revelli:
 cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in auris?
 quo ruit? extremum hoc miserae det munus amanti:
 exspectet facilemque fugam ventosque ferentis. 430
 non iam coniugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro,
 nec pulchro ut Latio careat regnumque relinquat:
 tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque furori,
 dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere.
 extremam hanc oro veniam (miserere sororis), 435
 quam mihi cum dederit cumulatam morte remittam.'

Talibus orabat, talisque miserrima fletus
 fertque refertque soror. sed nullis ille movetur
 fletibus aut voces ullas tractabilis audit;
 fata obstant placidasque viri deus obstruit auris. 440
 ac velut annoso validam cum robore quercum
 Alpini Boreae nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc
 eruere inter se certant; it stridor, et altae
 consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes;
 ipsa haeret scopulis et quantum vertice ad auras 445
 aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit:
 haud secus adsiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus heros
 tunditur, et magno persentit pectore curas;

Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
 Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks;
 Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,
 So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
 No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
 Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
 And bandied words, still beating on his ears.
 Sighs, groans, and tears proclaim his inward pains;
 But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, pursued by cruel fate,
 Begins at length the light of heav'n to hate,
 And loathes to live. Then dire portents she sees,
 To hasten on the death her soul decrees:
 Strange to relate! for when, before the shrine,
 She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
 The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
 And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
 This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
 From all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.
 A marble temple stood within the grove,
 Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
 That honour'd chapel she had hung around
 With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
 Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
 Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb;
 She thought she heard him summon her away,
 Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.
 Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding note
 The solitary screech owl strains her throat,
 And, on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
 With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.
 Besides, old prophecies augment her fears;
 And stern Aeneas in her dreams appears,
 Disdainful as by day: she seems, alone,
 To wander in her sleep, thro' ways unknown,

mens immota manet, lacrimae volvuntur inanes.

Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido	450
mortem orat; taedet caeli convexa tueri.	
quo magis inceptum peragat lucemque relinquat,	
vidit, turicremis cum dona imponeret aris,	
(horrendum dictu) latices nigrescere sacros	
fusaque in obscenum se vertere vina cruorem;	455
hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.	
praeterea fuit in tectis de marmore templum	
coniugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat,	
velleribus niveis et festa fronde revinctum:	
hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis	460
visa viri, nox cum terras obscura teneret,	
solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo	
saepe queri et longas in fletum ducere voces;	
multaque praeterea vatum praedicta priorum	
terribili monitu horrificant. agit ipse furem	465
in somnis feros Aeneas, semperque relinqui	
sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur	
ire viam et Tyrios deserta quaerere terra,	
Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus	
et solem geminum et duplices se ostendere Thebas,	470
aut Agamemnonius scaenis agitatus Orestes,	
armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris	
cum fugit ultricesque sedent in limine Dirae.	

Guideless and dark; or, in a desert plain,
 To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain:
 Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,
 He saw two suns, and double Thebes, appear;
 Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
 Full in his face infernal torches toss'd,
 And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight,
 Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright;
 The Furies guard the door and intercept his flight.

Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
 From death alone she seeks her last relief;
 The time and means resolv'd within her breast,
 She to her mournful sister thus address'd
 (Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
 And a false vigour in her eyes appears):
 "Rejoice!" she said. "Instructed from above,
 My lover I shall gain, or lose my love.
 Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
 Long tracts of Ethiopian climates run:
 There a Massylian priestess I have found,
 Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd:
 Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care;
 'Twas she supplied the wakeful dragon's fare.
 She poppy seeds in honey taught to steep,
 Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.
 She watch'd the golden fruit; her charms unbind
 The chains of love, or fix them on the mind:
 She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry,
 Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
 The yawning earth rebellows to her call,
 Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.
 Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part,
 How loth I am to try this impious art!
 Within the secret court, with silent care,
 Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:

Ergo ubi concepit furias evicta dolore
 decrevitque mori, tempus secum ipsa modumque 475
 exigit, et maestam dictis adgressa sororem
 consilium vultu tegit ac spem fronte serenat:
 'inveni, germana, viam (gratare sorori)
 quae mihi reddat eum vel eo me solvat amantem.
 Oceani finem iuxta solemque cadentem 480
 ultimus Aethiopum locus est, ubi maximus Atlas
 axem umero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum:
 hinc mihi Massylae gentis monstrata sacerdos,
 Hesperidum templi custos, epulasque draconi
 quae dabat et sacros servabat in arbore ramos, 485
 spargens umida mella soporiferumque papaver.
 haec se carminibus promittit solvere mentes
 quas velit, ast aliis duras immittere curas,
 sistere aquam fluviiis et vertere sidera retro,
 nocturnosque movet Manis: mugire videbis 490
 sub pedibus terram et descendere montibus ornos.
 testor, cara, deos et te, germana, tuumque
 dulce caput, magicas invitam accingier artis.
 tu secreta pyram tecto interiore sub auras
 erige, et arma viri thalamo quae fixa reliquit 495
 impius exuviasque omnis lectumque iugalem,
 quo perii, super imponas: abolere nefandi
 cuncta viri monimenta iuvat monstratque sacerdos.'
 haec effata silet, pallor simul occupat ora.

Hang on the topmost part the Trojan vest,
 Spoils, arms, and presents, of my faithless guest.
 Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
 Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd:
 All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire;
 For so the priestess and her charms require."
 Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears;
 A mortal paleness in her face appears:
 Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
 The secret fun'ral in these rites design'd;
 Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.
 Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well,
 She fear'd no worse than when Sichaeus fell;
 Therefore obeys.

The fatal pile they rear,
 Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
 The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high,
 And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
 Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath,
 And ev'ry baleful green denoting death.
 The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
 The spoils and sword he left, in order spread,
 And the man's image on the nuptial bed.
 And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)
 The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,
 And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the ground.
 Night, Erebus, and Chaos she proclaims,
 And threefold Hecate, with her hundred names,
 And three Dianas: next, she sprinkles round
 With feign'd Avernian drops the hallow'd ground;
 Culls hoary simples, found by Phoebe's light,
 With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night;
 Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
 And cuts the forehead of a newborn foal,
 Robbing the mother's love. The destin'd queen

non tamen Anna novis praetexere funera sacris 500
 germanam credit, nec tantos mente furores
 concipit aut graviora timet quam morte Sychaei.
 ergo iussa parat.

At regina, pyra penetrali in sede sub auras
 erecta ingenti taedis atque ilice secta, 505
 intenditque locum sertis et fronde coronat
 funerea; super exuvias ensemque relictum
 effigiemque toro locat haud ignara futuri.
 stant arae circum et crinis effusa sacerdos
 ter centum tonat ore deos, Erebumque Chaosque 510
 tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianae.
 sparserat et latices simulatos fontis Averni,
 falcibus et messae ad lunam quaeruntur aenis
 pubentes herbae nigri cum lacte veneni;
 quaeritur et nascentis equi de fronte revulsus 515
 et matri praereptus amor.
 ipsa mola manibusque piis altaria iuxta
 unum exuta pedem vinclis, in veste recincta,
 testatur moritura deos et conscia fati
 sidera; tum, si quod non aequo foedere amantis 520
 curae numen habet iustumque memorque, precatur.

Observes, assisting at the rites obscene;
 A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
 She holds, and next the highest altar stands:
 One tender foot was shod, her other bare;
 Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
 Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,
 The heav'ns and planets conscious of her death,
 And ev'ry pow'r, if any rules above,
 Who minds, or who revenges, injur'd love.

“’Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
 Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose:
 The winds no longer whisper thro’ the woods,
 Nor murm’ring tides disturb the gentle floods.
 The stars in silent order mov’d around;
 And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground
 The flocks and herds, and party-colour’d fowl,
 Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy pool,
 Stretch’d on the quiet earth, securely lay,
 Forgetting the past labours of the day.
 All else of nature’s common gift partake:
 Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
 Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find;
 Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
 Despair, and rage, and love divide her heart;
 Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.
Then thus she said within her secret mind:
 “What shall I do? what succour can I find?
 Become a suppliant to Hyarba’s pride,
 And take my turn, to court and be denied?
 Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
 Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?
 Himself I refug’d, and his train reliev’d;
 ’Tis true; but am I sure to be receiv’d?
 Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place!
 Laomedon still lives in all his race!

Nox erat et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
 corpora per terras, silvaeque et saeva quierant
 aequora, cum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu,
 cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes pictaeque volucres, 525
 quaeque lacus late liquidos quaeque aspera dumis
 rura tenent, somno positae sub nocte silenti.
 [lenibant curas et corda oblita laborum.]
 at non infelix animi Phoenissa, neque umquam
 solvitur in somnos oculisve aut pectore noctem 530
 accipit: ingeminant curae rursusque resurgens
 saevit amor magnoque irarum fluctuat aestu.
 sic adeo insistit secumque ita corde volutat:
 'en, quid ago? rursusne procos inrisa priores
 experiar, Nomadumque petam conubia supplex, 535
 quos ego sim totiens iam dedignata maritos?
 Iliacas igitur classis atque ultima Teucrum
 iussa sequar? quiane auxilio iuvat ante levatos
 et bene apud memores veteris stat gratia facti?
 quis me autem, fac velle, sinet ratibusve superbis 540
 invisam accipiet? nescis heu, perdita, necdum
 Laomedontaeae sentis periuria gentis?
 quid tum? sola fuga nautas comitabor ovantis?
 an Tyriis omnique manu stipata meorum
 inferar et, quos Sidonia vix urbe revelli, 545
 rursus agam pelago et ventis dare vela iubebo?
 quin morere ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem.

Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
 Or with my fleet their flying sails pursue?
 What force have I but those whom scarce before
 I drew reluctant from their native shore?
 Will they again embark at my desire,
 Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre?
 Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
 And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
 Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,
 Or seconded too well what I design'd.
 These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
 Had I continued free, and still my own;
 Avoiding love, I had not found despair,
 But shar'd with salvage beasts the common air.
 Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
 Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.”

These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast.
 On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
 Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;
 And order'd all things for his early flight.
 To whom once more the winged god appears;
 His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
 And with this new alarm invades his ears:
 “Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born! and canst thou drown
 Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town,
 Beset with foes; nor hear'st the western gales
 Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
 She harbours in her heart a furious hate,
 And thou shalt find the dire effects too late;
 Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.
 Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.
 The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
 And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
 Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies,

tu lacrimis evicta meis, tu prima furentem
 his, germana, malis oneras atque obicis hosti.
 non licuit thalami expertem sine crimine vitam 550
 degere more ferae, talis nec tangere curas;
 non servata fides cineri promissa Sychaeo.'

Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore questus:
 Aeneas celsa in puppi iam certus eundi
 carpebat somnos rebus iam rite paratis. 555
 huic se forma dei vultu redeuntis eodem
 obtulit in somnis rursusque ita visa monere est,
 omnia Mercurio similis, vocemque coloremque
 et crinis flavos et membra decora iuventa:
 'nate dea, potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos, 560
 nec quae te circum stent deinde pericula cernis,
 demens, nec Zephyros audis spirare secundos?
 illa dolos dirumque nefas in pectore versat
 certa mori, variosque irarum concitat aestus.
 non fugis hinc praeceps, dum praecipitare potestas? 565
 iam mare turbari trabibus saevasque videbis
 conlucere faces, iam fervere litora flammis,
 si te his attigerit terris Aurora morantem.
 heia age, rumpe moras. varium et mutabile semper
 femina.' sic fatus nocti se immiscuit atrae. 570

And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful thing."
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.

Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear;
Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay:
"Haste to your banks; your crooked anchors weigh,
And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea.
A god commands: he stood before my sight,
And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred pow'r, what pow'r soe'er thou art,
To thy blest orders I resign my heart.
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands,
And prosper the design thy will commands."
He said: and, drawing forth his flaming sword,
His thund'ring arm divides the many-twisted cord.
An emulating zeal inspires his train:
They run; they snatch; they rush into the main.
With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread,
When, from a tow'r, the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.
She look'd to seaward; but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descried.
Stung with despite, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
"And shall th' ungrateful traitor go," she said,
"My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm? not rush from ev'ry street,
To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd fleet?

Tum vero Aeneas subitis exterritus umbris
corripit e somno corpus sociosque fatigat
praecipitis: 'vigilate, viri, et considite transtris;
solvite vela citi. deus aethere missus ab alto
festinare fugam tortosque incidere funis 575
ecce iterum instimulat. sequimur te, sancte deorum,
quisquis es, imperioque iterum paremus ovantes.
adsis o placidusque iuves et sidera caelo
dextra feras.' dixit vaginaque eripit ensem
fulmineum strictoque ferit retinacula ferro. 580
idem omnis simul ardor habet, rapiuntque ruuntque;
litora deseruere, latet sub classibus aequor,
adnixi torquent spumas et caerula verrunt.

Et iam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile. 585
regina e speculis ut primam albescere lucem
vidit et aequatis classem procedere velis,
litora et vacuos sensit sine remige portus,
terque quaterque manu pectus percussa decorum
flaventisque abscissa comas 'pro Iuppiter! ibit 590
hic,' ait 'et nostris inluserit advena regnis?
non arma expedient totaque ex urbe sequentur,
diripientque rates alii navalibus? ite,
ferte citi flammis, date tela, impellite remos!
quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quae mentem insania mutat? 595

Haste, haul my galleys out! pursue the foe!
 Bring flaming brands! set sail, and swiftly row!
 What have I said? where am I? Fury turns
 My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns.
 Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
 This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
 See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
 The pious man, who, rushing thro' the flame,
 Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore
 The burthen of his feeble father bore!
 I should have torn him piecemeal; strow'd in floods
 His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods;
 Destroy'd his friends and son; and, from the fire,
 Have set the reeking boy before the sire.
 Events are doubtful, which on battles wait:
 Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate?
 My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
 Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band;
 At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;
 And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
 Had fall'n upon the pile, to mend the fun'ral flame.
 Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below;
 Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow;
 Thou Hecate hearken from thy dark abodes!
 Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods,
 All pow'rs invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
 Attend her curses and avenge her death!
 If so the Fates ordain, Jove commands,
 Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,
 Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
 His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose:
 Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
 His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
 Let him for succour sue from place to place,
 Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace.
 First, let him see his friends in battle slain,

infelix Dido, nunc te facta impia tangunt?
 tum decuit, cum sceptrā dabas. en dextra fidesque,
 quem secum patrios aiunt portare penatis,
 quem subiisse umeris confectum aetate parentem!
 non potui abreptum divellere corpus et undis 600
 spargere? non socios, non ipsum absumere ferro
 Ascanium patriisque epulandum ponere mensis?
 verum anceps pugnae fuerat fortuna. fuisset:
 quem metui moritura? faces in castra tulissem
 implessemque foros flammis natumque patremque 605
 cum genere exstinxem, memet super ipsa dedissem.
 Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras,
 tuque harum interpret curarum et conscia Iuno,
 nocturnisque Hecate triviis ululata per urbes
 et Dirae ultrices et di morientis Elissae, 610
 accipite haec, meritumque malis advertite numen
 et nostras audite preces. si tangere portus
 infandum caput ac terris adnare necesse est,
 et sic fata Iovis poscunt, hic terminus haeret,
 at bello audacis populi vexatus et armis, 615
 finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iuli
 auxilium imploret videatque indigna suorum
 funera; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquae
 tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur,
 sed cadat ante diem mediaque inhumatus harena. 620
 haec precor, hanc vocem extremam cum sanguine fundo.
 tum vos, o Tyrii, stirpem et genus omne futurum
 exercete odiis, cinerique haec mittite nostro
 munera. nullus amor populis nec foedera sunt.
 exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor 625
 qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos,
 nunc, olim, quocumque dabunt se tempore vires.
 litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
 imprecor, arma armis: pugnent ipsique nepotesque.'

And their untimely fate lament in vain;
 And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,
 On hard conditions may he buy his peace:
 Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;
 But fall, untimely, by some hostile hand,
 And lie unburied on the barren sand!
 These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will;
 And you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfil.
 Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim,
 Against the prince, the people, and the name.
 These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow;
 Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know!
 Now, and from hence, in ev'ry future age,
 When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the rage
 Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,
 With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood;
 Our arms, our seas, our shores, oppos'd to theirs;
 And the same hate descend on all our heirs!"

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
 The means of cutting short her odious days.
 Then to Sichaeus' nurse she briefly said
 (For, when she left her country, hers was dead):
 "Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care
 The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare;
 The sheep, and all th' atoning off'rings bring,
 Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
 With living drops; then let her come, and thou
 With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
 Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
 And end the cares of my disastrous love;
 Then cast the Trojan image on the fire,
 And, as that burns, my passions shall expire."
The nurse moves onward, with officious care,
 And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
 But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,

Haec ait, et partis animum versabat in omnis, 630
 invisam quaerens quam primum abrumpere lucem.
 tum breviter Barcen nutricem adfata Sychaei,
 namque suam patria antiqua cinis ater habebat:
 'Annam, cara mihi nutrix, huc siste sororem:
 dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lympa, 635
 et pecudes secum et monstrata piacula ducat.
 sic veniat, tuque ipsa pia tege tempora vitta.
 sacra Iovi Stygio, quae rite incepta paravi,
 perficere est animus finemque imponere curis
 Dardaniique rogam capitis permittere flammae.' 640
 sic ait. illa gradum studio celebrabat anili.
 at trepida et coeptis immanibus effera Dido
 sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementis
 interfusa genas et pallida morte futura,
 interiora domus inrumpit limina et altos 645
 conscendit furibunda rogos ensemque recludit

Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
With livid spots distinguish'd was her face;
Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace;
Ghastly she gaz'd, with pain she drew her breath,
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.

Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
And mounts the fun'ral pile with furious haste;
Unsheathes the sword the Trojan left behind
(Not for so dire an enterprise design'd).
But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
She paus'd, and with a sigh the robes embrac'd;
Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last:
“Dear pledges of my love, while Heav'n so pleas'd,
Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd:
My fatal course is finish'd; and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd,
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore!”
Then kiss'd the couch; and, “Must I die,” she said,
“And unreveng'd? 'Tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive:
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view;
These boding omens his base flight pursue!”
She said, and struck; deep enter'd in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple dyed:
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
Distracted, from the fatal sight they fled,
And thro' the town the dismal rumour spread.

Dardanium, non hos quaesitum munus in usus.
hic, postquam Iliacas vestis notumque cubile
conspexit, paulum lacrimis et mente morata
incubuitque toro dixitque novissima verba: 650
'dulces exuviae, dum fata deusque sinebat,
accipite hanc animam meque his exsolve curis.
vixi et quem dederat cursum Fortuna peregi,
et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.
urbem praeclaram statui, mea moenia vidi, 655
ulta virum poenas inimico a fratre recepi,
felix, heu nimium felix, si litora tantum
numquam Dardaniae tetigissent nostra carinae.'
dixit, et os impressa toro 'moriemur inultae,
sed moriamur' ait. 'sic, sic iuvat ire sub umbras. 660
hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
Dardanus, et nostrae secum ferat omina mortis.'
dixerat, atque illam media inter talia ferro
conlapsam aspiciunt comites, ensemque cruore
spumantem sparsasque manus. it clamor ad alta 665
atria: concussam bacchatur Fama per urbem.
lamentis gemituque et femineo ululatu
tectata fremunt, resonat magnis plangoribus aether,
non aliter quam si immissis ruat hostibus omnis
Karthago aut antiqua Tyros, flammaeque furentes 670
culmina perque hominum volvantur perque deorum.
audiit exanimis trepidoque exterrita cursu
unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnis
per medios ruit, ac morientem nomine clamat:
'hoc illud, germana, fuit? me fraude petebas? 675
hoc rogos iste mihi, hoc ignes araeque parabant?
quid primum deserta querar? comitemne sororem
sprevisi moriens? eadem me ad fata vocasses,
idem ambas ferro dolor atque eadem hora tulisset.
his etiam struxi manibus patriosque vocavi 680
voce deos, sic te ut posita, crudelis, abessem?
exstincti te meque, soror, populumque patresque

First from the frightened court the yell began;
Redoubled, thence from house to house it ran:
The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
Not less the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,
Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire,
The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.
Her sister hears; and, furious with despair,
She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair,
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
"Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd;
These fires, this fun'ral pile, these altars rear'd?
Was all this train of plots contriv'd," said she,
"All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend
To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend?
Thy summon'd sister, and thy friend, had come;
One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb:
Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invoke,
Not to be present at the fatal stroke?
At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me,
Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
Bring water; bathe the wound; while I in death
Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying breath."
This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,
And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd;
Her temples chaf'd; and her own garments tore,
To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.
Thrice Dido tried to raise her drooping head,
And, fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the bed;
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and sought the light,
But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.

Sidonios urbemque tuam. date, vulnera lymphis
abluam et, extremus si quis super halitus errat,
ore legam.' sic fata gradus evaserat altos, 685
semianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat
cum gemitu atque atros siccabat veste cruores.
illa gravis oculos conata attollere rursus
deficit; infixum stridit sub pectore vulnus.
ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa levavit, 690
ter revoluta toro est oculisque errantibus alto
quaesivit caelo lucem ingemuitque reperta.

Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
A death so ling'ring, and so full of pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.
For since she died, not doom'd by Heav'n's decree,
Or her own crime, but human casualty,
And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,
The Sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
Which Proserpine and they can only know;
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
Downward the various goddess took her flight,
And drew a thousand colours from the light;
Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said: "I thus devote thee to the dead.
This off'ring to th' infernal gods I bear."
Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair:
The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd in air.

Tum Iuno omnipotens longum miserata dolorem
difficilisque obitus Irim demisit Olympo
quae luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus. 695
nam quia nec fato merita nec morte peribat,
sed misera ante diem subitoque accensa furore,
nondum illi flavum Proserpina vertice crinem
abstulerat Stygioque caput damnaverat Orco.
ergo Iris croceis per caelum roscida pennis 700
mille trahens varios adverso sole colores
devolat et supra caput astitit. 'hunc ego Diti
sacrum iussa fero teque isto corpore solvo':
sic ait et dextra crinem secatur, omnis et una
dilapsus calor atque in ventos vita recessit. 705

THE ARGUMENT.

Aeneas, setting sail from Afric, is driven by a storm on the coast of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours, and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies are performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan woman to burn the ships, who, upon her instigation, set fire to them: which burned four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter, by a miraculous shower extinguished it. Upon this, Aeneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

Meantime the Trojan cuts his wat'ry way,
 Fix'd on his voyage, thro' the curling sea;
 Then, casting back his eyes, with dire amaze,
 Sees on the Punic shore the mounting blaze.
 The cause unknown; yet his presaging mind
 The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd;
 He knew the stormy souls of womankind,
 What secret springs their eager passions move,
 How capable of death for injur'd love.
 Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw;
 Till neither fires nor shining shores they saw.
 Now seas and skies their prospect only bound;

Interea medium Aeneas iam classe tenebat
 certus iter fluctusque atros Aquilone secabat
 moenia respiciens, quae iam infelicis Elissae
 conlucent flammis. quae tantum accenderit ignem
 causa latet; duri magno sed amore dolores 5
 polluto, notumque furens quid femina possit,
 triste per augurium Teucrorum pectora ducunt.
 ut pelagus tenuere rates nec iam amplius ulla
 occurrit tellus, maria undique et undique caelum,
 olli caeruleus supra caput astitit imber 10
 noctem hiememque ferens et inhorruit unda tenebris.
 ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab alta:

An empty space above, a floating field around.
 But soon the heav'ns with shadows were o'erspread;
 A swelling cloud hung hov'ring o'er their head:
 Livid it look'd, the threat'ning of a storm:
 Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
 The pilot, Palinurus, cried aloud:
 "What gusts of weather from that gath'ring cloud
 My thoughts presage! Ere yet the tempest roars,
 Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch your oars;
 Contract your swelling sails, and luff to wind."
 The frightened crew perform the task assign'd.
 Then, to his fearless chief: "Not Heav'n," said he,
 "Tho' Jove himself should promise Italy,
 Can stem the torrent of this raging sea.
 Mark how the shifting winds from west arise,
 And what collected night involves the skies!
 Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea,
 Much less against the tempest force their way.
 'Tis fate diverts our course, and fate we must obey.
 Not far from hence, if I observ'd aright
 The southing of the stars, and polar light,
 Sicilia lies, whose hospitable shores
 In safety we may reach with struggling oars."
 Aeneas then replied: "Too sure I find
 We strive in vain against the seas and wind:
 Now shift your sails; what place can please me more
 Than what you promise, the Sicilian shore,
 Whose hallow'd earth Anchises' bones contains,
 And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns?"
 The course resolv'd, before the western wind
 They scud amain, and make the port assign'd.

Meantime Acestes, from a lofty stand,
 Beheld the fleet descending on the land;
 And, not unmindful of his ancient race,
 Down from the cliff he ran with eager pace,

'heu quianam tanti cinxerunt aethera nimbi?
 quidve, pater Neptune, paras?' sic deinde locutus
 colligere arma iubet validisque incumbere remis, 15
 obliquatque sinus in ventum ac talia fatur:
 'magnanime Aenea, non, si mihi Iuppiter auctor
 spondeat, hoc sperem Italiam contingere caelo.
 mutati transversa fremunt et vespere ab atro
 consurgunt venti, atque in nubem cogitur aer. 20
 nec nos obniti contra nec tendere tantum
 sufficimus. superat quoniam Fortuna, sequamur,
 quoque vocat vertamus iter. nec litora longe
 fida reor fraterna Erycis portusque Sicanos,
 si modo rite memor servata remetior astra.' 25
 tum pius Aeneas: 'equidem sic poscere ventos
 iamdudum et frustra cerno te tendere contra.
 flecte viam velis. an sit mihi gratior ulla,
 quove magis fessas optem dimittere navis,
 quam quae Dardanium tellus mihi servat Acesten 30
 et patris Anchisae gremio complectitur ossa?'
 haec ubi dicta, petunt portus et vela secundi
 intendunt Zephyri; fertur cita gurgite classis,
 et tandem laeti notae advertuntur harenae.

At procul ex celso miratus vertice montis 35
 adventum sociasque rates occurrit Acestes,
 horridus in iaculis et pelle Libystidis ursae,
 Troia Criniso conceptum flumine mater

And held the hero in a strict embrace.
Of a rough Libyan bear the spoils he wore,
And either hand a pointed jav'lin bore.
His mother was a dame of Dardan blood;
His sire Criniscus, a Sicilian flood.
He welcomes his returning friends ashore
With plenteous country cates and homely store.

Now, when the following morn had chas'd away
The flying stars, and light restor'd the day,
Aeneas call'd the Trojan troops around,
And thus bespoke them from a rising ground:
"Offspring of heav'n, divine Dardanian race!
The sun, revolving thro' th' ethereal space,
The shining circle of the year has fill'd,
Since first this isle my father's ashes held:
And now the rising day renews the year;
A day for ever sad, for ever dear.
This would I celebrate with annual games,
With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy flames,
Tho' banish'd to Gaetulia's barren sands,
Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile lands:
But since this happy storm our fleet has driv'n
(Not, as I deem, without the will of Heav'n)
Upon these friendly shores and flow'ry plains,
Which hide Anchises and his blest remains,
Let us with joy perform his honours due,
And pray for prosp'rous winds, our voyage to renew;
Pray, that in towns and temples of our own,
The name of great Anchises may be known,
And yearly games may spread the gods' renown.
Our sports Acestes, of the Trojan race,
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
Two steers on ev'ry ship the king bestows;
His gods and ours shall share your equal vows.
Besides, if, nine days hence, the rosy morn

quem genuit. veterum non immemor ille parentum
gratatur reduces et gaza laetus agresti 40
excipit, ac fessos opibus solatur amicis.

Postera cum primo stellas Oriente fugarat
clara dies, socios in coetum litore ab omni
advocat Aeneas tumulique ex aggere fatur:
'Dardanidae magni, genus alto a sanguine divum, 45
annuus exactis completur mensibus orbis,
ex quo reliquias divinique ossa parentis
condidimus terra maestisque sacravimus aras;
iamque dies, nisi fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,
semper honoratum (sic di voluistis) habebo. 50
hunc ego Gaetulis agerem si Syrtibus exsul,
Argolicove mari deprensus et urbe Mycenae,
annua vota tamen sollemnisque ordine pompas
exsequeretur strueremque suis altaria donis.
nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis 55
haud equidem sine mente, reor, sine numine divum
adsumus et portus delati intramus amicos.
ergo agite et laetum cuncti celebremus honorem:
poscamus ventos, atque haec me sacra quotannis
urbe velit posita templis sibi ferre dicatis. 60
bina boum vobis Troia generatus Acestes
dat numero capita in navis; adhibete penatis
et patrios epulis et quos colit hospes Acestes.
praeterea, si nona diem mortalibus alium
Aurora extulerit radiisque retexerit orbem, 65
prima citae Teucris ponam certamina classis;
quique pedum cursu valet, et qui viribus audax
aut iaculo incedit melior levibusque sagittis,
seu crudo fidit pugnam committere caestu,

Shall with unclouded light the skies adorn,
 That day with solemn sports I mean to grace:
 Light galleys on the seas shall run a wat'ry race;
 Some shall in swiftness for the goal contend,
 And others try the twanging bow to bend;
 The strong, with iron gauntlets arm'd, shall stand
 Oppos'd in combat on the yellow sand.
 Let all be present at the games prepar'd,
 And joyful victors wait the just reward.
 But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'd."

He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.
 Then Helymus, by his example led,
 And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head;
 Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
 His temples tied, and all the Trojan race.
 Aeneas then advanc'd amidst the train,
 By thousands follow'd thro' the flow'ry plain,
 To great Anchises' tomb; which when he found,
 He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd ground,
 Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,
 And two from offer'd bulls of purple gore,
 With roses then the sepulcher he strow'd
 And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud:
 "Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again,
 Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!
 The gods permitted not, that you, with me,
 Should reach the promis'd shores of Italy,
 Or Tiber's flood, what flood soe'er it be."
 Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,
 A serpent from the tomb began to glide;
 His hugy bulk on sev'n high volumes roll'd;
 Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with scaly gold:
 Thus riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass
 A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.
 More various colours thro' his body run,

cuncti adsint meritaque expectent praemia palmae.
 ore favete omnes et cingite tempora ramis.'

70

Sic fatus velat materna tempora myrto.
 hoc Helymus facit, hoc aevi maturus Acestes,
 hoc puer Ascanius, sequitur quos cetera pubes.
 ille e concilio multis cum milibus ibat 75
 ad tumulum magna medius comitante caterva.
 hic duo rite mero libans carchesia Baccho
 fundit humi, duo lacte novo, duo sanguine sacro,
 purpureosque iacit flores ac talia fatur:
 'salve, sancte parens, iterum; salvete, recepti 80
 nequiquam cineres animaeque umbraeque paternae.
 non licuit finis Italos fataliaque arva
 nec tecum Ausonium, quicumque est, quaerere Thybrim.'
 dixerat haec, adytis cum lubricus anguis ab imis
 septem ingens gyros, septena volumina traxit 85
 amplexus placide tumulum lapsusque per aras,
 caeruleae cui terga notae maculosus et auro
 squamam incendebat fulgor, ceu nubibus arcus
 mille iacit varios adverso sole colores.
 obstipuit visu Aeneas. ille agmine longo 90
 tandem inter pateras et levia pocula serpens
 libavitque dapes rursusque innoxius imo
 successit tumulo et depasta altaria liquit.
 hoc magis inceptos genitori instaurat honores,
 incertus geniumne loci famulumne parentis 95
 esse putet; caedit binas de more bidentis

Than Iris when her bow imbibes the sun.
 Betwixt the rising altars, and around,
 The sacred monster shot along the ground;
 With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass'd,
 And with his lolling tongue assay'd the taste:
 Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous guest
 Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.
 The pious prince, surpris'd at what he view'd,
 The fun'ral honours with more zeal renew'd,
 Doubtful if this place's genius were,
 Or guardian of his father's sepulcher.
 Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew;
 As many swine, and steers of sable hue;
 New gen'rous wine he from the goblets pour'd.
 And call'd his father's ghost, from hell restor'd.
 The glad attendants in long order come,
 Off'ring their gifts at great Anchises' tomb:
 Some add more oxen: some divide the spoil;
 Some place the chargers on the grassy soil;
 Some blow the fires, and offered entrails broil.

Now came the day desir'd. The skies were bright
 With rosy luster of the rising light:
 The bord'ring people, rous'd by sounding fame
 Of Trojan feasts and great Acestes' name,
 The crowded shore with acclamations fill,
 Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.
 And first the gifts in public view they place,
 Green laurel wreaths, and palm, the victors' grace:
 Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
 Ingots of gold and silver, heap'd on high,
 And vests embroider'd, of the Tyrian dye.
 The trumpet's clangour then the feast proclaims,
 And all prepare for their appointed games.

totque sues, totidem nigrantis terga iuencos,
 vinaque fundebat pateris animamque vocabat
 Anchisae magni manisque Acheronte remissos. 100
 nec non et socii, quae cuique est copia, laeti
 dona ferunt, onerant aras mactantque iuencos;
 ordine aena locant alii fusique per herbam
 subiciunt veribus prunas et viscera torrent.

Exspectata dies aderat nonamque serena
 Auroram Phaethontis equi iam luce vehebant, 105
 famaue finitimos et clari nomen Acestae
 excierat; laeto complerant litora coetu
 visuri Aeneadas, pars et certare parati.
 munera principio ante oculos circoque locantur
 in medio, sacri tripodes viridesque coronae 110
 et palmae pretium victoribus, armaque et ostro
 perfusae vestes, argenti aurique talenta;
 et tuba commissos medio canit aggere ludos.

Four galleys first, which equal rowers bear,
 Advancing, in the wat'ry lists appear.
 The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the wind,
 Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind:
 Gyas the vast Chimaera's bulk commands,
 Which rising, like a tow'ring city stands;
 Three Trojans tug at ev'ry lab'ring oar;
 Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore;
 Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar.
 Sergesthus, who began the Sergian race,
 In the great Centaur took the leading place;
 Cloanthus on the sea-green Scylla stood,
 From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.

Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
 There stands a rock: the raging billows roar
 Above his head in storms; but, when 'tis clear,
 Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
 In peace below the gentle waters run;
 The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.
 On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight,
 The mark to guide the mariners aright.
 To bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars;
 Then round the rock they steer, and seek the former shores.
 The lots decide their place. Above the rest,
 Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest;
 The common crew with wreaths of poplar boughs
 Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty brows:
 Besmear'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine.
 All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign:
 They gripe their oars; and ev'ry panting breast
 Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear depress'd.
 The clangour of the trumpet gives the sign;
 At once they start, advancing in a line:
 With shouts the sailors rend the starry skies;
 Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise;

Prima pares ineunt gravibus certamina remis
 quattuor ex omni delectae classe carinae. 115
 velocem Mnestheus agit acri remige Pristim,
 mox Italus Mnestheus, genus a quo nomine Memmi,
 ingentemque Gyas ingenti mole Chimaeram,
 urbis opus, triplici pubes quam Dardana versu
 impellunt, terno consurgunt ordine remi; 120
 Sergestusque, domus tenet a quo Sergia nomen,
 Centauro invehitur magna, Scyllaque Cloanthus
 caerulea, genus unde tibi, Romane Cluenti.

Est procul in pelago saxum spumantia contra
 litora, quod tumidis summersum tunditur olim 125
 fluctibus, hiberni condunt ubi sidera Cauri;
 tranquillo silet immotaque attollitur unda
 campus et apricis statio gratissima mergis.
 hic viridem Aeneas frondenti ex ilice metam
 constituit signum nautis pater, unde reverti 130
 scirent et longos ubi circumflectere cursus.
 tum loca sorte legunt ipsique in puppibus auro
 ductores longe effulgent ostroque decori;
 cetera populea velatur fronde iuventus
 nudatosque umeros oleo perfusa nitescit. 135
 considunt transtris, intentaue brachia remis;
 intenti exspectant signum, exsultantiaque haurit
 corda pavor pulsans laudumque arrecta cupido.
 inde ubi clara dedit sonitum tuba, finibus omnes, 140
 haud mora, prosiluire suis; ferit aethera clamor
 nauticus, adductis spumant freta versa lacertis.
 infindunt pariter sulcos, totumque dehiscit
 convulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor.
 non tam praecipites biiugo certamine campum
 corripuere ruuntque effusi carcere currus, 145

Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.
Exact in time, with equal strokes they row:
At once the brushing oars and brazen prow
Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths below.
Not fiery coursers, in a chariot race,
Invade the field with half so swift a pace;
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends
The sounding lash, and, ere the stroke descends,
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,
And aid with eager shouts the favour'd side.
Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,
From woods to woods, from hills to hills rebound.

Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,
Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung before:
Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursued him fast,
But his o'er-masted galley check'd his haste.
The Centaur and the Dolphin brush the brine
With equal oars, advancing in a line;
And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead,
And now the speedy Dolphin gets ahead;
Now board to board the rival vessels row,
The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans below.
They reach'd the mark; proud Gyas and his train
In triumph rode, the victors of the main;
But, steering round, he charg'd his pilot stand
More close to shore, and skim along the sand.
"Let others bear to sea!" Menoetes heard;
But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd,
And, fearing, sought the deep; and still aloof he steer'd.
With louder cries the captain call'd again:
"Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main."
He spoke, and, speaking, at his stern he saw
The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings draw.
Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla stood,

nec sic immissis aurigae undantia lora
concussere iugis pronique in verbera pendent.
tum plausu fremituque virum studiisque faventum
consonat omne nemus, vocemque inclusa volutant
litora, pulsati colles clamore resultant. 150

Effugit ante alios primisque elabitur undis
turbam inter fremitumque Gyas; quem deinde Cloanthus
consequitur, melior remis, sed pondere pinus
tarda tenet. post hos aequo discrimine Pristis
Centaurusque locum tendunt superare priorem; 155
et nunc Pristis habet, nunc victam praeterit ingens
Centaurus, nunc una ambae iunctisque feruntur
frontibus et longa sulcant vada salsa carina.
iamque propinquabant scopulo metamque tenebant,
cum princeps medioque Gyas in gurgite victor 160
rectorem navis compellat voce Menoeten:
'quo tantum mihi dexter abis? huc derige cursum;
litus ama et laeva stringat sine palmula cautes;
altum alii teneant.' dixit; sed caeca Menoetes
saxa timens proram pelagi detorquet ad undas. 165
'quo diversus abis?' iterum 'pete saxa, Menoete!
cum clamore Gyas revocabat, et ecce Cloanthum
respicit instantem tergo et propiora tenentem.
ille inter navemque Gyae scopulosque sonantis
radit iter laevum interior subitoque priorem 170
praeterit et metis tenet aequora tuta relictis.
tum vero exarsit iuveni dolor ossibus ingens

And in a closer compass plow'd the flood.
 He pass'd the mark; and, wheeling, got before:
 Gyas blasphem'd the gods, devoutly swore,
 Cried out for anger, and his hair he tore.
 Mindless of others' lives (so high was grown
 His rising rage) and careless of his own,
 The trembling dotard to the deck he drew;
 Then hoisted up, and overboard he threw:
 This done, he seiz'd the helm; his fellows cheer'd,
 Turn'd short upon the shelves, and madly steer'd.
Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
 Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his years:
 Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain.
 The crowd, that saw him fall and float again,
 Shout from the distant shore; and loudly laugh'd,
 To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny draught.
 The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,
 Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew;
 While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,

To reach the mark. Sergesthus takes the place;
 Mnestheus pursues; and while around they wind,
 Comes up, not half his galley's length behind;
 Then, on the deck, amidst his mates appear'd,
 And thus their drooping courages he cheer'd:
 "My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore,
 Exert your vigour; tug the lab'ring oar;
 Stretch to your strokes, my still unconquer'd crew,
 Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.
 In this, our common int'rest, let me find
 That strength of hand, that courage of the mind,
 As when you stemm'd the strong Malean flood,
 And o'er the Syrtes' broken billows row'd.
 I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;
 Tho' yet——But, ah! that haughty wish is vain!
 Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain.

nec lacrimis caruere genae, segnemque Menoeten
 oblitus decorisque sui sociumque salutis
 in mare praecipitem puppi deturbat ab alta; 175
 ipse gubernaclo rector subit, ipse magister
 hortaturque viros clavumque ad litora torquet.
 at gravis ut fundo vix tandem redditus imo est
 iam senior madidaque fluens in veste Menoetes
 summa petit scopuli siccaque in rupe resedit. 180
 illum et labentem Teucris et risere natantem
 et salsos rident revomentem pectore fluctus.

Hic laeta extremis spes est accensa duobus,
 Sergesto Mnestheique, Gyan superare morantem.
 Sergestus capit ante locum scopuloque propinquat, 185
 nec tota tamen ille prior praeunte carina;
 parte prior, partim rostro premit aemula Pristis.
 at media socios incedens nave per ipsos
 hortatur Mnestheus: 'nunc, nunc insurgite remis,
 Hectorei socii, Troiae quos sorte suprema 190
 delegi comites; nunc illas promite viris,
 nunc animos, quibus in Gaetulis Syrtibus usi
 Ionioque mari Maleaeque sequacibus undis.
 non iam prima peto Mnestheus neque vincere certo
 (quamquam o!—sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti); 195
 extremos pudeat rediisse: hoc vincite, cives,
 et prohibete nefas.' olli certamine summo
 procumbunt: vastis tremit ictibus aerea puppis

But to be last, the lags of all the race!
 Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace.”
 Now, one and all, they tug amain; they row
 At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow.
 The sea beneath ’em sinks; their lab’ring sides
 Are swell’d, and sweat runs gutt’ring down in tides.
 Chance aids their daring with unhop’d success;
 Sergesthus, eager with his beak to press
 Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
 Shuts up th’ unwieldly Centaur in the lock.
 The vessel struck; and, with the dreadful shock,
 Her oars she shiver’d, and her head she broke.
 The trembling rowers from their banks arise,
 And, anxious for themselves, renounce the prize.
 With iron poles they heave her off the shores,
 And gather from the sea their floating oars.
 The crew of Mnestheus, with elated minds,
 Urge their success, and call the willing winds;
 Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way
 In larger compass on the roomy sea.
 As, when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,
 Rous’d in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes;
 The cavern rings with clatt’ring; out she flies,
 And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the skies:
 At first she flutters; but at length she springs
 To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings:
 So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the sea;
 And, flying with a force, that force assists his way.
 Sergesthus in the Centaur soon he pass’d,
 Wedg’d in the rocky shoals, and sticking fast.
 In vain the victor he with cries implores,
 And practices to row with shatter’d oars.
 Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and outflies:
 The ship, without a pilot, yields the prize.

subtrahiturque solum, tum creber anhelitus artus
 aridaque ora quatit, sudor fluit undique rivis. 200
 attulit ipse viris optatum casus honorem:
 namque furens animi dum proram ad saxa suburget
 interior spatioque subit Sergestus iniquo,
 infelix saxis in procurrentibus haesit.
 concussae cautes et acuto in murice remi 205
 obnixi crepuere inlisaque prora pependit.
 consurgunt nautae et magno clamore morantur
 ferratasque trudes et acuta cuspide contos
 expediunt fractosque legunt in gurgite remos.
 at laetus Mnestheus successuque acrior ipso 210
 agmine remorum celeri ventisque vocatis
 prona petit maria et pelago decurrit aperto.
 qualis spelunca subito commota columba,
 cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi,
 fertur in arva volans plausumque exterrita pennis 215
 dat tecto ingentem, mox aere lapsa quieto
 radit iter liquidum celeris neque commovet alas:
 sic Mnestheus, sic ipsa fuga secat ultima Pristis
 aequora, sic illam fert impetus ipse volantem.
 et primum in scopulo luctantem deserit alto 220
 Sergestum brevibusque vadis frustraue vocantem
 auxilia et fractis discentem currere remis.
 inde Gyan ipsamque ingenti mole Chimaeram
 consequitur; cedit, quoniam spoliata magistro est.

Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains;
 Her he pursues, and all his vigour strains.
 Shouts from the fav'ring multitude arise;
 Applauding Echo to the shouts replies;
 Shouts, wishes, and applause run rattling thro' the skies.
 These clamours with disdain the Scylla heard,
 Much grudg'd the praise, but more the robb'd reward:
 Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace,
 All obstinate to die, or gain the race.
 Rais'd with success, the Dolphin swiftly ran;
 For they can conquer, who believe they can.
 Both urge their oars, and fortune both supplies,
 And both perhaps had shar'd an equal prize;
 When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,
 And succour from the wat'ry pow'rs demands:
 "Gods of the liquid realms, on which I row!
 If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
 Assist to make me guilty of my vow!
 A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain;
 His offer'd entrails cast into the main,
 And ruddy wine, from golden goblets thrown,
 Your grateful gift and my return shall own."
 The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus, from below,
 With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;
 And old Portunus, with his breadth of hand,
 Push'd on, and sped the galley to the land.
 Swift as a shaft, or winged wind, she flies,
 And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.

The herald summons all, and then proclaims
 Cloanthus conqu'ror of the naval games.
 The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head,
 And three fat steers are to his vessel led,
 The ship's reward; with gen'rous wine beside,
 And sums of silver, which the crew divide.
 The leaders are distinguish'd from the rest;

Solus iamque ipso superest in fine Cloanthus, 225
 quem petit et summis adnexus viribus urget.
 tum vero ingeminat clamor cunctique sequentem
 instigant studiis, resonatque fragoribus aether.
 hi proprium decus et partum indignantur honorem
 ni teneant, vitamque volunt pro laude pacisci; 230
 hos successus alit: possunt, quia posse videntur.
 et fors aequatis cepissent praemia rostris,
 ni palmas ponto tendens utrasque Cloanthus
 fudissetque preces divosque in vota vocasset:
 'di, quibus imperium est pelagi, quorum aequora curro, 235
 vobis laetus ego hoc candentem in litore taurum
 constituam ante aras voti reus, extaque salsos
 proiciam in fluctus et vina liquentia fundam.'
 dixit, eumque imis sub fluctibus audiit omnis
 Nereidum Phorcique chorus Panopeaque virgo, 240
 et pater ipse manu magna Portunus euntem
 impulit: illa Noto citius volucrique sagitta
 ad terram fugit et portu se condidit alto.

Tum satus Anchisa cunctis ex more vocatis 245
 victorem magna praeconis voce Cloanthum
 declarat viridique advelat tempora lauro,
 muneraque in navis ternos optare iuencos
 vinaque et argenti magnum dat ferre talentum.
 ipsis praecipuos ductoribus addit honores:
 victori chlamydem auratam, quam plurima circum 250

The victor honour'd with a nobler vest,
 Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,
 And needlework its happy cost bestows.
 There Ganymede is wrought with living art,
 Chasing thro' Ida's groves the trembling hart:
 Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue;
 When from aloft descends, in open view,
 The bird of Jove, and, sousing on his prey,
 With crooked talons bears the boy away.
 In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,
 His guards behold him soaring thro' the skies,
 And dogs pursue his flight with imitated cries.
Mnestheus the second victor was declar'd;
 And, summon'd there, the second prize he shar'd.
 A coat of mail, brave Demoleus bore,
 More brave Aeneas from his shoulders tore,
 In single combat on the Trojan shore:
 This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess;
 In war for his defence, for ornament in peace.
 Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold,
 But yet so pond'rous with its plates of gold,
 That scarce two servants could the weight sustain;
 Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
 Pursued and lightly seiz'd the Trojan train.
 The third, succeeding to the last reward,
 Two goodly bowls of massy silver shar'd,
 With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
 And two brass caldrons from Dodona brought.
Thus all, rewarded by the hero's hands,
 Their conqu'ring temples bound with purple bands;
 And now Sergestus, clearing from the rock,
 Brought back his galley shatter'd with the shock.
 Forlorn she look'd, without an aiding oar,
 And, houted by the vulgar, made to shore.
 As when a snake, surpris'd upon the road,
 Is crush'd athwart her body by the load

purpura maeandro duplici Meliboea cucurrit,
 intextusque puer frondosa regius Ida
 velocis iaculo cervos cursuque fatigat
 acer, anhelanti similis, quem praepes ab Ida
 sublimem pedibus rapuit Iovis armiger uncis; 255
 longaevi palmas nequiquam ad sidera tendunt
 custodes, saevitque canum latratus in auras.
 at qui deinde locum tenuit virtute secundum,
 levibus huic hamis consertam auroque trilicem
 loricam, quam Demoleo detraxerat ipse 260
 victor apud rapidum Simoenta sub Ilio alto,
 donat habere, viro decus et tutamen in armis.
 vix illam famuli Phegeus Sagarisque ferebant
 multiplicem conixi umeris; indutus at olim
 Demoleos cursu palantis Troas agebat. 265
 tertia dona facit geminos ex aere lebetas
 cymbiaque argento perfecta atque aspera signis.
 iamque adeo donati omnes opibusque superbi
 puniceis ibant evincti tempora taenis,
 cum saevo e scopulo multa vix arte revulsus 270
 amissis remis atque ordine debilis uno
 inrisam sine honore ratem Sergestus agebat.
 qualis saepe viae deprensus in aggere serpens,
 aerea quem obliquum rota transiit aut gravis ictu
 seminecem liquit saxo lacerumque viator; 275
 nequiquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus
 parte ferox ardensque oculis et sibila colla
 arduus attollens; pars vulnere clauda retentat
 nexantem nodis seque in sua membra plicantem:
 tali remigio navis se tarda movebat; 280
 vela facit tamen et velis subit ostia plenis.
 Sergestum Aeneas promisso munere donat
 servatam ob navem laetus sociosque reductos.
 olli serva datur operum haud ignara Minervae,
 Cressa genus, Pholoe, geminique sub ubere nati. 285

Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
 Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the ground:
 In vain, with loosen'd curls, she crawls along;
 Yet, fierce above, she brandishes her tongue;
 Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales;
 But, groveling in the dust, her parts unsound she trails:
 So slowly to the port the Centaur tends,
 But, what she wants in oars, with sails amends.
 Yet, for his galley sav'd, the grateful prince
 Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompense.
 Pholoe, the Cretan slave, rewards his care,
 Beauteous herself, with lovely twins as fair.

From thence his way the Trojan hero bent
 Into the neighb'ring plain, with mountains pent,
 Whose sides were shaded with surrounding wood.
 Full in the midst of this fair valley stood
 A native theatre, which, rising slow
 By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
 High on a sylvan throne the leader sate;
 A num'rous train attend in solemn state.
 Here those that in the rapid course delight,
 Desire of honour and the prize invite.
 The rival runners without order stand;
 The Trojans mix'd with the Sicilian band.
 First Nisus, with Euryalus, appears;
 Euryalus a boy of blooming years,
 With sprightly grace and equal beauty crown'd;
 Nisus, for friendship to the youth renown'd.
 Diores next, of Priam's royal race,
 Then Salius joined with Patron, took their place;
 But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
 And Salius his from Arcanian earth;
 Then two Sicilian youths, the names of these,
 Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes:
 Both jolly huntsmen, both in forest bred,

Hoc pius Aeneas misso certamine tendit
 gramineum in campum, quem collibus undique curvis
 cingebant silvae, mediaque in valle theatri
 circus erat; quo se multis cum milibus heros
 consessu medium tulit exstructoque resedit. 290
 hic, qui forte velint rapido contendere cursu,
 invitat pretiis animos, et praemia ponit.
 undique conveniunt Teucris mixtique Sicani,
 Nisus et Euryalus primi,
 Euryalus forma insignis viridique iuventa, 295
 Nisus amore pio pueri; quos deinde secutus
 regius egregia Priami de stirpe Diores;
 hunc Salius simul et Patron, quorum alter Acarnan,
 alter ab Arcadio Tegeaeae sanguine gentis;
 tum duo Trinacrii iuvenes, Helymus Panopesque 300
 adsueta silvis, comites senioris Acestae;
 multi praeterea, quos fama obscura recondit.
 Aeneas quibus in mediis sic deinde locutus:
 'accipite haec animis laetasque advertite mentes.
 nemo ex hoc numero mihi non donatus abibit. 305
 Cnosia bina dabo leuato lucida ferro
 spicula caelatamque argento ferre bipennem;
 omnibus hic erit unus honos. tres praemia primi

And owning old Acestes for their head;
 With sev'ral others of ignobler name,
 Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.
To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd,
 In words which gen'ral approbation gain'd:
 "One common largess is for all design'd,
 The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd,
 Two darts of polish'd steel and Gnosian wood,
 A silver-studded ax alike bestow'd.
 The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed:
 The first of these obtains a stately steed,
 Adorn'd with trappings; and the next in fame,
 The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
 With feather'd Thracian arrows well supplied:
 A golden belt shall gird his manly side,
 Which with a sparkling diamond shall be tied.
 The third this Grecian helmet shall content."

He said. To their appointed base they went;
 With beating hearts th' expected sign receive,
 And, starting all at once, the barrier leave.
 Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,
 And seiz'd the distant goal with greedy view.
 Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'erpass'd;
 Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.
 The next, but tho' the next, yet far disjoin'd,
 Came Salius, and Euryalus behind;
 Then Helymus, whom young Diores plied,
 Step after step, and almost side by side,
 His shoulders pressing; and, in longer space,
 Had won, or left at least a dubious race.
Now, spent, the goal they almost reach at last,
 When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,
 Slipp'd first, and, slipping, fell upon the plain,
 Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly slain.
 The careless victor had not mark'd his way;

accipient flavaque caput nectentur oliva.
 primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto; 310
 alter Amazoniam pharetram plenamque sagittis
 Threiciis, lato quam circum amplectitur auro
 balteus et tereti subnectit fibula gemma;
 tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.'

Haec ubi dicta, locum capiunt signoque repente 315
 corripunt spatia audito limenque relinquunt,
 effusi nimbo similes. simul ultima signant,
 primus abit longeque ante omnia corpora Nisus
 emicat et ventis et fulminis ocior alis;
 proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo, 320
 insequitur Salius; spatio post deinde relicto
 tertius Euryalus;
 Euryalumque Helymus sequitur; quo deinde sub ipso
 ecce volat calcemque terit iam calce Diores
 incumbens umero, spatia et si plura supersint 325
 transeat elapsus prior ambiguumque relinquat.
 iamque fere spatio extremo fessique sub ipsam
 finem adventabant, levi cum sanguine Nisus
 labitur infelix, caesis ut forte iuvenicis
 fusus humum viridisque super madefecerat herbas. 330
 hic iuvenis iam victor ovans vestigia presso
 haud tenuit titubata solo, sed pronus in ipso

But, treading where the treach'rous puddle lay,
 His heels flew up; and on the grassy floor
 He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.
 Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
 Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,
 He strove th' immediate rival's hope to cross,
 And caught the foot of Salius as he rose.
 So Salius lay extended on the plain;
 Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,
 And leaves the crowd: applauding peals attend
 The victor to the goal, who vanquish'd by his friend.
 Next Helymus; and then Diores came,
 By two misfortunes made the third in fame.
But Salius enters, and, exclaiming loud
 For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd;
 Urges his cause may in the court be heard;
 And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
 But favour for Euryalus appears;
 His blooming beauty, with his tender tears,
 Had brib'd the judges for the promis'd prize.
 Besides, Diores fills the court with cries,
 Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
 If the first palm on Salius be conferr'd.

Then thus the prince: "Let no disputes arise:
 Where fortune plac'd it, I award the prize.
 But fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
 At least to pity my deserving friend."
 He said, and, from among the spoils, he draws
 (Pond'rous with shaggy mane and golden paws)
 A lion's hide: to Salius this he gives.
 Nisus with envy sees the gift, and grieves.
 "If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due."
 He said, "and falling is to rise by you,
 What prize may Nisus from your bounty claim,
 Who merited the first rewards and fame?

concidit immundoque fimo sacroque cruore.
 non tamen Euryali, non ille oblitus amorum:
 nam sese opposuit Salio per lubrica surgens; 335
 ille autem spissa iacuit revolutus harena,
 emicat Euryalus et munere victor amici
 prima tenet, plausuque volat fremituque secundo.
 post Helymus subit et nunc tertia palma Diores.
 hic totum caveae consessum ingentis et ora 340
 prima patrum magnis Salius clamoribus implet,
 ereptumque dolo reddi sibi poscit honorem.
 tutatur favor Euryalum lacrimaeque decorae,
 gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.
 adiuvat et magna proclamat voce Diores, 345
 qui subiit palmae frustra ad praemia venit
 ultima, si primi Salio reddentur honores.

Tum pater Aeneas 'vestra' inquit 'munera vobis
 certa manent, pueri et palmam movet ordine nemo;
 me liceat casus miserari insontis amici.' 350
 sic fatus tergum Gaetuli immane leonis
 dat Salio villis onerosum atque unguibus aureis.
 hic Nisus 'si tanta' inquit 'sunt praemia victis,
 et te lapsorum miseret, quae munera Niso
 digna dabis, primam merui qui laude coronam 355
 ni me, quae Salium, fortuna inimica tulisset?'
 et simul his dictis faciem ostentabat et udo
 turpia membra fimo. risit pater optimus olli
 et clipeum efferri iussit, Didymaonis artes,

In falling, both an equal fortune tried;
 Would fortune for my fall so well provide!"
 With this he pointed to his face, and show'd
 His hand and all his habit smear'd with blood.
 Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd,
 And caus'd to be produc'd an ample shield,
 Of wondrous art, by Didymaon wrought,
 Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.
 This giv'n to Nisus, he divides the rest,
 And equal justice in his gifts express'd.

The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd,
 Once more the prince bespeaks th' attentive crowd:
 "If there be here, whose dauntless courage dare
 In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,
 His opposite sustain in open view,
 Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.
 Two prizes I propose, and thus divide:
 A bull with gilded horns, and fillets tied,
 Shall be the portion of the conqu'ring chief;
 A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief."
Then haughty Dares in the lists appears;
 Stalking he strides, his head erected bears:
 His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield,
 And loud applauses echo thro' the field.
 Dares alone in combat us'd to stand
 The match of mighty Paris, hand to hand;
 The same, at Hector's fun'rals, undertook
 Gigantic Butes, of th' Amycian stock,
 And, by the stroke of his resistless hand,
 Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand.
 Such Dares was; and such he strode along,
 And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.
 His brawny back and ample breast he shows,
 His lifted arms around his head he throws,
 And deals in whistling air his empty blows.

Neptuni sacro Danais de poste refixum. 360
 hoc iuvenem egregium praestanti munere donat.

Post, ubi confecti cursus et dona peregit,
 'nunc, si cui virtus animusque in pectore praesens,
 adsit et evinctis attollat bracchia palmis':
 sic ait, et geminum pugnae proponit honorem, 365
 victori velatum auro vittisque iuvencum,
 ensem atque insignem galeam solacia victo.
 nec mora; continuo vastis cum viribus effert
 ora Dares magnoque virum se murmure tollit,
 solus qui Paridem solitus contendere contra, 370
 idemque ad tumulum quo maximus occubat Hector
 victorem Buten immani corpore, qui se
 Bebrycia veniens Amyci de gente ferebat,
 perculit et fulva moribundum extendit harena.
 talis prima Dares caput altum in proelia tollit, 375
 ostenditque umeros latos alternaque iactat
 bracchia protendens et verberat ictibus auras.
 quaeritur huic alius; nec quisquam ex agmine tanto
 audet adire virum manibusque inducere caestus.
 ergo alacris cunctosque putans excedere palma 380
 Aeneae stetit ante pedes, nec plura moratus
 tum laeva taurum cornu tenet atque ita fatur:
 'nate dea, si nemo audet se credere pugnae,
 quae finis standi? quo me decet usque teneri?
 ducere dona iube.' cuncti simul ore fremebant 385
 Dardanidae reddique viro promissa iubebant.

His match is sought; but, thro' the trembling band,
 Not one dares answer to the proud demand.
 Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes
 Already he devours the promis'd prize.
 He claims the bull with awless insolence,
 And having seiz'd his horns, accosts the prince:
 "If none my matchless valour dares oppose,
 How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes?
 Permit me, chief, permit without delay,
 To lead this uncontended gift away."
 The crowd assents, and with redoubled cries
 For the proud challenger demands the prize.

Acestes, fir'd with just disdain, to see
 The palm usurp'd without a victory,
 Reproach'd Entellus thus, who sate beside,
 And heard and saw, unmov'd, the Trojan's pride:
 "Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
 So tamely can you bear the ravish'd crown,
 A prize in triumph borne before your sight,
 And shun, for fear, the danger of the fight?
 Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name,
 The god who taught your thund'ring arm the game?
 Where now your baffled honour? Where the spoil
 That fill'd your house, and fame that fill'd our isle?"
 Entellus, thus: "My soul is still the same,
 Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame;
 But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
 And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
 O could I turn to that fair prime again,
 That prime of which this boaster is so vain,
 The brave, who this decrepid age defies,
 Should feel my force, without the promis'd prize."
 He said; and, rising at the word, he threw
 Two pond'rous gauntlets down in open view;
 Gauntlets which Eryx wont in fight to wield,

Hic gravis Entellum dictis castigat Acestes,
 proximus ut viridante toro consederat herbae:
 'Entelle, heroum quondam fortissime frustra,
 tantane tam patiens nullo certamine tolli 390
 dona sines? ubi nunc nobis deus ille, magister
 nequiquam memoratus, Eryx? ubi fama per omnem
 Trinacriam et spolia illa tuis pendentia tectis?'
 ille sub haec: 'non laudis amor nec gloria cessit
 pulsa metu; sed enim gelidus tardante senecta 395
 sanguis hebet, frigentque effetae in corpore vires.
 si mihi quae quondam fuerat quaque improbus iste
 exsultat fidens, si nunc foret illa iuventas,
 haud equidem pretio inductus pulchroque iuvenco
 venissem, nec dona moror.' sic deinde locutus 400
 in medium geminos immani pondere caestus
 proiecit, quibus acer Eryx in proelia suetus
 ferre manum duroque intendere bracchia tergo.
 obstipuerunt animi: tantorum ingentia septem
 terga bouum plumbo insuto ferroque rigeabant. 405
 ante omnis stupet ipse Dares longeque recusat,
 magnanimusque Anchisiades et pondus et ipsa
 huc illuc vinclosum immensa volumina versat.
 tum senior talis referebat pectore voces:

And sheathe his hands with in the listed field.
 With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
 The gloves of death, with sev'n distinguish'd folds
 Of tough bull hides; the space within is spread
 With iron, or with loads of heavy lead:
 Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
 Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight.
 Astonish'd at their weight, the hero stands,
 And pois'd the pond'rous engines in his hands.
 "What had your wonder," said Entellus, "been,
 Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,
 Or view'd the stern debate on this unhappy green!
 These which I bear your brother Eryx bore,
 Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
 With these he long sustain'd th' Herculean arm;
 And these I wielded while my blood was warm,
 This languish'd frame while better spirits fed,
 Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'ersnow'd my head.
 But if the challenger these arms refuse,
 And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use;
 If great Aeneas and Acestes join
 In his request, these gauntlets I resign;
 Let us with equal arms perform the fight,
 And let him leave to fear, since I resign my right."

This said, Entellus for the strife prepares;
 Stripp'd of his quilted coat, his body bares;
 Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn he stands,
 A goodly tow'ring object on the sands.
 Then just Aeneas equal arms supplied,
 Which round their shoulders to their wrists they tied.
 Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent,
 Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;
 Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;
 With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war.
 One on his youth and pliant limbs relies;

'quid, si quis caestus ipsius et Herculis arma 410
 vidisset tristemque hoc ipso in litore pugnam?
 haec germanus Eryx quondam tuus arma gerebat
 (sanguine cernis adhuc sparsoque infecta cerebro),
 his magnum Alciden contra stetit, his ego suetus,
 dum melior viris sanguis dabat, aemula necdum 415
 temporibus geminis canebat sparsa senectus.
 sed si nostra Dares haec Troius arma recusat
 idque pio sedet Aeneae, probat auctor Acestes,
 aequemus pugnās. Erycis tibi terga remitto
 (solve metus), et tu Troianos exue caestus.' 420

Haec fatus duplicem ex umeris reiecit amictum
 et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa lacertosque
 exuit atque ingens media consistit harena.
 tum satus Anchisa caestus pater extulit aequos
 et paribus palmas amborum innexuit armis. 425
 constitit in digitos extemplo arrectus uterque
 bracchiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras.
 abduxere retro longe capita ardua ab ictu
 immiscentque manus manibus pugnamque lacesunt,
 ille pedum melior motu fretusque iuventa, 430
 hic membris et mole valens; sed tarda trementi

One on his sinews and his giant size.
 The last is stiff with age, his motion slow;
 He heaves for breath, he staggers to and fro,
 And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils loudly blow.
 Yet equal in success, they ward, they strike;
 Their ways are diff'rent, but their art alike.
 Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
 Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound.
 A storm of strokes, well meant, with fury flies,
 And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes.
 Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draws
 A sweeping stroke along the crackling jaws.
 Heavy with age, Entellus stands his ground,
 But with his warping body wards the wound.
 His hand and watchful eye keep even pace;
 While Dares traverses and shifts his place,
 And, like a captain who beleaguers round
 Some strong-built castle on a rising ground,
 Views all th' approaches with observing eyes:
 This and that other part in vain he tries,
 And more on industry than force relies.
 With hands on high, Entellus threats the foe;
 But Dares watch'd the motion from below,
 And slipp'd aside, and shunn'd the long descending blow.
 Entellus wastes his forces on the wind,
 And, thus deluded of the stroke design'd,
 Headlong and heavy fell; his ample breast
 And weighty limbs his ancient mother press'd.
 So falls a hollow pine, that long had stood
 On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood,
 Torn from the roots. The diff'ring nations rise,
 And shouts and mingled murmurs rend the skies,
 Acestus runs with eager haste, to raise
 The fall'n companion of his youthful days.
 Dauntless he rose, and to the fight return'd;
 With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury burn'd.

genua labant, vastos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.
 multa viri nequiquam inter se vulnera iactant,
 multa cavo lateri ingeminant et pectore vastos
 dant sonitus, erratque auris et tempora circum 435
 crebra manus, duro crepitant sub vulnere malae.
 stat gravis Entellus nisuque immotus eodem
 corpore tela modo atque oculis vigilantibus exit.
 ille, velut celsam oppugnat qui molibus urbem
 aut montana sedet circum castella sub armis, 440
 nunc hos, nunc illos aditus, omnemque pererrat
 arte locum et variis adsultibus inritus urget.
 ostendit dextram insurgens Entellus et alte
 extulit, ille ictum venientem a vertice velox
 praevidit celerique elapsus corpore cessit; 445
 Entellus viris in ventum effudit et ultro
 ipse gravis graviterque ad terram pondere vasto
 concidit, ut quondam cava concidit aut Erymantho
 aut Ida in magna radicibus eruta pinus.
 consurgunt studiis Teucris et Trinacria pubes; 450
 it clamor caelo primusque accurrit Acestes
 aequaeuumque ab humo miserans attollit amicum.
 at non tardatus casu neque territus heros
 acrior ad pugnam redit ac vim suscitatur ira;
 tum pudor incendit viris et conscia virtus, 455
 praecipitemque Daren ardens agit aequore toto
 nunc dextra ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistra.
 nec mora nec requies: quam multa grandine nimbi
 culminibus crepitant, sic densis ictibus heros
 creber utraque manu pulsatur versatur Dareta. 460

Disdain and conscious virtue fir'd his breast,
And with redoubled force his foe he press'd.
He lays on load with either hand, amain,
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain;
Nor stops, nor stays; nor rest nor breath allows;
But storms of strokes descend about his brows,
A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows.

But now the prince, who saw the wild increase
Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease,
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.
First to the Trojan, spent with toil, he came,
And sooth'd his sorrow for the suffer'd shame.
"What fury seiz'd my friend? The gods," said he,
"To him propitious, and averse to thee,
Have giv'n his arm superior force to thine.
'Tis madness to contend with strength divine."
The gauntlet fight thus ended, from the shore
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore:
His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood,
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
Faintly he stagger'd thro' the hissing throng,
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.
The sword and casque are carried by his train;
But with his foe the palm and ox remain.
The champion, then, before Aeneas came,
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame:
"O goddess-born, and you, Dardanian host,
Mark with attention, and forgive my boast;
Learn what I was, by what remains; and know
From what impending fate you sav'd my foe."
Sternly he spoke, and then confronts the bull;
And, on his ample forehead aiming full,
The deadly stroke, descending, pierc'd the skull.
Down drops the beast, nor needs a second wound,
But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground.

Tum pater Aeneas procedere longius iras
et saevire animis Entellum haud passus acerbis,
sed finem imposuit pugnae fessumque Dareta
eripuit mulcens dictis ac talia fatur:
'infelix, quae tanta animum dementia cepit? 465
non viris alias conversa que numina sentis?
cede deo.' dixitque et proelia voce diremit.
ast illum fidi aequales genua aegra trahentem
iactantemque utroque caput crassumque cruorem
ore eiectantem mixtosque in sanguine dentes 470
ducunt ad navis; galeamque ensemque vocati
accipiunt, palmam Entello taurumque relinquunt.
hic victor superans animis tauroque superbus
'nate dea, vosque haec' inquit 'cognoscite, Teucrici,
et mihi quae fuerint iuvenali in corpore vires 475
et qua servetis revocatum a morte Dareta.'
dixit, et adversi contra stetit ora iuvenci
qui donum astabat pugnae, duosque reducta
libravit dextra media inter cornua caestus
arduus, effractoque inlisit in ossa cerebro: 480
sternitur exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos.
ille super talis effundit pectore voces:
'hanc tibi, Eryx, meliorem animam pro morte Daretis
persolvo; hic victor caestus artemque repono.'

The captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
 And beats with clapping wings the yielding skies.
 His bow already bent, Eurytion stood;
 And, having first invok'd his brother god,
 His winged shaft with eager haste he sped.
 The fatal message reach'd her as she fled:
 She leaves her life aloft; she strikes the ground,
 And renders back the weapon in the wound.

Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains,
 Without a prize to gratify his pains.
 Yet, shooting upward, sends his shaft, to show
 An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.
 The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent,
 And latter augurs judge from this event.
 Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and, as it flew,
 A trail of following flames ascending drew:
 Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way;
 Across the skies as falling meteors play,
 And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.
 The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare,
 And, trembling, turn their wonder into pray'r.
 The Dardan prince put on a smiling face,
 And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace;
 Then, hon'ring him with gifts above the rest,
 Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.
 "The gods," said he, "this miracle have wrought,
 And order'd you the prize without the lot.
 Accept this goblet, rough with figur'd gold,
 Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old:
 This pledge of ancient amity receive,
 Which to my second sire I justly give."
 He said, and, with the trumpets' cheerful sound,
 Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel-crown'd.
 Nor good Eurytion envied him the prize,
 Tho' he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.

plaudentem nigra figit sub nube columbam.
 decidit exanimis vitamque reliquit in astris
 aetheriis fixamque refert delapsa sagittam.

Amissa solus palma superabat Acestes,
 qui tamen aerias telum contendit in auras 520
 ostentans artemque pater arcumque sonantem.
 hic oculis subitum obicitur magnoque futurum
 augurio monstrum; docuit post exitus ingens
 seraque terrifici cecinerunt omina vates.
 namque volans liquidis in nubibus arsit harundo 525
 signavitque viam flammis tenuisque recessit
 consumpta in ventos, caelo ceu saepe refixa
 transcurrunt crinemque volantia sidera ducunt.
 attonitis haesere animis superosque precati
 Trinacrii Teucrique viri, nec maximus omen 530
 abnuat Aeneas, sed laetum amplexus Acesten
 muneribus cumulat magnis ac talia fatur:
 'sume, pater, nam te voluit rex magnus Olympi
 talibus auspiciis exsortem ducere honores.
 ipsius Anchisae longaevis hoc munus habebis, 535
 cratera impressum signis, quem Thracius olim
 Anchisae genitori in magno munere Cisseus
 ferre sui dederat monimentum et pignus amoris.'
 sic fatus cingit viridanti tempora lauro
 et primum ante omnis victorem appellat Acesten. 540
 nec bonus Eurytion praelato invidit honori,
 quamvis solus auem caelo deiecit ab alto.
 proximis ingreditur donis qui vincula rupit,
 extremus volucris qui fixit harundine malum.

Who cut the line, with second gifts was grac'd;
The third was his whose arrow pierc'd the mast.

The chief, before the games were wholly done,
Call'd Periphanthes, tutor to his son,
And whisper'd thus: "With speed Ascanius find;
And, if his childish troop be ready join'd,
On horseback let him grace his grandsire's day,
And lead his equals arm'd in just array."
He said; and, calling out, the cirque he clears.
The crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.
And now the noble youths, of form divine,
Advance before their fathers, in a line;
The riders grace the steeds; the steeds with glory shine.
Thus marching on in military pride,
Shouts of applause resound from side to side.
Their casques adorn'd with laurel wreaths they wear,
Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear.
Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore;
Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down before.
Three graceful troops they form'd upon the green;
Three graceful leaders at their head were seen;
Twelve follow'd ev'ry chief, and left a space between.
The first young Priam led; a lovely boy,
Whose grandsire was th' unhappy king of Troy;
His race in after times was known to fame,
New honours adding to the Latian name;
And well the royal boy his Thracian steed became.
White were the fetlocks of his feet before,
And on his front a snowy star he bore.
Then beauteous Atys, with Iulus bred,
Of equal age, the second squadron led.
The last in order, but the first in place,
First in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair Ascanius on a fiery steed,
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.

At pater Aeneas nondum certamine misso 545
custodem ad sese comitemque impubis Iuli
Epytiden vocat, et fidam sic fatur ad aurem:
'vade age et Ascanio, si iam puerile paratum
agmen habet secum cursusque instruxit equorum,
ducat auo turmas et sese ostendat in armis 550
dic' ait. ipse omnem longo decedere circo
infusum populum et campos iubet esse patentis.
incedunt pueri pariterque ante ora parentum
frenatis lucent in equis, quos omnis euntis
Trinacriae mirata fremit Troiaeque iuventus. 555
omnibus in morem tonsa coma pressa corona;
cornea bina ferunt praefixa hastilia ferro,
pars levis umero pharetras; it pectore summo
flexilis obtorti per collum circulus auri.
tres equitum numero turmae ternique vagantur 560
ductores; pueri bis seni quemque secuti
agmine partito fulgent paribusque magistris.
una acies iuvenum, ducit quam parvus ovantem
nomen avi referens Priamus, tua clara, Polite,
progenies, auctura Italos; quem Thracius albis 565
portat equus bicolor maculis, vestigia primi
alba pedis frontemque ostentans arduus albam.
alter Atys, genus unde Atii duxere Latini,
paruus Atys pueroque puer dilectus Iulo.
extremus formaque ante omnis pulcher Iulus 570
Sidonio est invectus equo, quem candida Dido
esse sui dederat monimentum et pignus amoris.
cetera Trinacriis pubes senioris Acestae
fertur equis.

Sure coursers for the rest the king ordains,
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.

The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts renew,
And all the parents in the children view;
Their make, their motions, and their sprightly grace,
And hopes and fears alternate in their face.
Th' unfledg'd commanders and their martial train
First make the circuit of the sandy plain
Around their sires, and, at th' appointed sign,
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.
The second signal sounds, the troop divides
In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd guides
Again they close, and once again disjoin;
In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line.
They meet; they wheel; they throw their darts afar
With harmless rage and well-dissembled war.
Then in a round the mingled bodies run:
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun;
Broken, they break; and, rallying, they renew
In other forms the military shew.
At last, in order, undiscern'd they join,
And march together in a friendly line.
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wand'ring ways and many a winding fold,
Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which denied recess;
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd and return'd, and still a diff'rent way.
Thus dolphins in the deep each other chase
In circles, when they swim around the wat'ry race.
This game, these carousels, Ascanius taught;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought;
Shew'd what he learn'd: the Latin sires impart
To their succeeding sons the graceful art;
From these imperial Rome receiv'd the game,

Excipiunt plausu pavidos gaudentque tuentes 575
Dardanidae, veterumque agnoscunt ora parentum.
postquam omnem laeti consessum oculosque suorum
lustravere in equis, signum clamore paratis
Epytides longe dedit insonuitque flagello.
olli discurrere pares atque agmina terni 580
diductis solvere choris, rursusque vocati
convertere vias infestaque tela tulere.
inde alios ineunt cursus aliosque recursus
adversi spatiis, alternosque orbibus orbis
impediunt pugnaeque cient simulacra sub armis; 585
et nunc terga fuga nudant, nunc spicula vertunt
infensi, facta pariter nunc pace feruntur.
ut quondam Creta fertur Labyrinthus in alta
parietibus textum caecis iter ancipitemque
mille viis habuisse dolum, qua signa sequendi 590
frangeret indeprencus et inremeabilis error;
haud alio Teucrum nati vestigia cursu
impediunt texuntque fugas et proelia ludo,
delphinum similes qui per maria umida nando
Carpathium Libycumque secant [luduntque per undas]. 595
hunc morem cursus atque haec certamina primus
Ascanius, Longam muris cum cingeret Albam,
rettulit et priscos docuit celebrare Latinos,
quo puer ipse modo, secum quo Troia pubes;
Albani docuere suos; hinc maxima porro 600
accepit Roma et patrium servavit honorem;
Troiaque nunc pueri, Troianum dicitur agmen.
hac celebrata tenus sancto certamina patri.

Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they name.
Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate:

But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate;
For, while they pay the dead his annual dues,
Those envied rites Saturnian Juno views;
And sends the goddess of the various bow,
To try new methods of revenge below;
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way,
Where in the port secure the navy lay.
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends,
And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
She saw the gath'ring crowd; and, gliding thence,
The desert shore, and fleet without defence.
The Trojan matrons, on the sands alone,
With sighs and tears Anchises' death bemoan;
Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,
Their pity to themselves renews their cries.
"Alas!" said one, "what oceans yet remain
For us to sail! what labours to sustain!"
All take the word, and, with a gen'ral groan,
Implore the gods for peace, and places of their own.
The goddess, great in mischief, views their pains,
And in a woman's form her heav'nly limbs restrains.
In face and shape old Beroe she became,
Doryclus' wife, a venerable dame,
Once blest with riches, and a mother's name.
Thus chang'd, amidst the crying crowd she ran,
Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began:

"O wretched we, whom not the Grecian pow'r,
Nor flames, destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!
O wretched we, reserv'd by cruel fate,
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!
Now sev'n revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improsp'rous voyage we begun;

Hinc primum Fortuna fidem mutata novavit.
dum variis tumultu referunt sollemnia ludis, 605
Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Iuno
Iliacam ad classem ventosque aspirat eunti,
multa movens necdum antiquum saturata dolorem.
illa viam celerans per mille coloribus arcum
nulli visa cito decurrit tramite virgo. 610
conspicit ingentem concursum et litora lustrat
desertosque videt portus classemque relictam.
at procul in sola secretae Troades acta
amissum Anchisen flebant, cunctaeque profundum
pontum aspectabant flentes. heu tot vada fessis 615
et tantum superesse maris, vox omnibus una;
urbem orant, taedet pelagi perferre laborem.
ergo inter medias sese haud ignara nocendi
conicit et faciemque deae vestemque reponit;
fit Beroe, Tmarii coniunx longaeva Dorycli, 620
cui genus et quondam nomen natiq̃ue fuissent,
ac sic Dardanidum mediam se matribus infert.

'O miserae, quas non manus' inquit 'Achaica bello
traxerit ad letum patriae sub moenibus! o gens
infelix, cui te exitio Fortuna reservat? 625
septima post Troiae excidium iam vertitur aestas,
cum freta, cum terras omnis, tot inhospita saxa
sideraque emensae ferimur, dum per mare magnum

Since, toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to lands,
 Inhospitable rocks and barren sands,
 Wand'ring in exile thro' the stormy sea,
 We search in vain for flying Italy.
 Now cast by fortune on this kindred land,
 What should our rest and rising walls withstand,
 Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band?
 O country lost, and gods redeem'd in vain,
 If still in endless exile we remain!
 Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,
 Or streams of some dissembled Simois view!
 Haste, join with me, th' unhappy fleet consume!
 Cassandra bids; and I declare her doom.
 In sleep I saw her; she supplied my hands
 (For this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands:
 'With these,' said she, 'these wand'ring ships destroy:
 These are your fatal seats, and this your Troy.'
 Time calls you now; the precious hour employ:
 Slack not the good presage, while Heav'n inspires
 Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.
 See! Neptune's altars minister their brands:
 The god is pleas'd; the god supplies our hands."
 Then from the pile a flaming fire she drew,
 And, toss'd in air, amidst the galleys threw.
 Wrapp'd in amaze, the matrons wildly stare:
 Then Pyrgo, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,
 Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's num'rous race:
 "No Beroe this, tho' she belies her face!
 What terrors from her frowning front arise!
 Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes!
 What rays around her heav'nly face are seen!
 Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal mien!
 Beroe but now I left, whom, pin'd with pain,
 Her age and anguish from these rites detain,"
 She said. The matrons, seiz'd with new amaze,
 Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze.

Italiam sequimur fugientem et volvitur undis.
 hic Erycis fines fraterni atque hospes Acestes: 630
 quis prohibet muros iacere et dare civibus urbem?
 o patria et rapti nequiquam ex hoste penates,
 nullane iam Troiae dicentur moenia? nusquam
 Hectoreos amnis, Xanthum et Simoenta, videbo?
 quin agite et mecum infaustas exurite puppis. 635
 nam mihi Cassandrae per somnum vatis imago
 ardentis dare visa faces: "hic quaerite Troiam;
 hic domus est" inquit "vobis." iam tempus agi res,
 nec tantis mora prodigiis. en quattuor arae
 Neptuno; deus ipse faces animumque ministrat.' 640
 haec memorans prima infensum vi corripit ignem
 sublataque procul dextra conixa coruscat
 et iacit. arrectae mentes stupefactaque corda
 Iliadum. hic una e multis, quae maxima natu,
 Pyrgo, tot Priami natorum regia nutrix: 645
 'non Beroe vobis, non haec Rhoeteia, matres,
 est Dorycli coniunx; divini signa decoris
 ardentisque notate oculos, qui spiritus illi,
 qui vultus vocisque sonus vel gressus eunti.
 ipsa egomet dudum Beroen digressa reliqui 650
 aegram, indignantem tali quod sola careret
 munere nec meritos Anchisae inferret honores.'
 haec effata.
 at matres primo ancipites oculisque malignis
 ambiguae spectare rates miserum inter amorem 655
 praesentis terrae fatisque vocantia regna,
 cum dea se paribus per caelum sustulit alis
 ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum.
 tum vero attonitae monstris actaeque furore
 conclamant, rapiuntque focus penetralibus ignem, 660
 pars spoliant aras, frondem ac virgulta facesque
 coniciunt. furit immissis Vulcanus habenis
 transtra per et remos et pictas abiete puppis.

