

लाल बहादुर शास्त्री प्रशासन अकादमी

Lal Bahadur Shastri Academy

of Administration

मसूरी

MUSSOORIE

पुस्तकालय

LIBRARY

112393

अवधि संख्या

Accession No.

17556

वर्ग संख्या

Class No.

883

पुस्तक संख्या

Book No.

Way

THE
AENEID OF VIRGIL

IN ENGLISH VERSE.

VOL. II
BOOKS IV—VI.

BY
ARTHUR S. WAY, D.LIT.

AUTHOR OF TRANSLATIONS INTO ENGLISH VERSE OF HOMER,
THE GREEK DRAMATISTS, THEOCRITUS,
ETC

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1924



COPYRIGHT

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

P. VERGILI MARONIS

AENEIDOS

LIBER QUARTUS.

AT regina gravi iamdudum saucia cura
Volnus alit venis, et caeco carpitur igni.
Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recursat
Gentis honos ; haerent infixi pectore voltus
Verbaque, nec placidam membris dat cura quietem. 5
 Postera Phoebea lustrabat lampade terras,
Humentemque 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 inmotumque sederet 15
Ne cui me vincolo vellem sociare iugali,
Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit ;
Si non pertaesum thalami taedaeque fuisset,
Huic uni forsant potui succumbere culpae.
Anna, fatebor enim, miseri post fata Sychaei 20
Coniugis et sparsos fraterna caede penatis,
Solutus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem
Impulit. Adgnosco veteris vestigia flammae.

THE AENEID OF VIRGIL.

BOOK IV.

The Fatal Love of Dido.

BUT all this while stabbed deep by the torment of love, the Queen
Hath fed with her life-blood the wound, is devoured by a fire unseen.
Ever his heroism, the glories of his race
Ever rush back on her soul. Each word, each line of his face
On her heart are inscribed ineffaceably deep : the ache of her breast
Suffereth not her limbs in peaceful slumber to rest.

5

The Dawn on the morrow was waving the torch of the Sun-god wide
Over earth, and the dew-dropping shades from the heaven had she swept aside,
When the Queen distraught to the sister whose soul was one with her cried :

‘ Anna, my sister, what dreams hold breathless my heart and appal ?

Who shall be this strange guest who hath come to our palace-hall ?

10

O knightly bearing ! O gallant breast ! O armour-sheen !

He is sprung of the blood of the Gods ; ’tis a true conviction, I ween.

A coward revealeth his baseborn soul ; but he—how far

Fate’s buffets have tossed him, how deep hath he drunk of the wine of war !

Did not the purpose immovable fixed in the heart of me stand

15

Ne’er to consent to be joined unto any in spousal band,

Whose first love proved but a mocking illusion for death to devour,

Were I not utterly sickened of torch and of bridal bower,

I might, O I might have felt this one temptation’s power !

O Anna—for I will confess it,—since that fearful hour

20

When my lord Sychaeus was murdered, and when mine hearth was besprent

With blood by a brother spilt, this one man only hath bent

My spirit, hath dealt to my will a blow that hath made it reel !

Not dead are the ashes of old-time fires—I feel, I feel !

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
 Vel Pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras, 25
 Pallentis umbras Erebi noctemque profundam,
 Ante, Pudor, quam te violò, aut tua iura resolvo.
 Ille meos, primus qui me sibi iunxit, amores
 Abstulit ; ille habeat secum servetque sepulchro.
 Sic effata sinum lacrimis inplevit 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 amorì ?
 Nec venit in mentem, quorum consederis arvis ?
 Hinc Gaetulae urbes, genus insuperabile bello, 40
 Et Numidae infreni cingunt et inhospita Syrtis ;
 Hinc deserta siti regio, lateque furentes
 Barcaei. Quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam,
 Germanique minas ?

Dis equidem auspiciibus 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 hiemps et aquosus Orion,
 Quassataeque rates, dum non tractabile caelum.'

His dictis incensum animum inflammavit amore,
 Spemque dedit dubiae menti, solvitque pudorem. 55
 Principio delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras
 Exquirunt ; mactant lectas de more bidentis

But I would that beneath my feet asunder the earth might part,
 That the Father Almighty would hurl me to hell with his levin-dart, 25
 To the bloodless ghosts of Hades, to uttermost depths of night,
 Ere I outrage, O Chastity, thee, or break thy great troth-plight !
 Who linked me first with his life, all, all my love hath he ta'en.
 Let him keep it his own, safe-warded within his tomb to remain !'
 So cried she, and drenched was her bosom with tears in deluge-rain. 30

Anna made answer : ' Dearer than light to me, sister mine,
 In loneliness and in sorrow through all thy youth wilt thou pine,
 Nor know the dearthness of children, the rapture of love's reward ?
 Dost thou deem this sweet to the dead, to the ghost of thy sepulchred lord ?
 Grant that no suitors yet have touched thine heart woe-worn, 35
 In Libya none, neither erstwhile in Tyre ; on Iarbas in scorn
 Thou lookest, and all chiefs else of a war-triumphant land :
 But the love that is sweet to thy soul wilt thou as in battle withstand ?
 Comes to thine heart no thought in *whose* realms here is thine home ?—
 To the west the Gaetulians, a race in war never yet overcome, 40
 And unbridled Numidians hem thee in, and havenless sands ;
 To the east a thirsty desert, and huge war-frenzied bands
 Of Barca. The war-cloud looming from Tyre o'er the far sea-line—
 What need that I speak thereof, and the threats of thy brother and mine ?
 For me, I believe that by grace of the Gods, and by Juno led 45
 These keels of Ilium hither before the wind have sped.
 O sister mine, what a goodly city here wilt thou see,
 What a kingdom shall rise, if so mighty a hero be wedded to thee !
 If the battle-prowess of Troy with us be allied, how high
 Shall the glory of Carthage soar in world-wide empery !
 Thou, ask Heaven's favour, and, soon as its grace is by sacrifice won, 50
 Make much of thy guest, ever weaving excuses for lingering on,
 While the storm, and Orion, the lord of rain, madden over the deep,
 While tempest-strained are his ships, and the sky's wrath doth not sleep.'
 At her words flame leapt in the heart already with love afire ;
 Hope woke in the wavering soul, and melted was shame in desire. 55
 Then first to the shrines they hie them ; pardon and peace they entreat
 At the altars ; sheep do they sacrifice with ritual meet

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 spatiaturo ad aras,
 Instauratque diem donis, pecudumque reclusis
 Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.
 Heu vatum ignarae mentes ! quid vota furentem, 65
 Quid delubra iuvant ? Est mollis flamma medullas
 Interea, et tacitum vivit sub pectore volnus.
 Uritur infelix Dido totaque vagatur
 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 arundo.
 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.
 Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri 90

Unto Lawgiver Ceres, Apollo, and Bacchus the Father of Wine,
 And above all other to Juno, marriage's warder divine.
 In her hand upbearing the chalice, Dido fair beyond word 60
 'Twixt the horns of a snow-white heifer the wine of sacrifice poured.
 To the richly-heaven altars in presence of Gods did she pace,
 With gifts ushered in the day, and hung with eager face
 O'er the rifted breasts of the victims, on panting inwards to gaze.
 Alas for the ignorant hearts of seers ! For love's mad pain 65
 What availeth the prayer and the vow ? What availeth altar and fane ?
 A subtle flame the while is devouring the living flesh,
 And deep in her bosom the wound unnamed ever bleedeth afresh.
 Afire is the hapless Queen ; distraught she wanders wide
 Through the city, as wanders a hind with an arrow deep in her side,
 Whom a hunter-shepherd, as careless mid forests of Crete she fed, 70
 Hath pierced with his shaft, and, all unknowing how true it hath sped,
 Hath left in her flank the feathered steel : through woods hath she fled,
 And through glades Dictaeon onward and onward she wandereth,
 While cleaves to her side evermore the winged reed of death.
 Now through her city she leadeth Aeneas everywhere :
 Shows the riches of Sidon, the city already builded fair. 75
 She essays to speak, but the word in the uttering falters and dies.
 Now she renews the banquet as daylight fades from the skies.
 Passion-frenzied she prays to be told the agony-throes once more
 Of Ilium, hangs on the lips that again are telling them o'er.
 When the guests have dispersed, and the moon haze-dimmed is drowning deep 80
 Her light in the sea, and the stars down-sliding are counselling sleep,
 Alone in her halls deserted she mourns ; on the couch where he lay
 Lies ; far from him, hears him ; she sees him, though he be far away.
 Enthralled by the father's image, Iulus she clasps to her breast,
 If she haply may cheat the passion that may not be confessed. 85
 The towers half-builded no longer are rising ; her warriors no more
 Train them for battle : the havens, the warding-walls of war
 They make ready not now ; the masonry hangs unfinished on high,
 The threat of the towers gigantic, the scaffolding climbing the sky.
 Now soon as the well-loved consort of Jove was ware how torn 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 nomen,
 Una dolo divom 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
 Exceremus ? 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.
 Perge ; sequar.' Tum sic excepit regia Iuno :
 ' Mecum erit iste labor. Nunc qua ratione, quod instat, 115
 Conferi 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

Was the Queen by that heart-sickness, how honour was overborne
By passion, thus unto Venus the Daughter of Saturn spake :

‘ Good sooth, but fair is the glory, and noble the conquest ye make,

Thou and thy son, ay, great and enduring is your renown,
When by two Gods’ treachery-thrust one woman is borne down !

95

Thou darest my fenced city—dream not that blind am I

Unto thy mistrust of the mansions of Carthage builded high !

But where shall all this end ? What profit in rivalry

So bitter ? Shall we not rather establish eternally

Between us peace, and a spousal-bond between these twain ?

Already thou hast what all thy soul hath yearned to attain.

100

Fevered with love is Dido, hath drawn through her every vein

Its madness. Let thou and I o’er her people in unison reign

With equal sway. To a Phrygian lord let the Queen be thrall,

And yield her Tyrians to thee to dower thy son withal.’

But Venus divined the plot ’neath the proffer that rang so fair,

105

To pluck from Italia’s brow the crown for Libya to wear,

And answered her : ‘ Who could refuse such tender ? Who could be

So mad, or who would rather contend in war with thee ?—

If but on the venture thou namest the wind of Fortune blow.

But chartless I drift upon destiny’s sea : not mine to know

110

If Jupiter wills that the exiles of Troy shall with Tyrians dwell,

If a mingling of nations, a bond of alliance, pleaseth him well.

But his consort art thou ; it is meet that his spirit by prayer thou try.

Go forward, I follow.’ Then thus Queen Juno made reply :

‘ That task shall be mine. Now give thou heed, and I will declare

115

Briefly by what means that shall be done which claimeth our care :

Aeneas, and with him Dido the utter-hapless, prepare

To hie to the forest so soon as the sun with to-morrow’s dawn

Hath uprisen, and night’s dark veil by his rays from the earth is withdrawn.

Here, mid the stir of the tinsel, the while with the toils they ring

120

The glades of the forest, a blackening cloud hail-fraught will I bring

Thereover with downpour of floods, and will wake all heaven with thunder.

Vanishing in dense night their companions shall scatter asunder.

Dido and Ilium’s chief to the selfsame cave shall flee.

Devenient. Adero, et, tua si mihi certa voluntas, 125
 Connubio 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 expectant, 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,
 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 humeris : 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.

I will be there, and, if thy consent be assured unto me,
 There Hymen shall be : in abiding union shall these twain wed : 125
 I will seal her his own.' Cytherea bowed a consenting head,
 Yea, smiled at the cunning snare that thus in her sight was spread.