They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
 They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
 The goddess, having done her task below,
 Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted bow.
 Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with rage divine,
 The matrons prosecute their mad design:
 They shriek aloud; they snatch, with impious hands,
 The food of altars; fires and flaming brands.
 Green boughs and saplings, mingled in their haste,
 And smoking torches, on the ships they cast.
 The flame, unstopp'd at first, more fury gains,
 And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd reins:
 Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars,
 And seizes, in this way, the banks and crackling oars.

Eumelus was the first the news to bear,
 While yet they crowd the rural theatre.
 Then, what they hear, is witness'd by their eyes:
 A storm of sparkles and of flames arise.
 Ascanius took th' alarm, while yet he led
 His early warriors on his prancing steed,
 And, spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd;
 Nor could his frightened friends reclaim his haste.
 Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
 He sent his voice before him as he flew:
 "What madness moves you, matrons, to destroy
 The last remainders of unhappy Troy!
 Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes, you burn,
 And on your friends your fatal fury turn.
 Behold your own Ascanius!" While he said,
 He drew his glitt'ring helmet from his head,
 In which the youths to sportful arms he led.
 By this, Aeneas and his train appear;
 And now the women, seiz'd with shame and fear,

Nuntius Anchisae ad tumultum cuneosque theatri
 incensas perfert navis Eumelus, et ipsi 665
 respiciunt atram in nimbo volitare favillam.
 primus et Ascanius, cursus ut laetus equestris
 ducebat, sic acer equo turbata petivit
 castra, nec exanimes possunt retinere magistri.
 'quis furor iste novus? quo nunc, quo tenditis' inquit 670
 'heu miserae cives? non hostem inimicaque castra
 Argium, vestras spes uritis. en, ego vester
 Ascanius!'—galeam ante pedes proiecit inanem,
 qua ludo indutus belli simulacra ciebat.
 accelerat simul Aeneas, simul agmina Teucrum. 675
 ast illae diversa metu per litora passim
 diffugiunt, silvasque et sicubi concava furtim
 saxa petunt; piget incepti lucisque, suosque
 mutatae agnoscunt excussaue pectore Iuno est.

Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight,
Abhor their actions, and avoid the light;
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find,
And shake the goddess from their alter'd mind.

Not so the raging fires their fury cease,
But, lurking in the seams, with seeming peace,
Work on their way amid the smould'ring tow,
Sure in destruction, but in motion slow.
The silent plague thro' the green timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.
Down to the keels, and upward to the sails,
The fire descends, or mounts, but still prevails;
Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withstand.

The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
To heav'n his hands, and with his hands his vows.
"O Jove," he cried, "if pray'rs can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'st not all the Dardan race;
If any spark of pity still remain;
If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet spare the relics of the Trojan train!
Yet from the flames our burning vessels free,
Or let thy fury fall alone on me!
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And send the willing sacrifice below!"

Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise:
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain;
Heav'n bellies downward, and descends in rain.
Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,
Which, hissing thro' the planks, the flames prevent,
And stop the fiery pest. Four ships alone
Burn to the waist, and for the fleet atone.

Sed non idcirco flamma atque incendia viris 680
indomitas posuere; udo sub robore vivit
stuppa vomens tardum fumum, lentusque carinas
est vapor et toto descendit corpore pestis,
nec vires heroum infusaque flumina prosunt.
tum pius Aeneas umeris abscindere vestem 685
auxilioque vocare deos et tendere palmas:
'Iuppiter omnipotens, si nondum exosus ad unum
Troianos, si quid pietas antiqua labores
respicit humanos, da flammam evadere classi
nunc, pater, et tenuis Teucrum res eripe leto. 690
vel tu, quod superest, infesto fulmine morti,
si mereor, demitte tuaque hic obrue dextra.'
vix haec ediderat cum effusis imbris atra
tempestas sine more furit tonitruque tremescunt
ardua terrarum et campi; ruit aethere toto 695
turbidus imber aqua densisque nigerrimus Austris,
implenturque super puppes, semusta madescunt
robora, restinctus donec vapor omnis et omnes
quattuor amissis servatae a peste carinae.

But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide;
 If he should still in Sicily reside,
 Forgetful of his fates, or tempt the main,
 In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
 Then Nautes, old and wise, to whom alone
 The will of Heav'n by Pallas was foreshown;
 Vers'd in portents, experienc'd, and inspir'd
 To tell events, and what the fates requir'd;
 Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
 With cheerful words reliev'd his lab'ring mind:
 "O goddess-born, resign'd in ev'ry state,
 With patience bear, with prudence push your fate.
 By suff'ring well, our Fortune we subdue;
 Fly when she frowns, and, when she calls, pursue.
 Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind;
 To him disclose the secrets of your mind:
 Trust in his hands your old and useless train;
 Too num'rous for the ships which yet remain:
 The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease,
 The dames who dread the dangers of the seas,
 With all the dastard crew, who dare not stand
 The shock of battle with your foes by land.
 Here you may build a common town for all,
 And, from Acestes' name, Acesta call."

The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,
 Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd his mind.
'Twas dead of night; when to his slumb'ring eyes
 His father's shade descended from the skies,
 And thus he spoke: "O more than vital breath,
 Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death;
 O son, in various toils and troubles toss'd,
 The King of Heav'n employs my careful ghost
 On his commands: the god, who sav'd from fire
 Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire.
 The wholesome counsel of your friend receive,

At pater Aeneas casu concussus acerbo 700
 nunc huc ingentis, nunc illuc pectore curas
 mutabat versans, Siculo resideret arvis
 oblitus fatorum, Italasne capesseret oras.
 tum senior Nautes, unum Tritonia Pallas
 quem docuit multaque insignem reddidit arte— 705
 haec responsa dabat, vel quae portenderet ira
 magna deum vel quae fatorum posceret ordo;
 isque his Aenean solatus vocibus infit:
 'nate dea, quo fata trahunt retrahuntque sequamur;
 quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est. 710
 est tibi Dardanius divinae stirpis Acestes:
 hunc cape consiliis socium et coniunge volentem,
 huic trade amissis superant qui navibus et quos
 pertaesum magni incepti rerumque tuarum est.
 longaeque senes ac fessas aequore matres 715
 et quidquid tecum invalidum metuensque pericli est
 delige, et his habeant terris sine moenia fessi;
 urbem appellabunt permissio nomine Acestam.'

Talibus incensus dictis senioris amici
 tum vero in curas animo diducitur omnis; 720
 et Nox atra polum bigis subvecta tenebat.
 visa dehinc caelo facies delapsa parentis
 Anchisae subito talis effundere voces:
 'nate, mihi vita quondam, dum vita manebat,
 care magis, nate Iliacis exercite fatis, 725
 imperio Iovis huc venio, qui classibus ignem
 depulit, et caelo tandem miseratus ab alto est.
 consiliis pare quae nunc pulcherrima Nautes
 dat senior; lectos iuvenes, fortissima corda,

And here the coward train and woman leave:
 The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare,
 Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war.
 The stern Italians will their courage try;
 Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.
 But first to Pluto's palace you shall go,
 And seek my shade among the blest below:
 For not with impious ghosts my soul remains,
 Nor suffers with the damnd perpetual pains,
 But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains.
 The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey,
 And blood of offer'd victims free the way.
 There shall you know what realms the gods assign,
 And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.
 But now, farewell! I vanish with the night,
 And feel the blast of heav'n's approaching light."
 He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy flight.
 "Whither so fast?" the filial duty cried;
 "And why, ah why, the wish'd embrace denied?"
He said, and rose; as holy zeal inspires,
 He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires;
 His country gods and Vesta then adores
 With cakes and incense, and their aid implores.

Next, for his friends and royal host he sent,
 Reveal'd his vision, and the gods' intent,
 With his own purpose. All, without delay,
 The will of Jove, and his desires obey.
 They list with women each degenerate name,
 Who dares not hazard life for future fame.
 These they cashier: the brave remaining few,
 Oars, banks, and cables, half consum'd, renew.
 The prince designs a city with the plow;
 The lots their sev'ral tenements allow.
 This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy,
 And the new king ascends the throne with joy;

defer in Italiam. gens dura atque aspera cultu 730
 debellanda tibi Latio est. Ditis tamen ante
 infernas accede domos et Averna per alta
 congressus pete, nate, meos. non me impia namque
 Tartara habent, tristes umbrae, sed amoena piorum
 concilia Elysiumque colo. huc casta Sibylla 735
 nigrarum multo pecudum te sanguine ducet.
 tum genus omne tuum et quae dentur moenia disces.
 iamque vale; torquet medios Nox umida cursus
 et me saevus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis.'
 dixerat et tenuis fugit ceu fumus in auras. 740
 Aeneas 'quo deinde ruis? quo proripis?' inquit,
 'quem fugis? aut quis te nostris complexibus arcet?'
 haec memorans cinerem et sopitos suscitatur ignis,
 Pergameumque Larem et canae penetralia Vestae
 farre pio et plena supplex veneratur acerra. 745

Extemplo socios primumque accersit Acesten
 et Iovis imperium et cari praecepta parentis
 edocet et quae nunc animo sententia constet.
 haud mora consiliis, nec iussa recusat Acestes:
 transcribunt urbi matres populumque volentem 750
 deponunt, animos nil magnae laudis egentis.
 ipsi transtra novant flammisque ambesa reponunt
 robora navigiis, aptant remosque rudentisque,
 exigui numero, sed bello vivida virtus.
 interea Aeneas urbem designat aratro 755
 sortiturque domos; hoc Ilium et haec loca Troiam
 esse iubet. gaudet regno Troianus Acestes

A chosen senate from the people draws;
Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.
Then, on the top of Eryx, they begin
A rising temple to the Paphian queen.
Anchises, last, is honour'd as a god;
A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd,
And groves are planted round his blest abode.

Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples crown'd;
And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.
Then from the south arose a gentle breeze
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas;
The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mariners aboard.
Now loud laments along the shores resound,
Of parting friends in close embraces bound.
The trembling women, the degenerate train,
Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,
Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share
Of the rough passage and the promis'd war:
Whom good Aeneas cheers, and recommends
To their new master's care his fearful friends.
On Eryx's altars three fat calves he lays;
A lamb new-fallen to the stormy seas;
Then slips his haulsers, and his anchors weighs.
High on the deck the godlike hero stands,
With olive crown'd, a charger in his hands;
Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine.
Fresh gales arise; with equal strokes they vie,
And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows fly.

Meantime the mother goddess, full of fears,
To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears
"The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage,
The malice which no suff'rings can assuage,

indicitque forum et patribus dat iura vocatis.
tum vicina astris Erycino in vertice sedes
fundatur Veneri Idaliae, tumuloque sacerdos 760
ac lucus late sacer additus Anchiseo.

Iamque dies epulata novem gens omnis, et aris
factus honos: placidi straverunt aequora venti
creber et aspirans rursus vocat Auster in altum.
exoritur procurva ingens per litora fletus; 765
complexi inter se noctemque diemque morantur.
ipsae iam matres, ipsi, quibus aspera quondam
visa maris facies et non tolerabile numen,
ire volunt omnemque fugae perferre laborem.
quos bonus Aeneas dictis solatur amicis 770
et consanguineo lacrimans commendat Acestae.
tris Eryci vitulos et Tempestatibus agnam
caedere deinde iubet solvique ex ordine funem.
ipse caput tonsae foliis evinctus olivae
stans procul in prora pateram tenet, extaque salsos 775
proicit in fluctus ac vina liquentia fundit.
Prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntis. 777
Certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora verrunt; 778

At Venus interea Neptunum exercita curis 779
adloquitur talisque effundit pectore questus:
'Iunonis gravis ira neque exsaturabile pectus
cogunt me, Neptune, preces descendere in omnis;

Compel me to these pray'rs; since neither fate,
 Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate:
 Ev'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife;
 Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife.
 As if 'twere little to consume the town
 Which aw'd the world, and wore th' imperial crown,
 She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains,
 And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the last remains.
 Let her the causes of her hatred tell;
 But you can witness its effects too well.
 You saw the storm she rais'd on Libyan floods,
 That mix'd the mounting billows with the clouds;
 When, bribing Aeolus, she shook the main,
 And mov'd rebellion in your wat'ry reign.
 With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames,
 To burn their fleet with execrable flames,
 And forc'd Aeneas, when his ships were lost,
 To leave his foll'wers on a foreign coast.
 For what remains, your godhead I implore,
 And trust my son to your protecting pow'r.
 If neither Jove's nor Fate's decree withstand,
 Secure his passage to the Latian land."

Then thus the mighty Ruler of the Main:
 "What may not Venus hope from Neptune's reign?
 My kingdom claims your birth; my late defence
 Of your indanger'd fleet may claim your confidence.
 Nor less by land than sea my deeds declare
 How much your lov'd Aeneas is my care.
 Thee, Xanthus, and thee, Simois, I attest.
 Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,
 And drove before him headlong on the plain,
 And dash'd against the walls the trembling train;
 When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain;
 When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way,
 Stood up on ridges to behold the sea;

quam nec longa dies pietas nec mitigat ulla,
 nec Iovis imperio fatisque infracta quiescit.
 non media de gente Phrygum exedissee nefandis 785
 urbem odiis satis est nec poenam traxe per omnem
 reliquias Troiae: cineres atque ossa peremptae
 insequitur. causas tanti sciat illa furoris.
 ipse mihi nuper Libycis tu testis in undis
 quam molem subito excierit: maria omnia caelo 790
 miscuit Aeoliis nequiquam freta procellis,
 in regnis hoc ausa tuis.
 per scelus ecce etiam Troianis matribus actis
 exussit foede puppis et classe subegit
 amissa socios ignotae linquere terrae. 795
 quod superest, oro, liceat dare tuta per undas
 vela tibi, liceat Laurentem attingere Thybrim,
 si concessa peto, si dant ea moenia Parcae.'

Tum Saturnius haec domitor maris edidit alti:
 'fas omne est, Cytherea, meis te fidere regnis, 800
 unde genus ducis. merui quoque; saepe furores
 compressi et rabiem tantam caelique marisque.
 nec minor in terris, Xanthum Simoentaque testor,
 Aeneae mihi cura tui. cum Troia Achilles
 exanimata sequens impingeret agmina muris, 805
 milia multa daret leto, gemerentque repleti
 amnes nec reperire viam atque euolvere posset
 in mare se Xanthus, Pelidae tunc ego forti
 congressum Aenean nec dis nec viribus aequis
 nube cava rapui, cuperem cum vertere ab imo 810
 structa meis manibus periurae moenia Troiae.

New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his way;
 When your Aeneas fought, but fought with odds
 Of force unequal, and unequal gods;
 I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,
 Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight;
 Ev'n then secur'd him, when I sought with joy
 The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.
 My will's the same: fair goddess, fear no more,
 Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore;
 Their lives are giv'n; one destin'd head alone
 Shall perish, and for multitudes atone."
 Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
 His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd,
 Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,
 And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
 High on the waves his azure car he guides;
 Its axles thunder, and the sea subsides,
 And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.
 The tempests fly before their father's face,
 Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace,
 And monster whales before their master play,
 And choirs of Tritons crowd the wat'ry way.
 The marshal'd pow'rs in equal troops divide
 To right and left; the gods his better side
 Inclose, and on the worse the Nymphs and Nereids ride.

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
 Within the hero's mind his joys renew'd.
 He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;
 The cheerful crew with diligence obey;
 They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea.
 Ahead of all the master pilot steers;
 And, as he leads, the following navy veers.
 The steeds of Night had travel'd half the sky,
 The drowsy rowers on their benches lie,
 When the soft God of Sleep, with easy flight,

nunc quoque mens eadem perstat mihi; pelle timores.
 tutus, quos optas, portus accedet Averni.
 unus erit tantum amissum quem gurgite quaeres;
 unum pro multis dabitur caput.' 815
 his ubi laeta deae permulsit pectora dictis,
 iungit equos auro genitor, spumantiaque addit
 frena feris manibusque omnis effundit habenas.
 caeruleo per summa levis volat aequora curru;
 subsidunt undae tumidumque sub axe tonanti 820
 sternitur aequor aquis, fugiunt vasto aethere nimbi.
 tum variae comitum facies, immania cete,
 et senior Glauci chorus Inousque Palaemon
 Tritonesque citi Phorcique exercitus omnis;
 laeva tenet Thetis et Melite Panopeaque virgo, 825
 Nisae Spioque Thaliaque Cymodoceque.

Hic patris Aeneae suspensam blanda vicissim
 gaudia pertemptant mentem; iubet ocus omnis
 attolli malos, intendi bracchia velis.
 una omnes fecere pedem pariterque sinistros, 830
 nunc dextros solvere sinus; una ardua torquent
 cornua detorquentque; ferunt sua flamina classem.
 princeps ante omnis densum Palinurus agebat
 agmen; ad hunc alii cursum contendere iussi.
 iamque fere mediam caeli Nox umida metam 835
 contigerat, placida laxabant membra quiete

Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.
 Thou, Palinurus, art his destin'd prey;
 To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
 Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep, he bears;
 And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas wears.
 Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
 "The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
 The ships, without thy care, securely sail.
 Now steal an hour of sweet repose; and I
 Will take the rudder and thy room supply."
 To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep:
 "Me dost thou bid to trust the treach'rous deep,
 The harlot smiles of her dissembling face,
 And to her faith commit the Trojan race?
 Shall I believe the Siren South again,
 And, oft betray'd, not know the monster main?"

He said: his fasten'd hands the rudder keep,
 And, fix'd on heav'n, his eyes repel invading sleep.
 The god was wroth, and at his temples threw
 A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian dew:
 The pilot, vanquish'd by the pow'r divine,
 Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
 Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,
 The god, insulting with superior strength,
 Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
 And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.
 Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the main,
 Cried out for helping hands, but cried in vain.
 The victor daemon mounts obscure in air,
 While the ship sails without the pilot's care.
 On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies;
 But what the man forsook, the god supplies,
 And o'er the dang'rous deep secure the navy flies;
 Glides by the Sirens' cliffs, a shelfy coast,
 Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,

sub remis fusi per dura sedilia nautae,
 cum levis aetheriis delapsus Somnus ab astris
 aera dimovit tenebrosum et dispulit umbras,
 te, Palinure, petens, tibi somnia tristia portans 840
 insonti; puppique deus consedit in alta
 Phorbanti similis funditque has ore loquelas:
 'Iaside Palinure, ferunt ipsa aequora classem,
 aequatae spirant aerae, datur hora quieti.
 pone caput fessosque oculos furare labori. 845
 ipse ego paulisper pro te tua munera inibo.'
 cui vix attollens Palinurus lumina fatur:
 'mene salis placidi vultum fluctusque quietos
 ignorare iubes? mene huic confidere monstro?
 Aenean credam (quid enim?) fallacibus auris 850
 et caeli totiens deceptus fraude sereni?'

Talia dicta dabat, clavumque adfixus et haerens
 nusquam amittebat oculosque sub astra tenebat.
 ecce deus ramum Lethaeo rore madentem
 vique soporatum Stygia super utraque quassat 855
 tempora, cunctantique natantia lumina solvit.
 vix primos inopina quies laxaverat artus,
 et super incumbens cum puppis parte revulsa
 cumque gubernaclo liquidas proiecit in undas
 praecipitem ac socios nequiquam saepe vocantem; 860
 ipse volans tenuis se sustulit ales ad auras.
 currit iter tutum non setius aequore classis
 promissisque patris Neptuni interrita fertur.
 iamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat,
 difficilis quondam multorumque ossibus albos 865
 (tum rauca adsiduo longe sale saxa sonabant),
 cum pater amisso fluitantem errare magistro
 sensit, et ipse ratem nocturnis rexit in undis
 multa gemens casuque animum concussus amici:
 'o nimium caelo et pelago confise sereno, 870

And white with bones. Th' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks, and found
The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.
Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breast,
Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain express'd:
“For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flatt'ring sky,
Thy naked corpse is doom'd on shores unknown to lie.”

nudus in ignota, Palinure, iacebis harena.'

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Aeneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell; describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries, of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shows him that glorious race of heroes, which was to descend from him and his posterity.

He said, and wept; then spread his sails before
 The winds, and reach'd at length the Cumaean shore:
 Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels moor.
 They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land,
 And greet with greedy joy th' Italian strand.
 Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;
 Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to feed,
 Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
 Or trace thro' valleys the discover'd floods.
 Thus, while their sev'ral charges they fulfil,
 The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
 Where Phoebus is ador'd; and seeks the shade
 Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
 Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
 Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
 Thro' Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
 And enter now, the temple roof'd with gold.

When Daedalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
 His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore,
 (The first who sail'd in air,) 'tis sung by Fame,
 To the Cumaean coast at length he came,

Sic fatur lacrimans, classique immittit habenas
 et tandem Euboicis Cumarum adlabitur oris.
 obvertunt pelago proras; tum dente tenaci
 ancora fundabat navis et litora curvae
 praetexunt puppes. iuvenum manus emicat ardens 5
 litus in Hesperium; quaerit pars semina flammae
 abstrusa in venis silicis, pars densa ferarum
 tecta rapit silvas inventaque flumina monstrat.
 at pius Aeneas arces quibus altus Apollo
 praesidet horrendaeque procul secreta Sibyllae, 10
 antrum immane, petit, magnam cui mentem animumque
 Delius inspirat vates aperitque futura.
 iam subeunt Triviae lucos atque aurea tecta.

Daedalus, ut fama est, fugiens Minoia regna
 praepetibus pennis ausus se credere caelo 15
 insuetum per iter gelidas enavit ad Arctos,
 Chalcidicaque levis tandem super astitit arce.

And here alighting, built this costly frame.
 Inscrib'd to Phoebus, here he hung on high
 The steerage of his wings, that cut the sky:
 Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd
 Androgeos' death, and off'rings to his ghost;
 Sev'n youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
 The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
 And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
 In which the destin'd names by lots were cast:
 The mournful parents stand around in tears,
 And rising Crete against their shore appears.
 There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
 The mad affection of the Cretan queen;
 Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye;
 The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny,
 The lower part a beast, a man above,
 The monument of their polluted love.
 Not far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze,
 A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways:
 Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
 Not to be found, but by the faithful clue;
 Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
 Lent to the loving maid this last relief,
 And all those erring paths describ'd so well
 That Theseus conquer'd and the monster fell.
 Here hapless Icarus had found his part,
 Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
 He twice assay'd to cast his son in gold;
 Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould.
 All this with wond'ring eyes Aeneas view'd;
 Each varying object his delight renew'd:
 Eager to read the rest, Achates came,
 And by his side the mad divining dame,
 The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her name.
 "Time suffers not," she said, "to feed your eyes
 With empty pleasures; haste the sacrifice.

redditus his primum terris tibi, Phoebe, sacravit
 remigium alarum posuitque immania templa.
 in foribus letum Androgeo; tum pendere poenas 20
 Cecropidae iussi (miserum!) septena quotannis
 corpora natorum; stat ductis sortibus urna.
 contra elata mari respondet Cnosia tellus:
 hic crudelis amor tauri suppositaque furto
 Pasiphae mixtumque genus prolesque biformis 25
 Minotaurus inest, Veneris monimenta nefandae,
 hic labor ille domus et inextricabilis error;
 magnum reginae sed enim miseratus amorem
 Daedalus ipse dolos tecti ambagesque resolvit,
 caeca regens filo vestigia. tu quoque magnam 30
 partem opere in tanto, sineret dolor, Icare, haberes.
 bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro,
 bis patriae cecidere manus. quin protinus omnia
 perlegerent oculis, ni iam praemissus Achates
 adforet atque una Phoebi Triviaeque sacerdos, 35
 Deiphobe Glauci, fatur quae talia regi:
 'non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit;
 nunc grege de intacto septem mactare iuencos
 praestiterit, totidem lectas ex more bidentis.'
 talibus adfata Aenean (nec sacra morantur 40
 iussa viri) Teucros vocat alta in templa sacerdos.

Sev'n bullocks, yet unyok'd, for Phoebus choose,
 And for Diana sev'n unspotted ewes.”
 This said, the servants urge the sacred rites,
 While to the temple she the prince invites.

A spacious cave, within its farmost part,
 Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art
 Thro' the hill's hollow sides: before the place,
 A hundred doors a hundred entries grace;
 As many voices issue, and the sound
 Of Sybil's words as many times rebound.
 Now to the mouth they come. Aloud she cries:
 “This is the time; enquire your destinies.
 He comes; behold the god!” Thus while she said,
 (And shiv'ring at the sacred entry stay'd,)
 Her colour chang'd; her face was not the same,
 And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
 Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
 Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring breast.
 Greater than humankind she seem'd to look,
 And with an accent more than mortal spoke.
 Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
 When all the god came rushing on her soul.
 Swiftly she turn'd, and, foaming as she spoke:
 “Why this delay?” she cried; “the pow'rs invoke!
 Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode;
 Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god.”
 She said no more. The trembling Trojans hear,
 O'erspread with a damp sweat and holy fear.
 The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
 His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
 “Indulgent god, propitious pow'r to Troy,
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy,
 Directed by whose hand the Dardan dart
 Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:
 Thus far, by fate's decrees and thy commands,

Excisum Euboicae latus ingens rupis in antrum,
 quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum,
 unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllae.
 ventum erat ad limen, cum virgo 'poscere fata 45
 tempus' ait; 'deus ecce deus!' cui talia fanti
 ante fores subito non vultus, non color unus,
 non comptae mansere comae; sed pectus anhelum,
 et rabie fera corda tument, maiorque videri
 nec mortale sonans, adflata est numine quando 50
 iam propiore dei. 'cessas in vota precesque,
 Tros' ait 'Aenea? cessas? neque enim ante dehiscunt
 attonitae magna ora domus.' et talia fata
 conticuit. gelidus Teucris per dura cucurrit
 ossa tremor, funditque preces rex pectore ab imo: 55
 'Phoebe, gravis Troiae semper miserate labores,
 Dardana qui Paridis derexti tela manusque
 corpus in Aeacidae, magnas obeuntia terras
 tot maria intravi duce te penitusque repostas
 Massylum gentis praetentaque Syrtibus arva: 60
 iam tandem Italiae fugientis prendimus oras.
 hac Troiana tenus fuerit fortuna secuta;
 vos quoque Pergameae iam fas est parcere genti,
 dique deaeque omnes, quibus obstitit Ilium et ingens
 gloria Dardaniae. tuque, o sanctissima vates, 65
 praescia venturi, da (non indebita posco
 regna meis fatis) Latio considerare Teucros
 errantisque deos agitataque numina Troiae.
 tum Phoebo et Triviae solido de marmore templum
 institutam festosque dies de nomine Phoebi. 70
 te quoque magna manent regnis penetralia nostris:
 hic ego namque tuas sortis arcanaque fata

Thro' ambient seas and thro' devouring sands,
 Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground;
 And now, at length, the flying coast is found.
 Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
 With fury has pursued her wand'ring race.
 Here cease, ye pow'rs, and let your vengeance end:
 Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
 And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see
 Th' event of things in dark futurity;
 Give me what Heav'n has promis'd to my fate,
 To conquer and command the Latian state;
 To fix my wand'ring gods, and find a place
 For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
 Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear
 To the twin gods, with vows and solemn pray'r;
 And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
 Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.
 Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land;
 For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,
 Preserv'd in shrines; and ev'ry sacred lay,
 Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey:
 All shall be treasur'd by a chosen train
 Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.
 But O! commit not thy prophetic mind
 To flitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry wind,
 Lest they disperse in air our empty fate;
 Write not, but, what the pow'rs ordain, relate."

Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
 And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,
 The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
 With more and far superior force he press'd;
 Commands his entrance, and, without control,
 Usurps her organs and inspires her soul.
 Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
 Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars

dicta meae genti ponam, lectosque sacrabo,
 alma, viros. foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
 ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis;
 ipsa canas oro.' finem dedit ore loquendi.

75

At Phoebi nondum patiens immanis in antro
 bacchatur vates, magnum si pectore possit
 excussisse deum; tanto magis ille fatigat
 os rabidum, fera corda domans, fingitque premendo.
 ostia iamque domus patuere ingentia centum
 sponte sua vatisque ferunt responsa per auras:
 'o tandem magnis pelagi defuncte periclis
 (sed terrae graviora manent), in regna Lavini

80

Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice restores:
 "Escap'd the dangers of the wat'ry reign,
 Yet more and greater ills by land remain.
 The coast, so long desir'd (nor doubt th' event),
 Thy troops shall reach, but, having reach'd, repent.
 Wars, horrid wars, I view; a field of blood,
 And Tiber rolling with a purple flood.
 Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there:
 A new Achilles shall in arms appear,
 And he, too, goddess-born. Fierce Juno's hate,
 Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
 To what strange nations shalt not thou resort,
 Driv'n to solicit aid at ev'ry court!
 The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd;
 A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest.
 But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
 The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.
 The dawns of thy safety shall be shown
 From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian town."

Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke,
 And the resisting air the thunder broke;
 The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook.
 Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her lab'ring breast,
 In these mysterious words his mind express'd;
 Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest.
 At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
 And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.
 Then thus the chief: "No terror to my view,
 No frightful face of danger can be new.
 Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,
 The Fates, without my pow'r, shall be without my care.
 This let me crave, since near your grove the road
 To hell lies open, and the dark abode
 Which Acheron surrounds, th' innavigable flood;
 Conduct me thro' the regions void of light,

Dardanidae venient (mitte hanc de pectore curam), 85
 sed non et venisse volent. bella, horrida bella,
 et Thybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.
 non Simois tibi nec Xanthus nec Dorica castra
 defuerint; alius Latio iam partus Achilles,
 natus et ipse dea; nec Teucris addita Iuno 90
 usquam aberit, cum tu supplex in rebus egenis
 quas gentis Italum aut quas non oraveris urbes!
 causa mali tanti coniunx iterum hospita Teucris
 externique iterum thalami.
 tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito, 95
 qua tua te Fortuna sinet. via prima salutis
 (quod minime reris) Graia pandetur ab urbe.'

Talibus ex adyto dictis Cumaea Sibylla
 horrendas canit ambages antroque remugit,
 obscuris vera involvens: ea frena furenti 100
 concutit et stimulos sub pectore vertit Apollo.
 ut primum cessit furor et rabida ora quierunt,
 incipit Aeneas heros: 'non ulla laborum,
 o virgo, nova mi facies inopinave surgit;
 omnia praecepi atque animo mecum ante peregi. 105
 unum oro: quando hic inferni ianua regis
 dicitur et tenebrosa palus Acheronte refuso,
 ire ad conspectum cari genitoris et ora
 contingat; doceas iter et sacra ostia pandas.
 illum ego per flammam et mille sequentia tela 110
 eripui his umeris medioque ex hoste recepi;
 ille meum comitatus iter maria omnia mecum
 atque omnis pelagique minas caelique ferebat,

And lead me longing to my father's sight.
 For him, a thousand dangers I have sought,
 And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,
 Safe on my back the sacred burthen brought.
 He, for my sake, the raging ocean tried,
 And wrath of Heav'n, my still auspicious guide,
 And bore beyond the strength decrepid age supplied.
 Oft, since he breath'd his last, in dead of night
 His reverend image stood before my sight;
 Enjoin'd to seek, below, his holy shade;
 Conducted there by your unerring aid.
 But you, if pious minds by pray'rs are won,
 Oblige the father, and protect the son.
 Yours is the pow'r; nor Proserpine in vain
 Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.
 If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
 The ruthless king with pity could inspire,
 And from the shades below redeem his wife;
 If Pollux, off'ring his alternate life,
 Could free his brother, and can daily go
 By turns aloft, by turns descend below:
 Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
 Who trod the downward path, and upward could ascend?
 Not less than theirs from Jove my lineage came;
 My mother greater, my descent the same."

So pray'd the Trojan prince, and, while he pray'd,
 His hand upon the holy altar laid.
 Then thus replied the prophetess divine:
 "O goddess-born of great Anchises' line,
 The gates of hell are open night and day;
 Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
 But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
 In this the task and mighty labour lies.
 To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
 And those of shining worth and heav'nly race.

inualidus, viris ultra sortemque senectae.
 quin, ut te supplex peterem et tua limina adirem, 115
 idem orans mandata dabat. gnatique patrisque,
 alma, precor, miserere (potes namque omnia, nec te
 nequiquam lucis Hecate praefecit Avernis),
 si potuit manis accersere coniugis Orpheus
 Threicia fretus cithara fidibusque canoris, 120
 si fratrem Pollux alterna morte redemit
 itque reditque viam totiens. quid Thesea, magnum
 quid memorem Alciden? et mi genus ab Iove summo.'

Talibus orabat dictis arasque tenebat,
 cum sic orsa loqui vates: 'sate sanguine divum, 125
 Tros Anchisiade, facilis descensus Averno:
 noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis;
 sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
 hoc opus, hic labor est. pauci, quos aequus amavit
 Iuppiter aut ardens evexit ad aethera virtus, 130
 dis geniti potuere. tenent media omnia silvae,
 Cocytusque sinu labens circumvenit atro.
 quod si tantus amor menti, si tanta cupido est

Betwixt those regions and our upper light,
 Deep forests and impenetrable night
 Possess the middle space: th' infernal bounds
 Cocytus, with his sable waves, surrounds.
 But if so dire a love your soul invades,
 As twice below to view the trembling shades;
 If you so hard a toil will undertake,
 As twice to pass th' innavigable lake;
 Receive my counsel. In the neighb'ring grove
 There stands a tree; the queen of Stygian Jove
 Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
 Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
 One bough it bears; but wondrous to behold!
 The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:
 This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
 And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
 Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the nether skies.
 The first thus rent a second will arise,
 And the same metal the same room supplies.
 Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see
 The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
 Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
 The willing metal will obey thy hand,
 Following with ease, if favour'd by thy fate,
 Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
 If not, no labour can the tree constrain;
 And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain.
 Besides, you know not, while you here attend,
 Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
 Breathless he lies; and his unburied ghost,
 Depriv'd of fun'ral rites, pollutes your host.
 Pay first his pious dues; and, for the dead,
 Two sable sheep around his hearse be led;
 Then, living turfs upon his body lay:
 This done, securely take the destin'd way,
 To find the regions destitute of day."

bis Stygios innare lacus, bis nigra videre
 Tartara, et insano iuvat indulgere labori, 135
 accipe quae peragenda prius. latet arbore opaca
 aureus et foliis et lento vimine ramus,
 Iunoni infernae dictus sacer; hunc tegit omnis
 lucus et obscuris claudunt convallibus umbrae.
 sed non ante datur telluris operta subire 140
 auricomos quam quis decerpserit arbore fetus.
 hoc sibi pulchra suum ferri Proserpina munus
 instituit. primo avulso non deficit alter
 aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo.
 ergo alte vestiga oculis et rite repertum 145
 carpe manu; namque ipse volens facilisque sequetur,
 si te fata vocant; aliter non viribus ullis
 vincere nec duro poteris convellere ferro.
 praeterea iacet exanimum tibi corpus amici
 (heu nescis) totamque incestat funere classem, 150
 dum consulta petis nostroque in limine pendes.
 sedibus hunc refer ante suis et conde sepulcro.
 duc nigras pecudes; ea prima piacula sunt.
 sic demum lucos Stygis et regna invia vivis
 aspicias.' dixit, pressoque obmutuit ore. 155

She said, and held her peace. Aeneas went
 Sad from the cave, and full of discontent,
 Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant.
 Achates, the companion of his breast,
 Goes grieving by his side, with equal cares oppress'd.
 Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd
 What friend the priestess by those words design'd.
 But soon they found an object to deplore:
 Misenus lay extended on the shore;
 Son of the God of Winds: none so renown'd
 The warrior trumpet in the field to sound;
 With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,
 And rouse to dare their fate in honourable arms.
 He serv'd great Hector, and was ever near,
 Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.
 But by Pelides' arms when Hector fell,
 He chose Aeneas; and he chose as well.
 Swoln with applause, and aiming still at more,
 He now provokes the sea gods from the shore;
 With envy Triton heard the martial sound,
 And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd;
 Then cast his mangled carcass on the strand:
 The gazing crowd around the body stand.
 All weep; but most Aeneas mourns his fate,
 And hastens to perform the funeral state.
 In altar-wise, a stately pile they rear;
 The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
 An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd,
 (The shady covert of the salvage kind,)
 The Trojans found: the sounding ax is plied;
 Firs, pines, and pitch trees, and the tow'ring pride
 Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke,
 And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.
 Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown
 Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.

Aeneas maesto defixus lumina vultu
 ingreditur linquens antrum, caecosque volutat
 eventus animo secum. cui fidus Achates
 it comes et paribus curis vestigia figit.
 multa inter sese vario sermone serebant, 160
 quem socium exanimum vates, quod corpus humandum
 diceret. atque illi Misenum in litore sicco,
 ut venere, vident indigna morte peremptum,
 Misenum Aeoliden, quo non praestantior alter
 aere ciere viros Martemque accendere cantu. 165
 Hectoris hic magni fuerat comes, Hectora circum
 et lituo pugnas insignis obibat et hasta.
 postquam illum vita victor spoliavit Achilles,
 Dardanio Aeneae sese fortissimus heros
 addiderat socium, non inferiora secutus. 170
 sed tum, forte cava dum personat aequora concha,
 demens, et cantu vocat in certamina divos,
 aemulus exceptum Triton, si credere dignum est,
 inter saxa virum spumosa immerserat unda.
 ergo omnes magno circum clamore fremebant, 175
 praecipue pius Aeneas. tum iussa Sibyllae,
 haud mora, festinant flentes aramque sepulcri
 congerere arboribus caeloque educere certant.
 itur in antiquam silvam, stabula alta ferarum;
 procumbunt piceae, sonat icta securibus ilex 180
 fraxineaeque trabes cuneis et fissile robur
 scinditur, advolvunt ingentis montibus ornos.

Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,
 And by his pious labour urges theirs.
 Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
 The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
 He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
 And then with vows implor'd the Queen of Love:
 "O may thy pow'r, propitious still to me,
 Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
 In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
 Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death."
 Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,
 Two doves, descending from their airy flight,
 Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
 He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
 "Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid,
 And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
 Whose glitt'ring shadow gilds the sacred ground.
 And thou, great parent, with celestial care,
 In this distress be present to my pray'r!"
 Thus having said, he stopp'd with watchful sight,
 Observing still the motions of their flight,
 What course they took, what happy signs they shew.
 They fed, and, flutt'ring, by degrees withdrew
 Still farther from the place, but still in view:
 Hopping and flying, thus they led him on
 To the slow lake, whose baleful stench to shun
 They wing'd their flight aloft; then, stooping low,
 Perch'd on the double tree that bears the golden bough.
 Thro' the green leafs the glitt'ring shadows glow;
 As, on the sacred oak, the wintry mistletoe,
 Where the proud mother views her precious brood,
 And happier branches, which she never sow'd.
 Such was the glitt'ring; such the ruddy rind,
 And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.
 He seiz'd the shining bough with griping hold,
 And rent away, with ease, the ling'ring gold;

Nec non Aeneas opera inter talia primus
 hortatur socios paribusque accingitur armis.
 atque haec ipse suo tristi cum corde volutat 185
 aspectans silvam immensam, et sic forte precatur:
 'si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus
 ostendat nemore in tanto! quando omnia vere
 heu nimium de te vates, Misene, locuta est.'
 vix ea fatus erat, geminae cum forte columbae 190
 ipsa sub ora viri caelo venere volantes,
 et viridi sedere solo. tum maximus heros
 maternas agnovit avis laetusque precatur:
 'este duces, o, si qua via est, cursumque per auras
 derigite in lucos ubi pinguem dives opacat 195
 ramus humum. tuque, o, dubiis ne defice rebus,
 diva parens.' sic effatus vestigia pressit
 observans quae signa ferant, quo tendere pergant.
 pascentes illae tantum prodire volando
 quantum acie possent oculi servare sequentum. 200
 inde ubi venere ad fauces grave olentis Averni,
 tollunt se celeres liquidumque per aera lapsae
 sedibus optatis geminae super arbore sidunt,
 discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit.
 quale solet silvis brumali frigore viscum 205
 fronde virere nova, quod non sua seminat arbos,
 et croceo fetu teretis circumdare truncos,
 talis erat species auri frondentis opaca
 ilice, sic leni crepitabat brattea vento.
 corripit Aeneas extemplo avidusque refringit 210
 cunctantem, et vatis portat sub tecta Sibyllae.

Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.

Meantime the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,
To dead Misenus pay his obsequies.
First, from the ground a lofty pile they rear,
Of pitch trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:
The fabric's front with cypress twigs they strew,
And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew.
The topmost part his glitt'ring arms adorn;
Warm waters, then, in brazen caldrons borne,
Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint,
And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint.
With groans and cries Misenus they deplore:
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they lay,
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away:
Such reverend rites their fathers us'd to pay.
Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,
And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.
These gifts the greedy flames to dust devour;
Then on the living coals red wine they pour;
And, last, the relics by themselves dispose,
Which in a brazen urn the priests inclose.
Old Corynaeus compass'd thrice the crew,
And dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew;
Which thrice he sprinkled round, and thrice aloud
Invok'd the dead, and then dismissed the crowd.
But good Aeneas order'd on the shore
A stately tomb, whose top a trumpet bore,
A soldier's falchion, and a seaman's oar.
Thus was his friend interr'd; and deathless fame
Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.

These rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,
Hastes to the nether world his destin'd way.
Deep was the cave; and, downward as it went

Nec minus interea Misenum in litore Teucri
flebant et cineri ingrato suprema ferebant.
principio pinguem taedis et robore secto
ingentem struxere pyram, cui frondibus atris 215
intexunt latera et feralis ante cupressos
constituunt, decorantque super fulgentibus armis.
pars calidos latices et aena undantia flammis
expediunt, corpusque lavant frigentis et unguunt.
fit gemitus. tum membra toro defleta reponunt 220
purpureasque super vestis, velamina nota,
coniciunt. pars ingenti subiere feretro,
triste ministerium, et subiectam more parentum
aversi tenuere facem. congesta cremantur
turea dona, dapes, fuso crateres olivo. 225
postquam conlapsi cineres et flamma quievit,
reliquias vino et bibulam lavere favillam,
ossaque lecta cado textit Corynaeus aeno.
idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda
spargens rore levi et ramo felicis olivae, 230
lustravitque viros dixitque novissima verba.
at pius Aeneas ingenti mole sepulcrum
imponit suaque arma viro remumque tubamque
monte sub aerio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
dicitur aeternumque tenet per saecula nomen. 235

His actis propere exsequitur praecepta Sibyllae.
spelunca alta fuit vastoque immanis hiatu,
scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris,

From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;
 And here th' access a gloomy grove defends,
 And there th' unnavigable lake extends,
 O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
 No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
 Such deadly stench from the depths arise,
 And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
 From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
 And give the name Avernus to the lake.
 Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
 For sacrifice the pious hero brought.
 The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns;
 Then cuts the curling hair; that first oblation burns,
 Invoking Hecate hither to repair:
 A pow'rful name in hell and upper air.
 The sacred priests with ready knives bereave
 The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive
 The streaming blood: a lamb to Hell and Night
 (The sable wool without a streak of white)
 Aeneas offers; and, by fate's decree,
 A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee,
 With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills;
 Sev'n brawny bulls with his own hand he kills;
 Then on the broiling entrails oil he pours;
 Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours.
 Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,
 Nor ended till the next returning sun.
 Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
 And howling dogs in glimm'ring light advance,
 Ere Hecate came. "Far hence be souls profane!"
 The Sibyl cried, "and from the grove abstain!
 Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford;
 Assume thy courage, and unsheathe thy sword."
 She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space;
 The prince pursued her steps with equal pace.

quam super haud ullae poterant impune volantes
 tendere iter pennis: talis sese halitus atris 240
 faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat.
 [unde locum Grai dixerunt nomine Aornum.]
 quattuor hic primum nigrantis terga iuencos
 constituit frontique invergit vina sacerdos,
 et summas carpens media inter cornua saetas 245
 ignibus imponit sacris, libamina prima,
 voce vocans Hecaten caeloque Ereboque potentem.
 supponunt alii cultros tepidumque cruorem
 succipiunt pateris. ipse atri velleris agnam
 Aeneas matri Eumenidum magnaеque sorori 250
 ense ferit, sterilemque tibi, Proserpina, vaccam;
 tum Stygio regi nocturnas incohat aras
 et solida imponit taurorum viscera flammis,
 pingue super oleum fundens ardentibus extis.
 ecce autem primi sub limina solis et ortus 255
 sub pedibus mugire solum et iuga coepta moveri
 silvarum, visaeque canes ululare per umbram
 adventante dea. 'procul, o procul este, profani,'
 conclamat vates, 'totoque absistite luco;
 tuque invade viam vaginaque eripe ferrum: 260
 nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo.'
 tantum effata furens antro se immisit aperto;
 ille ducem haud timidus vadentem passibus aequat.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight,
Ye gods who rule the regions of the night,
Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state!

Obscure they went thro' dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead.
Thus wander travelers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.
Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell,
And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep;
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind;
The Furies' iron beds; and Strife, that shakes
Her hissing tresses and unfolds her snakes.

Full in the midst of this infernal road,
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad:
The God of Sleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are spread.
Of various forms unnumber'd spectres more,
Centaur, and double shapes, besiege the door.
Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands;
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame;
And vain Chimaera vomits empty flame.
The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,
Tho' seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,
Off'ring his brandish'd weapon at their face;
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,

Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbraeque silentes
et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late, 265
sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit numine vestro
pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.

Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram
perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna:
quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna 270
est iter in silvis, ubi caelum condidit umbra
Iuppiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem.
vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae,
pallentesque habitant Morbi tristisque Senectus, 275
et Metus et malesuada Fames ac turpis Egestas,
terribiles visu formae, Letumque Labosque;
tum consanguineus Leti Sopor et mala mentis
Gaudia, mortiferumque adverso in limine Bellum,
ferreique Eumenidum thalami et Discordia demens 280
vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.

In medio ramos annosaeque brachia pandit
ulmus opaca, ingens, quam sedem Somnia vulgo
vana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus haerent.
multaque praeterea variarum monstra ferarum, 285
Centauri in foribus stabulant Scyllaeque biformes
et centumgeminus Briareus ac belua Lerne
horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimaera,
Gorgones Harpyiaeque et forma tricorporis umbrae.
corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum 290
Aeneas strictamque aciem venientibus offert,
et ni docta comes tenuis sine corpore vitas
admoneat volitare cava sub imagine formae,
inruat et frustra ferro diverberet umbras.

And told him what those empty phantoms were:
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.

Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost.
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast:
A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean;
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.
He spreads his canvas; with his pole he steers;
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears.
He look'd in years; yet in his years were seen
A youthful vigour and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood:
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
And youths, intomb'd before their fathers' eyes,
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries.
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods,
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands;
Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring army stands,
And press for passage with extended hands.
Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore:
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
The hero, who beheld with wond'ring eyes
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant;
Why to the shore the thronging people bent;
What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd;
Why some were ferried o'er, and some refus'd.
“**Son of Anchises**, offspring of the gods,”
The Sibyl said, “you see the Stygian floods,

Hinc via Tartarei quae fert Acherontis ad undas. 295
turbidus hic caeno vastaue voragine gurgis
aestuat atque omnem Cocyto eructat harenam.
portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina servat
terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento
canities inculta iacet, stant lumina flamma, 300
sordidus ex umeris nodo dependet amictus.
ipse ratem conto subigit velisque ministrat
et ferruginea subvectat corpora cumba,
iam senior, sed cruda deo viridisque senectus.
huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat, 305
matres atque viri defunctaque corpora vita
magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptaeque puellae,
impositique rogis iuvenes ante ora parentum:
quam multa in silvis autumn frigore primo
lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto 310
quam multae glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
trans pontum fugat et terris immittit apricis.
stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum
tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore.
navita sed tristis nunc hos nunc accipit illos, 315
ast alios longe summos arcet harena.
Aeneas miratus enim motusque tumultu
'dic,' ait, 'o virgo, quid vult concursus ad amnem?
quidve petunt animae? vel quo discrimine ripas
hae linquunt, illae remis vada livida verrunt?' 320
olli sic breviter fata est longaeva sacerdos:
'Anchisa generate, deum certissima proles,
Cocyti stagna alta vides Stygiamque paludem,
di cuius iurare timent et fallere numen.
haec omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est; 325
portitor ille Charon; hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti.
nec ripas datur horrendas et rauca fluenta

The sacred stream which heav'n's imperial state
 Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
 The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew
 Depriv'd of sepulchers and fun'ral due:
 The boatman, Charon; those, the buried host,
 He ferries over to the farther coast;
 Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves
 With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.
 A hundred years they wander on the shore;
 At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er."
 The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd,
 Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast,
 He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
 Their fun'ral honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet graves.
 The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,
 And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,
 Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempests met;
 The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erset.

Amidst the spirits, Palinurus press'd,
 Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted guest,
 Who, while he steering view'd the stars, and bore
 His course from Afric to the Latian shore,
 Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
 And scarcely thro' the gloom the sullen shadow knew.
 Then thus the prince: "What envious pow'r, O friend,
 Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end?
 For Phoebus, ever true in all he said,
 Has in your fate alone my faith betray'd.
 The god foretold you should not die, before
 You reach'd, secure from seas, th' Italian shore.
 Is this th' unerring pow'r?" The ghost replied;
 "Nor Phoebus flatter'd, nor his answers lied;
 Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep:
 But, while the stars and course of heav'n I keep,
 My wearied eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep.

transportare prius quam sedibus ossa quierunt.
 centum errant annos volitantque haec litora circum;
 tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt.' 330
 constitit Anchisa satus et vestigia pressit
 multa putans sortemque animo miseratus iniquam.
 cernit ibi maestos et mortis honore carentis
 Leucaspim et Lyciae ductorem classis Oronten,
 quos simul a Troia ventosa per aequora vectos 335
 obruit Auster, aqua involvens navemque virosque.

Ecce gubernator sese Palinurus agebat,
 qui Libyco nuper cursu, dum sidera servat,
 exciderat puppi mediis effusus in undis.
 hunc ubi vix multa maestum cognovit in umbra, 340
 sic prior adloquitur: 'quis te, Palinure, deorum
 eripuit nobis medioque sub aequore mersit?
 dic age. namque mihi, fallax haud ante repertus,
 hoc uno responso animum delusit Apollo,
 qui fore te ponto incolumem finisque canebat 345
 venturum Ausonios. en haec promissa fides est?'
 ille autem: 'neque te Phoebi cortina fefellit,
 dux Anchisiade, nec me deus aequore mersit.
 namque gubernaculum multa vi forte revulsum,
 cui datus haerebam custos cursusque regebam, 350
 praecipitans traxi mecum. maria aspera iuro
 non ullum pro me tantum cepisse timorem,
 quam tua ne spoliata armis, excussa magistro,

I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd
 Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
 Now by the winds and raging waves I swear,
 Your safety, more than mine, was then my care;
 Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
 Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
 Three blust'ring nights, borne by the southern blast,
 I floated, and discover'd land at last:
 High on a mounting wave my head I bore,
 Forcing my strength, and gath'ring to the shore.
 Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
 The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
 While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I lay,
 The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
 Stain'd with my blood th'unhospitable coast;
 And now, by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs are toss'd:
 Which O avert, by yon ethereal light,
 Which I have lost for this eternal night!
 Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
 By your dead sire, and by your living son,
 Redeem from this reproach my wand'ring ghost;
 Or with your navy seek the Velin coast,
 And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose;
 Or, if a nearer way your mother shows,
 Without whose aid you durst not undertake
 This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake,
 Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
 To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore."
 Scarce had he said, the prophetess began:
 "What hopes delude thee, miserable man?
 Think'st thou, thus unintomb'd, to cross the floods,
 To view the Furies and infernal gods,
 And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?
 Attend the term of long revolving years;
 Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.
 This comfort of thy dire misfortune take:

deficeret tantis navis surgentibus undis.
 tris Notus hibernas immensa per aequora noctes 355
 vexit me violentus aqua; vix lumine quarto
 prospexi Italiam summa sublimis ab unda.
 paulatim adnabam terrae; iam tuta tenebam,
 ni gens crudelis madida cum veste gravatum
 prensantemque uncis manibus capita aspera montis 360
 ferro invasisset praedamque ignara putasset.
 nunc me fluctus habet versantque in litore venti.
 quod te per caeli iucundum lumen et auras,
 per genitorem oro, per spes surgentis Iuli,
 eripe me his, invicte, malis: aut tu mihi terram 365
 inice, namque potes, portusque require Velinos;
 aut tu, si qua via est, si quam tibi diva creatrix
 ostendit (neque enim, credo, sine numine divum
 flumina tanta paras Stygiamque innare paludem),
 da dextram misero et tecum me tolle per undas, 370
 sedibus ut saltem placidis in morte quiescam.'
 talia fatus erat coepit cum talia vates:
 'unde haec, o Palinure, tibi tam dira cupido?
 tu Stygias inhumatus aquas amnemque severum
 Eumenidum aspicias, ripamve iniussus adibis? 375
 desine fata deum flecti sperare precando,
 sed cape dicta memor, duri solacia casus.
 nam tua finitimi, longe lateque per urbes
 prodigiis acti caelestibus, ossa piabunt
 et statuent tumulum et tumulo sollemnia mittent, 380
 aeternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.'
 his dictis curae emotae pulsusque parumper
 corde dolor tristi; gaudet cognomine terrae.

The wrath of Heav'n, inflicted for thy sake,
 With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast,
 Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
 And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn pray'r;
 And Palinurus' name the place shall bear."
 This calm'd his cares; sooth'd with his future fame,
 And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.

Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw:
 Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw;
 Observ'd their passage thro' the shady wood,
 And mark'd their near approaches to the flood.
 Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath:
 "Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
 In arms presum'st to tread, I charge thee, stand,
 And tell thy name, and bus'ness in the land.
 Know this, the realm of night; the Stygian shore:
 My boat conveys no living bodies o'er;
 Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear,
 Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear,
 Nor strong Alcides, men of mighty fame,
 And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.
 In fetters one the barking porter tied,
 And took him trembling from his sov'reign's side:
 Two sought by force to seize his beauteous bride."
 To whom the Sibyl thus: "Compose thy mind;
 Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
 Still may the dog the wand'ring troops constrain
 Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train,
 And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.
 The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
 Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
 Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian grove.
 If neither piety, nor Heav'n's command,
 Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,
 This fatal present shall prevail at least."

Ergo iter inceptum peragunt fluvioque propinquant.
 navita quos iam inde ut Stygia prospexit ab unda 385
 per tacitum nemus ire pedemque advertere ripae,
 sic prior adgreditur dictis atque increpat ultro:
 'quisquis es, armatus qui nostra ad flumina tendis,
 fare age, quid venias, iam istinc et comprime gressum.
 umbrarum hic locus est, somni noctisque soporae: 390
 corpora viva nefas Stygia vectare carina.
 nec vero Alciden me sum laetatus euntem
 accepisse lacu, nec Thesea Pirithoumque,
 dis quamquam geniti atque invicti viribus essent.
 Tartareum ille manu custodem in vincla petivit 395
 ipsius a solio regis traxitque trementem;
 hi dominam Ditis thalamo deducere adorti.'
 quae contra breviter fata est Amphraysia vates:
 'nullae hic insidiae tales (absiste moveri),
 nec vim tela ferunt; licet ingens ianitor antro 400
 aeternum latrans exsanguis terreat umbras,
 casta licet patruī servet Proserpina limen.
 Troius Aeneas, pietate insignis et armis,
 ad genitorem imas Erebi descendit ad umbras.
 si te nulla movet tantae pietatis imago, 405
 at ramum hunc' (aperit ramum qui veste latebat)
 'agnoscas.' tumida ex ira tum corda residunt;
 nec plura his. ille admirans venerabile donum
 fatalis virgae longo post tempore visum
 caeruleam advertit puppim ripaeque propinquat. 410
 inde alias animas, quae per iuga longa sedebant,

Then shew'd the shining bough, conceal'd within her vest.
 No more was needful: for the gloomy god
 Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod;
 Admir'd the destin'd off'ring to his queen;
 A venerable gift, so rarely seen.
 His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land;
 The ghosts forsake their seats at his command:
 He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight;
 The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
 Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides;
 The pressing water pours within her sides.
 His passengers at length are wafted o'er,
 Expos'd, in muddy weeds, upon the miry shore.

No sooner landed, in his den they found
 The triple porter of the Stygian sound,
 Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
 His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
 The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
 A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard;
 Which, mix'd with pow'rful drugs, she cast before
 His greedy grinning jaws, just op'd to roar.
 With three enormous mouths he gapes; and straight,
 With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
 Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;
 He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
 The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
 Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way.

Before the gates, the cries of babes new born,
 Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,
 Assault his ears: then those, whom form of laws
 Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause.
 Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
 The wrongful sentence, and award a new.
 Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;

deturbat laxatque foros; simul accipit alveo
 ingentem Aenean. gemuit sub pondere cumba
 utilis et multam accepit rimosa paludem.
 tandem trans fluvium incolumis vatemque virumque 415
 informi limo glaucaque exponit in ulua.

Cerberus haec ingens latratu regna trifauci
 personat adverso recubans immanis in antro.
 cui vates horrere videns iam colla colubris
 melle soporata et medicatis frugibus offam 420
 obicit. ille fame rabida tria guttura pandens
 corripit obiectam, atque immania terga resolvit
 fusus humi totoque ingens extenditur antro.
 occupat Aeneas aditum custode sepulto
 evaditque celer ripam inremeabilis undae. 425

Continuo auditae voces vagitus et ingens
 infantumque animae flentes, in limine primo
 quos dulcis vitae exsortis et ab ubere raptos
 abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo;
 hos iuxta falso damnati crimine mortis. 430
 nec vero hae sine sorte datae, sine iudice, sedes:
 quaesitor Minos urnam movet; ille silentum

And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.
 Round in his urn the blended balls he rolls,
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
 The next, in place and punishment, are they
 Who prodigally throw their souls away;
 Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,
 And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
 With late repentance now they would retrieve
 The bodies they forsook, and wish to live;
 Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
 To view the light of heav'n, and breathe the vital air:
 But fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,
 And with circling streams the captive souls inclose.
Not far from thence, the Mournful Fields appear
 So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.
 The souls whom that unhappy flame invades,
 In secret solitude and myrtle shades
 Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,
 Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.
 Here Procris, Eriphyle here he found,
 Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
 Made by her son. He saw Pasiphae there,
 With Phaedra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair.
 There Laodamia, with Evadne, moves,
 Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves:
 Caeneus, a woman once, and once a man,
 But ending in the sex she first began.
 Not far from these Phoenician Dido stood,
 Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood;
 Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
 Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,
 (Doubtful as he who sees, thro' dusky night,
 Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light,)
 With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade;
 And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
 "Unhappy queen! then is the common breath

consiliumque vocat vitasque et crimina discit.
 proxima deinde tenent maesti loca, qui sibi letum
 insontes peperere manu lucemque perosi 435
 proiecere animas. quam vellent aethere in alto
 nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!
 fas obstat, tristisque palus inamabilis undae
 alligat et novies Styx interfusa coercet.
 nec procul hinc partem fusi monstrantur in omnem 440
 Lugentes campi; sic illos nomine dicunt.
 hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
 secreti celant calles et myrtea circum
 silva tegit; curae non ipsa in morte relinquunt.
 his Phaedram Procrinque locis maestamque Eriphylen 445
 crudelis nati monstrantem vulnera cernit,
 Evadnenque et Pasiphaen; his Laodamia
 it comes et iuvenis quondam, nunc femina, Caeneus
 rursus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram.
 inter quas Phoenissa recens a vulnere Dido 450
 errabat silva in magna; quam Troius heros
 ut primum iuxta stetit agnovitque per umbras
 obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense
 aut videt aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam,
 demisit lacrimas dulcique adfatus amore est: 455
 'infelix Dido, verus mihi nuntius ergo
 venerat extinctam ferroque extrema secutam?
 funeris heu tibi causa fui? per sidera iuro,
 per superos et si qua fides tellure sub ima est,
 inuitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi. 460
 sed me iussa deum, quae nunc has ire per umbras,
 per loca senta situ cogunt noctemque profundam,
 imperiis egere suis; nec credere quivi
 hunc tantum tibi me discessu ferre dolorem.
 siste gradum teque aspectu ne subtrahe nostro. 465
 quem fugis? extremum fato quod te adloquor hoc est.'
 talibus Aeneas ardentem et torva tuentem
 lenibat dictis animum lacrimasque ciebat.

Of rumour true, in your reported death,
 And I, alas! the cause? By Heav'n, I vow,
 And all the pow'rs that rule the realms below,
 Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
 Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate.
 Those gods, that fate, whose unresisted might
 Have sent me to these regions void of light,
 Thro' the vast empire of eternal night.
 Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,
 My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
 Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows:
 'Tis the last interview that fate allows!"

In vain he thus attempts her mind to move
 With tears, and pray'rs, and late-repenting love.
 Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
 But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground,
 And what he says and swears, regards no more
 Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;
 But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,
 Hid in the forest and the shades of night;
 Then sought Sychaeus thro' the shady grove,
 Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her love.
 Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
 And follow'd with his eyes the flitting shade,

Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,
 And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
 Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls remain'd.
 Tydeus he met, with Meleager's race,
 The pride of armies, and the soldiers' grace;
 And pale Adrastus with his ghastly face.
 Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a num'rous train,
 All much lamented, all in battle slain;
 Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,
 Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest.
 And proud Idaeus, Priam's charioteer,

illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat
 nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur 470
 quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes.
 tandem corripuit sese atque inimica refugit
 in nemus umbriferum, coniunx ubi pristinus illi
 respondet curis aequatque Sychaeus amorem.
 nec minus Aeneas casu percussus iniquo 475
 prosequitur lacrimis longe et miseratur euntem.

Inde datum molitur iter. iamque arva tenebant
 ultima, quae bello clari secreta frequentant.
 hic illi occurrit Tydeus, hic inclutus armis
 Parthenopaeus et Adrasti pallentis imago, 480
 hic multum fleti ad superos belloque caduci
 Dardanidae, quos ille omnis longo ordine cernens
 ingemuit, Glaucumque Medontaque Thersilochumque,
 tris Antenoridas Cererique sacrum Polyboeten,
 Idaeumque etiam currus, etiam arma tenentem. 485
 circumstant animae dextra laevaue frequentes,
 nec vidisse semel satis est; iuvat usque morari

Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy spear.
 The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, attend
 And with unwearied eyes behold their friend;
 Delight to hover near, and long to know
 What bus'ness brought him to the realms below.
 But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
 When his refulgent arms flash'd thro' the shady plain,
 Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,
 As when his thund'ring sword and pointed spear
 Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the routed rear.
 They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes;
 But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.

Here Priam's son, Deiphobus, he found,
 Whose face and limbs were one continued wound:
 Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
 Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of his ears.
 He scarcely knew him, striving to disown
 His blotted form, and blushing to be known;
 And therefore first began: "O Teucer's race,
 Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?
 What heart could wish, what hand inflict, this dire disgrace?
 'Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal night
 Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight,
 Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,
 And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.
 But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,
 A tomb and fun'ral honours I decreed;
 Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
 The place your armour and your name retains.
 Your body too I sought, and, had I found,
 Design'd for burial in your native ground."
 The ghost replied: "Your piety has paid
 All needful rites, to rest my wand'ring shade;
 But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
 To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.

et conferre gradum et veniendi discere causas.
 at Danaum procures Agamemnoniaequae phalanges
 ut videre virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras, 490
 ingenti trepidare metu; pars vertere terga,
 ceu quondam petiere rates, pars tollere vocem
 exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantis.

Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto
 Deiphobum videt et lacerum crudeliter ora, 495
 ora manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis
 auribus et truncas inhonesto vulnere naris.
 vix adeo agnovit pavitantem ac dira tegentem
 supplicia, et notis compellat vocibus ultro:
 'Deiphobe armipotens, genus alto a sanguine Teucris, 500
 quis tam crudelis optavit sumere poenas?
 cui tantum de te licuit? mihi fama suprema
 nocte tulit fessum vasta te caede Pelasgum
 procubuisse super confusae stragis acervum.
 tunc egomet tumulum Rhoeteo in litore inanem 505
 constitui et magna manis ter voce vocavi.
 nomen et arma locum servant; te, amice, nequivi
 conspicere et patria decedens ponere terra.'
 ad quae Priamides: 'nihil o tibi, amice, relictum;
 omnia Deiphobo solvisti et funeris umbris. 510
 sed me fata mea et scelus exitiale Lacaenae
 his mersere malis; illa haec monimenta reliquit.
 namque ut supremam falsa inter gaudia noctem
 egerimus, nosti: et nimium meminisse necesse est.
 cum fatalis equus saltu super ardua venit 515
 Pergama et armatum peditem gravis attulit aluo,

These are the monuments of Helen's love:
 The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.
 You know in what deluding joys we pass'd
 The night that was by Heav'n decreed our last:
 For, when the fatal horse, descending down,
 Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town
 She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
 And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led
 Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,
 Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambushade.
 With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,
 Unhappy I had laid me down to rest,
 And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.
 Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislaid,
 And from beneath my head my sword convey'd;
 The door unlatch'd, and, with repeated calls,
 Invites her former lord within my walls.
 Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
 And with new treasons would redeem the past.
 What need I more? Into the room they ran,
 And meanly murder'd a defenceless man.
 Ulysses, basely born, first led the way.
 Avenging pow'rs! with justice if I pray,
 That fortune be their own another day!
 But answer you; and in your turn relate,
 What brought you, living, to the Stygian state:
 Driv'n by the winds and errors of the sea,
 Or did you Heav'n's superior doom obey?
 Or tell what other chance conducts your way,
 To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,
 Tumults and torments of th' infernal seats."

While thus in talk the flying hours they pass,
 The sun had finish'd more than half his race:
 And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent
 The little time of stay which Heav'n had lent;

illa chorum simulans euhantis orgia circum
 ducebat Phrygias; flammam media ipsa tenebat
 ingentem et summa Danaos ex arce vocabat.
 tum me confectum curis somnoque gravatum 520
 infelix habuit thalamus, pressitque iacentem
 dulcis et alta quies placidaeque simillima morti.
 egregia interea coniunx arma omnia tectis
 emovet, et fidum capiti subduxerat ensem:
 intra tecta vocat Menelaum et limina pandit, 525
 scilicet id magnum sperans fore munus amanti,
 et famam exstingui veterum sic posse malorum.
 quid moror? inrumpunt thalamo, comes additus una
 hortator scelerum Aeolides. di, talia Grais
 instaure, pio si poenas ore reposco. 530
 sed te qui vivum casus, age fare vicissim,
 attulerint. pelagine venis erroribus actus
 an monitu divum? an quae te fortuna fatigat,
 ut tristis sine sole domos, loca turbida, adires?

Hac vice sermonum roseis Aurora quadrigis 535
 iam medium aetherio cursu traiecerat axem;
 et fors omne datum traherent per talia tempus,
 sed comes admonuit breviterque adfata Sibylla est:

But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay:
 “Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day:
 ’Tis here, in different paths, the way divides;
 The right to Pluto’s golden palace guides;
 The left to that unhappy region tends,
 Which to the depth of Tartarus descends;
 The seat of night profound, and punish’d fiends.”
 Then thus Deiphobus: “O sacred maid,
 Forbear to chide, and be your will obey’d!
 Lo! to the secret shadows I retire,
 To pay my penance till my years expire.
 Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown’d,
 And born to better fates than I have found.”
 He said; and, while he said, his steps he turn’d
 To secret shadows, and in silence mourn’d.

The hero, looking on the left, espied
 A lofty tow’r, and strong on ev’ry side
 With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,
 Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds;
 And, press’d betwixt the rocks, the bellowing noise resounds
 Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais’d on high
 With adamantine columns, threats the sky.
 Vain is the force of man, and Heav’n’s as vain,
 To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.
 Sublime on these a tow’r of steel is rear’d;
 And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward,
 Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day,
 Observant of the souls that pass the downward way.
 From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the pains
 Of sounding lashes and of dragging chains.
 The Trojan stood astonish’d at their cries,
 And ask’d his guide from whence those yells arise;
 And what the crimes, and what the tortures were,
 And loud laments that rent the liquid air.
 She thus replied: “The chaste and holy race

'nox ruit, Aenea; nos flendo ducimus horas.
 hic locus est, partis ubi se via findit in ambas: 540
 dextera quae Ditis magni sub moenia tendit,
 hac iter Elysium nobis; at laeva malorum
 exercet poenas et ad impia Tartara mittit.'
 Deiphobus contra: 'ne saevi, magna sacerdos;
 discedam, explebo numerum reddarque tenebris. 545
 i decus, i, nostrum; melioribus utere fatis.'
 tantum effatus, et in verbo vestigia torsit.

Respicit Aeneas subito et sub rupe sinistra
 moenia lata videt triplici circumdata muro,
 quae rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis, 550
 Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque sonantia saxa.
 porta adversa ingens solidoque adamante columnae,
 vis ut nulla virum, non ipsi excindere bello
 caelicolae valeant; stat ferrea turris ad auras,
 Tisiphoneque sedens palla succincta cruenta 555
 vestibulum exsomnia servat noctesque diesque.
 hinc exaudiri gemitus et saeva sonare
 verbera, tum stridor ferri tractaeque catenae.
 constitit Aeneas strepitumque exterritus hausit.
 'quae scelerum facies? o virgo, effare; quibusue 560
 urgentur poenis? quis tantus plangor ad auras?'
 tum vates sic orsa loqui: 'dux inclute Teucrum,
 nulli fas casto sceleratum insistere limen;
 sed me cum lucis Hecate praefecit Avernis,
 ipsa deum poenas docuit perque omnia duxit. 565
 Cnosius haec Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna
 castigatque auditque dolos subigitque fateri

Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecate, when she gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling thro' these dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.
These are the realms of unrelenting fate;
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Enquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,
Loth to confess, unable to conceal,
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To his last hour of unrepenting death.
Straight, o'er the guilty ghost, the Fury shakes
The sounding whip and brandishes her snakes,
And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes.
Then, of itself, unfolds th' eternal door;
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.
You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost
Commands the guard, what sentries keep the post.

More formidable Hydra stands within,
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.
The gaping gulf low to the centre lies,
And twice as deep as earth is distant from the skies.
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here, sing'd with lightning, roll within th' unfathom'd space.
Here lie th' Alaeon twins, (I saw them both,)
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth,
Who dar'd in fight the Thund'rer to defy,
Affect his heav'n, and force him from the sky.
Salmoneus, suff'ring cruel pains, I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling sound
Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forked rays.
Thro' Elis and the Grecian towns he flew;
Th' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew:

quae quis apud superos furto laetatus inani
distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.
continuo sontis ultrix accincta flagello 570
Tisiphone quatit insultans, torvosque sinistra
intentans anguis vocat agmina saeva sororum.
tum demum horrissona stridentes cardine sacrae
panduntur portae. cernis custodia qualis
vestibulo sedeat, facies quae limina servet? 575

Quinquaginta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra
saevior intus habet sedem. tum Tartarus ipse
bis patet in praeceps tantum tenditque sub umbras
quantus ad aetherium caeli suspectus Olympum.
hic genus antiquum Terrae, Titania pubes, 580
fulmine deiecti fundo volvuntur in imo.
hic et Aloidas geminos immania vidi
corpora, qui manibus magnum rescindere caelum
adgressi superisque Iovem detrudere regnis.
vidi et crudelis dantem Salmonea poenas, 585
dum flammās Iovis et sonitus imitatur Olympi.
quattuor hic invectus equis et lampada quassans
per Graium populos mediaeque per Elidis urbem
ibat ovans, divumque sibi poscebat honorem,
demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen 590
aere et cornipedum pulsu simularet equorum.

He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
 Sought godlike worship from a servile train.
 Ambitious fool! with horny hoofs to pass
 O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,
 To rival thunder in its rapid course,
 And imitate inimitable force!
 But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on high,
 Bar'd his red arm, and, launching from the sky
 His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
 Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon strook.
 There Tityus was to see, who took his birth
 From heav'n, his nursing from the foodful earth.
 Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
 Infold nine acres of infernal space.
 A rav'nous vulture, in his open'd side,
 Her crooked beak and cruel talons tried;
 Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast;
 The growing liver still supplied the feast;
 Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
 Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food remains.
 Ixion and Perithous I could name,
 And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame.
 High o'er their heads a mould'ring rock is plac'd,
 That promises a fall, and shakes at ev'ry blast.
 They lie below, on golden beds display'd;
 And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.
 The Queen of Furies by their sides is set,
 And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat,
 Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,
 Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears.
 Then they, who brothers' better claim disown,
 Expel their parents, and usurp the throne;
 Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,
 Sit brooding on unprofitable gold;
 Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend
 To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend.

at pater omnipotens densa inter nubila telum
 contorsit, non ille faces nec fumea taedis
 lumina, praecipitemque immani turbine adegit.
 nec non et Tityon, Terrae omniparentis alumnum, 595
 cernere erat, per tota novem cui iugera corpus
 porrigitur, rostroque immanis vultur obunco
 immortale iecur tondens fecundaque poenis
 viscera rimaturque epulis habitatque sub alto
 pectore, nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis. 600
 quid memorem Lapithas, Ixiona Pirithoumque?
 quos super atra silex iam iam lapsura cadentique
 imminet adsimilis; lucent genialibus altis
 aurea fulcra toris, epulaeque ante ora paratae
 regifico luxu; Furiarum maxima iuxta 605
 accubat et manibus prohibet contingere mensas,
 exsurgitque facem attollens atque intonat ore.
 hic, quibus invisi fratres, dum vita manebat,
 pulsatusve parens et fraus innexa clienti,
 aut qui divitiis soli incubuere repertis 610
 nec partem posuere suis (quae maxima turba est),
 quique ob adulterium caesi, quique arma secuti
 impia nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras,
 inclusi poenam exspectant. ne quaere doceri
 quam poenam, aut quae forma viros fortunave mersit. 615
 saxum ingens volvunt alii, radiisque rotarum
 districti pendent; sedet aeternumque sedebit
 infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnis
 admonet et magna testatur voce per umbras:
 "discite iustitiam moniti et non temnere divos." 620
 vendidit hic auro patriam dominumque potentem
 imposuit; fixit leges pretio atque refixit;
 hic thalamum invasit natae vetitosque hymenaeos:
 ausi omnes immane nefas ausoque potiti.
 non, mihi si linguae centum sint oraque centum, 625
 ferrea vox, omnis scelerum comprehendere formas,
 omnia poenarum percurrere nomina possim.'

Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train
 Of lustful youths, for foul adult'ry slain:
 Hosts of deserters, who their honour sold,
 And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold.
 All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
 Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.
 Ask not what pains; nor farther seek to know
 Their process, or the forms of law below.
 Some roll a weighty stone; some, laid along,
 And bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels are hung
 Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,
 Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair;
 And wretched Phlegyas warns the world with cries
 (Could warning make the world more just or wise):
 'Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging deities.'
 To tyrants others have their country sold,
 Imposing foreign lords, for foreign gold;
 Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,
 Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid;
 With incest some their daughters' bed profan'd:
 All dar'd the worst of ills, and, what they dar'd, attain'd.
 Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
 And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
 I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
 Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.

But let us haste our voyage to pursue:
 The walls of Pluto's palace are in view;
 The gate, and iron arch above it, stands
 On anvils labour'd by the Cyclops' hands.
 Before our farther way the Fates allow,
 Here must we fix on high the golden bough."
 She said, and thro' the gloomy shades they pass'd,
 And chose the middle path. Arriv'd at last,
 The prince with living water sprinkled o'er
 His limbs and body; then approach'd the door,

Haec ubi dicta dedit Phoebi longaeva sacerdos,
 'sed iam age, carpe viam et susceptum perface munus;
 acceleremus' ait; 'Cyclopum educta caminis 630
 moenia conspicio atque adverso fornice portas,
 haec ubi nos praecepta iubent deponere dona.'
 dixerat et pariter gressi per opaca viarum
 corripiunt spatium medium foribusque propinquant.
 occupat Aeneas aditum corpusque recenti 635
 spargit aqua ramumque adverso in limine figit.

Possess'd the porch, and on the front above
He fix'd the fatal bough requir'd by Pluto's love.

These holy rites perform'd, they took their way
Where long extended plains of pleasure lay:
The verdant fields with those of heav'n may vie,
With ether vested, and a purple sky;
The blissful seats of happy souls below.
Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know;
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And on the green contend the wrestler's prize.
Some in heroic verse divinely sing;
Others in artful measures led the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest;
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strikes sev'n distinguish'd notes, and sev'n at once they fill.
Here found they Teucer's old heroic race,
Born better times and happier years to grace.
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war:
Their lances fix'd in earth, their steeds around,
Free from their harness, graze the flow'ry ground.
The love of horses which they had, alive,
And care of chariots, after death survive.
Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain;
Some did the song, and some the choir maintain,
Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood:
Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,
And poets worthy their inspiring god;
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,

His demum exactis, perfecto munere divae,
devenere locos laetos et amoena virecta
fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.
largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit 640
purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.
pars in gramineis exercent membra palaestris,
contendunt ludo et fulva luctantur harena;
pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina dicunt.
nec non Threicius longa cum veste sacerdos 645
obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
iamque eadem digitis, iam pectine pulsat eburno.
hic genus antiquum Teucris, pulcherrima proles,
magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis,
Ilusque Assaracusque et Troiae Dardanus auctor. 650
arma procul currusque virum miratur inanis;
stant terra defixae hastae passimque soluti
per campum pascuntur equi. quae gratia currum
armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentis
pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos. 655
conspicit, ecce, alios dextra laevaue per herbam
vescentis laetumque choro paeana canentis
inter odoratum lauris nemus, unde superne
plurimus Eridani per silvam voluitur amnis.
hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi, 660
quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
quique pii vates et Phoebos digna locuti,
inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artis
quique sui memores aliquos fecere merendo:
omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta. 665
quos circumfusus sic est adfata Sibylla,
Musaeum ante omnis (medium nam plurima turba
hunc habet atque umeris exstantem suspicit altis):
'dicite, felices animae tuque optime vates,

Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts:
 Those who to worth their bounty did extend,
 And those who knew that bounty to commend.
 The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
 And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
 To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd,
 And first to him surrounded by the rest
 Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast;
 "Say, happy souls, divine Musaeus, say,
 Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
 To find the hero, for whose only sake
 We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter lake?"
 To this the sacred poet thus replied:
 "In no fix'd place the happy souls reside.
 In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
 By crystal streams, that murmur thro' the meads:
 But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;
 The path conducts you to your journey's end."
 This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
 And shews them all the shining fields below.
 They wind the hill, and thro' the blissful meadows go.

But old Anchises, in a flow'ry vale,
 Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale:
 Those happy spirits, which, ordain'd by fate,
 For future beings and new bodies wait.
 With studious thought observ'd th' illustrious throng,
 In nature's order as they pass'd along:
 Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,
 In peaceful senates and successful war.
 He, when Aeneas on the plain appears,
 Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
 "Welcome," he said, "the gods' undoubted race!
 O long expected to my dear embrace!
 Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold your face!
 The love and pious duty which you pay

quae regio Anchisen, quis habet locus? illius ergo 670
 venimus et magnos Erebi tranavimus amnis.'
 atque huic responsum paucis ita reddidit heros:
 'nulli certa domus; lucis habitamus opacis,
 riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis
 incolimus. sed vos, si fert ita corde voluntas, 675
 hoc superate iugum, et facili iam tramite sistam.'
 dixit, et ante tulit gressum camposque nitentis
 desuper ostentat; dehinc summa cacumina linquunt.

At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti
 inclusas animas superumque ad lumen ituras 680
 lustrabat studio recolens, omnemque suorum
 forte recensebat numerum, carosque nepotes
 fataque fortunasque virum moresque manusque.
 isque ubi tendentem adversum per gramina vidit
 Aenean, alacris palmas utrasque tetendit, 685
 effusaeque genis lacrimae et vox excidit ore:
 'venisti tandem, tuaque exspectata parenti
 vicit iter durum pietas? datur ora tueri,
 nate, tua et notas audire et reddere voces?
 sic equidem ducebam animo rebarque futurum 690
 tempora dinumerans, nec me mea cura fefellit.
 quas ego te terras et quanta per aequora vectum

Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
 'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd
 The happy day approach'd; nor are my hopes deceiv'd.
 What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd;
 What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast?
 How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most,
 When love assail'd you, on the Libyan coast."
 To this, the filial duty thus replies:
 "Your sacred ghost before my sleeping eyes
 Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise.
 After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,
 My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
 But reach your hand, O parent shade, nor shun
 The dear embraces of your longing son!"
 He said; and falling tears his face bedew:
 Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw;
 And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
 Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.

Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees
 A sep'rate grove, thro' which a gentle breeze
 Plays with a passing breath, and whispers thro' the trees;
 And, just before the confines of the wood,
 The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
 About the boughs an airy nation flew,
 Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew;
 In summer's heat on tops of lilies feed,
 And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed:
 The winged army roams the fields around;
 The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
 Aeneas wond'ring stood, then ask'd the cause
 Which to the stream the crowding people draws.
 Then thus the sire: "The souls that throng the flood
 Are those to whom, by fate, are other bodies ow'd:
 In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste,
 Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.

accipio! quantis iactatum, nate, periclis!
 quam metui ne quid Libyae tibi regna nocerent!
 ille autem: 'tua me, genitor, tua tristis imago 695
 saepius occurrens haec limina tendere adegit;
 stant sale Tyrrheno classes. da iungere dextram,
 da, genitor, teque amplexu ne subtrahe nostro.'
 sic memorans largo fletu simul ora rigabat.
 ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum; 700
 ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,
 par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

Interea videt Aeneas in valle reducta
 seclusum nemus et virgulta sonantia silvae,
 Lethaeumque domos placidas qui praenatat amnem. 705
 hunc circum innumerae gentes populique volabant:
 ac veluti in pratis ubi apes aestate serena
 floribus insidunt variis et candida circum
 lilia funduntur, strepit omnis murmure campus.
 horrescit visu subito causasque requirit 710
 inscius Aeneas, quae sint ea flumina porro,
 quive viri tanto complerint agmine ripas.
 tum pater Anchises: 'animae, quibus altera fato
 corpora debentur, Lethaei ad fluminis undam
 securos latices et longa oblivio potant. 715
 has equidem memorare tibi atque ostendere coram
 iampridem, hanc prolem cupio enumerare meorum,
 quo magis Italia mecum laetere reperta.'
 'o pater, anne aliquas ad caelum hinc ire putandum est

Long has my soul desir'd this time and place,
To set before your sight your glorious race,
That this presaging joy may fire your mind
To seek the shores by destiny design'd."