Meanwhile is the Dawn-queen rising, she leaveth the Ocean-stream.
 The brave and the fair pour forth of the gates in the morning beam. 130
 There wide-meshed nets, toils, javelins of steel broad-headed are found,
 There race Massylian riders, and many a keen-nosed hound.

At the palace-portals the princes of Carthage await their Queen
 In her bower who tarries. Her palfrey, resplendent in purple and sheen

Of gold, is standing impatiently champing the bit all foam. 135

At last by a goodly train attended forth, doth she come
 Arrayed in a Tyrian mantle with broidery border-scrolled :
 Of gold is her quiver, her tresses are looped with chains of gold ;
 Of gold is the buckle that clasps her vesture's purple fold.

The Phrygian rovers and blithe Iulus are pressing on ; 140

Aeneas himself, by whose goodlier presence are all outshone,
 Rideth to meet them, and maketh the hunting cavalcades one.
 As when from the wintry highlands of Lycia Apollo descends,
 And from Xanthus' streams, and to Delos, his mother's island, wends,
 And renews his dances, while round his altars a mingled rout 145
 Of Cretans, Dryopians, and painted Agathyrsians shout ;
 Over ridges of Cynthus paces the God ; a garland green
 He lays on his floating tresses, and twines bright gold between,
 While clash on his shoulders his arrows ; with such swift effortless pace
 Aeneas moved ; such beauty gleamed from his princely face. 150

So when to the mountain heights, the pathless coverts, they won,
 Lo, chased from the craggy crest, adown the ridges run
 Wild goats ; in panic elsewhere over the treeless plain
 Stags gather mid whirlwinds of dust the hinds of their harem-train,
 Fleeing the mountains. Deep in the glens Ascanius the boy 155
 Outstrips of the hunt now these, now those, with exultant joy
 In the speed of his high-mettled steed, and longs that yet to his prayer
 May be given a foaming boar mid the spiritless quarry there,
 Or a tawny lion descending the mountain-slope from his lair.

Interea magno misceri murmure caelum	160
Incipit ; insequitur commixta grandine nimbus ;	
Et Tyrii comites passim et Troiana iuventus	
Dardaniusque nepos Veneris diversa per agros	
Tecta 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	
Connubiis, 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 acquirit cundo ;	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	
Progeniuit, pedibus celerem et pernicibus alis,	180
Monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui, quot sunt corpore plumae,	
Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,	
Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit auris.	
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 praviue 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	

Meanwhile a confusion of crashing thunder in heaven awakes ; 160
 Over the earth with rain and with hail a cloud-burst breaks.
 Wide scatter the warriors of Troy and Dido's Tyrian train,
 And the Dardan child of the son of Venus : by hill, by plain,
 Unto covert in panic they seek : down hillsides torrents rave.
 The Queen and the Trojan chief flee into the selfsame cave. 165
 Then, then by Earth the mother primeval the signal is given,
 And by Juno the Bride-escorter. Flickered and flashed the levin :
 The sky's wild clarion pealed for the nuptials of that day :
 Nymphs cried the bridal-acclaim from hillsides far away.
 That day was the dawning of death, was of ills upon ills the seed.
 She recks not the scorn of the eye, nor the scourge of the tongue doth she heed.
 No stolen raptures of love now Dido careth to win : [170
 Marriage she calleth it ; 'neath that name she cloaketh her sin.
 Forthwith through the populous burgs of Libya Rumour flies,
 Rumour, the swiftest of all life's curses beneath the skies.
 By winged flight nurtured is she, in onrush gathereth strength ; 175
 A timorous pigmy at first, she towers to the heavens at length.
 On earth are her feet, but her head is lost in the cloudy sky.
 Earth the All-mother, in wrath against the Gods on high,
 Brought forth this monster, the last-born sister, as poets sing,
 To the Giants her sons. Fleet is she of foot, and swift of wing, 180
 A portent to shudder at, huge : each feather, of all that grow
 On her form, hath a sleepless eye that lurketh therebelow—
 A marvel to tell—and a tongue, and a mouth that babbleth lies,
 And an ear that is ever alert. 'Twixt heaven and earth she flies
 Hissing through darkness of night : in sleep never drooped are her eyes. 185
 On the home's roof-ridge as a sentinel couched is she through the day,
 Or on some high tower, and populous cities she thrills with dismay.
 If whiles she publisheth truth, she delighteth in lies away.
 So then with malicious glee all ears she began to fill ;
 Deeds done, deeds never performed, alike she babbled them still :— 190
 ' Aeneas hath come,' she shrieked, ' with Troy's foul blood in his veins ;
 And to wed such husband as this Queen Dido the lovely deigns !
 The livelong winter in dalliance now are they dreaming away

Regnorum inmemores 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 inmania regnis,

Centum aras posuit, vigilemque sacraverat ignem,

200

Excubias divom aeternas, pecudumque cruore

Pingue solum et variis florentia limina sertis.

Isque amens animi et rumore accensus amaro

Dicitur ante aras media inter numina divom

Multa Iovem manibus supplex orasse supinis :

205

' Iuppiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pictis

Gens epulata toris Lenacum libat honorem,

Aspicis 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, connubia nostra

Reppulit, ac dominum Aenean in regna recepit.

Et nunc ille Paris cum semiviro comitatu,

215

Maeonia mentum mitra crinemque madentem

Subnexus, rapto potitur : nos munera templis

Quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.'

Talibus orantem dictis arasque tenentem

Audit 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.

Non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem

Forgetful of royalty's duties, to shameful passion a prey !'

Such tales on the tongues of men that fiend spread far and nigh. 195

Forthwith thereafter she turned her to king Iarbas to fly,
To inflame his soul with her slanders, to pile his fury high.

He, whom to Jupiter Ammon a Nymph Garamantian bore,
Had reared unto Jove in his broad realms stately fanes five-score
With their hundred altars, had hallowed the fire unsleeping aye, 200

The Gods' eternal sentry, the floor that was steeped alway
In the blood of victims, the portals with blossomed garlands gay.
Men tell how, maddened in spirit, his inmost soul on fire
For the bitter tidings, he bowed him and prayed unto Jove his sire
With a torrent of words, with hands outspread, cast down on his face
Before the altars of Gods who thronged that holy place : 205

' O Jove Almighty, to whom this day the Morian nation,
Feasting on brodered couches, pour out the wine-libation,
Beholdest thou this ?—or, Father, when thou dost hurl thy levin,
Do we shudder for nought ?—and blind are the flames mid the clouds of heaven
That appal our hearts, and the turmoil of thunder on high that roars, 210
Is there nothing therein ? The woman, the wanderer on our shores,

Who bought with her gold for a town of our soil one tiny plot,
And for tilthland, to whom we assigned dominion over the spot,
Hath rejected my love, hath received within her realm as its lord
An Aeneas ! And this new Paris now, with his eunuch horde, 215
With tiara Maeonian tied 'neath his chin, and with essenced hair,
Enjoyeth his prize ! And gifts to thy temple, forsooth, we bear,
And we worship thy glory therein—and lo, no godhead is there !'

As he prayed, and clung to the horns of the altar, heard were his cries
By the Father Almighty, who bent on the royal city his eyes, 220
And beheld those lovers forgetful all of their fairer fame.

Then unto Mercury spake he, and thus did his will proclaim :
' Go forth, son, summon the west-wind, and glide on thy pinions away :
Speak to the Dardan chieftain who now is content to stay
In Carthage, and hath for the city assigned him by Fate no care. 225

Adown the rushing winds unto him my commandment bear.
Not for such scion his beauteous mother pledged us her word,

Promisit, Graiumque ideo bis vindicat armis ;
 Sed fore qui gravidam inperis belloque frementem
 Italiam regeret, genus alto a sanguine Teucri
 Proderet, ac totum sub leges mitteret orbem. 230
 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,
 Nec prolem Ausoniam et Lavinia respicit arva ? 235
 Naviget : haec summa est ; hic nostri nuntius esto. '
 Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat
 Inperio ; 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 humeros infusa tegit ; tum flumina mento 250
 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 arenosum Libyae ventosque secabat
 Materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles.
 Ut primum alatis tetigit magalia plantis,
 Aenean fundantem arces ac tecta novantem 260

And so with our sanction rescued him twice from the Grecian sword.
 But she promised a king for Italia, a mighty conqueror,
 For the mother of empires, the land that is loud with the voices of war.
 Teucer's imperial blood unto ages to be she foresaw 230
 Passed onward by him, and a world bowed under the yoke of law.
 If his spirit is kindled not by the vision of such renown,
 If he will not endure the labour to win for himself the crown,
 To Ascanius begrudgeth the father the towered hills of Rome ?
 What are his schemes or his hopes, that he maketh mid foes his home, 235
 Nor thinks of Ausonian posterity, nor of Lavinian land ?
 Let him forth on the sea ! My fiat is this : bear thou my command.'

He spake, and the God made ready to render obedience meet
 To the hest of the Mighty Sire. First binds he beneath his feet
 His golden sandals, which waft him on wings high over the main 240
 Swift as the rushing blast of the wind, and o'er earth's plain.
 Then takes he his wand, wherewith he summoneth up from hell
 Pale ghosts, and sends down others in nether darkness to dwell,
 With this gives sleep and takes it away, and seals at the last
 Men's eyes for ever in death. He drives before him the blast
 With a wave of his wand ; like a swimmer the cloudrack now doth he breast ; 245
 And now in his onward flight he beholdeth the soaring crest
 And the flanks of Atlas the rugged, who bears up heaven with his head,—
 Of Atlas, around whose pine-wreathed brows for ever are spread
 Black clouds, and the wind and the rain beat on them evermore.
 Snow drifts o'er his shoulders and shrouds them : headlong rivers pour 250
 From his age-furrowed cheeks ; one sheet of ice is his tangled beard.
 Here first the God, when from heaven to earth his flight he had steered,
 Hung, poised on his balancing wings, then upgathered his limbs for the leap,
 And hurled him adown to the waves, like the bird that skims the deep
 Low-flying around fish-haunted rock and lonely strand ; 255
 Even so 'twixt earth and sky unto Libya's sea-fringed sand
 Came fleeting adown the wind the Herald, Cyllene's God,
 Leaving the sire of his mother afar. When his winged feet trod
 The skirts of Carthage, he saw where Aeneas was marking down
 The foundations of towers, and rearing the homes of the new-born town. 260

Conspicit : atque illi stellatus iaspide fulva
 Ens erat, Tyrioque ardebat murice laena
 Demissa ex humeris, dives quae munera Dido
 Fecerat et tenui telas discreverat auro.
 Continuo invadit : ‘ Tu nunc Karthaginis 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
 Debentur.’ Tali Cyllenius ore locutus,
 Mortalis visus medio sermone reliquit,
 Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.
 At vero Aeneas aspectu obmutuit amens,
 Arrectaeque horrore comae, et vox faucibus haesit. 280
 Ardet abire fuga dulcisque relinquere terras,
 Attonitus tanto monitu inperioque deorum.
 Heu quid agat ? quo nunc reginam ambire furem
 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 optuma Dido
 Nesciat et tantos rumpi non speret amores,
 Temptaturum aditus, et quae mollissima fandi
 Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus. Ocius omnes

Inperio laeti parent ac 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 Bacchatur, qualis commotis excita sacris Thyias, ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho Orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Cithaeron. Tandem his Aenean compellat vocibus ultro : ‘ Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum Posse nefas, tacitusque mea decedere terra ? Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam, Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido ? Quin etiam hiberno moliris sidere classem, Et mediis properas aquilonibus ire per altum, 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— Per connubia 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 Odere, infensi Tyrii ; te propter eundem Exstinctus 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	300 305 310 315 320 325

All gladly obey his behest, all haste to perform his command. 295
 But the Queen—ah, who shall elude the eyes of love?—divined
 His plot, was first to discern the storm in the stirring wind,
 Fearing when all seemed safe. Accursèd Rumour bare
 Tidings that maddened her—' Lo, they make ready the fleet, they prepare
 For flight oversea ! '—She rages, bereft of self-control ;
 Raving she rushes through all the city, a fire in her soul, 300
 Like a Maenad kindled to frenzy when clashed are the sacred things,
 Whom the shout ' Hail Bacchus ! ' at orgies triennial goads and stings,
 When the cry from Cithaeron that echoes summons her forth to the night.
 At last, ere Aeneas could speak, with reproaches his heart did she smite :
 ' Ha, didst thou hope, thou traitor, to veil thy treason from me, 305
 And to steal away from my land, like a thief, all silently ?
 Doth our love not hold thee back, nor the hands that in trothplight met,
 Nor the snares of a cruel death for the feet of Dido set ?
 Nay more, 'neath a wintry sky dost thou thy fleet prepare,
 And amidst of the north-wind's fury dost haste overseas to fare, 310
 O ruthless heart ? What, wert thou bound for no alien land
 And homes unknown, did Troy thine ancient home still stand,
 Would thy fleets through stormy surges seek that Trojan strand ?
 And from *me* dost thou flee ? Oh, by these tears, by thy plighted hand !—
 Nought else have I—all was surrendered, alas for me, unto thee !— 315
 Oh, by our espousals, the bridal that hath but begun to be !—
 If aught I have done have earned thy thanks, if aught of all
 That I gave thee was sweet, ah, pity a house that reels to its fall,
 And the purpose that now possesses thee, fling it from thee, I pray—
 If still there be place for prayer—like a tainted garment away !
 For *thy* sake Libyan tribes and Nomad chiefs hate me, 320
 Yea, and my Tyrians' hearts are estranged ; through thee, even thee,
 Mine honour hath perished ; my past fair fame, mine all, whereby
 Alone I aspired to the heavens ! Now am I at point to die,
 And to whom dost thou leave me a prey, O thou, thou—*guest of my board* ?
 Since this, this name alone, is left of my love and my lord !
 Why do I linger in life ?—till my brother Pygmalion shall bring 325
 My ramparts down to the dust, or till that Gaetulian king,

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
 Dixerat. Ille Iovis monitis inmota 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 humentibus umbris
 Nox operit terras, quotiens astra ignea surgunt,
 Admonet in somnis et turbida terret imago ;
 Me puer Ascanius capitisque iniuria cari,
 Quem regno Hesperiae fraudo et fatalibus arvis. 355
 Nunc etiam interpretes divom, Iove missus ab ipso—
 Testor utrumque caput—celeris mandata per auras
 Detulit ; ipse deum manifesto in lumine vidi

Iarbas, shall hale me away, his captive, to thralldom and shame ?
 Ah, had there but been vouchsafed me a child to bear thy name
 Ere thy desertion of me—if a baby Aeneas might play
 In mine halls, whose features to me might recall thee from far away,
 Then should I feel not wholly betrayed, nor forsaken for aye ! ' 330

She ended : by Jove's behest constrained, unwavering still
 Kept he his eyes, and his heart's love curbed by strength of will.
 Briefly at last he replies : ' How many claims soe'er
 To my gratitude thou canst name, not one, O Queen, will I dare
 Disclaim, nor aught but dear shall Elissa's memory be 335
 Long as I know myself, and the life-breath quickeneth me.
 Few words, as befitteth the time, will I say. I thought not, I—
 Dream thou not so—in stealthy wise from thy land to fly.
 But never did I uplift the bridegroom's blazing brand,
 Nor came I hither to give thee the troth of the plighted hand.
 Did Destiny suffer me to lead life's march as I will, 340
 To smoothe its troublous path, and the course of my choice to fulfil,
 Before all would I dwell where my loved ones lie in the war-wrecked land
 Of Troy, and the high-built palace of Priam still should stand,
 And stablished anew for the vanquished had Pergama been by mine hand.
 But now unto great Italia Apollo, Grynium's Lord, 345
 Beckons me ; Lycian oracles summon me thitherward.
 There is mine heart's desire, the land of my sires of yore.
 If thou, a Phoenician princess, art chained to the Afric shore
 By the towers of Carthage, the sight of a Libyan citadel,
 Wherefore, I ask thee, begrudge that the sons of Troy should dwell
 On Ausonian soil ? That we seek unto alien realms is our right. 350
 The phantom form of my father Anchises, oft as the night
 Palls earth with her dew-dropping shades, and the fires of starland uprise,
 Warns me in slumber, and scares me with sorrow-troubled eyes.
 I think of Ascanius my son, and the wrongs of that dear head
 Whom I rob of a kingdom and lands whereunto he is destiny-led. 355
 Now also the Herald of Heaven, by Jove's self sent—I swear
 By thy life and mine !—on the wings of the wind hath borne through the air
 His behest. In day's clear light I beheld the presence divine

Intrantem muros, vocemque his auribus hausi.

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 maxuma 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

Interpres divom 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,

Supplicia hausurum scopulis, et nomine Dido

Saepe vocaturum. Sequar atris ignibus absens,

385

Et, cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus,

Omnibus umbra locis adero. Dabis, inprobe, poenas.

Audiam, et haec Manis veniet mihi fama sub imos.'

His medium dictis sermonem abrumpit, et auras

Pass over thy walls : his voice thrilled through these ears of mine.
 Ah, cease to fever thine heart and mine with reproach and wail !
 Not of my will do I follow where Italy summons the sail.'

360

All this while as he spake had she scowled with averted face,
 Hitherward, thitherward rolling her eyes : her silent gaze
 Roved o'er him from head to foot, till she cried with lips of fire :
 ' No goddess was mother to thee, nor Dardanus primal sire 365
 Of thy line, thou traitor ! From savage Caucasus' womb wast thou cast
 On her flinty rocks ; by Hyrcanian tigresses suckled thou wast !
 Why hide my scorn ?—must I wait till a darker wrong be dealt ?
 For my weeping deigned he to sigh ?—did his glance once waver or melt ?
 Was he so overcome as to weep ? Did he pity the anguish of love ? 370
 What wrong is worse than its fellows ? Nor Heaven's high Queen from above,
 Nor Saturn's Son Allfather, beholdeth the doings of earth
 With righteous eyes : men's honour and truth are nothing-worth !
 To a beggar cast on my shores mine hospitality
 I tendered : in madness I gave him a place on the throne by me !
 His shipwrecked fleet, his companions, I plucked from the jaws of the sea. 375
 Woe's me ! set aflame by the Furies whirled am I helplessly on !
 Now is it Prophet Apollo, Lycian responses anon,
 Now yet again, by Jove's self sent, the Herald of Heaven
 Bears through the air the appalling behest that his Lord hath given !
 Such tasks, forsooth, are set to the Dwellers on High to perform ;
 Such cares disquiet their breasts, and turn their calm to storm !
 I hold thee not here, neither care to disprove lies uttered by thee ! 380
 Hence ! on the wind's wings chase thy fleeting Italy !
 Follow thy phantom realm o'er the waters' immensity !
 But oh, I trust, if the justice of Heaven have yet any power, [hour
 That, trapped mid the rocks, thou wilt drain thy punishment's cup ! In that
 Upon Dido again and again wilt thou call with despairing breath !
 With avenging fires from afar will I follow thee : when chill death 385
 Shall have sundered body and soul, wheresoever thy place, my shade
 Shall haunt thee ! Villain, the uttermost debt of thy sin shall be paid !
 I shall hear it ; in nethermost hell shall the tidings reach the betrayed !'
 In mid-speech suddenly breaking off, she fled from the light

Aegra fugit, seque ex oculis avertit et aufert, Linquens multa metu cunctantem et multa parantem Dicere. Suscipiunt famulae, conlapsaque membra Marmoreo referunt thalamo stratisque reponunt.	390
At pius Aeneas, quamquam lenire dolentem Solando cupit et dictis avertere curas, Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore, Iussa tamen divom exsequitur, classemque revisit. Tum vero Teucri incumbunt et litore celsas Deducunt toto navis. Natat uncta carina, Frondentisque ferunt remos et robora silvis Infabricata, fugae studio.	395 400
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 Obnixae frumenta humeris ; 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 Misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus aequor ? Inprobe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis ? Ire iterum in lacrimas, iterum temptare precando Cogitur, et supplex animos submittere amori, Ne quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat.	405 410 415
' Anna, vides toto properari litore : circum Undique convenere ; vocat iam carbasus auras, Puppibus et laeti nautae inposuere coronas. Hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem, Et perferre, soror, potero. Miserae hoc tamen unum Exsequere, Anna, mihi ; solam nam perfidus ille Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus ;	420

Heart-sick ; she turned on Aeneas her back, and rushed from his sight,
 Leaving him faltering stammered excuses in 'wildered dismay. 390
 Her maidens uplift her, and bear her fainting form away
 To her marble bower, and her strengthless limbs on a couch do they lay.

But Aeneas the god-revering, albeit he fain would calm
 With his pleadings the storm of her grief, and bring to her anguish balm,
 Heavily sighing, while staggers his purpose 'neath love's strong blows, 395
 Yet obeys the behests of the Gods, and back to his fleet he goes.

Then, then do the Trojans strain at their task : down the long shore-line
 Seaward they hale tall ships ; the pitched keel floats on the brine ;
 Branches unstripped of their leaves do they bring, beams hastily
 Hewn, and unfashioned yet, in their earnest desire to flee. 400

These, from the whole city pouring, an emigrant host, may one see.
 'Twas as when ants, provident for the winter, swarming come
 To ravage a huge corn-heap, and to store their tunnelled home.
 Dark columns wind o'er the plain, they bear through the grass the spoil
 On a narrow track, while some with thrusting shoulders toil 405

Pushing forward the massy grains, some hurry the march, and spur
 Onward the laggards : with fever of work is the pathway astir.
 What thoughts, when this thou beheldest, Dido, thy bosom tore !
 What moans didst thou utter when from thy towers thou sawest the shore
 To right and to left afar turmoiled, and before thine eyes 410

Was all the expanse of sea a confusion of clamorous cries !
 Whereunto wilt thou drive not mortal hearts, O tyrant Love ?
 Again dost thou force her to weep, again to essay to move.
 Her truant by prayer, and to kneel, a suppliant love-betrayed,
 That she may not passively perish, all ways of escape unessayed. 415

' Seest thou, Anna, how all the strand is astir, how these
 Have gathered from all sides round, how the canvas calls for the breeze,
 How the jubilant shipmen with garlands have hung the stern-posts tall ?
 If I have indeed foreseen that such anguish as this would befall,
 I shall yet have strength to bear it, my sister. Yet do thou for me, 420

Thine hapless sister, this single service :—only to thee
 That traitor was wont to give his friendship ; to thee alone
 He entrusted his secret thoughts : to none save thee were known

Sola viri mollis aditus et tempora noras.

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 neget duras demittere in auris.

Quo ruit ? extremum hoc miserae det munus amanti :

Expectet 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 dederis, 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 :

Mens inmotam manet ; lacrimae volvuntur inanes.

Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido

Mortem orat ; taedet caeli convexa tueri. 450

Quo magis inceptum peragat, lucemque relinquat,

Vidit, turicremis cum dona inponeret aris—

Horrendum dictu—latices nigrescere sacros,

Fusaque in obscenum se vertere vina cruorem. 455

Where his heart's defences were weak, and when to strike the blow.
 Go then, my sister, and humbly beseech our haughty foe.
 Not I with the Greeks at Aulis conspired to make an end
 Of the Trojan race ; no fleet against Pergamus' towers did I send, 425
 Nor rifled the grave of Anchises, nor troubled his ghost's repose,
 That against all pleadings of mine his obdurate ears he should close.
 Whitherward doth he rush ? Let him grant this one last boon unto me,
 Who have loved to my sorrow, to wait till calm for his flight is the sea,
 And the wafting winds blow fair—O nay, I implore him not now 430
 To renew the faith forsworn, the broken marriage-vow,
 Not to forego fair Latium, or turn from his kingdom his face ;
 But a fleeting respite I ask, for my passion a breathing-space,
 Until my fortune hath taught me to bow to sorrow's sway.
 Ah, pity thy sister !—for this, this one last kindness I pray ! 435
 My death shall repay thee the boon thou bestowest, and overpay.'

Such supplication she made ; such words, whereof each was a tear,
 Once and again unto him did her woeful sister bear.
 But by no outpourings of tears from his purpose Aeneas is stirred :
 With spirit inflexibly steadfast he hearkeneth every word.
 Fate barreth the way, and Heaven from relenting sealeth his ears. 440
 And as when some oak-tree, strong in the strength that hath waxed through
 Is assailed by the norland winds, whose blasts to left and to right [the years,
 Strive to uproot it—a groaning and crashing sounds as they smite :
 Quivers the trunk, deep-strewn is the earth as the leaves rain down.
 Yet it grippeth the rocks ; as high to the heaven as it lifteth its crown 445
 Through the air, so deeply its roots through the darkness Hadesward go.
 Even so by her pleadings insistent buffeted to and fro
 Is the hero's mighty heart, and is thrilled with passion's pain :
 Yet unmoved his purpose abideth, her tears stream all in vain.

Then, then unhappy Dido, by destiny panic-driven, 450
 Prayeth for death : she is weary of seeing the vault of heaven.
 To confirm her the more in her purpose, to drive her to leave life's light,
 When she laid her gifts on the altar of incense, she saw—O sight
 Fearful to tell !—the hallowed streams turn sable of hue,
 And the wine as she poured it was blood most loathly and evil to view. 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 furentem 465
 In somnis ferus 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 duplicis se ostendere Thebas ; 470
 Aut Agamemnonius scaenis agitatus Orestes
 Armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris
 Cum fugit, ultricesque sedent in limine Dirae.
 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 maxunus Atlas
 Axem humero 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 humida mella soporiferumque papaver.
 Haec se carminibus promittit solvere mentes,
 Quas velit, ast aliis duras inmittere curas ;
 Sistere aquam fluviiis, et vertere sidera retro ;
 Nocturnosque ciet Manis ; mugire videbis 490

That vision to none, no, not to her sister's self, she told.
 In the palace withal was a marble shrine unto him who of old
 Was her husband, the which she honoured with wondrous reverence aye,
 And with snow-white fillets festooned it, and festal myrtle-spray.
 Thence seemed she to hear wild cries and the voice of one that called, 460
 The voice of her lord, when earth with the night was overpalled ;
 And lone on the roof-ridge with notes sepulchral again and again
 The screech-owl wailed, long lengthening out her sobbing strain.
 And by prophecies many of ancient seers inspired is she wrought
 Into frenzy of fear through their bodings. In dreams is she passion-distraught,
 And a brutal Aeneas drives her before him. Forsaken she seems, [465
 Lone, ever treading an endless companionless path in her dreams,
 And seeking in vain her Tyrian folk in a desert land ;
 Even as Pentheus sees in his madness the Furies' band
 And a sun's orb twinned and a twofold Thebes on his gaze uprise, 470
 Or Orestes, the slain king's son, across the stage as he flies
 From her who with torches and snakes dark-gleaming chaseth her son,
 While still the Avenging Fiends wait crouched on his threshold-stone.
 When the horror took shape in her soul, when, vanquished by misery,
 She resolved her to die, the hour and the fashion secretly 475
 She plans, and bespeaks her heart-stricken sister, belying now
 With her mien her intent, with hope's tranquillity smoothing her brow :
 ' I have found out a way, my sister—O sister, rejoice with me !—
 Which shall bring him back to mine arms, or shall set love's captive free,
 Hard by the ocean's verge and the bourne of the setting sun 480
 Is the uttermost Aethiops' land, where Atlas, mightiest one,
 Swings round on his shoulder the vault of heaven with stars ablaze.
 A priestess who came forth thence have I seen, of Massylian race,
 The Hesperids' temple-warder, by whom was the Dragon fed
 That kept afar from the Holy Tree the spoiler's tread ; 485
 For honey with slumbrous poppy-seeds over his food she shed.
 She claims by her spells to snap love's fetters from whatso heart
 She will, or to pierce another with passion's cruel dart,
 And to stay the flowing of rivers, and turn back stars, through the skies
 As they roll, and out of the darkness she causeth ghosts to rise. 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, superinponant : abolere nefandi

Cuncta viri monumenta iuvat, monstratque sacerdos.'

Haec effata silet ; pallor simul occupat ora.

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 enseque 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 revolsus 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.

As thou watchest her, lo, earth's floor shall mutter under thee,
 And ash-trees moving adown the mountain-side shalt thou see.
 I call the Gods and thyself to witness, and thy dear heart,
 O sister beloved !—sore loth do I arm me with magic's art.
 Do thou in the secrecy of the innermost court uprear
 Skyward a pyre, and lay thereupon the battle-gear
 Which the traitor left hung up on the walls of my bower, and withal
 Whatsoe'er he hath worn, and the nuptial couch that saw my fall.
 Whatsoever may call to remembrance the wretch accurst 'twill be joy,
 According as biddeth the priestess, utterly to destroy.'

495

She spake, and her voice died down, and her face grew deadly pale.
 Yet dreamed not Anna that these strange rites were devised but to veil
 Her sister's purposed death : no vision rose in her breast
 Of madness so awful ; she fears no day more sorrow-oppressed
 Than the day when Sychaeus died : so doth she her sister's request.

500

But the Queen, when the pyre in the innermost court 'neath the naked sky
 Had been reared with brands of pinewood and cloven oak piled high,
 Festoons with garlands the place, and wreaths it with cypress sprays :
 His raiment, his masterless sword, and her lover's image she lays
 Over all on the couch, beholding the future the while clear-eyed.
 Around stand altars ; the priestess with loose hair floating wide
 Called upon Gods three hundred with voice that thunderous rolled,
 On Erebus, Chaos, on Hecate, Queen of the shapes threefold ;
 On the faces three of Dian the Virgin. Her fingers had rained
 Water around, which came from Avernus' fount, as she feigned.

505

510

She reacheth the hand unto downy herbs, 'neath the moon's cold gleam
 Reaped with a sickle of brass, with whose milk-sap poisons stream ;
 To the love-charm stretcheth her hand, from the brow of the foal new-born
 Plucked, ere by the fevered teeth of the mother it thence could be torn.
 The Queen, with the salted cake uplifted in reverent hands,
 With the one foot bare of its sandal, beside the altar stands,
 Her vesture ungirdled, and, facing the imminent death, she appeals
 To the Gods and the stars unto whom futurity Fate reveals,
 Last, to what Powers soever behold true love betrayed
 With righteous wrath, and forget not to punish the traitor, she prayed.

520

Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
 Corpora per terras, silvaeque et saeva quierant
 Aeque, 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, nec umquam
 Solvitur in somnos, oculisque 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 connubia 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.
 Tu lacrimis evicta meis, tu prima furentem
 His, germana, malis oneras, atque obiicis hosti.
 Non licuit thalami expertem sine crimine vitam 550
 Degere, more ferae, talis nec tangere curas !

It was night, and the whole world through were the blossoms of slumber's
 Gathered by weary ones ; the forests, the merciless seas [peace
 Were stirless now : 'twas the hour when the chariots of starland have rolled
 Softly to heaven's mid-height, when hushed is the life of the wold, 525
 When its beasts and its birds bright-plumed, even all that haunt the lake
 That league-long limpidly gleams, or the moorland's thorny brake,
 'Neath the veils of the silent night lay cradled on slumber's breast.
 Their hearts had forgotten their toils, their cares had been lulled to rest.
 But not, not Dido the stricken-hearted ! Never she sank
 With limbs relaxed into sleep, nor the peace of the night she drank 530
 Into her eyes or her heart. But the cry of bereavement's pain
 Rings ever louder : the tide of love inrolling again
 Stormily swells : upon indignation's surge to and fro
 Is she tossed. At the last she spake, to her own heart murmuring low :
 ' What plight is mine ? Once more of the suitors in past time banned
 Shall I make proof ?—to be mocked ! Shall I humbly pray for the hand 535
 Of a Nomad chief whose suit so oft I had spurned aside ?
 What then ?—shall I follow the Ilian fleet ?—shall I stoop my pride
 To do the uttermost bidding of Trojans ?—because, I trow,
 Mine help in rescuing them shall stand me in good stead now,
 And the grace of mine erstwhile kindness yet in their memory
 Lives ! Ay, but grant I were willing, who will suffer me ?
 Who will in his barks disdainful welcome an alien foe ? 540
 Alas for thee, lost one ! Ignorant art thou, and dost not know
 Even yet how faith-forsworn are all Laomedon's line ?
 What then ?—alone with his triumphing crews shall I flee o'er the brine ?
 Or, begirt with my Tyrian folk and all my warrior host,
 Shall I press on their track ?—ay, those whom hardly from Sidon's coast 545
 I tore away, shall I drag these once more over the main,
 And bid mine exiles spread their sails to the wind yet again ?
 Nay, die the death thou hast earned, let the steel's edge banish thy pain !
 It was thou, my sister, who first, by my tears overcome, didst lay
 On my frenzied heart this burden of evils, didst fling me a prey
 Unto my foe ! Ah me, to have lived like the wildwood things 550
 An innocent life, by marriage unvexed and the sorrow it brings !

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 voltu 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 turbare 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 inmiscuit atrae. 570

Tum vero Aeneas, subitis exterritus umbris,
Corripit e somno corpus sociosque fatigat ;
' Praecipites vigilate, viri, et considite transtris ;
Solvite vela citi. Deus aethere missus ab alto
Festinare fugam tortosque incidere funis 575
Ecce iterum stimulat. Sequimur te, sancte deorum,
Quisquis es, inperioque 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 ;
Adnixa torquent spumas et caerula verrunt.

Et iam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile. 585

I have kept not faith, the pledge to Sychaeus' ashes given !'
 Such was the wail that burst from a Queen's heart anguish-riven.