"O father, can it be, that souls sublime
Return to visit our terrestrial clime,
And that the gen'rous mind, releas'd by death,
Can covet lazy limbs and mortal breath?"

Anchises then, in order, thus begun
To clear those wonders to his godlike son:

"Know, first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul
Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind, infus'd thro' all the space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
Th' ethereal vigour is in all the same,
And every soul is fill'd with equal flame;
As much as earthy limbs, and gross allay
Of mortal members, subject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heav'n and edge of day.
From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,
And grief, and joy; nor can the groveling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly kind:
Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
But long-contracted filth ev'n in the soul remains.
The relics of inveterate vice they wear,
And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.
For this are various penances enjoind;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,

sublimis animas iterumque ad tarda reverti 720
corpora? quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido?'
'dicam equidem nec te suspensum, nate, tenebo'
suscipit Anchises atque ordine singula pandit.

'Principio caelum ac terras camposque liquentis
lucentemque globum lunae Titaniaque astra 725
spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.
inde hominum pecudumque genus vitaeque volantum
et quae marmoreo fert monstra sub aequore pontus.
igneus est ollis vigor et caelestis origo 730
seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant
terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra.
hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque, neque auras
dispiciunt clausae tenebris et carcere caeco.
quin et supremo cum lumine vita reliquit, 735
non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus omnes
corporeae excedunt pestes, penitusque necesse est
multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.
ergo exercentur poenis veterumque malorum
supplicia expendunt: aliae panduntur inanes 740
suspensae ad ventos, aliis sub gurgite vasto
infectum eluitur scelus aut exuritur igni:
quisque suos patimur manis. exinde per amplum
mittimur Elysium et pauci laeta arva tenemus, 745
donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe
concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.
has omnis, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,

Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires.
All have their manes, and those manes bear:
The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.
Then are they happy, when by length of time
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;
No speck is left of their habitual stains,
But the pure ether of the soul remains.
But, when a thousand rolling years are past,
(So long their punishments and penance last,)
Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethaeon flood,
In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
Of their past labours, and their irksome years,
That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again."

Thus having said, the father spirit leads
The priestess and his son thro' swarms of shades,
And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
The long procession of his progeny.

"Survey," pursued the sire, "this airy throng,
As, offer'd to thy view, they pass along.
These are th' Italian names, which fate will join
With ours, and graff upon the Trojan line.
Observe the youth who first appears in sight,
And holds the nearest station to the light,
Already seems to snuff the vital air,
And leans just forward, on a shining spear:
Silvius is he, thy last-begotten race,
But first in order sent, to fill thy place;
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood,
Born in the covert of a shady wood:
Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.

Lethaeum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno,
scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant 750
rursus, et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.'

Dixerat Anchises natumque unaque Sibyllam
conventus trahit in medios turbamque sonantem,
et tumulum capit unde omnis longo ordine posset
adversos legere et venientum discere vultus. 755

'Nunc age, Dardanium prolem quae deinde sequatur
gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
inlustris animas nostrumque in nomen ituras,
expediam dictis, et te tua fata docebo.
ille, vides, pura iuvenis qui nititur hasta, 760
proxima sorte tenet lucis loca, primus ad auras
aetherias Italo commixtus sanguine surget,
Silvius, Albanum nomen, tua postuma proles,
quem tibi longaevo serum Lavinia coniunx
educet silvis regem regumque parentem, 765
unde genus Longa nostrum dominabitur Alba.
proximus ille Procas, Troianae gloria gentis,
et Capys et Numitor et qui te nomine reddet
Silvius Aeneas, pariter pietate vel armis

In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,
 And, born a king, a race of kings beget.
 Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
 Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.
 A second Silvius after these appears;
 Silvius Aeneas, for thy name he bears;
 For arms and justice equally renown'd,
 Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.
 How great they look! how vig'rously they wield
 Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!
 But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
 Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidenæ rear;
 Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;
 And raise Collatian tow'rs on rocky ground.
 All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
 Tho' now they lie obscure, and lands without a name.
 See Romulus the great, born to restore
 The crown that once his injur'd grandsire wore.
 This prince a priestess of your blood shall bear,
 And like his sire in arms he shall appear.
 Two rising crests, his royal head adorn;
 Born from a god, himself to godhead born:
 His sire already signs him for the skies,
 And marks the seat amidst the deities.
 Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,
 Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome.
 Rome, whose ascending tow'rs shall heav'n invade,
 Involving earth and ocean in her shade;
 High as the Mother of the Gods in place,
 And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
 Then, when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,
 With golden turrets on her temples crown'd;
 A hundred gods her sweeping train supply;
 Her offspring all, and all command the sky.
 "Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
 Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.

egregius, si umquam regnandam acceperit Albam. 770
 qui iuvenes! quantas ostentant, aspice, viris
 atque umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu!
 hi tibi Nomentum et Gabios urbemque Fidenam,
 hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces,
 Pometios Castrumque Inui Bolamque Coramque; 775
 haec tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terrae.
 quin et avo comitem sese Mauvortius addet
 Romulus, Assaraci quem sanguinis Ilia mater
 educet. viden, ut geminae stant vertice cristae
 et pater ipse suo superum iam signat honore? 780
 en huius, nate, auspiciis illa incluta Roma
 imperium terris, animos aequabit Olympo,
 septemque una sibi muro circumdabit arces,
 felix prole virum: qualis Berecynthia mater
 invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes 785
 laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
 omnis caelicolas, omnis supera alta tenentis.
 huc geminas nunc flecte acies, hanc aspice gentem
 Romanosque tuos. hic Caesar et omnis Iuli
 progenies magnum caeli ventura sub axem. 790
 hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis,
 Augustus Caesar, divi genus, aurea condet
 saecula qui rursus Latio regnata per arva
 Saturno quondam, super et Garamantas et Indos
 proferet imperium; iacet extra sidera tellus, 795
 extra anni solisque vias, ubi caelifer Atlas
 axem umero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.
 huius in adventum iam nunc et Caspia regna
 responsis horrent divum et Maeotia tellus,
 et septemgemini turbant trepida ostia Nili. 800

The mighty Caesar waits his vital hour,
 Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd pow'r.
 But next behold the youth of form divine,
 Caesar himself, exalted in his line;
 Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
 Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
 Born to restore a better age of gold.
 Afric and India shall his pow'r obey;
 He shall extend his propagated sway
 Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,
 Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns around,
 And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.
 At his foreseen approach, already quake
 The Caspian kingdoms and Maeotian lake:
 Their seers behold the tempest from afar,
 And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.
 Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates,
 And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's fates.

Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
 Not tho' the brazen-footed hind he slew
 Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
 And dipp'd his arrows in Lernaean gore;
 Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
 By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
 From Nisus' top descending on the plains,
 With curling vines around his purple reins.
 And doubt we yet thro' dangers to pursue
 The paths of honour, and a crown in view?
 But what's the man, who from afar appears?
 His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears,
 His hoary beard and holy vestments bring
 His lost idea back: I know the Roman king.
 He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,
 Call'd from his mean abode a scepter to sustain.
 Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds,

Nec vero Alcides tantum telluris obivit,
 fixerit aeripedem cervam licet, aut Erymanthi
 pacarit nemora et Lernam tremefecerit arcu;
 nec qui pampineis victor iuga flectit habenis
 Liber, agens celso Nysae de vertice tigris. 805
 et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis,
 aut metus Ausonia prohibet consistere terra?
 quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivae
 sacra ferens? nosco crinis incanaque menta
 regis Romani primam qui legibus urbem 810
 fundabit, Curibus parvis et paupere terra
 missus in imperium magnum. cui deinde subibit
 otia qui rumpet patriae residesque movebit
 Tullus in arma viros et iam desueta triumphis
 agmina. quem iuxta sequitur iactantior Ancus 815
 nunc quoque iam nimium gaudens popularibus auris.
 vis et Tarquinius reges animamque superbam

An active prince, and prone to martial deeds.
 He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
 Disus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
 By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,
 And scour his armour from the rust of peace.
 Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air,
 But vain within, and proudly popular.
 Next view the Tarquin kings, th' avenging sword
 Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
 He first renews the rods and ax severe,
 And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.
 His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
 And long for arbitrary lords again,
 With ignominy scourg'd, in open sight,
 He dooms to death deserv'd, asserting public right.
 Unhappy man, to break the pious laws
 Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!
 Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
 'Tis love of honour, and his country's good:
 The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
 Behold Torquatus the same track pursue;
 And, next, the two devoted Decii view:
 The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
 With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'ercome
 The pair you see in equal armour shine,
 Now, friends below, in close embraces join;
 But, when they leave the shady realms of night,
 And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light,
 With mortal hate each other shall pursue:
 What wars, what wounds, what slaughter shall ensue!
 From Alpine heights the father first descends;
 His daughter's husband in the plain attends:
 His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.
 Embrace again, my sons, be foes no more;
 Nor stain your country with her children's gore!
 And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,

ultoris Bruti, fascisque videre receptos?
 consulis imperium hic primus saevasque securis
 accipiet, natosque pater nova bella moventis 820
 ad poenam pulchra pro libertate vocabit,
 infelix, utcumque ferent ea facta minores:
 vincet amor patriae laudumque immensa cupido.
 quin Decios Drusosque procul saevumque securi
 aspice Torquatum et referentem signa Camillum. 825
 illae autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
 concordēs animae nunc et dum nocte prementur,
 heu quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitae
 attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebunt,
 aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monoeci 830
 descendens, gener adversis instructus Eois!
 ne, pueri, ne tanta animis adsuescite bella
 neu patriae validas in viscera vertite viris;
 tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
 proice tela manu, sanguis meus!— 835
 ille triumphata Capitolia ad alta Corinθο
 victor aget currum caesis insignis Achivis.
 eruet ille Argos Agamemnoniasque Mycenae
 ipsumque Aeaciden, genus armipotentis Achilli,
 ultus avos Troiae templa et temerata Minervae. 840
 quis te, magne Cato, tacitum aut te, Cosse, relinquat?
 quis Gracchi genus aut geminos, duo fulmina belli,
 Scipiadas, cladem Libyae, parvoque potentem
 Fabricium vel te sulco, Serrane, serentem?
 quo fessum rapitis, Fabii? tu Maximus ille es, 845
 unus qui nobis cunctando restituis rem.
 excudent alii spirantia mollius aera
 (credo equidem), vivos ducent de marmore vultus,
 orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
 describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent: 850
 tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
 (hae tibi erunt artes), pacique imponere morem,
 parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.'

Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name!
Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
And to the Capitol his chariot guide,
From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.
And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,
On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,
And on the Greeks revenge the Trojan cause;
Shall drag in chains their Achillean race;
Shall vindicate his ancestors' disgrace,
And Pallas, for her violated place.
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conqu'ring Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.
Who can omit the Gracchi? who declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who can see
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire
The plowman consul in his coarse attire?
Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
Let others better mould the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
But, Rome, 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
Disposing peace and war by thy own majestic way;
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free:
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee."

He paus'd; and, while with wond'ring eyes they view'd
The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
"See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,

Sic pater Anchises, atque haec mirantibus addit:
'aspice, ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimis
ingreditur victorque viros supereminet omnis.

He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils!
 He, when his country, threaten'd with alarms,
 Requires his courage and his conqu'ring arms,
 Shall more than once the Punic bands affright;
 Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight;
 Then to the Capitol in triumph move,
 And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove."
 Aeneas here beheld, of form divine,
 A godlike youth in glitt'ring armour shine,
 With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
 But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
 He saw, and, wond'ring, ask'd his airy guide,
 What and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's side:
 "His son, or one of his illustrious name?
 How like the former, and almost the same!
 Observe the crowds that compass him around;
 All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
 But hov'ring mists around his brows are spread,
 And night, with sable shades, involves his head."
 "Seek not to know," the ghost replied with tears,
 "The sorrows of thy sons in future years.
 This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
 Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.
 The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state,
 Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
 What groans of men shall fill the Martian field!
 How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
 What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
 When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
 No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
 No youth afford so great a cause to grieve;
 The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast,
 Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!
 Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
 Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
 No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting field

hic rem Romanam magno turbante tumultu
 sistet eques, sternet Poenos Gallumque rebellem,
 tertiaque arma patri suspendet capta Quirino.'
 atque hic Aeneas (una namque ire videbat 860
 egregium forma iuvenem et fulgentibus armis,
 sed frons laeta parum et deiecto lumina vultu)
 'quis, pater, ille, virum qui sic comitatur euntem?
 filius, anne aliquis magna de stirpe nepotum?
 qui strepitus circa comitum! quantum instar in ipso! 865
 sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra.'
 tum pater Anchises lacrimis ingressus obortis:
 'o gnate, ingentem luctum ne quaere tuorum;
 ostendent terris hunc tantum fata nec ultra
 esse sinent. nimium vobis Romana propago 870
 visa potens, superi, propria haec si dona fuissent.
 quantos ille virum magnam Mauortis ad urbem
 campus aget gemitus! vel quae, Tiberine, videbis
 funera, cum tumulum praeterlabere recentem!
 nec puer Iliaca quisquam de gente Latinos 875
 in tantum spe tollet avos, nec Romula quondam
 ullo se tantum tellus iactabit alumno.
 heu pietas, heu prisca fides invictaque bello
 dextera! non illi se quisquam impune tulisset
 obvius armato, seu cum pedes iret in hostem 880
 seu spumantis equi foderet calcaribus armos.
 heu, miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
 tu Marcellus eris. manibus date lilia plenis
 purpureos spargam flores animamque nepotis
 his saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani 885
 munere.' sic tota passim regione vagantur
 aeris in campis latis atque omnia lustrant.
 quae postquam Anchises natum per singula duxit
 incenditque animum famae venientis amore,
 exim bella viro memorat quae deinde gerenda, 890
 Laurentisque docet populos urbemque Latini,
 et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem.

Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield;
 Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
 When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
 Ah! couldst thou break thro' fate's severe decree,
 A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
 Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
 Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring;
 Let me with fun'ral flow'rs his body strow;
 This gift which parents to their children owe,
 This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow!"
 Thus having said, he led the hero round
 The confines of the blest Elysian ground;
 Which when Anchises to his son had shown,
 And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
 He tells the future wars, ordain'd by fate;
 The strength and customs of the Latian state;
 The prince, and people; and forearms his care
 With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.

Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
 Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn:
 True visions thro' transparent horn arise;
 Thro' polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.
 Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
 Anchises hither bends his steps at last.
 Then, thro' the gate of iv'ry, he dismiss'd
 His valiant offspring and divining guest.
 Straight to the ships Aeneas took his way,
 Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea,
 Still coasting, till he gain'd Cajeta's bay.
 At length on oozy ground his galleys moor;
 Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur
 cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris,
 altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto, 895
 sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia Manes.
 his ibi tum natum Anchises unaque Sibyllam
 prosequitur dictis portaque emittit eburna,
 ille viam secatur ad navis sociosque revisit.
 Tum se ad Caietae recto fert limite portum. 900
 ancora de prora iacitur; stant litore puppes.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Aeneas, and promises him his only daughter, Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whose forces, and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

And thou, O matron of immortal fame,
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name;
Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great Aeneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains;
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.

Now, when the prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
He plow'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.
From land a gentle breeze arose by night,
Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
And the sea trembled with her silver light.
Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run,
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the Sun,)
A dang'rous coast: the goddess wastes her days
In joyous songs; the rocks resound her lays:
In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night,
And cedar brands supply her father's light.
From hence were heard, rebellowing to the main,
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,

Tu quoque litoribus nostris, Aeneia nutrix,
aeternam moriens famam, Caieta, dedisti;
et nunc servat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
Hesperia in magna, si qua est ea gloria, signat.

At pius exsequiis Aeneas rite solutis, 5
aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quierunt
aequora, tendit iter velis portumque relinquit.
aspirant aurae in noctem nec candida cursus
luna negat, splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.
proxima Circaeae raduntur litora terrae, 10
dives inaccessos ubi Solis filia lucos
adsiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum
arguto tenuis percurrens pectine telas.
hinc exaudiri gemitus iraeque leonum 15
vincla recusantum et sera sub nocte rudentum,
saetigerique sues atque in praesepibus ursi
saevire ac formae magnorum ululare luporum,

And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors' ears.
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r,
(That watch'd the moon and planetary hour,)
With words and wicked herbs from humankind
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
Which monsters lest the Trojans' pious host
Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted coast,
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night
With rising gales that sped their happy flight.
Supplied with these, they skim the sounding shore,
And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.

Now, when the rosy morn began to rise,
And wav'd her saffron streamer thro' the skies;
When Thetis blush'd in purple not her own,
And from her face the breathing winds were blown,
A sudden silence sate upon the sea,
And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way.
The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades and a brown horror stood:
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force,
That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea.
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
That bath'd within, or basked upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats applied.
The captain gives command; the joyful train
Glide thro' the gloomy shade, and leave the main.

Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire!
Relate what Latium was; her ancient kings;

quos hominum ex facie dea saeva potentibus herbis
induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum. 20
quae ne monstra pii paterentur talia Troes
delati in portus neu litora dira subirent,
Neptunus ventis implevit vela secundis,
atque fugam dedit et praeter vada fervida vexit.

Iamque rubescebat radiis mare et aethere ab alto 25
Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis,
cum venti posuere omnisque repente resedit
flatus, et in lento luctantur marmore tonsae.
atque hic Aeneas ingentem ex aequore lucum
prospicit. hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amoeno 30
verticibus rapidis et multa flavus harena
in mare prorumpit. variae circumque supraque
adsuetae ripis volucres et fluminis alveo
aethera mulcebant cantu lucoque volabant.
flectere iter sociis terraeque advertere proras 35
imperat et laetus fluvio succedit opaco.

Nunc age, qui reges, Erato, quae tempora, rerum
quis Latio antiquo fuerit status, advena classem
cum primum Ausoniis exercitus appulit oris,

Declare the past and present state of things,
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought,
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought.
These are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man:
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage;
And haughty souls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,
In fighting fields pursued and found their fate;
That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms.
A larger scene of action is display'd;
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.

Latinus, old and mild, had long possess'd
The Latin scepter, and his people blest:
His father Faunus; a Laurentian dame
His mother; fair Marica was her name.
But Faunus came from Picus: Picus drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
Thus King Latinus, in the third degree,
Had Saturn author of his family.
But this old peaceful prince, as Heav'n decreed,
Was blest with no male issue to succeed:
His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate;
One only daughter heir'd the royal state.
Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led,
The neighb'ring princes court her nuptial bed.
Among the crowd, but far above the rest,
Young Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.
Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,
Was first, and favour'd by the Latian queen;
With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand,
But dire portents the purpos'd match withstand.

Deep in the palace, of long growth, there stood

expediam, et primae revocabo exordia pugnae. 40
tu vatem, tu, diva, mone. dicam horrida bella,
dicam acies actosque animis in funera reges,
Tyrrhenamque manum totamque sub arma coactam
Hesperiam. maior rerum mihi nascitur ordo,
maius opus moveo. 45

Rex arva Latinus et urbes
iam senior longa placidas in pace regebat.
hunc Fauno et nympha genitum Laurente Marica
accipimus; Fauno Picus pater, isque parentem
te, Saturne, refert, tu sanguinis ultimus auctor.
filius huic fato divum prolesque virilis 50
nulla fuit, primaque oriens erepta iuventa est.
sola domum et tantas servabat filia sedes
iam matura viro, iam plenis nubilis annis.
multi illam magno e Latio totaque petebant
Ausonia; petit ante alios pulcherrimus omnis 55
Turnus, avis atavisque potens, quem regia coniunx
adiungi generum miro properabat amore;
sed variis portenta deum terroribus obstant.
laurus erat tecti medio in penetralibus altis
sacra comam multosque metu servata per annos, 60
quam pater inventam, primas cum conderet arces,
ipse ferebatur Phoebo sacrasse Latinus,
Laurentisque ab ea nomen posuisse colonis.
huius apes summum densae (mirabile dictu)
stridore ingenti liquidum trans aethera vectae 65
obsedere apicem, et pedibus per mutua nexis

A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood;
 Where rites divine were paid; whose holy hair
 Was kept and cut with superstitious care.
 This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
 Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd;
 And last, in honour of his new abode,
 He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god.
 It happen'd once (a boding prodigy!)
 A swarm of bees, that cut the liquid sky,
 Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,
 Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight;
 There with their clasping feet together clung,
 And a long cluster from the laurel hung.
 An ancient augur prophesied from hence:
 "Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince!
 From the same parts of heav'n his navy stands,
 To the same parts on earth; his army lands;
 The town he conquers, and the tow'r commands."
 Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
 Before the gods, and stood beside her sire,
 Strange to relate, the flames, involv'd in smoke
 Of incense, from the sacred altar broke,
 Caught her dishevel'd hair and rich attire;
 Her crown and jewels crackled in the fire:
 From thence the fuming trail began to spread
 And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
 This new portent the seer with wonder views,
 Then pausing, thus his prophecy renews:
 "The nymph, who scatters flaming fires around,
 Shall shine with honour, shall herself be crown'd;
 But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
 War shall the country waste, and change the state."

Latinus, frighted with this dire ostent,
 For counsel to his father Faunus went,
 And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy

examen subitum ramo frondente pependit.
 continuo vates 'externum cernimus' inquit
 'adventare virum et partis petere agmen easdem
 partibus ex isdem et summa dominarier arce.' 70
 praeterea, castis adolet dum altaria taedis,
 et iuxta genitorem astat Lavinia virgo,
 visa (nefas) longis comprehendere crinibus ignem
 atque omnem ornatum flamma crepitante cremari,
 regalisque accensa comas, accensa coronam 75
 insignem gemmis; tum fumida lumine fuluo
 involvi ac totis Vulcanum spargere tectis.
 id vero horrendum ac visu mirabile ferri:
 namque fore inlustrem fama fatisque canebant
 ipsam, sed populo magnum portendere bellum. 80

At rex sollicitus monstris oracula Fauni,
 fatidici genitoris, adit lucosque sub alta
 consulit Albunea, nemorum quae maxima sacro

Which near Albunea's sulph'rous fountain lie.
 To these the Latian and the Sabine land
 Fly, when distress'd, and thence relief demand.
 The priest on skins of off'rings takes his ease,
 And nightly visions in his slumber sees;
 A swarm of thin aerial shapes appears,
 And, flutt'ring round his temples, deafs his ears:
 These he consults, the future fates to know,
 From pow'rs above, and from the fiends below.
 Here, for the gods' advice, Latinus flies,
 Off'ring a hundred sheep for sacrifice:
 Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
 He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd.
 No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
 When, from above, a more than mortal sound
 Invades his ears; and thus the vision spoke:
 "Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke
 Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
 A foreign son upon thy shore descends,
 Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.
 His race, in arms and arts of peace renown'd,
 Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound:
 'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys around."
 These answers, in the silent night receiv'd,
 The king himself divulg'd, the land believ'd:
 The fame thro' all the neighb'ring nations flew,
 When now the Trojan navy was in view.

Beneath a shady tree, the hero spread
 His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;
 And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.
 They sate; and, (not without the god's command,)
 Their homely fare dispatch'd, the hungry band
 Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,
 To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flour.
 Ascanius this observ'd, and smiling said:

fonte sonat saevamque exhalat opaca mephitim.
 hinc Italae gentes omnisque Oenotria tellus 85
 in dubiis responsa petunt; huc dona sacerdos
 cum tulit et caesarum ovium sub nocte silenti
 pellibus incubuit stratis somnosque petivit,
 multa modis simulacra videt volitantia miris
 et varias audit voces fruiturque deorum 90
 conloquio atque imis Acheronta adfatur Avernis.
 hic et tum pater ipse petens responsa Latinus
 centum lanigeras mactabat rite bidentis,
 atque harum effultus tergo stratisque iacebat
 velleribus: subita ex alto vox reddita luco est: 95
 'ne pete conubiis natam sociare Latinis,
 o mea progenies, thalamis neu crede paratis;
 externi venient generi, qui sanguine nostrum
 nomen in astra ferant, quorumque a stirpe nepotes
 omnia sub pedibus, qua sol utrumque recurrens 100
 aspicit Oceanum, vertique regique videbunt.'
 haec responsa patris Fauni monitusque silenti
 nocte datos non ipse suo premit ore Latinus,
 sed circum late volitans iam Fama per urbes
 Ausonias tulerat, cum Laomedontia pubes 105
 gramineo ripae religavit ab aggere classem.

Aeneas primique duces et pulcher Iulus
 corpora sub ramis deponunt arboris altae,
 instituuntque dapes et adorea liba per herbam
 subiciunt epulis (sic Iuppiter ipse monebat) 110
 et Cereale solum pomis agrestibus augent.
 consumptis hic forte aliis, ut vertere morsus
 exiguam in Cererem penuria adegit edendi,
 et violare manu malisque audacibus orbem

“See, we devour the plates on which we fed.”
 The speech had omen, that the Trojan race
 Should find repose, and this the time and place.
 Aeneas took the word, and thus replies,
 Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes:
 “All hail, O earth! all hail, my household gods!
 Behold the destin’d place of your abodes!
 For thus Anchises prophesied of old,
 And this our fatal place of rest foretold:
 ‘When, on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
 By famine forc’d, your trenchers you shall eat,
 Then ease your weary Trojans will attend,
 And the long labours of your voyage end.
 Remember on that happy coast to build,
 And with a trench inclose the fruitful field.’
 This was that famine, this the fatal place
 Which ends the wand’ring of our exil’d race.
 Then, on tomorrow’s dawn, your care employ,
 To search the land, and where the cities lie,
 And what the men; but give this day to joy.
 Now pour to Jove; and, after Jove is blest,
 Call great Anchises to the genial feast:
 Crown high the goblets with a cheerful draught;
 Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the future thought.”

Thus having said, the hero bound his brows
 With leafy branches, then perform’d his vows;
 Adoring first the genius of the place,
 Then Earth, the mother of the heav’nly race,
 The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,
 And Night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne,
 And ancient Cybel, and Idaean Jove,
 And last his sire below, and mother queen above.
 Then heav’n’s high monarch thunder’d thrice aloud,
 And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.
 Soon thro’ the joyful camp a rumour flew,

fatalis crusti patulis nec parcere quadris: 115
 'heus, etiam mensas consumimus?' inquit Iulus,
 nec plura, adludens. ea vox audita laborum
 prima tulit finem, primamque loquentis ab ore
 eripuit pater ac stupefactus numine pressit.
 continuo 'salve fatis mihi debita tellus 120
 vosque' ait 'o fidi Troiae salvete penates:
 hic domus, haec patria est. genitor mihi talia namque
 (nunc repeto) Anchises fatorum arcana reliquit:
 "cum te, nate, fames ignota ad litora vectum
 accisis coget dapibus consumere mensas, 125
 tum sperare domos defessus, ibique memento
 prima locare manu molirique aggere tecta."
 haec erat illa fames, haec nos suprema manebat
 exitiis positura modum.
 quare agite et primo laeti cum lumine solis 130
 quae loca, quive habeant homines, ubi moenia gentis,
 vestigemus et a portu diversa petamus.
 nunc pateras libate Iovi precibusque vocate
 Anchisen genitorem, et vina reponite mensis.'

Sic deinde effatus frondenti tempora ramo 135
 implicat et geniumque loci primamque deorum
 Tellurem Nymphasque et adhuc ignota precatur
 flumina, tum Noctem Noctisque orientia signa
 Idaeumque Iovem Phrygiamque ex ordine matrem
 invocat, et duplicis caeloque Ereboque parentis. 140
 hic pater omnipotens ter caelo clarus ab alto
 intonuit, radiisque ardentem lucis et auro
 ipse manu quatiens ostendit ab aethere nubem.
 diditur hic subito Troiana per agmina rumor
 advenisse diem quo debita moenia condant. 145

The time was come their city to renew.
Then ev'ry brow with cheerful green is crown'd,
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.

When next the rosy morn disclos'd the day,
The scouts to sev'ral parts divide their way,
To learn the natives' names, their towns explore,
The coasts and trendings of the crooked shore:
Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus stands;
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.
The pious chief, who sought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raise,
A hundred youths from all his train selects,
And to the Latian court their course directs,
(The spacious palace where their prince resides,)
And all their heads with wreaths of olive hides.
They go commission'd to require a peace,
And carry presents to procure access.
Thus while they speed their pace, the prince designs
His new-elected seat, and draws the lines.
The Trojans round the place a rampire cast,
And palisades about the trenches plac'd.
Meantime the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town and lofty tow'rs survey;
At length approach the walls. Without the gate,
They see the boys and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the dusty plain:
Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein;
Some bend the stubborn bow for victory,
And some with darts their active sinews try.
A posting messenger, dispatch'd from hence,
Of this fair troop advis'd their aged prince,
That foreign men of mighty stature came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.
The king ordains their entrance, and ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.

certatim instaurant epulas atque omine magno
crateras laeti statuunt et vina coronant.

Postera cum prima lustrabat lampade terras
orta dies, urbem et finis et litora gentis
diversi explorant: haec fontis stagna Numici, 150
hunc Thybrim fluvium, hic fortis habitare Latinos.
tum satus Anchisa delectos ordine ab omni
centum oratores augusta ad moenia regis
ire iubet, ramis velatos Palladis omnis,
donaque ferre viro pacemque exposcere Teucris. 155
haud mora, festinant iussi rapidisque feruntur
passibus. ipse humili designat moenia fossa
moliturque locum, primasque in litore sedes
castrorum in morem pinnis atque aggere cingit.
iamque iter emensi turris ac tecta Latinorum 160
ardua cernebant iuvenes muroque subibant.
ante urbem pueri et primaevae flore iuventus
exercentur equis domitantque in pulvere currus,
aut acris tendunt arcus aut lenta lacertis
spicula contorquent, cursuque ictuque laccessunt: 165
cum praevectus equo longaevi regis ad auris
nuntius ingentis ignota in veste reportat
advenisse viros. ille intra tecta vocari
imperat et solio medius consedit avito.

The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,
 Supported by a hundred pillars stood,
 And round incompass'd with a rising wood.
 The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight;
 Surpris'd at once with reverence and delight.
 There kings receiv'd the marks of sov'reign pow'r;
 In state the monarchs march'd; the lictors bore
 Their awful axes and the rods before.
 Here the tribunal stood, the house of pray'r,
 And here the sacred senators repair;
 All at large tables, in long order set,
 A ram their off'ring, and a ram their meat.
 Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
 Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandsires stood;
 Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on high;
 And Italus, that led the colony;
 And ancient Janus, with his double face,
 And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
 There good Sabinus, planter of the vines,
 On a short pruning hook his head reclines,
 And studiously surveys his gen'rous wines;
 Then warlike kings, who for their country fought,
 And honourable wounds from battle brought.
 Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears,
 And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
 And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.
 Above the rest, as chief of all the band,
 Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his hand;
 His other wav'd a long divining wand.
 Girt in his Gabin gown the hero sate,
 Yet could not with his art avoid his fate:
 For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain,
 Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain:
 Then, mixing pow'rful herbs, with magic art,
 She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart;
 Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,

Tectum augustum, ingens, centum sublime columnis 170
 urbe fuit summa, Laurentis regia Pici,
 horrendum silvis et religione parentum.
 hic sceptrum accipere et primos attollere fascis
 regibus omen erat; hoc illis curia templum,
 hae sacris sedes epulis; hic ariete caeso 175
 perpetuis soliti patres considerare mensis.
 quin etiam veterum effigies ex ordine avorum
 antiqua e cedro, Italusque paterque Sabinus
 vitisator curvam servans sub imagine falcem,
 Saturnusque senex Ianique bifrontis imago 180
 vestibulo astabant, aliique ab origine reges,
 Martiaque ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi.
 multaque praeterea sacris in postibus arma,
 captivi pendent currus curvaeque secures
 et cristae capitum et portarum ingentia claustra 185
 spiculaque clipeique ereptaque rostra carinis.
 ipse Quirinali lituo parvaque sedebat
 succinctus trabea laevaue ancile gerebat
 Picus, equum domitor, quem capta cupidine coniunx
 aurea percussum virga versumque venenis 190
 fecit avem Circe sparsitque coloribus alas.

With party-colour'd plumes, a chatt'ring pie.

In this high temple, on a chair of state,
The seat of audience, old Latinus sate;
Then gave admission to the Trojan train;
And thus with pleasing accents he began:
“Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name you own,
Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown;
Say what you seek, and whither were you bound:
Were you by stress of weather cast aground?
Such dangers as on seas are often seen,
And oft befall to miserable men,
Or come, your shipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and disabled in so long a way?
Say what you want: the Latians you shall find
Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd;
For, since the time of Saturn's holy reign,
His hospitable customs we retain.
I call to mind (but time the tale has worn)
Th' Arunci told, that Dardanus, tho' born
On Latian plains, yet sought the Phrygian shore,
And Samothracia, Samos call'd before.
From Tuscan Coritum he claim'd his birth;
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence ascended to his kindred skies,
A god, and, as a god, augments their sacrifice.”

He said. Ilioneus made this reply:
“O king, of Faunus' royal family!
Nor wintry winds to Latium forc'd our way,
Nor did the stars our wand'ring course betray.
Willing we sought your shores; and, hither bound,
The port, so long desir'd, at length we found;
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;
Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.
The god began our line, who rules above;

Tali intus templo divum patriaue Latinus
sede sedens Teucros ad sese in tecta vocavit,
atque haec ingressis placido prior edidit ore:
'dicite, Dardanidae (neque enim nescimus et urbem 195
et genus, auditique advertitis aequore cursum),
quid petitis? quae causa rates aut cuius egentis
litus ad Ausonium tot per vada caerula vexit?
sive errore viae seu tempestatibus acti,
qualia multa mari nautae patiuntur in alto, 200
fluminis intrastis ripas portuque sedetis,
ne fugite hospitium, neve ignorete Latinos
Saturni gentem haud vinclo nec legibus aequam,
sponte sua veterisque dei se more tenentem.
atque equidem memini (fama est obscurior annis) 205
Auruncos ita ferre senes, his ortus ut agris
Dardanus Idaeas Phrygiae penetrarit ad urbes
Threiciamque Samum, quae nunc Samothracia fertur.
hinc illum Corythi Tyrrhena ab sede profectum
aurea nunc solio stellantis regia caeli 210
accipit et numerum divorum altaribus auget.'

Dixerat, et dicta Ilioneus sic voce secutus:
'rex, genus egregium Fauni, nec fluctibus actos
atra subegit hiems vestris succedere terris,
nec sidus regione viae litusve fefellit: 215
consilio hanc omnes animisque volentibus urbem
adferimur pulsi regnis, quae maxima quondam
extremo veniens sol aspiciebat Olympo.
ab Iove principium generis, Iove Dardana pubes
gaudet avo, rex ipse Iovis de gente suprema: 220

And, as our race, our king descends from Jove:
 And hither are we come, by his command,
 To crave admission in your happy land.
 How dire a tempest, from Mycenae pour'd,
 Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd;
 What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms
 Shook Asia's crown with European arms;
 Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,
 Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea;
 And such as, born beneath the burning sky
 And sultry sun, betwixt the tropics lie.
 From that dire deluge, thro' the wat'ry waste,
 Such length of years, such various perils past,
 At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
 To beg what you without your want may spare:
 The common water, and the common air;
 Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,
 Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods.
 Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
 Nor length of time our gratitude efface.
 Besides, what endless honour you shall gain,
 To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train!
 Now, by my sov'reign, and his fate, I swear,
 Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war;
 Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,
 And, what we seek of you, of us requir'd.
 Despite not then, that in our hands we bear
 These holy boughs, and sue with words of pray'r.
 Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,
 Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.
 To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends;
 Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends;
 Where Tuscan Tiber rolls with rapid force,
 And where Numicus opes his holy source.
 Besides, our prince presents, with his request,
 Some small remains of what his sire possess'd.

Troius Aeneas tua nos ad limina misit.
 quanta per Idaeos saevis effusa Mycenis
 tempestas ierit campos, quibus actus uterque
 Europae atque Asiae fatis concurrerit orbis,
 audiit et si quem tellus extrema refuso 225
 summovet Oceano et si quem extenta plagarum
 quattuor in medio dirimit plaga solis iniqui.
 diluvio ex illo tot vasta per aequora vecti
 dis sedem exigua patriis litusque rogamus
 innocuum et cunctis undamque auramque patentem. 230
 non erimus regno indecores, nec vestra feretur
 fama levis tantique abolescet gratia facti,
 nec Troiam Ausonios gremio excepisse pigebit.
 fata per Aeneae iuro dextramque potentem,
 sive fide seu quis bello est expertus et armis: 235
 multi nos populi, multae (ne temne, quod ultro
 praeferimus manibus vittas ac verba precantia)
 et petiere sibi et volvere adiungere gentes;
 sed nos fata deum vestras exquirere terras
 imperiis egere suis. hinc Dardanus ortus, 240
 huc repetit iussisque ingentibus urget Apollo
 Tyrrhenum ad Thybrim et fontis vada sacra Numici.
 dat tibi praeterea fortunae parva prioris
 munera, reliquias Troia ex ardente receptas.
 hoc pater Anchises auro libabat ad aras, 245
 hoc Priami gestamen erat cum iura vocatis
 more daret populis, sceptrumque sacerque tiaras
 Iliadumque labor vestes.'

This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy,
Anchises did in sacrifice employ;
This royal robe and this tiara wore
Old Priam, and this golden scepter bore
In full assemblies, and in solemn games;
These purple vests were weav'd by Dardan dames."

Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around
His eyes, and fix'd a while upon the ground.
Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast;
Not by the scepter mov'd, or kingly vest,
But pond'ring future things of wondrous weight;
Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate.
On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind,
And then revolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
To share his scepter, and Lavinia's bed;
This was the race that sure portents foreshew
To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
At length he rais'd his cheerful head, and spoke:
"The pow'rs," said he, "the pow'rs we both invoke,
To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
And firm our purpose with their augury!
Have what you ask; your presents I receive;
Land, where and when you please, with ample leave;
Partake and use my kingdom as your own;
All shall be yours, while I command the crown:
And, if my wish'd alliance please your king,
Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring.
Then let him not a friend's embraces fear;
The peace is made when I behold him here.
Besides this answer, tell my royal guest,
I add to his commands my own request:
One only daughter heirs my crown and state,
Whom not our oracles, nor Heav'n, nor fate,
Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join

Talibus Ilionei dictis defixa Latinus
obtutu tenet ora soloque immobilis haeret, 250
intentos volvens oculos. nec purpura regem
picta movet nec sceptrata movent Priameia tantum
quantum in conubio natae thalamoque moratur,
et veteris Fauni volvitur sub pectore sortem:
hunc illum fatis externa ab sede profectum 255
portendi generum paribusque in regna vocari
auspiciis, huic progeniem virtute futuram
egregiam et totum quae viribus occupet orbem.
tandem laetus ait: 'di nostra incepta secudent
auguriumque suum! dabitur, Troiane, quod optas. 260
munera nec sperno: non vobis rege Latino
divitis uber agri Troiaeve opulentia deerit.
ipse modo Aeneas, nostri si tanta cupido est,
si iungi hospitio properat sociusque vocari,
adveniat, vultus neve exhorrescat amicos: 265
pars mihi pacis erit dextram tetigisse tyranni.
vos contra regi mea nunc mandata referte:
est mihi nata, viro gentis quam iungere nostrae
non patrio ex adyto sortes, non plurima caelo
monstra sinunt; generos externis adfore ab oris, 270
hoc Latio restare canunt, qui sanguine nostrum
nomen in astra ferant. hunc illum poscere fata
et reor et, si quid veri mens augurat, opto.'
haec effatus equos numero pater eligit omni
(stabant ter centum nitidi in praeseptibus altis); 275
omnibus extemplo Teucris iubet ordine duci
instratos ostro alipedes pictisque tapetis

With any native of th' Ausonian line.
 A foreign son-in-law shall come from far
 (Such is our doom), a chief renown'd in war,
 Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,
 And thro' the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.
 Himself to be the man the fates require,
 I firmly judge, and, what I judge, desire."
 He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed.
 Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,
 Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd:
 Of these he chose the fairest and the best,
 To mount the Trojan troop. At his command
 The steeds caparison'd with purple stand,
 With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
 And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold.
 Then to his absent guest the king decreed
 A pair of coursers born of heav'nly breed,
 Who from their nostrils breath'd ethereal fire;
 Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire,
 By substituting mares produc'd on earth,
 Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.
 These draw the chariot which Latinus sends,
 And the rich present to the prince commends.
 Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,
 To their expecting lord with peace return.

But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height,
 As she from Argos took her airy flight,
 Beheld with envious eyes this hateful sight.
 She saw the Trojan and his joyful train
 Descend upon the shore, desert the main,
 Design a town, and, with unhop'd success,
 Th' ambassadors return with promis'd peace.
 Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty head,
 Sigh'd from her inward soul, and thus she said:
 "O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!

(aurea pectoribus demissa monilia pendent,
 tecti auro fulvum mandunt sub dentibus aurum),
 absenti Aeneae currum geminosque iugalis 280
 semine ab aetherio spirantis naribus ignem,
 illorum de gente patri quos daedala Circe
 supposita de matre nothos furata creavit.
 talibus Aeneadae donis dictisque Latini
 sublimes in equis redeunt pacemque reportant. 285

Ecce autem Inachiis sese referebat ab Argis
 saeva Iovis coniunx aurasque invecta tenebat,
 et laetum Aenean classemque ex aethere longe
 Dardaniam Siculo prospexit ab usque Pachyno.
 moliri iam tecta videt, iam fidere terrae, 290
 deseruisse rates: stetit acri fixa dolore.
 tum quassans caput haec effundit pectore dicta:
 'heu stirpem invisam et fatis contraria nostris
 fata Phrygum! num Sigeis occumbere campis,
 num capti potuere capi? num incensa cremavit 295

O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose!
 Could they not fall unpitied on the plain,
 But slain revive, and, taken, scape again?
 When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
 Thro' fires and swords and seas they forc'd their way.
 Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,
 Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end.
 Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent?
 Or does my glutt'd spleen at length relent?
 As if 'twere little from their town to chase,
 I thro' the seas pursued their exil'd race;
 Ingag'd the heav'ns, oppos'd the stormy main;
 But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.
 What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,
 When these they overpass, and those they shun?
 On Tiber's shores they land, secure of fate,
 Triumphant o'er the storms and Juno's hate.
 Mars could in mutual blood the Centaurs bathe,
 And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath,
 Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon;
 What great offence had either people done?
 But I, the consort of the Thunderer,
 Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war,
 With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
 And by a mortal man at length am foil'd.
 If native pow'r prevail not, shall I doubt
 To seek for needful succour from without?
 If Jove and Heav'n my just desires deny,
 Hell shall the pow'r of Heav'n and Jove supply.
 Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by their decree,
 The Trojan race to reign in Italy;
 At least I can defer the nuptial day,
 And with protracted wars the peace delay:
 With blood the dear alliance shall be bought,
 And both the people near destruction brought;
 So shall the son-in-law and father join,

Troia viros? medias acies mediosque per ignis
 invenere viam. at, credo, mea numina tandem
 fessa iacent, odiis aut exsaturata quievi.
 quin etiam patria excussos infesta per undas
 ausa sequi et profugis toto me opponere ponto. 300
 absumptae in Teucros vires caelique marisque.
 quid Syrtes aut Scylla mihi, quid vasta Charybdis
 profuit? optato conduntur Thybridis alveo
 securi pelagi atque mei. Mars perdere gentem
 immanem Lapithum valuit, concessit in iras 305
 ipse deum antiquam genitor Calydonia Dianae,
 quod scelus aut Lapithas tantum aut Calydonia merentem?
 ast ego, magna Iovis coniunx, nil linquere inausum
 quae potui infelix, quae memet in omnia verti,
 vincor ab Aenea. quod si mea numina non sunt 310
 magna satis, dubitem haud equidem implorare quod usquam est:
 flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.
 non dabitur regnis, esto, prohibere Latinis,
 atque immota manet fatis Lavinia coniunx:
 at trahere atque moras tantis licet addere rebus, 315
 at licet amborum populos exscindere regum.
 hac gener atque socer coeant mercede suorum:
 sanguine Troiano et Rutulo dotabere, virgo,
 et Bellona manet te pronuba. nec face tantum
 Cisseis praegnas ignis enixa iugalis; 320
 quin idem Veneri partus suus et Paris alter,
 funestaeque iterum recidiva in Pergama taedae.'

With ruin, war, and waste of either line.
O fatal maid, thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian blood!
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand;
Another queen brings forth another brand,
To burn with foreign fires another land!
A second Paris, diff'ring but in name,
Shall fire his country with a second flame."

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground,
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound,
To rouse Aleto from th' infernal seat
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.
This Fury, fit for her intent, she chose;
One who delights in wars and human woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own misshapen race;
Her sister Furies fly her hideous face;
So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite:
"O virgin daughter of eternal Night,
Give me this once thy labour, to sustain
My right, and execute my just disdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince.
Expel from Italy that odious name,
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.
'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
Thy hand o'er towns the fun'ral torch displays,
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
Now shake, out thy fruitful breast, the seeds
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war."

Haec ubi dicta dedit, terras horrenda petivit;
luctificam Allecto dirarum ab sede dearum
infernisque ciet tenebris, cui tristia bella 325
iraeque insidiaeque et crimina noxia cordi.
odit et ipse pater Pluton, odere sorores
Tartareae monstrum: tot sese vertit in ora,
tam saevae facies, tot pullulat atra colubris.
quam Iuno his acuit verbis ac talia fatur: 330
'hunc mihi da proprium, virgo sata Nocte, laborem,
hanc operam, ne noster honos infractave cedat
fama loco, neu conubiis ambire Latinum
Aeneadae possint Italosve obsidere finis.
tu potes unanimos armare in proelia fratres 335
atque odiis versare domos, tu verbera tectis
funereasque inferre faces, tibi nomina mille,
mille nocendi artes. fecundum concute pectus,
dissice compositam pacem, sere crimina belli;
arma velit poscatque simul rapiatque iuventus.' 340

Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonian blood,
 The Fury sprang above the Stygian flood;
 And on her wicker wings, sublime thro' night,
 She to the Latian palace took her flight:
 There sought the queen's apartment, stood before
 The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
 Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
 Fir'd with disdain for Turnus disposess'd,
 And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.
 From her black bloody locks the Fury shakes
 Her darling plague, the fav'rite of her snakes;
 With her full force she threw the poisonous dart,
 And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart,
 That, thus envenom'd, she might kindle rage,
 And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
 Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
 Betwixt her linen and her naked limbs;
 His baleful breath inspiring, as he glides,
 Now like a chain around her neck he rides,
 Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
 And with his circling volumes folds her hairs.
 At first the silent venom slid with ease,
 And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees;
 Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
 In plaintive accents she began the war,
 And thus bespoke her husband: "Shall," she said,
 "A wand'ring prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
 If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
 Pity my tears, and pity her desert.
 I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,
 You'd in vain, reverse your cruel doom;
 The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
 And bear the royal virgin far away!
 A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,
 In shew of friendship sought the Spartan shore,
 And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.

Exin Gorgoneis Allecto infecta venenis
 principio Latium et Laurentis tecta tyranni
 celsa petit, tacitumque obsedit limen Amatae,
 quam super adventu Teucrum Turnique hymenaeis
 femineae ardentem curaeque iraeque coquebant. 345
 huic dea caeruleis unum de crinibus anguem
 conicit, inque sinum praecordia ad intima subdit,
 quo furibunda domum monstro permisceat omnem.
 ille inter vestis et levia pectora lapsus
 volvitur attactu nullo, fallitque furem 350
 vipeream inspirans animam; fit tortile collo
 aurum ingens coluber, fit longae taenia vittae
 innectitque comas et membris lubricus errat.
 ac dum prima lues udo sublapsa veneno
 pertemptat sensus atque ossibus implicat ignem 355
 necdum animus toto percepit pectore flammam,
 mollius et solito matrum de more locuta est,
 multa super natae lacrimans Phrygiisque hymenaeis:
 'exsulibusne datur ducenda Lavinia Teucris,
 o genitor, nec te miseret nataeque tuique? 360
 nec matris miseret, quam primo Aquilone relinquet
 perfidus alta petens abducta virgine praedo?
 at non sic Phrygius penetrat Lacedaemona pastor,
 Ledaemque Helenam Troianas vexit ad urbes?
 quid tua sancta fides? quid cura antiqua tuorum 365
 et consanguineo totiens data dextera Turno?
 si gener externa petitur de gente Latinis,
 idque sedet, Faunique premunt te iussa parentis,
 omnem equidem sceptris terram quae libera nostris
 dissidet externam reor et sic dicere divos. 370
 et Turno, si prima domus repetatur origo,
 Inachus Acrisiusque patres mediaeque Mycenae.'

Think on a king's inviolable word;
 And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord:
 To this false foreigner you give your throne,
 And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
 Resume your ancient care; and, if the god
 Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
 Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
 Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
 Then, if the line of Turnus you retrace,
 He springs from Inachus of Argive race."

But when she saw her reasons idly spent,
 And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
 She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
 Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast;
 She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
 And fills with horrid howls the public place.
 And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
 On the smooth pavement of an empty court;
 The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
 Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout;
 They lash aloud; each other they provoke,
 And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke:
 Thus fares the queen; and thus her fury blows
 Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she goes.
 Nor yet content, she strains her malice more,
 And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:
 She flies the town, and, mixing with a throng
 Of madding matrons, bears the bride along,
 Wand'ring thro' woods and wilds, and devious ways,
 And with these arts the Trojan match delays.
 She feign'd the rites of Bacchus; cried aloud,
 And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
 "Evoe! O Bacchus!" thus began the song;
 And "Evoe!" answer'd all the female throng.
 "O virgin! worthy thee alone!" she cried;

His ubi nequiquam dictis experta Latinum
 contra stare videt, penitusque in viscera lapsum
 serpentis furiale malum totamque pererrat, 375
 tum vero infelix ingentibus excita monstribus
 immensam sine more furit lymphata per urbem.
 ceu quondam torto volitans sub verbere turbo,
 quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
 intenti ludo exercent—ille actus habena 380
 curvatis fertur spatiis; stupet inscia supra
 impubesque manus mirata volubile buxum;
 dant animos plagae: non cursu segnior illo
 per medias urbes agitur populosque ferocis.
 quin etiam in silvas simulato numine Bacchi 385
 maius adorta nefas maioremque orsa furorem
 evolat et natam frondosis montibus abdit,
 quo thalamum eripiat Teucris taedasque moretur,
 euhoe Bacche fremens, solum te virgine dignum
 vociferans: etenim mollis tibi sumere thyrsos, 390
 te lustrare choro, sacrum tibi pascere crinem.
 fama volat, furiisque accensas pectore matres
 idem omnis simul ardor agit nova quaerere tecta.
 deseruere domos, ventis dant colla comasque;
 ast aliae tremulis ululatibus aethera complent 395
 pampineasque gerunt incinctae pellibus hastas.
 ipsa inter medias flagrantem fervida pinum

“O worthy thee alone!” the crew replied.
 “For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
 And with thy winding ivy wreathes her lance.”
 Like fury seiz’d the rest; the progress known,
 All seek the mountains, and forsake the town:
 All, clad in skins of beasts, the jav’lin bear,
 Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair,
 And shrieks and shoutings rend the suff’ring air.
 The queen herself, inspir’d with rage divine,
 Shook high above her head a flaming pine;
 Then roll’d her haggard eyes around the throng,
 And sung, in Turnus’ name, the nuptial song:
 “Io, ye Latian dames! if any here
 Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear;
 If there be here,” she said, “who dare maintain
 My right, nor think the name of mother vain;
 Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
 And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare.”

Amata’s breast the Fury thus invades,
 And fires with rage, amid the sylvan shades;
 Then, when she found her venom spread so far,
 The royal house embroil’d in civil war,
 Rais’d on her dusky wings, she cleaves the skies,
 And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies.
 His town, as fame reports, was built of old
 By Danae, pregnant with almighty gold,
 Who fled her father’s rage, and, with a train
 Of following Argives, thro’ the stormy main,
 Driv’n by the southern blasts, was fated here to reign.
 ’Twas Ardua once; now Ardea’s name it bears;
 Once a fair city, now consum’d with years.
 Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus lay,
 Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
 Secure in sleep. The Fury laid aside
 Her looks and limbs, and with new methods tried

sustinet ac natae Turnique canit hymenaeos
 sanguineam torquens aciem, torvumque repente
 clamat: 'io matres, audite, ubi quaeque, Latinae: 400
 si qua piis animis manet infelicis Amatae
 gratia, si iuris materni cura remordet,
 solvite crinalis vittas, capite orgia mecum.'
 talem inter silvas, inter deserta ferarum
 reginam Allecto stimulis agit undique Bacchi. 405

Postquam visa satis primos acuisse furores
 consiliumque omnemque domum vertisse Latini,
 protinus hinc fuscis tristis dea tollitur alis
 audacis Rutuli ad muros, quam dicitur urbem
 Acrisioneis Danae fundasse colonis 410
 praecipiti delata Noto. locus Ardea quondam
 dictus avis, et nunc magnum manet Ardea nomen,
 sed fortuna fuit. tectis hic Turnus in altis
 iam mediam nigra carpebat nocte quietem.
 Allecto toruam faciem et furialia membra 415
 exuit, in vultus sese transformat anilis
 et frontem obscenam rugis arat, induit albos
 cum vitta crinis, tum ramum innectit olivae;
 fit Calybe Iunonis anus templique sacerdos,
 et iuveni ante oculos his se cum vocibus offert: 420
 'Turne, tot incassum fusos patiere labores,
 et tua Dardaniis transcribi sceptrum colonis?

The foulness of th' infernal form to hide.
 Propp'd on a staff, she takes a trembling mien:
 Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene;
 Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws;
 Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws;
 Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
 Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
 Old Chalybe, who kept the sacred fane
 Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began,
 Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man:
 "Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain
 In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain?
 Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize,
 Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?
 The bride and scepter which thy blood has bought,
 The king transfers; and foreign heirs are sought.
 Go now, deluded man, and seek again
 New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain.
 Repel the Tuscan foes; their city seize;
 Protect the Latians in luxurious ease.
 This dream all-pow'rful Juno sends; I bear
 Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.
 Haste; arm your Ardeans; issue to the plain;
 With fate to friend, assault the Trojan train:
 Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships, that lie
 In Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.
 The Latian king, unless he shall submit,
 Own his old promise, and his new forget;
 Let him, in arms, the pow'r of Turnus prove,
 And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.
 For such is Heav'n's command."

The youthful prince
 With scorn replied, and made this bold defence:
 "You tell me, mother, what I knew before:

rex tibi coniugium et quaesitas sanguine dotes
 abnegat, externusque in regnum quaeritur heres.
 i nunc, ingratis offer te, inrise, periclis; 425
 Tyrrhenas, i, sterne acies, tege pace Latinos.
 haec adeo tibi me, placida cum nocte iaceres,
 ipsa palam fari omnipotens Saturnia iussit.
 quare age et armari pubem portisque moveri
 laetus in arva para, et Phrygios qui flumine pulchro 430
 consedere duces pictasque exure carinas.
 caelestum vis magna iubet. rex ipse Latinus,
 ni dare coniugium et dicto parere fatetur,
 sentiat et tandem Turnum experiatur in armis.'

Hic iuvenis vatem inridens sic orsa vicissim 435
 ore refert: 'classis invectas Thybridis undam
 non, ut rere, meas effugit nuntius auris;

The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore.
I neither fear nor will provoke the war;
My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.
But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
Of arms imagin'd in your lonely cell.
Go; be the temple and the gods your care;
Permit to men the thought of peace and war."

These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke,
And frightened Turnus trembled as she spoke.
Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn;
Her hideous looks and hellish form return;
Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,
And open all the furies of her face:
Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
She cast him backward as he strove to rise,
And, ling'ring, sought to frame some new replies.
High on her head she rears two twisted snakes,
Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes;
And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks:
"Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
Of arms imagin'd in her lonely cell!
Behold the Fates' infernal minister!
War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear."
Thus having said, her smould'ring torch, impress'd
With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.
Aghast he wak'd; and, starting from his bed,
Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.
"Arms! arms!" he cries: "my sword and shield prepare!"
He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.
So, when with crackling flames a caldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom rise:
Above the brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.
The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
He first commissions to the Latian land,

ne tantos mihi finge metus. nec regia Iuno
immemor est nostri.
sed te victa situ verique effeta senectus, 440
o mater, curis nequiquam exercet, et arma
regum inter falsa vatem formidine ludit.
cura tibi divum effigies et templa tueri;
bella viri pacemque gerent quis bella gerenda.'

Talibus Allecto dictis exarsit in iras. 445
at iuveni oranti subitus tremor occupat artus,
deriguere oculi: tot Erinys sibilat hydris
tantaque se facies aperit; tum flammea torquens
lumina cunctantem et quaerentem dicere plura
reppulit, et geminos erexit crinibus anguis, 450
verberaque insonuit rabidoque haec addidit ore:
'en ego victa situ, quam veri effeta senectus
arma inter regum falsa formidine ludit.
respice ad haec: adsum dirarum ab sede sororum,
bella manu letumque gero.' 455
sic effata facem iuveni coniecit et atro
lumine fumantis fixit sub pectore taedas.
olli somnum ingens rumpit pavor, ossaque et artus
perfundit toto proruptus corpore sudor.
arma amens fremit, arma toro tectisque requirit; 460
saevit amor ferri et scelerata insania belli,
ira super: magno veluti cum flamma sonore
virgea suggeritur costis undantis aeni
exsultantque aestu latices, furit intus aquai
fumidus atque alte spumis exuberat amnis, 465
nec iam se capit unda, volat vapor ater ad auras.
ergo iter ad regem polluta pace Latinum
indicit primis iuvenum et iubet arma parari,
tutari Italiam, detrudere finibus hostem;
se satis ambobus Teucrisque venire Latinisque. 470
haec ubi dicta dedit divosque in vota vocavit,
certatim sese Rutuli exhortantur in arma.

In threat'ning embassy; then rais'd the rest,
To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guest,
To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
And Italy's indanger'd peace restore.
Himself alone an equal match he boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts.
The gods invok'd, the Rutuli prepare
Their arms, and warn each other to the war.
His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
The rest his house and his own fame engage.

While Turnus urges thus his enterprise,
The Stygian Fury to the Trojans flies;
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds, a hunting match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
The Fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
High o'er his front; his beams invade the skies.
From this light cause th' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.
The stately beast the two Tyrrhidae bred,
Snatch'd from his dams, and the tame youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring,
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king:
Their sister Silvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns, with ribbons tied
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide,
And bathed his body. Patient of command
In time he grew, and, growing us'd to hand,
He waited at his master's board for food;
Then sought his salvage kindred in the wood,

hunc decus egregium formae movet atque iuventae,
hunc atavi reges, hunc claris dextera factis.

Dum Turnus Rutulos animis audacibus implet, 475
Allecto in Teucros Stygiis se concitat alis,
arte nova, speculata locum, quo litore pulcher
insidiis cursuque feras agitabat Iulus.
hic subitam canibus rabiem Cocytia virgo
obicit et noto naris contingit odore, 480
ut cervum ardentes agerent; quae prima laborum
causa fuit belloque animos accendit agrestis.
cervus erat forma praestanti et cornibus ingens,
Tyrrhidae pueri quem matris ab ubere raptum
nutribant Tyrrhusque pater, cui regia parent 485
armenta et late custodia credita campi.
adsuetum imperiis soror omni Silvia cura
mollibus intexens ornabat cornua sertis,
pectebatque ferum puroque in fonte lauabat.
ille manum patiens mensaeque adsuetus erili 490
errabat silvis rursusque ad limina nota
ipse domum sera quamvis se nocte ferebat.
hunc procul errantem rabidae venantis Iuli
commovere canes, fluvio cum forte secundo
deflueret ripaque aestus viridante levaret. 495
ipse etiam eximiae laudis succensus amore
Ascanius curvo derexit spicula cornu;
nec dextrae erranti deus afruit, actaque multo
perque uterum sonitu perque ilia venit harundo.

Where grazing all the day, at night he came
 To his known lodgings, and his country dame.
This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,
 Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds,
 As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
 In the cool waters, and to quench his heat.
 Ascanius young, and eager of his game,
 Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim;
 But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
 Which pierc'd his bowels thro' his panting sides.
 The bleeding creature issues from the floods,
 Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes,
 His old familiar hearth and household gods.
 He falls; he fills the house with heavy groans,
 Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
 Young Silvia beats her breast, and cries aloud
 For succour from the clownish neighbourhood:
 The churls assemble; for the fiend, who lay
 In the close woody covert, urg'd their way.
 One with a brand yet burning from the flame,
 Arm'd with a knotty club another came:
 Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
 Their fury makes an instrument of war.
 Tyrrheus, the foster father of the beast,
 Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist,
 But held his hand from the descending stroke,
 And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
 To whet their courage and their rage provoke.

And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
 Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
 Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
 Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
 Adds all her breath: the rocks and woods around,
 And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.
 The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,

saucius at quadripes nota intra tecta refugit 500
 successitque gemens stabulis, questuque cruentus
 atque imploranti similis tectum omne replebat.
 Silvia prima soror palmis percussa lacertos
 auxilium vocat et duros conclamat agrestis.
 olli (pestis enim tacitis latet aspera silvis) 505
 improvisi adsunt, hic torre armatus obusto,
 stipitis hic gravidis nodis; quod cuique repertum
 rimanti telum ira facit. vocat agmina Tyrrhus,
 quadrifidam quercum cuneis ut forte coactis
 scindebat rapta spirans immane securi. 510

At saeva e speculis tempus dea nacta nocendi
 ardua tecta petit stabuli et de culmine summo
 pastorale canit signum cornuque recurvo
 Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omne
 contremuit nemus et silvae insonuere profundae; 515
 audiit et Triviae longe lacus, audiit amnis
 sulpurea Nar albus aqua fontesque Velini,

The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
 Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.
 Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
 And strain their helpless infants to their breast.
 The clowns, a boist'rous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
 With furious haste to the loud summons flew.
 The pow'rs of Troy, then issuing on the plain,
 With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:
 Not theirs a raw and unexperient'd train,
 But a firm body of embattled men.
 At first, while fortune favour'd neither side,
 The fight with clubs and burning brands was tried;
 But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
 Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.
 A shining harvest either host displays,
 And shoots against the sun with equal rays.
 Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,
 White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;
 Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies;
 Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,
 The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.
 First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,
 Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war:
 Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
 And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood
 Huge heaps of slain around the body rise:
 Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies;
 A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
 Amidst the madness of th' unruly train:
 Five herds, five bleating flocks, his pastures fill'd;
 His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.

Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood
 The Fury bath'd them in each other's blood;
 Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,

et trepidae matres pressere ad pectora natos.
 tum vero ad vocem celeres, qua bucina signum
 dira dedit, raptis concurrunt undique telis 520
 indomiti agricolae, nec non et Troia pubes
 Ascanio auxilium castris effundit apertis.
 derexere acies. non iam certamine agresti
 stipitibus duris agitur sudibusve praeustis,
 sed ferro ancipiti decernunt atraque late 525
 horrescit strictis seges ensibus, aeraque fulgent
 sole laccessita et lucem sub nubila iactant:
 fluctus uti primo coepit cum albescere vento,
 paulatim sese tollit mare et altius undas
 erigit, inde imo consurgit ad aethera fundo. 530
 hic iuvenis primam ante aciem stridente sagitta,
 natorum Tyrrhi fuerat qui maximus, Almo,
 sternitur; haesit enim sub gutture vulnus et udae
 vocis iter tenuemque inclusit sanguine vitam.
 corpora multa virum circa seniorque Galaesus, 535
 dum paci medium se offert, iustissimus unus
 qui fuit Ausoniisque olim ditissimus arvis:
 quinque greges illi balantum, quina redibant
 armenta, et terram centum vertebat aratris.

Atque ea per campos aequo dum Marte geruntur, 540
 promissi dea facta potens, ubi sanguine bellum
 imbuat et primae commisit funera pugnae,

And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies.
 To Juno thus she speaks: "Behold! It is done,
 The blood already drawn, the war begun;
 The discord is complete; nor can they cease
 The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
 Now, since the Latian and the Trojan brood
 Have tasted vengeance and the sweets of blood;
 Speak, and my pow'r shall add this office more:
 The neighbr'ing nations of th' Ausonian shore
 Shall hear the dreadful rumour, from afar,
 Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war."
 Then Juno thus: "The grateful work is done,
 The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun;
 Frauds, fears, and fury have possess'd the state,
 And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate.
 A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
 Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line:
 But thou with speed to night and hell repair;
 For not the gods, nor angry Jove, will bear
 Thy lawless wand'ring walks in upper air.
 Leave what remains to me." Saturnia said:
 The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd,
 Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether shade.
 In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
 There lies a lake, Amsanctus is the name,
 Below the lofty mounts: on either side
 Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide.
 Full in the centre of the sacred wood
 An arm arises of the Stygian flood,
 Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing sound,
 Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
 Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
 And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
 To this infernal lake the Fury flies;
 Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring skies.

deserit Hesperiam et caeli conversa per auras
 Iunonem victrix adfatur voce superba:
 'en, perfecta tibi bello discordia tristi; 545
 dic in amicitiam coeant et foedera iungant.
 quandoquidem Ausonio respersi sanguine Teucros,
 hoc etiam his addam, tua si mihi certa voluntas:
 finitimas in bella feram rumoribus urbes,
 accendamque animos insani Martis amore 550
 undique ut auxilio veniant; spargam arma per agros.'
 tum contra Iuno: 'terrorum et fraudis abunde est:
 stant belli causae, pugnatur comminus armis,
 quae fors prima dedit sanguis novus imbuit arma.
 talia coniugia et talis celebrent hymenaeos 555
 egregium Veneris genus et rex ipse Latinus.
 te super aetherias errare licentius auras
 haud pater ille velit, summi regnator Olympi.
 cede locis. ego, si qua super fortuna laborum est,
 ipsa regam.' talis dederat Saturnia voces; 560
 illa autem attollit stridentis anguibus alas
 Cocytique petit sedem supera ardua linquens.
 est locus Italiae medio sub montibus altis,
 nobilis et fama multis memoratus in oris,
 Amsancti valles; densis hunc frondibus atrum 565
 urget utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus
 dat sonitum saxis et torto vertice torrens.
 hic specus horrendum et saevi spiracula Ditis
 monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
 pestiferas aperit fauces, quis condita Erinys, 570
 invisum numen, terras caelumque levabat.

Saturnian Juno now, with double care,
 Attends the fatal process of the war.
 The clowns, return'd, from battle bear the slain,
 Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
 The corps of Almon and the rest are shown;
 Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frightened town.
 Ambitious Turnus in the press appears,
 And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears;
 Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
 A solemn promise made, and disavow'd;
 A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mungril brood.
 Then they, whose mothers, frantic with their fear,
 In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
 And lead his dances with dishevel'd hair,
 Increase the clamour, and the war demand,
 (Such was Amata's int'rest in the land,)
 Against the public sanctions of the peace,
 Against all omens of their ill success.
 With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,
 To force their monarch, and insult the court.
 But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
 The raging tempest and the rising waves,
 Propp'd on himself he stands; his solid sides
 Wash off the seaweeds, and the sounding tides:
 So stood the pious prince, unmov'd, and long
 Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.
 But, when he found that Juno's pow'r prevail'd,
 And all the methods of cool counsel fail'd,
 He calls the gods to witness their offence,
 Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.
 "Hurried by fate," he cries, "and borne before
 A furious wind, we have the faithful shore.
 O more than madmen! you yourselves shall bear
 The guilt of blood and sacrilegious war:
 Thou, Turnus, shalt atone it by thy fate,
 And pray to Heav'n for peace, but pray too late.

Nec minus interea extremam Saturnia bello
 imponit regina manum. ruit omnis in urbem
 pastorum ex acie numerus, caesosque reportant
 Almonem puerum foedatique ora Galaesi, 575
 implorantque deos obtestanturque Latinum.
 Turnus adest medioque in crimine caedis et igni
 terrorem ingeminat: Teucros in regna vocari,
 stirpem admisceri Phrygiam, se limine pelli.
 tum quorum attonitae Baccho nemora avia matres 580
 insultant thiasis (neque enim leve nomen Amatae)
 undique collecti coeunt Martemque fatigant.
 ilicet infandum cuncti contra omina bellum,
 contra fata deum perverso numine poscunt.
 certatim regis circumstant tecta Latini; 585
 ille velut pelago rupes immota resistit,
 ut pelagi rupes magno veniente fragore,
 quae sese multis circum latrantibus undis
 mole tenet; scopuli nequiquam et spumea circum
 saxa fremunt laterique inlisa refunditur alga. 590
 verum ubi nulla datur caecum exsuperare potestas
 consilium, et saevae nutu Iunonis eunt res,
 multa deos aurasque pater testatus inanis
 'frangimur heu fatis' inquit 'ferimurque procella!
 ipsi has sacrilego pendetis sanguine poenas, 595
 o miseri. te, Turne, nefas, te triste manebit
 supplicium, votisque deos venerabere seris.
 nam mihi parta quies, omnisque in limine portus
 funere felici spolior.' nec plura locutus
 saepsit se tectis rerumque reliquit habenas. 600

For me, my stormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death securely tend.
The fun'ral pomp which to your kings you pay,
Is all I want, and all you take away."
He said no more, but, in his walls confin'd,
Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd
Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,
But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.

A solemn custom was observ'd of old,
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold,
Their standard when in fighting fields they rear
Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war;
Or from the boasting Parthians would regain
Their eagles, lost in Carrhae's bloody plain.
Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear,
And still are worship'd with religious fear)
Before his temple stand: the dire abode,
And the fear'd issues of the furious god,
Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates,
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars,
The Roman consul their decree declares,
And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.
The youth in military shouts arise,
And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies.
These rites, of old by sov'reign princes us'd,
Were the king's office; but the king refus'd,
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
Of sacred peace, or loose th' imprison'd war;
But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms,
Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.
Then heav'n's imperious queen shot down from high:
At her approach the brazen hinges fly;
The gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling bar;

Mos erat Hesperio in Latio, quem protinus urbes
Albae coluere sacrum, nunc maxima rerum
Roma colit, cum prima movent in proelia Martem,
sive Getis inferre manu lacrimabile bellum
Hyrcanisve Arabisve parant, seu tendere ad Indos 605
Auroramque sequi Parthosque reposcere signa:
sunt geminae Belli portae (sic nomine dicunt)
religione sacrae et saevi formidine Martis;
centum aerei claudunt vectes aeternaque ferri
robora, nec custos absistit limine Ianus. 610
has, ubi certa sedet patribus sententia pugnae,
ipse Quirinali trabea cinctuque Gabino
insignis reserat stridentia limina consul,
ipse vocat pugnas; sequitur tum cetera pubes,
aereaque adsensu conspirant cornua rauco. 615
hoc et tum Aeneadis indicere bella Latinus
more iubebatur tristisque recludere portas.
abstinuit tactu pater aversusque refugit
foeda ministeria, et caecis se condidit umbris.
tum regina deum caelo delapsa morantis 620
impulit ipsa manu portas, et cardine verso
Belli ferratos rumpit Saturnia postis.
ardet inexcita Ausonia atque immobilis ante;
pars pedes ire parat campis, pars arduus altis
pulverulentus equis furit; omnes arma requirunt. 625
pars levis clipeos et spicula lucida tergent
arvina pingui subiguntque in cote securis;

And, like a tempest, issues out the war.
 The peaceful cities of th' Ausonian shore,
 Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,
 Are all on fire; and some, with studious care,
 Their restiff steeds in sandy plains prepare;
 Some their soft limbs in painful marches try,
 And war is all their wish, and arms the gen'ral cry.
 Part scour the rusty shields with seam; and part
 New grind the blunted ax, and point the dart:
 With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
 And hear the trumpet's clangour pierce the sky.
 Five cities forge their arms: th' Atinian pow'rs,
 Antemnae, Tibur with her lofty tow'rs,
 Ardea the proud, the Crustumerian town:
 All these of old were places of renown.
 Some hammer helmets for the fighting field;
 Some twine young sallows to support the shield;
 The croslet some, and some the cuishes mould,
 With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
 The rustic honours of the scythe and share
 Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.
 Old falchions are new temper'd in the fires;
 The sounding trumpet ev'ry soul inspires.
 The word is giv'n; with eager speed they lace
 The shining headpiece, and the shield embrace.
 The neighing steeds are to the chariot tied;
 The trusty weapon sits on ev'ry side.

And now the mighty labour is begun
 Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.
 Sing you the chiefs that sway'd th' Ausonian land,
 Their arms, and armies under their command;
 What warriors in our ancient clime were bred;
 What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.
 For well you know, and can record alone,
 What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.

signaque ferre iuvat sonitusque audire tubarum.
 quinque adeo magnae positae incudibus urbes
 tela novant, Atina potens Tiburque superbum, 630
 Ardea Crustumerique et turrigeræ Antemnae.
 tegmina tuta cavant capitum flectuntque salignas
 umbonum cratis; alii thoracas aenos
 aut levis ocreas lento ducunt argento;
 vomeris huc et falcis honos, huc omnis aratri 635
 cessit amor; recoquunt patrios fornacibus ensis.
 classica iamque sonant, it bello tessera signum;
 hic galeam tectis trepidus rapit, ille trementis
 ad iuga cogit equos, clipeumque auroque trilicem
 lorica induitur fidoque accingitur ense. 640

Pandite nunc Helicon, deae, cantusque movete,
 qui bello exciti reges, quae quemque secutae
 complerint campos acies, quibus Itala iam tum
 floruerit terra alma viris, quibus arserit armis;
 et meministis enim, divae, et memorare potestis; 645
 ad nos vix tenuis famae perlabitur aura.

Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain:
Scorn sate upon his brows, and sour disdain,
Defying earth and heav'n. Etruria lost,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire;
To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face.
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
With fates averse a thousand men he led:
His sire unworthy of so brave a son;
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.

Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field;
His father's hydra fills his ample shield:
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims;
The son of Hercules he justly seems
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs;
Of heav'nly part, and part of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god.
For strong Alcides, after he had slain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His captive herds; and, thence in triumph led,
On Tuscan Tiber's flow'ry banks they fed.
Then on Mount Aventine the son of Jove
The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.
For arms, his men long piles and jav'lins bore;
And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.
Like Hercules himself his son appears,
In salvage pomp; a lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin;
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus, like the god his father, homely dress'd,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Primus init bellum Tyrrhenis asper ab oris
contemptor divum Mezentius agminaque armat.
filius huic iuxta Lausus, quo pulchrior alter
non fuit excepto Laurentis corpore Turni; 650
Lausus, equum domitor debellatorque ferarum,
ducit Agyllina nequiquam ex urbe secutos
mille viros, dignus patriis qui laetior esset
imperiiis et cui pater haud Mezentius esset.

Post hos insignem palma per gramina currum 655
victoresque ostentat equos satus Hercule pulchro
pulcher Aventinus, clipeoque insigne paternum
centum anguis cinctamque gerit serpentibus Hydram;
collis Aventini silva quem Rhea sacerdos
furtivum partu sub luminis edidit oras, 660
mixta deo mulier, postquam Laurentia victor
Geryone exstincto Tirynthius attigit arva,
Tyrrhenoque boves in flumine lavit Hiberas.
pila manu saevosque gerunt in bella dolones,
et tereti pugnant mucrone veruque Sabello. 665
ipse pedes, tegimen torquens immane leonis,
terribili impexum saeta cum dentibus albis
indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat,
horridus Herculeoque umeros innexus amictu.

Then two twin brothers from fair Tibur came,
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name,)
Fierce Coras and Catillus, void of fear:
Arm'd Argive horse they led, and in the front appear.
Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the mountain's height
With rapid course descending to the fight;
They rush along; the rattling woods give way;
The branches bend before their sweepy sway.

Nor was Praeneste's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains,
A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.
His own Praeneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plow Saturnia's Sabine land;
Besides the succour which cold Anien yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia fat, and Father Amasene—
A num'rous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot thro' the dusty field,
But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead,
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head;
The left foot naked, when they march to fight,
But in a bull's raw hide they sheathe the right.

Messapus next, (great Neptune was his sire,)
Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears, and with his ardour warms
A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:
The just Faliscans he to battle brings,
And those who live where Lake Cimini springs;
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavianian lands.
All these in order march, and marching sing

Tum gemini fratres Tiburtia moenia linquunt, 670
fratris Tiburti dictam cognomine gentem,
Catillusque acerque Coras, Argiva iuventus,
et primam ante aciem densa inter tela feruntur:
ceu duo nubigenae cum vertice montis ab alto
descendunt Centauri Homolen Othrymque nivalem 675
linquentes cursu rapido; dat euntibus ingens
silva locum et magno cedunt virgulta fragore.

Nec Praenestinae fundator defuit urbis,
Volcano genitum pecora inter agrestia regem
inventumque focus omnis quem credidit aetas, 680
Caeculus. hunc legio late comitatur agrestis:
quique altum Praeneste viri quique arva Gabinae
Iunonis gelidumque Anienem et roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt, quos dives Anagnia pascis,
quos Amasene pater. non illis omnibus arma 685
nec clipei currusve sonant; pars maxima glandes
liventis plumbi spargit, pars spicula gestat
bina manu, fulvosque lupi de pelle galeros
tegmen habent capiti; vestigia nuda sinistri
instituere pedis, crudus tegit altera pero. 690

At Messapus, equum domitor, Neptunia proles,
quem neque fas igni cuiquam nec sternere ferro,
iam pridem resides populos desuetaque bello
agmina in arma vocat subito ferrumque retractat.
hi Fescenninas acies Aequosque Faliscos, 695
hi Soractis habent arces Flaviniaque arva
et Cimini cum monte lacum lucosque Capenos.
ibant aequati numero regemque canebant:
ceu quondam nivei liquida inter nubila cycni

The warlike actions of their sea-born king;
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
When, homeward from their wat'ry pastures borne,
They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their music from afar,
Would think these troops an army train'd to war,
But flocks of fowl, that, when the tempests roar,
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.

Then Clausus came, who led a num'rous band
Of troops embodied from the Sabine land,
And, in himself alone, an army brought.
'Twas he, the noble Claudian race begot,
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
To share the greatness of imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth, of old renown,
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town,
And all th' Eretian pow'rs; besides a band
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land,
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
And mountaineers, that from Severus came,
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play.
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:
The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
And the cold Nursians come to close the rear,
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,
Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.
Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,
When pale Orion sets in wintry rain;
Nor thicker harvests on rich Hermus rise,
Or Lycian fields, when Phoebus burns the skies,
Than stand these troops: their bucklers ring around;

cum sese e pastu referunt et longa canoros 700
dant per colla modos, sonat amnis et Asia longe
pulsus palus.
nec quisquam aeratas acies examine tanto
misceri putet, aeriam sed gurgite ab alto
urgeri volucrum raucarum ad litora nubem. 705

Ecce Sabinorum prisco de sanguine magnum
agmen agens Clausus magnique ipse agminis instar,
Claudia nunc a quo diffunditur et tribus et gens
per Latium, postquam in partem data Roma Sabinis.
una ingens Amiterna cohors priscique Quirites, 710
Ereti manus omnis oliviferaeque Mutuscae;
qui Nomentum urbem, qui Rosea rura Velini,
qui Tetricae horrentis rupes montemque Severum
Casperiamque colunt Forulosque et flumen Himellae,
qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt, quos frigida misit 715
Nursia, et Ortinae classes populique Latini,
quosque secans infaustum interluit Allia nomen:
quam multi Libyco volvuntur marmore fluctus
saevus ubi Orion hibernis conditur undis,
vel cum sole novo densae torrentur aristae 720
aut Hermi campo aut Lyciae flaventibus arvis.
scuta sonant pulsuque pedum conterrita tellus.

Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.

High in his chariot then Halesus came,
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:
From Agamemnon born—to Turnus' aid
A thousand men the youthful hero led,
Who till the Massic soil, for wine renown'd,
And fierce Auruncans from their hilly ground,
And those who live by Sidicinian shores,
And where with shoaly fords Vulturnus roars,
Cales' and Osca's old inhabitants,
And rough Saticulans, inur'd to wants:
Light demi-lances from afar they throw,
Fasten'd with leathern thongs, to gall the foe.
Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear;
And on their warding arm light bucklers bear.

Nor Oebalus, shalt thou be left unsung,
From nymph Semethis and old Telon sprung,
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd;
But that short isle th' ambitious youth disdain'd,
And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway,
Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea;
O'er Batulum, and where Abella sees,
From her high tow'rs, the harvest of her trees.
And these (as was the Teuton use of old)
Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold;
Sling weighty stones, when from afar they fight;
Their casques are cork, a covering thick and light.

Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens went,
And led the mountain troops that Nursia sent.
The rude Equicolae his rule obey'd;
Hunting their sport, and plund'ring was their trade.
In arms they plow'd, to battle still prepar'd:

Hinc Agamemnonius, Troiani nominis hostis,
curru iungit Halaesus equos Turnoque ferocis
mille rapit populos, vertunt felicia Baccho 725
Massica qui rastris, et quos de collibus altis
Aurunci misere patres Sidicinaque iuxta
aequora, quique Cales linquunt amnisque vadosi
accola Volturni, pariterque Saticulus asper
Oscorumque manus. teretes sunt aclydes illis 730
tela, sed haec lento mos est aptare flagello.
laevas caetra tegit, falcati comminus enses.

Nec tu carminibus nostris indictus abibis,
Oebale, quem generasse Telon Sebethide nympha
fertur, Teleboum Capreas cum regna teneret, 735
iam senior; patriis sed non et filius arvis
contentus late iam tum dicione premebat
Sarrastis populos et quae rigat aequora Sarnus,
quique Rufras Batulumque tenent atque arva Celemnae,
et quos maliferae despectant moenia Abellae, 740
Teutonico ritu soliti torquere cateias;
tegmina quis capitum raptus de subere cortex
aerataeque micant peltae, micat aereus ensis.

Et te montosae misere in proelia Nersae,
Ufens, insignem fama et felicibus armis, 745
horrida praecipue cui gens adsuetaque multo
venatu nemorum, duris Aequicula glaebis.
armati terram exercent semperque recentis

Their soil was barren, and their hearts were hard.

Umbro the priest the proud Marrubians led,
By King Archippus sent to Turnus' aid,
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage,
And venom'd wounds of serpents could assuage.
He, when he pleas'd with powerful juice to steep
Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
But vain were Marsian herbs, and magic art,
To cure the wound giv'n by the Dardan dart:
Yet his untimely fate th' Angitian woods
In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.

The son of fam'd Hippolytus was there,
Fam'd as his sire, and, as his mother, fair;
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
And nurs'd his youth along the marshy shore,
Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame,
In fruitful fields; and Virbius was his name.
Hippolytus, as old records have said,
Was by his stepdam sought to share her bed;
But, when no female arts his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore,
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore.
But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Aesculapian herbs his life restor'd.
Then Jove, who saw from high, with just disdain,
The dead inspir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the centre, with his flaming dart,
Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown;
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove,

convectare iuvat praedas et vivere raptis.

Quin et Marruvia venit de gente sacerdos 750
fronde super galeam et felici comptus oliva
Archippi regis missu, fortissimus Umbro,
vipereo generi et graviter spirantibus hydrys
spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat,
mulcebatque iras et morsus arte levabat. 755
sed non Dardaniae medicari cuspidis ictum
evaluit neque eum iuvere in vulnera cantus
somniaferi et Marsis quaesitae montibus herbae.
te nemus Angitia, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
te liquidi flevere lacus. 760

Ibat et Hippolyti proles pulcherrima bello,
Virbius, insignem quem mater Aricia misit,
eductum Egeriae lucis umentia circum
litora, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Dianae.
namque ferunt fama Hippolytum, postquam arte novercae 765
occiderit patriasque expleret sanguine poenas
turbatis distractus equis, ad sidera rursus
aetheria et superas caeli venisse sub auras,
Paeoniis revocatum herbis et amore Dianae.
tum pater omnipotens aliquem indignatus ab umbris 770
mortalem infernis ad lumina surgere vitae,
ipse repertorem medicinae talis et artis
fulmine Phoebigenam Stygias detrusit ad undas.
at Trivia Hippolytum secretis alma recondit
sedibus et nymphae Egeriae nemorique relegat, 775
solus ubi in silvis Italis ignobilis aevum
exigeret versoque ubi nomine Virbius esset.
unde etiam templo Triviae lucisque sacratis
cornipedes arcentur equi, quod litore currum
et iuvenem monstris pavidi effudere marinis. 780
filius ardentis haud setius aequore campi
exercebat equos curruque in bella ruebat.

Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from Jove.
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood
Are coursers driv'n, who shed their master's blood,
Affrighted by the monsters of the flood.
His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd
His father's art, and warrior steeds he rein'd.

Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
High o'er the rest in arms the graceful Turnus rode:
A triple of plumes his crest adorn'd,
On which with belching flames Chimaera burn'd:
The more the kindled combat rises high'r,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
Fair Io grac'd his shield; but Io now
With horns exalted stands, and seems to low—
A noble charge! Her keeper by her side,
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes applied;
And on the brims her sire, the wat'ry god,
Roll'd from a silver urn his crystal flood.
A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields
With swords, and pointed spears, and clatt'ring shields;
Of Argives, and of old Sicanian bands,
And those who plow the rich Rutulian lands;
Auruncan youth, and those Sacrana yields,
And the proud Labicans, with painted shields,
And those who near Numician streams reside,
And those whom Tiber's holy forests hide,
Or Circe's hills from the main land divide;
Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina stands.

Last, from the Volscians fair Camilla came,
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame;
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
Mix'd with the first, the fierce Virago fought,

Ipsa inter primos praestanti corpore Turnus
vertitur arma tenens et toto vertice supra est.
cui triplici crinita iuba galea alta Chimaeram 785
sustinet Aetnaeos efflantem faucibus ignis;
tam magis illa fremens et tristibus effera flammis
quam magis effuso crudescunt sanguine pugnae.
at levem clipeum sublatis cornibus Io
auro insignibat, iam saetis obsita, iam bos, 790
argumentum ingens, et custos virginis Argus,
caelataque amnem fundens pater Inachus urna.
insequitur nimbus peditum clipeataque totis
agmina densentur campis, Argivaque pubes
Auruncaeque manus, Rutuli veteresque Sicani, 795
et Sacrae acies et picti scuta Labici;
qui saltus, Tiberine, tuos sacrumque Numici
litus arant Rutulosque exercent vomere collis
Circaeumque iugum, quis Iuppiter Anxurus arvis
praesidet et viridi gaudens Feronia luco; 800
qua Saturae iacet atra palus gelidusque per imas
quaerit iter vallis atque in mare conditur Ufens.

Hos super advenit Volsca de gente Camilla
agmen agens equitum et florentis aere catervas,
bellatrix, non illa colo calathisque Minervae 805
femineas adsueta manus, sed proelia virgo
dura pati cursuque pedum praevertere ventos.

Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought,
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She swept the seas, and, as she skimm'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Where'er she passes, fix their wond'ring eyes:
Longing they look, and, gaping at the sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight;
Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face;
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd,
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle jav'lin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

illa vel intactae segetis per summa volaret
gramina nec teneras cursu laesisset aristas,
vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentis 810
ferret iter celeris nec tingeret aequore plantas.
illam omnis tectis agrisque effusa iuventus
turbaque miratur matrum et prospectat euntem,
attonitis inhians animis ut regius ostro
velet honos levis umeros, ut fibula crinem 815
auro internectat, Lyciam ut gerat ipsa pharetram
et pastorem praefixa cuspide myrtum.

THE ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Aeneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Aeneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

When Turnus had assembled all his pow'rs,
His standard planted on Laurentum's tow'rs;
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had giv'n the signal of approaching war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields;
Trembling with rage, the Latian youth prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war.
Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd,
With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud.
These thro' the country took their wasteful course,
The fields to forage, and to gather force.
Then Venulus to Diomedes they send,
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend,
Declare the common danger, and inform
The Grecian leader of the growing storm:
"Aeneas, landed on the Latian coast,
With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host,
Yet now aspir'd to conquest of the state,
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate;
What num'rous nations in his quarrel came,

Ut belli signum Laurenti Turnus ab arce
extulit et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu,
utque acris concussit equos utque impulit arma,
extemplo turbati animi, simul omne tumultu
coniurat trepido Latium saevitque iuventus 5
effera. ductores primi Messapus et Ufens
contemptorque deum Mezentius undique cogunt
auxilia et latos vastant cultoribus agros.
mittitur et magni Venulus Diomedis ad urbem
qui petat auxilium, et Latio consistere Teucros, 10
advectum Aenean classi victosque penatis
inferre et fatis regem se dicere posci
edoceat, multasque viro se adiungere gentis
Dardanio et late Latio increbrescere nomen:
quid struat his coeptis, quem, si fortuna sequatur, 15
eventum pugnae cupiat, manifestius ipsi
quam Turno regi aut regi apparere Latino.

And how they spread his formidable name.
What he design'd, what mischief might arise,
If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,
Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears,
And common interest, was involv'd in theirs."

While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare.
This way and that he turns his anxious mind;
Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd;
Explores himself in vain, in ev'ry part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart.
So, when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light,
The glitt'ring species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side;
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.
'Twas night; and weary nature lull'd asleep
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep,
And beasts, and mortal men. The Trojan chief
Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.
Then, thro' the shadows of the poplar wood,
Arose the father of the Roman flood;
An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd:

"Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
O long expected in this promis'd place!
Who thro' the foes hast borne thy banish'd gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes;
This is thy happy home, the clime where fate

Talia per Latium. quae Laomedontius heros
cuncta videns magno curarum fluctuat aestu,
atque animum nunc huc celerem nunc dividit illuc 20
in partisque rapit varias perque omnia versat,
sicut aquae tremulum labris ubi lumen aenis
sole repperit aut radiantis imagine lunae
omnia pervolat late loca, iamque sub auras
erigitur summique ferit laquearia tecti. 25
nox erat et terras animalia fessa per omnis
alittum pecudumque genus sopor altus habebat,
cum pater in ripa gelidique sub aetheris axe
Aeneas, tristi turbatus pectora bello,
procubuit seramque dedit per membra quietem. 30
huic deus ipse loci fluvio Tiberinus amoeno
populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
visus (eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
carbasus, et crinis umbrosa tegebat harundo),
tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis: 35

'O sate gente deum, Troianam ex hostibus urbem
qui revehis nobis aeternaque Pergama servas,
exspectate solo Laurenti arvisque Latinis,
hic tibi certa domus, certi (ne absiste) penates.
neu belli terrere minis; tumor omnis et irae 40

Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
 Fear not! The war shall end in lasting peace,
 And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.
 And that this nightly vision may not seem
 Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
 A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
 All white herself, and white her thirty young.
 When thirty rolling years have run their race,
 Thy son Ascanius, on this empty space,
 Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame,
 Which from this omen shall receive the name.
 Time shall approve the truth. For what remains,
 And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
 With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
 Driv'n with Evander from th' Arcadian land,
 Have planted here, and plac'd on high their walls;
 Their town the founder Pallanteum calls,
 Deriv'd from Pallas, his great-grandsire's name:
 But the fierce Latians old possession claim,
 With war infesting the new colony.
 These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
 To thy free passage I submit my streams.
 Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams;
 And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
 To Juno's pow'r thy just devotion pay;
 With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:
 Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease.
 When thou return'st victorious from the war,
 Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
 The god am I, whose yellow water flows
 Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:
 Tiber my name; among the rolling floods
 Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.
 This is my certain seat. In times to come,
 My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome."

concessere deum.
 iamque tibi, ne vana putes haec fingere somnum,
 litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus
 triginta capitum fetus enixa iacebit,
 alba solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati. 45
 [hic locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum,]
 ex quo ter denis urbem redeuntibus annis
 Ascanius clari condet cognominis Albam.
 haud incerta cano. nunc qua ratione quod instat
 expedias victor, paucis (adverte) docebo. 50
 Arcades his oris, genus a Pallante profectum,
 qui regem Evandrum comites, qui signa secuti,
 delegere locum et posuere in montibus urbem
 Pallantis proavi de nomine Pallanteum.
 hi bellum adsidue ducunt cum gente Latina; 55
 hos castris adhibe socios et foedera iunge.
 ipse ego te ripis et recto flumine ducam,
 adversum remis superes subvectus ut amnem.
 surge age, nate dea, primisque cadentibus astris
 Iunoni fer rite preces, iramque minasque 60
 supplicibus supera votis. mihi victor honorem
 persolves. ego sum pleno quem flumine cernis
 stringentem ripas et pingua culta secantem,
 caeruleus Thybris, caelo gratissimus amnis.
 hic mihi magna domus, celsis caput urbibus exit.' 65

He said, and plung'd below. While yet he spoke,
 His dream Aeneas and his sleep forsook.
 He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies
 With purple blushing, and the day arise.
 Then water in his hollow palm he took
 From Tiber's flood, and thus the pow'rs bespoke:
 "Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
 And Father Tiber, in thy sacred bed
 Receive Aeneas, and from danger keep.
 Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
 Conceals thy wat'ry stores; where'er they rise,
 And, bubbling from below, salute the skies;
 Thou, king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
 Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
 For this thy kind compassion of our woes,
 Shalt share my morning song and ev'ning vows.
 But, O be present to thy people's aid,
 And firm the gracious promise thou hast made!"
 Thus having said, two galleys from his stores,
 With care he chooses, mans, and fits with oars.

Now on the shore the fatal swine is found.
 Wond'rous to tell!—She lay along the ground:
 Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
 She white herself, and white her thirty young.
 Aeneas takes the mother and her brood,
 And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.
 The foll'wing night, and the succeeding day,
 Propitious Tiber smooth'd his wat'ry way:
 He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he stood,
 A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood.
 The Trojans mount their ships; they put from shore,
 Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
 Shouts from the land give omen to their course,
 And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.
 The woods and waters wonder at the gleam

Dixit, deinde lacu fluvius se condidit alto
 ima petens; nox Aenean somnusque reliquit.
 surgit et aetherii spectans orientia solis
 lumina rite cavis undam de flumine palmis
 sustinet ac talis effundit ad aethera voces: 70
 'Nymphae, Laurentes Nymphae, genus amnibus unde est,
 tuque, o Thybri tuo genitor cum flumine sancto,
 accipite Aenean et tandem arcete periclis.
 quo te cumque lacus miserantem incommoda nostra
 fonte tenent, quocumque solo pulcherrimus exis, 75
 semper honore meo, semper celebrabere donis
 corniger Hesperidum fluvius regnator aquarum.
 adsis o tantum et propius tua numina firmes.'
 sic memorat, geminasque legit de classe biremis
 remigioque aptat, socios simul instruit armis. 80

Ecce autem subitum atque oculis mirabile monstrum,
 candida per silvam cum fetu concolor albo
 procubuit viridique in litore conspicitur sus;
 quam pius Aeneas tibi enim, tibi, maxima Iuno,
 mactat sacra ferens et cum grege sistit ad aram. 85
 Thybris ea fluvium, quam longa est, nocte tumentem
 leniit, et tacita refluens ita substitit unda,
 mitis ut in morem stagni placidaeque paludis
 sterneret aequor aquis, remo ut luctamen abesset.
 ergo iter inceptum celerant rumore secundo: 90
 labitur uncta vadis abies; mirantur et undae,
 miratur nemus insuetum fulgentia longe
 scuta virum fluvio pictasque innare carinas.
 olli remigio noctemque diemque fatigant
 et longos superant flexus, variisque teguntur 95

Of shields, and painted ships that stem the stream.
 One summer's night and one whole day they pass
 Betwixt the greenwood shades, and cut the liquid glass.
 The fiery sun had finish'd half his race,
 Look'd back, and doubted in the middle space,
 When they from far beheld the rising tow'rs,
 The tops of sheds, and shepherds' lowly bow'rs,
 Thin as they stood, which, then of homely clay,
 Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.
 These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
 The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.

'Twas on a solemn day: th' Arcadian states,
 The king and prince, without the city gates,
 Then paid their off'rings in a sacred grove
 To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
 Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies,
 And fat of entrails on his altar fries.
 But, when they saw the ships that stemm'd the flood,
 And glitter'd thro' the covert of the wood,
 They rose with fear, and left th' unfinish'd feast,
 Till dauntless Pallas reassur'd the rest
 To pay the rites. Himself without delay
 A jav'lin seiz'd, and singly took his way;
 Then gain'd a rising ground, and call'd from far:
 "Resolve me, strangers, whence, and what you are;
 Your bus'ness here; and bring you peace or war?"
 High on the stern Aeneas took his stand,
 And held a branch of olive in his hand,
 While thus he spoke: "The Phrygians' arms you see,

arboribus, viridisque secant placido aequore silvas.
 sol medium caeli conscenderat igneus orbem
 cum muros arcemque procul ac rara domorum
 tecta vident, quae nunc Romana potentia caelo
 aequavit, tum res inopes Evandrus habebat. 100
 ocius advertunt proras ubique propinquant.

Forte die sollemnem illo rex Arcas honorem
 Amphytryoniadae magno divisque ferebat
 ante urbem in luco. Pallas huic filius una,
 una omnes iuvenum primi pauperque senatus 105
 tura dabant, tepidusque cruor fumabat ad aras.
 ut celsas videre rates atque inter opacum
 adlabi nemus et tacitos incumbere remis,
 terrentur visu subito cunctique relictis
 consurgunt mensis. audax quos rumpere Pallas 110
 sacra vetat raptoque volat telo obvius ipse,
 et procul e tumulo: 'iuvenes, quae causa subegit
 ignotas temptare vias? quo tenditis?' inquit.
 'qui genus? unde domo? pacemne huc fertis an arma?'
 tum pater Aeneas puppi sic fatur ab alta 115
 paciferaeque manu ramum praetendit olivae:
 'Troiu genas ac tela vides inimica Latinis,
 quos illi bello profugos egere superbo.
 Evandrum petimus. ferte haec et dicite lectos

Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy
 By Latian foes, with war unjustly made;
 At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd.
 This message bear: 'The Trojans and their chief
 Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.'
 Struck with so great a name, and all on fire,
 The youth replies: "Whatever you require,
 Your fame exacts. Upon our shores descend.
 A welcome guest, and, what you wish, a friend."
 He said, and, downward hasting to the strand,
 Embrac'd the stranger prince, and join'd his hand.
 Conducted to the grove,

Aeneas broke
 The silence first, and thus the king bespoke:
 "Best of the Greeks, to whom, by fate's command,
 I bear these peaceful branches in my hand,
 Undaunted I approach you, tho' I know
 Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe;
 From Atreus tho' your ancient lineage came,
 And both the brother kings your kindred claim;
 Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high renown,
 Your virtue, thro' the neighb'ring nations blown,
 Our fathers' mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
 Have led me hither, less by need than choice.
 Our founder Dardanus, as fame has sung,
 And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung:
 Electra from the loins of Atlas came;
 Atlas, whose head sustains the starry frame.
 Your sire is Mercury, whom long before
 On cold Cyllene's top fair Maia bore.
 Maia the fair, on fame if we rely,
 Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky.
 Thus from one common source our streams divide;
 Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian side.
 Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news before,

Dardaniae venisse duces socia arma rogantis.' 120
 obstipuit tanto percussus nomine Pallas:
 'egredere o quicumque es' ait 'coramque parentem
 adloquere ac nostris succede penatibus hospes.'
 excepitque manu dextramque amplexus inhaesit;
 progressi subeunt luco fluviumque relinquunt. 125

Tum regem Aeneas dictis adfatur amicis:
 'optime Graiugenum, cui me Fortuna precari
 et vitta comptos voluit praetendere ramos,
 non equidem extimui Danaum quod ductor et Arcas
 quodque a stirpe fores geminis coniunctus Atridis; 130
 sed mea me virtus et sancta oracula divum
 cognatique patres, tua terris didita fama,
 coniunxere tibi et fatis egere volentem.
 Dardanus, Iliacae primus pater urbis et auctor,
 Electra, ut Grai perhibent, Atlantide cretus, 135
 advehitur Teucros; Electram maximus Atlas
 edidit, aetherios umero qui sustinet orbis.
 vobis Mercurius pater est, quem candida Maia
 Cyllenae gelido conceptum vertice fudit;
 at Maiam, auditis si quicquam credimus, Atlas, 140
 idem Atlas generat caeli qui sidera tollit.
 sic genus amborum scindit se sanguine ab uno.
 his fretus non legatos neque prima per artem
 temptamenta tui pepigi; me, me ipse meumque
 obieci caput et supplex ad limina veni. 145
 gens eadem, quae te, crudeli Daunia bello
 insequitur; nos si pellant nihil afore credunt
 quin omnem Hesperiam penitus sua sub iuga mittant,

Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;
But come, without a pledge, my own ambassador.
The same Rutulians, who with arms pursue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
Our host expell'd, what farther force can stay
The victor troops from universal sway?
Then will they stretch their pow'r athwart the land,
And either sea from side to side command.
Receive our offer'd faith, and give us thine;
Ours is a gen'rous and experienc'd line:
We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare."

He said; and while spoke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vast surprise,
Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his face:
Then answer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
"O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father shine,
How I recall Anchises! how I see
His motions, mien, and all my friend, in thee!
Long tho' it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
When Priam to his sister's court design'd
A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
And thro' th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.
Then, past a boy, the callow down began
To shade my chin, and call me first a man.
I saw the shining train with vast delight,
And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my sight:
But great Anchises, far above the rest,
With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast.
I long'd to join in friendship's holy bands
Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
I first accosted him: I sued, I sought,
And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,

et mare quod supra teneant quodque adluit infra.
accipe daque fidem. sunt nobis fortia bello 150
pectora, sunt animi et rebus spectata iuventus.'

Dixerat Aeneas. ille os oculosque loquentis
iamdudum et totum lustrabat lumine corpus.
tum sic pauca refert: 'ut te, fortissime Teucrum,
accipio agnoscoque libens! ut verba parentis 155
et vocem Anchisae magni vultumque recordor!
nam memini Hesionae visentem regna sororis
Laomedontiaden Priamum Salamina petentem
protinus Arcadiae gelidos invisere finis.
tum mihi prima genas vestibat flore iuventas, 160
mirabarque duces Teucros, mirabar et ipsum
Laomedontiaden; sed cunctis altior ibat
Anchises. mihi mens iuvenali ardebat amore
compellare virum et dextrae coniungere dextram;
accessi et cupidus Phenei sub moenia duxi. 165
ille mihi insignem pharetram Lyciasque sagittas
discedens chlamydemque auro dedit intertextam,
frenaque bina meus quae nunc habet aurea Pallas.
ergo et quam petitis iuncta est mihi foedere dextra,
et lux cum primum terris se crastina reddet, 170
auxilio laetos dimittam opibusque iuvabo.
interea sacra haec, quando huc venistis amici,
annua, quae differre nefas, celebrate faventes
nobiscum, et iam nunc sociorum adsuescite mensis.'

A Lycian quiver and a Gnossian bow,
 A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold,
 And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
 Which my son's coursers in obedience hold.
 The league you ask, I offer, as your right;
 And, when tomorrow's sun reveals the light,
 With swift supplies you shall be sent away.
 Now celebrate with us this solemn day,
 Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
 Honour our annual feast; and take your seat,
 With friendly welcome, at a homely treat."

Thus having said, the bowls remov'd (for fear)
 The youths replac'd, and soon restor'd the cheer.
 On sods of turf he set the soldiers round:
 A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
 Receiv'd the Trojan chief; and, o'er the bed,
 A lion's shaggy hide for ornament they spread.
 The loaves were serv'd in canisters; the wine
 In bowls; the priest renew'd the rites divine:
 Broil'd entrails are their food, and beef's continued chine.

But when the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 Thus spoke Evander to his royal guest:
 "These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,
 From no vain fears or superstition spring,
 Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance,
 Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance;
 But, sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense,
 The labours of a god we recompense.
 See, from afar, yon rock that mates the sky,
 About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie;
 Such indigested ruin; bleak and bare,
 How desert now it stands, expos'd in air!
 'Twas once a robber's den, inclos'd around
 With living stone, and deep beneath the ground.

Haec ubi dicta, dapes iubet et sublata reponi 175
 pocula gramineoque viros locat ipse sedili,
 praecipuumque toro et villosi pelle leonis
 accipit Aenean solioque invitat acerno.
 tum lecti iuvenes certatim araeque sacerdos
 viscera tosta ferunt taurorum, onerantque canistris 180
 dona laboratae Cereris, Bacchumque ministrant.
 uescitur Aeneas simul et Troiana iuventus
 perpetui tergo bovis et lustralibus extis.

Postquam exempta fames et amor compressus edendi,
 rex Evandrus ait: 'non haec sollemnia nobis, 185
 has ex more dapes, hanc tanti numinis aram
 vana superstitio veterumque ignara deorum
 imposuit: saevis, hospes Troiane, periclis
 servati facimus meritosque novamus honores.
 iam primum saxis suspensam hanc aspice rupem, 190
 disiectae procul ut moles desertaque montis
 stat domus et scopuli ingentem traxere ruinam.
 hic spelunca fuit vasto summoti recessu,
 semihominis Caci facies quam dira tenebat
 solis inaccessam radiis; semperque recenti 195
 caede tepebat humus, foribusque adfixa superbis
 ora virum tristi pendebant pallida tabo.

The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
 This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd.
 The pavement ever foul with human gore;
 Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.
 Vulcan this plague begot; and, like his sire,
 Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
 Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load,
 And brought the needful presence of a god.
 Th' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
 Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon slain:
 Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
 His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
 Near Tiber's bank, to graze the shady grove.
 Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
 By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
 The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
 Four oxen thence, and four fair kine convey'd;
 And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
 He dragg'd 'em backwards to his rocky den.
 The tracks averse a lying notice gave,
 And led the searcher backward from the cave.
"Meantime the herdsman hero shifts his place,
 To find fresh pasture and untrodden grass.
 The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around
 With bellowings, and the rocks restor'd the sound.
 One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
 Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.

Alcides found the fraud; with rage he shook,
 And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.
 Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows' flight,
 He clomb, with eager haste, th' aerial height.
 Then first we saw the monster mend his pace;
 Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face,
 Confess'd the god's approach. Trembling he springs,
 As terror had increas'd his feet with wings;

huic monstro Volcanus erat pater: illius atros
 ore vomens ignis magna se mole ferebat.
 attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus aetas 200
 auxilium adventumque dei. nam maximus ultor
 tergemini nece Geryonae spoliisque superbus
 Alcides aderat taurosque hac victor agebat
 ingentis, vallemque boves amnemque tenebant.
 at furis Caci mens effera, ne quid inausum 205
 aut intractatum scelerisve dolive fuisset,
 quattuor a stabulis praestanti corpore tauros
 avertit, totidem forma superante iuencas.
 atque hos, ne qua forent pedibus vestigia rectis,
 cauda in speluncam tractos versisque viarum 210
 indiciis raptor saxo occultabat opaco;
 quaerenti nulla ad speluncam signa ferebant.
 interea, cum iam stabulis saturata moveret
 Amphitryoniades armenta abitumque pararet,
 discessu mugire boves atque omne querelis 215
 impleri nemus et colles clamore relinqui.
 reddidit una boum vocem vastoque sub antro
 mugiit et Caci spem custodita fefellit.

Hic vero Alcidae furiis exarserat atro
 felle dolor: rapit arma manu nodisque gravatum 220
 robur, et aerii cursu petit ardua montis.
 tum primum nostri Cacus videre timentem
 turbatumque oculis; fugit ilicet ocior Euro
 speluncamque petit, pedibus timor addidit alas.
 ut sese inclusit ruptisque immane catenis 225
 deiecit saxum, ferro quod et arte paterna

Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth he threw
 His body, on his back the door he drew
 (The door, a rib of living rock; with pains
 His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains):
 He broke the heavy links, the mountain clos'd,
 And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
 The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;
 The fierce avenger came with bounding haste;
 Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold,
 And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.
 He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round
 With winged speed the circuit of the ground.
 Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
 And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.
 A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,
 Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back;
 Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
 Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.
 The leaning head hung threat'ning o'er the flood,
 And nodded to the left. The hero stood
 Adverse, with planted feet, and, from the right,
 Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
 Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
 Gave way; heav'n echo'd at the rattling shock.
 Tumbling, it chok'd the flood: on either side
 The banks leap backward, and the streams divide;
 The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread,
 And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his bed.
 The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight;
 The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
 So the pent vapours, with a rumbling sound,
 Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground;
 A sounding flaw succeeds; and, from on high,
 The gods with hate beheld the nether sky:
 The ghosts repine at violated night,
 And curse th' invading sun, and sicken at the sight.

pendebat, fultosque emuniit obice postis,
 ecce furens animis aderat Tirynthus omnemque
 accessum lustrans huc ora ferebat et illuc,
 dentibus infrendens. ter totum fervidus ira 230
 lustrat Aventini montem, ter saxea temptat
 limina nequiquam, ter fessus valle resedit.
 stabat acuta silex praecisis undique saxis
 speluncae dorso insurgens, altissima visu,
 dirarum nidis domus opportuna volucrum. 235
 hanc, ut prona iugo laevum incumbibat ad amnem,
 dexter in adversum nitens concussit et imis
 avulsam solvit radicibus, inde repente
 impulit; impulsu quo maximus intonat aether,
 dissultant ripae refluitque exterritus amnis. 240
 at specus et Caci detecta apparuit ingens
 regia, et umbrosae penitus patuere cavernae,
 non secus ac si qua penitus vi terra dehiscens
 infernas reseret sedes et regna recludat
 pallida, dis invisae, superque immane barathrum 245
 cernatur, trepident immisso lumine Manes.
 ergo insperata deprensum luce repente
 inclusumque cavo saxo atque insueta rudentem
 desuper Alcides telis premit, omniaque arma
 advocat et ramis vastisque molaribus instat. 250
 ille autem, neque enim fuga iam super ulla pericli,
 faucibus ingentem fumum (mirabile dictu)
 evomit involvitque domum caligine caeca
 prospectum eripiens oculis, glomeratque sub antro
 fumiferam noctem commixtis igne tenebris. 255
 non tulit Alcides animis, seque ipse per ignem
 praecipiti iecit saltu, qua plurimus undam
 fumus agit nebulaque ingens specus aestuat atra.
 hic Cacus in tenebris incendia vana vomentem
 corripit in nodum complexus, et angit inhaerens 260
 elisos oculos et siccum sanguine guttur.

The graceless monster, caught in open day,
 Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
 Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
 His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
 The hero stands above, and from afar
 Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.
 He, from his nostrils huge mouth, expires
 Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires,
 Gath'ring, with each repeated blast, the night,
 To make uncertain aim, and erring sight.
 The wrathful god then plunges from above,
 And, where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,
 There lights; and wades thro' fumes, and gropes his way,
 Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasps his prey.
 The monster, spewing fruitless flames, he found;
 He squeez'd his throat; he writh'd his neck around,
 And in a knot his crippled members bound;
 Then from their sockets tore his burning eyes:
 Roll'd on a heap, the breathless robber lies.

The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day,
 And thoro' lights disclose the ravish'd prey.
 The bulls, redeem'd, breathe open air again.
 Next, by the feet, they drag him from his den.
 The wond'ring neighbourhood, with glad surprise,
 Behold his shagged breast, his giant size,
 His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd eyes.
 From that auspicious day, with rites divine,
 We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
 Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows:
 As priests, were added the Pinarian house,
 Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,
 Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
 For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
 Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown:
 Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood,

Panditur extemplo foribus domus atra revulsis
 abstractaeque boves abiurataeque rapinae
 caelo ostenduntur, pedibusque informe cadaver
 protrahitur. nequeunt expleri corda tuendo 265
 terribilis oculos, vultum villosaque saetis
 pectora semiferi atque extinctos faucibus ignis.
 ex illo celebratus honos laetique minores
 servavere diem, primusque Potitius auctor
 et domus Herculei custos Pinaria sacri 270
 hanc aram luco statuit, quae maxima semper
 dicetur nobis et erit quae maxima semper.
 quare agite, o iuvenes, tantarum in munere laudum
 cingite fronde comas et pocula porgite dextris,
 communemque vocate deum et date vina volentes.' 275
 dixerat, Herculea bicolor cum populus umbra
 velavitque comas foliisque innexa pependit,

And with deep draughts invoke our common god.”
This said, a double wreath Evander twin’d,
And poplars black and white his temples bind.
Then brims his ample bowl. With like design
The rest invoke the gods, with sprinkled wine.

Meantime the sun descended from the skies,
And the bright evening star began to rise.
And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
In skins of beasts involv’d, the long procession led;
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As custom had prescrib’d their holy bands;
Then with a second course the tables load,
And with full chargers offer to the god.
The Salii sing, and cense his altars round
With Saban smoke, their heads with poplar bound
One choir of old, another of the young,
To dance, and bear the burthen of the song.
The lay records the labours, and the praise,
And all th’ immortal acts of Hercules:
First, how the mighty babe, when swath’d in bands,
The serpents strangled with his infant hands;
Then, as in years and matchless force he grew,
Th’ Oechalian walls, and Trojan, overthrew.
Besides, a thousand hazards they relate,
Procur’d by Juno’s and Eurystheus’ hate:
“Thy hands, unconquer’d hero, could subdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew:
Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood,
Nor he, the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,
And, seiz’d with fear, forgot his mangled meat.
Th’ infernal waters trembled at thy sight;
Thee, god, no face of danger could affright;

et sacer implevit dextram scyphus. ocius omnes
in mensam laeti libant divosque precantur.

Devexo interea propior fit Vesper Olympo. 280
iamque sacerdotes primusque Potitius ibant
pellibus in morem cincti, flammisque ferebant.
instaurant epulas et mensae grata secundae
dona ferunt cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras.
tum Salii ad cantus incensa altaria circum 285
populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis,
hic iuvenum chorus, ille senum, qui carmine laudes
Herculeas et facta ferunt: ut prima novercae
monstra manu geminosque premens eliserit anguis,
ut bello egregias idem disiecerit urbes, 290
Troiamque Oechalamque, ut duros mille labores
rege sub Eurystheo fatis Iunonis iniquae
pertulerit. 'tu nubigenas, invicte, bimestris
Hylaeumque Pholumque manu, tu Cresia mactas
prodigia et vastum Nemeae sub rupe leonem. 295
te Stygii tremuere lacus, te ianitor Orci
ossa super recubans antro semesa cruento;
nec te ullae facies, non terruit ipse Typhoeus
arduus arma tenens; non te rationis egentem
Lernaeus turba caput circumstetit anguis. 300
salve, vera Iovis proles, decus addite divis,
et nos et tua dexter adi pede sacra secundo.'
taliam carminibus celebrant; super omnia Caci
speluncam adiciunt spirantemque ignibus ipsum.
consonat omne nemus strepitu collesque resultant. 305

Not huge Typhoeus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
 Increas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.
 Hail, Jove's undoubted son! an added grace
 To heav'n and the great author of thy race!
 Receive the grateful off'rings which we pay,
 And smile propitious on thy solemn day!"
 In numbers thus they sung; above the rest,
 The den and death of Cacus crown the feast.
 The woods to hollow vales convey the sound,
 The vales to hills, and hills the notes rebound.

The rites perform'd, the cheerful train retire.
 Betwixt young Pallas and his aged sire,
 The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey,
 And pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious way.
 The stranger cast around his curious eyes,
 New objects viewing still, with new surprise;
 With greedy joy enquires of various things,
 And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
 Then thus the founder of the Roman tow'rs:
 "These woods were first the seat of sylvan pow'rs,
 Of Nymphs and Fauns, and salvage men, who took
 Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
 Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care
 Of lab'ring oxen, or the shining share,
 Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
 Their exercise the chase; the running flood
 Supplied their thirst, the trees supplied their food.
 Then Saturn came, who fled the pow'r of Jove,
 Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
 The men, dispers'd on hills, to towns he brought,
 And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught,
 And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay
 From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.
 With his mild empire, peace and plenty came;
 And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.

Exim se cuncti divinis rebus ad urbem
 perfectis referunt. ibat rex obsitus aevo,
 et comitem Aenean iuxta natumque tenebat
 ingrediens varioque viam sermone levabat.
 miratur facilisque oculos fert omnia circum 310
 Aeneas, capiturque locis et singula laetus
 exquiratque auditque virum monimenta priorum.
 tum rex Evandrus Romanae conditor arcis:
 'haec nemora indigenae Fauni Nymphaeque tenebant
 gensque virum truncis et duro robore nata, 315
 quis neque mos neque cultus erat, nec iungere tauros
 aut componere opes norant aut parcere parto,
 sed rami atque asper victu venatus alebat.
 primus ab aethereo venit Saturnus Olympo
 arma Iovis fugiens et regnis exsul ademptis. 320
 is genus indocile ac dispersum montibus altis
 composuit legesque dedit, Latiumque vocari
 maluit, his quoniam latuisset tutus in oris.
 aurea quae perhibent illo sub rege fuere
 saecula: sic placida populos in pace regebat, 325
 deterior donec paulatim ac decolor aetas
 et belli rabies et amor successit habendi.
 tum manus Ausonia et gentes venere Sicanae,
 saepius et nomen posuit Saturnia tellus;
 tum reges asperque immani corpore Thybris, 330

A more degenerate and discolour'd age
 Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
 Th' Ausonians then, and bold Sicanians came;
 And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
 Then kings, gigantic Tybris, and the rest,
 With arbitrary sway the land oppress'd:
 For Tiber's flood was Albula before,
 Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
 I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home
 By fortune's pow'r, and fate's resistless doom.
 Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy land,
 Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by Heav'n's command."

Thus, walking on, he spoke, and shew'd the gate,
 Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state;
 Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
 Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame,
 Who to her son foretold th' Aenean race,
 Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place:
 Then shews the forest, which, in after times,
 Fierce Romulus for perpetrated crimes
 A sacred refuge made; with this, the shrine
 Where Pan below the rock had rites divine:
 Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
 Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
 Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads;
 Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd with homely reeds.
 A reverent fear (such superstition reigns
 Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains.
 Some god, they knew—what god, they could not tell—
 Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.
 Th' Arcadians thought him Jove; and said they saw
 The mighty Thund'rer with majestic awe,
 Who took his shield, and dealt his bolts around,
 And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.
 Then saw two heaps of ruins, (once they stood

a quo post Itali fluvium cognomine Thybrim
 diximus; amisit verum vetus Albula nomen.
 me pulsum patria pelagique extrema sequentem
 Fortuna omnipotens et ineluctabile fatum
 his posuere locis, matrisque egere tremenda 335
 Carmentis nymphae monita et deus auctor Apollo.'

Vix ea dicta, dehinc progressus monstrat et aram
 et Carmentalem Romani nomine portam
 quam memorant, nymphae priscum Carmentis honorem,
 vatis fatidicae, cecinit quae prima futuros 340
 Aeneadas magnos et nobile Pallanteum.
 hinc lucum ingentem, quem Romulus acer asylum
 rettulit, et gelida monstrat sub rupe Lupercal
 Parrhasio dictum Panos de more Lycae.
 nec non et sacri monstrat nemus Argileti 345
 testaturque locum et letum docet hospitis Argi.
 hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit
 aurea nunc, olim silvestribus horrida dumis.
 iam tum religio pavidos terrebat agrestis
 dira loci, iam tum silvam saxumque tremebant. 350
 'hoc nemus, hunc' inquit 'frondoso vertice collem
 (quis deus incertum est) habitat deus; Arcades ipsum
 credunt se vidisse Iovem, cum saepe nigrantem
 aegida concuteret dextra nimbosque cieret.
 haec duo praeterea disiectis oppida muris, 355
 reliquias veterumque vides monimenta virorum.
 hanc Ianus pater, hanc Saturnus condidit arcem;
 Ianiculum huic, illi fuerat Saturnia nomen.'
 talibus inter se dictis ad tecta subibant

Two stately towns, on either side the flood,
 Saturnia's and Janiculum's remains;
 And either place the founder's name retains.
 Discoursing thus together, they resort
 Where poor Evander kept his country court.
 They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall;
 (Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl;)
 Then, stooping, thro' the narrow gate they press'd,
 When thus the king bespoke his Trojan guest:
 "Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
 Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
 Dare to be poor; accept our homely food,
 Which feasted him, and emulate a god."
 Then underneath a lowly roof he led
 The weary prince, and laid him on a bed;
 The stuffing leaves, with hides of bears o'erspread.
 Now night had shed her silver dew around,
 And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,

When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son,
 (New tumults rising, and new wars begun,)
 Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,
 With these alluring words invokes his aid;
 And, that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
 Inspires each accent with the charms of love:
 "While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian pow'rs,
 To level with the ground the Trojan tow'rs,
 I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore,
 Nor did the succour of thy skill implore;
 Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
 A sinking empire longer to sustain,
 Tho' much I ow'd to Priam's house, and more
 The dangers of Aeneas did deplore.
 But now, by Jove's command, and fate's decree,
 His race is doom'd to reign in Italy:
 With humble suit I beg thy needful art,

pauperis Evandri, passimque armenta videbant 360
 Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis.
 ut ventum ad sedes, 'haec' inquit 'limina victor
 Alcides subiit, haec illum regia cepit.
 aude, hospes, contemnere opes et te quoque dignum
 finge deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.' 365
 dixit, et angusti subter fastigia tecti
 ingentem Aenean duxit stratisque locavit
 effultum foliis et pelle Libystidis ursae:
 nox ruit et fuscis tellurem amplexitur alis.

At Venus haud animo nequiquam exterrita mater 370
 Laurentumque minis et duro mota tumultu
 Vulcanum adloquitur, thalamoque haec coniugis aureo
 incipit et dictis divinum aspirat amorem:
 'dum bello Argolici vastabant Pergama reges
 debita casurasque inimicis ignibus arces, 375
 non ullum auxilium miseris, non arma rogavi
 artis opisque tuae, nec te, carissime coniunx,
 incassumve tuos volui exercere labores,
 quamvis et Priami deberem plurima natis,
 et durum Aeneae flevissem saepe laborem. 380
 nunc Iovis imperiis Rutulorum constitit oris:
 ergo eadem supplex venio et sanctum mihi numen
 arma rogo, genetrix nato. te filia Nerei,
 te potuit lacrimis Tithonia flectere coniunx.
 aspice qui coeant populi, quae moenia clausis 385

O still propitious pow'r, that rules my heart!
 A mother kneels a suppliant for her son.
 By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
 To forge impenetrable shields, and grace
 With fated arms a less illustrious race.
 Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
 Against the relics of the Phrygian kind,
 With fire and sword my people to destroy,
 And conquer Venus twice, in conqu'ring Troy."
 She said; and straight her arms, of snowy hue,
 About her unresolving husband threw.
 Her soft embraces soon infuse desire;
 His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire;
 And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
 Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
 Or forky lightnings flash along the skies.
 The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
 And conscious of her form, in secret smiles.
Then thus the pow'r, obnoxious to her charms,
 Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:
 "Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,
 Or your own beauties or my love distrust?
 Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
 Th' artificer and art you might command,
 To labour arms for Troy: nor Jove, nor fate,
 Confin'd their empire to so short a date.
 And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
 My skill I promise, and my pains engage.
 Whatever melting metals can conspire,
 Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
 Is freely yours: your anxious fears remove,
 And think no task is difficult to love."
 Trembling he spoke; and, eager of her charms,
 He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms;
 Till in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
 Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.

Ferrum acuant portis in me excidiumque meorum.'
 dixerat et niveis hinc atque hinc diva lacertis
 cunctantem amplexu molli foveat. ille repente
 accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas
 intravit calor et labefacta per ossa cucurrit, 390
 non secus atque olim tonitru cum rupta corusco
 ignea rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos;
 sensit laeta dolis et formae conscia coniunx.
 tum pater aeterno fatur devinctus amore:
 'quid causas petis ex alto? fiducia cessit 395
 quo tibi, diva, mei? similis si cura fuisset,
 tum quoque fas nobis Teucros armare fuisset;
 nec pater omnipotens Troiam nec fata vetabant
 stare decemque alios Priamum superesse per annos.
 et nunc, si bellare paras atque haec tibi mens est, 400
 quidquid in arte mea possum promittere curae,
 quod fieri ferro liquidove potest electro,
 quantum ignes animaeque valent, absiste precando
 viribus indubitare tuis.' ea verba locutus
 optatos dedit amplexus placidumque petivit 405
 coniugis infusus gremio per membra soporem.

Now when the night her middle race had rode,
 And his first slumber had refresh'd the god—
 The time when early housewives leave the bed;
 When living embers on the hearth they spread,
 Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise;—
 With yawning mouths, and with half-open'd eyes,
 They ply the distaff by the winking light,
 And to their daily labour add the night:
 Thus frugally they earn their children's bread,
 And uncorrupted keep the nuptial bed—
 Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
 Rose from his downy couch the forging pow'r.
 Sacred to Vulcan's name, an isle there lay,
 Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipare,
 Rais'd high on smoking rocks; and, deep below,
 In hollow caves the fires of Aetna glow.
 The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal;
 Loud strokes, and hissings of tormented steel,
 Are heard around; the boiling waters roar,
 And smoky flames thro' fuming tunnels soar.
 Hither the Father of the Fire, by night,
 Thro' the brown air precipitates his flight.

On their eternal anvils here he found
 The brethren beating, and the blows go round.
 A load of pointless thunder now there lies
 Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:
 These darts, for angry Jove, they daily cast;
 Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste.
 Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
 Of winged southern winds and cloudy store
 As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
 And fears are added, and avenging flame.
 Inferior ministers, for Mars, repair
 His broken axletrees and blunted war,
 And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,

Inde ubi prima quies medio iam noctis abactae
 curriculo expulerat somnum, cum femina primum,
 cui tolerare colo vitam tenuique Minerva
 impositum, cinerem et sopitos suscitatur ignis 410
 noctem addens operi, famulasque ad lumina longo
 exercet penso, castum ut servare cubile
 coniugis et possit parvos educere natos:
 haud secus ignipotens nec tempore segnior illo
 mollibus e stratis opera ad fabrilia surgit. 415
 insula Sicanium iuxta latus Aeoliamque
 erigitur Liparen fumantibus ardua saxis,
 quam subter specus et Cyclopum exesa caminis
 antra Aetnaea tonant, validique incudibus ictus
 auditum referunt gemitus, striduntque cavernis 420
 stricturae Chalybum et fornacibus ignis anhelat,
 Volcani domus et Volcania nomine tellus.
 hoc tunc ignipotens caelo descendit ab alto.

Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro,
 Brontesque Steropesque et nudus membra Pyragmon. 425
 his informatum manibus iam parte polita
 fulmen erat, toto genitor quae plurima caelo
 deicit in terras, pars imperfecta manebat.
 tris imbris torti radios, tris nubis aquosae
 addiderant, rutuli tris ignis et alitis Austri. 430
 fulgores nunc terrificos sonitumque metumque
 miscebant operi flammisque sequacibus iras.
 parte alia Marti currumque rotasque volucris
 instabant, quibus ille viros, quibus excitat urbes;
 aegidaeque horriferam, turbatae Palladis arma, 435
 certatim squamis serpentum auroque polibant

To wake the lazy war with trumpets' loud alarms.
 The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold
 The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
 Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
 With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.
"My sons," said Vulcan, "set your tasks aside;
 Your strength and master-skill must now be tried.
 Arms for a hero forge; arms that require
 Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire."
 He said. They set their former work aside,
 And their new toils with eager haste divide.
 A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
 And deadly steel, in the large furnace roll'd;
 Of this, their artful hands a shield prepare,
 Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
 Sev'n orbs within a spacious round they close:
 One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
 The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
 The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
 By turns their arms advance, in equal time;
 By turns their hands descend, and hammers chime.
 They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs;
 The fiery work proceeds, with rustic songs.

While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
 Their labours thus, and ply th' Aeolian forge,
 The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,
 And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.
 He leaves his lowly bed: his buskins meet
 Above his ankles; sandals sheathe his feet:
 He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
 And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide.
 Two menial dogs before their master press'd.
 Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
 Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace,
 But meets Aeneas in the middle space.

conexosque anguis ipsamque in pectore divae
 Gorgona desecto vertentem lumina collo.
 'tollite cuncta' inquit 'coeptosque auferte labores,
 Aetnaei Cyclopes, et huc advertite mentem: 440
 arma acri facienda viro. nunc viribus usus,
 nunc manibus rapidis, omni nunc arte magistra.
 praecipitate moras.' nec plura effatus, at illi
 ocus incubuere omnes pariterque laborem
 sortiti. fluit aes rivis aurique metallum 445
 vulnificusque chalybs vasta fornace liquescit.
 ingentem clipeum informant, unum omnia contra
 tela Latinorum, septenosque orbibus orbis
 impediunt. alii ventosis follibus auras
 accipiunt redduntque, alii stridentia tingunt 450
 aera lacu; gemit impositis incudibus antrum;
 illi inter sese multa vi bracchia tollunt
 in numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe massam.

Haec pater Aeoliis properat dum Lemnius oris,
 Evandrum ex humili tecto lux suscitatur alma 455
 et matutini volucrum sub culmine cantus.
 consurgit senior tunicaque inducitur artus
 et Tyrrhena pedum circumdat vincula plantis.
 tum lateri atque umeris Tegeaeum subligat ensem
 demissa ab laeva pantherae terga retorquens. 460
 nec non et gemini custodes limine ab alto
 praecedunt gressumque canes comitantur erilem.
 hospitis Aeneae sedem et secreta petebat
 sermonum memor et promissi muneris heros.
 nec minus Aeneas se matutinus agebat; 465

Young Pallas did his father's steps attend,
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands; a secret seat they choose;
Th' Arcadian first their former talk renews:

“Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful friend;
But feeble are the succours I can send.
Our narrow kingdom here the Tiber bounds;
That other side the Latian state surrounds,
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare, to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
You come, as by your better genius sent,
And fortune seems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient building, and of high renown,
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,
Who gave the name of Caere to the place,
Once Agyllina call'd. It flourish'd long,
In pride of wealth and warlike people strong,
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,
Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary pow'r.
What words can paint those execrable times,
The subjects' suff'rings, and the tyrant's crimes!
That blood, those murders, O ye gods, replace
On his own head, and on his impious race!
The living and the dead at his command
Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand,
Till, chok'd with stench, in loath'd embraces tied,
The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and died.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more—
The people's patience, tir'd, no longer bore
The raging monster; but with arms beset
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.

filius huic Pallas, illi comes ibat Achates.
congressi iungunt dextras mediisque residunt
aedibus et licito tandem sermone fruuntur.
rex prior haec:

'Maxime Teucrorum ductor, quo sospite numquam 470
res equidem Troiae victas aut regna fatebor,
nobis ad belli auxilium pro nomine tanto
exiguae vires; hinc Tusco claudimur amni,
hinc Rutulus premit et murum circumsonat armis.
sed tibi ego ingentis populos opulentaque regnis 475
iungere castra paro, quam fors inopina salutem
ostentat: fatis huc te poscentibus adfers.
haud procul hinc saxo incolitur fundata vetusto
urbis Agyllinae sedes, ubi Lydia quondam
gens, bello praeclara, iugis insedit Etruscis. 480
hanc multos florentem annos rex deinde superbo
imperio et saevis tenuit Mezentius armis.
quid memorem infandas caedes, quid facta tyranni
effera? di capiti ipsius generique reservent!
mortua quin etiam iungebat corpora vivis 485
componens manibusque manus atque oribus ora,
tormenti genus, et sanie taboque fluentis
complexu in misero longa sic morte necabat.
at fessi tandem cives infanda furentem
armati circumstant ipsumque domumque, 490
obtruncant socios, ignem ad fastigia iactant.
ille inter caedem Rutulorum elapsus in agros
confugere et Turni defendier hospitis armis.
ergo omnis furiis surrexit Etruria iustis,
regem ad supplicium praesenti Marte reposcunt. 495
his ego te, Aenea, ductorem milibus addam.
toto namque fremunt condensae litore puppes
signaque ferre iubent, retinet longaevus haruspex
fata canens: "o Maeoniae delecta iuventus,
flos veterum virtusque virum, quos iustus in hostem 500

They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends.
He cleaves the crowd, and, favour'd by the night,
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.
By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
With arms, their king to punishment require:
Their num'rous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
My counsel shall submit to your command.
Their navy swarms upon the coasts; they cry
To hoist their anchors, but the gods deny.
An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
With these foreboding words restrains their hate:
'Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flow'r
Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their pow'r,
Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,
To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;
Know this: no native of our land may lead
This pow'rful people; seek a foreign head.'
Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide,
And wait with longing looks their promis'd guide.
Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and ev'ry regal ornament:
The people join their own with his desire;
And all my conduct, as their king, require.
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,
And a soul conscious of its own decay,
Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne,
And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son,
And half a native; but, in you, combine
A manly vigour, and a foreign line.
Where Fate and smiling Fortune shew the way,
Pursue the ready path to sov'reign sway.
The staff of my declining days, my son,
Shall make your good or ill success his own;

fert dolor et merita accendit Mezentius ira,
nulli fas Italo tantam subiungere gentem:
externos optate duces." tum Etrusca resedit
hoc acies campo monitis exterrita divum.
ipse oratores ad me regnique coronam 505
cum sceptro misit mandatque insignia Tarchon,
succedam castris Tyrrhenaque regna capessam.
sed mihi tarda gelu saeclisque effeta senectus
invidet imperium seraeque ad fortia vires.
natum exhortarer, ni mixtus matre Sabella 510
hinc partem patriae traheret. tu, cuius et annis
et generi fatum indulget, quem numina poscunt,
ingredere, o Teucrum atque Italum fortissime ductor.
hunc tibi praeterea, spes et solacia nostri,
Pallanta adiungam; sub te tolerare magistro 515
militiam et grave Martis opus, tua cernere facta
adsuescat, primis et te miretur ab annis.
Arcadas huic equites bis centum, robora pubis
lecta dabo, totidemque suo tibi nomine Pallas.'

In fighting fields from you shall learn to dare,
And serve the hard apprenticeship of war;
Your matchless courage and your conduct view,
And early shall begin t' admire and copy you.
Besides, two hundred horse he shall command;
Tho' few, a warlike and well-chosen band.
These in my name are listed; and my son
As many more has added in his own."

Scarce had he said; Achates and his guest,
With downcast eyes, their silent grief express'd;
Who, short of succours, and in deep despair,
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud;
Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky,
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear;
And, in a heav'n serene, refulgent arms appear:
Redd'ning the skies, and glitt'ring all around,
The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver sound.
The rest stood trembling, struck with awe divine;
Aeneas only, conscious to the sign,
Presag'd th' event, and joyful view'd, above,
Th' accomplish'd promise of the Queen of Love.
Then, to th' Arcadian king: "This prodigy
(Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heav'n calls me to the war: th' expected sign
Is giv'n of promis'd aid, and arms divine.
My goddess mother, whose indulgent care
Foresaw the dangers of the growing war,
This omen gave, when bright Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,
Suspended, shone on high: she then foreshow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn;

Vix ea fatus erat, defixique ora tenebant 520
Aeneas Anchisiades et fidus Achates,
multaque dura suo tristi cum corde putabant,
ni signum caelo Cytherea dedisset aperto.
namque improviso vibratus ab aethere fulgor
cum sonitu venit et ruere omnia visa repente, 525
Tyrrhenusque tubae mugire per aethera clangor.
suspiciunt, iterum atque iterum fragor increpat ingens.
arma inter nubem caeli in regione serena
per sudum rutilare vident et pulsa tonare.
obstipuere animis alii, sed Troius heros 530
agnovit sonitum et divae promissa parentis.
tum memorat: 'ne vero, hospes, ne quaere profecto
quem casum portenta ferant: ego poscor Olympo.
hoc signum cecinit missuram diva creatrix,
si bellum ingrueret, Volcaniaque arma per auras 535
laturam auxilio.
heu quantae miseris caedes Laurentibus instant!
quas poenas mihi, Turne, dabis! quam multa sub undas
scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volves,
Thybri pater! poscant acies et foedera rumpant.' 540

And corps, and swords, and shields, on Tiber borne,
Shall choke his flood: now sound the loud alarms;
And, Latian troops, prepare your perjur'd arms."

He said, and, rising from his homely throne,
The solemn rites of Hercules begun,
And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires;
Then cheerful to his household gods retires;
There offers chosen sheep. Th' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.
Next, of his men and ships he makes review;
Draws out the best and ablest of the crew.
Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest,
The king himself presents his royal guest:
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with studded work, and paws of gold.

Fame thro' the little city spreads aloud
Th' intended march, amid the fearful crowd:
The matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright,
And rises ev'ry moment to the sight.
Then old Evander, with a close embrace,
Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his face.
"Would Heav'n," said he, "my strength and youth recall,
Such as I was beneath Praeneste's wall;
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire;
When Herilus in single fight I slew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue;
And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore,

Haec ubi dicta dedit, solio se tollit ab alto
et primum Herculeis sopitas ignibus aras
excitat, hesternumque larem parvosque penatis
laetus adit; mactat lectas de more bidentis
Evandrus pariter, pariter Troiana iuventus. 545
post hinc ad navis graditur sociosque revisit,
quorum de numero qui sese in bella sequantur
praestantis virtute legit; pars cetera prona
fertur aqua segnisque secundo defluit amni,
nuntia ventura Ascanio rerumque patrisque. 550
dantur equi Teucris Tyrrhena petentibus arva;
ducunt exsortem Aeneae, quem fulva leonis
pellis obit totum praefulgens unguibus aureis.

Fama volat parvam subito vulgata per urbem
ocius ire equites Tyrrheni ad limina regis. 555
vota metu duplicant matres, propiusque periclo
it timor et maior Martis iam apparet imago.
tum pater Evandrus dextram complexus euntis
haeret inexpletus lacrimans ac talia fatur:
'o mihi praeteritos referat si Iuppiter annos, 560
qualis eram cum primam aciem Praeneste sub ipsa
stravi scutorumque incendi victor acervos
et regem hac Erulum dextra sub Tartara misi,
nascenti cui tris animas Feronia mater
(horrendum dictu) dederat, terna arma movenda— 565
ter leto sternendus erat; cui tunc tamen omnis
abstulit haec animas dextra et totidem exuit armis:
non ego nunc dulci amplexu divellerer usquam,

Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more—
Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,
Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms;
Nor proud Mezentius, thus unpunish'd, boast
His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.
Ye gods, and mighty Jove, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father and a king!
If fate and you reserve these eyes, to see
My son return with peace and victory;
If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's sight;
If we shall meet again with more delight;
Then draw my life in length; let me sustain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
But if your hard decrees—which, O! I dread—
Have doom'd to death his undeserving head;
This, O this very moment, let me die!
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie;
While, yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
I strain him close within these aged arms;
Before that fatal news my soul shall wound!"
He said, and, swooning, sunk upon the ground.
His servants bore him off, and softly laid
His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.

The horsemen march; the gates are open'd wide;
Aeneas at their head, Achates by his side.
Next these, the Trojan leaders rode along;
Last follows in the rear th' Arcadian throng.
Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
So, from the seas, exerts his radiant head
The star by whom the lights of heav'n are led;
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dews,
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.
The trembling wives the walls and turrets crowd,
And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud,

nate, tuo, neque finitimo Mezentius umquam
huic capiti insultans tot ferro saeva dedisset 570
funera, tam multis viduasset civibus urbem.
at vos, o superi, et divum tu maxime rector
Iuppiter, Arcadii, quaeso, miserescite regis
et patrias audite preces. si numina vestra
incolumem Pallanta mihi, si fata reservant, 575
si visurus eum vivo et venturus in unum,
vitam oro, patior quemvis durare laborem.
sin aliquem infandum casum, Fortuna, minaris,
nunc, nunc o liceat crudelem abrumpere vitam,
dum curae ambiguae, dum spes incerta futuri, 580
dum te, care puer, mea sola et sera voluptas,
complexu teneo, gravior neu nuntius auris
vulneret.' haec genitor digressu dicta supremo
fundeat; famuli conlapsum in tecta ferebant.

Iamque adeo exierat portis equitatus apertis 585
Aeneas inter primos et fidus Achates,
inde alii Troiae proceres; ipse agmine Pallas
it medio chlamyde et pictis conspectus in armis,
qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer unda,
quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignis, 590
extulit os sacrum caelo tenebrasque resolvit.
stant pavidae in muris matres oculisque sequuntur
pulveream nubem et fulgentis aere catervas.
olli per dumos, qua proxima meta viarum,
armati tendunt; it clamor, et agmine facto 595
quadripedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Which winds disperse by fits, and shew from far
The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.
The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er heathy plains pursue the ready way.
Repeated peals of shouts are heard around;
The neighing coursers answer to the sound,
And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground.
A greenwood shade, for long religion known,
Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town,
Incompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.
The first inhabitants of Grecian blood,
That sacred forest to Silvanus vow'd,
The guardian of their flocks and fields; and pay
Their due devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the river's side,
In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide,
By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,
Aeneas cast his wond'ring eyes around,
And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
Stretch'd on the spacious plain from left to right.
Thither his warlike train the Trojan led,
Refresh'd his men, and wearied horses fed.

Meantime the mother goddess, crown'd with charms,
Breaks thro' the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
Within a winding vale she finds her son,
On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone.
She shews her heav'nly form without disguise,
And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
"Behold," she said, "perform'd in ev'ry part,
My promise made, and Vulcan's labour'd art.
Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy,
And haughty Turnus to the field defy."
She said; and, having first her son embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd,

est ingens gelidum lucus prope Caeritis amnem,
religione patrum late sacer; undique colles
inclusere cavi et nigra nemus abiete cingunt.
Silvano fama est veteres sacrasse Pelasgos, 600
arvorum pecorisque deo, lucumque diemque,
qui primi finis aliquando habuere Latinos.
haud procul hinc Tarcho et Tyrrheni tuta tenebant
castra locis, celsoque omnis de colle videri
iam poterat legio et latis tendebat in arvis. 605
huc pater Aeneas et bello lecta iuventus
succedunt, fessique et equos et corpora curant.

At Venus aetherios inter dea candida nimbos
dona ferens aderat; natumque in valle reducta
ut procul egelido secretum flumine vidit, 610
talibus adfata est dictis seque obtulit ultro:
'en perfecta mei promissa coniugis arte
munera. ne mox aut Laurentis, nate, superbos
aut acrem dubites in proelia poscere Turnum.'
dixit, et amplexus nati Cytherea petivit, 615
arma sub adversa posuit radiantia quercu.
ille deae donis et tanto laetus honore
expleri nequit atque oculos per singula voluit,
miraturque interque manus et bracchia versat

Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
 Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight.
 He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
 The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires:
 His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold,
 One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold:
 Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright;
 So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse light.
 He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try
 The plated cuishes on his manly thigh;
 But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,
 And Roman triumphs rising on the gold:
 For these, emboss'd, the heav'nly smith had wrought
 (Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)
 The wars in order, and the race divine
 Of warriors issuing from the Julian line.

The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens:
 There, by the wolf, were laid the martial twins.
 Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung;
 The foster dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
 They suck'd secure, while, bending back her head,
 She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as they fed.
 Not far from thence new Rome appears, with games
 Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
 The pit resounds with shrieks; a war succeeds,
 For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
 Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend;
 The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
 Wearied with tedious war, at length they cease;
 And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
 The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,
 Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand:
 A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
 With imprecations on the perjurd head.
 Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between

terribilem cristis galeam flammisque vomentem, 620
 fatiferumque ensem, loricam ex aere rigentem,
 sanguineam, ingentem, qualis cum caerulea nubes
 solis inardescit radiis longeque refulget;
 tum levis ocreas electro auroque recocto,
 hastamque et clipei non enarrabile textum. 625
 illic res Italas Romanorumque triumphos
 haud vatum ignarus venturique inscius aevi
 fecerat ignipotens, illic genus omne futurae
 stirpis ab Ascanio pugnataque in ordine bella.

Fecerat et viridi fetam Mavortis in antro 630
 procubuisse lupam, geminos huic ubera circum
 ludere pendentis pueros et lambere matrem
 impavidos, illam tereti cervice reflexa
 mulcere alternos et corpora fingere lingua.
 nec procul hinc Romam et raptas sine more Sabinas 635
 consessu caveae, magnis Circensibus actis,
 addiderat, subitoque novum consurgere bellum
 Romulidis Tatiusque seni Curibusque severis.
 post idem inter se posito certamine reges
 armati Iovis ante aram paterasque tenentes 640
 stabant et caesa iungebant foedera porca.
 haud procul inde citae Mettum in diversa quadrigae
 distulerant (at tu dictis, Albane, maneres!),
 raptabatque viri mendacis viscera Tullus
 per silvam, et sparsi rorabant sanguine vepres. 645
 nec non Tarquinius eiectum Porsenna iubebat
 accipere ingentique urbem obsidione premebat;
 Aeneadae in ferrum pro libertate ruebant.

Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,
 By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood,
 And his torn limbs are left the vulture's food.
 There, Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
 And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
 One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights;
 The Roman youth assert their native rights.
 Before the town the Tuscan army lies,
 To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
 Their king, half-threat'ning, half-disdaining stood,
 While Cocles broke the bridge, and stemm'd the flood.
 The captive maids there tempt the raging tide,
 Scap'd from their chains, with Cloelia for their guide.
 High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
 To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
 Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold
 The palace thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.
 The silver goose before the shining gate
 There flew, and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.
 She told the Gauls' approach; th' approaching Gauls,
 Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
 The gold dissembled well their yellow hair,
 And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
 Gold are their vests; long Alpine spears they wield,
 And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
 Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance;
 And naked thro' the streets the mad Luperi dance,
 In caps of wool; the targets dropp'd from heav'n.
 Here modest matrons, in soft litters driv'n,
 To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear,
 And odorous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
 Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen;
 Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd Catiline
 Hung on a rock—the traitor; and, around,
 The Furies hissing from the nether ground.
 Apart from these, the happy souls he draws,

illum indignanti similem similemque minanti
 aspiceres, pontem auderet quia vellere Cocles 650
 et fluvium vinclis innaret Cloelia ruptis.
 in summo custos Tarpeiae Manlius arcis
 stabat pro templo et Capitolia celsa tenebat,
 Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.
 atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser 655
 porticibus Gallos in limine adesse canebat;
 Galli per dumos aderant arcemque tenebant
 defensi tenebris et dono noctis opacae.
 aurea caesaries ollis atque aurea vestis,
 virgatis lucent sagulis, tum lactea colla 660
 auro innectuntur, duo quisque Alpina coruscant
 gaesa manu, scutis protecti corpora longis.
 hic exsultantis Salios nudosque Lupercos
 lanigerosque apices et lapsa ancilia caelo
 extuderat, castae ducebant sacra per urbem 665
 pilentis matres in mollibus. hinc procul addit
 Tartareas etiam sedes, alta ostia Ditis,
 et scelerum poenas, et te, Catilina, minaci
 pendentem scopulo Furiarumque ora trementem,
 secretosque pios, his dantem iura Catonem. 670

And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.

Betwixt the quarters flows a golden sea;
But foaming surges there in silver play.
The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
The glitt'ring waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage
Their brazen beaks, oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium surveys the well-disputed prize;
Leucate's wat'ry plain with foamy billows fries.
Young Caesar, on the stern, in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar,
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
Agrippa seconds him, with prosp'rous gales,
And, with propitious gods, his foes assails:
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.
Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of Eastern kings;
Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war:
And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
His ill fate follows him—th' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight; with oars and forky prows
The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.
It seems, as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and justled in the main;
Or floating mountains floating mountains meet;
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fireballs are thrown, and pointed jav'lins fly;
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd her fainting soldiers warms—
Fool as she was! who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate, nor saw the snakes behind.

Haec inter tumidi late maris ibat imago
aurea, sed fluctu spumabant caerulea cano,
et circum argento clari delphines in orbem
aequora verrebant caudis aestumque secabant.
in medio classis aeratas, Actia bella, 675
cernere erat, totumque instructo Marte videres
fervere Leucaten auroque effulgere fluctus.
hinc Augustus agens Italos in proelia Caesar
cum patribus populoque, penatibus et magnis dis,
stans celsa in puppi, geminas cui tempora flammās 680
laeta vomunt patriumque aperitur vertice sidus.
parte alia ventis et dis Agrippa secundis
arduus agmen agens, cui, belli insigne superbum,
tempora navali fulgent rostrata corona.
hinc ope barbarica variisque Antonius armis, 685
victor ab Aurorae populis et litore rubro,
Aegyptum virisque Orientis et ultima secum
Bactra vehit, sequiturque (nefas) Aegyptia coniunx.
una omnes ruere ac totum spumare reductis
convulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor. 690
alta petunt; pelago credas innare revulsas
Cycladas aut montis concurrere montibus altos,
tanta mole viri turritis puppibus instant.
stuppea flamma manu telisque volatile ferrum
spargitur, arva nova Neptunia caede rubescunt. 695
regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina sistro,
necdum etiam geminos a tergo respicit anguis.
omnigenumque deum monstra et latrator Anubis
contra Neptunum et Venerem contraque Minervam
tela tenent. saevit medio in certamine Mavors 700
caelatus ferro, tristesque ex aethere Dirae,
et scissa gaudens vadit Discordia palla,
quam cum sanguineo sequitur Bellona flagello.
Actius haec cernens arcum intendebat Apollo

Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
 Great Neptune, Pallas, and Love's Queen defy:
 The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
 Nor longer dares oppose th' ethereal train.
 Mars in the middle of the shining shield
 Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
 The Dirae souse from heav'n with swift descent;
 And Discord, dyed in blood, with garments rent,
 Divides the prease: her steps Bellona treads,
 And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
 This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
 Pours down his arrows; at whose winged flight
 The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
 And soft Sabaeans quit the wat'ry field.
 The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
 And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
 Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,
 Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
 The god had figur'd her as driv'n along
 By winds and waves, and scudding thro' the throng.
 Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
 His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
 And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
 In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
 The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,
 And Rome, triumphant, with his presence bless'd.
 Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
 With spoils and altars ev'ry temple grac'd.
 Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
 The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise,
 The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
 All altars flame: before each altar lies,
 Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
 Great Caesar sits sublime upon his throne,
 Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;
 Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,

desuper; omnis eo terrore Aegyptus et Indi, 705
 omnis Arabs, omnes vertebant terga Sabaei.
 ipsa videbatur ventis regina vocatis
 vela dare et laxos iam iamque immittere funis.
 illam inter caedes pallentem morte futura
 fecerat ignipotens undis et Iapyge ferri, 710
 contra autem magno maerentem corpore Nilum
 pandentemque sinus et tota veste vocantem
 caeruleum in gremium latebrosaque flumina victos.
 at Caesar, triplici invectus Romana triumpho
 moenia, dis Italis votum immortale sacrabat, 715
 maxima ter centum totam delubra per urbem.
 laetitia ludisque viae plausuque fremebant;
 omnibus in templis matrum chorus, omnibus arae;
 ante aras terram caesi stravere iuveni.
 ipse sedens niveo candentis limine Phoebi 720
 dona recognoscit populorum aptatque superbis
 postibus; incedunt victae longo ordine gentes,
 quam variae linguis, habitu tam vestis et armis.
 hic Nomadum genus et discinctos Mulciber Afros,
 hic Lelegas Carasque sagittiferosque Gelonos 725
 finxerat; Euphrates ibat iam mollior undis,
 extremique hominum Morini, Rhenusque bicornis,
 indomitique Dahae, et pontem indignatus Araxes.

And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
Here, Mulciber assigns the proper place
For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,
With Scythians, expert in the dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides,
And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides,
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind;
The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind,
And Morini, the last of humankind.

These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

Talia per clipeum Volcani, dona parentis,
miratur rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet
attollens umero famamque et fata nepotum.

730

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Aeneas's absence, fires some of his ships (which are transformed into sea nymphs,) and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Ninus and Euryalus to recall Aeneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventure.

While these affairs in distant places pass'd,
 The various Iris Juno sends with haste,
 To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
 The secret shade of his great grandsire sought.
 Retir'd alone she found the daring man,
 And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began:
 "What none of all the gods could grant thy vows,
 That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows.
 Aeneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian prince,
 Has left the Trojan camp without defence;
 And, short of succours there, employs his pains
 In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains.
 Now snatch an hour that favours thy designs;
 Unite thy forces, and attack their lines."
 This said, on equal wings she pois'd her weight,
 And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.
The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,
 And thus invokes the goddess as she flies:
 "Iris, the grace of heav'n, what pow'r divine
 Has sent thee down, thro' dusky clouds to shine?
 See, they divide; immortal day appears,
 And glitt'ring planets dancing in their spheres!

Atque ea diversa penitus dum parte geruntur,
 Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Iuno
 audacem ad Turnum. luco tum forte parentis
 Pilumni Turnus sacrata valle sedebat.
 ad quem sic roseo Thaumantias ore locuta est: 5
 'Turne, quod optanti divum promittere nemo
 auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.
 Aeneas urbe et sociis et classe relictā
 sceptrā Palatini sedemque petit Evandri.
 nec satis: extremas Corythi penetravit ad urbes 10
 Lydorumque manum, collectos armat agrestis.
 quid dubitas? nunc tempus equos, nunc poscere currus.
 rumpe moras omnis et turbata arripe castra.'
 dixit, et in caelum paribus se sustulit alis
 ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum. 15
 agnovit iuvenis duplicisque ad sidera palmas
 sustulit ac tali fugientem est voce secutus:
 'Iri, decus caeli, quis te mihi nubibus actam
 detulit in terras? unde haec tam clara repente
 tempestas? medium video discedere caelum 20
 palantisque polo stellas. sequor omina tanta,
 quisquis in arma vocas.' et sic effatus ad undam

With joy, these happy omens I obey,
And follow to the war the god that leads the way.”
Thus having said, as by the brook he stood,
He scoop’d the water from the crystal flood;
Then with his hands the drops to heav’n he throws,
And loads the pow’rs above with offer’d vows.

Now march the bold confed’rates thro’ the plain,
Well hors’d, well clad; a rich and shining train.
Messapus leads the van; and, in the rear,
The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.
In the main battle, with his flaming crest,
The mighty Turnus tow’rs above the rest.
Silent they move, majestically slow,
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far,
And the dark menace of the distant war.
Caicus from the rampire saw it rise,
Black’ning the fields, and thick’ning thro’ the skies.
Then to his fellows thus aloud he calls:
“What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls?
Arm! arm! and man the works! prepare your spears
And pointed darts! the Latian host appears.”
Thus warn’d, they shut their gates; with shouts ascend
The bulwarks, and, secure, their foes attend:
For their wise gen’ral, with foreseeing care,
Had charg’d them not to tempt the doubtful war,
Nor, tho’ provok’d, in open fields advance,
But close within their lines attend their chance.
Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command,
And sourly wait in arms the hostile band.

The fiery Turnus flew before the rest:
A piebald steed of Thracian strain he press’d;
His helm of massy gold, and crimson was his crest.
With twenty horse to second his designs,

processit summoque hausit de gurgite lymphas
multa deos orans, oneravitque aethera votis.

Iamque omnis campis exercitus ibat apertis 25
dives equum, dives pictai vestis et auri;
Messapus primas acies, postrema coercent
Tyrrhidae iuvenes, medio dux agmine Turnus:
ceu septem surgens sedatis amnibus altus 30
per tacitum Ganges aut pingui flumine Nilus
cum refluit campis et iam se condidit alveo.
hic subitam nigro glomerari pulvere nubem
prospiciunt Teucri ac tenebras insurgere campis.
primus ab adversa conclamat mole Caicus: 35
'quis globus, o cives, caligine volvitur atra?
ferre citi ferrum, date tela, ascendite muros,
hostis adest, heia!' ingenti clamore per omnis
condunt se Teucri portas et moenia complent.
namque ita discedens praeceperat optimus armis 40
Aeneas: si qua interea fortuna fuisset,
neu struere auderent aciem neu credere campo;
castra modo et tutos servarent aggere muros.
ergo etsi conferre manum pudor iraque monstrat,
obiciunt portas tamen et praecepta facessunt, 45
armatique cavis exspectant turribus hostem.

Turnus, ut ante volans tardum praecesserat agmen
viginti lectis equitum comitatus et urbi
improvisus adest, maculis quem Thracius albis
portat equus cristaque tegit galea aurea rubra, 50

An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.
 "Is there," he said, "in arms, who bravely dare
 His leader's honour and his danger share?"
 Then spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw,
 In sign of war: applauding shouts ensue.
Amaz'd to find a dastard race, that run
 Behind the rampires and the battle shun,
 He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,
 And stops at ev'ry post, and ev'ry passage tries.
 So roams the nightly wolf about the fold:
 Wet with descending show'rs, and stiff with cold,
 He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain,
 (His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain,)
 And, impotent of anger, finds no way
 In his distended paws to grasp the prey.
 The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs
 Securely swig the dug, beneath the dams.
 Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain.
 Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain;
 Surveys each passage with a piercing sight,
 To force his foes in equal field to fight.
 Thus while he gazes round, at length he spies,
 Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies,
 Close underneath the walls; the washing tide
 Secures from all approach this weaker side.
 He takes the wish'd occasion, fills his hand
 With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand.
 Urg'd by his presence, ev'ry soul is warm'd,
 And ev'ry hand with kindled fires is arm'd.
 From the fir'd pines the scatt'ring sparkles fly;
 Fat vapours, mix'd with flames, involve the sky.

What pow'r, O Muses, could avert the flame
 Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name?
 Tell: for the fact, thro' length of time obscure,
 Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.

'ecquis erit mecum, iuvenes, qui primus in hostem—?
 en,' ait et iaculum attorquens emittit in auras,
 principium pugnae, et campo sese arduus infert.
 clamorem excipiunt socii fremituque sequuntur
 horrissono; Teucrum mirantur inertia corda, 55
 non aequo dare se campo, non obvia ferre
 arma viros, sed castra fovere. huc turbidus atque huc
 lustrat equo muros aditumque per avia quaerit.
 ac veluti pleno lupo insidiatus ovili
 cum fremit ad caulas ventos perpessus et imbris 60
 nocte super media; tuti sub matribus agni
 balatum exercent, ille asper et improbus ira
 saevit in absentis; collecta fatigat edendi
 ex longo rabies et siccae sanguine fauces:
 haud aliter Rutulo muros et castra tuenti 65
 ignescunt irae, duris dolor ossibus ardet.
 qua temptet ratione aditus, et quae via clausos
 excutiat Teucros vallo atque effundat in aequum?
 classem, quae lateri castrorum adiuncta latebat,
 aggeribus saeptam circum et fluvialibus undis, 70
 invadit sociosque incendia poscit ovantis
 atque manum pinu flagranti fervidus implet.
 tum vero incumbunt (urget praesentia Turni),
 atque omnis facibus pubes accingitur atris.
 diripuerunt focos: piceum fert fumida lumen 75
 taeda et commixtam Vulcanus ad astra favillam.

Quis deus, o Musae, tam saeva incendia Teucris
 avertit? tantos ratibus quis depulit ignis?
 dicite: prisca fides facta, sed fama perennis.
 tempore quo primum Phrygia formabat in Ida 80

'Tis said that, when the chief prepar'd his flight,
 And fell'd his timber from Mount Ida's height,
 The grandam goddess then approach'd her son,
 And with a mother's majesty begun:
 "Grant me," she said, "the sole request I bring,
 Since conquer'd heav'n has own'd you for its king.
 On Ida's brows, for ages past, there stood,
 With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood;
 And on the summit rose a sacred grove,
 Where I was worship'd with religious love.
 Those woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
 I gave the Trojan prince, to speed his flight.
 Now, fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
 Let neither winds o'erset, nor waves intomb
 The floating forests of the sacred pine;
 But let it be their safety to be mine."
 Then thus replied her awful son, who rolls
 The radiant stars, and heav'n and earth controls:
 "How dare you, mother, endless date demand
 For vessels moulded by a mortal hand?
 What then is fate? Shall bold Aeneas ride,
 Of safety certain, on th' uncertain tide?
 Yet, what I can, I grant; when, wafted o'er,
 The chief is landed on the Latian shore,
 Whatever ships escape the raging storms,
 At my command shall change their fading forms
 To nymphs divine, and plow the wat'ry way,
 Like Dotis and the daughters of the sea."
 To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore,
 The lake of liquid pitch, the dreary shore,
 And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
 And the black regions of his brother god.
 He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod.

And now at length the number'd hours were come,
 Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,

Aeneas classem et pelagi petere alta parabat,
 ipsa deum fertur genetrix Berecynthia magnum
 vocibus his adfata Iovem: 'da, nate, petenti,
 quod tua cara parens domito te poscit Olympo.
 pinea silva mihi multos dilecta per annos, 85
 lucus in arce fuit summa, quo sacra ferebant,
 nigranti picea trabibusque obscurus acernis.
 has ego Dardanio iuveni, cum classis egeret,
 laeta dedi; nunc sollicitam timor anxius angit.
 solve metus atque hoc precibus sine posse parentem, 90
 ne cursu quassatae ullo neu turbine venti
 vincantur: prosit nostris in montibus ortas.'
 filius huic contra, torquet qui sidera mundi:
 'o genetrix, quo fata vocas? aut quid petis istis?
 mortaline manu factae immortale carinae 95
 fas habeant? certusque incerta pericula lustret
 Aeneas? cui tanta deo permissa potestas?
 immo, ubi defunctae finem portusque tenebunt
 Ausonios olim, quaecumque evaserit undis
 Dardaniumque ducem Laurentia vexerit arva, 100
 mortalem eripiam formam magnique iubebo
 aequoris esse deas, qualis Nereia Doto
 et Galatea secant spumantem pectore pontum.'
 dixerat idque ratum Stygii per flumina fratris,
 per pice torrentis atraque voragine ripas 105
 adnuit, et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

Ergo aderat promissa dies et tempora Parcae
 debita complerant, cum Turni iniuria Matrem

When the great Mother of the Gods was free
 To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.
 First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung
 A light that sign'd the heav'ns, and shot along;
 Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
 Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs;
 And, last, a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
 Both hosts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds:
 "O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear,
 And know, my ships are my peculiar care.
 With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,
 With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
 Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,
 Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,
 Exalted each a nymph: forsake the sand,
 And swim the seas, at Cybele's command."
 No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to speak,
 When, lo! th' obedient ships their haulsers break;
 And, strange to tell, like dolphins, in the main
 They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:
 As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
 As rode before tall vessels on the deep.