Aeneas, fixed in his purpose to hasten thence away,
 Now that all was meetly prepared, on the high poop slumbering lay. 555
 Unto him the form of the God, with the visage beheld theretofore
 Returning, rose on his slumber, and seemed to warn once more—
 It was very Mercury, wholly in voice and in hue the same,
 In the glow of his golden hair, in the grace of his youthful frame :—
 'Up, goddess-born ! 'neath the shadow of peril slumberest thou ? 560
 Seest thou not what dangers are rising around thee now ?
 Madman, and hearest thou not the west-wind's favouring breath ?
 She, with the recklessness of a spirit resolved on death,
 Is plotting treachery fierce and fell for thee in her breast,
 While the surging sea of her fury tosses in wild unrest.
 Wilt thou not flee hence headlong, while yet thou hast power to flee ? 565
 Turmoiled with her chasing prows soon shalt thou behold the sea,
 And with vengeful torches agleam, and ablaze with flames yon strand,
 If the Dawn-queen find thee tarrying yet on the verge of her land.
 Ho, hence ! through the snares of delay burst ! Fickle and changeful aye
 Is woman ! ' he spake, and in black night faded the vision away. 570

Then, then doth Aeneas, appalled by the sudden phantom, leap
 From slumber's arms, and insistently rouseth his comrades from sleep :
 'Wake ye in hot haste, friends ! Sit down on the thwarts forthright !
 Swiftly unfurl the sails ! Lo, a God sent down from the height
 Of heaven, again cometh spurring us on to renew our flight, 575
 And to cut through the hempen cables. We follow thee, presence divine,
 Whosoever thou be, and with joy we obey that hest of thine
 Once more ! Be near us, and graciously aid, and the stars do thou guide
 In courses propitious ! ' He spake, and he snatched from the sheath at his side
 His lightning blade, and severed the hawser in twain with the brand. 580
 With fiery energy one and all ply foot and hand.

The shores are forsaken, the sea 'neath their galleys is hidden from sight,
 They are sweeping the blue waves, whirling the spray, as they strain with their
 And by this the Lady of Dawn, from Tithonus' saffron bed [might.
 Uprising, over the earth the spray of her fresh light shed. 585

Regina e speculis ut primum albescere lucem
 Vidit, et aequatis classem procedere velis,
 Litoraue 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,
 Deripientque rates alii navalibus ? Ite,
 Ferte citi flammas, date tela, inpellite remos !—
 Quid loquor ? aut ubi sum ? Quae mentem insania mutat ? 595
 Infelix Dido ! nunc te facta impia tangunt ?
 Tum decuit, cum scepra dabas. En dextra fidesque,
 Quem secum patrios aiunt portare Penatis,
 Quem subiisse humeris 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,
 Inplessemque foros flammis, natumque patremque 605
 Cum genere extinxem, memet super ipsa dedissem.
 Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras,
 Tuque harum interpres 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 avolsus Iuli,
 Auxilium inplotet, videatque indigna suorum

The Queen from her watchtower looked, and beheld the new-born day
 Whiten, and saw where sails swept onward in ranked array,
 And marked how the beaches and havens were void, not an oarsman there.
 Thrice and again she smote on her lovely breast, and she tare
 Her golden tresses—' Ha, great Lord of the Skies, shall he go ? ' 590
 She cried : ' Shall a wandering alien flout my kingdom so ?
 Shall my people not don their armour, and from all Carthage-town
 Follow, and drag to the sea my ships from the dockyards down ? [strain !—
 Ho, forth !—bring torches with speed !—give us darts !—at the oar-blades
 What say I ?—alas, where am I ?—what madness turns my brain ? 595
 Oh ill-starred Dido, but now is thy sin brought home to thee ?
 Nay, *then* was it meet, when thou gavest away thy sovereignty !
 Lo, such is his vaunted honour, the troth of his right hand,
 Who carries with him, as they boast, the Gods of his fatherland,
 Who stooped his shoulders a father stricken in years to bear !
 Impotent was I to seize him, and limb from limb to tear, 600
 And to scatter them wide on the waves ? Could I slay not his friends with the
 And Ascanius himself, and banquet the sire on the horrible meal ? [steel,
 But dubious had been the fortune of fight—be it so : what foe
 Have I feared, who am purposed to die ? Ere then firebrands would I throw
 On mine enemies' host, I would set their crowded decks ablaze : 605
 The son, the father would I have destroyed, with all their race ;
 Yea, and myself on the selfsame holocaust had I hurled !
 O Sun, whose splendour surveyeth the labours of all the world,
 O Juno, contriver and witness of these mine agonies,
 Hecate, nightlong at crossways invoked with wolfish cries,
 And ye, Avenging Fiends, ye Gods of a dying Queen, 610
 Hearken, and aim your vengeance-bolts at the men of sin !
 Hear, hear my prayers ! If it needs must be that the miscreant reach
 The haven, with keels that slide safe on to the alien beach,
 If great Jove's fates demand it, and there the fixed goal stands,
 Yet harassed then by a warrior nation's armèd bands, 615
 Banished their borders, torn from his young Iulus' embrace,
 May he pray for help, may his friends fall slain before his face
 In an unworthy cause, and, when he shall yield in his strait

Funera ; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquae
 Tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur ;
 Sed cadat ante diem mediaque inhumatus arena. 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
 Inprecor, arma armis ; pugnent ipsique nepotesque.
 Haec ait, et partis animum versabat in omnis, 630
 Invisam quaerens quam primum abruptere 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 lympha, 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 inponere curis,
 Dardaniique rogum capitis permittere flammæ. 640
 Sic ait. Illa gradum studio celerabat anili.
 At trepida, et coeptis inmanibus efferat Dido,
 Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementis
 Interfusa genas, et pallida morte futura,
 Interiora domus inrumpit limina, et altos 645
 Consendit furibunda rogos, ensemque recludit
 Dardanium, non hos quaesitum munus in usus.
 Hic, postquam Iliacas vestes notumque cubile
 Conspexit, paulum lacrimis et mente morata,
 Incubuitque toro, dixitque novissima verba : 650
 ‘ Dulces exuviae, dum fata deusque sinebat,

To accept the terms of peace that alien men dictate,
 Then may he enjoy not his throne, or life's dear light, but be doomed
 To perish before his time, on a lone strand unentombed ! 620
 This is my prayer, my last cry this, outpoured with my blood.
 Ye, Tyrians, persecute aye with your hate the traitor's brood
 And all his race through the ages ! Unto mine ashes do ye
 Send this for your funeral gift ! Nor love nor truce let there be
 'Twixt nation and nation ! Arise, thou Avenger unknown, from my tomb, 625
 Who shalt hunt yon Dardan settlers with fire and with sword to their doom !
 Now, yea, and hereafter, oft as their strength is renewed for the war—
 My curse on them !—wave against billow shall battle, and shore against shore,
 Steel against steel ! Let them fight, and their sons' sons, evermore !'
 Wildly the storm of her thoughts swept hitherward, thitherward, 630
 As she sought how soonest to snap the thread of the life she abhorred.
 Unto Barce, the nurse of Sychaeus, in few words then did she say—
 For the pyre-blackened dust of her own in her ancient fatherland lay—
 ' Send hitherward, dear my nurse, my sister Anna to me ;
 Bid her sprinkle with river-water her body for purity, 635
 And bring with her cattle and victims for expiation assigned,
 And come : thou, round thy temples the holy fillet wind.
 A sacrifice to the Lord of Hades, the which ere this
 I began with meet preparation, now my purpose it is
 To accomplish, and so shall mine heart for its sorrows be comforted,
 When the flames have devoured the pyre that pillows the Dardan's head.' 640
 Thence with an agèd handmaid's devotion the old nurse sped.
 But the Queen, by her awful design to a frenzied wild thing turned,—
 While rolled her bloodshot eyes, and her quivering visage burned
 With the hectic crimson that flushed through the pallor of death drawing nigh—
 Bursts through the doors of the inner palace ; the pyre built high 645
 Madly she mounts ; and now the Dardan sword hath she bared,—
 A gage of love that had been for no such office prepared !
 There as she gazed on the Ilian raiment, the bed of love,
 For a little she lingered, the while with tears and remembrance she strove,
 Then cast her down on the couch, and the last farewell she cried : 650
 ' Dear relics,—dear to me once, ere Fate and the Gods denied !—

Accipite hanc animam, meque his exsolvite curis.

Vixi, et, quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi ;

Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.

Urbem praeclaram statui ; mea moenia vidi ;

655

Ultra virum, poenas inimico a fratre recepi ;

Felix, heu nimium felix, si litora tantum

Numquam Dardaniae tetigissent nostra carinae !

Dixit, et, os inpressa 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, enseque cruore

Spumantem, sparsasque manus. It clamor ad alta

665

Atria ; concussam bacchatur Fama per urbem.

Lamentis gemituque et femineo ululatu

Tecta fremunt ; resonat magnis plangoribus aether.

Non aliter, quam si inmissis 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 pugnīs

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

Sprevisti 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

Sidonios, urbemque tuam. Date volnera lymphis

Receive my spirit : from all this anguish set me free !
 I have lived, I have run the course that Fortune appointed for me.
 To the underworld shall I pass, a ghost—yet still a queen.
 I have builded a burg world-famous, my ramparts and towers have I seen. 655
 My lord I avenged ; I requited my brother's murderous hand.
 Blest had I been, yea, all too blest, if unto our strand
 Never had come the keels by Dardan traitors manned ! '

She spake, and she pressed to the pillow her lips—' Unavenged shall I die ?
 Yet be it death ! ' she cried. ' Thus, thus from the light of the sky 660
 I rejoice to descend ! Let him gloat, yon Dardan, with pitiless eye
 On the flame of my pyre, as over the deep he voyageth,
 And bear, for his omen of fortune everywhere, my death ! '

So cried she ; and scarce had she ended ere they of her train beheld
 Their Queen on the steel impaled, and the blood that foaming welled
 O'er the sword, and her hands red-spattered : shrieks through the high halls
 And bacchanal-wild through the startled city Rumour sprang. [rang, 665
 There is tumult of wailing and moaning, and women's screams all round
 The palace : with passionate beating of breasts doth the air resound.
 It was even as though all Carthage, as poured through her gates her foes,
 Were falling, or ancient Tyre, while madding flame-wreaths rose 670
 In rolling clouds high over the roofs of home and fane.
 Fainting with terror her sister heard, and she rushed amain
 With knees that trembled for haste, and she tore her cheeks as she flew,
 And beat on her breasts, as she hurried the thronging mourners through.
 And ever she cried on the name of the dying—' Oh sister mine,
 Was this thy secret ? To cheat me with guile, was that thy design ? 675
 Was it this that thy pyre, thine altar, thy fires, were preparing for me ?
 What woe shall I first bewail in bereavement's agony ?
 Didst thou scorn that thy sister should be in death undivided from thee ?
 Ah, why didst thou summon me not to partake the selfsame doom ?
 One pang had the steel dealt both, one hour borne both to the tomb.
 Have I reared with mine hands this pyre, have I lifted my voice in prayer 680
 To our sires' Gods, only to leave thee to perish—O heartless !—there ?
 Me hast thou borne with thee, sister, and all thy folk, to the grave,
 Thy city withal, and its elders Sidonian—ah, let me lave

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 volnus.
 Ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa levavit ; 690
 Ter revoluta toro est, oculisque errantibus alto
 Quaesivit caelo lucem, ingemuitque reperta.
 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 adstitit : ' Hunc ego Diti
 Sacrum iussa fero, teque isto corpore solvo.'
 Sic ait, et dextra crinem secat : omnis et una
 Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit. 705

With water thy wounds ! And if yet there be lingering one last breath
Let my lips drink it in ! ' So climbed she the steps of the pyre of death, 685
And her sister's dying form in loving embrace did she hold
Moaning, and strove to stanch the blood with her vesture's fold.
Dido essayed to upraise her heavy eyes, and swooned
Yet again, as under her bosom whispered the deep-trenched wound.
Thrice strained she to lift herself, on her bended arm to rise, 690
Thrice on the couch fell back. She seeks, with wandering eyes
Raised skyward, the light ; as she finds it, wearily she sighs.
Then on her lingering pain Heaven's Queen omnipotent,
On her agonized passing, had pity, and down from Olympus sent
Iris, to free the struggling soul to the flesh yet chained. 695
For, since she was perishing not in the season by Fate ordained,
Nor yet by the death that cuts short meetly a life sin-stained,
But with sudden madness aflame, alas, before her day,
Not yet had Proserpina shorn the golden tress away
From her brow, and doomed to the Stygian shadowland her head.
So Iris dew-impearled on her saffron pinions sped 700
Trailing a thousand colours against the sun through the air ;
And over her head she stood : ' This tress am I bidden to bear
Hallowed to Dis as his due. From the body I free thee so.'
Then her right hand severed the lock : straight faded away all glow
Of life, and the soul on the winds' wings fled to the world below. 705

P. VERGILI MARONIS

AENEIDOS

LIBER QUINTUS.