The foes, surpris'd with wonder, stood aghast;
 Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste;
 Old Tiber roar'd, and, raising up his head,
 Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
 Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock,
 And with these words his trembling troops bespoke:
 "These monsters for the Trojans' fate are meant,
 And are by Jove for black presages sent.
 He takes the cowards' last relief away;
 For fly they cannot, and, constrain'd to stay,
 Must yield unfought, a base inglorious prey.
 The liquid half of all the globe is lost;
 Heav'n shuts the seas, and we secure the coast.

admonuit ratibus sacris depellere taedas.
 hic primum nova lux oculis offulsit et ingens 110
 visus ab Aurora caelum transcurrere nimbus
 Idaeique chori; tum vox horrenda per auras
 excidit et Troum Rutulorumque agmina complet:
 'ne trepitate meas, Teucris, defendere navis
 neve armate manus; maria ante exurere Turno 115
 quam sacras dabitur pinus. vos ite solutae,
 ite deae pelagi; genetrix iubet.' et sua quaeque
 continuo puppes abrumpunt vincula ripis
 delphinumque modo demersis aequora rostris
 ima petunt. hinc virgineae (mirabile monstrum) 120
 reddunt se totidem facies pontoque feruntur. 122

Obstipuerunt animis Rutuli, conterritus ipse
 turbatis Messapus equis, cunctatur et amnis
 rauca sonans revocatque pedem Tiberinus ab alto. 125
 at non audaci Turno fiducia cessit;
 ultro animos tollit dictis atque increpat ultro:
 "Troianos haec monstra petunt, his Iuppiter ipse
 auxilium solitum eripuit: non tela neque ignis
 exspectant Rutulos. ergo maria invia Teucris, 130
 nec spes ulla fugae: rerum pars altera adempta est,
 terra autem in nostris manibus, tot milia gentes
 arma ferunt Italiae. nil me fatalia terrent,
 si qua Phryges prae se iactant, responsa deorum;
 sat fatis Venerique datum, tetigere quod arva 135

Theirs is no more than that small spot of ground
 Which myriads of our martial men surround.
 Their fates I fear not, or vain oracles.
 'Twas giv'n to Venus they should cross the seas,
 And land secure upon the Latian plains:
 Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.
 'Tis in the fate of Turnus to destroy,
 With sword and fire, the faithless race of Troy.
 Shall such affronts as these alone inflame
 The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?
 My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,
 And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.
 Was 't not enough, that, punish'd for the crime,
 They fell; but will they fall a second time?
 One would have thought they paid enough before,
 To curse the costly sex, and durst offend no more.
 Can they securely trust their feeble wall,
 A slight partition, a thin interval,
 Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, tho' built
 By hands divine, yet perish'd by their guilt?
 Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
 To force from out their lines these dastard bands.
 Less than a thousand ships will end this war,
 Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare.
 Let all the Tuscans, all th' Arcadians, join!
 Nor these, nor those, shall frustrate my design.
 Let them not fear the treasons of the night,
 The robb'd Palladium, the pretended flight:
 Our onset shall be made in open light.
 No wooden engine shall their town betray;
 Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.
 No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
 Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy year.
 Now, since the sun is rolling to the west,
 Give we the silent night to needful rest:
 Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare;

fertilis Ausoniae Troes. sunt et mea contra
 fata mihi, ferro sceleratam exscindere gentem
 coniuge praerepta; nec solos tangit Atridas
 iste dolor, solisque licet capere arma Mycenis.
 "sed periisse semel satis est": peccare fuisset 140
 ante satis, penitus modo non genus omne perosos
 femineum. quibus haec medii fiducia valli
 fossarumque morae, leti discrimina parva,
 dant animos; at non viderunt moenia Troiae
 Neptuni fabricata manu considerare in ignis? 145
 sed vos, o lecti, ferro qui scindere vallum
 apparat et mecum invadit trepidantia castra?
 non armis mihi Volcani, non mille carinis
 est opus in Teucros. addant se protinus omnes
 Etrusci socios. tenebras et inertia furta 150
 Palladii caesis late custodibus arcis
 ne timeant, nec equi caeca condemur in aluo:
 luce palam certum est igni circumdare muros.
 haud sibi cum Danais rem faxo et pube Pelasga
 esse ferant, decimum quos distulit Hector in annum. 155
 nunc adeo, melior quoniam pars acta diei,
 quod superest, laeti bene gestis corpora rebus
 procurate, viri, et pugnam sperate parari.'
 interea vigilum excubiis obsidere portas
 cura datur Messapo et moenia cingere flammis. 160
 bis septem Rutuli muros qui milite servant
 delecti, ast illos centeni quemque sequuntur
 purpurei cristis iuvenes auroque corusci.
 discurrunt variantque vices, fusique per herbam
 indulgent vino et vertunt crateras aenos. 165
 conlucent ignes, noctem custodia ducit
 insomnem ludo.

The morn shall end the small remains of war.”

The post of honour to Messapus falls,
To keep the nightly guard, to watch the walls,
To pitch the fires at distances around,
And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.
Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand,
And twice seven hundred horse these chiefs command;
All clad in shining arms the works invest,
Each with a radiant helm and waving crest.
Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy ground;
They laugh, they sing, (the jolly bowls go round,)
With lights and cheerful fires renew the day,
And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.

The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld,
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd.
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore;
Join works to works with bridges, tow'r to tow'r:
Thus all things needful for defence abound.
Mnestheus and brave Seresthus walk the round,
Commission'd by their absent prince to share
The common danger, and divide the care.
The soldiers draw their lots, and, as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the wall.
Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance,

To watch the gate was warlike Nisus' chance.
His father Hyrtacus of noble blood;
His mother was a huntress of the wood,
And sent him to the wars. Well could he bear
His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear,
But better skill'd unerring shafts to send.
Beside him stood Euryalus, his friend:
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
No fairer face, or sweeter air, could boast.
Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun.

Haec super e vallo prospectant Troes et armis
alta tenent, nec non trepidi formidine portas
explorant pontisque et propugnacula iungunt, 170
tela gerunt. instat Mnestheus acerque Serestus,
quos pater Aeneas, si quando adversa vocarent,
rectores iuvenum et rerum dedit esse magistros.
omnis per muros legio sortita periculum
excubat exercetque vices, quod cuique tuendum est. 175

Nisus erat portae custos, acerrimus armis,
Hyrtacides, comitem Aeneae quem miserat Ida
venatrix iaculo celerem levibusque sagittis,
et iuxta comes Euryalus, quo pulchrior alter 180
non fuit Aeneadum Troiana neque induit arma,
ora puer prima signans intonsa iuventa.
his amor unus erat pariterque in bella ruebant;
tum quoque communi portam statione tenebant.
Nisus ait: 'dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale, an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido? 185

One was their care, and their delight was one:
 One common hazard in the war they shar'd,
 And now were both by choice upon the guard.
Then Nisus thus: "Or do the gods inspire
 This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
 A gen'rous ardour boils within my breast,
 Eager of action, enemy to rest:
 This urges me to fight, and fires my mind
 To leave a memorable name behind.
 Thou see'st the foe secure; how faintly shine
 Their scatter'd fires! the most, in sleep supine
 Along the ground, an easy conquest lie:
 The wakeful few the fuming flagon ply;
 All hush'd around. Now hear what I revolve—
 A thought unripe—and scarcely yet resolve.
 Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
 By message both would hasten his return:
 If they confer what I demand on thee,
 (For fame is recompense enough for me,)
 Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espied
 A way that safely will my passage guide."
Euryalus stood list'ning while he spoke,
 With love of praise and noble envy struck;
 Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind:
 "All this, alone, and leaving me behind!
 Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
 Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
 Or send thee unassisted to the field?
 Not so my father taught my childhood arms;
 Born in a siege, and bred among alarms!
 Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
 Nor of the heav'n-born hero I attend.
 The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim,
 And think it over-sold to purchase fame."
Then Nisus thus: "Alas! thy tender years
 Would minister new matter to my fears.

aut pugnam aut aliquid iamdudum invadere magnum
 mens agitat mihi, nec placida contenta quiete est.
 cernis quae Rutulos habeat fiducia rerum:
 lumina rara micant, somno vinoque soluti
 procubuere, silent late loca. percipe porro 190
 quid dubitem et quae nunc animo sententia surgat.
 Aenean acciri omnes, populusque patresque,
 exposcunt, mittique viros qui certa reportent.
 si tibi quae posco promittunt (nam mihi facti
 fama sat est), tumulto videor reperire sub illo 195
 posse viam ad muros et moenia Pallantea.'
 obstipuit magno laudum percussus amore
 Euryalus, simul his ardentem adfatur amicum:
 'mene igitur socium summis adiungere rebus,
 Nise, fugis? solum te in tanta pericula mittam? 200
 non ita me genitor, bellis adsuetus Opheltes,
 Argolicum terrorem inter Troiaeque labores
 sublatum erudiit, nec tecum talia gessi
 magnanimum Aenean et fata extrema secutus:
 est hic, est animus lucis contemptor et istum 205
 qui vita bene credat emi, quo tendis, honorem.'
 Nisus ad haec: 'equidem de te nil tale verebar,
 nec fas; non ita me referat tibi magnus ovantem
 Iuppiter aut quicumque oculis haec aspicit aequis.
 sed si quis (quae multa vides discrimine tali) 210
 si quis in adversum rapiat casusve deusve,
 te superesse velim, tua vita dignior aetas.
 sit qui me raptum pugna pretiove redemptum
 mandet humo, solita aut si qua id Fortuna vetabit,
 absenti ferat inferias decoretque sepulcro. 215
 neu matri miserae tanti sim causa doloris,
 quae te sola, puer, multis e matribus ausa
 persequitur, magni nec moenia curat Acestae.'
 ille autem: 'causas nequiquam nectis inanis
 nec mea iam mutata loco sententia cedit. 220
 acceleremus' ait, vigiles simul excitat. illi

So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
 Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
 Condemn'd to pay my vows, (as sure I trust,)
 This thy request is cruel and unjust.
 But if some chance—as many chances are,
 And doubtful hazards, in the deeds of war—
 If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
 And spare thy life; I would not perish all.
 Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date:
 Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate;
 To bear my mangled body from the foe,
 Or buy it back, and fun'ral rites bestow.
 Or, if hard fortune shall those dues deny,
 Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
 O let not me the widow's tears renew!
 Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue:
 Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
 Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
 Her age committing to the seas and wind,
 When ev'ry weary matron stay'd behind.”
 To this, Euryalus: “You plead in vain,
 And but protract the cause you cannot gain.
 No more delays, but haste!” With that, he wakes
 The nodding watch; each to his office takes.
 The guard reliev'd, the gen'rous couple went
 To find the council at the royal tent.

All creatures else forgot their daily care,
 And sleep, the common gift of nature, share;
 Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sate
 In nightly council for th' indanger'd state.
 They vote a message to their absent chief,
 Shew their distress, and beg a swift relief.
 Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,
 Remote from clamour, and secure from foes.
 On their left arms their ample shields they bear,

succedunt servantque vices; statione relictā
 ipse comes Niso graditur regemque requirunt.

Cetera per terras omnis animalia somno
 laxabant curas et corda oblita laborum: 225
 ductores Teucrum primi, delecta iuventus,
 consilium summis regni de rebus habebant,
 quid facerent quisve Aeneae iam nuntius esset.
 stant longis adnixa hastis et scuta tenentes
 castrorum et campi medio. tum Nisus et una 230
 Euryalus confestim alacres admittier orant:
 rem magnam pretiumque morae fore. primus Iulus

The right reclin'd upon the bending spear.
 Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,
 And beg admission, eager to be heard:
 Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.
 Ascanius bids 'em be conducted in,
 Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin.
 Then Nisus thus: "Ye fathers, lend your ears;
 Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
 The foe, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
 Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine;
 And where the smoke in cloudy vapours flies,
 Cov'ring the plain, and curling to the skies,
 Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide,
 Close by the sea, a passage we have spied,
 Which will our way to great Aeneas guide.
 Expect each hour to see him safe again,
 Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
 Snatch we the lucky minute while we may;
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way;
 For, hunting in the vale, we both have seen
 The rising turrets, and the stream between,
 And know the winding course, with ev'ry ford."

He ceas'd; and old Alethes took the word:
 "Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,
 Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race,
 While we behold such dauntless worth appear
 In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear."
 Then into tears of joy the father broke;
 Each in his longing arms by turns he took;
 Panted and paus'd; and thus again he spoke:
 "Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
 In recompense of such desert, decree?
 The greatest, sure, and best you can receive,
 The gods and your own conscious worth will give.
 The rest our grateful gen'ral will bestow,

accepit trepidos ac Nisum dicere iussit.
 tum sic Hyrtacides: 'audite o mentibus aequis
 Aeneadae, neve haec nostris spectentur ab annis 235
 quae ferimus. Rutuli somno vinoque soluti
 conticuere. locum insidiis conspeximus ipsi,
 qui patet in bivio portae quae proxima ponto.
 interrupti ignes aterque ad sidera fumus
 erigitur. si fortuna permittitis uti 240
 quaesitum Aenean et moenia Pallantea,
 mox hic cum spoliis ingenti caede peracta
 adfore cernetis. nec nos via fallit euntis:
 vidimus obscuris primam sub vallibus urbem
 venatu adsiduo et totum cognovimus amnem.' 245

Hic annis gravis atque animi maturus Aletes:
 'di patrii, quorum semper sub numine Troia est,
 non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
 cum talis animos iuvenum et tam certa tulistis
 pectora.' sic memorans umeros dextrasque tenebat 250
 amborum et vultum lacrimis atque ora rigabat.
 'quae vobis, quae digna, viri, pro laudibus istis
 praemia posse rear solvi? pulcherrima primum
 di moresque dabunt vestri: tum cetera reddet
 actutum pius Aeneas atque integer aevi 255
 Ascanius meriti tanti non immemor umquam.'
 'immo ego vos, cui sola salus genitore reducto,'
 excipit Ascanius 'per magnos, Nise, penatis

And young Ascanius till his manhood owe.”
“And I, whose welfare in my father lies,”
 Ascanius adds, “by the great deities,
 By my dear country, by my household gods,
 By hoary Vesta’s rites and dark abodes,
 Adjure you both, (on you my fortune stands;
 That and my faith I plight into your hands,)
 Make me but happy in his safe return,
 Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;
 Your common gift shall two large goblets be
 Of silver, wrought with curious imagery,
 And high emboss’d, which, when old Priam reign’d,
 My conqu’ring sire at sack’d Arisba gain’d;
 And more, two tripods cast in antique mould,
 With two great talents of the finest gold;
 Beside a costly bowl, ingrav’d with art,
 Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.
 But, if in conquer’d Italy we reign,
 When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain—
 Thou saw’st the courser by proud Turnus press’d:
 That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding crest,
 And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share:
 Twelve lab’ring slaves, twelve handmaids young and fair
 All clad in rich attire, and train’d with care;
 And, last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
 And a large portion of the king’s domains.
 But thou, whose years are more to mine allied,
 No fate my vow’d affection shall divide
 From thee, heroic youth! Be wholly mine;
 Take full possession; all my soul is thine.
 One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both attend;
 My life’s companion, and my bosom friend:
 My peace shall be committed to thy care,
 And to thy conduct my concerns in war.”
Then thus the young Euryalus replied:
 “Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,

Assaracique larem et canae penetralia Vestae
 obtestor, quaecumque mihi fortuna fidesque est, 260
 in vestris pono gremiis. revocate parentem,
 reddite conspectum; nihil illo triste recepto.
 bina dabo argento perfecta atque aspera signis
 pocula, devicta genitor quae cepit Arisba,
 et tripodas geminos, auri duo magna talenta, 265
 cratera antiquum quem dat Sidonia Dido.
 si vero capere Italiam sceptrisque potiri
 contigerit victori et praedae dicere sortem,
 vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
 aureus; ipsum illum, clipeum cristasque rubentis 270
 excipiam sorti, iam nunc tua praemia, Nise.
 praeterea bis sex genitor lectissima matrum
 corpora captivosque dabit suaque omnibus arma,
 insuper his campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus.
 te vero, mea quem spatiis propioribus aetas 275
 insequitur, venerande puer, iam pectore toto
 accipio et comitem casus complector in omnis.
 nulla meis sine te quaeretur gloria rebus:
 seu pacem seu bella geram, tibi maxima rerum
 verborumque fides.' contra quem talia fatur 280
 Euryalus: 'me nulla dies tam fortibus ausis
 dissimilem arguerit; tantum fortuna secunda
 haud adversa cadat. sed te super omnia dona
 unum oro: genetrix Priami de gente vetusta
 est mihi, quam miseram tenuit non Ilia tellus 285
 mecum excedentem, non moenia regis Acestae.
 hanc ego nunc ignaram huius quodcumque pericli
 inque salutatam linquo (nox et tua testis
 dextera), quod nequeam lacrimas perferre parentis.
 at tu, oro, solare inopem et succurre relictæ. 290
 hanc sine me spem ferre tui, audentior ibo
 in casus omnis.' percussa mente dedere
 Dardanidae lacrimas, ante omnis pulcher Iulus,
 atque animum patriae strinxit pietatis imago.

The same shall be my age, as now my youth;
 No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
 This only from your goodness let me gain
 (And, this ungranted, all rewards are vain)
 Of Priam's royal race my mother came—
 And sure the best that ever bore the name—
 Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold
 From me departing, but, o'erspent and old,
 My fate she follow'd. Ignorant of this
 (Whatever) danger, neither parting kiss,
 Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,
 And in this only act of all my life deceive.
 By this right hand and conscious night I swear,
 My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.
 Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place
 (Permit me to presume so great a grace)
 Support her age, forsaken and distress'd.
 That hope alone will fortify my breast
 Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears.”
 He said. The mov'd assistants melt in tears.

Then thus Ascanius, wonderstruck to see

That image of his filial piety:

“So great beginnings, in so green an age,
 Exact the faith which I again engage.
 Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim,
 Creusa had, and only want the name.
 Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have,
 'Tis merit to have borne a son so brave.
 Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
 (My father us'd it,) what, returning here
 Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
 That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share.”

He said, and weeping, while he spoke the word,
 From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,
 Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
 And in an ivory scabbard sheath'd the blade.

tum sic effatur: 295

'sponde digna tuis ingentibus omnia coeptis.
 namque erit ista mihi genetrix nomenque Creusae
 solum defuerit, nec partum gratia talem
 parva manet. casus factum quicumque sequentur,
 per caput hoc iuro, per quod pater ante solebat: 300
 quae tibi polliceor reduci rebusque secundis,
 haec eadem matrique tuae generique manebunt.'
 sic ait inlacrimans; umero simul exuit ensem
 auratum, mira quem fecerat arte Lycaon
 Cnosius atque habilem vagina aptarat eburna. 305
 dat Niso Mnestheus pellem horrentisque leonis
 exuvias, galeam fidus permutat Aletes.
 protinus armati incedunt; quos omnis euntis
 primorum manus ad portas, iuvenumque senumque,
 prosequitur votis. nec non et pulcher Iulus, 310
 ante annos animumque gerens curamque virilem,
 multa patri mandata dabat portanda; sed aurae
 omnia discerpunt et nubibus inrita donant.

This was his gift. Great Mnestheus gave his friend
 A lion's hide, his body to defend;
 And good Alethes furnish'd him, beside,
 With his own trusty helm, of temper tried.
Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
 Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate
 With prayers and vows. Above the rest appears
 Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,
 And messages committed to their care,
 Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd; then took their way
 Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;
 To many fatal, ere themselves were slain.
 They found the careless host dispers'd upon the plain,
 Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore.
 Unharness'd chariots stand along the shore:
 Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
 A medley of debauch and war, they lie.
 Observing Nisus shew'd his friend the sight:
 "Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.
 Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd;
 There lies our way; be thou upon the guard,
 And look around, while I securely go,
 And hew a passage thro' the sleeping foe."
 Softly he spoke; then striding took his way,
 With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes lay;
 His head rais'd high on tapestry beneath,
 And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath;
 A king and prophet, by King Turnus lov'd:
 But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd.
 Him and his sleeping slaves he slew; then spies
 Where Remus, with his rich retinue, lies.
 His armour-bearer first, and next he kills
 His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels
 And his lov'd horses; last invades their lord;

Egressi superant fossas noctisque per umbram
 castra inimica petunt, multis tamen ante futuri 315
 exitio. passim somno vinoque per herbam
 corpora fusa vident, arrectos litore currus,
 inter lora rotasque viros, simul arma iacere,
 vina simul. prior Hyrtacides sic ore locutus:
 'Euryale, audendum dextra: nunc ipsa vocat res. 320
 hac iter est. tu, ne qua manus se attollere nobis
 a tergo possit, custodi et consule longe;
 haec ego vasta dabo et lato te limite ducam.'
 sic memorat vocemque premit, simul ense superbum
 Rhamnetem adgreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis 325
 exstructus toto proflabat pectore somnum,
 rex idem et regi Turno gratissimus augur,
 sed non augurio potuit depellere pestem.
 tris iuxta famulos temere inter tela iacentis
 armigerumque Remi premit aurigamque sub ipsis 330
 nactus equis ferroque secat pendentia colla.
 tum caput ipsi aufert domino truncumque relinquit
 sanguine singultantem; atro tepefacta cruore
 terra torique madent. nec non Lamyrumque Lamumque
 et iuvenem Serranum, illa qui plurima nocte 335
 luserat, insignis facie, multoque iacebat
 membra deo victus—felix, si protinus illum
 aequasset nocti ludum in lucemque tulisset:

Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword:
 The gasping head flies off; a purple flood
 Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood,
 Which, by the spurning heels dispers'd around,
 The bed besprinkles and bedews the ground.
 Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the strong,
 He slew, and then Serranus fair and young.
 From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
 And puff'd the fummy god from out his breast:
 Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play—
 More lucky, had it lasted till the day.
 The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
 O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,
 And tears the peaceful flocks: with silent awe
 Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.
Nor with less rage Euryalus employs
 The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys;
 But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew;
 He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhoetus slew.
 Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fell,
 But Rhoetus wakeful, and observing all:
 Behind a spacious jar he slink'd for fear;
 The fatal iron found and reach'd him there;
 For, as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
 And, reeking, thence return'd in crimson dyed.
 The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood;
 The purple soul comes floating in the flood.
Now, where Messapus quarter'd, they arrive.
 The fires were fainting there, and just alive;
 The warrior-horses, tied in order, fed.
 Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said:
 "Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;
 And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,
 Foe to nocturnal thefts. No more, my friend;
 Here let our glutt'd execution end.
 A lane thro' slaughter'd bodies we have made."

impastus ceu plena leo per ovilia turbans
 (suadet enim vesana fames) manditque trahitque 340
 molle pecus mutumque metu, fremit ore cruento.
 nec minor Euryali caedes; incensus et ipse
 perfurit ac multam in medio sine nomine plebem,
 Fadumque Herbesumque subit Rhoetumque Abarimque
 ignaros; Rhoetum vigilantem et cuncta videntem, 345
 sed magnum metuens se post cratera tegebat.
 pectore in adverso totum cui comminus ensem
 condidit adsurgenti et multa morte recepit.
 purpuream vomit ille animam et cum sanguine mixta
 vina refert moriens, hic furto fervidus instat. 350
 iamque ad Messapi socios tendebat; ibi ignem
 deficere extremum et religatos rite videbat
 carpere gramen equos, breviter cum talia Nisus
 (sensit enim nimia caede atque cupidine ferri)
 'absistamus' ait, 'nam lux inimica propinquat. 355
 poenarum exhaustum satis est, via facta per hostis.'
 multa virum solido argento perfecta relinquunt
 armaque craterasque simul pulchrosque tapetas.
 Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis et aurea bullis
 cingula, Tiburti Remulo ditissimus olim 360
 quae mittit dona, hospitio cum iungeret absens,
 Caedicus; ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti;
 post mortem bello Rutuli pugnaque potiti:
 haec rapit atque umeris nequiquam fortibus aptat.
 tum galeam Messapi habilem cristisque decoram 365
 induit. excedunt castris et tuta capessunt.

The bold Euryalus, tho' loth, obey'd.
 Of arms, and arras, and of plate, they find
 A precious load; but these they leave behind.
 Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay
 To make the rich caparison his prey,
 Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
 Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
 The girdle-belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.
 This present Caedicus the rich bestow'd
 On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd,
 And, absent, join'd in hospitable ties:
 He, dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize;
 Till, by the conqu'ring Ardean troops oppress'd,
 He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd.
 These glitt'ring spoils (now made the victor's gain)
 He to his body suits, but suits in vain:
 Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,
 And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
 Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
 They leave the camp, and take the ready way.

But far they had not pass'd, before they spied
 Three hundred horse, with Volscens for their guide.
 The queen a legion to King Turnus sent;
 But the swift horse the slower foot prevent,
 And now, advancing, sought the leader's tent.
 They saw the pair; for, thro' the doubtful shade,
 His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,
 On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
 "'Tis not for naught," cried Volscens from the crowd,
 "These men go there;" then rais'd his voice aloud:
 "Stand! stand! why thus in arms? And whither bent?
 From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?"
 Silent they scud away, and haste their flight
 To neighb'ring woods, and trust themselves to night.
 The speedy horse all passages belay,

Interea praemissi equites ex urbe Latina,
 cetera dum legio campis instructa moratur,
 ibant et Turno regi responsa ferebant,
 ter centum, scutati omnes, Volcente magistro. 370
 iamque propinquabant castris murosque subibant
 cum procul hos laevo flectentis limite cernunt,
 et galea Euryalum sublustri noctis in umbra
 prodidit immemorem radiisque adversa refulsit.
 haud temere est visum. conclamat ab agmine Volcens: 375
 'state, viri. quae causa viae? quive estis in armis?
 quove tenetis iter?' nihil illi tendere contra,
 sed celerare fugam in silvas et fidere nocti.
 obiciunt equites sese ad divortia nota
 hinc atque hinc, omnemque aditum custode coronant. 380
 silva fuit late dumis atque ilice nigra

And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way,
 And watch each entrance of the winding wood.
 Black was the forest: thick with beech it stood,
 Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn;
 Few paths of human feet, or tracks of beasts, were worn.
 The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
 And fear, misled the younger from his way.
 But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
 And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd,
 And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd,
 Where King Latinus then his oxen stall'd;
 Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,
 And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around:
 "Ah wretch!" he cried, "where have I left behind
 Th' unhappy youth? where shall I hope to find?
 Or what way take?" Again he ventures back,
 And treads the mazes of his former track.
 He winds the wood, and, list'ning, hears the noise
 Of tramping coursers, and the riders' voice.
 The sound approach'd; and suddenly he view'd
 The foes inclosing, and his friend pursued,
 Forelaid and taken, while he strove in vain
 The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
 What should he next attempt? what arms employ,
 What fruitless force, to free the captive boy?
 Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,
 With odds oppress'd, in such unequal strife?
Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he shook;
 And, casting on the moon a mournful look:
 "Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night,
 Fair queen," he said, "direct my dart aright.
 If e'er my pious father, for my sake,
 Did grateful off'rings on thy altars make,
 Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
 And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils,
 Give me to scatter these." Then from his ear

horrida, quam densi complerant undique sentes;
 rara per occultos lucebat semita callis.
 Euryalum tenebrae ramorum onerosaque praeda
 impediunt, fallitque timor regione viarum. 385
 Nisus abit; iamque imprudens evaserat hostis
 atque locos qui post Albae de nomine dicti
 Albani (tum rex stabula alta Latinus habebat),
 ut stetit et frustra absentem respexit amicum:
 'Euryale infelix, qua te regione reliqui? 390
 quave sequar?' rursus perplexum iter omne revolvens
 fallacis silvae simul et vestigia retro
 observata legit dumisque silentibus errat.
 audit equos, audit strepitus et signa sequentum;
 nec longum in medio tempus, cum clamor ad auris 395
 pervenit ac videt Euryalum, quem iam manus omnis
 fraude loci et noctis, subito turbante tumultu,
 oppressum rapit et conantem plurima frustra.
 quid faciat? qua vi iuvenem, quibus audeat armis
 eripere? an sese medios moriturus in enses 400
 inferat et pulchram properet per vulnera mortem?
 ocus adducto torquet hastile lacerto
 suspiciens altam Lunam et sic voce precatur:
 'tu, dea, tu praesens nostro succurre labori,
 astrorum decus et nemorum Latonia custos. 405
 si qua tuis umquam pro me pater Hyrtacus aris
 dona tulit, si qua ipse meis venatibus auxi
 suspendive tholo aut sacra ad fastigia fixi,
 hunc sine me turbare globum et rege tela per auras.'
 dixerat et toto conixus corpore ferrum 410
 conicit. hasta volans noctis diverberat umbras
 et venit aversi in tergum Sulmonis ibique
 frangitur, ac fisso transit praecordia ligno.
 volvitur ille vomens calidum de pectore flumen
 frigidus et longis singultibus ilia pulsat. 415
 diversi circumspiciunt. hoc acrior idem
 ecce aliud summa telum librabat ab aure.

He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling spear.
 The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
 Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
 Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
 And in his body left the broken wood.
 He staggers round; his eyeballs roll in death,
 And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
 All stand amaz'd—a second jav'lin flies
 With equal strength, and quivers thro' the skies.
 This thro' thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
 And in the brainpan warmly buried lay.

Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gazing round,
 Descried not him who gave the fatal wound,
 Nor knew to fix revenge: "But thou," he cries,
 "Shalt pay for both," and at the pris'ner flies
 With his drawn sword. Then, struck with deep despair,
 That cruel sight the lover could not bear;
 But from his covert rush'd in open view,
 And sent his voice before him as he flew:
 "Me! me!" he cried—"turn all your swords alone
 On me—the fact confess'd, the fault my own.
 He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth:
 Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth!
 His only crime (if friendship can offend)
 Is too much love to his unhappy friend."
 Too late he speaks: the sword, which fury guides,
 Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides.
 Down fell the beauteous youth: the yawning wound
 Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
 His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
 Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd;
 Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
 Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
 Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd,
 Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd.

dum trepidant, it hasta Tago per tempus utrumque
 stridens traiectoque haesit tepefacta cerebro.

Saevit atrox Volcens nec teli conspicit usquam 420
 auctorem nec quo se ardens immittere possit.
 'tu tamen interea calido mihi sanguine poenas
 persolves amborum' inquit; simul ense recluso
 ibat in Euryalum. tum vero exterritus, amens,
 conclamat Nisus nec se celare tenebris 425
 amplius aut tantum potuit perferre dolorem:
 'me, me, adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum,
 o Rutuli! mea fraus omnis, nihil iste nec ausus
 nec potuit; caelum hoc et conscia sidera testor;
 tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.' 430
 talia dicta dabat, sed viribus ensis adactus
 transadigit costas et candida pectora rumpit.
 volvitur Euryalus leto, pulchrosque per artus
 it cruor inque umeros cervix conlapsa recumbit:
 purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro 435
 languescit moriens, lassove papavera collo
 demisere caput pluvia cum forte gravantur.
 at Nisus ruit in medios solumque per omnis
 Volcentem petit, in solo Volcente moratur.
 quem circum glomerati hostes hinc comminus atque hinc 440
 proturbant. instat non setius ac rotat ensem
 fulmineum, donec Rutuli clamantis in ore
 condidit adverso et moriens animam abstulit hosti.

Volscens he seeks; on him alone he bends:
 Borne back and bor'd by his surrounding friends,
 Onward he press'd, and kept him still in sight;
 Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might:
 Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke,
 Pierc'd his wide mouth, and thro' his weazon broke.
 Dying, he slew; and, stagg'ring on the plain,
 With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain;
 Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell,
 Content, in death, to be reveng'd so well.

O happy friends! for, if my verse can give
 Immortal life, your fame shall ever live,
 Fix'd as the Capitol's foundation lies,
 And spread, where'er the Roman eagle flies!

The conqu'ring party first divide the prey,
 Then their slain leader to the camp convey.
 With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
 To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.
 Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest, they found:
 Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround;
 And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.
 All knew the helmet which Messapus lost,
 But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.

Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed,
 And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread;
 Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
 But added colours to the world reveal'd:
 When early Turnus, wak'ning with the light,
 All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight.
 His martial men with fierce harangue he fir'd,
 And his own ardour in their souls inspir'd.
 This done—to give new terror to his foes,
 The heads of Nisus and his friend he shows,

tum super exanimum sese proiecit amicum
 confossus, placidaque ibi demum morte quievit. 445

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
 nulla dies umquam memori vos eximet aevo,
 dum domus Aeneae Capitoli immobile saxum
 accolet imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

Victores praeda Rutuli spoliisque potiti 450
 Volcentem exanimum flentes in castra ferebant.
 nec minor in castris luctus Rhamnete reperto
 exsanguis et primis una tot caede peremptis,
 Serranoque Numaque. ingens concursus ad ipsa
 corpora seminecisque viros, tepidaque recentem 455
 caede locum et pleno spumantis sanguine rivos.
 agnoscunt spolia inter se galeamque nitentem
 Messapi et multo phaleras sudore receptas.

Et iam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
 Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile. 460
 iam sole infuso, iam rebus luce relectis
 Turnus in arma viros armis circumdatus ipse
 suscitatur: aeratasque acies in proelia cogunt,
 quisque suos, variisque acuunt rumoribus iras.
 quin ipsa arrectis (visu miserabile) in hastis 465
 praefigunt capita et multo clamore sequuntur
 Euryali et Nisi.
 Aeneadae duri murorum in parte sinistra

Rais'd high on pointed spears—a ghastly sight:
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.
Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls;
They line their trenches, and they man their walls.
In front extended to the left they stood;
Safe was the right, surrounded by the flood.
But, casting from their tow'rs a frightful view,
They saw the faces, which too well they knew,
Tho' then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er
With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.

Soon hasty fame thro' the sad city bears
The mournful message to the mother's ears.
An icy cold benumbs her limbs; she shakes;
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.
She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
Nor fears the flying darts; she rends her hair,
And fills with loud laments the liquid air.
“Thus, then, my lov'd Euryalus appears!
Thus looks the prop my declining years!
Was't on this face my famish'd eyes I fed?
Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!
And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone?
Not one kind kiss from a departing son!
No look, no last adieu before he went,
In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!
Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies,
To call about his corpse his crying friends,
Or spread the mantle (made for other ends)
On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains or nightly labour spare.
Where shall I find his corpse? what earth sustains
His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?

opposuere aciem (nam dextera cingitur amni),
ingentisque tenent fossas et turribus altis 470
stant maesti; simul ora virum praefixa movebant
nota nimis miseris atroque fluentia tabo.

Interea pavidam volitans pennata per urbem
nuntia Fama ruit matrisque adlabitur auris
Euryali. at subitus miserae calor ossa reliquit, 475
excussi manibus radii revolutaque pensa.
evolat infelix et femineo ululatu
scissa comam muros amens atque agmina cursu
prima petit, non illa virum, non illa pericli
telorumque memor, caelum dehinc questibus implet: 480
'hunc ego te, Euryale, aspicio? tune ille senectae
sera meae requies, potuisti linquere solam,
crudelis? nec te sub tanta pericula missum
adfari extremum miserae data copia matri?
heu, terra ignota canibus data praeda Latinis 485
alitibusque iaces! nec te tua funere mater
produxi pressive oculos aut vulnera lavi,
veste tegens tibi quam noctes festina diesque
urgebam, et tela curas solabar anilis.
quo sequar? aut quae nunc artus avulsaque membra 490
et funus lacerum tellus habet? hoc mihi de te,
nate, refers? hoc sum terraque marique secuta?
figite me, si qua est pietas, in me omnia tela
conicite, o Rutuli, me primam absumite ferro;
aut tu, magne pater divum, miserere, tuoque 495
invisum hoc detrude caput sub Tartara telo,
quando aliter nequeo crudelem abrumpere vitam.'

For this, alas! I left my needful ease,
Expos'd my life to winds and winter seas!
If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts;
Or, if they fail, thou, Jove, conclude my woe,
And send me thunderstruck to shades below!"
Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans' ears,
Unman their courage, and augment their fears;
Nor young Ascanius could the sight sustain,
Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain,
But Actor and Idaeus jointly sent,
To bear the madding mother to her tent.

And now the trumpets terribly, from far,
With rattling clangour, rouse the sleepy war.
The soldiers' shouts succeed the brazen sounds;
And heav'n, from pole to pole, the noise rebounds.
The Volscians bear their shields upon their head,
And, rushing forward, form a moving shed.
These fill the ditch; those pull the bulwarks down:
Some raise the ladders; others scale the town.
But, where void spaces on the walls appear,
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.
With poles and missive weapons, from afar,
The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.
Taught, by their ten years' siege, defensive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks, an unresisted weight,
To break the penthouse with the pond'rous blow,
Which yet the patient Volscians undergo:
But could not bear th' unequal combat long;
For, where the Trojans find the thickest throng,
The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way,
And their crush'd heads become an easy prey.
They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage;
Contented now to gall them from below

hoc fletu concussi animi, maestusque per omnis
it gemitus, torpent infractae ad proelia vires.
illam incendentem luctus Idaeus et Actor 500
Ilionei monitu et multum lacrimantis Iuli
corripiunt interque manus sub tecta reponunt.

At tuba terribilem sonitum procul aere canoro
increpuit, sequitur clamor caelumque remugit.
accelerant acta pariter testudine Volsci 505
et fossas implere parant ac vellere vallum;
quaerunt pars aditum et scalis ascendere muros,
qua rara est acies interlucetque corona
non tam spissa viris. telorum effundere contra
omne genus Teucris ac duris detrudere contis, 510
adsueti longo muros defendere bello.
saxa quoque infestoolvebant pondere, si qua
possent tectam aciem perrumpere, cum tamen omnis
ferre iuvet subter densa testudine casus.
nec iam sufficiunt. nam qua globus imminet ingens, 515
immanem Teucris molem volvuntque ruuntque,
quae stravit Rutulos late armorumque resolvit
tegmina. nec curant caeco contendere Marte
amplius audaces Rutuli, sed pellere vallo
missilibus certant. 520
parte alia horrendus visu quassabat Etruscam
pinum et fumiferos infert Mezentius ignis;
at Messapus equum domitor, Neptunia proles,
rescindit vallum et scalas in moenia poscit.

With darts and slings, and with the distant bow.
Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.
But brave Messapus, Neptune's warlike son,
Broke down the palisades, the trenches won,
And loud for ladders calls, to scale the town.

Calliope, begin! Ye sacred Nine,
Inspire your poet in his high design,
To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made,
What souls he sent below the Stygian shade,
What fame the soldiers with their captain share,
And the vast circuit of the fatal war;
For you in singing martial facts excel;
You best remember, and alone can tell.

There stood a tow'r, amazing to the sight,
Built up of beams, and of stupendous height:
Art, and the nature of the place, conspir'd
To furnish all the strength that war requir'd.
To level this, the bold Italians join;
The wary Trojans obviate their design;
With weighty stones o'erwhelm their troops below,
Shoot thro' the loopholes, and sharp jav'lines throw.
Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thund'ring hand
Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
It stuck, the fiery plague; the winds were high;
The planks were season'd, and the timber dry.
Contagion caught the posts; it spread along,
Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd throng.
The Trojans fled; the fire pursued amain,
Still gath'ring fast upon the trembling train;
Till, crowding to the corners of the wall,
Down the defence and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heav'n itself resound:
The dead and dying Trojans strew the ground.

Vos, o Calliope, precor, aspirate canenti 525
quas ibi tum ferro strages, quae funera Turnus
ediderit, quem quisque virum demiserit Orco,
et mecum ingentis oras evolvite belli.
et meministis enim, divae, et memorare potestis.

Turris erat vasto suspectu et pontibus altis, 530
opportuna loco, summis quam viribus omnes
expugnare Itali summaque evertere opum vi
certabant, Troes contra defendere saxis
perque cavas densi tela intorquere fenestras.
princeps ardentem coniecit lampada Turnus 535
et flammam adfixit lateri, quae plurima vento
corripuit tabulas et postibus haesit adesis.
turbati trepidare intus frustra malorum
velle fugam. dum se glomerant retroque residunt
in partem quae peste caret, tum pondere turris 540
procubuit subito et caelum tonat omne fragore.
semineces ad terram immani mole secuta
confixique suis telis et pectora duro
transfossi ligno veniunt. vix unus Helenor
et Lycus elapsi; quorum primaevus Helenor, 545
Maeonio regi quem serva Licymnia furtim
sustulerat vetitisque ad Troiam miserat armis,
ense levis nudo parmaque inglorius alba.
isque ubi se Turni media inter milia vidit,

The tow'r, that follow'd on the fallen crew,
 Whelm'd o'er their heads, and buried whom it slew:
 Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent;
 All the same equal ruin underwent.
Young Lycus and Helenor only scape;
 Sav'd—how, they know not—from the steepy leap.
 Helenor, elder of the two: by birth,
 On one side royal, one a son of earth,
 Whom to the Lydian king Licymnia bare,
 And sent her boasted bastard to the war
 (A privilege which none but freemen share).
 Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield:
 No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.
 Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,
 And rising, found himself amidst his foes;
 Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way.
 Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay;
 And, like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds
 Of eager huntsmen and invading hounds
 Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,
 And bounds aloft against the pointed spears:
 So dares the youth, secure of death; and throws
 His dying body on his thickest foes.
 But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,
 Runs, doubles, winds and turns, amidst the war;
 Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
 And snatches at the beam he first can find;
 Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,
 In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to reach.
 But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey
 (His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,
 Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind)
 "Fool!" said the chief, "tho' fleeter than the wind,
 Couldst thou presume to scape, when I pursue?"
 He said, and downward by the feet he drew
 The trembling dastard; at the tug he falls;

hinc acies atque hinc acies astare Latinas, 550
 ut fera, quae densa venantum saepta corona
 contra tela furit seseque haud nescia morti
 inicit et saltu supra venabula fertur—
 haud aliter iuvenis medios moriturus in hostis
 inruit et qua tela videt densissima tendit. 555
 at pedibus longe melior Lycus inter et hostis
 inter et arma fuga muros tenet, altaque certat
 prendere tecta manu sociumque attingere dextras.
 quem Turnus pariter cursu teloque secutus
 increpat his victor: 'nostrasne evadere, demens, 560
 sperasti te posse manus?' simul arripit ipsum
 pendentem et magna muri cum parte revellit:
 qualis ubi aut leporem aut candenti corpore cycnum
 sustulit alta petens pedibus Iovis armiger uncis,
 quaesitum aut matri multis balatibus agnum 565
 Martius a stabulis rapuit lupo. undique clamor
 tollitur: invadunt et fossas aggere complent,
 ardentis taedas alii ad fastigia iactant.
 Ilioneus saxo atque ingenti fragmine montis
 Lucetium portae subeuntem ignisque ferentem, 570
 Emathiona Liger, Corynaeum sternit Asilas,
 hic iaculo bonus, hic longe fallente sagitta,
 Ortygium Caeneus, victorem Caenea Turnus,
 Turnus Ityn Cloniumque, Dioxippum Promolumque
 et Sagarim et summis stantem pro turribus Idan, 575
 Privernum Capys. hunc primo levis hasta Themillae
 strinxerat, ille manum proiecto tegmine demens
 ad vulnus tulit; ergo alis adlapsa sagitta
 et laevo infixata est alte lateri, abditaque intus
 spiramenta animae letali vulnere rupit. 580
 stabat in egregiis Arcentis filius armis
 pictus acu chlamydem et ferrugine clarus Hibera,
 insignis facie, genitor quem miserat Arcens
 eductum Martis luco Symaethia circum
 flumina, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Palici: 585

Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking walls.
Thus on some silver swan, or tim'rous hare,
Jove's bird comes sousing down from upper air;
Her crooked talons truss the fearful prey:
Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.
So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.

Then rushing onward with a barb'rous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.
The ditch with fagots fill'd, the daring foe
Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets throw.

Ilioneus, as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so right,
It crush'd him double underneath the weight.
Two more young Liger and Asylas slew:
To bend the bow young Liger better knew;
Asylas best the pointed jav'lin threw.
Brave Caeneus laid Ortygius on the plain;
The victor Caeneus was by Turnus slain.
By the same hand, Clonius and Itys fall,
Sagar, and Ida, standing on the wall.

From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found:
Hurt by Themilla first—but slight the wound—
His shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,
He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded part:
The second shaft came swift and unespied,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his side,
Transfix'd his breathing lungs and beating heart:
The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the dart.

The son of Arcens shone amid the rest,
In glitt'ring armour and a purple vest,
(Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love,)
Bred by his father in the Martian grove,
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And send in arms to purchase early fame.

stridentem fundam positis Mezentius hastis
ipse ter adducta circum caput egit habena
et media adversi liquefacto tempora plumbo
diffidit ac multa porrectum extendit harena.

Him when he spied from far, the Tuscan king
Laid by the lance, and took him to the sling,
Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and threw:
The heated lead half melted as it flew;
It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain;
The youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the plain.

Then young Ascanius, who, before this day,
Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,
First bent in martial strife the twanging bow,
And exercis'd against a human foe—
With this bereft Numanus of his life,
Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.
Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with a stride,
In these insulting terms the Trojans he defied:
“Twice-conquer'd cowards, now your shame is shown—
Coop'd up a second time within your town!
Who dare not issue forth in open field,
But hold your walls before you for a shield.
Thus treat you war? thus our alliance force?
What gods, what madness, hither steer'd your course?
You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.
Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
We bear our newborn infants to the flood;
There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
They wake before the day to range the wood,
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.
No sports, but what belong to war, they know:
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.
Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
From plows and harrows sent to seek renown,
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town.

Tum primum bello celerem intendisse sagittam 590
dicitur ante feras solitus terrere fugacis
Ascanius, fortemque manu fudisse Numanum,
cui Remulo cognomen erat, Turnique minorem
germanam nuper thalamo sociatus habebat.
is primam ante aciem digna atque indigna relatu 595
vociferans tumidusque novo praecordia regno
ibat et ingentem sese clamore ferebat:
'non pudet obsidione iterum valloque teneri,
bis capti Phryges, et morti praetendere muros?
en qui nostra sibi bello conubia poscunt! 600
quis deus Italiam, quae vos dementia adegit?
non hic Atridae nec fandi fictor Vlixes:
durum a stirpe genus natos ad flumina primum
deferimus saevoque gelu duramus et undis;
venatu invigilant pueri silvasque fatigant, 605
flectere ludus equos et spicula tendere cornu.
at patiens operum parvoque adsueta iuventus
aut rastris terram domat aut quatit oppida bello.
omne aevum ferro teritur, versaque iuvenicum
terga fatigamus hasta, nec tarda senectus 610
debilitat viris animi mutatque vigorem:
canitiem galea premimus, semperque recentis
comportare iuvat praedas et vivere rapto.
vobis picta croco et fulgenti murice vestis,
desidia cordi, iuvat indulgere choreis, 615
et tunicae manicas et habent redimicula mitrae.
o vere Phrygiae, neque enim Phryges, ite per alta

No part of life from toils of war is free,
 No change in age, or diff'rence in degree.
 We plow and till in arms; our oxen feel,
 Instead of goads, the spur and pointed steel;
 Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain.
 Ev'n time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
 The body, not the mind; nor can control
 Th' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.
 Our helms defend the young, disguise the gray:
 We live by plunder, and delight in prey.
 Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;
 In sloth you glory, and in dances join.
 Your vests have sweeping sleeves; with female pride
 Your turbans underneath your chins are tied.
 Go, Phrygians, to your Dindymus again!
 Go, less than women, in the shapes of men!
 Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the Mother's rites,
 Where with unequal sound the flute invites;
 Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's shade:
 Resign the war to men, who know the martial trade!"

This foul reproach Ascanius could not hear
 With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
 At the full stretch of both his hands he drew,
 And almost join'd the horns of the tough yew.
 But, first, before the throne of Jove he stood,
 And thus with lifted hands invok'd the god:
 "My first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed!
 An annual off'ring in thy grove shall bleed;
 A snow-white steer, before thy altar led,
 Who, like his mother, bears aloft his head,
 Butts with his threat'ning brows, and bellowing stands,
 And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands."
Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a gracious ear,
 And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.
 Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies

Dindyma, ubi adsuetis biforem dat tibia cantum.
 tympana vos buxusque vocat Berecynthia Matris
 Idaeae; sinite arma viris et cedite ferro.' 620

Talia iactantem dictis ac dira canentem
 non tulit Ascanius, nervoque obversus equino
 contendit telum diversaue brachia ducens
 constitit, ante Iovem supplex per vota precatus:
 'Iuppiter omnipotens, audacibus adnve coeptis. 625
 ipse tibi ad tua templa feram sollemnia dona,
 et statuam ante aras aurata fronte iuvenum
 candentem pariterque caput cum matre ferentem,
 iam cornu petat et pedibus qui spargat harenam.'
 audiit et caeli genitor de parte serena 630
 intonuit laevum, sonat una fatifer arcus.
 effugit horrendum stridens adducta sagitta
 perque caput Remuli venit et cava tempora ferro
 traicit. 'i, verbis virtutem include superbis!
 bis capti Phryges haec Rutulis responsa remittunt': 635

The feather'd death, and hisses thro' the skies.
 The steel thro' both his temples forc'd the way:
 Extended on the ground, Numanus lay.
 "Go now, vain boaster, and true valour scorn!
 The Phrygians, twice subdued, yet make this third return."
 Ascanius said no more. The Trojans shake
 The heav'ns with shouting, and new vigour take.

Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,
 To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
 And thus the beardless victor he bespoke aloud:
 "Advance, illustrious youth, increase in fame,
 And wide from east to west extend thy name;
 Offspring of gods thyself; and Rome shall owe
 To thee a race of demigods below.
 This is the way to heav'n: the pow'rs divine
 From this beginning date the Julian line.
 To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
 The conquer'd war is due, and the vast world is theirs.
 Troy is too narrow for thy name." He said,
 And plunging downward shot his radiant head;
 Dispell'd the breathing air, that broke his flight:
 Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal sight.
 Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,
 Now left, to rule Ascanius, by his sire:
 His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs,
 His mien, his habit, and his arms, he wears,
 And thus salutes the boy, too forward for his years:
 "Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,
 The warlike prize thou hast already won.
 The god of archers gives thy youth a part
 Of his own praise, nor envies equal art.
 Now tempt the war no more." He said, and flew
 Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.
 The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know,
 And hear the twanging of his heav'nly bow.

hoc tantum Ascanius. Teucris clamore sequuntur
 laetitiaque fremunt animosque ad sidera tollunt.

Aetheria tum forte plaga crinitus Apollo
 desuper Ausonias acies urbemque videbat
 nube sedens, atque his victorem adfatur Iulum: 640
 'macte nova virtute, puer, sic itur ad astra,
 dis genite et geniture deos. iure omnia bella
 gente sub Assaraci fato ventura resident,
 nec te Troia capit.' simul haec effatus ab alto
 aethere se mittit, spirantis dimovet auras 645
 Ascaniumque petit; forma tum vertitur oris
 antiquum in Buten. hic Dardanio Anchisae
 armiger ante fuit fidusque ad limina custos;
 tum comitem Ascanio pater addidit. ibat Apollo
 omnia longaevo similis vocemque coloremque 650
 et crinis albos et saeva sonoribus arma,
 atque his ardentem dictis adfatur Iulum:
 'sit satis, Aenide, telis impune Numanum
 oppetiisse tuis. primam hanc tibi magnus Apollo
 concedit laudem et paribus non invidet armis; 655
 cetera parce, puer, bello.' sic orsus Apollo
 mortalis medio aspectus sermone reliquit
 et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.
 agnovere deum procures divinaque tela
 Dardanidae pharetramque fuga sensere sonantem. 660
 ergo avidum pugnae dictis ac numine Phoebi
 Ascanium prohibent, ipsi in certamina rursus
 succedunt animasque in aperta pericula mittunt.
 it clamor totis per propugnacula muris,
 intendunt acris arcus amentaque torquent. 665

Then duteous force they use, and Phoebus' name,
 To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.
 Undaunted, they themselves no danger shun;
 From wall to wall the shouts and clamours run.
 They bend their bows; they whirl their slings around;
 Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the ground;
 And helms, and shields, and rattling arms resound.
 The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
 From westward, when the show'ry Kids arise;
 Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main,
 When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain,
 Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
 And with an armed winter strew the ground.

Pand'rus and Bitias, thunderbolts of war,
 Whom Hieras to bold Alcanor bare
 On Ida's top, two youths of height and size
 Like firs that on their mother mountain rise,
 Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,
 And of their own accord invite the war.
 With fates averse, against their king's command,
 Arm'd, on the right and on the left they stand,
 And flank the passage: shining steel they wear,
 And waving crests above their heads appear.
 Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
 Lift up to heav'n their leafy heads unshorn,
 And, overpress'd with nature's heavy load,
 Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other nod.
 In flows a tide of Latians, when they see
 The gate set open, and the passage free;
 Bold Quercens, with rash Tmarus, rushing on,
 Equiculus, that in bright armour shone,
 And Haemon first; but soon repuls'd they fly,
 Or in the well-defended pass they die.
 These with success are fir'd, and those with rage,
 And each on equal terms at length engage.

sternitur omne solum telis, tum scuta cavaeque
 dant sonitum flictu galeae, pugna aspera surgit:
 quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus Haedis
 verberat imber humum, quam multa grandine nimbi
 in vada praecipitant, cum Iuppiter horridus Austris 670
 torquet aquosam hiemem et caelo cava nubila rumpit.

Pandarus et Bitias, Idaeo Alcanore creti,
 quos Iovis eduxit luco silvestris Iaera
 abietibus iuvenes patriis et montibus aequos,
 portam, quae ducis imperio commissa, recludunt 675
 freti armis, ultroque invitant moenibus hostem.
 ipsi intus dextra ac laeva pro turribus astant
 armati ferro et cristis capita alta corusci:
 quales aerae liquentia flumina circum
 sive Padi ripis Athesim seu propter amoenum 680
 consurgunt geminae quercus intonsaque caelo
 attollunt capita et sublimi vertice nutant.
 inrumpunt aditus Rutuli ut videre patentis:
 continuo Quercens et pulcher Aquiculus armis
 et praeceps animi Tmarus et Mavortius Haemon 685
 agminibus totis aut versi terga dedere
 aut ipso portae posuere in limine vitam.
 tum magis increscunt animis discordibus irae,
 et iam collecti Troes glomerantur eodem
 et conferre manum et procurrere longius audent. 690

Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.

Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
When suddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought,
The foes had left the fastness of their place,
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chase.
He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,
Runs where the giant brothers guard the gate.
The first he met, Antiphates the brave,
But base-begotten on a Theban slave,
Sarpedon's son, he slew: the deadly dart
Found passage thro' his breast, and pierc'd his heart.
Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel stood,
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.
Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,
And Meropes, and the gigantic size
Of Bitias, threat'ning with his ardent eyes.
Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd
(A dart were lost within that roomy breast),
But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong,
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along:
Not two bull hides th' impetuous force withhold,
Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.
Down sunk the monster bulk and press'd the ground;
His arms and clatt'ring shield on the vast body sound,
Not with less ruin than the Bajan mole,
Rais'd on the seas, the surges to control—
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall;
Prone to the deep, the stones disjointed fall
Of the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud arise:
The frightened billows roll, and seek the shores;
Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:
Typhoeus, thrown beneath, by Jove's command,
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,

Ductori Turno diversa in parte furenti
turbantique viros perfertur nuntius, hostem
fervere caede nova et portas praebere patentis.
deserit inceptum atque immani concitus ira
Dardanium ruit ad portam fratresque superbos. 695
et primum Antiphaten (is enim se primus agebat),
Thebana de matre nothum Sarpedonis alti,
coniecto sternit iaculo: volat Itala cornus
aera per tenerum stomachoque infixam sub altum
pectus abit; reddit specus atri vulneris undam 700
spumantem, et fixo ferrum in pulmone tepescit.
tum Meropem atque Erymanta manu, tum sternit Aphidnum,
tum Bitian ardentem oculis animisque frementem,
non iaculo (neque enim iaculo vitam ille dedisset),
sed magnum stridens contorta phalarica venit 705
fulminis acta modo, quam nec duo taurea terga
nec duplici squama lorica fidelis et auro
sustinuit; conlapsa ruunt immania membra,
dat tellus gemitum et clipeum super intonat ingens.
talis in Euboico Baiarum litore quondam 710
saxeae pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante
constructam ponto iaciunt, sic illa ruinam
prona trahit penitusque vadis inlisa recumbit;
miscent se maria et nigrae attolluntur harenae,
tum sonitu Prochyta alta tremit durumque cubile 715
Inarime Iovis imperiis imposta Typhoeo.

Soon shifts his weary side, and, scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.

The warrior god the Latian troops inspir'd,
New strung their sinews, and their courage fir'd,
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright:
Then black despair precipitates their flight.
When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
The town with fear and wild confusion fill'd,
He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
With both his hands, and adds his shoulders to the weight
Some happier friends within the walls inclos'd;
The rest shut out, to certain death expos'd:
Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
T' admit young Turnus, and include the war!
He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold,
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.
Too late his blazing buckler they descry,
And sparkling fires that shot from either eye,
His mighty members, and his ample breast,
His rattling armour, and his crimson crest.
Far from that hated face the Trojans fly,
All but the fool who sought his destiny.
Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:
"These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:
'Tis hostile earth you tread. Of hope bereft,
No means of safe return by flight are left."
To whom, with count'nance calm, and soul sedate,
Thus Turnus: "Then begin, and try thy fate:
My message to the ghost of Priam bear;
Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there."
A lance of tough ground ash the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew:
With his full force he whirl'd it first around;

Hic Mars armipotens animum virisque Latinis
addidit et stimulos acris sub pectore vertit,
immisitque Fugam Teucris atrumque Timorem.
undique conveniunt, quoniam data copia pugnae, 720
bellatorque animo deus incidit.
Pandarus, ut fuso germanum corpore cernit
et quo sit fortuna loco, qui casus agat res,
portam vi multa converso cardine torquet
obnixus latis umeris, multosque suorum 725
moenibus exclusos duro in certamine linquit;
ast alios secum includit recipitque ruentis,
demens, qui Rutulum in medio non agmine regem
viderit inrumpentem ultroque incluserit urbi,
immanem veluti pecora inter inertia tigrim. 730
continuo nova lux oculis effulsit et arma
horrendum sonuere, tremunt in vertice cristae
sanguineae clipeoque micantia fulmina mittit.
agnoscunt faciem invisam atque immania membra
turbati subito Aeneadae. tum Pandarus ingens 735
emicat et mortis fraternae fervidus ira
effatur: 'non haec dotalis regia Amatae,
nec muris cohibet patriis media Ardea Turnum.
castra inimica vides, nulla hinc exire potestas.'
olli subridens sedato pectore Turnus: 740
'incipere, si qua animo virtus, et consere dextram,
hic etiam inventum Priamo narrabis Achillem.'
dixerat. ille rudem nodis et cortice crudo
intorquet summis adnixus viribus hastam;
excepere auras, vulnus Saturnia Iuno 745
detorsit veniens, portaeque infigitur hasta.
'at non hoc telum, mea quod vi dextera versat,
effugies, neque enim is teli nec vulneris auctor':
sic ait, et sublatum alte consurgit in ensem

But the soft yielding air receiv'd the wound:
 Imperial Juno turn'd the course before,
 And fix'd the wand'ring weapon in the door.
“But hope not thou,” said Turnus, “when I strike,
 To shun thy fate: our force is not alike,
 Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god.”
 Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood,
 And aim'd from high: the full descending blow
 Cleaves the broad front and beardless cheeks in two.
 Down sinks the giant with a thund'ring sound:
 His pond'rous limbs oppress the trembling ground;
 Blood, brains, and foam gush from the gaping wound:
 Scalp, face, and shoulders the keen steel divides,
 And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.

The Trojans fly from their approaching fate;
 And, had the victor then secur'd the gate,
 And to his troops without unclos'd the bars,
 One lucky day had ended all his wars.
 But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,
 Push'd on his fury, to pursue the crowd.
 Hamstring'd behind, unhappy Gyges died;
 Then Phalaris is added to his side.
 The pointed jav'lines from the dead he drew,
 And their friends' arms against their fellows threw.
 Strong Halys stands in vain; weak Phlegys flies;
 Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies.
 Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall—
 Engag'd against the foes who scal'd the wall:
 But, whom they fear'd without, they found within.
 At last, tho' late, by Lynceus he was seen.
 He calls new succours, and assaults the prince:
 But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
 Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,
 And at one blow the bold aggressor slew.
 He joints the neck; and, with a stroke so strong,

et mediam ferro gemina inter tempora frontem 750
 dividit impubisque immani vulnere malas.
 fit sonus, ingenti concussa est pondere tellus;
 conlapsos artus atque arma cruenta cerebro
 sternit humi moriens, atque illi partibus aequis
 huc caput atque illuc umero ex utroque pependit. 755

Diffugiunt versi trepida formidine Troes,
 et si continuo victorem ea cura subisset,
 rumpere claustra manu sociosque immittere portis,
 ultimus ille dies bello gentique fuisset.
 sed furor ardentem caedisque insana cupido 760
 egit in adversos.
 principio Phalerim et succiso poplite Gygen
 excipit, hinc raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas
 in tergus, Iuno viris animumque ministrat.
 addit Halyn comitem et confixa Phegea parma, 765
 ignaros deinde in muris Martemque cientis
 Alcandrumque Haliumque Noemonaque Prytanimque.
 Lyncea tendentem contra sociosque vocantem
 vibranti gladio conixus ab aggere dexter
 occupat, huic uno deiectum comminus ictu 770
 cum galea longe iacuit caput. inde ferarum
 vastatorem Amycum, quo non felicior alter
 unguere tela manu ferrumque armare veneno,
 et Clytium Aeoliden et amicum Crethea Musis,
 Crethea Musarum comitem, cui carmina semper 775
 et citharae cordi numerosque intendere nervis,

The helm flies off, and bears the head along.
Next him, the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,
In darts envenom'd and in poison skill'd.
Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,
And Creteus, whom the Muses held so dear:
He fought with courage, and he sung the fight;
Arms were his bus'ness, verses his delight.

The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.
Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken train,
Whom brave Seresthus and his troop sustain.
To save the living, and revenge the dead,
Against one warrior's arms all Troy they led.
"O, void of sense and courage!" Mnestheus cried,
"Where can you hope your coward heads to hide?
Ah! where beyond these rampires can you run?
One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you shun!
Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,
And pass unpunish'd from a num'rous host?
Forsaking honour, and renouncing fame,
Your gods, your country, and your king you shame!"
This just reproach their virtue does excite:
They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.
Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield,
But with slow paces measures back the field,
And inches to the walls, where Tiber's tide,
Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.
The more he loses, they advance the more,
And tread in ev'ry step he trod before.
They shout: they bear him back; and, whom by might
They cannot conquer, they oppress with weight.
As, compass'd with a wood of spears around,
The lordly lion still maintains his ground;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
Threats his distended paws, and shakes his mane;

semper equos atque arma virum pugnasque canebat.

Tandem ductores audita caede suorum
conveniunt Teucri, Mnestheus acerque Serestus,
palantisque vident socios hostemque receptum. 780
et Mnestheus: 'quo deinde fugam, quo tenditis?' inquit.
'quos alios muros, quaeve ultra moenia habetis?
unus homo et vestris, o cives, undique saeptus
aggeribus tantas strages impune per urbem
ediderit? iuvenum primos tot miserit Orco? 785
non infelicis patriae veterumque deorum
et magni Aeneae, segnes, miseretque pudetque?'
talibus accensi firmantur et agmine denso
consistunt. Turnus paulatim excedere pugna
et fluvium petere ac partem quae cingitur unda. 790
acrius hoc Teucri clamore incumbere magno
et glomerare manum, ceu saevum turba leonem
cum telis premit infensis; at territus ille,
asper, acerba tuens, retro redit et neque terga
ira dare aut virtus patitur, nec tendere contra 795
ille quidem hoc cupiens potis est per tela virosque.
haud aliter retro dubius vestigia Turnus
improperata refert et mens exaestuat ira.
quin etiam bis tum medios invaserat hostis,
bis confusa fuga per muros agmina vertit; 800
sed manus e castris propere coit omnis in unum
nec contra viris audet Saturnia Iuno
sufficere; aeriam caelo nam Iuppiter Irim
demisit germanae haud mollia iussa ferentem,
ni Turnus cedat Teucrorum moenibus altis. 805

He loses while in vain he presses on,
 Nor will his courage let him dare to run:
 So Turnus fares, and, unresolved of flight,
 Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight.
 Yet twice, enrag'd, the combat he renews,
 Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues.
 But now they swarm, and, with fresh troops supplied,
 Come rolling on, and rush from ev'ry side:
 Nor Juno, who sustain'd his arms before,
 Dares with new strength suffice th' exhausted store;
 For Jove, with sour commands, sent Iris down,
 To force th' invader from the frightened town.
With labour spent, no longer can he wield
 The heavy falchion, or sustain the shield,
 O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling:
 The weapons round his hollow temples ring;
 His golden helm gives way, with stony blows
 Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows.
 His crest is rash'd away; his ample shield
 Is falsified, and round with jav'lins fill'd.
The foe, now faint, the Trojans overwhelm;
 And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm.
 Sick sweat succeeds; he drops at ev'ry pore;
 With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er;
 Shorter and shorter ev'ry gasp he takes;
 And vain efforts and hurtless blows he makes.
 Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
 The yellow god the welcome burthen bore,
 And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore;
 Then gently wafts him to the farther coast,
 And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

ergo nec clipeo iuvenis subsistere tantum
 nec dextra valet, iniectis sic undique telis
 obruitur. strepit adsiduo cava tempora circum
 tinnitu galea et saxis solida aera fatiscunt
 discussaeque iubae, capiti nec sufficit umbo 810
 ictibus; ingeminant hastis et Troes et ipse
 fulmineus Mnestheus. tum toto corpore sudor
 liquitur et piceum (nec respirare potestas)
 flumen agit, fessos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.
 tum demum praeceps saltu sese omnibus armis 815
 in fluvium dedit. ille suo cum gurgite flavo
 accepit venientem ac mollibus extulit undis
 et laetum sociis abluta caede remisit.

BOOK X

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Aeneas' return there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Aeneas, Lausus, and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

The gates of heav'n unfold: Jove summons all
The gods to council in the common hall.
Sublimely seated, he surveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war,
And all th' inferior world. From first to last,
The sov'reign senate in degrees are plac'd.
Then thus th' almighty sire began: "Ye gods,
Natives or denizens of blest abodes,
From whence these murmurs, and this change of mind,
This backward fate from what was first design'd?
Why this protracted war, when my commands
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands?
What fear or hope on either part divides
Our heav'ns, and arms our powers on diff'rent sides?
A lawful time of war at length will come,
(Nor need your haste anticipate the doom),
When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome,
Shall force the rigid rocks and Alpine chains,
And, like a flood, come pouring on the plains.
Then is your time for faction and debate,
For partial favour, and permitted hate.
Let now your immature dissension cease;
Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace."

P. VERGILI MARONIS AENEIDOS LIBER DECIMVS

Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi
conciliumque vocat divum pater atque hominum rex
sideream in sedem, terras unde arduus omnis
castraque Dardanidum aspectat populosque Latinos.
considunt tectis bipatientibus, incipit ipse: 5
'caelicolae magni, quianam sententia vobis
versa retro tantumque animis certatis iniquis?
abnueram bello Italiam concurrere Teucris.
quae contra vetitum discordia? quis metus aut hos
aut hos arma sequi ferrumque lacescere suasit? 10
adveniet iustum pugnae (ne arcessite) tempus,
cum fera Karthago Romanis arcibus olim
exitium magnum atque Alpīs immittet apertas:
tum certare odiis, tum res rapuisse licebit.
nunc sinite et placitum laeti componite foedus.' 15

Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge;
 But lovely Venus thus replies at large:
 “O pow’r immense, eternal energy,
 (For to what else protection can we fly?)
 Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare
 In fields, unpunish’d, and insult my care?
 How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train,
 In shining arms, triumphant on the plain?
 Ev’n in their lines and trenches they contend,
 And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:
 The town is fill’d with slaughter, and o’erfloats,
 With a red deluge, their increasing moats.
 Aeneas, ignorant, and far from thence,
 Has left a camp expos’d, without defence.
 This endless outrage shall they still sustain?
 Shall Troy renew’d be forc’d and fir’d again?
 A second siege my banish’d issue fears,
 And a new Diomedes in arms appears.
 One more audacious mortal will be found;
 And I, thy daughter, wait another wound.
 Yet, if with fates averse, without thy leave,
 The Latian lands my progeny receive,
 Bear they the pains of violated law,
 And thy protection from their aid withdraw.
 But, if the gods their sure success foretell;
 If those of heav’n consent with those of hell,
 To promise Italy; who dare debate
 The pow’r of Jove, or fix another fate?
 What should I tell of tempests on the main,
 Of Aeolus usurping Neptune’s reign?
 Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat
 T’ inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet?
 Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
 Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
 That new example wanted yet above:
 An act that well became the wife of Jove!

Iuppiter haec paucis; at non Venus aurea contra
 pauca refert:
 'o pater, o hominum rerumque aeterna potestas
 (namque aliud quid sit quod iam implorare queamus?),
 cernis ut insultent Rutuli, Turnusque feratur 20
 per medios insignis equis tumidusque secundo
 Marte ruat? non clausa tegunt iam moenia Teucros;
 quin intra portas atque ipsis proelia miscent
 aggeribus murorum et inundant sanguine fossae.
 Aeneas ignarus abest. numquamne levare 25
 obsidione sines? muris iterum imminet hostis
 nascentis Troiae nec non exercitus alter,
 atque iterum in Teucros Aetolis surgit ab Arpis
 Tydides. equidem credo, mea vulnera restant
 et tua progenies mortalia demoror arma. 30
 si sine pace tua atque invito numine Troes
 Italiam petiere, luant peccata neque illos
 iuveris auxilio; sin tot responsa secuti
 quae superi manesque dabant, cur nunc tua quisquam
 vertere iussa potest aut cur nova condere fata? 35
 quid repetam exustas Erycino in litore classis,
 quid tempestatum regem ventosque furentis
 Aeolia excitos aut actam nubibus Irim?
 nunc etiam manis (haec intemptata manebat
 sors rerum) movet et superis immissa repente 40
 Allecto medias Italum bacchata per urbes.
 nil super imperio moveor. speravimus ista,
 dum fortuna fuit. vincant, quos vincere mavis.
 si nulla est regio Teucris quam det tua coniunx
 dura, per eversae, genitor, fumantia Troiae 45
 excidia obtestor: liceat dimittere ab armis
 incolumem Ascanium, liceat superesse nepotem.
 Aeneas sane ignotis iactetur in undis
 et quacumque viam dederit Fortuna sequatur:
 hunc tegere et dirae valeam subducere pugnae. 50
 est Amathus, est celsa mihi Paphus atque Cythera

Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames
 The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.
 Imperial sway no more exalts my mind;
 (Such hopes I had indeed, while Heav'n was kind;)

Now let my happier foes possess my place,
 Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race;
 And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.
 Since you can spare, from all your wide command,
 No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
 Which may my wand'ring fugitives receive;
 (Since haughty Juno will not give you leave;)

Then, father, (if I still may use that name,)

By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,
 I beg you, let Ascanius, by my care,
 Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war:
 Inglorious let him live, without a crown.
 The father may be cast on coasts unknown,
 Struggling with fate; but let me save the son.
 Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian tow'rs:
 In those recesses, and those sacred bow'rs,
 Obscurely let him rest; his right resign
 To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.
 Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns destroy,
 Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
 What profits it my son to scape the fire,
 Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his sire;
 To pass the perils of the seas and wind;
 Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind;
 To reach th' Italian shores; if, after all,
 Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall?
 Much better had he curb'd his high desires,
 And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.
 To Simois' banks the fugitives restore,
 And give them back to war, and all the woes before."

Idaliaeque domus: positis inglorius armis
 exigat hic aevum. magna dicione iubeto
 Karthago premat Ausoniam; nihil urbibus inde
 obstat Tyriis. quid pestem evadere belli 55
 iuvit et Argolicos medium fugisse per ignis
 totque maris vastaeque exhausta pericula terrae,
 dum Latium Teucris recidiuaque Pergama quaerunt?
 non satius cineres patriae insedisse supremos
 atque solum quo Troia fuit? Xanthum et Simoenta 60
 redde, oro, miseris iterumque revolvere casus
 da, pater, Iliacos Teucris.' tum regia Iuno
 acta furore gravi: 'quid me alta silentia cogis
 rumpere et obductum verbis vulgare dolorem?
 Aenean hominum quisquam divumque subegit 65
 bella sequi aut hostem regi se inferre Latino?
 Italiam petiit fatis auctoribus (esto)
 Cassandrae impulsus furiis: num relinquere castra
 hortati sumus aut vitam committere ventis?
 num puero summam belli, num credere muros, 70
 Tyrrhenamque fidem aut gentis agitare quietas?
 quis deus in fraudem, quae dura potentia nostra
 egit? ubi hic Iuno demissave nubibus Iris?
 indignum est Italos Troiam circumdare flammis
 nascentem et patria Turnum consistere terra, 75
 cui Pilumnus avus, cui diva Venilia mater:
 quid face Troianos atra vim ferre Latinis,
 arva aliena iugo premere atque avertere praedas?
 quid soceros legere et gremiis abducere pactas,
 pacem orare manu, praefigere puppibus arma? 80
 tu potes Aenean manibus subducere Graium
 proque viro nebulam et ventos obtendere inanis,
 et potes in totidem classem convertere nymphas:
 nos aliquid Rutulos contra iuvisse nefandum est?
 "Aeneas ignarus abest": ignarus et absit. 85
 est Paphus Idaliumque tibi, sunt alta Cythera:
 quid gravidam bellis urbem et corda aspera temptas?

Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart:
 "And must I own," she said, "my secret smart—
 What with more decence were in silence kept,
 And, but for this unjust reproach, had slept?
 Did god or man your fav'rite son advise,
 With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise?
 By fate, you boast, and by the gods' decree,
 He left his native land for Italy!
 Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more
 Than Heav'n inspir'd, he sought a foreign shore!
 Did I persuade to trust his second Troy
 To the raw conduct of a beardless boy,
 With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
 And thro' the waves a wand'ring voyage takes?
 When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
 The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?
 Did I or Iris give this mad advice,
 Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?
 You think it hard, the Latians should destroy
 With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy!
 Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw
 Their native air, nor take a foreign law!
 That Turnus is permitted still to live,
 To whom his birth a god and goddess give!
 But yet is just and lawful for your line
 To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join;
 Realms, not your own, among your clans divide,

nosne tibi fluxas Phrygiae res vertere fundo
 conamur? nos? an miseros qui Troas Achivis
 obiecit? quae causa fuit consurgere in arma 90
 Europamque Asiamque et foedera solvere furto?
 me duce Dardanius Spartam expugnavit adulter,
 aut ego tela dedi fovive Cupidine bella?
 tum decuit metuisse tuis: nunc sera querelis
 haud iustis adsurgis et inrita iurgia iactas.' 95

Talibus orabat Iuno, cunctique fremebant
 caelicolae adsensu vario, ceu flamina prima
 cum deprensa fremunt silvis et caeca volutant
 murmura venturos nautis prodentia ventos.
 tum pater omnipotens, rerum cui prima potestas, 100
 infit (eo dicente deum domus alta silescit
 et tremefacta solo tellus, silet arduus aether,
 tum Zephyri posuere, premit placida aequora pontus):
 'accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta.
 quandoquidem Ausonios coniungi foedere Teucris 105
 haud licitum, nec vestra capit discordia finem,
 quae cuique est fortuna hodie, quam quisque secat spem,
 Tros Rutulusne fuat, nullo discrimine habebo,
 seu fatis Italum castra obsidione tenentur
 sive errore malo Troiae monitisque sinistris. 110
 nec Rutulos solvo. sua cuique exorsa laborem
 fortunamque ferent. rex Iuppiter omnibus idem.
 fata viam invenient.' Stygii per flumina fratris,
 per pice torrentis atraque voragine ripas
 adnuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum. 115
 hic finis fandi. solio tum Iuppiter aureo
 surgit, caelicolae medium quem ad limina ducunt.

And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride;
 Petition, while you public arms prepare;
 Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war!
 'Twas giv'n to you, your darling son to shroud,
 To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd,
 And, for a man, obtend an empty cloud.
 From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
 And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
 But is my crime—the Queen of Heav'n offends,
 If she presume to save her suff'ring friends!
 Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
 You say, is absent: absent let him be.
 Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian tow'rs,
 The soft recesses, and the sacred bow'rs.
 Why do you then these needless arms prepare,
 And thus provoke a people prone to war?
 Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
 Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
 Was I the cause of mischief, or the man
 Whose lawless lust the fatal war began?
 Think on whose faith th' adult'rous youth relied;
 Who promis'd, who procur'd, the Spartan bride?
 When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,
 To purge the world of the perfidious kind,
 Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate:
 Your quarrels and complaints are now too late."

Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause,
 Just as they favour or dislike the cause.
 So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,
 In whispers first their tender voices try,
 Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
 And storms to trembling mariners presage.
 Then thus to both replied th' imperial god,
 Who shakes heav'n's axles with his awful nod.
 (When he begins, the silent senate stand

Interea Rutuli portis circum omnibus instant
 sternere caede viros et moenia cingere flammis.
 at legio Aeneadam vallis obsessa tenetur 120
 nec spes ulla fugae. miseri stant turribus altis
 nequiquam et rara muros cinxere corona
 Asius Imbrasides Hicetaoniusque Thymoetes
 Assaracique duo et senior cum Castore Thymbris,
 prima acies; hos germani Sarpedonis ambo 125
 et Clarus et Thaemon Lycia comitantur ab alta.

With rev'rence, list'ning to the dread command:
 The clouds dispel; the winds their breath restrain;
 And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main.)
 "Celestials, your attentive ears incline!
 Since," said the god, "the Trojans must not join
 In wish'd alliance with the Latian line;
 Since endless jarrings and immortal hate
 Tend but to discompose our happy state;
 The war henceforward be resign'd to fate:
 Each to his proper fortune stand or fall;
 Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.
 Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;
 And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.
 Let these assault, if Fortune be their friend;
 And, if she favours those, let those defend:
 The Fates will find their way." The Thund'rer said,
 And shook the sacred honours of his head,
 Attesting Styx, th' inviolable flood,
 And the black regions of his brother god.
 Trembled the poles of heav'n, and earth confess'd the nod.
 This end the sessions had: the senate rise,
 And to his palace wait their sov'reign thro' the skies.

Thus mortal war was wag'd on either side.
 Meantime the hero cuts the nightly tide:
 For, anxious, from Evander when he went,
 He sought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;
 Expos'd the cause of coming to the chief;
 His name and country told, and ask'd relief;
 Propos'd the terms; his own small strength declar'd;
 What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd:
 What Turnus, bold and violent, design'd;
 Then shew'd the slipp'ry state of humankind,
 And fickle fortune; warn'd him to beware,
 And to his wholesome counsel added pray'r.
 Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs,

fert ingens toto conixus corpore saxum,
 haud partem exiguam montis, Lyrnesius Acmon,
 nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre Menestheo.
 hi iaculis, illi certant defendere saxis 130
 molirique ignem nervoque aptare sagittas.
 ipse inter medios, Veneris iustissima cura,
 Dardanius caput, ecce, puer detectus honestum,
 qualis gemma micat fulvum quae dividit aurum,
 aut collo decus aut capiti, vel quale per artem 135
 inclusum buxo aut Oricia terebintho
 lucet ebur; fusos cervix cui lactea crinis
 accipit et molli subnectens circulus auro.
 te quoque magnanimae viderunt, Ismare, gentes
 vulnera derigere et calamos armare veneno, 140
 Maeonia generose domo, ubi pinguia culta
 exercentque viri Pactolusque inrigat auro.
 adfuit et Mnestheus, quem pulsi pristina Turni
 aggere murorum sublimem gloria tollit,
 et Capys: hinc nomen Campanae ducitur urbi. 145

Illi inter sese duri certamina belli
 contulerant: media Aeneas freta nocte secabat.
 namque ut ab Evandro castris ingressus Etruscis
 regem adit et regi memorat nomenque genusque
 quidve petat quidve ipse ferat, Mezentius arma 150
 quae sibi conciliet, violentaque pectora Turni
 edocet, humanis quae sit fiducia rebus
 admonet immiscetque preces, haud fit mora, Tarchon
 iungit opes foedusque ferit; tum libera fati
 classem conscendit iussis gens Lydia divum 155
 externo commissa duci. Aeneia puppis
 prima tenet rostro Phrygios subiuncta leones,
 imminet Ida super, profugis gratissima Teucris.

And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan joins.
They soon set sail; nor now the fates withstand;
 Their forces trusted with a foreign hand.
 Aeneas leads; upon his stern appear
 Two lions carv'd, which rising Ida bear—
 Ida, to wand'ring Trojans ever dear.
 Under their grateful shade Aeneas sate,
 Revolving war's events, and various fate.
 His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,
 And oft of winds enquir'd, and of the tide;
 Oft of the stars, and of their wat'ry way;
 And what he suffer'd both by land and sea.

Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring!
 The Tuscan leaders, and their army sing,
 Which follow'd great Aeneas to the war:
 Their arms, their numbers, and their names declare.

A thousand youths brave Massicus obey,
 Borne in the Tiger thro' the foaming sea;
 From Asium brought, and Cosa, by his care:
 For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts, they bear.
 Fierce Abas next: his men bright armour wore;
 His stern Apollo's golden statue bore.
 Six hundred Populonia sent along,
 All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.
 Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,
 An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.
 Asylas on his prow the third appears,
 Who heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring stars;
 From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,
 And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.
 A thousand spears in warlike order stand,
 Sent by the Pisans under his command.
Fair Astur follows in the wat'ry field,
 Proud of his manag'd horse and painted shield.

hic magnus sedet Aeneas secumque volutat
 eventus belli varios, Pallasque sinistro 160
 adfixus lateri iam quaerit sidera, opacae
 noctis iter, iam quae passus terraque marique.

Pandite nunc Helicon, deae, cantusque movete,
 quae manus interea Tuscis comitetur ab oris
 Aenean armetque rates pelagoque vehatur. 165

Massicus aerata princeps secat aequora Tigri,
 sub quo mille manus iuvenum, qui moenia Clusi
 quique urbem liquere Cosas, quis tela sagittae
 gorytique leves umeris et letifer arcus.
 una toruus Abas: huic totum insignibus armis 170
 agmen et aurato fulgebat Apolline puppis.
 sescentos illi dederat Populonia mater
 expertos belli iuvenes, ast Ilva trecentos
 insula inexhaustis Chalybum generosa metallis.
 tertius ille hominum divumque interpret Asilas, 175
 cui pecudum fibrae, caeli cui sidera parent
 et linguae volucrum et praesagi fulminis ignes,
 mille rapit densos acie atque horrentibus hastis.
 hos parere iubent Alpheae ab origine Pisae,
 urbs Etrusca solo. sequitur pulcherrimus Astyr, 180
 Astyr equo fidens et versicoloribus armis.
 ter centum adiciunt (mens omnibus una sequendi)
 qui Caerete domo, qui sunt Minionis in arvis,

Gravisca, noisome from the neighb'ring fen,
And his own Caere, sent three hundred men;
With those which Minio's fields and Pyrgi gave,
All bred in arms, unanimous, and brave.

Thou, Muse, the name of Cinyras renew,
And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few;
Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,
And bore, with wings display'd, a silver swan.
Love was the fault of his fam'd ancestry,
Whose forms and fortunes in his ensigns fly.
For Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phaeton,
And sung his loss in poplar groves, alone,
Beneath the sister shades, to soothe his grief.
Heav'n heard his song, and hasten'd his relief,
And chang'd to snowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood:
Upon his stern a brawny Centaur stood,
Who heav'd a rock, and, threat'ning still to throw,
With lifted hands alarm'd the seas below:
They seem'd to fear the formidable sight,
And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.

Ocnus was next, who led his native train
Of hardy warriors thro' the wat'ry plain:
The son of Manto by the Tuscan stream,
From whence the Mantuan town derives the name—
An ancient city, but of mix'd descent:
Three sev'ral tribes compose the government;
Four towns are under each; but all obey
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.
Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,
Whom Mincius from his sire Benacus bore:
Mincius, with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd o'er.
These grave Auletes leads: a hundred sweep

et Pyrgi veteres intempestaeque Graviscae.

Non ego te, Ligurum ductor fortissime bello, 185
transierim, Cunare, et paucis comitate Cupavo,
cuius olorinae surgunt de vertice pennae
(crimen, Amor, vestrum) formaeque insigne paternae.
namque ferunt luctu Cycnum Phaethontis amati,
populeas inter frondes umbramque sororum 190
dum canit et maestum Musa solatur amorem,
canentem molli pluma duxisse senectam
linquentem terras et sidera voce sequentem.
filius aequalis comitatus classe catervas
ingentem remis Centaurum promovet: ille 195
instat aquae saxumque undis immane minatur
arduus, et longa sulcat maria alta carina.

Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus ab oris,
fatidicae Mantus et Tusci filius amnis,
qui muros matrisque dedit tibi, Mantua, nomen, 200
Mantua dives avis, sed non genus omnibus unum:
gens illi triplex, populi sub gente quaterni,
ipsa caput populis, Tusco de sanguine vires.
hinc quoque quingentos in se Mezentius armat,
quos patre Benaco velatus harundine glauca 205
Mincius infesta ducebat in aequora pinu.
it gravis Aulestes centenaque arbore fluctum
verberat adsurgens, spumant vada marmore verso.
hunc vehit immanis Triton et caerula concha

With stretching oars at once the glassy deep.
 Him and his martial train the Triton bears;
 High on his poop the sea-green god appears:
 Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound,
 And at the blast the billows dance around.
 A hairy man above the waist he shows;
 A porpoise tail beneath his belly grows;
 And ends a fish: his breast the waves divides,
 And froth and foam augment the murmur'ing tides.
Full thirty ships transport the chosen train
 For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.

Now was the world forsaken by the sun,
 And Phoebe half her nightly race had run.
 The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes,
 Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.
 A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
 Once his own galleys, hewn from Ida's wood;
 But now, as many nymphs, the sea they sweep,
 As rode, before, tall vessels on the deep.
 They know him from afar; and in a ring
 Enclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.
 Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,
 Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast;
 Her right hand stops the stern; her left divides
 The curling ocean, and corrects the tides.
 She spoke for all the choir, and thus began
 With pleasing words to warn th' unknowing man:
 "Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-born, awake!
 Spread ev'ry sail, pursue your wat'ry track,
 And haste your course. Your navy once were we,
 From Ida's height descending to the sea;
 Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,
 Presum'd to violate our holy wood.
 Then, loos'd from shore, we fled his fires profane
 (Unwillingly we broke our master's chain),

exterrens freta, cui laterum tenuis hispida nanti
 frons hominem praefert, in pristim desinit alvus,
 spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda.
 Tot lecti procures ter denis navibus ibant
 subsidio Troiae et campos salis aere secabant.

Iamque dies caelo concesserat almaque curru
 noctivago Phoebe medium pulsabat Olympum:
 Aeneas (neque enim membris dat cura quietem)
 ipse sedens clavumque regit velisque ministrat.
 atque illi medio in spatio chorus, ecce, suarum
 occurrit comitum: nymphae, quas alma Cybebe
 numen habere maris nymphasque e navibus esse
 iusserat, innabant pariter fluctusque secabant,
 quot prius aeratae steterant ad litora prorae.
 agnoscunt longe regem lustrantque choreis;
 quarum quae fandi doctissima Cymodocea
 pone sequens dextra puppim tenet ipsaque dorso
 eminent ac laeva tacitis subremigat undis.
 tum sic ignarum adloquitur: 'vigilasne, deum gens,
 Aenea? vigila et velis immitte rudentis.
 nos sumus, Idaeae sacro de vertice pinus,
 nunc pelagi nymphae, classis tua. perfidus ut nos
 praecipitis ferro Rutulus flammaque premebat,
 rupimus invitae tua vincula teque per aequor
 quaerimus. hanc genetrix faciem miserata refecit
 et dedit esse deas aevumque agitare sub undis.
 at puer Ascanius muro fossisque tenetur
 tela inter media atque horrentis Marte Latinos.
 iam loca iussa tenent forti permixtus Etrusco

And since have sought you thro' the Tuscan main.
 The mighty Mother chang'd our forms to these,
 And gave us life immortal in the seas.
 But young Ascanius, in his camp distress'd,
 By your insulting foes is hardly press'd.
 Th' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host,
 Advance in order on the Latian coast:
 To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,
 Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines.
 Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,
 First arm thy soldiers for th' ensuing fight:
 Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,
 And bear aloft th' impenetrable shield.
 Tomorrow's sun, unless my skill be vain,
 Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain."
 Parting, she spoke; and with immortal force
 Push'd on the vessel in her wat'ry course;
 For well she knew the way. Impell'd behind,
 The ship flew forward, and outstripp'd the wind.
 The rest make up. Unknowing of the cause,
 The chief admires their speed, and happy omens draws.
Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heav'n his eyes:
 "Hear thou, great Mother of the deities.
 With turrets crown'd! (on Ida's holy hill
 Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)
 Firm thy own omens; lead us on to fight;
 And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right."
He said no more. And now renewing day
 Had chas'd the shadows of the night away.
 He charg'd the soldiers, with preventing care,
 Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
 Warn'd of th' ensuing fight, and bade 'em hope the war.

Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below
 His camp incompass'd, and th' inclosing foe.
 His blazing shield, imbrac'd, he held on high;

Arcas eques; medias illis opponere turmas,
 ne castris iungant, certa est sententia Turno. 240
 surge age et Aurora socios veniente vocari
 primus in arma iube, et clipeum cape quem dedit ipse
 invictum ignipotens atque oras ambiit auro.
 crastina lux, mea si non inrita dicta putaris,
 ingentis Rutulae spectabit caedis acervos.' 245
 dixerat et dextra discedens impulit altam
 haud ignara modi puppim: fugit illa per undas
 ocior et iaculo et ventos aequante sagitta.
 inde aliae celerant cursus. stupet inscius ipse
 Tros Anchisiades, animos tamen omine tollit. 250
 tum breviter supera aspectans convexa precatur:
 'alma parens Idaea deum, cui Dindyma cordi
 turrigeraeque urbes biiugique ad frena leones,
 tu mihi nunc pugnae princeps, tu rite propinques
 augurium Phrygibusque adsis pede, diva, secundo.' 255
 tantum effatus, et interea revoluta ruebat
 matura iam luce dies noctemque fugarat;
 principio sociis edicit signa sequantur
 atque animos aptent armis pugnaeque parent se.

Iamque in conspectu Teucros habet et sua castra 260
 stans celsa in puppi, clipeum cum deinde sinistra
 extulit ardentem. clamorem ad sidera tollunt

The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply.
 Hope arms their courage: from their tow'rs they throw
 Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
 Thus, at the signal giv'n, the cranes arise
 Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.
King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd,
 Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd,
 The seas with swelling canvas cover'd o'er,
 And the swift ships descending on the shore.
 The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,
 The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,
 And dart diffusive fires around the field,
 And the keen glitt'ring of the golden shield.
 Thus threat'ning comets, when by night they rise,
 Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:
 So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights,
 Pale humankind with plagues and with dry famine fright:

Yet Turnus with undaunted mind is bent
 To man the shores, and hinder their descent,
 And thus awakes the courage of his friends:
 "What you so long have wish'd, kind Fortune sends;
 In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:
 You find, and find him at advantage now.
 Yours is the day: you need but only dare;
 Your swords will make you masters of the war.
 Your sires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,
 And dearest wives, are all within your hands.
 Be mindful of the race from whence you came,
 And emulate in arms your fathers' fame.
 Now take the time, while stagg'ring yet they stand
 With feet unfirm, and prepossess the strand:
 Fortune befriends the bold." Nor more he said,
 But balanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead;
 Then these elects, the landing to prevent;
 And those he leaves, to keep the city pent.

Dardanidae e muris, spes addita suscitatur iras,
 tela manu iaciunt, quales sub nubibus atris
 Strymoniae dant signa grues atque aethera tranant 265
 cum sonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore secundo.
 at Rutulo regi ducibusque ea mira videri
 Ausoniis, donec versas ad litora puppis
 respiciunt totumque adlabi classibus aequor.
 ardet apex capiti cristisque a vertice flamma 270
 funditur et vastos umbo vomit aureus ignis:
 non secus ac liquida si quando nocte cometae
 sanguinei lugubre rubent, aut Sirius ardor
 ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus aegris
 nascitur et laevo contristat lumine caelum. 275

Haud tamen audaci Turno fiducia cessit
 litora praecipere et venientis pellere terra.
 [ultro animos tollit dictis atque increpat ultro:]
 'quod votis optastis adest, perfringere dextra.
 in manibus Mars ipse viris. nunc coniugis esto 280
 quisque suae tectique memor, nunc magna referto
 facta, patrum laudes. ultro occurramus ad undam
 dum trepidi egressisque labant vestigia prima.
 audentis Fortuna iuvat.'
 haec ait, et secum versat quos ducere contra 285
 uel quibus obsessos possit concedere muros.

Meantime the Trojan sends his troops ashore:
 Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
 With lab'ring oars they bear along the strand,
 Where the tide languishes, and leap a-land.
 Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,
 And, where no ford he finds, no water fries,
 Nor billows with unequal murmurs roar,
 But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore,
 That course he steer'd, and thus he gave command:
 "Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:
 Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound
 This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.
 Let me securely land—I ask no more;
 Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore."
This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends:
 They tug at ev'ry oar, and ev'ry stretcher bends;
 They run their ships aground; the vessels knock,
 (Thus forc'd ashore,) and tremble with the shock.
 Tarchon's alone was lost, that stranded stood,
 Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood:
 She breaks her back; the loosen'd sides give way,
 And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.
 Their broken oars and floating planks withstand
 Their passage, while they labour to the land,
 And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain sand.

Now Turnus leads his troops without delay,
 Advancing to the margin of the sea.
 The trumpets sound: Aeneas first assail'd
 The clowns new-rais'd and raw, and soon prevail'd.
 Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight;
 Great Theron, large of limbs, of giant height.
 He first in open field defied the prince:
 But armour scal'd with gold was no defence
 Against the fated sword, which open'd wide
 His plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.

Interea Aeneas socios de puppibus altis
 pontibus exponit. multi servare recursus
 languentis pelagi et brevibus se credere saltu,
 per remos alii. speculatus litora Tarchon, 290
 qua vada non sperat nec fracta remurmurat unda,
 sed mare inoffensum crescenti adlabitur aestu,
 advertit subito proras sociosque precatur:
 'nunc, o lecta manus, validis incumbite remis;
 tollite, ferte rates, inimicam findite rostris 295
 hanc terram, sulcumque sibi premat ipsa carina.
 frangere nec tali puppim statione recuso
 arrepta tellure semel.' quae talia postquam
 effatus Tarchon, socii consurgere tonsis
 spumantisque rates arvis inferre Latinis, 300
 donec rostra tenent siccum et sedere carinae
 omnes innocuae. sed non puppis tua, Tarchon:
 namque inflicta vadis, dorso dum pendet iniquo
 anceps sustentata diu fluctusque fatigat,
 solvitur atque viros mediis exponit in undis, 305
 fragmina remorum quos et fluitantia transtra
 impediunt retrahitque pedes simul unda relabens.

Nec Turnum segnis retinet mora, sed rapit acer
 totam aciem in Teucros et contra in litore sistit.
 signa canunt. primus turmas invasit agrestis 310
 Aeneas, omen pugnae, stravitque Latinos
 occiso Therone, virum qui maximus ultro
 Aenean petit. huic gladio perque aerea suta,
 per tunicam squalentem auro latus haurit apertum.
 inde Lichan ferit exsectum iam matre perempta 315
 et tibi, Phoebe, sacrum: casus evadere ferri
 quo licuit parvo? nec longe Cissea durum

Next, Lichas fell, who, not like others born,
 Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn;
 Sacred, O Phoebus, from his birth to thee;
 For his beginning life from biting steel was free.
 Not far from him was Gyas laid along,
 Of monstrous bulk; with Cisseus fierce and strong:
 Vain bulk and strength! for, when the chief assail'd,
 Nor valour nor Herculean arms avail'd,
 Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go
 With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.
 The noisy Pharos next receiv'd his death:
 Aeneas writh'd his dart, and stopp'd his bawling breath.
 Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
 Who courted Clytius in his beardless bloom,
 And sought with lust obscene polluted joys:
 The Trojan sword had curd his love of boys,
 Had not his sev'n bold brethren stopp'd the course
 Of the fierce champions, with united force.
 Sev'n darts were thrown at once; and some rebound
 From his bright shield, some on his helmet sound:
 The rest had reach'd him; but his mother's care
 Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.
The prince then call'd Achates, to supply
 The spears that knew the way to victory—
 “Those fatal weapons, which, inur'd to blood,
 In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood:
 Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain
 Against our foes, on this contended plain.”
 He said; then seiz'd a mighty spear, and threw;
 Which, wing'd with fate, thro' Maeon's buckler flew,
 Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:
 He stagger'd with intolerable smart.
 Alcanor saw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
 His helping hand, his brother to sustain.
 A second spear, which kept the former course,
 From the same hand, and sent with equal force,

immanemque Gyan sternentis agmina clava
 deiecit leto; nihil illos Herculis arma
 nec validae iuvere manus genitorque Melampus, 320
 Alcidae comes usque gravis dum terra labores
 praebuit. ecce Pharo, voces dum iactat inertis,
 intorquens iaculum clamanti sistit in ore.
 tu quoque, flaventem prima lanugine malas
 dum sequeris Clytium infelix, nova gaudia, Cydon, 325
 Dardania stratus dextra, securus amorum
 qui iuvenum tibi semper erant, miserande iaceres,
 ni fratrum stipata cohors foret obvia, Phorci
 progenies, septem numero, septenaque tela
 coniciunt; partim galea clipeoque resultant 330
 inrita, deflexit partim stringentia corpus
 alma Venus. fidum Aeneas adfatur Achaten:
 'suggere tela mihi, non ullum dextera frustra
 torserit in Rutulos, steterunt quae in corpore Graium
 Iliacis campis.' tum magnam corripit hastam 335
 et iacit: illa volans clipei transverberat aera
 Maeonis et thoraca simul cum pectore rumpit.
 huic frater subit Alcanor fratremque ruentem
 sustentat dextra: traiecto missa lacerto
 protinus hasta fugit servatque cruenta tenorem, 340
 dexteraque ex umero nervis moribunda pependit.
 tum Numitor iaculo fratris de corpore raptio
 Aenean petiit: sed non et figere contra
 est licitum, magnique femur perstrinxit Achatae.

His right arm pierc'd, and holding on, bereft
His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.
Then Numitor from his dead brother drew
Th' ill-omen'd spear, and at the Trojan threw:
Preventing fate directs the lance awry,
Which, glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.

In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus came,
And, from afar, at Dryops took his aim.
The spear flew hissing thro' the middle space,
And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face;
It stopp'd at once the passage of his wind,
And the free soul to flitting air resign'd:
His forehead was the first that struck the ground;
Lifblood and life rush'd mingled thro' the wound.
He slew three brothers of the Borean race,
And three, whom Ismarus, their native place,
Had sent to war, but all the sons of Thrace.
Halesus, next, the bold Aurunci leads:
The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,
Conspicuous on his horse. On either hand,
These fight to keep, and those to win, the land.
With mutual blood th' Ausonian soil is dyed,
While on its borders each their claim decide.
As wintry winds, contending in the sky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try:
They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heav'n
Stands without motion, and the tide undriv'n:
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield,
They long suspend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can;
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.

But, in another part, th' Arcadian horse
With ill success engage the Latin force:
For, where th' impetuous torrent, rushing down,

Hic Curibus fidens primaevae corpore Clausus 345
advenit et rigida Dryopem ferit eminus hasta
sub mentum graviter pressa, pariterque loquentis
vocem animamque rapit trajecto gutture; at ille
fronte ferit terram et crassum vomit ore cruorem.
tris quoque Threicios Boreae de gente suprema 350
et tris quos Idas pater et patria Ismara mittit,
per varios sternit casus. accurrit Halaesus
Auruncaeque manus, subit et Neptunia proles,
insignis Messapus equis. expellere tendunt
nunc hi, nunc illi: certatur limine in ipso 355
Ausoniae. magno discordes aethere venti
proelia ceu tollunt animis et viribus aequis;
non ipsi inter se, non nubila, non mare cedit;
anceps pugna diu, stant obnixa omnia contra:
haud aliter Troianae acies aciesque Latinae 360
concurrunt, haeret pede pes densusque viro vir.

At parte ex alia, qua saxa rotantia late
intulerat torrens arbustaque diruta ripis,
Arcadas insuetos acies inferre pedestris

Huge craggy stones and rooted trees had thrown,
 They left their coursers, and, unus'd to fight
 On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.
 Pallas, who with disdain and grief had view'd
 His foes pursuing, and his friends pursued,
 Us'd threat'nings mix'd with pray'rs, his last resource,
 With these to move their minds, with those to fire their force
 "Which way, companions? whether would you run?
 By you yourselves, and mighty battles won,
 By my great sire, by his establish'd name,
 And early promise of my future fame;
 By my youth, emulous of equal right
 To share his honours—shun ignoble flight!
 Trust not your feet: your hands must hew way
 Thro' yon black body, and that thick array:
 'Tis thro' that forward path that we must come;
 There lies our way, and that our passage home.
 Nor pow'rs above, nor destinies below
 Oppress our arms: with equal strength we go,
 With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.
 See on what foot we stand: a scanty shore,
 The sea behind, our enemies before;
 No passage left, unless we swim the main;
 Or, forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain."
 This said, he strode with eager haste along,
 And bore amidst the thickest of the throng.

Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,
 Had heav'd a stone of mighty weight, to throw:
 Stooping, the spear descended on his chine,
 Just where the bone distinguished either loin:
 It stuck so fast, so deeply buried lay,
 That scarce the victor forc'd the steel away.
 Hisbon came on: but, while he mov'd too s
 To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow;
 For, warding his at once, at once he press'd,

ut vidit Pallas Latio dare terga sequaci, 365
 aspera aquis natura loci dimittere quando
 suasit equos, unum quod rebus restat egenis,
 nunc prece, nunc dictis virtutem accendit amaris;
 'quo fugitis, socii? per vos et fortia facta,
 per ducis Evandri nomen devictaque bella 370
 spemque meam, patriae quae nunc subit aemula laudi,
 fidite ne pedibus. ferro rumpenda per hostis
 est via. qua globus ille virum densissimus urget,
 hac vos et Pallanta ducem patria alta reposcit.
 numina nulla premunt, mortali urgemur ab hoste 375
 mortales; totidem nobis animaeque manusque.
 ecce maris magna claudit nos obice pontus,
 deest iam terra fugae: pelagus Troiamne petamus?
 haec ait, et medius densos prorumpit in hostis.

Obvius huic primum fati adductus iniquis 380
 fit Lagus. hunc, vellit magno dum pondere saxum,
 intorto figit telo, discrimina costis
 per medium qua spina dabat, hastamque receptat
 ossibus haerentem. quem non super occupat Hisbo,
 ille quidem hoc sperans; nam Pallas ante ruentem, 385
 dum furit, incautum crudeli morte sodalis
 excipit atque ensem tumido in pulmone recondit.
 hinc Sthenium petit et Rhoeti de gente vetusta

And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast.
 Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,
 Who stain'd his stepdam's bed with impious lust.
 And, after him, the Daucian twins were slain,
 Laris and Thymbrus, on the Latian plain;
 So wondrous like in feature, shape, and size,
 As caus'd an error in their parents' eyes—
 Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
 The nice distinction, and their fate divides:
 For Thymbrus' head was lopp'd; and Laris' hand,
 Dismember'd, sought its owner on the strand:
 The trembling fingers yet the falchion strain,
 And threaten still th' intended stroke in vain.
 Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians came:
 Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,
 And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame.

Then, with a casual blow was Rhoeteus slain,
 Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain:
 The flying spear was after Ilus sent;
 But Rhoeteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
 From Teuthras and from Tyres while he fled,
 The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead:
 Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
 And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground.
 As when, in summer, welcome winds arise,
 The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
 And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
 And catching flames infect the neighb'ring heads;
 Around the forest flies the furious blast,
 And all the leafy nation sinks at last,
 And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;
 The pastor, pleas'd with his dire victory,
 Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:
 So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite,
 And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.

Anchemolum thalamos ausum incestare novercae.
 vos etiam, gemini, Rutulis cecidistis in arvis, 390
 Daucia, Laride Thymberque, simillima proles,
 indiscreta suis gratusque parentibus error;
 at nunc dura dedit vobis discrimina Pallas.
 nam tibi, Thymbre, caput Evandrius abstulit ensis;
 te decisa suum, Laride, dextera quaerit 395
 semianimesque micant digiti ferrumque retractant.
 Arcadas accensos monitu et praeclara tuentis
 facta viri mixtus dolor et pudor armat in hostis.

Tum Pallas biiugis fugientem Rhoetea praeter
 traicit. hoc spatium tantumque morae fuit Ilo; 400
 Ilo namque procul validam derexerat hastam,
 quam medius Rhoeteus intercipit, optime Teuthra,
 te fugiens fratremque Tyren, curruque volutus
 caedit semianimis Rutulorum calcibus arva.
 ac velut optato ventis aestate coortis 405
 dispersa immittit silvis incendia pastor,
 correptis subito mediis extenditur una
 horrida per latos acies Volcania campos,
 ille sedens victor flammam despectat ovantis:
 non aliter socium virtus coit omnis in unum 410
 teque iuvat, Palla. sed bellis acer Halaesus
 tendit in adversos seque in sua colligit arma.
 hic mactat Ladona Pheretaque Demodocumque,
 Strymonio dextram fulgenti deripit ense
 elatam in iugulum, saxo ferit ora Thoantis 415
 ossaque dispersit cerebro permixta cruento.
 fata canens silvis genitor celarat Halaesum;

Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood;
 But first collected in his arms he stood:
 Advancing then, he plied the spear so well,
 Ladon, Demodocus, and Pheres fell.
 Around his head he toss'd his glitt'ring brand,
 And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,
 Held up to guard his throat; then hurl'd a stone
 At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
 It struck beneath the space of either eye;
 And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.
 Deep skill'd in future fates, Halesus' sire
 Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
 But, when the father's mortal race was run,
 Dire destiny laid hold upon the son,
 And haul'd him to the war, to find, beneath
 Th' Evandrian spear, a memorable death.
 Pallas th' encounter seeks, but, ere he throws,
 To Tuscan Tiber thus address'd his vows:
 "O sacred stream, direct my flying dart,
 And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart!
 His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear."
 Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his pray'r:
 For, while his shield protects a friend distress'd,
 The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breast.

But Lausus, no small portion of the war,
 Permits not panic fear to reign too far,
 Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight;
 But by his own example cheers the fight.
 Fierce Abas first he slew; Abas, the stay
 Of Trojan hopes, and hindrance of the day.
 The Phrygian troops escap'd the Greeks in vain:
 They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.
 To the rude shock of war both armies came;
 Their leaders equal, and their strength the same.
 The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield

ut senior leto canentia lumina solvit,
 iniecere manum Parcae telisque sacrarunt
 Evandri. quem sic Pallas petit ante precatus: 420
 'da nunc, Thybri pater, ferro, quod missile libro,
 fortunam atque viam duri per pectus Halaesi.
 haec arma exuviasque viri tua quercus habebit.'
 audiit illa deus; dum texit Imaona Halaesus,
 Arcadio infelix telo dat pectus inermum. 425

At non caede viri tanta perterrita Lausus,
 pars ingens belli, sinit agmina: primus Abantem
 oppositum interimit, pugnae nodumque moramque.
 sternitur Arcadiae proles, sternuntur Etrusci
 et vos, o Graeis imperdita corpora, Teucris. 430
 agmina concurrunt ducibusque et viribus aequis;
 extremi addensent acies nec turba moveri
 tela manusque sinit. hinc Pallas instat et urget,
 hinc contra Lausus, nec multum discrepat aetas,
 egregii forma, sed quis Fortuna negarat 435
 in patriam reditus. ipsos concurrere passus

Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.
 Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there:
 Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
 But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air.
 Their congress in the field great Jove withstands:
 Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.

Meantime Juturna warns the Daunian chief
 Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.
 With his driv'n chariot he divides the crowd,
 And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud:
 "Let none presume his needless aid to join;
 Retire, and clear the field; the fight is mine:
 To this right hand is Pallas only due;
 O were his father here, my just revenge to view!"
 From the forbidden space his men retir'd.
 Pallas their awe, and his stern words, admir'd;
 Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wond'ring sight,
 Struck with his haughty mien, and tow'ring height.
 Then to the king: "Your empty vaunts forbear;
 Success I hope, and fate I cannot fear;
 Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name;
 Jove is impartial, and to both the same."
 He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace:
 Pale horror sate on each Arcadian face.
 Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
 Address'd himself on foot to single fight.
 And, as a lion—when he spies from far
 A bull that seems to meditate the war,
 Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand—
 Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand:
 Imagine eager Turnus not more slow,
 To rush from high on his unequal foe.
Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance
 Within due distance of his flying lance,
 Prepares to charge him first, resolv'd to try

haud tamen inter se magni regnator Olympi;
 mox illos sua fata manent maiore sub hoste.

Interea soror alma monet succedere Lauso
 Turnum, qui volucris curru medium secat agmen. 440
 ut vidit socios: 'tempus desistere pugnae;
 solus ego in Pallanta feror, soli mihi Pallas
 debetur; cuperem ipse parens spectator adesset.'
 haec ait, et socii cesserunt aequore iusso.
 at Rutulum abscessu iuvenis tum iussa superba 445
 miratus stupet in Turno corpusque per ingens
 lumina voluit obitque truci procul omnia visu,
 talibus et dictis it contra dicta tyranni:
 'aut spoliis ego iam raptis laudabor opimis
 aut leto insigni: sorti pater aequus utrique est. 450
 tolle minas.' fatus medium procedit in aequor;
 frigidus Arcadibus coit in praecordia sanguis.
 desiluit Turnus biiugis, pedes apparat ire
 comminus; utque leo, specula cum vidit ab alta
 stare procul campis meditantem in proelia taurum, 455
 advolat, haud alia est Turni venientis imago.
 hunc ubi contiguum missae fore credidit hastae,
 ire prior Pallas, si qua fors adiuvet ausum
 viribus imparibus, magnumque ita ad aethera fatur:
 'per patris hospitium et mensas, quas advena adisti, 460
 te precor, Alcide, coeptis ingentibus adsis.
 cernat semineci sibi me rapere arma cruenta
 victoremque ferant morientia lumina Turni.'
 audiit Alcides iuvenem magnumque sub imo
 corde premit gemitum lacrimasque effundit inanis. 465
 tum genitor natum dictis adfatur amicis:
 'stat sua cuique dies, breve et irreparabile tempus

If fortune would his want of force supply;
 And thus to Heav'n and Hercules address'd:
 "Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest,
 His son adjures you by those holy rites,
 That hospitable board, those genial nights;
 Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
 And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
 His ravish'd spoils." 'Twas heard, the vain request;
 Alcides mourn'd, and stifled sighs within his breast.
 Then Jove, to soothe his sorrow, thus began:
 "Short bounds of life are set to mortal man.
 'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.
 So many sons of gods, in bloody fight,
 Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light:
 My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe;
 Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.
 Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his breath,
 And stands already on the verge of death."
 This said, the god permits the fatal fight,
 But from the Latian fields averts his sight.
Now with full force his spear young Pallas threw,
 And, having thrown, his shining falchion drew
 The steel just graz'd along the shoulder joint,
 And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point,

omnibus est vitae; sed famam extendere factis,
 hoc virtutis opus. Troiae sub moenibus altis
 tot gnati cecidere deum, quin occidit una 470
 Sarpedon, mea progenies; etiam sua Turnum
 fata vocant metasque dati pervenit ad aevi.'
 sic ait, atque oculos Rutulorum reicit arvis.
 At Pallas magnis emittit viribus hastam
 vaginaque cava fulgentem deripit ensem. 475
 illa volans umeri surgunt qua tegmina summa
 incidit, atque viam clipei molita per oras
 tandem etiam magno strinxit de corpore Turni.
 hic Turnus ferro praefixum robur acuto
 in Pallanta diu librans iacit atque ita fatur: 480
 'aspice num mage sit nostrum penetrabile telum.'
 dixerat; at clipeum, tot ferri terga, tot aeris,
 quem pellis totiens obeat circumdata tauri,
 vibranti cuspis medium transverberat ictu
 loricaeque moras et pectus perforat ingens. 485
 ille rapit calidum frustra de vulnere telum:
 una eademque via sanguis animusque sequuntur.
 corruit in vulnus (sonitum super arma dedere)
 et terram hostilem moriens petit ore cruento.
 quem Turnus super adsistens: 490
 'Arcades, haec' inquit 'memores mea dicta referte
 Evandro: qualem meruit, Pallanta remitto.
 quisquis honos tumuli, quidquid solamen humandi est,
 largior. haud illi stabunt Aeneia parvo
 hospitia.' et laevo pressit pede talia fatus 495
 exanimem rapiens immania pondera baltei
 impressumque nefas: una sub nocte iugali
 caesa manus iuvenum foede thalamique cruenti,
 quae Clonus Eurytides multo caelaverat auro;
 quo nunc Turnus ovat spolio gaudetque potitus. 500
 nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae
 et servare modum rebus sublata secundis!
 Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum

This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,
 But sad spectators, to the hero came:
 His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,
 Unless reliev'd by his victorious hand.
 He whirls his sword around, without delay,
 And hews thro' adverse foes an ample way,
 To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud:
 Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd
 To large deserts, are present to his eyes;
 His plighted hand, and hospitable ties.
Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,
 He took in fight, and living victims led,
 To please the ghost of Pallas, and expire,
 In sacrifice, before his fun'ral fire.
 At Magus next he threw: he stoop'd below
 The flying spear, and shunn'd the promis'd blow;
 Then, creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd:
 "By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,
 O spare my life, and send me back to see
 My longing sire, and tender progeny!
 A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,
 In silver ingots, and in bars of gold:
 All these, and sums besides, which see no day,
 The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.
 If I survive, will Troy the less prevail?
 A single soul's too light to turn the scale."
 He said. The hero sternly thus replied:
 "Thy bars and ingots, and the sums beside,
 Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke

intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque
 oderit. at socii multo gemitu lacrimisque 505
 impositum scuto referunt Pallanta frequentes.
 o dolor atque decus magnum rediture parenti,
 haec te prima dies bello dedit, haec eadem aufert,
 cum tamen ingentis Rutulorum linquis acervos!

Nec iam fama mali tanti, sed certior auctor 510
 advolat Aeneae tenui discrimine leti
 esse suos, tempus versis succurrere Teucris.
 proxima quaeque metit gladio latumque per agmen
 ardens limitem agit ferro, te, Turne, superbum
 caede nova quaerens. Pallas, Evander, in ipsis 515
 omnia sunt oculis, mensae quas advena primas
 tunc adiit, dextraeque datae. Sulmone creatos
 quattuor hic iuvenes, totidem quos educat Ufens,
 viventis rapit, inferias quos immolet umbris
 captivoque rogi perfundat sanguine flammis. 520
 inde Mago procul infensam contenderat hastam:
 ille astu subit, at tremibunda supervolat hasta,
 et genua amplectens effatur talia supplex:
 'per patrios manis et spes surgentis Iuli
 te precor, hanc animam serves gnatoque patrique. 525
 est domus alta, iacent penitus defossa talenta
 caelati argenti, sunt auri pondera facti
 infectique mihi. non hic victoria Teucrum
 vertitur aut anima una dabit discrimina tanta.'
 dixerat. Aeneas contra cui talia reddit: 530
 'argenti atque auri memoras quae multa talenta
 gnatis parce tuis. belli commercia Turnus
 sustulit ista prior iam tum Pallante perempto.
 hoc patris Anchisae manes, hoc sentit Iulus.'
 sic fatus galeam laeva tenet atque reflexa 535
 cervice orantis capulo tenus applicat ensem.
 nec procul Haemonides, Phoebi Triviaeque sacerdos,
 infula cui sacra redimibat tempora vitta,

All rules of war by one relentless stroke,
When Pallas fell: so deems, nor deems alone
My father's shadow, but my living son."
Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,
He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left;
Then with his right hand, while his neck he wreath'd,
Up to the hilts his shining falchion sheath'd.

Apollo's priest, Emonides, was near;
His holy fillets on his front appear;
Glitt'ring in arms, he shone amidst the crowd;
Much of his god, more of his purple, proud.
Him the fierce Trojan follow'd thro' the field:
The holy coward fell; and, forc'd to yield,
The prince stood o'er the priest, and, at one blow,
Sent him an off'ring to the shades below.
His arms Seresthus on his shoulders bears,
Design'd a trophy to the God of Wars.

Vulcanian Caeculus renews the fight,
And Umbro, born upon the mountains' height.
The champion cheers his troops t' encounter those,
And seeks revenge himself on other foes.
At Anxur's shield he drove; and, at the blow,
Both shield and arm to ground together go.
Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable arms,
So made by mutter'd spells; and, from the spheres,
Had life secur'd, in vain, for length of years.
Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;
A nymph his mother, his sire a god.
Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince:
With his protended lance he makes defence;
Bears back his feeble foe; then, pressing on,
Arrests his better hand, and drags him down;
Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and, as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,

totus conlucens veste atque insignibus albis.
quem congressus agit campo, lapsumque superstans
immolat ingentique umbra tegit, arma Serestus
lecta refert umeris tibi, rex Gradiue, tropaeum.

540

Instaurant acies Volcani stirpe creatus
Caeculus et veniens Marsorum montibus Umbro.
Dardanides contra furit: Anxuris ense sinistram
et totum clipei ferro deiecerat orbem
(dixerat ille aliquid magnum vimque adfore verbo
crediderat, caeloque animum fortasse ferebat
canitiemque sibi et longos promiserat annos);
Tarquitus exultans contra fulgentibus armis,
silvicolae Fauno Dryope quem nympha crearat,
obvius ardenti sese obtulit. ille reducta
loricam clipeique ingens onus impedit hasta,
tum caput orantis nequiquam et multa parantis
dicere deturbat terrae, truncumque tepentem
provolvens super haec inimico pectore fatur:
'istic nunc, metuende, iace. non te optima mater
condet humi patrioque onerabit membra sepulcro:
alitibus linquere feris, aut gurgite mersum
unda feret piscesque impasti vulnera lambent.'

545

550

555

560

Mows off his head: the trunk a moment stood,
 Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.
 The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain:
 "Lie there, proud man, unpitied, on the plain;
 Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
 Far from thy mother and thy native home,
 Exposed to savage beasts, and birds of prey,
 Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea."
On Lycas and Antaeus next he ran,
 Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.
 They fled for fear; with these, he chas'd along
 Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa strong;
 Both great in arms, and both were fair and young.
 Camers was son to Volscens lately slain,
 In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,
 And in Amycla fix'd his silent easy reign.
 And, as Aegaeon, when with heav'n he strove,
 Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove;
 Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
 Defied the forky lightning from afar;
 At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
 And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires;
 In his right hand as many swords he wields,
 And takes the thunder on as many shields:
 With strength like his, the Trojan hero stood;
 And soon the fields with falling corps were strow'd,
 When once his falchion found the taste of blood.
 With fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
 Against Niphaeus, whom four coursers drew.
 They, when they see the fiery chief advance,
 And pushing at their chests his pointed lance,
 Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear,
 They threw their master headlong from the chair.
 They stare, they start, nor stop their course, before
 They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.

protinus Antaeum et Lucam, prima agmina Turni,
 persequitur, fortemque Numam fulvumque Camertem,
 magnanimo Volcente satum, ditissimus agri
 qui fuit Ausonidum et tacitis regnavit Amyclis.
 Aegaeon qualis, centum cui bracchia dicunt 565
 centenasque manus, quinquaginta oribus ignem
 pectoribusque arsisse, Iovis cum fulmina contra
 tot paribus streperet clipeis, tot stringeret ensis:
 sic toto Aeneas desaevit in aequore victor
 ut semel intepuit mucro. quin ecce Niphaei 570
 quadriiugis in equos adversaque pectora tendit.
 atque illi longe gradientem et dira frementem
 ut videre, metu versi retroque ruentes
 effunduntque ducem rapiuntque ad litora currus.

Now Lucagus and Liger scour the plains,
 With two white steeds; but Liger holds the reins,
 And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains:
 Bold brethren both. The former wav'd in air
 His flaming sword: Aeneas couch'd his spear,
 Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear.
 Then Liger thus: "Thy confidence is vain
 To scape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:
 Nor these the steeds which Diomede bestrode,
 Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode;
 Nor Venus' veil is here, near Neptune's shield;
 Thy fatal hour is come, and this the field."
 Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer
 Return'd his answer with his flying spear.
 As Lucagus, to lash his horses, bends,
 Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends,
 Prepar'd for fight; the fatal dart arrives,
 And thro' the borders of his buckler drives;
 Pass'd thro' and pierc'd his groin: the deadly wound,
 Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground.
 Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful spite:
 "Blame not the slowness of your steeds in flight;
 Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat;
 But you yourself forsake your empty seat."
 He said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd rein;
 For Liger lay already on the plain,
 By the same shock: then, stretching out his hands,
 The recreant thus his wretched life demands:
 "Now, by thyself, O more than mortal man!
 By her and him from whom thy breath began,
 Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee, spare
 This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's pray'r."
 Thus much he spoke, and more he would have said;
 But the stern hero turn'd aside his head,
 And cut him short: "I hear another man;
 You talk'd not thus before the fight began.

Interea biiugis infert se Lucagus albis 575
 in medios fraterque Liger; sed frater habenis
 flectit equos, strictum rotat acer Lucagus ensem.
 haud tulit Aeneas tanto fervore furentis;
 inruit adversaque ingens apparuit hasta.
 cui Liger: 580
 'non Diomedis equos nec currum cernis Achilli
 aut Phrygiae campos: nunc belli finis et aevi
 his dabitur terris.' vesano talia late
 dicta volant Ligeri. sed non et Troius heros
 dicta parat contra, iaculum nam torquet in hostis. 585
 Lucagus ut pronus pendens in verbera telo
 admonuit biiugos, proiecto dum pede laevo
 aptat se pugnae, subit oras hasta per imas
 fulgentis clipei, tum laevum perforat inguen;
 excussus curru moribundus volvitur arvis. 590
 quem pius Aeneas dictis adfatur amaris:
 'Lucage, nulla tuos currus fuga segnis equorum
 prodidit aut vanae vertere ex hostibus umbrae:
 ipse rotis saliens iuga deseris.' haec ita fatus
 arripuit biiugos; frater tendebat inertis 595
 infelix palmas curru delapsus eodem:
 'per te, per qui te talem genuere parentes,
 vir Troiane, sine hanc animam et miserere precantis.'
 pluribus oranti Aeneas: 'haud talia dudum
 dicta dabas. morere et fratrem ne desere frater.' 600
 tum latebras animae pectus mucrone recludit.
 talia per campos edebat funera ductor
 Dardanius torrentis aquae vel turbinis atri
 more furens. tandem erumpunt et castra relinquunt
 Ascanius puer et nequiquam obsessa iuventus. 605

Now take your turn; and, as a brother should,
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood.”
Then thro’ his breast his fatal sword he sent,
And the soul issued at the gaping vent.
As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground,
Thus rag’d the prince, and scatter’d deaths around.
At length Ascanius and the Trojan train
Broke from the camp, so long besieg’d in vain.

Meantime the King of Gods and Mortal Man
Held conference with his queen, and thus began:
“My sister goddess, and well-pleasing wife,
Still think you Venus’ aid supports the strife—
Sustains her Trojans—or themselves, alone,
With inborn valour force their fortune on?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay’d!
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid.”
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
Soft in her tone, submissively replies:
“Why, O my sov’rign lord, whose frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern’d, your anger bear;
Why urge you thus my grief? when, if I still
(As once I was) were mistress of your will,
From your almighty pow’r your pleasing wife
Might gain the grace of length’ning Turnus’ life,
Securely snatch him from the fatal fight,
And give him to his aged father’s sight.
Now let him perish, since you hold it good,
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
And, in the fourth degree, from god Pilumnus came;
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incense at your shrine.”
Then shortly thus the sov’rign god replied:
“Since in my pow’r and goodness you confide,
If for a little space, a lengthen’d span,

Iunonem interea compellat Iuppiter ultro:
'o germana mihi atque eadem gratissima coniunx,
ut rebare, Venus (nec te sententia fallit)
Troianas sustentat opes, non vivida bello
dextra viris animusque ferox patiensque pericli.' 610
cui Iuno summissa: 'quid, o pulcherrime coniunx,
sollicitas aegram et tua tristia dicta timentem?
si mihi, quae quondam fuerat quamque esse decebat,
vis in amore foret, non hoc mihi namque negares,
omnipotens, quin et pugnae subducere Turnum 615
et Dauno possem incolumem servare parenti.
nunc pereat Teucrisque pio det sanguine poenas.
ille tamen nostra deducit origine nomen
Pilumnusque illi quartus pater, et tua larga
saepe manu multisque oneravit limina donis.' 620
cui rex aetherii breviter sic fatur Olympi:
'si mora praesentis leti tempusque caduco
oratur iuveni meque hoc ita ponere sentis,
tolle fuga Turnum atque instantibus eripe fatis:
hactenus indulsisse vacat. sin altior istis 625
sub precibus venia ulla latet totumque moveri
mutarive putas bellum, spes pascis inanis.'
et Iuno adlacrimans: 'quid si, quae voce gravaris,
mente dares atque haec Turno rata vita maneret?
nunc manet insontem gravis exitus, aut ego veri 630
vana feror. quod ut o potius formidine falsa
ludar, et in melius tua, qui potes, orsa reflectas!'

You beg reprieve for this expiring man,
 I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence
 From instant fate, and can so far dispense.
 But, if some secret meaning lies beneath,
 To save the short-liv'd youth from destin'd death,
 Or if a farther thought you entertain,
 To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain."
 To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes:
 "And what if that request, your tongue denies,
 Your heart should grant; and not a short reprieve,
 But length of certain life, to Turnus give?
 Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,
 If my presaging soul divines with truth;
 Which, O! I wish, might err thro' causeless fears,
 And you (for you have pow'r) prolong his years!"

Thus having said, involv'd in clouds, she flies,
 And drives a storm before her thro' the skies.
 Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,
 Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
 Of air condens'd a spectre soon she made;
 And, what Aeneas was, such seem'd the shade.
 Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore
 His head aloft; a plummy crest he wore;
 This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,
 And that sustain'd an imitated shield.
 With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground,
 Nor wanted voice belied, nor vaunting sound.
 (Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,
 Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night.)
 The spectre seems the Daunian chief to dare,
 And flourishes his empty sword in air.
 At this, advancing, Turnus hurl'd his spear:
 The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.
 Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
 And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.

Haec ubi dicta dedit, caelo se protinus alto
 misit agens hiemem nimbo succincta per auras,
 Iliacamque aciem et Laurentia castra petivit. 635
 tum dea nube cava tenuem sine viribus umbram
 in faciem Aeneae (visu mirabile monstrum)
 Dardaniis ornat telis, clipeumque iubasque
 divini adsimulat capitis, dat inania verba,
 dat sine mente sonum gressusque effingit euntis, 640
 morte obita qualis fama est volitare figuras
 aut quae sopitos deludunt somnia sensus.
 at primas laeta ante acies exsultat imago
 inritatque virum telis et voce laccessit.
 instat cui Turnus stridentemque eminus hastam 645
 conicit; illa dato vertit vestigia tergo.
 tum vero Aenean aversum ut cedere Turnus
 credidit atque animo spem turbidus hausit inanem:
 'quo fugis, Aenea? thalamos ne desere pactos;
 hac dabitur dextra tellus quaesita per undas.' 650
 talia vociferans sequitur strictumque coruscat
 mucronem, nec ferre videt sua gaudia ventos.

“Whether, O coward?” (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he spoke to wind, and chas’d a cloud,)
“Why thus forsake your bride! Receive from me
The fated land you sought so long by sea.”
He said, and, brandishing at once his blade,
With eager pace pursued the flying shade.

By chance a ship was fasten’d to the shore,
Which from old Clusium King Osinius bore:
The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;
For shelter there the trembling shadow bent,
And skipp’t and skulk’d, and under hatches went.
Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste,
Ascends the plank, and to the galley pass’d.
Scarce had he reach’d the prow: Saturnia’s hand
The haulsers cuts, and shoots the ship from land.
With wind in poop, the vessel plows the sea,
And measures back with speed her former way.
Meantime Aeneas seeks his absent foe,
And sends his slaughter’d troops to shades below.
The guileful phantom now forsook the shroud,
And flew sublime, and vanish’d in a cloud.
Too late young Turnus the delusion found,
Far on the sea, still making from the ground.
Then, thankless for a life redeem’d by shame,
With sense of honour stung, and forfeit fame,
Fearful besides of what in fight had pass’d,
His hands and haggard eyes to heav’n he cast;
“O Jove!” he cried, “for what offence have I
Deserv’d to bear this endless infamy?
Whence am I forc’d, and whether am I borne?
How, and with what reproach, shall I return?
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or see Laurentum’s lofty tow’rs again?
What will they say of their deserting chief
The war was mine: I fly from their relief;

Forte ratis celsi coniuncta crepidine saxi
expositis stabat scalis et ponte parato,
qua rex Clusinis aduectus Osinius oris. 655
huc sese trepida Aeneae fugientis imago
conicit in latebras, nec Turnus segnior instat
exsuperatque moras et pontis transilit altos.
vix proram attigerat, rumpit Saturnia funem
avulsamque rapit revoluta per aequora navem. 660
tum levis haud ultra latebras iam quaerit imago, 663
sed sublime volans nubi se immiscuit atrae,
illum autem Aeneas absentem in proelia poscit; 661
obvia multa virum demittit corpora morti,
cum Turnum medio interea fert aequore turbo. 665
respicit ignarus rerum ingratusque salutis
et duplicis cum voce manus ad sidera tendit:
'omnipotens genitor, tanton me crimine dignum
duxisti et talis voluisti expendere poenas?
quo feror? unde abii? quae me fuga quemve reducit? 670
Laurentisne iterum muros aut castra videbo?
quid manus illa virum, qui me meaque arma secuti?
quosque (nefas) omnis infanda in morte reliqui
et nunc palantis video, gemitumque cadentum
accipio? quid ago? aut quae iam satis ima dehiscat 675
terra mihi? vos o potius miserescite, venti;
in rupes, in saxa (volens vos Turnus adoro)
ferte ratem saevisque vadis immittite syrtis,
quo nec me Rutuli nec conscia fama sequatur.'
haec memorans animo nunc huc, nunc fluctuat illuc, 680
an sese mucrone ob tantum dedecus amens

I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;
 And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.
 Here, overmatch'd in fight, in heaps they lie;
 There, scatter'd o'er the fields, ignobly fly.
 Gape wide, O earth, and draw me down alive!
 Or, O ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve!
 On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive;
 Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert shore,
 Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more,
 Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious Fame,
 Lest she should follow, and my flight proclaim."
Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates resolv'd:
 The choice was doubtful, but the death resolv'd.
 And now the sword, and now the sea took place,
 That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace.
 Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,
 By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain.
 Thrice he the sword assay'd, and thrice the flood;
 But Juno, mov'd with pity, both withstood.
 And thrice repress'd his rage; strong gales supplied,
 And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide.
 At length she lands him on his native shores,
 And to his father's longing arms restores.

Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd,
 Succeeding Turnus, with his ardour warm'd
 His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful flight,
 Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
 Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire;
 Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire
 Of wish'd revenge: on him, and him alone,
 All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
 He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,
 To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd,
 From his proud summit looking down, disdains
 Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.

induat et crudum per costas exigit ensem,
 fluctibus an iaciat mediis et litora nando
 curva petat Teucrumque iterum se reddat in arma.
 ter conatus utramque viam, ter maxima Iuno 685
 continuit iuvenemque animi miserata repressit.
 labitur alta secans fluctuque aestuque secundo
 et patris antiquam Dauni defertur ad urbem.

At Iovis interea monitis Mezentius ardens
 succedit pugnae Teucrosque invadit ovantis. 690
 concurrunt Tyrrhenae acies atque omnibus uni,
 uni odiisque viro telisque frequentibus instant.
 ille (velut rupes vastum quae prodit in aequor,
 obvia ventorum furiis expositaque ponto,
 vim cunctam atque minas perfert caelique marisque 695
 ipsa immota manens) prolem Dolichaonis Hebrum
 sternit humi, cum quo Latagum Palmumque fugacem,
 sed Latagum saxo atque ingenti fragmine montis
 occupat os faciemque adversam, poplite Palmum
 succiso volvi segnem sinit, armaque Lauso 700

Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
 Then Latagus, and Palmus as he fled.
 At Latagus a weighty stone he flung:
 His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
 But Palmus from behind receives his wound;
 Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:
 His crest and armour, from his body torn,
 Thy shoulders, Lausus, and thy head adorn.
 Evas and Mimas, both of Troy, he slew.
 Mimas his birth from fair Theano drew,
 Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,
 The queen produc'd young Paris to his sire:
 But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain,
 Unthinking Mimas on the Latian plain.

And, as a savage boar, on mountains bred,
 With forest mast and fatt'ning marshes fed,
 When once he sees himself in toils inclos'd,
 By huntsmen and their eager hounds oppos'd,
 He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war;
 Th' invaders dart their jav'lins from afar:
 All keep aloof, and safely shout around;
 But none presumes to give a nearer wound:
 He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,
 And shakes a grove of lances from his side:
 Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd,
 And just revenge against the tyrant fir'd,
 Their darts with clamour at a distance drive,
 And only keep the languish'd war alive.

From Coritus came Acron to the fight,
 Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummated night.
 Mezentius sees him thro' the squadrons ride,
 Proud of the purple favours of his bride.
 Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
 A gamesome goat, who frisks about the folds,
 Or beamy stag, that grazes on the plain—

donat habere umeris et vertice figere cristas.
 nec non Euanthen Phrygium Paridisque Mimanta
 aequalem comitemque, una quem nocte Theano
 in lucem genitore Amyco dedit et face praegnas
 Cisseis regina Parim; Paris urbe paterna 705
 occubat, ignarum Laurens habet ora Mimanta.
 ac velut ille canum morsu de montibus altis
 actus aper, multos Vesulus quem pinifer annos
 defendit multosque palus Laurentia silva
 pascit harundinea, postquam inter retia ventum est, 710
 substitit infremuitque ferox et inhorruit armos,
 nec cuiquam irasci propiusve accedere virtus,
 sed iaculis tutisque procul clamoribus instant;
 Haud aliter, iustae quibus est Mezentius irae,
 non ulli est animus stricto concurrere ferro, 715
 missilibus longe et vasto clamore lacesunt.
 ille autem impavidus partis cunctatur in omnis
 dentibus infrendens et tergo decutit hastas:

Venerat antiquis Corythi de finibus Acron,
 Graius homo, infectos linquens profugus hymenaeos. 720
 hunc ubi miscentem longe media agmina vidit,
 purpureum pennis et pactae coniugis ostro,
 impastus stabula alta leo ceu saepe peragrans
 (suadet enim vesana fames), si forte fugacem
 conspexit capream aut surgentem in cornua cervum, 725

He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane,
 He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws;
 The prey lies panting underneath his paws:
 He fills his famish'd maw; his mouth runs o'er
 With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore:
 So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes,
 And first unhappy Acron overthrows:
 Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy ground;
 The lance, besmear'd with blood, lies broken in the wound.
 Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd
 Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursued,
 Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,
 But, running, gain'd th' advantage of the ground:
 Then turning short, he met him face to face,
 To give his victory the better grace.
 Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd:
 Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,
 And rested lance; and thus aloud he cries:
 "Lo! here the champion of my rebels lies!"
 The fields around with Io Paeon! ring;
 And peals of shouts applaud the conqu'ring king.
 At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
 Thus faintly spoke, and prophesied in death:
 "Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain:
 Like death attends thee on this fatal plain."
 Then, sourly smiling, thus the king replied:
 "For what belongs to me, let Jove provide;
 But die thou first, whatever chance ensue."
 He said, and from the wound the weapon drew.
 A hov'ring mist came swimming o'er his sight,
 And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.

By Caedicus, Alcathous was slain;
 Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain;
 Orses the strong to greater strength must yield;
 He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.

gaudet hians immane comasque arrexit et haeret
 visceribus super incumbens; lavit improba taeter
 ora cruor—
 sic ruit in densos alacer Mezentius hostis.
 sternitur infelix Acron et calcibus atram 730
 tundit humum exspirans infractaque tela cruentat.
 atque idem fugientem haud est dignatus Oroden
 sternere nec iacta caecum dare cuspide vulnus;
 obvius adversoque occurrit seque viro vir
 contulit, haud furto melior sed fortibus armis. 735
 tum super abiectum posito pede nixus et hasta:
 'pars belli haud temnenda, viri, iacet altus Orodes.'
 conclamant socii laetum paeana secuti;
 ille autem exspirans: 'non me, quicumque es, inulto,
 victor, nec longum laetabere; te quoque fata 740
 prospectant paria atque eadem mox arva tenebis.'
 ad quem subridens mixta Mezentius ira:
 'nunc morere. ast de me divum pater atque hominum rex
 viderit.' hoc dicens eduxit corpore telum.
 olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget 745
 somnus, in aeternam clauduntur lumina noctem.

Caedicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaspem
 partheniumque Rapo et praedurum viribus Orsen,
 Messapus Cloniumque Lycaoniumque Erichaeten,
 illum infrenis equi lapsu tellure iacentem, 750

Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,
 Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.
 But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,
 Who threw his master, as he made a bound:
 The chief, alighting, stuck him to the ground;
 Then Clonius, hand to hand, on foot assails:
 The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.
 Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with pride,
 To single fight the boldest foe defied;
 Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame,
 And not belied his mighty father's fame.
 Salius to death the great Antronus sent:
 But the same fate the victor underwent,
 Slain by Nealces' hand, well-skill'd to throw
 The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.

Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance;
 By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance:
 Victors and vanquish'd, in the various field,
 Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
 The gods from heav'n survey the fatal strife,
 And mourn the miseries of human life.
 Above the rest, two goddesses appear
 Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there.
 Amidst the crowd, infernal Ate shakes
 Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes.
Once more the proud Mezentius, with disdain,
 Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain,
 Where tow'ring in the midmost rank she stood,
 Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood.
 (When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves,
 His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves),
 Or like a mountain ash, whose roots are spread,
 Deep fix'd in earth; in clouds he hides his head.

hunc peditem. pedes et Lycius processerat Agis,
 quem tamen haud expers Valerus virtutis avitae
 deicit; at Thronium Salius Saliumque Nealces
 insidiis, iaculo et longe fallente sagitta.

Iam gravis aequabat luctus et mutua Mavors	755
funera; caedebant pariter pariterque ruebant	
victores victique, neque his fuga nota neque illis.	
di Iovis in tectis iram miserantur inanem	
amborum et tantos mortalibus esse labores;	
hinc Venus, hinc contra spectat Saturnia Iuno.	760
pallida Tisiphone media inter milia saevit.	
At vero ingentem quatiens Mezentius hastam	
turbidus ingreditur campo. quam magnus Orion,	
cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei	
stagna viam scindens, umero supereminet undas,	765
aut summis referens annosam montibus ornum	
ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit,	
talis se vastis infert Mezentius armis.	

The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
 And dauntless undertook the doubtful war.
 Collected in his strength, and like a rock,
 Pois'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.
 He stood, and, measuring first with careful eyes
 The space his spear could reach, aloud he cries:
 "My strong right hand, and sword, assist my stroke!
 (Those only gods Mezentius will invoke.)
 His armour, from the Trojan pirate torn,
 By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn."
 He said; and with his utmost force he threw
 The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew,
 Reach'd the celestial shield, that stopp'd the course;
 But, glancing thence, the yet unbroken force
 Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
 The side and bowels fam'd Anthores fix'd.
 Anthores had from Argos travel'd far,
 Alcides' friend, and brother of the war;
 Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he chose,
 And in Evander's palace sought repose.
 Now, falling by another's wound, his eyes
 He cast to heav'n, on Argos thinks, and dies.
The pious Trojan then his jav'lin sent;
 The shield gave way; thro' treble plates it went
 Of solid brass, of linen trebly roll'd,
 And three bull hides which round the buckler fold.
 All these it pass'd, resistless in the course,
 Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force.
 The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood.
 The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,
 His falchion drew, to closer fight address'd,
 And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd.
His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief;
 He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.

Huic contra Aeneas speculatus in agmine longo
 obvius ire parat. manet imperterritus ille 770
 hostem magnanimum opperiens, et mole sua stat;
 atque oculis spatium emensus quantum satis hastae:
 'dextra mihi deus et telum, quod missile libro,
 nunc adsint! voveo praedonis corpore raptis
 indutum spoliis ipsum te, Lause, tropaeum 775
 Aeneae.' dixit, stridentemque eminus hastam
 iecit. at illa volans clipeo est excussa proculque
 egregium Antoren latus inter et ilia figit,
 Herculis Antoren comitem, qui missus ab Argis
 haeserat Evandro atque Itala consederat urbe. 780
 sternitur infelix alieno vulnere, caelumque
 aspicit et dulcis moriens reminiscitur Argos.
 tum pius Aeneas hastam iacit; illa per orbem
 aere cavum triplici, per linea terga tribusque
 transiit intextum tauris opus, imaque sedit 785
 inguine, sed viris haud pertulit. ocius ensem
 Aeneas viso Tyrrheni sanguine laetus
 eripit a femine et trepidanti fervidus instat.
 ingemuit cari graviter genitoris amore,
 ut vidit, Lausus, lacrimaeque per ora volutae— 790

And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I must
 To thy immortal memory be just,
 And sing an act so noble and so new,
 Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
 Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,
 The father sought to save himself by flight:
 Encumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear along,
 Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
 The pious youth, resolv'd on death, below
 The lifted sword springs forth to face the foe;
 Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.
 Shouts of applause ran ringing thro' the field,
 To see the son the vanquish'd father shield.
 All, fir'd with gen'rous indignation, strive,
 And with a storm of darts to distance drive
 The Trojan chief, who, held at bay from far,
 On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.
As, when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
 The plowman, passenger, and lab'ring hind
 For shelter to the neighb'ring covert fly,
 Or hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns lie;
 But, that o'erblown, when heav'n above 'em smiles,
 Return to travel, and renew their toils:
 Aeneas thus, o'erwhelmed on ev'ry side,
 The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
 And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threat'ning cried:
 "Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
 In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age,
 Betray'd by pious love?" Nor, thus forbore,
 The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
 Provokes the ling'ring prince, whose patience, tir'd,
 Gave place; and all his breast with fury fir'd.
 For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd shears;
 And lifted high the flaming sword appears,
 Which, full descending with a frightful sway,
 Thro' shield and corslet forc'd th' impetuous way,

Hic mortis durae casum tuaque optima facta,
 si qua fidem tanto est operi latura vetustas,
 non equidem nec te, iuvenis memorande, silebo—
 ille pedem referens et inutilis inque ligatus
 cedebat clipeoque inimicum hastile trahebat. 795
 proripuit iuvenis seseque immiscuit armis,
 iamque adsurgentis dextra plagamque ferentis
 Aeneae subiit mucronem ipsumque morando
 sustinuit; socii magno clamore sequuntur,
 dum genitor nati parma protectus abiret, 800
 telaque coniciunt perturbantque eminus hostem
 missilibus. furit Aeneas tectusque tenet se.
 ac velut effusa si quando grandine nimbi
 praecipitant, omnis campis diffugit arator
 omnis et agricola, et tuta latet arce viator 805
 aut amnis ripis aut alti fornice saxi,
 dum pluit in terris, ut possint sole reducto
 exercere diem: sic obrutus undique telis
 Aeneas nubem belli, dum detonet omnis,
 sustinet et Lausum increpitat Lausoque minatur: 810
 'quo moriture ruis maioraque viribus audes?
 fallit te incautum pietas tua.' nec minus ille
 exultat demens, saevae iamque altius irae
 Dardanio surgunt ductori, extremaque Lauso
 Parcae fila legunt. validum namque exigit ensem 815
 per medium Aeneas iuvenem totumque recondit;
 transiit et parmam mucro, levia arma minacis,
 et tunicam molli mater quam neverat auro,
 implevitque sinum sanguis; tum vita per auras
 concessit maesta ad Manis corpusque reliquit. 820
 At vero ut vultum vidit morientis et ora,
 ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris,
 ingemuit miserans graviter dextramque tetendit,
 et mentem patriae subiit pietatis imago.
 'quid tibi nunc, miserande puer, pro laudibus istis, 825
 quid pius Aeneas tanta dabit indole dignum?

And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.
The purple streams thro' the thin armour strove,
And drench'd th' imbroider'd coat his mother wove;
And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.
But when, with blood and paleness all o'erspread,
The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead,
He griev'd; he wept; the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love, a sadly pleasing thought:
Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said:
"Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To love so great, to such transcendent store
Of early worth, and sure presage of more?
Accept whate'er Aeneas can afford;
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword;
And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
Inviolatè, and sacred to the slain.
Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
To rest thy soul, at least, if shadows know,
Or have a sense of human things below.
There to thy fellow ghosts with glory tell:
'Twas by the great Aeneas hand I fell."
With this, his distant friends he beckons near,
Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
Himself assists to lift him from the ground,
With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out the wound.

Meantime, his father, now no father, stood,
And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood:
Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,
His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.
A bough his brazen helmet did sustain;
His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain:
A chosen train of youth around him stand;
His drooping head was rested on his hand:
His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought;

arma, quibus laetatus, habe tua; teque parentum
manibus et cineri, si qua est ea cura, remitto.
hoc tamen infelix miseram solabere mortem:
Aeneae magni dextra cadis.' increpat ultro 830
cunctantis socios et terra sublevat ipsum
sanguine turpantem comptos de more capillos.

Interea genitor Tiberini ad fluminis undam
vulnera siccat lymphis corpusque levabat
arboris acclinis trunco. procul aerea ramis 835
dependet galea et prato gravia arma quiescunt.
stant lecti circum iuvenes; ipse aeger anhelans
colla fovet fusus propexam in pectore barbam;
multa super Lauso rogitat, multumque remittit
qui revocent maestique ferant mandata parentis. 840
at Lausum socii exanimem super arma ferebant

And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.
 Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
 He much enquir'd, and many a message sent
 To warn him from the field—alas! in vain!
 Behold, his mournful followers bear him slain!
 O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,
 And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
 Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
 The dire event, with a foreboding mind.
 With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head;
 Then both his lifted hands to heav'n he spread;
 Last, the dear corpse embracing, thus he said:
 "What joys, alas! could this frail being give,
 That I have been so covetous to live?
 To see my son, and such a son, resign
 His life, a ransom for preserving mine!
 And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?
 How much too dear has that redemption cost!
 'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel:
 This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
 My guilt thy growing virtues did defame;
 My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.
 Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
 For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild:
 I ow'd my people these, and, from their hate,
 With less resentment could have borne my fate.
 And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight
 Of hated men, and of more hated light:
 But will not long." With that he rais'd from ground
 His fainting limbs, that stagger'd with his wound;
 Yet, with a mind resolv'd, and unappall'd
 With pains or perils, for his courser call'd
 Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himself did dress
 With daily care, and mounted with success;
 His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.
Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,

flentes, ingentem atque ingenti vulnere victum.
 agnovit longe gemitum praesaga mali mens.
 canitiem multo deformat pulvere et ambas
 ad caelum tendit palmas et corpore inhaeret. 845
 'tantane me tenuit vivendi, nate, voluptas,
 ut pro me hostili paterer succedere dextrae,
 quem genui? tuane haec genitor per vulnera servor
 morte tua vivens? heu, nunc misero mihi demum
 exitium infelix, nunc alte vulnus adactum! 850
 idem ego, nate, tuum maculavi crimine nomen,
 pulsus ob invidiam solio sceptrisque paternis.
 debueram patriae poenas odiisque meorum:
 omnis per mortis animam sontem ipse dedissem!
 nunc vivo neque adhuc homines lucemque relinquo. 855
 sed linquam.' simul hoc dicens attollit in aegrum
 se femur et, quamquam vis alto vulnere tardat,
 haud deiectus equum duci iubet. hoc decus illi,
 hoc solamen erat, bellis hoc victor abibat
 omnibus. adloquitur maerentem et talibus inquit: 860
 'Rhaebe, diu, res si qua diu mortalibus ulla est,
 viximus. aut hodie victor spolia illa cruenti
 et caput Aeneae referes Lausique dolorum
 ultor eris mecum, aut, aperit si nulla viam vis,
 occumbes pariter; neque enim, fortissime, credo, 865
 iussa aliena pati et dominos dignabere Teucros.'
 dixit, et exceptus tergo consueta locavit
 membra manusque ambas iaculis oneravit acutis,
 aere caput fulgens cristaque hirsutus equina.
 sic cursum in medios rapidus dedit. aestuat ingens 870
 uno in corde pudor mixtoque insania luctu.

The steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke:
 "O Rhoebus, we have liv'd too long for me—
 If life and long were terms that could agree!
 This day thou either shalt bring back the head
 And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead;
 This day thou either shalt revenge my woe,
 For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe;
 Or, if inexorable fate deny
 Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die:
 For, after such a lord, I rest secure,
 Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load endure."
 He said; and straight th' officious courser kneels,
 To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills
 With pointed jav'lines; on his head he lac'd
 His glitt'ring helm, which terribly was grac'd
 With waving horsehair, nodding from afar;
 Then spurr'd his thund'ring steed amidst the war.
 Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness wrought,
 Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought
 Of inborn worth, his lab'ring soul oppress'd,
 Roll'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breast.

Then loud he call'd Aeneas thrice by name:
 The loud repeated voice to glad Aeneas came.
 "Great Jove," he said, "and the far-shooting god,
 Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good!"
 He spoke no more; but hasten'd, void of fear,
 And threaten'd with his long protended spear.
To whom Mezentius thus: "Thy vaunts are vain.
 My Lausus lies extended on the plain:
 He's lost! thy conquest is already won;
 The wretched sire is murder'd in the son.
 Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy.
 Forbear thy threats: my bus'ness is to die;
 But first receive this parting legacy."
 He said; and straight a whirling dart he sent;

Atque hic Aeneas magna ter voce vocavit. 873
 Aeneas agnovit enim laetusque precatur:
 'sic pater ille deum faciat, sic altus Apollo!
 incipias conferre manum.'
 tantum effatus et infesta subit obvius hasta.
 ille autem: 'quid me erepto, saevissime, nato
 terres? haec via sola fuit qua perdere posses:
 nec mortem horremus nec divum parcimus ulli. 880
 desine, nam venio moriturus et haec tibi porto
 dona prius.' dixit, telumque intorsit in hostem;
 inde aliud super atque aliud figitque volatque
 ingenti gyro, sed sustinet aureus umbo.
 ter circum astantem laevos equitavit in orbis 885
 tela manu iaciens, ter secum Troius heros

Another after, and another went.
 Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,
 And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield.
 Thrice rode he round; and thrice Aeneas wheel'd,
 Turn'd as he turn'd: the golden orb withstood
 The strokes, and bore about an iron wood.
 Impatient of delay, and weary grown,
 Still to defend, and to defend alone,
 To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,
 Urg'd and o'er-labour'd in unequal fight;
 At length resolv'd, he throws with all his force
 Full at the temples of the warrior horse.
 Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' unerring spear
 Made way, and stood transfix'd thro' either ear.
 Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpris'd with fright,
 The wounded steed curvets, and, rais'd upright,
 Lights on his feet before; his hoofs behind
 Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.
 Down comes the rider headlong from his height:
 His horse came after with unwieldy weight,
 And, flound'ring forward, pitching on his head,
 His lord's encumber'd shoulder overlaid.
From either host, the mingled shouts and cries
 Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies.
 Aeneas, hast'ning, wav'd his fatal sword
 High o'er his head, with this reproachful word:
 "Now; where are now thy vaunts, the fierce disdain
 Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain?"
Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies,
 With scarce recover'd sight he thus replies:
 "Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,
 To souls undaunted, and secure of death?
 'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die,
 Nor came I here with hope victory;
 Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design:
 As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.

immanem aerato circumfert tegmine silvam.
 inde ubi tot traxisse moras, tot spicula taedet
 vellere, et urgetur pugna congressus iniqua,
 multa movens animo iam tandem erumpit et inter 890
 bellatoris equi cava tempora conicit hastam.
 tollit se arrectum quadripes et calcibus auras
 verberat, effusumque equitem super ipse secutus
 implicat eiectoque incumbit cernuus armo.
 clamore incendunt caelum Troesque Latinique. 895
 advolat Aeneas vaginaque eripit ensem
 et super haec: 'ubi nunc Mezentius acer et illa
 effera vis animi?' contra Tyrrhenus, ut auras
 suspiciens hausit caelum mentemque recepit:
 'hostis amare, quid increpitas mortemque minaris? 900
 nullum in caede nefas, nec sic ad proelia veni,
 nec tecum meus haec pepigit mihi foedera Lausus.
 unum hoc per si qua est victis venia hostibus oro:
 corpus humo patiare tegi. scio acerba meorum
 circumstare odia: hunc, oro, defende furorem 905
 et me consortem nati concede sepulcro.'
 haec loquitur, iuguloque haud inscius accipit ensem
 undantique animam diffundit in arma cruore.

My dying son contracted no such band;
The gift is hateful from his murd'rer's hand.
For this, this only favour let me sue,
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due:
Refuse it not; but let my body have
The last retreat of humankind, a grave.
Too well I know th' insulting people's hate;
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:
This refuge for my poor remains provide,
And lay my much-lov'd Lausus by my side.”
He said, and to the sword his throat applied.
The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the wound.

BOOK XI

THE ARGUMENT.

Aeneas erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead, and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council, to propose offers of peace to Aeneas; which occasions great animosity betwixt Turnus and Drances. In the mean time there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself, is killed, and the Latine troops are entirely defeated.

Scarce had the rosy Morning rais'd her head
Above the waves, and left her wat'ry bed;
The pious chief, whom double cares attend
For his unburied soldiers and his friend,
Yet first to Heav'n perform'd a victor's vows:
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs;
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd,
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked snag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar,
A trophy sacred to the God of War.
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
Appear'd his plumy crest, besmear'd with blood:
His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between;
And on the right was placed his corslet, bor'd;
And to the neck was tied his unavailing sword.
A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man,
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began:
"Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success;
The greater part perform'd, achieve the less.

P. VERGILI MARONIS AENEIDOS LIBER VNDECIMVS

Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit:
Aeneas, quamquam et sociis dare tempus humandis
praecipitant curae turbataque funere mens est,
vota deum primo victor solvebat Eoo.
ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis 5
constituit tumulo fulgentiaque induit arma,
Mezenti ducis exuvias, tibi magne tropaeum
bellipotens; aptat rorantis sanguine cristas
telaque trunca viri, et bis sex thoraca petitum
perfossumque locis, clipeumque ex aere sinistrae 10
subligat atque ensem collo suspendit eburnum.
tum socios (namque omnis eum stipata tegebat
turba ducum) sic incipiens hortatur ovantis:
'maxima res effecta, viri; timor omnis abesto,
quod superest; haec sunt spolia et de rege superbo 15
primitiae manibusque meis Mezentius hic est.
nunc iter ad regem nobis murosque Latinos.
arma parate, animis et spe praesumite bellum,
ne qua mora ignaros, ubi primum vellere signa
adnuerint superi pubemque educere castris, 20
impediat segnisve metu sententia tardet.
interea socios inhumataque corpora terrae

Now follow cheerful to the trembling town;
 Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
 Fear is no more, for fierce Mezentius lies,
 As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.
 Turnus shall fall extended on the plain,
 And, in this omen, is already slain.
 Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance;
 That none unwarn'd may plead his ignorance,
 And I, at Heav'n's appointed hour, may find
 Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.
 Meantime the rites and fun'ral pomps prepare,
 Due to your dead companions of the war:
 The last respect the living can bestow,
 To shield their shadows from contempt below.
 That conquer'd earth be theirs, for which they fought,
 And which for us with their own blood they bought;
 But first the corpse of our unhappy friend
 To the sad city of Evander send,
 Who, not inglorious, in his age's bloom,
 Was hurried hence by too severe a doom."

Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
 Where, new in death, lamented Pallas lay.
 Acoetes watch'd the corpse; whose youth deserv'd
 The father's trust; and now the son he serv'd
 With equal faith, but less auspicious care.
 Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.
 A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
 And mourning matrons with dishevel'd hair.
 Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;
 All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.
 They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;
 But, when Aeneas view'd the grisly wound
 Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore,
 And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore;
 First, melting into tears, the pious man

mandemus, qui solus honos Acheronte sub imo est.
 ite,' ait 'egregias animas, quae sanguine nobis
 hanc patriam peperere suo, decorate supremis 25
 muneribus, maestamque Evandri primus ad urbem
 mittatur Pallas, quem non virtutis egentem
 abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo.'

Sic ait inlacrimans, recipitque ad limina gressum
 corpus ubi exanimi positum Pallantis Acoetes 30
 servabat senior, qui Parrhasio Evandro
 armiger ante fuit, sed non felicibus aequae
 tum comes auspiciis caro datus ibat alumno.
 circum omnis famulumque manus Troianaque turba
 et maestum Iliades crinem de more solutae. 35
 ut vero Aeneas foribus sese intulit altis
 ingentem gemitum tunsis ad sidera tollunt
 pectoribus, maestoque immugit regia luctu.
 ipse caput nivei fultum Pallantis et ora
 ut vidit levique patens in pectore vulnus 40
 cuspidis Ausoniae, lacrimis ita fatur obortis:
 'tene,' inquit 'miserande puer, cum laeta veniret,
 invidit Fortuna mihi, ne regna videres

Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began:
 "Unhappy youth! when Fortune gave the rest
 Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best!
 She came; but brought not thee along, to bless
 My longing eyes, and share in my success:
 She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due
 To prosp'rous valour, in the public view.
 Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent
 Thy needless succour with a sad consent;
 Embrac'd me, parting for th' Etrurian land,
 And sent me to possess a large command.
 He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
 Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold.
 And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
 Rich odors on his loaded altars burn,
 While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
 To send him back his portion of the war,
 A bloody breathless body, which can owe
 No farther debt, but to the pow'rs below.
 The wretched father, ere his race is run,
 Shall view the fun'ral honours of his son.
 These are my triumphs of the Latian war,
 Fruits of my plighted faith and boasted care!
 And yet, unhappy sire, thou shalt not see
 A son whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;
 Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:
 Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd.
 He died no death to make thee wish, too late,
 Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate:
 But what a champion has th' Ausonian coast,
 And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!"

Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
 To raise the breathless body from the ground;
 And chose a thousand horse, the flow'r of all
 His warlike troops, to wait the funeral,

nostra neque ad sedes victor veherere paternas?
 non haec Evandro de te promissa parenti 45
 discedens dederam, cum me complexus euntem
 mitteret in magnum imperium metuensque moneret
 acris esse viros, cum dura proelia gente.
 et nunc ille quidem spe multum captus inani
 fors et vota facit cumulatque altaria donis, 50
 nos iuvenem exanimum et nil iam caelestibus ullis
 debentem vano maesti comitamur honore.
 infelix, nati funus crudele videbis!
 hi nostri reditus exspectatique triumphi?
 haec mea magna fides? at non, Evandre, pudendis 55
 vulneribus pulsum aspicias, nec sospite dirum
 optabis nato funus pater. ei mihi quantum
 praesidium, Ausonia, et quantum tu perdis, Iule!

Haec ubi deflevit, tolli miserabile corpus
 imperat, et toto lectos ex agmine mittit 60
 mille viros qui supremum comitentur honorem
 intersintque patris lacrimis, solacia luctus

To bear him back and share Evander's grief:
 A well-becoming, but a weak relief.
 Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier,
 Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.
 The body on this rural hearse is borne:
 Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.
 All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flow'r,
 New cropp'd by virgin hands, to dress the bow'r:
 Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
 No more to mother earth or the green stern shall owe.
 Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost,
 Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,
 For ornament the Trojan hero brought,
 Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
 One vest array'd the corpse; and one they spread
 O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrapp'd around his head,
 That, when the yellow hair in flame should fall,
 The catching fire might burn the golden caul.
 Besides, the spoils of foes in battle slain,
 When he descended on the Latian plain;
 Arms, trappings, horses, by the hearse are led
 In long array—th' achievements of the dead.
 Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
 Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear,
 Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
 To sprinkle with their blood the fun'ral flame.
 Inferior trophies by the chiefs are borne;
 Gauntlets and helms their loaded hands adorn;
 And fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles read
 Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.
Acoetes on his pupil's corpse attends,
 With feeble steps, supported by his friends.
 Pausing at ev'ry pace, in sorrow drown'd,
 Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground;
 Where grov'ling while he lies in deep despair,
 He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.

exigua ingentis, misero sed debita patri.
 haud segnes alii cratis et molle feretrum
 arbuteis texunt virgis et vimine querno 65
 exstructosque toros obtentu frondis inumbrant.
 hic iuvenem agresti sublimem stramine ponunt:
 qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem
 seu mollis violae seu languentis hyacinthi,
 cui neque fulgor adhuc nec dum sua forma recessit, 70
 non iam mater alit tellus virisque ministrat.
 tum geminas vestis auroque ostroque rigentis
 extulit Aeneas, quas illi laeta laborum
 ipsa suis quondam manibus Sidonia Dido
 fecerat et tenui telas discreverat auro. 75
 harum unam iuveni supremum maestus honorem
 induit arsurasque comas obnubit amictu,
 multaque praeterea Laurentis praemia pugnae
 aggerat et longo praedam iubet ordine duci;
 addit equos et tela quibus spoliaverat hostem. 80
 vinxerat et post terga manus, quos mitteret umbris
 inferias, caeso sparsurus sanguine flammam,
 indutosque iubet truncos hostilibus armis
 ipsos ferre duces inimicaque nomina figi.
 ducitur infelix aevo confectus Acoetes, 85
 pectora nunc foedans pugnis, nunc unguibus ora,
 sternitur et toto proiectus corpore terrae;
 ducunt et Rutulo perfusos sanguine currus.
 post bellator equus positus insignibus Aethon
 it lacrimans guttisque umectat grandibus ora. 90
 hastam alii galeamque ferunt, nam cetera Turnus
 victor habet. tum maesta phalanx Teucrique sequuntur
 Tyrrhenique omnes et versis Arcades armis.
 postquam omnis longe comitum praecesserat ordo,
 substitit Aeneas gemituque haec addidit alto: 95
 'nos alias hinc ad lacrimas eadem horrida belli
 fata vocant: salve aeternum mihi, maxime Palla,
 aeternumque vale.' nec plura effatus ad altos

The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
 Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably foul.
 To close the pomp, Aethon, the steed of state,
 Is led, the fun'rals of his lord to wait.
 Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace
 He walks; and the big tears run rolling down his face.
 The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest,
 Are borne behind: the victor seiz'd the rest.
 The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely sound;
 The pikes and lances trail along the ground.
 Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse
 To Pallantean tow'rs direct their course,
 In long procession rank'd, the pious chief
 Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief:
 "The public care," he said, "which war attends,
 Diverts our present woes, at least suspends.
 Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell!
 Hail, holy relics! and a last farewell!"
 He said no more, but, inly thro' he mourn'd,
 Restrained his tears, and to the camp return'd.

Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent, demand
 A truce, with olive branches in their hand;
 Obtest his clemency, and from the plain
 Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.
 They plead, that none those common rites deny
 To conquer'd foes that in fair battle die.
 All cause of hate was ended in their death;
 Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.
 A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's request,
 Whose son he once was call'd, and once his guest.
Their suit, which was too just to be denied,
 The hero grants, and farther thus replied:
 "O Latian princes, how severe a fate
 In causeless quarrels has involv'd your state,
 And arm'd against an unoffending man,

tendebat muros gressumque in castra ferebat.

Iamque oratores aderant ex urbe Latina	100
velati ramis oleae veniamque rogantes:	
corpora, per campos ferro quae fusa iacebant,	
redderet ac tumulo sineret succedere terrae;	
nullum cum victis certamen et aethere cassis;	
parceret hospitibus quondam socerisque vocatis.	105
quos bonus Aeneas haud aspernanda precantis	
prosequitur venia et verbis haec insuper addit:	
'quaenam vos tanto fortuna indigna, Latini,	
implicuit bello, qui nos fugiatis amicos?	
pacem me exanimis et Martis sorte peremptis	110
oratis? equidem et vivis concedere vellem.	
nec veni, nisi fata locum sedemque dedissent,	
nec bellum cum gente gero; rex nostra reliquit	
hospitia et Turni potius se credidit armis.	

Who sought your friendship ere the war began!
 You beg a truce, which I would gladly give,
 Not only for the slain, but those who live.
 I came not hither but by Heav'n's command,
 And sent by fate to share the Latian land.
 Nor wage I wars unjust: your king denied
 My proffer'd friendship, and my promis'd bride;
 Left me for Turnus. Turnus then should try
 His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.
 My right and his are in dispute: the slain
 Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
 In equal arms let us alone contend;
 And let him vanquish, whom his fates befriend.
 This is the way (so tell him) to possess
 The royal virgin, and restore the peace.
 Bear this message back, with ample leave,
 That your slain friends may fun'ral rites receive."
Thus having said—th' ambassadors, amaz'd,
 Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd.

Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breast
 Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,
 Broke silence first, and to the godlike man,
 With graceful action bowing, thus began:
 "Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
 But yet whose actions far transcend your fame;
 Would I your justice or your force express,
 Thought can but equal; and all words are less.
 Your answer we shall thankfully relate,
 And favours granted to the Latian state.
 If wish'd success our labour shall attend,
 Think peace concluded, and the king your friend:
 Let Turnus leave the realm to your command,
 And seek alliance in some other land:
 Build you the city which your fates assign;
 We shall be proud in the great work to join."

aequius huic Turnum fuerat se opponere morti. 115
 si bellum finire manu, si pellere Teucros
 apparat, his mecum decuit concurrere telis:
 vixet cui vitam deus aut sua dextra dedisset.
 nunc ite et miseris supponite civibus ignem.'
 dixerat Aeneas. illi obstipuerunt silentes 120
 conversique oculos inter se atque ora tenebant.

Tum senior semperque odiis et crimine Drances
 infensus iuveni Turno sic ore vicissim
 orsa refert: 'o fama ingens, ingentior armis,
 vir Troiane, quibus caelo te laudibus aequem? 125
 iustitiaene prius mirer belline laborum?
 nos vero haec patriam grati referemus ad urbem
 et te, si qua viam dederit Fortuna, Latino
 iungemus regi. quaerat sibi foedera Turnus.
 quin et fatalis murorum attollere moles 130
 saxaque subvectare umeris Troiana iuvabit.'
 dixerat haec unoque omnes eadem ore fremebant.
 bis senos pepigere dies, et pace sequestra
 per silvas Teucris mixtique impune Latini
 erravere iugis. ferro sonat alta bipenni 135
 fraxinus, evertunt actas ad sidera pinus,
 robora nec cuneis et olentem scindere cedrum

Thus Drances; and his words so well persuade
 The rest impower'd, that soon a truce is made.
 Twelve days the term allow'd: and, during those,
 Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,
 Mix'd in the woods, for fun'ral piles prepare
 To fell the timber, and forget the war.
 Loud axes thro' the groaning groves resound;
 Oak, mountain ash, and poplar spread the ground;
 First fall from high; and some the trunks receive
 In loaden wains; with wedges some they cleave.

And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
 Thro' the short circuit of th' Arcadian town,
 Of Pallas slain—by Fame, which just before
 His triumphs on distended pinions bore.
 Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,
 Each with a fun'ral flambeau in his hand.
 Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze:
 The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
 That cast a sullen splendour on their friends,
 The marching troop which their dead prince attends.
 Both parties meet: they raise a doleful cry;
 The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply,
 And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted sky.
 The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,
 Till the loud clamours reach Evander's ears:
 Forgetful of his state, he runs along,
 With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng;
 Falls on the corpse; and groaning there he lies,
 With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes.
 Short sighs and sobs succeed; till sorrow breaks
 A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks:
“O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word,
 To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword!
 I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
 What perils youthful ardour would pursue,

nec plaustis cessant vectare gementibus ornos.

Et iam Fama volans, tanti praeunntia luctus,
 Evandrum Evandrique domos et moenia replet, 140
 quae modo victorem Latio Pallanta ferebat.
 Arcades ad portas ruere et de more vetusto
 funereas rapuere faces; lucet via longo
 ordine flammaram et late discriminat agros.
 contra turba Phrygum veniens plangentia iungit 145
 agmina. quae postquam matres succedere tectis
 viderunt, maestam incendunt clamoribus urbem.
 at non Evandrum potis est vis ulla tenere,
 sed venit in medios. feretro Pallante reposto
 procubuit super atque haeret lacrimansque gemensque, 150
 et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore est:
 'non haec, o Palla, dederas promissa parenti,
 cautius ut saevo velles te credere Marti.
 haud ignarus eram quantum nova gloria in armis
 et praedulce decus primo certamine posset. 155
 primitiae iuvenis miserae bellicae propinqui
 dura rudimenta, et nulli exaudita deorum
 vota precesque meae! tuque, o sanctissima coniunx,
 felix morte tua neque in hunc servata dolorem!
 contra ego vivendo vici mea fata, superstes 160
 restarem ut genitor. Troum socia arma secutum
 obruerent Rutuli telis! animam ipse dedissem
 atque haec pompa domum me, non Pallanta, referret!

That boiling blood would carry thee too far,
 Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!
 O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,
 Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
 Hard elements of unauspicious war,
 Vain vows to Heav'n, and unavailing care!
 Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed,
 Whose holy soul the stroke of Fortune fled,
 Prescious of ills, and leaving me behind,
 To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd!
 Beyond the goal of nature I have gone:
 My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon.
 If, for my league against th' Ausonian state,
 Amidst their weapons I had found my fate,
 (Deserv'd from them,) then I had been return'd
 A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.
 Yet will I not my Trojan friend upbraid,
 Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.
 'Twas not his fault, my Pallas fell so young,
 But my own crime, for having liv'd too long.
 Yet, since the gods had destin'd him to die,
 At least he led the way to victory:
 First for his friends he won the fatal shore,
 And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes before;
 A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
 Nor will I add new honours to thy grave,
 Content with those the Trojan hero gave:
 That funeral pomp thy Phrygian friends design'd,
 In which the Tuscan chiefs and army join'd.
 Great spoils and trophies, gain'd by thee, they bear:
 Then let thy own achievements be thy share.
 Even thou, O Turnus, hadst a trophy stood,
 Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood,
 If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
 Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.
 But why, unhappy man, dost thou detain

nec vos arguerim, Teucrici, nec foedera nec quas
 iunximus hospitio dextras: sors ista senectae 165
 debita erat nostrae. quod si immatura manebat
 mors gnatum, caesis Volscorum milibus ante
 ducentem in Latium Teucros cecidisse iuvabit.
 quin ego non alio digner te funere, Palla,
 quam pius Aeneas et quam magni Phryges et quam 170
 Tyrrhenique duces, Tyrrhenum exercitus omnis.
 magna tropaea ferunt quos dat tua dextera leto;
 tu quoque nunc stares immanis truncus in arvis,
 esset par aetas et idem si robur ab annis,
 Turne. sed infelix Teucros quid demoror armis? 175
 vadite et haec memores regi mandata referte:
 quod vitam moror invisam Pallante perempto
 dextera causa tua est, Turnum gnatoque patrique
 quam debere vides. meritis vacat hic tibi solus
 fortunaeque locus. non vitae gaudia quaero, 180
 nec fas, sed gnato manis perferre sub imos.'

These troops, to view the tears thou shedd'st in vain?
 Go, friends, this message to your lord relate:
 Tell him, that, if I bear my bitter fate,
 And, after Pallas' death, live ling'ring on,
 'Tis to behold his vengeance for my son.
 I stay for Turnus, whose devoted head
 Is owing to the living and the dead.
 My son and I expect it from his hand;
 'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
 Joy is no more; but I would gladly go,
 To greet my Pallas with such news below."

The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night,
 Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light.
 The Trojan king and Tuscan chief command
 To raise the piles along the winding strand.
 Their friends convey the dead fun'ral fires;
 Black smould'ring smoke from the green wood expires;
 The light of heav'n is chok'd, and the new day retires.
 Then thrice around the kindled piles they go
 (For ancient custom had ordain'd it so)
 Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led;
 And thrice, with loud laments, they hail the dead.
 Tears, trickling down their breasts, bedew the ground,
 And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.
 Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
 The spoils, in battle taken from the foe:
 Helms, bits emboss'd, and swords of shining steel;
 One casts a target, one a chariot wheel;
 Some to their fellows their own arms restore:
 The falchions which in luckless fight they bore,
 Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in vain,
 And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain.
 Whole herds of offer'd bulls, about the fire,
 And bristled boars, and woolly sheep expire.
 Around the piles a careful troop attends,

Aurora interea miseris mortalibus almam
 extulerat lucem referens opera atque labores:
 iam pater Aeneas, iam curvo in litore Tarchon
 constituere pyras. huc corpora quisque suorum 185
 more tulere patrum, subiectisque ignibus atris
 conditur in tenebras altum caligine caelum.
 ter circum accensos cincti fulgentibus armis
 decurrere rogos, ter maestum funeris ignem
 lustravere in equis ululatusque ore dedere. 190
 spargitur et tellus lacrimis, sparguntur et arma,
 it caelo clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.
 hic alii spolia occisis derepta Latinis
 coniciunt igni, galeas ensisque decoros
 frenaque ferventisque rotas; pars munera nota, 195
 ipsorum clipeos et non felicia tela.
 multa boum circa mactantur corpora Morti,
 saetigerosque sues raptasque ex omnibus agris
 in flammam iugulant pecudes. tum litore toto
 ardentis spectant socios semustaque servant 200
 busta, neque avelli possunt, nox umida donec
 invertit caelum stellis ardentibus aptum.

To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burning friends;
Ling'ring along the shore, till dewy night
New decks the face of heav'n with starry light.

The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,
Piles without number for their dead prepare.
Part in the places where they fell are laid;
And part are to the neighb'ring fields convey'd.
The corps of kings, and captains of renown,
Borne off in state, are buried in the town;
The rest, unhonour'd, and without a name,
Are cast a common heap to feed the flame.
Trojans and Latians vie with like desires
To make the field of battle shine with fires,
And the promiscuous blaze to heav'n aspires.
Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night,
When those who round the wasted fires remain,
Perform the last sad office to the slain.
They rake the yet warm ashes from below;
These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow;
These relics with their country rites they grace,
And raise a mount of turf to mark the place.
But, in the palace of the king, appears
A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans;
Orphans their sires, and sires lament their sons.
All in that universal sorrow share,
And curse the cause of this unhappy war:
A broken league, a bride unjustly sought,
A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought!
These are the crimes with which they load the name
Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim:
"Let him who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land
Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:
His is the gain; our lot is but to serve;

Nec minus et miseri diversa in parte Latini
innumeras struxere pyras, et corpora partim
multa virum terrae infodiunt, avectaque partim 205
finitimos tollunt in agros urbique remittunt.
cetera confusaeque ingentem caedis acervum
nec numero nec honore cremant; tunc undique vasti
certatim crebris conlucent ignibus agri.
tertia lux gelidam caelo dimoverat umbram: 210
maerentes altum cinerem et confusa ruebant
ossa focus tepidoque onerabant aggere terrae.
iam vero in tectis, praedivitis urbe Latini,
praecipuus fragor et longi pars maxima luctus.
hic matres miseraeque nurus, hic cara sororum 215
pectora maerentum puerique parentibus orbi
dirum exsecrantur bellum Turnique hymenaeos;
ipsum armis ipsumque iubent decernere ferro,
qui regnum Italiae et primos sibi poscat honores.
ingravat haec saevus Drances solumque vocari 220
testatur, solum posci in certamina Turnum.
multa simul contra variis sententia dictis
pro Turno, et magnum reginae nomen obumbrat,
multa virum meritis sustentat fama tropaeis.

'Tis just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve.”
This Drances aggravates; and adds, with spite:
“His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.”
Nor Turnus wants a party, to support
His cause and credit in the Latian court.
His former acts secure his present fame,
And the queen shades him with her mighty name.

While thus their factious minds with fury burn,
The legates from th’ Aetolian prince return:
Sad news they bring, that, after all the cost
And care employ’d, their embassy is lost;
That Diomedes refus’d his aid in war,
Unmov’d with presents, and as deaf to pray’r.
Some new alliance must elsewhere be sought,
Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.
Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late,
A foreign son is pointed out by fate;
And, till Aeneas shall Lavinia wed,
The wrath of Heav’n is hov’ring o’er his head.
The gods, he saw, espous’d the juster side,
When late their titles in the field were tried:
Witness the fresh laments, and fun’ral tears undried.
Thus, full of anxious thought, he summons all
The Latian senate to the council hall.
The princes come, commanded by their head,
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead.
Supreme in pow’r, and reverenc’d for his years,
He takes the throne, and in the midst appears.
Majestically sad, he sits in state,
And bids his envoys their success relate.
When Venulus began, the murmuring sound
Was hush’d, and sacred silence reign’d around.

“We have,” said he, “perform’d your high command,
And pass’d with peril a long tract of land:

Hos inter motus, medio in flagrante tumultu, 225
ecce super maestis magna Diomedis ab urbe
legati responsa ferunt: nihil omnibus actum
tantorum impensis operum, nil dona neque aurum
nec magnas valuisse preces, alia arma Latinis
quaerenda, aut pacem Troiano ab rege petendum. 230
deficit ingenti luctu rex ipse Latinus:
fatalem Aenean manifesto numine ferri
admonet ira deum tumulique ante ora recentes.
ergo concilium magnum primosque suorum
imperio accitos alta intra limina cogit. 235
olli convenere fluuntque ad regia plenis
tectis viis. sedet in mediis et maximus aevo
et primus sceptris haud laeta fronte Latinus.
atque hic legatos Aetola ex urbe remissos
quae referant fari iubet, et responsa reposcit 240
ordine cuncta suo. tum facta silentia linguis,
et Venulus dicto parens ita farier inquit:

'Vidimus, o cives, Diomedem Argivaeque castra,
atque iter emensi casus superavimus omnis,

We reach'd the place desir'd; with wonder fill'd,
 The Grecian tents and rising tow'rs beheld.
 Great Diomede has compass'd round with walls
 The city, which Argyripa he calls,
 From his own Argos nam'd. We touch'd, with joy,
 The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.
 When introduc'd, our presents first we bring,
 Then crave an instant audience from the king.
 His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name,
 And tell th' important cause for which we came.
 Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;
 Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look,
 Made this return: 'Ausonian race, of old
 Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
 What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,
 To change for war hereditary rest,
 Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword,
 A needless ill your ancestors abhorr'd?
 We—for myself I speak, and all the name
 Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came,
 (Omitting those who were in battle slain,
 Or borne by rolling Simois to the main)
 Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought
 The prize of honour which in arms he sought;
 Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driv'n.
 Outcasts, abandon'd by the care of Heav'n;
 So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew,
 As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.
 Witness the vessels by Minerva toss'd
 In storms; the vengeful Capharean coast;
 Th' Euboean rocks! the prince, whose brother led
 Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed,
 In Egypt lost! Ulysses with his men
 Have seen Charybdis and the Cyclops' den.
 Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain
 Restor'd to scepters, and expell'd again?

contigimusque manum qua concidit Ilia tellus. 245
 ille urbem Argyripam patriae cognomine gentis
 victor Gargani condebat Iapygis agris.
 postquam introgressi et coram data copia fandi,
 munera praeferimus, nomen patriamque docemus,
 qui bellum intulerint, quae causa attraxerit Arpos. 250
 auditis ille haec placido sic reddidit ore:
 "o fortunatae gentes, Saturnia regna,
 antiqui Ausonii, quae vos fortuna quietos
 sollicitat suadetque ignota lacescere bella?
 quicumque Iliacos ferro violavimus agros 255
 (mitto ea quae muris bellando exhausta sub altis,
 quos Simois premat ille viros) infanda per orbem
 supplicia et scelerum poenas expendimus omnes,
 vel Priamo miseranda manus; scit triste Minervae
 sidus et Euboicae cautes ultorque Caphereus. 260
 militia ex illa diversum ad litus abacti
 Atrides Protei Menelaus adusque columnas
 exsulat, Aetnaeos vidit Cyclopas Ulixes.
 regna Neoptolemi referam versosque penatis
 Idomenei? Libycone habitantis litore Locros? 265
 ipse Mycenaesus magnorum ductor Achivum
 coniugis infandae prima inter limina dextra
 appetiit, devictam Asiam subsedit adulter.
 invidisse deos, patriis ut redditus aris
 coniugium optatum et pulchram Calydonia viderem? 270
 nunc etiam horribili visu portenta sequuntur
 et socii amissi petierunt aethera pennis
 fluminibusque vagantur aves (heu, dira meorum
 supplicia!) et scopulos lacrimosis vocibus implent.
 haec adeo ex illo mihi iam speranda fuerunt 275
 tempore cum ferro caelestia corpora demens
 appetii et Veneris violavi vulnere dextram.
 ne vero, ne me ad talis impellite pugnās.
 nec mihi cum Teucris ullum post eruta bellum
 Pergama nec veterum memini laetorve malorum. 280

Or young Achilles, by his rival slain?
Ev'n he, the King of Men, the foremost name
Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame,
The proud revenger of another's wife,
Yet by his own adult'ress lost his life;
Fell at his threshold; and the spoils of Troy
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
The gods have envied me the sweets of life,
My much lov'd country, and my more lov'd wife:
Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the sky,
Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly:
Hov'ring about the coasts, they make their moan,
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.
What squalid spectres, in the dead of night,
Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight!
I might have promis'd to myself those harms,
Mad as I was, when I, with mortal arms,
Presum'd against immortal pow'rs to move,
And violate with wounds the Queen of Love.
Such arms this hand shall never more employ;
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy.
I war not with its dust; nor am I glad
To think of past events, or good or bad.
Your presents I return: whate'er you bring
To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.
We met in fight; I know him, to my cost:
With what a whirling force his lance he toss'd!
Heav'ns! what a spring was in his arm, to throw!
How high he held his shield, and rose at ev'ry blow!
Had Troy produc'd two more his match in might,
They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight:
Th' invasion of the Greeks had been return'd,
Our empire wasted, and our cities burn'd.
The long defence the Trojan people made,
The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,
Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand:

munera quae patriis ad me portatis ab oris
vertite ad Aenean. stetimus tela aspera contra
contulimusque manus: experto credite quantus
in clipeum adsurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.
si duo praeterea talis Idaea tulisset 285
terra viros, ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes
Dardanus, et versis lugeret Graecia fatis.
quidquid apud durae cessatum est moenia Troiae,
Hectoris Aeneaeque manu victoria Graium
haesit et in decimum vestigia rettulit annum. 290
ambo animis, ambo insignes praestantibus armis,
hic pietate prior. coeant in foedera dextrae,
qua datur; ast armis concurrant arma cavete."
et responsa simul quae sint, rex optime, regis
audisti et quae sit magno sententia bello.' 295

Both brave alike, and equal in command;
Aeneas, not inferior in the field,
In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
Th' impending dangers of a fatal war.'
He said no more; but, with this cold excuse,
Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a truce."

Thus Venulus concluded his report.
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
As, when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course,
The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,
Roars horrible along th' uneasy race;
White foam in gath'ring eddies floats around;
The rocky shores rebellow to the sound.
The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne
The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun:

"I wish, ye Latins, what we now debate
Had been resolv'd before it was too late.
Much better had it been for you and me,
Unforc'd by this our last necessity,
To have been earlier wise, than now to call
A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.
O citizens, we wage unequal war,
With men not only Heav'n's peculiar care,
But Heav'n's own race; unconquer'd in the field,
Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomedes, lay down:
Our hopes must centre on ourselves alone.
Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
You see too well; nor need my words explain.
Vanquish'd without resource; laid flat by fate;
Factions within, a foe without the gate!
Not but I grant that all perform'd their parts

Vix ea legati, variusque per ora cucurrit
Ausonidum turbata fremor, ceu saxa morantur
cum rapidos amnis, fit clauso gurgite murmur
vicinaeque fremunt ripae crepitantibus undis.
ut primum placati animi et trepida ora quierunt, 300
praefatus divos solio rex infit ab alto:

'Ante equidem summa de re statuisset, Latini,
et vellem et fuerat melius, non tempore tali
cogere concilium, cum muros adsidet hostis.
bellum importunum, cives, cum gente deorum 305
invictisque viris gerimus, quos nulla fatigant
proelia nec victi possunt absistere ferro.
spem si quam ascitis Aetolum habuistis in armis,
ponite. spes sibi quisque; sed haec quam angusta videtis.
cetera qua rerum iaceant perculsa ruina, 310
ante oculos interque manus sunt omnia vestras.
nec quemquam incuso: potuit quae plurima virtus
esse, fuit; toto certatum est corpore regni.
nunc adeo quae sit dubiae sententia menti,
expediam et paucis (animos adhibete) docebo. 315
est antiquus ager Tusco mihi proximus amni,
longus in occasum, finis super usque Sicanos;
Aurunci Rutulique serunt, et vomere duos

With manly force, and with undaunted hearts:
 With our united strength the war we wag'd;
 With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd.
 You see th' event.—Now hear what I propose,
 To save our friends, and satisfy our foes.
 A tract of land the Latins have possess'd
 Along the Tiber, stretching to the west,
 Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till,
 And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill.
 Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
 If you consent, the Trojan shall command,
 Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
 On terms agreed, the common country share.
 There let them build and settle, if they please;
 Unless they choose once more to cross the seas,
 In search of seats remote from Italy,
 And from unwelcome inmates set us free.
 Then twice ten galleys let us build with speed,
 Or twice as many more, if more they need.
 Materials are at hand; a well-grown wood
 Runs equal with the margin of the flood:
 Let them the number and the form assign;
 The care and cost of all the stores be mine.
 To treat the peace, a hundred senators
 Shall be commission'd hence with ample pow'rs,
 With olive the presents they shall bear,
 A purple robe, a royal iv'ry chair,
 And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs wear,
 And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate
 This great affair, and save the sinking state."

Then Drances took the word, who grudg'd, long since,
 The rising glories of the Daunian prince.
 Factious and rich, bold at the council board,
 But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword;
 A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.

exercent collis atque horum asperrima pascunt.
 haec omnis regio et celsi plaga pinea montis 320
 cedat amicitiae Teucrorum, et foederis aequas
 dicamus leges sociosque in regna vocemus:
 considant, si tantus amor, et moenia condant.
 sin alios finis aliamque capessere gentem
 est animus possuntque solo decedere nostro, 325
 bis denas Italo texamus robore navis;
 seu pluris complere valent, iacet omnis ad undam
 materies: ipsi numerumque modumque carinis
 praecipiant, nos aera, manus, naualia demus.
 praeterea, qui dicta ferant et foedera firment 330
 centum oratores prima de gente Latinos
 ire placet pacisque manu praetendere ramos,
 munera portantis aurique eborisque talenta
 et sellam regni trabeamque insignia nostri.
 consulite in medium et rebus succurrite fessis.' 335

Tum Drances idem infensus, quem gloria Turni
 obliqua invidia stimulisque agitabat amaris,
 largus opum et lingua melior, sed frigida bello
 dextera, consiliis habitus non futilis auctor,
 seditione potens (genus huic materna superbum 340

Noble his mother was, and near the throne;
 But, what his father's parentage, unknown.
 He rose, and took th' advantage of the times,
 To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.
 "Such truths, O king," said he, "your words contain,
 As strike the sense, and all replies are vain;
 Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek
 What common needs require, but fear to speak.
 Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,
 Whose pride this unauspicious war began;
 For whose ambition (let me dare to say,
 Fear set apart, tho' death is in my way)
 The plains of Latium run with blood around.
 So many valiant heroes bite the ground;
 Dejected grief in ev'ry face appears;
 A town in mourning, and a land in tears;
 While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,
 The man who menaces the gods with arms,
 Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the fight,
 And sought his safety in ignoble flight.
 Now, best of kings, since you propose to send
 Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;
 Add yet a greater at our joint request,
 One which he values more than all the rest:
 Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride;
 With that alliance let the league be tied,
 And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide.
 Let insolence no longer awe the throne;
 But, with a father's right, bestow your own.
 For this maligner of the general good,
 If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd;
 His haughty godhead we with pray'rs implore,
 Your scepter to release, and our just rights restore.
 O cursed cause of all our ills, must we
 Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight, for thee!
 What right hast thou to rule the Latian state,

nobilitas dabat, incertum de patre ferebat),
 surgit et his onerat dictis atque aggerat iras:
 'rem nulli obscuram nostrae nec vocis egentem
 consulis, o bone rex: cuncti se scire fatentur
 quid fortuna ferat populi, sed dicere mussant. 345
 det libertatem fandi flatusque remittat,
 cuius ob auspiciū infaustum moresque sinistros
 (dicam equidem, licet arma mihi mortemque minetur)
 lumina tot cecidisse ducum totamque videmus
 consedissee urbem luctu, dum Troia temptat 350
 castra fugae fidens et caelum territat armis.
 unum etiam donis istis, quae plurima mitti
 Dardanidis dicique iubes, unum, optime regum,
 adicias, nec te ullius violentia vincat
 quin natam egregio genero dignisque hymenaeis 355
 des pater, et pacem hanc aeterno foedere iungas.
 quod si tantus habet mentes et pectora terror,
 ipsum obtestemur veniamque oremus ab ipso:
 cedat, ius proprium regi patriaeque remittat.
 quid miseros totiens in aperta pericula civis 360
 proicis, o Latio caput horum et causa malorum?
 nulla salus bello, pacem te poscimus omnes,
 Turne, simul pacis solum inviolabile pignus.
 primus ego, invisum quem tu tibi fingis (et esse
 nil moror), en supplex venio. miserere tuorum, 365
 pone animos et pulsus abi. sat funera fusi
 vidimus ingentis et desolavimus agros.
 aut, si fama movet, si tantum pectore robur
 concipis et si adeo dotalis regia cordi est,
 aude atque adversum fidens fer pectus in hostem. 370
 scilicet ut Turno contingat regia coniunx,
 nos animae viles, inhumata infletaque turba,
 sternamur campis. etiam tu, si qua tibi vis,
 si patrii quid Martis habes, illum aspice contra
 qui vocat.' 375

And send us out to meet our certain fate?
'Tis a destructive war: from Turnus' hand
Our peace and public safety we demand.
Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
If not, the peace, without the pledge, is vain.
Turnus, I know you think me not your friend,
Nor will I much with your belief contend:
I beg your greatness not to give the law
In others' realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
Pity your own, or pity our estate;
Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.
Your interest is, the war should never cease;
But we have felt enough to wish the peace:
A land exhausted to the last remains,
Depopulated towns, and driven plains.
Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of pow'r,
A beauteous princess, with a crown in dow'r,
So fire your mind, in arms assert your right,
And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone;
We, but the slaves who mount you to the throne:
A base ignoble crowd, without a name,
Unwept, unworthy, of the fun'ral flame,
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
That Turnus may possess a royal wife.
Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew
Should share such triumphs, and detain from you
The post of honour, your undoubted due.
Rather alone your matchless force employ,
To merit what alone you must enjoy."

These words, so full of malice mix'd with art,
Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
Then, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd:
"You, Drances, never want a stream of words,

Talibus exarsit dictis violentia Turni.
dat gemitum rumpitque has imo pectore voces:
'larga quidem semper, Drance, tibi copia fandi
tum cum bella manus poscunt, patribusque vocatis
primus ades. sed non replenda est curia verbis,

Then, when the public need requires our swords.
 First in the council hall to steer the state,
 And ever foremost in a tongue-debate,
 While our strong walls secure us from the foe,
 Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow:
 But let the potent orator declaim,
 And with the brand of coward blot my name;
 Free leave is giv'n him, when his fatal hand
 Has cover'd with more corps the sanguine strand,
 And high as mine his tow'ring trophies stand.
 If any doubt remains, who dares the most,
 Let us decide it at the Trojan's cost,
 And issue both abreast, where honour calls—
 (Foes are not far to seek without the walls)
 Unless his noisy tongue can only fight,
 And feet were giv'n him but to speed his flight.
 I beaten from the field? I forc'd away?
 Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say?
 Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
 Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies:
 What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,
 And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the main.
 All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire
 In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.
 The giant brothers, in their camp, have found,
 I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.
 Not such the Trojans tried me, when, inclos'd,
 I singly their united arms oppos'd:
 First forc'd an entrance thro' their thick array;
 Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.

'Tis a destructive war? So let it be,
 But to the Phrygian pirate, and to thee!
 Meantime proceed to fill the people's ears
 With false reports, their minds with panic fears:
 Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd race;

quae tuto tibi magna volant, dum distinet hostem
 agger murorum nec inundant sanguine fossae.
 proinde tona eloquio (solitum tibi) meque timoris
 argue tu, Drance, quando tot stragis acervos
 Teucrorum tua dextra dedit, passimque tropaeis 385
 insignis agros. possit quid vivida virtus
 experiare licet, nec longe scilicet hostes
 quaerendi nobis; circumstant undique muros.
 imus in adversos—quid cessas? an tibi Mavors
 ventosa in lingua pedibusque fugacibus istis 390
 semper erit?
 pulsus ego? aut quisquam merito, foedissime, pulsum
 arguet, Iliaco tumidum qui crescere Thybrim
 sanguine et Evandri totam cum stirpe videbit
 procubuisse domum atque exutos Arcadas armis? 395
 haud ita me experti Bitias et Pandarus ingens
 et quos mille die victor sub Tartara misi,
 inclusus muris hostilique aggere saeptus.

"Nulla salus bello?" Capiti cane talia, demens,
 Dardanio rebusque tuis. proinde omnia magno 400
 ne cessa turbare metu atque extollere viris
 gentis bis victae, contra premere arma Latini.
 nunc et Myrmidonum procures Phrygia arma tremescunt,

Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.
 Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
 Triumphant stands; the Grecians are o'erthrown;
 Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies,
 And Diomedes from fierce Aeneas flies.
 Say rapid Aufidus with awful dread
 Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,
 When the great Trojan on his bank appears;
 For that's as true as thy dissembled fears
 Of my revenge. Dismiss that vanity:
 Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.
 Let that vile soul in that vile body rest;
 The lodging is well worthy of the guest.
 "Now, royal father, to the present state
 Of our affairs, and of this high debate:
 If in your arms thus early you diffide,
 And think your fortune is already tried;
 If one defeat has brought us down so low,
 As never more in fields to meet the foe;
 Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat,
 And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.
 But, O! if any ancient blood remains,
 One drop of all our fathers' in our veins,
 That man would I prefer before the rest,
 Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast;
 Who comely fell, by no dishonest wound,
 To shun that sight, and, dying, gnaw'd the ground.
 But, if we still have fresh recruits in store,
 If our confederates can afford us more;
 If the contended field we bravely fought,
 And not a bloodless victory was bought;
 Their losses equal'd ours; and, for their slain,
 With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain;
 Why thus, unforc'd, should we so tamely yield,
 And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field?
 Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,

nunc et Tydides et Larisaeus Achilles,
 amnis et Hadriacas retro fugit Aufidus undas. 405
 vel cum se pavidum contra mea iurgia fingit,
 artificis scelus, et formidine crimen acerbat.
 numquam animam talem dextra hac (absiste moveri)
 amittes: habitet tecum et sit pectore in isto.
 nunc ad te et tua magna, pater, consulta revertor. 410
 si nullam nostris ultra spem ponis in armis,
 si tam deserti sumus et semel agmine verso
 funditus occidimus neque habet Fortuna regressum,
 oremus pacem et dextras tendamus inertis.
 quamquam o si solitae quicquam virtutis adesset! 415
 ille mihi ante alios fortunatusque laborum
 egregiusque animi, qui, ne quid tale videret,
 procubuit moriens et humum semel ore momordit.
 sin et opes nobis et adhuc intacta iuventus
 auxilioque urbes Italiae populi que supersunt, 420
 sin et Troianis cum multo gloria venit
 sanguine (sunt illis sua funera, parque per omnis
 tempestas), cur indecores in limine primo
 deficimus? cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus?
 multa dies varique labor mutabilis aevi 425
 rettulit in melius, multos alterna revisens
 lusit et in solido rursus Fortuna locavit.
 non erit auxilio nobis Aetolus et Arpi:
 at Messapus erit felixque Tolumnius et quos
 tot populi misere duces, nec parva sequetur 430
 gloria delectos Latio et Laurentibus agris.
 est et Volscorum egregia de gente Camilla
 agmen agens equitum et florentis aere catervas.
 quod si me solum Teucris in certamina poscunt
 idque placet tantumque bonis communibus obsto, 435
 non adeo has exosa manus Victoria fugit
 ut tanta quicquam pro spe temptare recusem.
 ibo animis contra, vel magnum praestet Achillem
 factaque Volcani manibus paria induat arma

Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
 Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain;
 Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.
 If Diomedes refuse his aid to lend,
 The great Messapus yet remains our friend:
 Tolumnius, who foretells events, is ours;
 Th' Italian chiefs and princes join their pow'rs:
 Nor least in number, nor in name the last,
 Your own brave subjects have your cause embrac'd
 Above the rest, the Volscian Amazon
 Contains an army in herself alone,
 And heads a squadron, terrible to sight,
 With glitt'ring shields, in brazen armour bright.
 Yet, if the foe a single fight demand,
 And I alone the public peace withstand;
 If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
 Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
 This new Achilles, let him take the field,
 With fated armour, and Vulcanian shield!
 For you, my royal father, and my fame,
 I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,
 Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand,
 And I alone will answer his demand.
 Drances shall rest secure, and neither share
 The danger, nor divide the prize of war."

While they debate, nor these nor those will yield,
 Aeneas draws his forces to the field,
 And moves his camp. The scouts with flying speed
 Return, and thro' the frightened city spread
 Th' unpleasing news, the Trojans are descried,
 In battle marching by the river side,
 And bending to the town. They take th' alarm:
 Some tremble, some are bold; all in confusion arm.
 Th' impetuous youth press forward to the field;
 They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield:

ille licet. vobis animam hanc soceroque Latino
 Turnus ego, haud ulli veterum virtute secundus,
 devovi. solum Aeneas vocat? et vocet oro;
 nec Drances potius, sive est haec ira deorum,
 morte luat, sive est virtus et gloria, tollat.'

440

Illi haec inter se dubiis de rebus agebant
 certantes: castra Aeneas aciemque movebat.
 nuntius ingenti per regia tecta tumultu
 ecce ruit magnisque urbem terroribus implet:
 instructos acie Tiberino a flumine Teucros
 Tyrrhenamque manum totis descendere campis.
 extemplo turbati animi concussaue vulgi
 pectora et arrectae stimulis haud mollibus irae.
 arma manu trepidi poscunt, fremit arma iuventus,
 flent maestis mussantque patres. hic undique clamor

445

450

The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry;
Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;
A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky,
Like that of swans remurm'ring to the floods,
Or birds of diff'ring kinds in hollow woods.

Turnus th' occasion takes, and cries aloud:
"Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd:
Declaim in praise of peace, when danger calls,
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls."
He said, and, turning short, with speedy pace,
Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place:
"Thou, Volusus, the Volscian troops command
To mount; and lead thyself our Ardean band.
Messapus and Catillus, post your force
Along the fields, to charge the Trojan horse.
Some guard the passes, others man the wall;
Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call."

They swarm from ev'ry quarter of the town,
And with disorder'd haste the rampires crown.
Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,
The gath'ring storm just breaking on the state,
Dismiss'd the council till a fitter time,
And own'd his easy temper as his crime,
Who, forc'd against his reason, had complied
To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.
Some help to sink new trenches; others aid
To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.
Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm; around the walls
Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labour calls.
A sad procession in the streets is seen,
Of matrons, that attend the mother queen:
High in her chair she sits, and, at her side,
With downcast eyes, appears the fatal bride.
They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple stands;
Pray'rs in their mouths, and presents in their hands,

dissensu vario magnus se tollit in auras, 455
haud secus atque alto in luco cum forte catervae
consedere avium, piscosove amne Padusae
dant sonitum rauci per stagna loquacia cycni.
'immo,' ait 'o cives,' arrepto tempore Turnus,
'cogite concilium et pacem laudate sedentes; 460
illi armis in regna ruunt.' nec plura locutus
corripuit sese et tectis citus extulit altis.
'tu, Voluse, armari Volscorum edice manipulis,
duc' ait 'et Rutulos. equitem Messapus in armis,
et cum fratre Coras latis diffundite campis. 465
pars aditus urbis firment turrisque capessant;
cetera, qua iusso, mecum manus inferat arma.'

Ilicet in muros tota discurritur urbe.
concilium ipse pater et magna incepta Latinus
deserit ac tristi turbatus tempore differt, 470
multaque se incusat qui non acceperit ultro
Dardanium Aenean generumque asciverit urbi.
praefodiunt alii portas aut saxa sudesque
subvectant. bello dat signum rauca cruentum
bucina. tum muros varia cinxere corona 475
matronae puerique, vocat labor ultimus omnis.
nec non ad templum summasque ad Palladis arces
subvehitur magna matrum regina caterva
dona ferens, iuxtaque comes Lavinia virgo,
causa mali tanti, oculos deiecta decoros. 480
succedunt matres et templum ture vaporant
et maestas alto fundunt de limine voces:
'armipotens, praeses belli, Tritonia virgo,
frange manu telum Phrygii praedonis, et ipsum
pronus sterne solo portisque effunde sub altis.' 485

With censers first they fume the sacred shrine,
Then in this common supplication join:
“O patroness of arms, unspotted maid,
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid!
Break short the pirate’s lance; pronounce his fate,
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate.”
Now Turnus arms for fight. His back and breast
Well-temper’d steel and scaly brass invest:
The cuishes which his brawny thighs infold
Are mingled metal damask’d o’er with gold.
His faithful falchion sits upon his side;
Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide:
But, bare to view, amid surrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tow’r descends.
Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare
His absent rival, and to promise war.
Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o’er the plains,
Or in the pride of youth o’erleaps the mounds,
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
Or seeks his wat’ring in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o’er his shoulder flows his waving mane:
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volscians, with their virgin leader, wait
His last commands. Then, with a graceful mien,
Lights from her lofty steed the warrior queen:
Her squadron imitates, and each descends;
Whose common suit Camilla thus commends:
“If sense of honour, if a soul secure
Of inborn worth, that can all tests endure,
Can promise aught, or on itself rely

cingitur ipse furens certatim in proelia Turnus.
iamque adeo rutilum thoraca indutus aenis
horrebat squamis surasque incluserat auro,
tempora nudus adhuc, laterique accinxerat ensem,
fulgebatque alta decurrens aureus arce 490
exultatque animis et spe iam praecipit hostem:
qualis ubi abruptis fugit praesepia vinclis
tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto
aut ille in pastus armentaque tendit equarum
aut adsuetus aquae perfundi flumine noto 495
emicat, arrectisque fremit cervicibus alte
luxurians luduntque iubae per colla, per armos.

Obvia cui Volscorum acie comitante Camilla
occurrit portisque ab equo regina sub ipsis
desiluit, quam tota cohors imitata relictis 500
ad terram defluxit equis; tum talia fatur:
‘Turne, sui merito si qua est fiducia forti,
audeo et Aeneadum promitto occurrere turmae
solaque Tyrrhenos equites ire obvia contra.
me sine prima manu temptare pericula belli, 505
tu pedes ad muros subsiste et moenia serva.’

Greatly to dare, to conquer or to die;
 Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet
 The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.
 Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown:
 You, gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the town."
 Turnus a while stood mute, with glad surprise,
 And on the fierce Virago fix'd his eyes;
 Then thus return'd: "O grace of Italy,
 With what becoming thanks can I reply?
 Not only words lie lab'ring in my breast,
 But thought itself is by thy praise oppress'd.
 Yet rob me not of all; but let me join
 My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.
 The Trojan, not in stratagem unskill'd,
 Sends his light horse before to scour the field:
 Himself, thro' steep ascents and thorny brakes,
 A larger compass to the city takes.
 This news my scouts confirm, and I prepare
 To foil his cunning, and his force to dare;
 With chosen foot his passage to forelay,
 And place an ambush in the winding way.
 Thou, with thy Volscians, face the Tuscan horse;
 The brave Messapus shall thy troops enforce
 With those of Tibur, and the Latian band,
 Subjected all to thy supreme command."
 This said, he warns Messapus to the war,
 Then ev'ry chief exhorts with equal care.
 All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
 And hastes to prosecute his deep designs.

Inclos'd with hills, a winding valley lies,
 By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise.
 A narrow track, by human steps untrod,
 Leads, thro' perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.
 High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands,
 Whence the surveying sight the nether ground commands.

Turnus ad haec oculos horrenda in virgine fixus:
 'o decus Italiae virgo, quas dicere grates
 quasve referre parem? sed nunc, est omnia quando
 iste animus supra, mecum partire laborem. 510
 Aeneas, ut fama fidem missique reportant
 exploratores, equitum levia improbus arma
 praemisit, quaterent campos; ipse ardua montis
 per deserta iugo superans adventat ad urbem.
 furta paro belli conuexo in tramite silvae, 515
 ut bivias armato obsidam milite fauces.
 tu Tyrrhenum equitem conlatis excipe signis;
 tecum acer Messapus erit turmaeque Latinae
 Tiburtique manus, ducis et tu concipe curam.'
 sic ait, et paribus Messapum in proelia dictis 520
 hortatur sociosque duces et pergit in hostem.

Est curvo anfractu valles, accommoda fraudi
 armorumque dolis, quam densis frondibus atrum
 urget utrimque latus, tenuis quo semita ducit
 angustaeque ferunt fauces aditusque maligni. 525
 hanc super in speculis summoque in vertice montis
 planities ignota iacet tutique receptus,

The top is level, an offensive seat
Of war; and from the war a safe retreat:
For, on the right and left, is room to press
The foes at hand, or from afar distress;
To drive 'em headlong downward, and to pour
On their descending backs a stony show'r.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way,
Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.

Meantime Latonian Phoebe, from the skies,
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,
Her most belov'd and ever-trusty maid;
Then with a sigh began: "Camilla goes
To meet her death amidst her fatal foes:
The nymphs I lov'd of all my mortal train,
Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindness for the virgin new:
'Twas born with her; and with her years it grew.
Her father Metabus, when forc'd away
From old Privernum, for tyrannic sway,
Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Casmilla was her mother; but he drown'd
One hissing letter in a softer sound,
And call'd Camilla. Thro' the woods he flies;
Wrapp'd in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace;
With shout and clamours they pursue the chase.
The banks of Amasene at length he gains:
The raging flood his farther flight restrains,
Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains.
Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears,
Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious, he stops a while, and thinks in haste;
Then, desp'rate in distress, resolves at last.

seu dextra laevaue velis occurrere pugnae
sive instare iugis et grandia volvere saxa.
huc iuvenis nota fertur regione viarum 530
arripuitque locum et silvis insedit iniquis.

Velocem interea superis in sedibus Opim,
unam ex virginibus sociis sacraque caterva,
compellabat et has tristis Latonia voces 535
ore dabat: 'graditur bellum ad crudele Camilla,
o virgo, et nostris nequiquam cingitur armis,
cara mihi ante alias. neque enim novus iste Dianae
venit amor subitaque animum dulcedine movit.
pulsus ob invidiam regno virisque superbas
Priverno antiqua Metabus cum excederet urbe, 540
infantem fugiens media inter proelia belli
sustulit exsilio comitem, matrisque vocavit
nomine Casmillae mutata parte Camillam.
ipse sinu prae se portans iuga longa petebat
solorum nemorum: tela undique saeva premebant 545
et circumfuso volitabant milite Volsci.
ecce fugae medio summis Amasenus abundans
spumabat ripis, tantus se nubibus imber
ruperat. ille innare parans infantis amore
tardatur caroque oneri timet. omnia secum 550
versanti subito vix haec sententia sedit:
telum immane manu valida quod forte gerebat
bellator, solidum nodis et robore cocto,
huic natam libro et silvestri subere clausam
implicat atque habilem mediae circumligat hastae; 555
quam dextra ingenti librans ita ad aethera fatur:

A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
He clos'd the child within the hollow space;
With twigs of bending osier bound the case;
Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight,
And thus invok'd my favour for the freight:

'Accept, great goddess of the woods,' he said,
'Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid!
Thro' air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine;
And the first weapons that she knows, are thine.'
He said; and with full force the spear he threw:
Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.
Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide,
And gain'd, by stress of arms, the farther side.
His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground,
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound;
Nor, after that, in towns which walls inclose,
Would trust his hunted life amidst his foes;
But, rough, in open air he chose to lie;
Earth was his couch, his cov'ring was the sky.
On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
He shunn'd the dire society of men.
A shepherd's solitary life he led;
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed.
The dugs of bears, and ev'ry salvage beast,
He drew, and thro' her lips the liquor press'd.
The little Amazon could scarcely go:
He loads her with a quiver and a bow;
And, that she might her stagg'ring steps command,
He with a slender jav'lin fills her hand.
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.
Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head.
The flying dart she first attempts to fling,

"Alma, tibi hanc, nemorum cultrix, Latonia virgo,
ipse pater famulam voveo; tua prima per auras
tela tenens supplex hostem fugit. accipe, testor,
diva tuam, quae nunc dubiis committitur auris." 560
dixit, et adducto contortum hastile lacerto
immittit: sonuere undae, rapidum super amnem
infelix fugit in iaculo stridente Camilla.
at Metabus magna propius iam urgente caterva
dat sese fluvio, atque hastam cum virgine victor 565
gramineo, donum Triviae, de caespite vellit.
non illum tectis ullae, non moenibus urbes
accepere (neque ipse manus feritate dedisset),
pastorum et solis exegit montibus aevum.
hic natam in dumis interque horrentia lustra 570
armentalis equae mammis et lacte ferino
nutribat teneris immulgens ubera labris.
utque pedum primis infans vestigia plantis
institerat, iaculo palmas armavit acuto
spiculaque ex umero parvae suspendit et arcum. 575
pro crinali auro, pro longae tegmine pallae
tigridis exuviae per dorsum a vertice pendent.
tela manu iam tum tenera puerilia torsit
et fundam tereti circum caput egit habena
Strymoniamque gruem aut album deiecit olorem. 580
multae illam frustra Tyrrhena per oppida matres
optavere nurum; sola contenta Diana
aeternum telorum et virginitatis amorem
intemerata colit. vellem haud correpta fuisset
militia tali conata lacescere Teucros: 585

And round her tender temples toss'd the sling;
 Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began
 To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan,
 And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane.
 The Tuscan matrons with each other vied,
 To bless their rival sons with such a bride;
 But she disdains their love, to share with me
 The sylvan shades and vow'd virginity.
 And, O! I wish, contented with my cares
 Of salvage spoils, she had not sought the wars!
 Then had she been of my celestial train,
 And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.
 But since, opposing Heav'n's decree, she goes
 To find her death among forbidden foes,
 Haste with these arms, and take thy steepy flight.
 Where, with the gods, averse, the Latins fight.
 This bow to thee, this quiver I bequeath,
 This chosen arrow, to revenge her death:
 By whatever hand Camilla shall be slain,
 Or of the Trojan or Italian train,
 Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.
 Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will aid
 To bear the breathless body of my maid:
 Unspoild shall be her arms, and unprofand
 Her holy limbs with any human hand,
 And in a marble tomb laid in her native land."
 She said. The faithful nymph descends from high
 With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky:
 Black clouds and stormy winds around her body fly.

By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,
 Drawn up in squadrons, with united force,
 Approach the walls: the sprightly coursers bound,
 Press forward on their bits, and shift their ground.
 Shields, arms, and spears flash horribly from far;
 And the fields glitter with a waving war.

cara mihi comitumque foret nunc una mearum.
 verum age, quandoquidem fatis urgetur acerbis,
 labere, nympha, polo finisque invise Latinos,
 tristis ubi infausto committitur omine pugna.
 haec cape et ultricem pharetra deprome sagittam: 590
 hac, quicumque sacrum violarit vulnere corpus,
 Tros Italusque, mihi pariter det sanguine poenas.
 post ego nube cava miserandae corpus et arma
 inspoliata feram tumulo patriaeque reponam.'
 dixit, at illa levis caeli delapsa per auras 595
 insonuit nigro circumdata turbine corpus.

At manus interea muris Troiana propinquat,
 Etruscique duces equitumque exercitus omnis
 compositi numero in turmas. fremit aequore toto
 insultans sonipes et pressis pugnatur habenis 600
 huc conversus et huc; tum late ferreus hastis
 horret ager campique armis sublimibus ardent.

Oppos'd to these, come on with furious force
 Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse;
 These in the body plac'd, on either hand
 Sustain'd and clos'd by fair Camilla's band.
 Advancing in a line, they couch their spears;
 And less and less the middle space appears.
 Thick smoke obscures the field; and scarce are seen
 The neighing coursers, and the shouting men.
 In distance of their darts they stop their course;
 Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.
 The face of heav'n their flying jav'lins hide,
 And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.
 Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,
 By mettled coursers borne in full career,
 Meet first oppos'd; and, with a mighty shock,
 Their horses' heads against each other knock.
 Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast,
 As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast:
 He rolls along in blood, and breathes his last.

The Latin squadrons take a sudden fright,
 And sling their shields behind, to save their backs in flight
 Spurring at speed to their own walls they drew;
 Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue,
 And urge their flight: Asylas leads the chase;
 Till, seiz'd, with shame, they wheel about and face,
 Receive their foes, and raise a threat'ning cry.
 The Tuscans take their turn to fear and fly.
 So swelling surges, with a thund'ring roar,
 Driv'n on each other's backs, insult the shore,
 Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon the land,
 And far upon the beach eject the sand;
 Then backward, with a swing, they take their way,
 Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mother sea;
 With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore,
 And swallow back the sand and stones they spew'd before.

nec non Messapus contra celeresque Latini
 et cum fratre Coras et virginis ala Camillae
 adversi campo apparent, hastasque reductis 605
 protendunt longe dextris et spicula vibrant,
 adventusque virum fremitusque ardescit equorum.
 iamque intra iactum teli progressus uterque
 substiterat: subito erumpunt clamore furentisque
 exhortantur equos, fundunt simul undique tela 610
 crebra nivis ritu, caelumque obtexitur umbra.
 continuo adversis Tyrrhenus et acer Aconteus
 conixi incurrunt hastis primique ruinam
 dant sonitu ingenti perfractaque quadripedantum
 pectora pectoribus rumpunt; excussus Aconteus 615
 fulminis in morem aut tormento ponderis acti
 praecipitat longe et vitam dispergit in auras.

Extemplo turbatae acies, versique Latini
 reiciunt parmas et equos ad moenia vertunt;
 Troes agunt, princeps turmas inducit Asilas. 620
 iamque propinquabant portis rursusque Latini
 clamorem tollunt et mollia colla reflectunt;
 hi fugiunt penitusque datis referuntur habenis.
 qualis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus
 nunc ruit ad terram scopulosque superiacit unda 625
 spumeus extremamque sinu perfundit harenam,
 nunc rapidus retro atque aestu revoluta resorbens
 saxa fugit litusque vado labente relinquit:
 bis Tusci Rutulos egere ad moenia versos,
 bis reiecti armis respectant terga tegentes. 630
 tertia sed postquam congressi in proelia totas
 implicuere inter se acies legitque virum vir,
 tum vero et gemitus morientum et sanguine in alto

Twice were the Tuscans masters of the field,
 Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.
 Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran;
 Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man.
 Now dying groans are heard; the fields are strow'd
 With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood.
 Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie:
 Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.
 Orsilochus, who durst not press too near
 Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear,
 And stuck the steel beneath his horse's ear.
 The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,
 Curvets, and, springing upward with a bound,
 His helpless lord cast backward on the ground.
 Catillus pierc'd Iolas first; then drew
 His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw,
 The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew.
 His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
 But shaded with a length of yellow hair:
 Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry part,
 A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying dart.
 Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound;
 Transfix'd he fell, and doubled to the ground.
 The sands with streaming blood are sanguine dyed,
 And death with honour sought on either side.

Resistless thro' the war Camilla rode,
 In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
 One side was bare for her exerted breast;
 One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd.
 Now from afar her fatal jav'ins play;
 Now with her ax's edge she hews her way:
 Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;
 And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground,
 From her bent bow she sends a backward wound.
 Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side,

armaque corporaque et permixti caede virorum
 semianimes volvuntur equi, pugna aspera surgit. 635
 Orsilochus Remuli, quando ipsum horrebat adire,
 hastam intorsit equo ferrumque sub aure reliquit;
 quo sonipes ictu furit arduus altaque iactat
 vulneris impatiens arrecto pectore crura,
 volvitur ille excussus humi. Catillus Iollan 640
 ingentemque animis, ingentem corpore et armis
 deicit Herminium, nudo cui vertice fulva
 caesaries nudique umeri nec vulnera terrent;
 tantus in arma patet. latos huic hasta per armos
 acta tremit duplicatque virum transfixa dolore. 645
 funditur ater ubique cruor; dant funera ferro
 certantes pulchramque petunt per vulnera mortem.

At medias inter caedes exsultat Amazon
 unum exserta latus pugnae, pharetrata Camilla,
 et nunc lenta manu spargens hastilia denset, 650
 nunc validam dextra rapit indefessa bipennem;
 aureus ex umero sonat arcus et arma Dianae.
 illa etiam, si quando in tergum pulsa recessit,
 spicula converso fugientia derigit arcu.
 at circum lectae comites, Larinaque virgo 655
 Tullaque et aeratam quatiens Tarpeia securim,
 Italides, quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla

Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia, ride:
 Italians all; in peace, their queen's delight;
 In war, the bold companions of the fight.
 So march'd the Tracian Amazons of old,
 When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd:
 Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
 When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen:
 Such to the field Penthisilea led,
 From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled;
 With such, return'd triumphant from the war,
 Her maids with cries attend the lofty car;
 They clash with manly force their moony shields;
 With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.

Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid,
 On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
 Thy spear, of mountain ash, Eumenius first,
 With fury driv'n, from side to side transpierc'd:
 A purple stream came spouting from the wound;
 Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground.
 Liris and Pegasus at once she slew:
 The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew
 Of his faint steed; the latter, as he stretch'd
 His arm to prop his friend, the jav'lin reach'd.
 By the same weapon, sent from the same hand,
 Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.
 Amastrus next is added to the slain:
 The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain:
 Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoon,
 And Chromis, at full speed her fury shun.
 Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost;
 Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.
 Young Ornithus bestrode a hunter steed,
 Swift for the chase, and of Apulian breed.
 Him from afar she spied, in arms unknown:
 O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown;

delegit pacisque bonas bellicae ministras:
 quales Threiciae cum flumina Thermodontis
 pulsant et pictis bellantur Amazones armis, 660
 seu circum Hippolyten seu cum se Martia curru
 Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu
 feminea exsultant lunatis agmina peltis.

Quem telo primum, quem postremum, aspera virgo,
 deicis? aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis? 665
 Eunaëum Clytio primum patre, cuius apertum
 adversi longa transverberat abiete pectus.
 sanguinis ille vomens rivos cadit atque cruentam
 mandit humum moriensque suo se in vulnere versat.
 tum Lirim Pagasumque super, quorum alter habenas 670
 suffuso revolutus equo dum colligit, alter
 dum subit ac dextram labenti tendit inermem,
 praecipites pariterque ruunt. his addit Amastrum
 Hippotaden, sequiturque incumbens eminus hasta
 Tereaue Harpalycumque et Demophoonta Chromimque; 675
 quotque emissa manu contorsit spicula virgo,
 tot Phrygii cecidere viri. procul Ornytus armis
 ignotis et equo venator Iapyge fertur,
 cui pellis latos umeros erepta iuvenco
 pugnatori operit, caput ingens oris hiatus 680
 et malae texere lupi cum dentibus albis,
 agrestisque manus armat sparus; ipse catervis
 vertitur in mediis et toto vertice supra est.
 hunc illa exceptum (neque enim labor agmine verso)
 traicit et super haec inimico pectore fatur: 685

His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread
 A cov'ring for his cheeks, and grinnd around his head,
 He clench'd within his hand an iron prong,
 And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the throng.
 Him soon she singled from the flying train,
 And slew with ease; then thus insults the slain:
 "Vain hunter, didst thou think thro' woods to chase
 The savage herd, a vile and trembling race?
 Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory:
 A woman warrior was too strong for thee.
 Yet, if the ghosts demand the conqu'ror's name,
 Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame."

Then Butes and Orsilochus she slew,
 The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew;
 But Butes breast to breast: the spear descends
 Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
 And o'er the shield which his left side defends.
 Orsilochus and she their courses ply:
 He seems to follow, and she seems to fly;
 But in a narrower ring she makes the race;
 And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.
 Gath'ring at length on her deluded foe,
 She swings her ax, and rises to the blow
 Full on the helm behind, with such a sway
 The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way:
 He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace;
 Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.
Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by chance,
 To see his fall; nor farther dares advance;
 But, fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
 He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly;
 Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
 (At least while fortune favour'd his deceit,)
 Cries out aloud: "What courage have you shown,
 Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?"

'silvis te, Tyrrhene, feras agitare putasti?
 advenit qui vestra dies muliebribus armis
 verba redargueret. nomen tamen haud leve patrum
 manibus hoc referes, telo cecidisse Camillae.'

Protinus Orsilochum et Buten, duo maxima Teucrum 690
 corpora, sed Buten aversum cuspidē fixit
 lorica m galeamque inter, qua colla sedentis
 lucent et laevo dependet parma lacerto;
 Orsilochum fugiens magnumque agitata per orbem
 eludit gyro interior sequiturque sequentem; 695
 tum validam perque arma viro perque ossa securim
 altior exurgens oranti et multa precanti
 congeminat; vulnus calido rigat ora cerebro.
 incidit huic subitoque aspectu territus haesit
 Appenninicolae bellator filius Auni, 700
 haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant.
 isque ubi se nullo iam cursu evadere pugnae
 posse neque instantem reginam avertere cernit,
 consilio versare dolos ingressus et astu
 incipit haec: 'quid tam egregium, si femina forti 705
 fidis equo? dimitte fugam et te comminus aequo
 mecum crede solo pugnaeque accinge pedestri:
 iam nosces ventosa ferat cui gloria fraudem.'
 dixit, at illa furens acrique accensa dolore
 tradit equum comiti paribusque resistit in armis 710
 ense pedes nudo puraue interrita parma.
 at iuvenis vicisse dolo ratus avolat ipse

Forego the vantage of your horse, alight,
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
When, foot to foot, you combat with a man,”
He said. She glows with anger and disdain,
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain,
And leaves her horse at large among her train;
With her drawn sword defies him to the field,
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield.
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed;
Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
“Vain fool, and coward!” cries the lofty maid,
“Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid!
On others practice thy Ligurian arts;
Thin stratagems and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me: nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies, to thy fallacious sire.”
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
That soon she strain’d beyond his horse’s head:
Then turning short, at once she seiz’d the rein,
And laid the boaster grov’ling on the plain.
Not with more ease the falcon, from above,
Trusses in middle air the trembling dove,
Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound:
The feathers, foul with blood, come tumbling to the ground.

Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,
With his broad eye surveys th’ unequal fight.
He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain,
And sends him to redeem th’ abandon’d plain.
Betwixt the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,
And these encourages, and those he chides;
Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight;
Renews their ardour, and restores the fight.

(haud mora), conversisque fugax aufertur habenis
quadripedemque citum ferrata calce fatigat.
'vane Ligus frustra que animis elate superbis, 715
nequiquam patrias temptasti lubricus artis,
nec fraus te incolumem fallaci perferet Auno.'
haec fatur virgo, et pernicibus ignea plantis
transit equum cursu frenisque adversa prehensis
congregitur poenasque inimico ex sanguine sumit: 720
quam facile accipiter saxo sacer ales ab alto
consequitur pennis sublimem in nube columbam
comprehensamque tenet pedibusque eviscerat uncis;
tum cruor et vulsae labuntur ab aethere plumae.

At non haec nullis hominum sator atque deorum 725
observans oculis summo sedet altus Olympo.
Tyrrhenum genitor Tarchonem in proelia saeva
suscitat et stimulis haud mollibus inicit iras.
ergo inter caedes cedentiaque agmina Tarchon
fertur equo variisque instigat vocibus alas 730
nomine quemque vocans, reficitque in proelia pulsos.
'quis metus, o numquam dolituri, o semper inertes

“What panic fear has seiz’d your souls? O shame,
 O brand perpetual of th’ Etrurian name!
 Cowards incurable, a woman’s hand
 Drives, breaks, and scatters your ignoble band!
 Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield!
 What use of weapons which you dare not wield?
 Not thus you fly your female foes by night,
 Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite;
 When to fat off’rings the glad augur calls,
 And the shrill hornpipe sounds to bacchanals.
 These are your studied cares, your lewd delight:
 Swift to debauch, but slow to manly fight.”
 Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes,
 Not managing the life he meant to lose.
 The first he found he seiz’d with headlong haste,
 In his strong gripe, and clasp’d around the waist;
 ’Twas Venulus, whom from his horse he tore,
 And, laid athwart his own, in triumph bore.
 Loud shouts ensue; the Latins turn their eyes,
 And view th’ unusual sight with vast surprise.
 The fiery Tarchon, flying o’er the plains,
 Press’d in his arms the pond’rous prey sustains;
 Then, with his shorten’d spear, explores around
 His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound.
 Nor less the captive struggles for his life:
 He writhes his body to prolong the strife,
 And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
 His utmost vigour, and the point averts.
 So stoops the yellow eagle from on high,
 And bears a speckled serpent thro’ the sky,
 Fast’ning his crooked talons on the prey:
 The pris’ner hisses thro’ the liquid way;
 Resists the royal hawk; and, tho’ oppress’d,
 She fights in volumes, and erects her crest:
 Turn’d to her foe, she stiffens ev’ry scale,
 And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threat’ning tail.

Tyrrheni, quae tanta animis ignavia venit?
 femina palantis agit atque haec agmina vertit!
 quo ferrum quidve haec gerimus tela inrita dextris? 735
 at non in Venerem segnes nocturnaque bella,
 aut ubi curva choros indixit tibia Bacchi.
 exspectate dapes et plenae pocula mensae
 (hic amor, hoc studium) dum sacra secundus haruspex
 nuntiet ac lucos vocet hostia pinguis in altos! 740
 haec effatus equum in medios moriturus et ipse
 concitat, et Venulo adversum se turbidus infert
 dereptumque ab equo dextra complectitur hostem
 et gremium ante suum multa vi concitus aufert.
 tollitur in caelum clamor cunctique Latini 745
 convertere oculos. volat igneus aequore Tarchon
 arma virumque ferens; tum summa ipsius ab hasta
 defringit ferrum et partis rimatur apertas,
 qua vulnus letale ferat; contra ille repugnans
 sustinet a iugulo dextram et vim viribus exit. 750
 utque volans alte raptum cum fulva draconem
 fert aquila implicuitque pedes atque unguibus haesit,
 saucius at serpens sinuosa volumina versat
 arrectisque horret squamis et sibilat ore
 arduus insurgens, illa haud minus urget obunco 755
 luctantem rostro, simul aethera verberat alis:
 haud aliter praedam Tiburtum ex agmine Tarchon
 portat ovans. ducis exemplum eventumque secuti
 Maeonidae incurrunt. tum fatis debitus Arruns
 velocem iaculo et multa prior arte Camillam 760
 circuit, et quae sit fortuna facillima temptat.
 qua se cumque furens medio tulit agmine virgo,
 hac Arruns subit et tacitus vestigia lustrat;
 qua victrix redit illa pedemque ex hoste reportat,
 hac iuvenis furtim celeris detorquet habenas. 765
 hos aditus iamque hos aditus omnemque pererrat
 undique circuitum et certam quatit improbus hastam.

Against the victor, all defence is weak:
Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak;
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores;
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.
Thus, thro' the midst of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon snatch'd and bore away his prize.
The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press
The Latins, and presume the like success.

Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts assay'd,
To murder, unespied, the Volscian maid:
This way and that his winding course he bends,
And, whereso'er she turns, her steps attends.
When she retires victorious from the chase,
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place;
When, rushing on, she seeks her foes in fight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
He threats, and trembles, trying ev'ry way,
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray

Chloerus, the priest of Cybele, from far,
Glitt'ring in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd. The steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er;
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gall'd the distant foe;
Gnossian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:
A golden helm his front and head surrounds
A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds.
Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,
With flowers of needlework distinguish'd o'er,
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.
Him the fierce maid beheld with ardent eyes,
Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize,
Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold.

Forte sacer Cybelo Chloerus olimque sacerdos
insignis longe Phrygiis fulgebat in armis
spumantemque agitabat equum, quem pellis aenis 770
in plumam squamis auro conserta tegebat.
ipse peregrina ferrugine clarus et ostro
spicula torquebat Lycio Gortynia cornu;
aureus ex umeris erat arcus et aurea vati
cassida; tum croceam chlamydemque sinusque crepantis 775
carbaceos fulvo in nodum collegerat auro
pictus acu tunicas et barbara tegmina crurum.
hunc virgo, sive ut templis praefigeret arma
Troia, captivo sive ut se ferret in auro
venatrix, unum ex omni certamine pugnae 780
caeca sequebatur totumque incauta per agmen
femineo praedae et spoliolorum ardebat amore,
telum ex insidiis cum tandem tempore capto
concitat et superos Arruns sic voce precatur:

Blind in her haste, she chases him alone.
 And seeks his life, regardless of her own.
 This lucky moment the sly traitor chose:
 Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,
 And threw, but first to Heav'n address'd his vows:
 "O patron of Socrates' high abodes,
 Phoebus, the ruling pow'r among the gods,
 Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine
 Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;
 By thee protected with our naked soles,
 Thro' flames unsing'd we march, and tread the kindled coals
 Give me, propitious pow'r, to wash away
 The stains of this dishonourable day:
 Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim,
 But with my future actions trust my fame.
 Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome,
 And from the field return inglorious home."

Apollo heard, and, granting half his pray'r,
 Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.
 He gives the death desir'd; his safe return
 By southern tempests to the seas is borne.
Now, when the jav'lin whizz'd along the skies,
 Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes,
 Directed by the sound. Of either host,
 Th' unhappy virgin, tho' concern'd the most,
 Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
 On golden spoils, and on her prey intent;
 Till in her pap the winged weapon stood
 Infix'd, and deeply drunk the purple blood.
 Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
 Their dying lady, drooping on the plain.

'summe deum, sancti custos Soractis Apollo, 785
 quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor acervo
 pascitur, et medium freti pietate per ignem
 cultores multa premimus vestigia pruna,
 da, pater, hoc nostris aboleri dedecus armis,
 omnipotens. non exuvias pulsaeve tropaeum 790
 virginis aut spolia ulla peto, mihi cetera laudem
 facta ferent; haec dira meo dum vulnere pestis
 pulsa cadat, patrias remeabo inglorius urbes.'

Audiit et voti Phoebus succedere partem
 mente dedit, partem volucris dispersit in auras: 795
 sterneret ut subita turbatam morte Camillam
 adnuat oranti; reducem ut patria alta videret
 non dedit, inque Notos vocem vertere procellae.
 ergo ut missa manu sonitum dedit hasta per auras,
 convertere animos acris oculosque tulere 800
 cuncti ad reginam Volsci. nihil ipsa nec aurae
 nec sonitus memor aut venientis ab aethere teli,
 hasta sub exsertam donec perlata papillam
 haesit virgineumque alte bibit acta cruorem.
 concurrunt trepidae comites dominamque ruentem 805
 suscipiunt. fugit ante omnis exterritus Arruns
 laetitia mixtoque metu, nec iam amplius hastae

Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,
 With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;
 Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow,
 Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.
 As, when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide
 At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side,
 Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies,
 And claps his quiv'ring tail between his thighs:
 So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends,
 But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the jav'lin with her dying hands,
 But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands;
 The wood she draws, the steely point remains;
 She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains:
 (A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes,
 And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies:)
 Then turns to her, whom of her female train
 She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
 "Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
 Inexorable Death; and claims his right.
 Bear my last words to Turnus; fly with speed,
 And bid him timely to my charge succeed,
 Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
 Farewell! and in this kiss my parting breath receive."
 She said, and, sliding, sunk upon the plain:
 Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein;
 Short, and more short, she pants; by slow degrees
 Her mind the passage from her body frees.
 She drops her sword; she nods her plummy crest,
 Her drooping head declining on her breast:
 In the last sigh her struggling soul expires,
 And, murm'ring with disdain, to Stygian sounds retires.
A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensued;
 Despair and rage the languish'd fight renew'd.
 The Trojan troops and Tuscans, in a line,
 Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.

credere nec telis occurrere virginis audet.
 ac velut ille, prius quam tela inimica sequantur,
 continuo in montis sese avius abdidit altos 810
 occiso pastore lupus magnove iuvenco,
 conscius audacis facti, caudamque remulcens
 subiecit pavitantem utero silvasque petivit:
 haud secus ex oculis se turbidus abstulit Arruns
 contentusque fuga mediis se immiscuit armis. 815
 illa manu moriens telum trahit, ossa sed inter
 ferreus ad costas alto stat vulnere mucro.
 labitur exsanguis, labuntur frigida leto
 lumina, purpureus quondam color ora reliquit.
 tum sic expirans Accam ex aequalibus unam 820
 adloquitur, fida ante alias quae sola Camillae
 quicum partiri curas, atque haec ita fatur:
 'hactenus, Acca soror, potui: nunc vulnus acerbum
 conficit, et tenebris nigrescunt omnia circum.
 effuge et haec Turno mandata novissima perfer: 825
 succedat pugnae Troianosque arceat urbe.
 iamque vale.' simul his dictis linquebat habenas
 ad terram non sponte fluens. tum frigida toto
 paulatim exsoluit se corpore, lentaque colla
 et captum leto posuit caput, arma relinquens, 830
 vitaeque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.
 tum vero immensus surgens ferit aurea clamor
 sidera: deiecta crudescit pugna Camilla;
 incurrunt densi simul omnis copia Teucrum
 Tyrrhenique duces Evandrique Arcades alae. 835

But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar
 Surveys the field, and fortune of the war,
 Unmov'd a while, till, prostrate on the plain,
 Welt'ring in blood, she sees Camilla slain,
 And, round her corpse, of friends and foes a fighting train.
 Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew
 A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:
 "Too dear a fine, ah, much lamented maid,
 For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid!
 Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife,
 Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life.
 Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
 Her vot'ry's death, nor; with vain sorrow grieve.
 Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;
 But after ages shall thy praise record.
 Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain:
 Thus vows thy queen, and thus the Fates ordain."
High o'er the field there stood a hilly mound,
 Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around,
 Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,
 A king that once in Latium bore the sway.
 The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,
 To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.
 Him in refulgent arms she soon espied,
 Swoln with success; and loudly thus she cried:
 "Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late;
 Turn like a man, at length, and meet thy fate.
 Charg'd with my message, to Camilla go,
 And say I sent thee to the shades below,
 An honour undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow."
 She said, and from her quiver chose with speed
 The winged shaft, predestin'd for the deed;
 Then to the stubborn yew her strength applied,
 Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.
 The bowstring touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;
 Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew.

At Triviae custos iamdudum in montibus Opis
 alta sedet summis spectatque interrita pugnās.
 utque procul medio iuvenum in clamore furentum
 prospexit tristi mulcatam morte Camillam,
 ingemuitque deditque has imo pectore voces: 840
 'heu nimium, virgo, nimium crudele luisti
 supplicium Teucros conata lacescere bello!
 nec tibi desertae in dumis coluisse Dianam
 profuit aut nostras umero gessisse pharetras.
 non tamen indecorem tua te regina reliquit 845
 extrema iam in morte, neque hoc sine nomine letum
 per gentis erit aut famam patieris inultae.
 nam quicumque tuum violavit vulnere corpus
 morte luet merita.' fuit ingens monte sub alto
 regis Dercenni terreno ex aggere bustum 850
 antiqui Laurentis opacaque ilice tectum;
 hic dea se primum rapido pulcherrima nisu
 sistit et Arruntem tumulo speculatur ab alto.
 ut vidit fulgentem armis ac vana tumentem,
 'cur' inquit 'diversus abis? huc derige gressum, 855
 huc periture veni, capias ut digna Camillae
 praemia. tune etiam telis moriere Dianae?'
 dixit, et aurata volucrem Threissa sagittam
 deprompsit pharetra cornuque infensa tetendit
 et duxit longe, donec curvata coirent 860
 inter se capita et manibus iam tangeret aequis,
 laeva aciem ferri, dextra nervoque papillam.
 extemplo teli stridorem aurasque sonantis
 audiit una Arruns haesitque in corpore ferrum.
 illum expirantem socii atque extrema gementem 865
 oblitus ignoto camporum in pulvere linquunt;
 Opis ad aetherium pennis aufertur Olympum.

At once the twanging bow and sounding dart
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.
Him, beating with his heels in pangs of death,
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
The conqu'ring damsel, with expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress brings.

Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field,
And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.
The frightened soldiers, when their captains fly,
More on their speed than on their strength rely.
Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,
And spur their horses headlong to the town.
Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,
Not once they turn, but take their wounds behind.
These drop the shield, and those the lance forego,
Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.
The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,
Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten ground.
Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,
And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,
Rend heav'n with female shrieks, and wring their hands.
All pressing on, pursuers and pursued,
Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.
Some happy few escape: the throng too late
Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.
Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched sire
Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close,
But leave their friends excluded with their foes.
The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly shout;
'Tis terror all within, and slaughter all without.
Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,
Or, to the moats pursued, precipitate their fall.
The Latian virgins, valiant with despair,

Prima fugit domina amissa levis ala Camillae,
turbati fugiunt Rutuli, fugit acer Atinas,
disiectique duces desolatique manipuli 870
tuta petunt et equis aversi ad moenia tendunt.
nec quisquam instantis Teucros letumque ferentis
sustentare valet telis aut sistere contra,
sed laxos referunt umeris languentibus arcus,
quadripedumque putrem cursu quatit ungula campum. 875
volvitur ad muros caligine turbidus atra
pulvis, et e speculis percussae pectora matres
femineum clamorem ad caeli sidera tollunt.
qui cursu portas primi inrupere patentis,
hos inimica super mixto premit agmine turba, 880
nec miseram effugiunt mortem, sed limine in ipso,
moenibus in patriis atque inter tuta domorum
confixi exspirant animas. pars claudere portas,
nec sociis aperire viam nec moenibus audent
accipere orantis, oriturque miserrima caedes 885
defendentum armis aditus inque arma ruentum.
exclusi ante oculos lacrimantumque ora parentum
pars in praecipitis fossas urgente ruina
volvitur, immissis pars caeca et concita frenis
arietat in portas et duros obice postis. 890
ipsae de muris summo certamine matres
(monstrat amor verus patriae, ut videre Camillam)
tela manu trepidae iaciunt ac robore duro
stipitibus ferrum sudibusque imitantur obustis
praecipites, primaeque mori pro moenibus ardent. 895

Arm'd on the tow'rs, the common danger share:
So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd;
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.
Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw,
With imitated darts, to gall the foe.
Their lives for godlike freedom they bequeath,
And crowd each other to be first in death.

Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
With heavy tidings came th' unhappy maid:
"The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd;
The foes, entirely masters of the field,
Like a resistless flood, come rolling on:
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town."
Inflam'd with rage, (for so the Furies fire
The Daunian's breast, and so the Fates require,)
He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain.
Scarce was he gone, when to the straits, now freed
From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.
Thro' the black forest and the ferny brake,
Unknowingly secure, their way they take;
From the rough mountains to the plain descend,
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.
Both armies now in open fields are seen;
Nor far the distance of the space between.
Both to the city bend. Aeneas sees,
Thro' smoking fields, his hast'ning enemies;
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd;
But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town both armies lie,
While night with sable wings involves the sky.

Interea Turnum in silvis saevissimus implet
nuntius et iuveni ingentem fert Acca tumultum:
deletas Volscorum acies, cecidisse Camillam,
ingruere infensos hostis et Marte secundo
omnia corripuisse, metum iam ad moenia ferri. 900
ille furens (et saeva Iovis sic numina poscunt)
deserit obsessos collis, nemora aspera linquit.
vix e conspectu exierat campumque tenebat,
cum pater Aeneas saltus ingressus apertos
exsuperatque iugum silvaeque evadit opaca. 905
sic ambo ad muros rapidi totoque feruntur
agmine nec longis inter se passibus absunt;
ac simul Aeneas fumantis pulvere campos
prospexit longe Laurentiaque agmina vidit,
et saevum Aenean agnovit Turnus in armis 910
adventumque pedum flatusque audivit equorum.
continuoque ineant pugnas et proelia temptent,
ni roseus fessos iam gurgite Phoebus Hiberno
tingat equos noctemque die labente reducat.
considunt castris ante urbem et moenia vallant.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Aeneas to a single combat: articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Aeneas. He is miraculously cured by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.

When Turnus saw the Latins leave the field,
 Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd,
 Himself become the mark of public spite,
 His honour question'd for the promis'd fight;
 The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd,
 The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
 He rous'd his vigour for the last debate,
 And rais'd his haughty soul to meet his fate.
As, when the swains the Libyan lion chase,
 He makes a sour retreat, nor mends his pace;
 But, if the pointed jav'lin pierce his side,
 The lordly beast returns with double pride:
 He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain;
 His sides he lashes, and erects his mane:
 So Turnus fares; his eyeballs flash with fire,
 Thro' his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.
Trembling with rage, around the court he ran,
 At length approach'd the king, and thus began:
 "No more excuses or delays: I stand
 In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,
 This base deserter of his native land.
 The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
 The same conditions which himself did make.
 Renew the truce; the solemn rites prepare,

Turnus ut infractos adverso Marte Latinos
 defecisse videt, sua nunc promissa reposci,
 se signari oculis, ultro implacabilis ardet
 attollitque animos. Poenorum qualis in arvis
 saucius ille gravi venantum vulnere pectus 5
 tum demum movet arma leo, gaudetque comantis
 excutiens cervice toros fixumque latronis
 impavidus frangit telum et fremit ore cruento:
 haud secus accenso gliscit violentia Turno.
 tum sic adfatur regem atque ita turbidus inquit: 10
 'nulla mora in Turno; nihil est quod dicta retractent
 ignavi Aeneadae, nec quae pepigere recusent:
 congregior. fer sacra, pater, et concipe foedus.
 aut hac Dardanium dextra sub Tartara mittam
 desertorem Asiae (sedeant spectentque Latini), 15
 et solus ferro crimen commune refellam,
 aut habeat victos, cedat Lavinia coniunx.'

And to my single virtue trust the war.
The Latians unconcern'd shall see the fight;
This arm unaided shall assert your right:
Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain.”

To whom the king sedately thus replied:
“Brave youth, the more your valour has been tried,
The more becomes it us, with due respect,
To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.
You want not wealth, or a successive throne,
Or cities which your arms have made your own:
My towns and treasures are at your command,
And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land;
Laurentum more than one Lavinia sees,
Unmarried, fair, of noble families.
Now let me speak, and you with patience hear,
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear,
But sound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art.
The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
No prince Italian born should heir my throne:
Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.
Yet, won by worth that cannot be withstood,
Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife, who would not be denied,
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:
Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
All ties of treaties, and of honour, broke:
On your account I wag'd an impious war—
With what success, 'tis needless to declare;
I and my subjects feel, and you have had your share.
Twice vanquish'd while in bloody fields we strive,
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;

Olli sedato respondit corde Latinus:
'o praestans animi iuvenis, quantum ipse feroci
virtute exsuperas, tanto me impensius aequum est 20
consulere atque omnis metuentem expendere casus.
sunt tibi regna patris Dauni, sunt oppida capta
multa manu, nec non aurumque animusque Latino est;
sunt aliae innuptae Latio et Laurentibus arvis
nec genus indecores. sine me haec haud mollia fatu 25
sublatis aperire dolis, simul hoc animo hauri:
me natam nulli veterum sociare procorum
fas erat, idque omnes divique hominesque canebant.
victus amore tui, cognato sanguine victus
coniugis et maestae lacrimis, vincla omnia rupi; 30
promissam eripui genero, arma impia sumpsi.
ex illo qui me casus, quae, Turne, sequantur
bella, vides, quantos primus patiare labores.
bis magna victi pugna vix urbe tuemur
spes Italas; recalent nostro Thybrina fluenta 35
sanguine adhuc campique ingentes ossibus al bent.
quo referor totiens? quae mentem insania mutat?
si Turno extincto socios sum ascire paratus,
cur non incolumi potius certamina tollo?
quid consanguinei Rutuli, quid cetera dicet 40
Italia, ad mortem si te (fors dicta refutet!)
prodiderim, natam et conubia nostra petentem?
respice res bello varias, miserere parentis
longaevi, quem nunc maestum patria Ardea longe
dividit.' haudquaquam dictis violentia Turni 45
flectitur; exsuperat magis aegrescitque medendo.
ut primum fari potuit, sic institit ore:

The bones of Latians blanch the neighb'ring shore.
 Why put I not an end to this debate,
 Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?
 If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,
 Why should I not procure it whilst you live?
 Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,
 What would my kinsmen, the Rutulians, say?
 And, should you fall in fight, (which Heav'n defend!)
 How curse the cause which hasten'd to his end
 The daughter's lover and the father's friend?
 Weigh in your mind the various chance of war;
 Pity your parent's age, and ease his care."
Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain:
 The proffer'd medicine but provok'd the pain.
 The wrathful youth, disdaining the relief,
 With intermitting sobs thus vents his grief:
 "The care, O best of fathers, which you take
 For my concerns, at my desire forsake.
 Permit me not to languish out my days,
 But make the best exchange of life for praise.
 This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize;
 And the blood follows, where the weapon flies.
 His goddess mother is not near, to shroud
 The flying coward with an empty cloud."

But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
 And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife,
 Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
 In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath:
 "O Turnus, I adjure thee by these tears,
 And whate'er price Amata's honour bears
 Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope,
 My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop;
 Since on the safety of thy life alone
 Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:
 Refuse me not this one, this only pray'r,

'quam pro me curam geris, hanc precor, optime, pro me
 deponas letumque sinas pro laude pacisci.
 et nos tela, pater, ferrumque haud debile dextra 50
 spargimus, et nostro sequitur de vulnere sanguis.
 longe illi dea mater erit, quae nube fugacem
 feminea tegat et vanis sese occulat umbris.'

At regina nova pugnae conterrita sorte
 flebat et ardentem generum moritura tenebat: 55
 'Turne, per has ego te lacrimas, per si quis Amatae
 tangit honos animum: spes tu nunc una, senectae
 tu requies miserae, decus imperiumque Latini
 te penes, in te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.
 unum oro: desiste manum committere Teucris. 60
 qui te cumque manent isto certamine casus
 et me, Turne, manent; simul haec invisa relinquam
 lumina nec generum Aenean captiva videbo.'
 accepit vocem lacrimis Lavinia matris

To waive the combat, and pursue the war.
 Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,
 Think it includes, in thine, Amata's life.
 I cannot live a slave, or see my throne
 Usurp'd by strangers or a Trojan son."
At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
 A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
 Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.
 The driving colours, never at a stay,
 Run here and there, and flush, and fade away.
 Delightful change! Thus Indian iv'ry shows,
 Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows;
 Or lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring rose.
The lover gaz'd, and, burning with desire,
 The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:
 Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spite,
 Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.
 Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
 Firm to his first intent, he thus replies:
 "O mother, do not by your tears prepare
 Such boding omens, and prejudge the war.
 Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
 To shun my death, if Heav'n my death decree."
 Then turning to the herald, thus pursues:
 "Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news;
 Denounce from me, that, when tomorrow's light
 Shall gild the heav'ns, he need not urge the fight;
 The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
 Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shore:
 Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,
 And to the victor be the beauteous bride."