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
Polluto, notumque furens quid femina possit,
Triste per augurium Teucrorum pectora ducunt.

5

Ut pelagus tenuere rates, nec iam amplius ulla
Occurrit tellus, maria undique et undique caelum,
Olli caeruleus supra caput adstitit imber,
Noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris.
Ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab alta :

10

‘ Heu ! quianam tanti cinxerunt aethera nimbi ?
Quidve, pater Neptune, paras ? ’ Sic deinde locutus
Colligere arma iubet validisque incumbere remis,
Obliquatque sinus in ventum, ac talia fatur :

15

‘ 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

THE AENEID OF VIRGIL.

BOOK V.

The Funeral Games in honour of the Dead.

MEANWHILE unswerving Aeneas, the land left far behind,
Held on his course, and ploughed waves gloomed by the north-east wind,
Looking back on the towers which by this were aglare from the blazing pyre
Of hapless Elissa. What cause had enkindled so mighty a fire
None knew ; but the bitter torment of outraged love they knew, 5
And knew what deeds a woman by madness driven can do ;
And the knowledge through darkly ominous paths the hearts of them drew.
When the galleys had won to the sea, and appeared no more any land,
But only the sky all round, and the sea on every hand,
Then lurid-black o'er the chieftain's head did a storm-cloud loom : 10
It brought with it night and tempest, and shuddered the waves at the gloom.
Palinurus the helmsman himself from the tall poop crieth aloud :
' Ah, why is the firmament girdled so densely with black storm-cloud ?
What hast thou in store for us, Father Neptune ? ' He spake, and he bade
The shipmen shorten sail, and bend to the stout oar-blade. 15
He slants to the wind the canvas, and thus he speaks to his lord :
' Great-hearted Aeneas, not though Jove's self plighted his word,
Would I hope to attain unto Italy's shore under these wild skies.
The winds have veered, and are roaring athwart our course : they rise
From the blackening west ; the haze into massed cloud thickens aye : 20
We cannot make head against them, toil and strain as we may.
Since the might of Fortune prevails, let us follow her beckoning hand,
And whither she summoneth turn we our course. Not afar doth the strand
Of safety, of Eryx our brother, and havens Sicilian, lie,
If the stars once watched I recall with unerring memory.' 25

Tum pius Aeneas : ' Equidem sic poscere ventos
 Iamdudum et frustra cerno te tendere contra.
 Flecte viam velis. An sit mihi gravior ulla,
 Quove magis fessas optem demittere navis,
 Quam quae Dardanium tellus mihi servat Acesten, 30
 Et patris Anchisae gremio conplectitur ossa ? '
 Haec ubi dicta, petunt portus, et vela secundi
 Intendunt Zephyri ; fertur cita gurgite classis,
 Et tandem laeti notae advertuntur arenae.

At procul excelso miratus vertice montis 35
 Adventum sociasque rates occurrit Acestes,
 Horridus in iaculis et pelle Libystidis ursae,
 Troia Crimiso conceptum flumine mater
 Quem genuit. Veterum non inmemor 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 divom, 45
 Annuus exactis completur mensibus orbis,
 Ex quo reliquias divinique ossa parentis
 Condidimus terra maestasque 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
 Exsequer, strueremque suis altaria donis.
 Nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis,— 55
 Haud equidem sine mente reor, sine numine divom,—
 Adsumus et portus delati intramus amicos.
 Ergo agite, et laetum cuncti celebremus honorem ;

Answered Aeneas the Righteous : ' Myself have marked ere this
 That the winds will thus, that against them vain thy struggling is.
 Tack then, and run before them. What land should I gladlier hail,
 Whitherward should I rather desire to speed the weary sail,
 Than the land where Acestes waits me, where Dardans have set up their rest, 30
 And which foldeth my father Anchises' bones in her sheltering breast ? '
 He spake, and they steered for the haven : a fair wind following fast
 Strained in the canvas. Swiftly o'er swirls of the sea they passed,
 And unto the strand that they knew exultantly won they at last.

But Acestes afar from a high hill marked them with wondering eyes : 35
 And he hasted to meet their coming, the fleet of his old allies,
 In the shaggy fell of a Libyan bear as a hunter arrayed,
 With his javelins in hand, a hero born of a Trojan maid
 To Crimisis the River. Remembrance of kindred lineage of yore
 Glowed in his greeting to friends returned, in his joy to outpour 40
 For their welcome his rustic treasures, to lavish the best of his store
 For refreshment of friends forspent. When the morrow's dawn shone bright
 With a new-born sun that put the rout of the stars to flight,
 From all the sweep of the strand Aeneas gathereth
 His voyaging-fellows, and thus from the height of a knoll he saith :
 ' Dardanus ' great sons, race from the Gods' proud blood descended, 45
 The months have fulfilled their course, and the round of a year is ended
 Since I laid my god-born father's bones, ashes left from the pyre,
 In earth, and hallowed the altars of mourning unto my sire ;
 And now is the day, if I err not, at hand, which—so have ye willed,
 Ye Gods—I shall hold evermore of sorrow and honour fulfilled. 50
 This day, though it found me a homeless exile on Afric sand,
 Or storm-overtaken on Argive seas, yea, though I should stand
 In the streets of Mycene, yet would I still perform even there
 My yearly vows, and the funeral-march in order fair,
 And the altars with all the offerings due to the dead would I heap.
 But now, we strangely are found at the very spot where sleep 55
 The ashes and bones of my father—by purpose and sanction of Heaven
 Surely I trow—and into a friendly port have been driven.
 Come then, with one accord let us pay glad homage here :

Poscamus ventos, atque haec me sacra quot annis
 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 alnum
 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 fudit pugnam committere caestu,
 Cuncti adsint, meritaque expectent praemia palmae. 70
 Ore favete omnes, et cingite tempora ramis.
 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

Let us pray for a speeding wind : may his spirit vouchsafe me to rear
 In Italia a city, and render him rites there year by year 60
 In a temple hallowed to him. Acestes, Troy's true son,
 Giveth victims by tale of our ships, two oxen for every one.
 Bid ye to the banquet the Hearth-gods then of our fatherland lost,
 And with them those that be worshipped here by Acestes our host.
 Furthermore, if the ninth dawn hence show forth unto mortal sight
 A kindly day, and unveil earth's face with sunbeam-light, 65
 For my Trojans will I appoint a contest for ships' swift flight,
 And for them that be fleet of foot, and for such as in pride of their might
 Step forth to the javelin-cast, or to speed winged shafts from the bows,
 And for them who with raw-hide gauntlets in battle will fearlessly close.
 Let all take part, and look for the guerdon, the well-won prize. 70
 Wreathe ye your brows, and bridle your lips at the sacrifice.'

Then with his Goddess-mother's myrtle he veileth his brow :
 So Helymus doth and Acestes, ripe in years by now :
 So doth Ascanius the lad, and the warriors all at his side.
 From the gathering then, with thousands attending, the hero hied 75
 Unto the grave-mound, amidst of the mourners, a countless train.
 Here, as the rite required, he poured out chalices twain
 Of unmingled wine on the earth, of fresh milk twain, of the blood
 Of the sacrifice twain ; and he cast on the tomb bright blossom and bud :
 ' Hail, holiest sire, once more ! Hail, dust that I saved from the host 80
 Of the foemen in vain ! Hail, spirit and shade of a father lost !
 To win to the fate-given acres of Italy with thee,
 Or Ausonian Tiber, the river unknown—it was not for me ! '

As he ended, a gleaming serpent forth from the hallowed gloom
 Came trailing seven vast coils, seven spires ; and around the tomb 85
 Peaceably glided, and softly slid the altars between ;
 Flecked was his back with cloudy markings of bluish green ;
 His scales were aflame with a splendour of gold : 'twas as when the bow,
 Fronting the sun, on the clouds doth a thousand colours throw.
 Amazed at the sight was Aeneas. Its long train slowly wound 90
 Between the flesh-heaped chargers, the burnished chalices round.
 It tasted the funeral feast, and again all harmless slipped

Successit tumulo, et depasta altaria liquit. Hoc magis inceptos genitori instaurat honores, Incertus, Geniumne loci famulumne parentis Esse putet ; caedit binas de more bidentis, Totque sues, totidem nigrantis terga iuencos ; Vinaque fundebat pateris, animamque vocabat Anchisae magni Manisque Acheronte remissos. Nec non et socii, quae cuique est copia, laeti Dona ferunt, onerant aras, mactantque iuencos ; Ordine aena locant alii, fusique per herbam Subiiciunt veribus prunas et viscera torrent.	95
Exspectata dies aderat nonamque serena Auroram Phaethontis equi iam luce vehebant, Famaque finitimos et clari nomen Acestae Excierat ; laeto complebant litora coetu Visuri Aeneadas, pars et certare parati. Munera principio ante oculos circoque locantur In medio, sacri tripodes viridesque coronae Et palmae pretium victoribus, armaque et ostro Perfusae vestes, argenti auriue talenta ; Et tuba commissos medio canit aggere ludos. Prima pares ineunt gravibus certamina remis Quattuor ex omni delectae classe carinae. 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 Inpellunt, terno consurgunt ordine remi ; Sergestusque, domus tenet a quo Sergia nomen, Centauro invehitur magna, Scyllaque Cloanthus Caerulea, genus unde tibi, Romane Cluenti.	100
Est procul in pelago saxum spumantia contra Litora, quod tumidis submersum tunditur olim Fluctibus, hiberni condunt ubi sidera Cori ;	105
	110
	115
	120
	125

Into the earth-mound, leaving the altars whose bowls it had sipped.
 Encouraged Aeneas resumes his reverent task, knowing not
 Whether to deem it the Guardian Spirit that haunted the spot,
 Or his own sire's servitor-serpent. Two sheep straightway he slew 95
 By ritual meet, two swine, two bullocks sable of hue.
 Wine from the bowls he shed : on the great sire's spirit the son
 Calls, on the ghost whom the spell unprisons from Acheron.
 His comrades withal bring each of his store : their gifts they array 100
 With joy on the high-heaped altars, and victim steers they slay :
 Others in order the caldrons set : on the greensward fresh
 Sitting, they stretch o'er the embers the spits, and they roast the flesh.

The day long looked for was come, the steeds of Phaethon
 Came bearing with light unclouded the Queen of the ninth Dawn on. 105
 The voice of rumour, the glory withal of Acestes' name,
 Had thitherward drawn all neighbour peoples : a blithe crowd came
 Thronging the shore, all eager to gaze on the warrior band
 Of Aeneas, and some in the contest of prowess prepared to stand.
 In all men's sight in the midst of the ring the rewards they array :
 There be hallowed tripods there, and wreaths of the dark-green bay : 110
 There be palms, the victors' guerdon, arms, and the splendour unrolled
 Of raiment purple-dyed, and talents of silver and gold.

From a knoll in the midst the trumpet proclaimed the games begun.
 Four well-matched galleys—in all the fleet so swift were none
 As they—for the first race entered with oars that massively swept. 115
 'Neath the strokes of Mnestheus' rowers his swift Sea-serpent leapt—
 Mnestheus ere long of Italy, sire of the Memmian House :—
 Next, Gyas' Chimaera, a bark gigantic and ponderous,
 Whose towered bulk by Dardanian athletes, rank above rank,
 Is sped on ; oars above oars rise up in triple bank. 120
 Sergestus, from whom is named the noble Sergian line,
 Rides on the mighty Centaur : on Scylla, blue as the brine,
 Is Cloanthus, whose blood, Cluentius of Rome, was the well-spring of thine.

Far out at sea is a rock that faces the shore foam-dashed,
 Which is sometimes drowned 'neath the surge, and by buffeting billows lashed,
 What time the wintry north-winds hide the host of the sky. [125

Tranquillo silet, inmotaque 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 humeros 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,
 Haud mora, prosiluere suis ; ferit aethera clamor 140
 Nauticus, adductis spumant freta versa lacertis.
 Infidunt pariter sulcos, totumque dehiscit
 Convolsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor.
 Non tam praecipites biiugo certamine campum
 Corripuere ruuntque effusi carcere currus, 145
 Nec sic inmissis 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 155
 Centaurusque locum tendunt superare priorem ;
 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 :

In a calm, mid unruffled waters silent it stands, raised high,
 A table-rock, where love to sun them the fulmar-folk.
 Here Father Aeneas planted his goal, a green-leaved oak,
 For a sign to make known to the shipmen that here must the prows turn back, 130
 Must double the long sea-course, and speed on the homeward track.
 Then choose they their stations by lot : far-flashing in corslet of gold
 Are the chiefs on the poops in splendour of purple mantle's fold.
 With garlands of poplar the stalwart oarsmen have bound their hair,
 And gleams the anointing oil of the athlete on shoulders bare. 135
 They seat them now on the thwarts ; their arms to the oars are strained ;
 Strained faces watch for the signal ; by throbbing eagerness drained
 Are the hearts that are leaping with kindled desire of the victor's praise.
 The clear-voiced trumpet pealed ; all forth from the starting-place
 Leapt on the instant : up to the sky, one shattering roar, 140
 Ring the cheers of the crews ; the waters foam as they feather the oar.
 All abreast are they cleaving the furrows ; the whole sea yawneeth wide,
 Uptorn by the oar-blades, dashed by the beaks three-fanged aside.
 Not in such headlong-reckless contention tearing o'er
 The plain, doth the torrent of chariots forth of the barriers pour, 145
 Nor so madly the drivers shake the rippling reins to urge
 Onward their teams, and hang far forward to smite with the scourge.
 With cheering, with uproar of men, with partisans' clamouring,
 Echoes the woodland, by cliff-walled sea-strands roll and ring
 The shouts, and the cries do the smitten hillsides backward fling. 150
 Mid tumult and wild uproar forth shooting afront of the rest
 O'er the vanward waves slid Gyas ; but hard behind him pressed
 Cloanthus : better his oars were, but heavily dragged in the race
 His massy hull : behind them, severed by equal space,
 Sea-serpent and Centaur are straining to win the foremost place. 155
 Sea-serpent is gaining now—huge Centaur forges ahead
 Now—stem by stem and abreast anon were they swiftly sped,
 And they furrowed the briny deep as the long keels forward fled.
 And now are they hard on the rock, that goal have they all but won,
 When Gyas, foremost as yet, with half the sea-course run, 160
 Uplifteth his voice to Menoetes, his galley's timoneer :

' Quo tantum mihi dexter abis ? huc dirige gressum ;
 Litus ama, et laevas 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,
 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 siccaeque 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 praeceunte carina ;
 Parte prior ; partem 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,

'Whither away to my right art swerving? Hitherward steer!
 Hug me the shore! Let the rocks to the left be grazed by the blade!
 Let others stand out to the deep!' He spake; but Menoetes, afraid
 Of a hidden reef, still turneth the prow to the open main. 165
 'Whither art swerving, Menoetes? Head for the rocks!' again
 Recalling him shouted Gyas: and lo, he beheld, looking back,
 Cloanthus close in pursuit, and holding the nearer track!
 'Twixt Gyas' ship and the surf-resounding rock hath he slipped
 On the inner course, hath doubled the goal, in a trice hath outstripped 170
 The leader; and lo, he hath won to a safe and clear sea-path!
 Then, then that young chief's heart flamed up with anguished wrath:
 Streamed o'er his cheeks the tears; at laggard Menoetes he flew—
 Reckless of honour, forgetting the safety of his crew—
 And headlong hurled him down from the poop's height into the sea. 175
 He leaps to the helm himself; their pilot, their guide, will he be!
 He cheered his comrades on, and shoreward the tiller he wrenched.
 But heavily, slowly rose from the depths Menoetes, and, drenched
 By his streaming raiment, heavily climbed he, a man eld-worn,
 To the rock's dry crest, and seated him there, a figure forlorn. 180
 Loud laughed they all as he fell, they laughed to see him swim,
 They laughed to behold the brine spued up from the breast of him.
 But now in Sergestus and Mnesteus the rearmost, as racing they neared
 Gyas, upflamed glad hope, for they marked how he flagged and veered.
 First hath Sergestus taken the lead; to the rock he draws near; 185
 Yet not so far is he first, that his whole keel's length wins clear.
 Short was his lead; Sea-serpent's stem ever nigher drew,
 While Mnesteus, striding amidships down through the rows of his crew,
 Shouts to them: 'Now, O now, swing all to the stroke!—give way,
 O comrades of Hector, whom upon Troy's last fatal day 190
 For companions I chose!—put forth that strength of hearts and hands
 Now, now, which failed you not mid Gaetulia's dread quicksands,
 On Ionian seas, and when surges of Malea held us in chase!
 I strive not for victory now, I seek not the foremost place:
 Yet oh—nay then, let them conquer whom, Neptune, thou crownest with
 But, for us, let it never be said that the last of all we came! [fame!— 195

Et prohibete nefas.' Olli certamine summo
 Procumbunt ; vastis tremit ictibus aerea puppis,
 Subtrahiturque solum ; tum creber anhelitus artus
 Aridaeque ora quatit ; sudor fluit undique rivis. 200
 Attulit ipse viris optatum casus honorem ;
 Namque furens animi dum proram ad saxa suburguet
 Interior, spatioque subit Sergestus iniquo,
 Infelix saxis in procurrentibus haesit.
 Concussae cautes, et acuto in murice remi 205
 Obnixa 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, frustra que vocantem
 Auxilia, et fractis discentem currere remis.
 Inde Gyan ipsamque ingenti mole Chimacram
 Consequitur ; cedit, quoniam spoliata magistro est.
 Solus iamque ipso superest in fine Cloanthus : 225
 Quem petit, et summis adnixus viribus urguet.
 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

Win thus much of victory, friends, to avert that horror and shame !'
 Then with uttermost straining they swing : to the mighty strokes of the oar
 Shivers the armoured hull ; from beneath them the foamy floor
 Seems to be slipping away : their sinews, their parched lips quiver
 With panting thick and fast ; down streams the sweat like a river. 200
 Mere chance-hap gave unto these the triumph for which they yearned,
 As Sergestus in mad haste into the strait reef-channel turned
 His prow, and entered a perilous passage, the ill-starred chief
 Drave on to the rock, and impaled his ship on the jutting reef.
 The crags were shaken, the oars, as they fouled on the shelf sharp-edged, 205
 Crashed ; stove in was the prow, and there hung firmly wedged.
 Uprise the shipmen shouting indignant at this delay ;
 At the iron-shod pole and the pointed pike they snatch straightway,
 And out of the swirling surge upgather the shattered oar.
 But Mnesteus, exultant, enkindled by this good fortune the more, 210
 Calls on the ranks of his rowers, summons with prayers the breeze,
 Heads havenward down the waters, fleets o'er the fairway seas.
 As a culver suddenly scared from her nest in a craggy cleft,
 Wherein are her nestlings sweet in the rock's dim covert left,
 Through her mansion in terror flutters her clamorous wings, until 215
 Bound for the fields, she may fly, then, sliding through air-ways still
 Skims her ethereal path, never moving her on-rushing wings ;
 So Mnesteus—so Sea-serpent over the home-course springs,
 So her stored-up speed that flying galley forward flings.
 And first he leaves in the rear Sergestus mid struggle and strain, 220
 Half on the sheer rock, half in the shallows, and shouting in vain
 For help, and essaying to learn with shattered oars to race.
 Now Gyas, and his gigantic Chimaera he holds in chase.
 He hath flung overboard his pilot, and wildly he steers—he is passed !
 Cloanthus alone remains, but the goal is he nearing fast. 225
 He speeds in pursuit of him, strains to the uttermost sinew and limb.
 Then, then the shouting redoubles, and all men cheer on him
 Who pursues ; the air is resounding with shattering thunder of cries.
 These think scorn to be robbed of renown as they grasp the prize ;
 They are willing to barter for glory their life ; but the chasing crew 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 inperium pelagi est, quorum aequora curro, 235
 Vobis laetus ego hoc candentem in litore taurum
 Constituam ante aras, voti reus, extaque salsos
 Porriciam 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
 Inpulit ; illa Noto citius volucrique sagitta
 Ad terram fugit, et portu se condidit alto.
 Tum satus Anchisa, cunctis ex more vocatis,
 Victorem magna praeconis voce Cloanthum 245
 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
 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 Illo alto,
 Donat habere viro, decus et tutamen in armis.
 Vix illam famuli Phegeus Sagarisque ferebant
 Multiplicem, connixi humeris ; indutus at olim

By success are inspired : they have power to do what they think they can do.
 And perchance had his prow drawn level ; the prize had been claimed by twain ;
 Had not Cloanthus, outstretching his hands o'er the heaving main,
 Poured forth supplications, invoking the Gods to hearken his vow :

' Lords of the sea, ye Gods o'er whose realm I am racing now, 235
 A snow-white bull before your altars on yonder shore

Will I set, rejoicing to pay the debt of the vow that I swore.

Into your briny waves will I cast the inwards, and pour

Outstreaming wine thereon ! ' He spake ; in the depths of the waters

Heard was his prayer by all the array of the hyaline daughters

Of Nereus and Phorcus, and by Panopea the Maid of the Sea. 240

And Father Portunus himself with his own hand mightily

Thrust onward the hurrying ship. More swiftly shoreward she slid

Than the wind or the shaft from a bow, and in depths of the haven was hid.

The seed of Anchises then, bidding all draw nigh him to hear,

Proclaimed by the voice of the herald ringing loud and clear 245

Cloanthus the victor ; he wreathes his brows with the bay : on the crews

Three steers he bestows, that each in order of triumph may choose,

And wine and a talent of silver for all to take, and to share.