He said, and striding on, with speedy pace,
 He sought his coursers of the Thracian race.
 At his approach they toss their heads on high,
 And, proudly neighing, promise victory.

flagrantis perfusa genas, cui plurimus ignem 65
 subiecit rubor et calefacta per ora cucurrit.
 Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
 si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multa
 alba rosa, talis virgo dabat ore colores.
 illum turbat amor figitque in virgine vultus; 70
 ardet in arma magis paucisque adfatur Amatam:
 'ne, quaeso, ne me lacrimis neve omine tanto
 prosequere in duri certamina Martis euntem,
 o mater; neque enim Turno mora libera mortis.
 nuntius haec, Idmon, Phrygio mea dicta tyranno 75
 haud placitura refer. cum primum crastina caelo
 puniceis invecta rotis Aurora rubebit,
 non Teucros agat in Rutulos, Teucrum arma quiescant
 et Rutuli; nostro dirimamus sanguine bellum,
 illo quaeratur coniunx Lavinia campo.' 80

Haec ubi dicta dedit rapidusque in tecta recessit,
 poscit equos gaudetque tuens ante ora frementis,
 Pilumno quos ipsa decus dedit Orithyia,
 qui candore nives anteirent, cursibus auras.

The sires of these Orythia sent from far,
 To grace Pylumus, when he went to war.
 The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so white,
 Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their flight.
 Officious grooms stand ready by his side;
 And some with combs their flowing manes divide,
 And others stroke their chests and gently soothe their pride.
He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mass
 Of golden metal those, and mountain brass.
 Then to his head his glitt'ring helm he tied,
 And girt his faithful falchion to his side.
 In his Aetnaean forge, the God of Fire
 That falchion labour'd for the hero's sire;
 Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,
 And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.
 Propp'd on a pillar, which the ceiling bore,
 Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore;
 Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,
 The tough ash trembled like an osier wand:
 Then cried: "O pond'rous spoil of Actor slain,
 And never yet by Turnus toss'd in vain,
 Fail not this day thy wonted force; but go,
 Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe!
 Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,
 And from that eunuch head to rend the crest;
 Dragg'd in the dust, his frizzled hair to soil,
 Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant oil!"
Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies
 A fiery steam, and sparkles from his eyes.
 So fares the bull in his lov'd female's sight:
 Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight;
 He tries his goring horns against a tree,
 And meditates his absent enemy;
 He pushes at the winds; he digs the strand
 With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

circumstant properi aurigae manibusque lacesunt 85
 pectora plausa cavis et colla comantia pectunt.
 ipse dehinc auro squalentem alboque orichalco
 circumdat lorica umeris, simul aptat habendo
 ensemque clipeumque et rubrae cornua cristae,
 ensem quem Dauno ignipotens deus ipse parenti 90
 fecerat et Stygia candentem tinxerat unda.
 exim quae mediis ingenti adnixa columnae
 aedibus astabat, validam vi corripit hastam,
 Actoris Aurunci spolium, quassatque trementem
 vociferans: 'nunc, o numquam frustrata vocatus 95
 hasta meos, nunc tempus adest: te maximus Actor,
 te Turni nunc dextra gerit; da sternere corpus
 loricaeque manu valida lacerare revulsam
 semiviri Phrygis et foedare in pulvere crinis
 vibratos calido ferro murraque madentis.' 100
 his agitur furiis, totoque ardentis ab ore
 scintillae absistunt, oculis micat acribus ignis,
 mugitus veluti cum prima in proelia taurus
 terrificos ciet aut irasci in cornua temptat
 arboris obnixus trunco, ventosque lacescit 105
 ictibus aut sparsa ad pugnam proludit harena.

Nor less the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,
To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares
To terminate at once the ling'ring wars;
To cheer his chiefs and tender son, relates
What Heav'n had promis'd, and expounds the fates.
Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease
The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.

The morn ensuing, from the mountain's height,
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;
Th' ethereal coursers, bounding from the sea,
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day;
When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,
In friendly labour join'd, the list prepar'd.
Beneath the walls they measure out the space;
Then sacred altars rear, on sods of grass,
Where, with religious their common gods they place.
In purest white the priests their heads attire;
And living waters bear, and holy fire;
And, o'er their linen hoods and shaded hair,
Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear.
In order issuing from the town appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join:
Their various arms afford a pleasing sight;
A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for fight.
Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glitt'ring with gold, and vests in purple dyed;
Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian line,
And there Messapus, born of seed divine.
The sign is giv'n; and, round the listed space,
Each man in order fills his proper place.
Reclining on their ample shields, they stand,
And fix their pointed lances in the sand.

Nec minus interea maternis saevus in armis
Aeneas acuit Martem et se suscitatur ira,
oblato gaudens componi foedere bellum.
tum socios maestique metum solatur Iuli 110
fata docens, regique iubet responsa Latino
certa referre viros et pacis dicere leges.

Postera vix summos spargebat lumine montis
orta dies, cum primum alto se gurgite tollunt
Solis equi lucemque elatis naribus efflant: 115
campum ad certamen magnae sub moenibus urbis
dimensi Rutulique viri Teucrique parabant
in medioque focos et dis communibus aras
gramineas. alii fontemque ignemque ferebant
velati limo et verbena tempora vincti. 120
procedit legio Ausonidum, pilataque plenis
agmina se fundunt portis. hinc Troius omnis
Tyrrhenusque ruit variis exercitus armis,
haud secus instructi ferro quam si aspera Martis
pugna vocet. nec non mediis in milibus ipsi 125
ductores auro volitant ostroque superbi,
et genus Assaraci Mnestheus et fortis Asilas
et Messapus equum domitor, Neptunia proles;
utque dato signo spatia in sua quisque recessit,
defigunt tellure hastas et scuta reclinant. 130
tum studio effusae matres et vulgus inermum
invalidique senes turris ac tecta domorum
obsedere, alii portis sublimibus adstant.

Now, studious of the sight, a num'rous throng
Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,
Swarm the town: by those who rest behind,
The gates and walls and houses' tops are lin'd.

Meantime the Queen of Heav'n beheld the sight,
With eyes unpleas'd, from Mount Albano's height
(Since call'd Albano by succeeding fame,
But then an empty hill, without a name).
She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan pow'rs,
The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine tow'rs.
Then thus the goddess of the skies bespoke,
With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake,
King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,
Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd:
Compress'd by force, but, by the grateful god,
Now made the Nais of the neighb'ring flood.
"O nymph, the pride of living lakes," said she,
"O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me,
Long hast thou known, nor need I to record,
The wanton sallies of my wand'ring lord.
Of ev'ry Latian fair whom Jove misled
To mount by stealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace,
But gave a part of heav'n, and an unenvied place.
Now learn from me thy near approaching grief,
Nor think my wishes want to thy relief.
While fortune favour'd, nor Heav'n's King denied
To lend my succour to the Latian side,
I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state:
But now he struggles with unequal fate,
And goes, with gods averse, o'ermatch'd in might,
To meet inevitable death in fight;
Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the sight.
Thou, if thou dar'st thy present aid supply;
It well becomes a sister's care to try."

At Iuno ex summo (qui nunc Albanus habetur;
tum neque nomen erat neque honos aut gloria monti) 135
prospiciens tumulo campum aspectabat et ambas
Laurentum Troumque acies urbemque Latini.
extemplo Turni sic est adfata sororem
diva deam, stagnis quae fluminibusque sonoris
praesidet (hunc illi rex aetheris altus honorem 140
Iuppiter erepta pro virginitate sacravit):
'nympha, decus fluviorum, animo gratissima nostro,
scis ut te cunctis unam, quaecumque Latinae
magnanimi Iovis ingratum ascendere cubile,
praetulerim caelique libens in parte locarim: 145
disce tuum, ne me incuses, Iuturna, dolorem.
qua visa est Fortuna pati Parcaeque sinebant
cedere res Latio, Turnum et tua moenia texi;
nunc iuvenem imparibus video concurrere fati,
Parcarumque dies et vis inimica propinquat. 150
non pugnam aspicere hanc oculis, non foedera possum.
tu pro germano si quid praesentius audes,
perge; decet. forsan miseros meliora sequentur.'
vix ea, cum lacrimas oculis Iuturna profundit
terque quaterque manu pectus percussit honestum. 155
'non lacrimis hoc tempus' ait Saturnia Iuno:
'accelera et fratrem, si quis modus, eripe morti;
aut tu bella cie conceptumque excute foedus.
auctor ego audendi.' sic exhortata reliquit
incertam et tristi turbatam vulnere mentis. 160

At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.
To whom Saturnia thus: "Thy tears are late:
Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd from fate:
New tumults kindle; violate the truce:
Who knows what changeful fortune may produce?
'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree;
Or, if it were, discharge the crime on me."
She said, and, sailing on the winged wind,
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.

And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear:
Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear;
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the God of Day.
Two snowy coursers Turnus' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two massy spears he shook:
Then issued from the camp, in arms divine,
Aeneas, author of the Roman line;
And by his side Ascanius took his place,
The second hope of Rome's immortal race.
Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend priest appears,
And off'rings to the flaming altars bears;
A porket, and a lamb that never suffer'd shears.
Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,
And strews the beasts, design'd for sacrifice,
With salt and meal: with like officious care
He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.
Betwixt their horns the purple wine he sheds;
With the same gen'rous juice the flame he feeds.

Aeneas then unsheath'd his shining sword,
And thus with pious pray'rs the gods ador'd:
"All-seeing sun, and thou, Ausonian soil,
For which I have sustain'd so long a toil,
Thou, King of Heav'n, and thou, the Queen of Air,

Interea reges ingenti mole Latinus
quadriiugo vehitur curru (cui tempora circum
aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen), bigis it Turnus in albis,
bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro. 165
hinc pater Aeneas, Romanae stirpis origo,
sidereo flagrans clipeo et caelestibus armis
et iuxta Ascanius, magnae spes altera Romae,
procedunt castris, puraque in veste sacerdos
saetigeri fetum suis intonsamque bidentem 170
attulit admovitque pecus flagrantibus aris.
illi ad surgentem conversi lumina solem
dant fruges manibus salsas et tempora ferro
summa notant pecudum, paterisque altaria libant.

Tum pius Aeneas stricto sic ense precatur: 175
'esto nunc Sol testis et haec mihi terra vocanti,
quam propter tantos potui perferre labores,
et pater omnipotens et tu Saturnia coniunx
(iam melior, iam, diva, precor), tuque inclute Mavors,

Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r;
 Thou, God of War, whose unresisted sway
 The labours and events of arms obey;
 Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
 All pow'rs of ocean, all ethereal gods,
 Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
 Or, recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield,
 My Trojans shall encrease Evander's town;
 Ascanius shall renounce th' Ausonian crown:
 All claims, all questions of debate, shall cease;
 Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
 But, if my juster arms prevail in fight,
 (As sure they shall, if I divine aright,)
 My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign:
 Both equal, both unconquer'd shall remain,
 Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
 I ask but altars for my weary gods.
 The care of those religious rites be mine;
 The crown to King Latinus I resign:
 His be the sov'reign sway. Nor will I share
 His pow'r in peace, or his command in war.
 For me, my friends another town shall frame,
 And bless the rising tow'rs with fair Lavinia's name."

Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,
 The Latian king before his altar stands.
 "By the same heav'n," said he, "and earth, and main,
 And all the pow'rs that all the three contain;
 By hell below, and by that upper god
 Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with his nod;
 So let Latona's double offspring hear,
 And double-fronted Janus, what I swear:
 I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames,
 And all those pow'rs attest, and all their names;
 Whatever chance befall on either side,
 No term of time this union shall divide:

cuncta tuo qui bella, pater, sub numine torques; 180
 fontisque fluviosque voco, quaeque aetheris alti
 religio et quae caeruleo sunt numina ponto:
 cesserit Ausonio si fors victoria Turno,
 convenit Evandri victos discedere ad urbem,
 cedet Iulus agris, nec post arma ulla rebelles 185
 Aeneadae referent ferro haec regna lacescent.
 sin nostrum adnuerit nobis victoria Martem
 (ut potius reor et potius di numine firment),
 non ego nec Teucris Italos parere iubebo
 nec mihi regna peto: paribus se legibus ambae 190
 invictae gentes aeterna in foedera mittant.
 sacra deosque dabo; socer arma Latinus habeto,
 imperium sollemne socer; mihi moenia Teucri
 constituent urbique dabit Lavinia nomen.'

Sic prior Aeneas, sequitur sic deinde Latinus 195
 suspiciens caelum, tenditque ad sidera dextram:
 'haec eadem, Aenea, terram, mare, sidera, iuro
 Latonaeque genus duplex Ianumque bifrontem,
 vimque deum infernam et duri sacraria Ditis;
 audiat haec genitor qui foedera fulmine sancit. 200
 tango aras, medios ignis et numina testor:
 nulla dies pacem hanc Italis nec foedera rumpet,
 quo res cumque cadent; nec me vis ulla volentem
 avertet, non, si tellurem effundat in undas
 diluvio miscens caelumque in Tartara solvat, 205
 ut sceptrum hoc' (dextra sceptrum nam forte gerebat)

No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,
 Or shake the steadfast tenor of my mind;
 Not tho' the circling seas should break their bound,
 O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground;
 Not tho' the lamps of heav'n their spheres forsake,
 Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake:
 Ev'n as this royal scepter" (for he bore
 A scepter in his hand) "shall never more
 Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth:
 An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
 By the keen ax, dishonour'd of its hair,
 And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear."
When thus in public view the peace was tied
 With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,
 All dues perform'd which holy rites require;
 The victim beasts are slain before the fire,
 The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,
 And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.

Already the Rutulians deem their man
 O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
 First rising fears are whisper'd thro' the crowd;
 Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more aloud.
 Now, side to side, they measure with their eyes
 The champions' bulk, their sinews, and their size:
 The nearer they approach, the more is known
 Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.
 Turnus himself appears in public sight
 Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.
 Slowly he moves, and at his altar stands
 With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands;
 And, while he mutters undistinguish'd pray'rs,
 A livid deadness in his cheeks appears.
With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd
 Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude,
 When their short sighs and thick'ning sobs she heard,

'numquam fronde levi fundet virgulta nec umbras,
 cum semel in silvis imo de stirpe recisum
 matre caret posuitque comas et bracchia ferro,
 olim arbos, nunc artificis manus aere decoro 210
 inclusit patribusque dedit gestare Latinis.'
 talibus inter se firmabant foedera dictis
 conspectu in medio procerum. tum rite sacratas
 in flammam iugulant pecudes et viscera vivis
 eripiunt, cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras. 215

At vero Rutulis impar ea pugna videri
 iamdudum et vario misceri pectora motu,
 tum magis ut propius cernunt non viribus aequos.
 adiuvat incessu tacito progressus et aram
 suppliciter venerans demisso lumine Turnus 220
 pubentesque genae et iuvenali in corpore pallor.
 quem simul ac Iuturna soror crebrescere vidit
 sermonem et vulgi variare labantia corda,
 in medias acies formam adsimulata Camerti,
 cui genus a proavis ingens clarumque paternae 225
 nomen erat virtutis, et ipse acerrimus armis,
 in medias dat sese acies haud nescia rerum
 rumoresque serit varios ac talia fatur:
 'non pudet, o Rutuli, pro cunctis talibus unam
 obiectare animam? numerone an viribus aequi 230
 non sumus? en, omnes et Troes et Arcades hi sunt,
 fatalisque manus, infensa Etruria Turno:

And found their ready minds for change prepar'd;
Dissembling her immortal form, she took
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look;
A chief of ancient blood; in arms well known
Was his great sire, and he his greater son.
His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
And humoring their first motions, thus began:
"For shame, Rutulians, can you bear the sight
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
Can we, before the face of heav'n, confess
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian band,
And Tuscan army; count 'em as they stand:
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce ev'ry second man will share a foe.
Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife,
Shall lose, with honour, his devoted life,
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
But you, a servile and inglorious band,
For foreign lords shall sow your native land,
Those fruitful fields your fighting fathers gain'd,
Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd."

With words like these, she carried her design:
A rising murmur runs along the line.
Then ev'n the city troops, and Latians, tir'd
With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd:
Their champion's fate with pity they lament,
And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.
Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage;
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes,
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprise.
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:

vix hostem, alterni si congrediamur, habemus.
ille quidem ad superos, quorum se devovet aris,
succedet fama vivusque per ora feretur; 235
nos patria amissa dominis parere superbis
cogemur, qui nunc lentī consedimus arvis.'

Talibus incensa est iuvenum sententia dictis
iam magis atque magis, serpitque per agmina murmur:
ipsi Laurentes mutati ipsique Latini. 240
qui sibi iam requiem pugnae rebusque salutem
sperabant, nunc arma volunt foedusque precantur
infectum et Turni sortem miserantur iniquam.
his aliud maius Iuturna adiungit et alto
dat signum caelo, quo non praesentius ullum 245
turbavit mentes Italas monstroque fefellit.
namque volans rubra fulvus Iovis ales in aethra
litoreas agitabat avis turbamque sonantem
agminis aligeri, subito cum lapsus ad undas

A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes,
 And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes;
 Then, stooping on the fairest of the train,
 In his strong talons truss'd a silver swan.
 Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight;
 But, while he lags, and labours in his flight,
 Behold, the dastard fowl return anew,
 And with united force the foe pursue:
 Clam'rous around the royal hawk they fly,
 And, thick'ning in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.
 They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy course;
 Nor can th' incumber'd bird sustain their force;
 But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous prey,
 And, lighten'd of his burthen, wings his way.

Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the sight,
 Eager of action, and demand the fight.
 Then King Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts,
 Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts:
 "At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd!
 This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
 Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey.
 Advance, my friends, and charge! I lead the way.
 These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,
 Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:
 But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea
 By strength united, and forego the prey.
 Your timely succour to your country bring,
 Haste to the rescue, and redeem your king."
He said; and, pressing onward thro' the crew,
 Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
 The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
 Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd.
 At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
 At once tumultuous shouts and clamours rise.
 Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,

cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis. 250
 arrexere animos Itali, cunctaeque volucres
 convertunt clamore fugam (mirabile visu),
 aetheraque obscurant pennis hostemque per auras
 facta nube premunt, donec vi victus et ipso
 pondere defecit praedamque ex unguibus ales 255
 proiecit fluvio, penitusque in nubila fugit.

Tum vero augurium Rutuli clamore salutant
 expediuntque manus, primusque Tolumnius augur
 'hoc erat, hoc votis' inquit 'quod saepe petivi.
 accipio agnoscoque deos; me, me duce ferrum 260
 corripite, o miseri, quos improbus advena bello
 territat invalidas ut avis, et litora vestra
 vi populat. petet ille fugam penitusque profundo
 vela dabit. vos unanimi densete catervas
 et regem vobis pugna defendite raptum.' 265
 dixit, et adversos telum contorsit in hostis
 procurrens; sonitum dat stridula cornus et auras
 certa secat. simul hoc, simul ingens clamor et omnes
 turbati cunei calefactaque corda tumultu.
 hasta volans, ut forte novem pulcherrima fratrum 270
 corpora constiterant contra, quos fida crearat
 una tot Arcadio coniunx Tyrrhena Gylippo,
 horum unum ad medium, teritur qua sutilis aluo
 balteus et laterum iuncturas fibula mordet,
 egregium forma iuvenem et fulgentibus armis, 275
 transadigit costas fulvaeque effundit harena.
 at fratres, animosa phalanx accensaque luctu,

Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood,
 Gylippus' sons: the fatal jav'lin flew,
 Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.
 A passage thro' the jointed arms it found,
 Just where the belt was to the body bound,
 And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground.
 Then, fir'd with pious rage, the gen'rous train
 Run madly forward to revenge the slain.
 And some with eager haste their jav'lins throw;
 And some with sword in hand assault the foe.
The wish'd insult the Latine troops embrace,
 And meet their ardour in the middle space.
 The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,
 With equal courage obviate their design.
 Peace leaves the violated fields, and hate
 Both armies urges to their mutual fate.
 With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd,
 The sacrifice half-broil'd, and half-unburn'd.
 Thick storms of steel from either army fly,
 And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky;
 Brands from the fire are missive weapons made,
 With chargers, bows, and all the priestly trade.
 Latinus, frighted, hastens from the fray,
 And bears his unregarded gods away.

These on their horses vault; those yoke the car;
 The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the war.
Messapus, eager to confound the peace,
 Spurr'd his hot courser thro' the fighting press,
 At King Aulestes, by his purple known
 A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown;
 And, with a shock encount'ring, bore him down.
 Backward he fell; and, as his fate design'd,
 The ruins of an altar were behind:
 There, pitching on his shoulders and his head,
 Amid the scatt'ring fires he lay supinely spread.

pars gladios stringunt manibus, pars missile ferrum
 corripunt caecique ruunt. quos agmina contra
 procurrunt Laurentum, hinc densi rursus inundant 280
 Troes Agyllinique et pictis Arcades armis:
 sic omnis amor unus habet decernere ferro.
 diripere aras, it toto turbida caelo
 tempestas telorum ac ferreus ingruit imber,
 craterasque focosque ferunt. fugit ipse Latinus 285
 pulsatos referens infecto foedere divos.

Infrenant alii currus aut corpora saltu
 subiciunt in equos et strictis ensibus adsunt.
 Messapus regem regisque insigne gerentem
 Tyrrhenum Aulesten, avidus confundere foedus, 290
 adverso proterret equo; ruit ille recedens
 et miser oppositis a tergo involvitur aris
 in caput inque umeros. at fervidus advolat hasta
 Messapus teloque orantem multa trabali
 desuper altus equo graviter ferit atque ita fatur: 295
 'hoc habet, haec melior magnis data victima divis.'
 concurrunt Itali spoliantque calentia membra.

The beamy spear, descending from above,
 His cuirass pierc'd, and thro' his body drove.
 Then, with a scornful smile, the victor cries:
 "The gods have found a fitter sacrifice."
 Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead
 Of his rich armour, and uncrown his head.
Priest Corynaeus, arm'd his better hand,
 From his own altar, with a blazing brand;
 And, as Ebusus with a thund'ring pace
 Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face:
 His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires;
 The crackling crop a noisome scent expires.
 Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown
 With his left hand; his other cast him down.
 The prostrate body with his knees he press'd,
 And plung'd his holy poniard in his breast.
While Podalirius, with his sword, pursued
 The shepherd Alsus thro' the flying crowd,
 Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow
 Full on the front of his unwary foe.
 The broad ax enters with a crashing sound,
 And cleaves the chin with one continued wound;
 Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms around
 An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,
 And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.

But good Aeneas rush'd amid the bands;
 Bare was his head, and naked were his hands,
 In sign of truce: then thus he cries aloud:
 "What sudden rage, what new desire of blood,
 Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans, cease
 From impious arms, nor violate the peace!
 By human sanctions, and by laws divine,
 The terms are all agreed; the war is mine.
 Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;

obvius ambustum torrem Corynaeus ab ara
 corripit et venienti Ebyso plagamque ferenti
 occupat os flammis: olli ingens barba reluxit 300
 nidoremque ambusta dedit. super ipse secutus
 caesariem laeva turbati corripit hostis
 impressoque genu nitens terrae applicat ipsum;
 sic rigido latus ense ferit. Podalirius Alsum
 pastorem primaque acie per tela ruentem 305
 ense sequens nudo superimminet; ille securi
 adversi frontem mediam mentumque reducta
 dissicit et sparso late rigat arma cruore.
 olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget
 somnus, in aeternam conduntur lumina noctem. 310

At pius Aeneas dextram tendebat inermem
 nudato capite atque suos clamore vocabat:
 'quo ruitis? quaeve ista repens discordia surgit?
 o cohibete iras! ictum iam foedus et omnes
 compositae leges. mihi ius concurrere soli; 315
 me sinite atque auferte metus. ego foedera faxo
 firma manu; Turnum debent haec iam mihi sacra.'
 has inter voces, media inter talia verba
 ecce viro stridens alis adlapsa sagitta est,

This hand alone shall right the gods and you:
 Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
 To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe.”
Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defence,
 A winged arrow struck the pious prince.
 But, whether from some human hand it came,
 Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:
 No human hand or hostile god was found,
 To boast the triumph of so base a wound.
When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,
 His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train,
 Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires:
 At once his arms and coursers he requires;
 Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
 And with a ready hand assumes the reins.
 He drives impetuous, and, where'er he goes,
 He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.
 These his lance reaches; over those he rolls
 His rapid car, and crushes out their souls:
 In vain the vanquish'd fly; the victor sends
 The dead men's weapons at their living friends.
 Thus, on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood,
 The God of Battles, in his angry mood,
 Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,
 Let loose the reins, and scours along the field:
 Before the wind his fiery coursers fly;
 Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
 Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair
 (Dire faces, and deform'd) surround the car;
 Friends of the god, and followers of the war.
 With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,
 Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:
 His smoking horses, at their utmost speed,
 He lashes on, and urges o'er the dead.
 Their fetlocks run with blood; and, when they bound,
 The gore and gath'ring dust are dash'd around.

incertum qua pulsa manu, quo turbine adacta, 320
 quis tantam Rutulis laudem, casusne deusne,
 attulerit; pressa est insignis gloria facti,
 nec sese Aeneae iactavit vulnere quisquam.
 Turnus ut Aenean cedentem ex agmine vidit
 turbatosque duces, subita spe fervidus ardet; 325
 poscit equos atque arma simul, saltuque superbus
 emicat in currum et manibus molitur habenas.
 multa virum volitans dat fortia corpora leto.
 seminecis volvit multos: aut agmina curru
 proterit aut raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas. 330
 qualis apud gelidi cum flumina concitus Hebri
 sanguineus Mavors clipeo increpat atque furentis
 bella movens immittit equos, illi aequore aperto
 ante Notos Zephyrumque volant, gemit ultima pulsu
 Thraca pedum circumque atrae Formidinis ora 335
 Iraeque Insidiaeque, dei comitatus, aguntur:
 talis equos alacer media inter proelia Turnus
 fumantis sudore quatit, miserabile caesis
 hostibus insultans; spargit rapida ungula rores
 sanguineos mixtaque cruor calcatur harena. 340
 iamque neci Sthenelumque dedit Thamyrumque Pholumque,
 hunc congressus et hunc, illum eminus; eminus ambo
 Imbrasidas, Glaucum atque Laden, quos Imbrasmus ipse
 nutrierat Lycia paribusque ornaverat armis
 vel conferre manum vel equo praevertere ventos. 345

Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,
He kill'd at hand, but Sthenelus afar:
From far the sons of Imbracus he slew,
Glaucus and Lades, of the Lycian crew;
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd,
Or mount the courser that outstrips the wind.

Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in the field,
New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.
This son of Dolon bore his grandsire's name,
But emulated more his father's fame;
His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,
The Grecian camp and order to descry:
Hard enterprise! and well he might require
Achilles' car and horses, for his hire:
But, met upon the scout, th' Aetolian prince
In death bestow'd a juster recompense.
Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar,
And launch'd his jav'lin from his lofty car;
Then lightly leaping down, pursued the blow,
And, pressing with his foot his prostrate foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword,
And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord.
"Possess," said he, "the fruit of all thy pains,
And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains.
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand;
Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the land!"
Then Dares, Butes, Sybaris he slew,
Whom o'er his neck his flound'ring courser threw.
As when loud Boreas, with his blust'ring train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
Where'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
And rolls the billows on th' Aegaeon shore:
So, where resistless Turnus takes his course,
The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force;
His crest of horses' hair is blown behind

Parte alia media Eumedes in proelia fertur,
antiqui proles bello praeclara Dolonis,
nomine avum referens, animo manibusque parentem,
qui quondam, castra ut Danaum speculator adiret,
ausus Pelidae pretium sibi poscere currus; 350
illum Tydides alio pro talibus ausis
adfecit pretio nec equis aspirat Achilli.
hunc procul ut campo Turnus prospexit aperto,
ante levi iaculo longum per inane secutus
sistit equos biiugis et curru desilit atque 355
semianimi lapsoque supervenit, et pede collo
impresso dextrae mucronem extorquet et alto
fulgentem tingit iugulo atque haec insuper addit:
'en agros et, quam bello, Troiane, petisti,
Hesperiam metire iacens: haec praemia, qui me 360
ferro ausi temptare, ferunt, sic moenia condunt.'
huic comitem Asbyten coniecta cuspide mittit
Chloreaque Sybarimque Daretaque Thersilochumque
et sternacis equi lapsum cervice Thymoeten.
ac velut Edoni Boreae cum spiritus alto 365
insonat Aegaeo sequiturque ad litora fluctus,
qua venti incubuere, fugam dant nubila caelo:
sic Turno, quacumque viam secut, agmina cedunt
conversaeque ruunt acies; fert impetus ipsum
et cristam adverso curru quatit aura volantem. 370
non tulit instantem Phegeus animisque frementem
obiecit sese ad currum et spumantia frenis
ora citatorum dextra detorsit equorum.
dum trahitur pendetque iugis, hunc lata relectum

By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.
This haughty Phegeus saw with high disdain,
 And, as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
 Light from the ground he leapt, and seiz'd the rein.
 Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold,
 The coursers frightened, and their course controll'd.
 The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
 And pierc'd his plated arms, but pass'd along,
 And only raz'd the skin. He turn'd, and held
 Against his threat'ning foe his ample shield;
 Then call'd for aid: but, while he cried in vain,
 The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
 He lies revers'd; the victor king descends,
 And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
 He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk
 With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.

While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,
 The wounded prince is forc'd to leave the field:
 Strong Mnestheus, and Achates often tried,
 And young Ascanius, weeping by his side,
 Conduct him to his tent. Scarce can he rear
 His limbs from earth, supported on his spear.
 Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
 He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
 The steel remains. No readier way he found
 To draw the weapon, than t' enlarge the wound.
 Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
 He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.
Iapis was at hand to prove his art,
 Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's heart,
 That, for his love, he proffer'd to bestow
 His tuneful harp and his unerring bow.
 The pious youth, more studious how to save
 His aged sire, now sinking to the grave,
 Preferr'd the pow'r of plants, and silent praise

lancea consequitur rumpitque infix a bilicem 375
 lorica m et summum degustat vulnere corpus.
 ille tamen clipeo obiecto conversus in hostem
 ibat et auxilium ducto mucrone petebat,
 cum rota praecipitem et procursu concitus axis
 impulit effunditque solo, Turnusque secutus 380
 imam inter galeam summi thoracis et oras
 abstulit ense caput truncumque reliquit harenae.

Atque ea dum campis victor dat funera Turnus,
 interea Aeneas Mnestheus et fidus Achates
 Ascaniusque comes castris statuere cruentum 385
 alternos longa nitentem cuspide gressus.
 saevit et infracta luctatur harundine telum
 eripere auxilioque viam, quae proxima, poscit:
 ense secant lato vulnus telique latebram
 rescindant penitus, seseque in bella remittant. 390
 iamque aderat Phoebus ante alios dilectus Iapyx
 Iasides, acri quondam cui captus amore
 ipse suas artis, sua munera, laetus Apollo
 augurium citharamque dabat celerisque sagittas.
 ille, ut depositi proferret fata parentis, 395
 scire potestates herbarum usumque medendi
 maluit et mutas agitare inglorius artis.
 stabat acerba fremens ingentem nixus in hastam
 Aeneas magno iuvenum et maerentis Iuli
 concursu, lacrimis immobilis. ille retorto 400
 Paeonium in morem senior succinctus amictu

Of healing arts, before Phoebian bays.
Propp'd on his lance the pensive hero stood,
And heard and saw, unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heav'nly art.
All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,
He presses out, and pours their noble juice.
These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd:
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
Meantime the war approaches to the tents;
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:
The driving dust proclaims the danger near;
And first their friends, and then their foes appear:
Their friends retreat; their foes pursue the rear.
The camp is fill'd with terror and affright:
The hissing shafts within the trench alight;
An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky,
The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those who die.

But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.
A branch of healing dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought:
Rough is the stern, which woolly leafs surround;
The leafs with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple crown'd,
Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd, and brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambrosian dews,
And odorous panacee. Unseen she stands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands,

multa manu medica Phoebique potentibus herbis
nequiquam trepidat, nequiquam spicula dextra
sollicitat prensatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
nulla viam Fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo 405
subvenit, et saevus campis magis ac magis horror
crebrescit propiusque malum est. iam pulvere caelum
stare vident: subeunt equites et spicula castris
densa cadunt mediis. it tristis ad aethera clamor
bellantum iuvenum et duro sub Marte cadentum. 410

Hic Venus indigno nati concussa dolore
dictamnum genetrix Cretaea carpit ab Ida,
puberibus caulem foliis et flore comantem
purpureo; non illa feris incognita capris
gramina, cum tergo volucres haesere sagittae. 415
hoc Venus obscuro faciem circumdata nimbo
detulit, hoc fusum labris splendentibus amnem
inficit occulte medicans, spargitque salubris
ambrosiae sucos et odoriferam panaceam.
fov it ea vulnus lymph a longaevus Iap yx 420
ignorans, subitoque omnis de corpore fugit
quippe dolor, omnis stetit imo vulnere sanguis.

And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
 With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the wound.
 The leech, unknowing of superior art
 Which aids the cure, with this foment the part;
 And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
 Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
 The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,
 Moves up, and follows of its own accord,
 And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
 Iapis first perceiv'd the closing wound,
 And first the footsteps of a god he found.
 "Arms! arms!" he cries; "the sword and shield prepare,
 And send the willing chief, renew'd, to war.
 This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
 Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.
 Some god our general to the battle sends;
 nephew Some god preserves his life for greater ends."
The hero arms in haste; his hands infold
 His thighs with cuishes of refulgent gold:
 Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
 That hand sustaining the celestial shield,
 This gripes the lance, and with such vigour shakes,
 That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.
 Then with a close embrace he strain'd his son,
 And, kissing thro' his helmet, thus begun:
 "My son, from my example learn the war,
 In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare;
 But happier chance than mine attend thy care!
 This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
 And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:
 Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth
 To toils of war, be mindful of my worth;
 Assert thy birthright, and in arms be known,
 For Hector's nephew, and Aeneas' son."

iamque secuta manum nullo cogente sagitta
 excidit, atque novae rediere in pristina vires.
 'arma citi properate viro! quid statis?' Iapyx 425
 conclamat primusque animos accendit in hostem.
 'non haec humanis opibus, non arte magistra
 proveniunt, neque te, Aenea, mea dextera servat:
 maior agit deus atque opera ad maiora remittit.'
 ille avidus pugnae suras incluserat auro 430
 hinc atque hinc oditque moras hastamque coruscat.
 postquam habilis lateri clipeus loricaque tergo est,
 Ascanium fuis circum complectitur armis
 summaque per galeam delibans oscula fatur:
 'disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem, 435
 fortunam ex aliis. nunc te mea dextera bello
 defensum dabit et magna inter praemia ducet.
 tu facito, mox cum matura adoleverit aetas,
 sis memor et te animo repetentem exempla tuorum
 et pater Aeneas et avunculus excitet Hector.' 440

He said; and, striding, issued on the plain.
 Anteus and Mnestheus, and a num'rous train,
 Attend his steps; the rest their weapons take,
 And, crowding to the field, the camp forsake.
 A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around,
 Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.
Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far
 Beheld the progress of the moving war:
 With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains,
 And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
 Juturna saw th' advancing troops appear,
 And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.
 Aeneas leads; and draws a sweeping train,
 Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
 As when a whirlwind, rushing to the shore
 From the mid ocean, drives the waves before;
 The painful hind with heavy heart foresees
 The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees;
 With like impetuous rage the prince appears
 Before his doubled front, nor less destruction bears.
 And now both armies shock in open field;
 Osiris is by strong Thymbraeus kill'd.
 Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain
 (All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train)
 By Gyas', Mnestheus', and Achates' hand.
 The fatal augur falls, by whose command
 The truce was broken, and whose lance, embrued
 With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd.
 Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky,
 And o'er the field the frightened Latins fly.
 The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,
 Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few;
 Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain,
 He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.

Haec ubi dicta dedit, portis sese extulit ingens
 telum immane manu quatiens; simul agmine denso
 Antheusque Mnestheusque ruunt, omnisque relictis
 turba fluit castris. tum caeco pulvere campus
 miscetur pulsuque pedum tremit excita tellus. 445
 vidit ab adverso venientis aggere Turnus,
 videre Ausonii, gelidusque per ima cucurrit
 ossa tremor; prima ante omnis Iuturna Latinos
 audiit agnovitque sonum et tremefacta refugit.
 ille volat campoque atrum rapit agmen aperto. 450
 qualis ubi ad terras abrupto sidere nimbus
 it mare per medium (miseris, heu, praescia longe
 horrescunt corda agricolis: dabit ille ruinas
 arboribus stragemque satis, ruet omnia late),
 ante volant sonitumque ferunt ad litora venti: 455
 talis in adversos ductor Rhoeteius hostis
 agmen agit, densi cuneis se quisque coactis
 adglomerant. ferit ense gravem Thymbraeus Osirim,
 Arcetium Mnestheus, Epulonem obtruncat Achates
 Ufentemque Gyas; cadit ipse Tolumnius augur, 460
 primus in adversos telum qui torserat hostis.
 tollitur in caelum clamor, versique vicissim
 pulverulenta fuga Rutuli dant terga per agros.
 ipse neque aversos dignatur sternere morti
 nec pede congressos aequo nec tela ferentis 465
 insequitur: solum densa in caligine Turnum
 vestigat lustrans, solum in certamina poscit.

Juturna heard, and, seiz'd with mortal fear,
 Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;
 Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien,
 And, like Metiscus, in his seat is seen.
 As the black swallow near the palace plies;
 O'er empty courts, and under arches, flies;
 Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,
 To furnish her loquacious nest with food:
 So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains;
 The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.
 She steers a various course among the foes;
 Now here, now there, her conqu'ring brother shows;
 Now with a straight, now with a wheeling flight,
 She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight.
 Aeneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,
 And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:
 He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
 To stop the chariot; but the chariot flies.
 If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears,
 And far away the Daunian hero bears.
What should he do! Nor arts nor arms avail;
 And various cares in vain his mind assail.
 The great Messapus, thund'ring thro' the field,
 In his left hand two pointed jav'lins held:
 Encount'ring on the prince, one dart he drew,
 And with unerring aim and utmost vigour threw.
 Aeneas saw it come, and, stooping low
 Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threat'ning blow.
 The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore
 The waving plume which on his helm he wore.
 Forced by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,
 That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight,
 The Prince, whose piety had long repell'd
 His inborn ardour, now invades the field;
 Invokes the pow'rs of violated peace,
 Their rites and injur'd altars to redress;

Hoc concussa metu mentem Iuturna virago
 aurigam Turni media inter lora Metiscum
 excutit et longe lapsum temone reliquit; 470
 ipsa subit manibusque undantis flectit habenas
 cuncta gerens, vocemque et corpus et arma Metisci.
 nigra velut magnas domini cum divitis aedes
 pervolat et pennis alta atria lustrat hirundo
 pabula parva legens nidisque loquacibus escas, 475
 et nunc porticibus vacuis, nunc umida circum
 stagna sonat: similis medios Iuturna per hostis
 fertur equis rapidoque volans obit omnia curru,
 iamque hic germanum iamque hic ostentat ovantem
 nec conferre manum patitur, volat avia longe. 480
 haud minus Aeneas tortos legit obviis orbis,
 vestigatque virum et disiecta per agmina magna
 voce vocat. quotiens oculos coniecit in hostem
 alipedumque fugam cursu temptavit equorum,
 aversos totiens currus Iuturna retorsit. 485
 heu, quid agat? vario nequiquam fluctuat aestu,
 diversaeque vocant animum in contraria curae.
 huic Messapus, uti laeva duo forte gerebat
 lenta, levis cursu, praefixa hastilia ferro,
 horum unum certo contorquens derigit ictu. 490
 substitit Aeneas et se collegit in arma
 poplite subsidens; apicem tamen incita summum
 hasta tulit summasque excussit vertice cristas.
 tum vero adsurgunt irae, insidiisque subactus,
 diversos ubi sensit equos currumque referri, 495
 multa Iovem et laesi testatus foederis aras
 iam tandem invadit medios et Marte secundo
 terribilis saevam nullo discrimine caedem
 suscitatur, irarumque omnis effundit habenas.

Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.

What god can tell, what numbers can display,
The various labours of that fatal day;
What chiefs and champions fell on either side,
In combat slain, or by what deaths they died;
Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd;
Who shar'd the fame and fortune of the field!
Jove, could'st thou view, and not avert thy sight,
Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,
Whom leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite!

Aeneas first Rutulian Sucro found,
Whose valour made the Trojans quit their ground;
Betwixt his ribs the jav'lin drove so just,
It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.
Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren slew;
First from his horse fierce Amycus he threw:
Then, leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.

Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place;
Their heads, distilling gore, his chariot grace.

Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw,
Whom without respite at one charge he slew:
Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppress'd,
And sad Onythes, added to the rest,
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.

Turnus two brothers from the Lycian shore,
And from Apollo's fane to battle sent,
O'erthrew; nor Phoebus could their fate prevent.
Peaceful Menoetes after these he kill'd,
Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:
On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread;
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces, he knew,
But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew:

Quis mihi nunc tot acerba deus, quis carmine caedes 500
diversas obitumque ducum, quos aequore toto
inque vicem nunc Turnus agit, nunc Troius heros,
expediat? tanton placuit concurrere motu,
Iuppiter, aeterna gentis in pace futuras?
Aeneas Rutulum Sucronem (ea prima ruentis 505
pugna loco statuit Teucros) haud multa morantem
excipit in latus et, qua fata celerrima, crudum
transadigit costas et cratis pectoris ensem.
Turnus equo deiectum Amycum fratremque Dioren,
congressus pedes, hunc venientem cuspidе longa, 510
hunc mucrone ferit, curruque abscisa duorum
suspendit capita et rorantia sanguine portat.
ille Talon Tanaimque neci fortemque Cethegum,
tris uno congressu, et maestum mittit Oniten,
nomen Echionium matrisque genus Peridiae; 515
hic fratres Lycia missos et Apollinis agris
et iuvenem exosum nequiquam bella Menoeten,
Arcada, piscosae cui circum flumina Lernaе
ars fuerat pauperque domus nec nota potentum
munera, conductaque pater tellure serebat. 520
ac velut immissi diversis partibus ignes
arentem in silvam et virgulta sonantia lauro,
aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis
dant sonitum spumosi amnes et in aequora currunt
quisque suum populatus iter: non segnius ambo 525
Aeneas Turnusque ruunt per proelia; nunc, nunc
fluctuat ira intus, rumpuntur nescia vinci
pectora, nunc totis in vulnera viribus itur.

Poor was his house; his father's painful hand
 Discharg'd his rent, and plow'd another's land.
As flames among the lofty woods are thrown
 On diff'rent sides, and both by winds are blown;
 The laurels crackle in the sputt'ring fire;
 The frightened sylvans from their shades retire:
 Or as two neighb'ring torrents fall from high;
 Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry;
 They roll to sea with unresisted force,
 And down the rocks precipitate their course:
 Not with less rage the rival heroes take
 Their diff'rent ways, nor less destruction make.
 With spears afar, with swords at hand, they strike;
 And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.
 Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field;
 And hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield:
 They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
 And heaps of bodies raise the level ground.

Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
 From a long royal race of Latian kings,
 Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
 Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone:
 Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels, that bore
 His living load, his dying body tore.
 His starting steeds, to shun the glitt'ring sword,
 Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.
Fierce Hyllus threaten'd high, and, face to face,
 Affronted Turnus in the middle space:
 The prince encounter'd him in full career,
 And at his temples aim'd the deadly spear;
 So fatally the flying weapon sped,
 That thro' his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.
 Nor, Cisseus, couldst thou scape from Turnus' hand,
 In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian band:
 Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford

Murranum hic, atavos et avorum antiqua sonantem
 nomina per regesque actum genus omne Latinos, 530
 praecipitem scopulo atque ingentis turbine saxi
 excutit effunditque solo; hunc lora et iuga subter
 provolvere rotae, crebro super ungula pulsu
 incita nec domini memorum proculcat equorum.
 ille ruenti Hyllō animisque immane frementi 535
 occurrit telumque aurata ad tempora torquet:
 olli per galeam fixo stetit hasta cerebro.
 dextera nec tua te, Graium fortissime Cretheu,
 eripuit Turno, nec di texere Cupencum
 Aenea veniente sui: dedit obvia ferro 540
 pectora, nec misero clipei mora profuit aerei.
 te quoque Laurentes viderunt, Aeole, campi
 oppetere et late terram consternere tergo.
 occidis, Argivae quem non potuere phalanges
 sternere nec Priami regnorum eversor Achilles; 545

Availing aid against th' Aenean sword,
Which to his naked heart pursued the course;
Nor could his plated shield sustain the force.
Iolas fell, whom not the Grecian pow'rs,
Nor great subverter of the Trojan tow'rs,
Were doom'd to kill, while Heav'n prolong'd his date;
But who can pass the bounds, prefix'd by fate?
In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy, he held
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty man, the last remains
A little spot of foreign earth contains.

And now both hosts their broken troops unite
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.
Seresthus and undaunted Mnestheus join
The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line:
Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.
They strike, they push, they throng the scanty space,
Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace;
And, where one falls, another fills his place.

The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son
To leave th' unfinish'd fight, and storm the town:
For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain
In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,
He views th' unguarded city from afar,
In careless quiet, and secure of war.
Occasion offers, and excites his mind
To dare beyond the task he first design'd.
Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight:
Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring height;
The crowding troops about their gen'ral stand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince: "Hear and obey,
Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay
Jove is with us; and what I have decreed

hic tibi mortis erant metae, domus alta sub Ida,
Lyrnesi domus alta, solo Laurente sepulcrum.
totae adeo conversae acies omnesque Latini,
omnes Dardanidae, Mnestheus acerque Serestus
et Messapus equum domitor et fortis Asilas 550
Tuscorumque phalanx Evandrique Arcades alae,
pro se quisque viri summa nituntur opum vi;
nec mora nec requies, vasto certamine tendunt.

Hic mentem Aeneae genetrix pulcherrima misit
iret ut ad muros urbique adverteret agmen 555
ocius et subita turbaret clade Latinos.
ille ut vestigans diversa per agmina Turnum
huc atque huc acies circumtulit, aspicit urbem
immunem tanti belli atque impune quietam.
continuo pugnae accendit maioris imago: 560
Mnesthea Sergestumque vocat fortemque Serestum
ductores, tumulumque capit quo cetera Teucrum
concurrit legio, nec scuta aut spicula densi
deponunt. celso medius stans aggere fatur:
'ne qua meis esto dictis mora, Iuppiter hac stat, 565
neu quis ob inceptum subitum mihi segnior ito.
urbem hodie, causam belli, regna ipsa Latini,
ni frenum accipere et victi parere fatentur,

Requires our utmost vigour, and our speed.
 Your instant arms against the town prepare,
 The source of mischief, and the seat of war.
 This day the Latian tow'rs, that mate the sky,
 Shall level with the plain in ashes lie:
 The people shall be slaves, unless in time
 They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
 Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain:
 Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain?
 Your force against the perjur'd city bend.
 There it began, and there the war shall end.
 The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires;
 Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires."
He finish'd; and, one soul inspiring all,
 Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
 Without the town, an unprovided train
 Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.
 Some firebrands, others scaling ladders bear,
 And those they toss aloft, and these they rear:
 The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,
 And clouds of missive arms obscure the sky.
 Advancing to the front, the hero stands,
 And, stretching out to heav'n his pious hands,
 Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,
 Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian prince;
 Declares the royal honour doubly stain'd,
 And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.
Dissenting clamours in the town arise;
 Each will be heard, and all at once advise.
 One part for peace, and one for war contends;
 Some would exclude their foes, and some admit their friends.
 The helpless king is hurried in the throng,
 And, whate'er tide prevails, is borne along.
 Thus, when the swain, within a hollow rock,
 Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,
 They run around, or labour on their wings,

eruam et aequa solo fumantia culmina ponam.
 scilicet exspectem libeat dum proelia Turno 570
 nostra pati rursusque velit concurrere victus?
 hoc caput, o cives, haec belli summa nefandi.
 ferte faces propere foedusque reposcite flammis.'
 dixerat, atque animis pariter certantibus omnes
 dant cuneum densaque ad muros mole feruntur; 575
 scalae improviso subitusque apparuit ignis.
 discurrunt alii ad portas primosque trucidant,
 ferrum alii torquent et obumbrant aethera telis.
 ipse inter primos dextram sub moenia tendit
 Aeneas, magnaue incusat voce Latinum 580
 testaturque deos iterum se ad proelia cogi,
 bis iam Italos hostis, haec altera foedera rumpi.
 exoritur trepidos inter discordia civis:
 urbem alii reserare iubent et pandere portas
 Dardanidis ipsumque trahunt in moenia regem; 585
 arma ferunt alii et pergunt defendere muros,
 inclusas ut cum latebroso in pumice pastor
 vestigavit apes fumoque implevit amaro;
 illae intus trepidae rerum per cerea castra
 discurrunt magnisque acuunt stridoribus iras; 590
 volvitur ater odor tectis, tum murmure caeco
 intus saxa sonant, vacuas it fumus ad auras.

Disus'd to flight, and shoot their sleepy stings;
To shun the bitter fumes in vain they try;
Black vapours, issuing from the vent, involve the sky.

But fate and envious fortune now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.
The queen, who saw the foes invade the town,
And brands on tops of burning houses thrown,
Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear—
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain,
And then concludes the royal youth is slain.
Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, she loathes the vital air.
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will;
She raves against the gods; she beats her breast;
She tears with both her hands her purple vest:
Then round a beam a running noose she tied,
And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely died.
Soon as the fatal news by Fame was blown,
And to her dames and to her daughter known,
The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair
And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow share:
With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of despair.
The spreading rumour fills the public place:
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
And silent shame, are seen in ev'ry face.
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his public and his private woes;
With filth his venerable beard besmears,
And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs.
And much he blames the softness of his mind,
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,
And soon seduc'd to change what he so well design'd;
To break the solemn league so long desir'd,

Accidit haec fessis etiam fortuna Latinis,
quae totam luctu concussit funditus urbem.
regina ut tectis venientem prospicit hostem, 595
incessi muros, ignis ad tecta volare,
nusquam acies contra Rutulas, nulla agmina Turni,
infelix pugnae iuvenem in certamine credit
exstinctum et subito mentem turbata dolore
se causam clamat crimenque caputque malorum, 600
multaque per maestum demens effata furorem
purpureos moritura manu discindit amictus
et nodum informis leti trabe nectit ab alta.
quam cladem miserae postquam acceperere Latinae,
filia prima manu flavos Lavinia crinis 605
et roseas laniata genas, tum cetera circum
turba furit, resonant late plangoribus aedes.
hinc totam infelix vulgatur fama per urbem:
demittunt mentes, it scissa veste Latinus
coniugis attonitus fati urbisque ruina, 610
canitiem immundo perfusam pulvere turpans.
Multaque se incusat, qui non acceperit ante
Dardanium Aenean generumque adsciverit ultro.

Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy, requir'd.

Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains,
And here and there some straggling foes he gleans.
His flying coursers please him less and less,
Asham'd of easy fight and cheap success.
Thus half-contented, anxious in his mind,
The distant cries come driving in the wind,
Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs drown'd;
A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.
"Alas!" said he, "what mean these dismal cries?
What doleful clamours from the town arise?"
Confus'd, he stops, and backward pulls the reins.
She who the driver's office now sustains,
Replies: "Neglect, my lord, these new alarms;
Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms:
There want not others to defend the wall.
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall,
So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,
In honour equal, equal in success."
To this, the prince: "O sister—for I knew
The peace infringing'd proceeded first from you;
I knew you, when you mingled first in fight;
And now in vain you would deceive my sight—
Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?
Who sent you down from heav'n, involv'd in air,
Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,
And see your brother bleeding on the plain?
For to what pow'r can Turnus have recourse,
Or how resist his fate's prevailing force?
These eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground:
Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath,
My name invoking to revenge his death.
Brave Ufens fell with honour on the place,
To shun the shameful sight of my disgrace.

Interea extremo bellator in aequore Turnus.....615
palantis sequitur paucos iam segnior atque
iam minus atque minus successu laetus equorum.
attulit hunc illi caecis terroribus aura
commixtum clamorem, arrectasque impulit auris
confusae sonus urbis et inlaetabile murmur.
'ei mihi! quid tanto turbantur moenia luctu? 620
quisve ruit tantus diversa clamor ab urbe?'
sic ait, adductisque amens subsistit habenis.
atque huic, in faciem soror ut conversa Metisci
aurigae currumque et equos et lora regebat,
talibus occurrit dictis: 'hac, Turne, sequamur 625
Troiu genas, qua prima viam victoria pandit;
sunt alii qui tecta manu defendere possint.
ingruit Aeneas Italis et proelia miscet,
et nos saeva manu mittamus funera Teucris.
nec numero inferior pugnae neque honore recedes.' 630
Turnus ad haec:
'o soror, et dudum agnovi, cum prima per artem
foedera turbasti teque haec in bella dedisti,
et nunc nequiquam fallis dea. sed quis Olympo
demissam tantos volvit te ferre labores? 635
an fratris miseri letum ut crudele videres?
nam quid ago? aut quae iam spondet Fortuna salutem?
vidi oculos ante ipse meos me voce vocantem
Murranum, quo non superat mihi carior alter,
oppetere ingentem atque ingenti vulnere victum. 640
occidit infelix ne nostrum dedecus Ufens
aspiceret; Teucris potiuntur corpore et armis.
exscindine domos (id rebus defuit unum)
perpetiar, dextra nec Drancis dicta refellam?
terga dabo et Turnum fugientem haec terra videbit? 645
usque adeone mori miserum est? vos o mihi, Manes,
este boni, quoniam superis aversa voluntas.

On earth supine, a manly corpse he lies;
 His vest and armour are the victor's prize.
 Then, shall I see Laurentum in a flame,
 Which only wanted, to complete my shame?
 How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight!
 How Drances will insult and point them to the sight!
 Is death so hard to bear? Ye gods below,
 (Since those above so small compassion show,)
 Receive a soul unsullied yet with shame,
 Which not belies my great forefather's name!"

He said; and while he spoke, with flying speed
 Came Sages urging on his foamy steed:
 Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,
 And, seeking Turnus, sent his voice before:
 "Turnus, on you, on you alone, depends
 Our last relief: compassionate your friends!
 Like lightning, fierce Aeneas, rolling on,
 With arms invests, with flames invades the town:
 The brands are toss'd on high; the winds conspire
 To drive along the deluge of the fire.
 All eyes are fix'd on you: your foes rejoice;
 Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice;
 Doubts to deliver or defend the town,
 Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.
 The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,
 Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.
 'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate,
 With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:
 On ev'ry side surrounded by the foe,
 The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
 An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow.
 You, far aloof from your forsaken bands,
 Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty sands.
Stupid he sate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
 And various cares revolving in his mind:

sancta ad vos anima atque istius inscia culpa
 descendam magnorum haud umquam indignus avorum.'

Vix ea fatus erat: medios volat ecce per hostis 650
 vectus equo spumante Saces, adversa sagitta
 saucius ora, ruitque implorans nomine Turnum:
 'Turne, in te suprema salus, miserere tuorum.
 fulminat Aeneas armis summasque minatur
 deiecturum arces Italum excidioque daturum, 655
 iamque faces ad tecta volant. in te ora Latini,
 in te oculos referunt; mussat rex ipse Latinus
 quos generos vocet aut quae sese ad foedera flectat.
 praeterea regina, tui fidissima, dextra
 occidit ipsa sua lucemque exterrita fugit. 660
 soli pro portis Messapus et acer Atinas
 sustentant acies. circum hos utrimque phalanges
 stant densae strictisque seges mucronibus horret
 ferrea; tu currum deserto in gramine versas.'
 obstipuit varia confusus imagine rerum 665
 Turnus et obtutu tacito stetit; aestuat ingens
 uno in corde pudor mixtoque insania luctu
 et furiis agitatus amor et conscia virtus.
 ut primum discussae umbrae et lux reddita menti,
 ardentis oculorum orbis ad moenia torsit 670
 turbidus eque rotis magnam respexit ad urbem.
 Ecce autem flammis inter tabulata volutus
 ad caelum undabat vertex turrimque tenebat,
 turrim compactis trabibus quam eduxerat ipse

Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breast,
And sorrow mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd;
And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his thought,
And love by jealousy to madness wrought.
By slow degrees his reason drove away
The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.
Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look,
And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.
A wooden tow'r with flames already blaz'd,
Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd;
And bridges laid above to join the space,
And wheels below to roll from place to place.
“Sister, the Fates have vanquish'd: let us go
The way which Heav'n and my hard fortune show.
The fight is fix'd; nor shall the branded name
Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.
Death is my choice; but suffer me to try
My force, and vent my rage before I die.”
He said; and, leaping down without delay,
Thro' crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.
Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving goddess far behind.
As when a fragment, from a mountain torn
By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,
Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots—
Prone thro' the void the rocky ruin shoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep;
Down sink, at once, the shepherds and their sheep:
Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground;
Stunn'd with the shock they fall, and stunn'd from earth rebound:
So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
Should'ring and shoving, bore the squadrons down.
Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew,
Where shafts, and spears, and darts promiscuous flew,
And sanguine streams the slipp'ry ground embrue.
First stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,

subdideratque rotas pontisque instraverat altos. 675
'iam iam fata, soror, superant, absiste morari;
quo deus et quo dura vocat Fortuna sequamur.
stat conferre manum Aeneae, stat, quidquid acerbi est,
morte pati, neque me indecorem, germana, videbis
amplius. hunc, oro, sine me furere ante furorem.' 680
dixit, et e curru saltum dedit ocius arvis
perque hostis, per tela ruit maestamque sororem
deserit ac rapido cursu media agmina rumpit.
ac veluti montis saxum de vertice praeceps
cum ruit avulsum vento, seu turbidus imber 685
proluit aut annis soluit sublapsa vetustas;
fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu
exsultatque solo, silvas armenta virosque
involvens secum: disiecta per agmina Turnus
sic urbis ruit ad muros, ubi plurima fuso 690
sanguine terra madet striduntque hastilibus aerae,
significatque manu et magno simul incipit ore:
'parcite iam, Rutuli, et vos tela inhibete, Latini.
quaecumque est fortuna, mea est; me verius unum
pro vobis foedus luere et decernere ferro.' 695
discessere omnes medii spatiumque dedere.

He cries aloud, to make the combat cease:
“Rutulians, hold; and Latin troops, retire!
The fight is mine; and me the gods require.
’Tis just that I should vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day shall free from wars th’ Ausonian state,
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate.”
Both armies from their bloody work desist,
And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.

The Trojan hero, who receiv’d from fame
The welcome sound, and heard the champion’s name,
Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls,
Greedy of war where greater glory calls.
He springs to fight, exulting in his force
His jointed armour rattles in the course.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
Or Father Apennine, when, white with snows,
His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.
The nations, overaw’d, surcease the fight;
Immovable their bodies, fix’d their sight.
Ev’n death stands still; nor from above they throw
Their darts, nor drive their batt’ring-rams below.
In silent order either army stands,
And drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.
Th’ Ausonian king beholds, with wond’ring sight,
Two mighty champions match’d in single fight,
Born under climes remote, and brought by fate,
With swords to try their titles to the state.
Now, in clos’d field, each other from afar
They view; and, rushing on, begin the war.
They launch their spears; then hand to hand they meet;
The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet:
Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.

At pater Aeneas audito nomine Turni
deserit et muros et summas deserit arces
praecipitatque moras omnis, opera omnia rumpit
laetitia exsultans horrendumque intonat armis: 700
quantus Athos aut quantus Eryx aut ipse coruscis
cum fremit ilicibus quantus gaudetque nivali
vertice se attollens pater Appenninus ad auras.
iam vero et Rutuli certatim et Troes et omnes
convertere oculos Itali, quique alta tenebant 705
moenia quique imos pulsabant ariete muros,
armaque deposuere umeris. stupet ipse Latinus
ingentis, genitos diversis partibus orbis,
inter se coiisse viros et cernere ferro.
atque illi, ut vacuo patuerunt aequore campi, 710
procursu rapido coniectis eminus hastis
invadunt Martem clipeis atque aere sonoro.
dat gemitum tellus; tum crebros ensibus ictus
congeminant, fors et virtus miscetur in unum.
ac velut ingenti Sila summove Taburno 715
cum duo conversis inimica in proelia tauri
frontibus incurrunt, pavidum cessere magistri,
stat pecus omne metu mutum, mussantque iuvencae
quis nemori imperitet, quem tota armenta sequantur;
illi inter sese multa vi vulnera miscent 720
cornuaque obnixa infigunt et sanguine largo
colla armosque lavant, gemitu nemus omne remugit:

Courage conspires with chance, and both engage
 With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.
 As when two bulls for their fair female fight
 In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height;
 With horns adverse they meet; the keeper flies;
 Mute stands the herd; the heifers roll their eyes,
 And wait th' event; which victor they shall bear,
 And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty year:
 With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
 And push for push, and wound for wound return;
 Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood;
 Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow thro' the wood:
 Such was the combat in the listed ground;
 So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.
Jove sets the beam; in either scale he lays
 The champions' fate, and each exactly weighs.
 On this side, life and lucky chance ascends;
 Loaded with death, that other scale descends.
 Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow
 Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
 Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side,
 As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
 But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
 And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
 Now is but death, or flight; disarm'd he flies,
 When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies.
 Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,
 Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
 Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste could find.
 'Twas not the fated sword his father bore,
 But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.
 This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held;
 But, vain against the great Vulcanian shield,
 The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand:
 The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.
 Surpris'd with fear, he fled along the field,

non aliter Tros Aeneas et Daunius heros
 concurrunt clipeis, ingens fragor aethera complet.
 Iuppiter ipse duas aequato examine lances 725
 sustinet et fata imponit diversa duorum,
 quem damnet labor et quo vergat pondere letum.
 Emicat hic impune putans et corpore toto
 alte sublatum consurgit Turnus in ensem
 et ferit; exclamant Troes trepidique Latini, 730
 arrectaeque amborum acies. at perfidus ensis
 frangitur in medioque ardentem deserit ictu,
 ni fuga subsidio subeat. fugit ocior Euro
 ut capulum ignotum dextramque aspexit inermem.
 fama est praecipitem, cum prima in proelia iunctos 735
 conscendebat equos, patrio mucrone relicto,
 dum trepidat, ferrum aurigae rapuisse Metisci;
 idque diu, dum terga dabant palantia Teucri,
 suffecit; postquam arma dei ad Volcania ventum est,
 mortalis mucro glacies ceu futilis ictu 740
 dissiluit, fulva resplendent fragmina harena.
 ergo amens diversa fuga petit aequora Turnus
 et nunc huc, inde huc incertos implicat orbis;
 undique enim densa Teucri includere corona
 atque hinc vasta palus, hinc ardua moenia cingunt. 745

And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd;
For here the Trojan troops the list surround,
And there the pass is clos'd with pools and marshy ground.

Aeneas hastens, tho' with heavier pace—
His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase,
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse—
Yet, pressing foot by foot, his foe pursues.
Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around
With crimson toils, or in a river found,
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears,
Still opening, following still, where'er he steers;
The persecuted creature, to and fro,
Turns here and there, to scape his Umbrian foe:
Steep is th' ascent, and, if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the strand.
His eager foe, determin'd to the chase,
Stretch'd at his length, gains ground at ev'ry pace;
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey:
Just at the pinch, the stag springs out with fear;
He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with air:
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows ring with cries;
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the skies.
Thus flies the Daunian prince, and, flying, blames
His tardy troops, and, calling by their names,
Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats
To lay in ashes, if they dare supply
With arms or aid his vanquish'd enemy:
Thus menacing, he still pursues the course,
With vigour, tho' diminish'd of his force.
Ten times already round the listed place
One chief had fled, and t' other giv'n the chase:
No trivial prize is play'd; for on the life
Or death of Turnus now depends the strife.

Nec minus Aeneas, quamquam tardata sagitta
interdum genua impediunt cursumque recusant,
insequitur trepidique pedem pede fervidus urget:
inclusum veluti si quando flumine nactus
cervum aut puniceae saeptum formidine pennae 750
venator cursu canis et latratibus instat;
ille autem insidiis et ripa territus alta
mille fugit refugitque vias, at vividus Umber
haeret hians, iam iamque tenet similisque tenenti
increpuit malis morsuque elusus inani est; 755
tum vero exoritur clamor ripaeque lacusque
responsant circa et caelum tonat omne tumultu.
ille simul fugiens Rutulos simul increpat omnis
nomine quemque vocans notumque efflagitat ensem.
Aeneas mortem contra praesensque minatur 760
exitium, si quisquam adeat, terretque trementis
excisurum urbem minitans et saucius instat.
quinque orbis explent cursu totidemque retexunt
huc illuc; neque enim levia aut ludicra petuntur
praemia, sed Turni de vita et sanguine certant. 765

Within the space, an olive tree had stood,
 A sacred shade, a venerable wood,
 For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins' guardian god.
 Here hung the vests, and tablets were engrav'd,
 Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd.
 With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
 To make the ground enclos'd for combat free.
 Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,
 Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance;
 Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to free
 Th' incumber'd spear from the tenacious tree;
 That, whom his fainting limbs pursued in vain,
 His flying weapon might from far attain.
Confus'd with fear, bereft of human aid,
 Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus pray'd:
 "O Faunus, pity! and thou Mother Earth,
 Where I thy foster son receiv'd my birth,
 Hold fast the steel! If my religious hand
 Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd,
 Propitious hear my pious pray'r!" He said,
 Nor with successful vows invok'd their aid.
 Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd;
 But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.
 Juturna took her time; and, while in vain
 He strove, assum'd Meticus' form again,
 And, in that imitated shape, restor'd
 To the despairing prince his Daunian sword.
 The Queen of Love, who, with disdain and grief,
 Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief,
 T' assert her offspring with a greater deed,
 From the tough root the ling'ring weapon freed.
Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance:
 One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance;
 And both resolv'd alike to try their fatal chance.

Forte sacer Fauno foliis oleaster amaris
 hic steterat, nautis olim venerabile lignum,
 servati ex undis ubi figere dona solebant
 Laurenti divo et votas suspendere vestis;
 sed stirpem Teucris nullo discrimine sacrum 770
 sustulerant, puro ut possent concurrere campo.
 hic hasta Aeneae stabat, huc impetus illam
 detulerat fixam et lenta radice tenebat.
 incubuit volvitque manu convellere ferrum
 Dardanides, teloque sequi quem prendere cursu 775
 non poterat. tum vero amens formidine Turnus
 'Faune, precor, miserere' inquit 'tuque optima ferrum
 Terra tene, colui vestros si semper honores,
 quos contra Aeneadae bello fecere profanos.'
 dixit, opemque dei non cassa in vota vocavit. 780
 namque diu luctans lentoque in stirpe moratus
 viribus haud ullis valuit discludere morsus
 roboris Aeneas. dum nititur acer et instat,
 rursus in aurigae faciem mutata Metisci
 procurrit fratrique ensem dea Daunian reddit. 785
 quod Venus audaci nymphae indignata licere
 accessit telumque alta ab radice revellit.
 olli sublimes armis animisque relecti,
 hic gladio fidens, hic acer et arduus hasta,
 adsistunt contra certamina Martis anhelant. 790

Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke,
 Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock:
 "What new arrest, O Queen of Heav'n, is sent
 To stop the Fates now lab'ring in th' event?
 What farther hopes are left thee to pursue?
 Divine Aeneas, (and thou know'st it too,)
 Foredoom'd, to these celestial seats are due.
 What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
 That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely shade?
 Is it becoming of the due respect
 And awful honour of a god elect,
 A wound unworthy of our state to feel,
 Patient of human hands and earthly steel?
 Or seems it just, the sister should restore
 A second sword, when one was lost before,
 And arm a conquer'd wretch against his conqueror?
 For what, without thy knowledge and avow,
 Nay more, thy dictate, durst Iuturna do?
 At last, in deference to my love, forbear
 To lodge within thy soul this anxious care;
 Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload:
 Who should relieve the goddess, but the god?
 Now all things to their utmost issue tend,
 Push'd by the Fates to their appointed end.
 While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
 For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted pow'r,
 Toss'd on the seas, thou couldst thy foes distress,
 And, driv'n ashore, with hostile arms oppress;
 Deform the royal house; and, from the side
 Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:
 Now cease at my command." The Thund'rer said;
 And, with dejected eyes, this answer Juno made:
 "Because your dread decree too well I knew,
 From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew.
 Else should you not behold me here, alone,
 Involv'd in empty clouds, my friends bemoan,

Iunonem interea rex omnipotentis Olympi
 adloquitur fulva pugnās de nube tuentem:
 'quae iam finis erit, coniunx? quid denique restat?
 indigetem Aenean scis ipsa et scire fateris
 deberi caelo fatisque ad sidera tolli. 795
 quid struis? aut qua spe gelidis in nubibus haeres?
 mortalin decuit violari vulnere divum?
 aut ensem (quid enim sine te Iuturna valeret?)
 ereptum reddi Turno et vim crescere victis?
 desine iam tandem precibusque inflectere nostris, 800
 ni te tantus edit tacitam dolor et mihi curae
 saepe tuo dulci tristes ex ore recursent.
 ventum ad supremum est. terris agitare vel undis
 Troianos potuisti, infandum accendere bellum,
 deformare domum et luctu miscere hymenaeos: 805
 ulterius temptare veto.' sic Iuppiter orsus;
 sic dea summisso contra Saturnia vultu:
 'ista quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, voluntas,
 Iuppiter, et Turnum et terras invita reliqui;
 nec tu me aëria solam nunc sede videres 810
 digna indigna pati, sed flammis cincta sub ipsa
 starem acie traheremque inimica in proelia Teucros.
 Iuturnam misero (fateor) succurrere fratri
 suasi et pro vita maiora audere probavi,
 non ut tela tamen, non ut contenderet arcum; 815
 adiuro Stygii caput implacabile fontis,
 una superstitio superis quae reddita divis.
 et nunc cedo equidem pugnāsque exosa relinquo.
 illud te, nulla fati quod lege tenetur,
 pro Latio obtestor, pro maiestate tuorum: 820
 cum iam conubiis pacem felicibus (esto)
 component, cum iam leges et foedera iungent,
 ne vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos
 neu Troas fieri iubeas Teucrosque vocari
 aut vocem mutare viros aut vertere vestem. 825
 sit Latium, sint Albani per saecula reges,

But, girt with vengeful flames, in open sight
 Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
 'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife
 By my command, to save her brother's life,
 At least to try; but, by the Stygian lake,
 (The most religious oath the gods can take,)
 With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
 Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.
 And now, resign'd to your superior might,
 And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loathe the fight.
 This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)
 Both for myself and for your father's land,
 That, when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
 (Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless,)
 The laws of either nation be the same;
 But let the Latins still retain their name,
 Speak the same language which they spoke before,
 Wear the same habits which their grandsires wore.
 Call them not Trojans: perish the renown
 And name of Troy, with that detested town.
 Latium be Latium still; let Alba reign
 And Rome's immortal majesty remain."
Then thus the founder of mankind replies
 (Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes)
 "Can Saturn's issue, and heav'n's other heir,
 Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
 Be mistress, and your full desires obtain;
 But quench the choler you foment in vain.
 From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung,
 Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
 The Trojans to their customs shall be tied:
 I will, myself, their common rites provide;
 The natives shall command, the foreigners subside.
 All shall be Latium; Troy without a name;
 And her lost sons forget from whence they came.
 From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall flow,

sit Romana potens Itala virtute propago:
 occidit, occideritque sinas cum nomine Troia.'
 olli subridens hominum rerumque repertor:
 'es germana Iovis Saturnique altera proles, 830
 irarum tantos volvis sub pectore fluctus.
 verum age et inceptum frustra summitte furorem:
 do quod vis, et me victusque volensque remitto.
 sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt,
 utque est nomen erit; commixti corpore tantum 835
 subsident Teucris. morem ritusque sacrorum
 adiciam faciamque omnis uno ore Latinos.
 hinc genus Ausonio mixtum quod sanguine surget,
 supra homines, supra ire deos pietate videbis,
 nec gens ulla tuos aeque celebrabit honores.' 840
 adnuat his Iuno et mentem laetata retorsit;
 interea excedit caelo nubemque relinquit.

Equal to gods, excelling all below.
No nation more respect to you shall pay,
Or greater off'rings on your altars lay."
Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires
Had found success, and from the cloud retires.

The peace thus made, the Thund'rer next prepares
To force the wat'ry goddess from the wars.
Deep in the dismal regions void of light,
Three daughters at a birth were born to Night:
These their brown mother, brooding on her care,
Indued with windy wings to flit in air,
With serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing hair.
In heav'n the Dirae call'd, and still at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they stand,
His ministers of wrath, and ready still
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill,
Whene'er the moody sire, to wreak his hate
On realms or towns deserving of their fate,
Hurls down diseases, death and deadly care,
And terrifies the guilty world with war.
One sister plague if these from heav'n he sent,
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.
The pest comes whirling down: by far more slow
Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow,
Or Cydon yew, when, traversing the skies,
And drench'd in pois'nous juice, the sure destruction flies.
With such a sudden and unseen a flight
Shot thro' the clouds the daughter of the night.
Soon as the field inclos'd she had in view,
And from afar her destin'd quarry knew,
Contracted, to the boding bird she turns,
Which haunts the ruin'd piles and hallow'd urns,
And beats about the tombs with nightly wings,
Where songs obscene on sepulchers she sings.
Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries

His actis aliud genitor secum ipse volutat
Iuturnamque parat fratris dimittere ab armis.
dicuntur geminae pestes cognomine Dirae, 845
quas et Tartaream Nox intempesta Megaeram
uno eodemque tulit partu, paribusque revinxit
serpentum spiris ventosasque addidit alas.
hae Iovis ad solium saevique in limine regis
apparent acuuntque metum mortalibus aegris, 850
si quando letum horrificum morbosque deum rex
molitur, meritas aut bello territat urbes.
harum unam celerem demisit ab aethere summo
Iuppiter inque omen Iuturnae occurrere iussit:
illa volat celerique ad terram turbine fertur. 855
non secus ac nervo per nubem impulsa sagitta,
armatam saevi Parthus quam felle veneni,
Parthus sive Cydon, telum immedicabile, torsit,
stridens et celeris incognita transilit umbras:
talise sata Nocte tulit terrasque petivit. 860
postquam acies videt Iliacas atque agmina Turni,
alitis in parvae subitam collecta figuram,
quae quondam in bustis aut culminibus desertis
nocte sedens serum canit importuna per umbras—
hanc versa in faciem Turni se pestis ob ora 865
fertque refertque sonans clipeumque everberat alis.
illi membra novus soluit formidine torpor,
arrectaeque horrore comae et vox faucibus haesit.

The Fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.
A lazy chillness crept along his blood;
Chok'd was his voice; his hair with horror stood.

Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew th' ill omen, by her screaming cry
And stridor of her wings. Amaz'd with fear,
Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flowing hair.
"Ah me!" she cries, "in this unequal strife
What can thy sister more to save thy life?
Weak as I am, can I, alas! contend
In arms with that inexorable fiend?
Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night;
The lashing of your wings I know too well,
The sounding flight, and fun'ral screams of hell!
These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
The worthy recompense of ravish'd love!
Did he for this exempt my life from fate?
O hard conditions of immortal state,
Tho' born to death, not privileg'd to die,
But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!
Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
Companion to my brother's ghost below!
The joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains,
Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
What earth will open her devouring womb,
To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!"
She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said,
But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her head,
Then plung'd into her stream, with deep despair,
And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.

Now stern Aeneas his weighty spear
Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:

At procul ut Dirae stridorem agnovit et alas,
infelix crinis scindit Iuturna solutos 870
unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnīs:
'quid nunc te tua, Turne, potest germana iuvare?
aut quid iam durae superat mihi? qua tibi lucem
arte morer? talin possum me opponere monstro?
iam iam linquo acies. ne me terrete timentem, 875
obscenae volucres: alarum verbera nosco
letalemque sonum, nec fallunt iussa superba
magnanimi Iovis. haec pro virginitate reponit?
quo vitam dedit aeternam? cur mortis adempta est
condicio? possem tantos finire dolores 880
nunc certe, et misero fratri comes ire per umbras!
immortalis ego? aut quicquam mihi dulce meorum
te sine, frater, erit? o quae satis ima dehiscat
terra mihi, Manisque deam demittat ad imos?' 885
tantum effata caput glauco contextit amictu
multa gemens et se fluvio dea condidit alto.

Aeneas instat contra telumque coruscat
ingens arboreum, et saevo sic pectore fatur:

"What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?
 What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
 'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight;
 Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
 Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
 What skill and courage can attempt in war;
 Wish for the wings of winds, to mount the sky;
 Or hid, within the hollow earth to lie!"

The champion shook his head, and made this short reply:
 "No threats of thine my manly mind can move;
 'Tis hostile heav'n I dread, and partial Jove."
 He said no more, but, with a sigh, repress'd
 The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.

Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
 An antique stone he saw, the common bound
 Of neighb'ring fields, and barrier of the ground;
 So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
 Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.
 He heav'd it at a lift, and, pois'd on high,
 Ran stagg'ring on against his enemy,
 But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew
 His way, or what unwieldly weight he threw.
 His knocking knees are bent beneath the load,
 And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.
 The stone drops from his arms, and, falling short
 For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.
 And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,
 The sickly fancy labours in the night;
 We seem to run; and, destitute of force,
 Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
 In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry;
 The nerves, unbrac'd, their usual strength deny;
 And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die:
 So Turnus far'd; whatever means he tried,
 All force of arms and points of art employ'd,
 The Fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavor void.

'quae nunc deinde mora est? aut quid iam, Turne, retractas?
 non cursu, saevis certandum est comminus armis. 890
 verte omnis tete in facies et contrahe quidquid
 sive animis sive arte vales; opta ardua pennis
 astra sequi clausumque cava te condere terra.'
 ille caput quassans: 'non me tua fervida terrent
 dicta, ferox; di me terrent et Iuppiter hostis.' 895
 nec plura effatus saxum circumspicit ingens,
 saxum antiquum ingens, campo quod forte iacebat,
 limes agro positus litem ut discerneret arvis.
 vix illum lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
 qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus; 900
 ille manu raptum trepida torquebat in hostem
 altior insurgens et cursu concitus heros.
 sed neque currentem se nec cognoscit euntem
 tollentemve manu saxumve immane moventem;
 genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis. 905
 tum lapis ipse viri vacuum per inane volutus
 nec spatium evasit totum neque pertulit ictum.
 ac velut in somnis, oculos ubi languida pressit
 nocte quies, nequiquam avidos extendere cursus
 velle videmur et in mediis conatibus aegri 910
 succidimus; non lingua valet, non corpore notae
 sufficiunt vires nec vox aut verba sequuntur:
 sic Turno, quacumque viam virtute petivit,
 successum dea dira negat. tum pectore sensus
 vertuntur varii; Rutulos aspectat et urbem 915
 cunctaturque metu letumque instare tremescit,
 nec quo se eripiat, nec qua vi tendat in hostem,
 nec currus usquam videt aurigamve sororem.

A thousand various thoughts his soul confound;
He star'd about, nor aid nor issue found;
His own men stop the pass, and his own walls surround.
Once more he pauses, and looks out again,
And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.

Trembling he views the thund'ring chief advance,
And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:
Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conqu'ring foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.
Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,
Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.
The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,
The destin'd mark; and, rising as he threw,
With its full swing the fatal weapon flew.
Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or stones from batt'ring-engines break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
The lance drove on, and bore the death along.
Naught could his sev'nfold shield the prince avail,
Nor aught, beneath his arms, the coat of mail:
It pierc'd thro' all, and with a grisly wound
Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.
Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes cast upward, and with arms display'd,
And, recreant, thus to the proud victor pray'd:
"I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
Use what the gods and thy good fortune give.
Yet think, O think, if mercy may be shown,
Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son.
Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave;
And for Anchises' sake old Daunus save!
Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death,
Give to my friends my body void of breath!

Cunctanti telum Aeneas fatale coruscat,
sortitus fortunam oculis, et corpore toto 920
eminus intorquet. murali concita numquam
tormento sic saxa fremunt nec fulmine tanti
dissultant crepitus. volat atri turbinis instar
exitium dirum hasta ferens orasque recludit
loricae et clipei extremos septemplicis orbis; 925
per medium stridens transit femur. incidit ictus
ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.
consurgunt gemitu Rutuli totusque remugit
mons circum et vocem late nemora alta remittunt.
ille humilis supplex oculos dextramque precantem 930
protendens 'equidem merui nec deprecor' inquit;
'utere sorte tua. miseri te si qua parentis
tangere cura potest, oro (fuit et tibi talis
Anchises genitor) Dauni miserere senectae
et me, seu corpus spoliatum lumine mavis, 935
redde meis. vicisti et victum tendere palmas
Ausonii videre; tua est Lavinia coniunx,
ulterius ne tende odiis.' stetit acer in armis
Aeneas volvens oculos dextramque repressit;
et iam iamque magis cunctantem flectere sermo 940
coeperat, infelix umero cum apparuit alto
balteus et notis fulserunt cingula bullis
Pallantis pueri, victum quem vulnere Turnus
straverat atque umeris inimicum insigne gerebat.
ille, oculis postquam saevi monimenta doloris 945
exuviasque hausit, furiis accensus et ira
terribilis: 'tunc hinc spoliis indute meorum
eripiare mihi? Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas

The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life;
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife:
Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble strife.”
In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to stand,
And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt;
When, casting down a casual glance, he spied
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side,
The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then, rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes)
“Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go!
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.”
He rais'd his arm aloft, and, at the word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around;
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound.

immolat et poenam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.'
hoc dicens ferrum adverso sub pectore condit
fervidus; ast illi solvuntur frigore membra
vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.