On their captains withal he bestoweth guerdons passing fair :

To the victor a mantle embroidered with gold, with a bordering band 250

Twofold, broad undulant splendour of purple of Morningland :

Inwoven thereon was the Prince upon Ida's forest-crown

With flying feet and with javelin running the swift stags down,

All eager and seeming to pant—with taloned feet from the sky

Jove's thunderbolt-bearer swooped and from Ida upbore him on high. 255

His grey-haired warders in vain their hands to the stars upraise,

While maddens the baying of hounds of his pack that heavenward gaze.

Upon him whose prowess achieved the second place he bestows

A corselet of linked chainmail with gold in triple rows,

Which himself had stripped from the slain when he laid Demoleos low 260

'Neath the ramparts of towered Troy by Simois' hurrying flow.

Even this to the warrior he gives, a glory and battle-fence.

Scarce could his henchmen Phegeus and Sagaris bear it thence

On shoulders that strained 'neath its folds : yet arrayed therein had the might

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 revolsus,	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
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 Teuceri 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 ;	

Of Demoleos once pursued the Trojans scattered in flight. 265
 For the third man's guerdon caldrons of bronze, even twain, gave he,
 And goblets fashioned of silver embossed with imagery.
 Now all had received their gifts, and, treasure-laden, with heart
 Uplifted, and temples bound with crimson, turned to depart,
 When lo, by sorest endeavour scarce from the rock wrenched clear, 270
 While utterly crippled by loss of his oars was one whole tier,
 Sergestus brought his bemocked inglorious galley near.
 As oft when a serpent is caught on the highway's crown by a wain,
 Whose wheel bronze-rimmed hath passed thereover, or well-nigh slain
 By the crashing blow of a stone from a wayfarer's hand, he lies 275
 Mangled, and vainly writhing his long-drawn coils, he tries
 To flee ; one half all fury, he rears with blazing eyes
 A hissing throat, while part still clogs him, maimed by the wound,
 As he twines him in knots, and himself on himself ever twisteth round :
 With such maimed oars the ship moved slowly over the tide : 280
 Yet she shook out her canvas, and entered the haven with sails spread wide.
 So to Sergestus Aeneas the promised guerdon gave
 In his joy for the rescued ship, for the crew plucked back from the wave :
 Unto him is a handmaid given skilled in Minerva's lore,
 Pholoe, daughter of Crete, twin sons at her breast who bore. 285
 This contest sped, to a grassy plain Aeneas the Good
 Hies him : 'twas girdled with hills that arched round mantled with wood.
 In the midst of the dell was the ground in theatre-wise carved out.
 Hither the hero paced with thousands compassed about ;
 And he sat him down in their midst where a heaped turf-mound rose. 290
 Here he allures with rewards and sets forth prizes for those
 Whose hearts may be fain to contend in the race of the flying feet.
 Sicilians and Trojans from all sides flock, in the lists to meet.
 Foremost are Nisus and Euryalus : was none so sweet
 As Euryalus in beauty and youthtide's flowerlike bloom, 295
 Not any so true as Nisus in love for the lad. Next come
 Diotes of Priam's blood right royal, a prince's son,
 And Salius next, and Patron, an Acarnanian the one,
 The other of Tegean race, a man of Arcadian strain :

Tum duo Trinacrii iuvenes, Helymus Panopesque, 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.	300
Gnosia bina dabo levato lucida ferro Spicula caelatamque argento ferre bipennem ; Omnibus hic erit unus honos. Tres praemia primi Accipient, flavaque caput nectentur oliva.	305
Primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto, Alter Amazoniam pharetram plenamque sagittis Threiciis, lato quam circum amplectitur auro Balteus, et tereti subnectit fibula gemma ; ' Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.'	310
Haec ubi dicta, locum capiunt, signoque repente Corripiunt spatia audito, limenque relinquunt, Effusi nimbo similes, simul ultima signant.	315
Primus abit longeque ante omnia corpora Nisus Emicat, et ventis et fulminis ocior alis ; Proxumus huic, longo sed proxumus intervallo, Insequitur Salius ; spatio post deinde relicto Tertius Euryalus ;	320
Euryalumque Helymus sequitur ; quo deinde sub ipso Ecce volat calcemque terit iam calce Diore Incumbens humero ; spatia et si plura supersint, Transeat elapsus prior, ambiguumque relinquat.	325
Iamque fere spatio extremo fessique sub ipsam Finem adventabant, levi cum sanguine Nisus Labitur infelix, caesis ut forte iuvenis Fusus humum viridisque super madefecerat herbas.	330
Hic iuvenis iam victor ovans vestigia presso Haud tenuit titubata solo, sed pronus in ipso Concidit immundoque fimo sacroque cruore. Non tamen Euryali, non ille oblitus amorum ; Nam sese opposuit Salio per lubrica surgens ; Ille autem spissa iacuit revolutus arena.	335

Helymus, Panopes then ; Trinacrian youths were the twain, 300
 Foresters they, of aged Acestes' henchman-train ;
 Ay, many beside, whose names in the night of tradition are lost.
 Then spake Aeneas to these, as he stood in the midst of the host :
 ' Give heed unto these my words, and receive them with joyful heart.
 Of all your array no man unguerdoned by me shall depart : 305
 Two Cretan darts with burnished steel heads gleaming bright
 Will I give, and a battleaxe silver-chased to wield in fight ;—
 This guerdon for all alike ; but the foremost three shall win
 The prizes, and wreathed shall their heads be with olive golden-green.
 A steed with his goodly trappings the first shall take for reward, 310
 The second an Amazon quiver with Thracian arrows stored,
 Upborne by a broad gold-broidered baldric around it passed,
 And the same by a jewelled buckle of burnished ore knit fast.
 This helmet, an Argive armourer's work, shall content the last.'
 This said, each taketh his place, and away at the starting-sign 315
 Into the course they dash, and they bound from the barrier-line
 Like a cloud-burst pouring forth, all eyes on the far goal set.
 Nisus is first in the start, flashes farther and farther yet
 To the front, more swift than the winds or the wings of the thunderbolt are ;
 Next to him Salius follows—nearest, yet lagging afar 320
 Behind ; third, Euryalus, and Helymus next him : but see,
 Close on him, footfall by footfall, the feet of Dioree flee—
 Shoulder by shoulder !—ay, were there left of the course more space, 325
 He had passed him, had shot to the front, had won that doubtful race.
 But, close on the end of the course, as their weary feet trod hard
 On the goal, in slimy gore slipped Nisus the evil-starred
 Where heifers in sacrifice had been slain, and spilled on the ground
 Was the blood, and drenched therewith was the greensward all around. 330
 Here, close upon victory's threshold triumphantly as he trod,
 He kept not his feet as he sliddered and reeled ; face down on the sod
 In all that foulness of ordure and hallowed gore he fell.
 Yet Euryalus he forgot not, the friend he loved so well ;
 For, uprising mid slippery slime, he thrust him in Salius' way, 335
 And, over and over rolled, on the mired sand Salius lay.

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 inplet,
 Ereptumque dolo reddi sibi poscit honorem.
 Tutatur favor Euryalum, lacrimaeque decorae,
 Gravior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.
 Aduvat et magna proclamat voce Diores, 345
 Qui subiit palmae, frustra ad praemia venit
 Ultima, si primi Salio reddantur 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 inmane 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 optumus olli,
 Et clipeum efferri iussit, Didymaonis artis,
 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 brachia palmis.'
 Sic ait et geminum pugnae proponit honorem, 365
 Victori velatum auro vittisque iuencum,
 Ensem atque insignem galeam solatia victo.
 Nec mora ; continuo vastis cum viribus effert

To the front darts Euryalus ; triumphant by grace of his friend
 He flies amid clapping and shouting, and victor stands at the end.
 Helymus follows, and now hath Diore won third prize.
 But to all that mighty concourse, lo, with passionate cries 340
 And unto the reverend elders Salius appeals : he demands
 That the judges restore him the guerdon so guilefully reft from his hands.
 But for Euryalus are pleading the hearts of beholders, the tears
 That lend him an added charm, the merit that fairer appears
 In a form so fair : the clamorous protest helps him withal 345
 Of Diore, of him unto whom doth the third of the prizes fall,
 Who in vain hath attained to the last of the laurels, if now restored
 Unto Salius the first be ;—but Father Aeneas spake the word :
 ‘ Your guerdons,’ he said, ‘ my sons, abide as at first ordained,
 And no man wresteth the prize from the hands whereby it was gained.
 Yet be it mine to pity an innocent friend’s ill fate.’ 350
 He spake, and an Afric lion’s fell exceeding great,
 Heavy with shaggy mane and gilded claws, he bestows
 On Salius. Nisus then—‘ If such be the guerdons of those
 That be vanquished, and such compassion be thine for downfallen men,
 What gifts unto Nisus worthy his merits wilt thou give then ?
 For I by my peerless prowess had earned the foremost crown, 355
 Had the malice of Fortune, Salius’ foe, not borne me down ! ’
 And, even as he spake it, he showed how befouled were face and limb
 With the slimy filth. Our gracious Father smiled upon him,
 And he bade that a buckler be brought from his store, which the cunning hand
 Of the Greek Didymaon had wrought : himself in the Danaan land
 That shield from the hallowed doorpost of Neptune’s temple tare. 360
 So he gave to the noble youth that guerdon passing fair.
 Thereafter, the races finished, the gifts bestowed, he spake :
 ‘ Now, whoso hath valorous manhood, a breast no fears can shake,
 Let him stand in the lists, and uplift his gauntleted hands for the fray.’
 He spake, and guerdons twain of the strife in the midst doth he lay— 365
 For the victor, a bullock with gilded horns and with garlands bedight ;
 A sword and a goodly helm to console the vanquished in fight.
 Delay was there none : in strength gigantic did Dares stand

Ora Dares, magnoque virum se murmure tollit ;
 Solus qui Paridem solitus contendere contra, 370
 Idemque ad tumulum, quo maxumus occubat Hector,
 Victorem Buten, inmani corpore qui se
 Bebrycia veniens Amyci de gente ferebat,
 Perculit et fulva moribundum extendit arena.
 Talis prima Dares caput altum in proelia tollit, 375
 Ostenditque humeros 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.
 Hic gravis Entellum dictis castigat Acestes,
 Proxumus 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 inmani pondere caestus
 Proiecit, quibus acer Eryx in proelia suetus
 Ferre manum duroque intendere bracchia tergo.

Forth straightway, while admiration murmured on every hand.
 He only was wont with Paris to strive for the gauntlet-prize : 370
 He also beside the barrow where Hector the mighty lies
 Met Butes the yet unvanquished, the champion of giant frame,
 Who vaunted how that of Amycus' blood Bebrycian he came,
 And with one swift blow on the yellow sand outstretched him dead.
 Such is the Dares who lifts for the conflict his towering head, 375
 Displaying his shoulder's broad, as fist after fist he throws
 Forward, and scourges the air outflashing lightning blows.
 For him an opponent is sought—in vain : amid all that throng
 None dare confront him, nor gird his hands with the gauntlet-thong.
 Confident therefore, and deeming that none disputeth the prize, 380
 To the feet of Aeneas he strides, and delaying no more he cries,
 The while with his leftward hand he graspeth the horn of the steer :
 ' O Goddess-born, if none dare venture to face me here,
 Unto what end wait I ? Beseems it that here I be endlessly kept ?
 Bid me lead hence thy gift ! ' A shout from the whole throng leapt : 385
 ' Pay to our champion the promised guerdon ! ' the Dardanids cried.
 But with weighty words and stern doth Acestes Entellus chide,
 Where on a soft-swelling bank of the greensward he sat at his side :
 ' Entellus—bravest of heroes in vain in the days bygone—
 Wilt thou so tamely suffer such goodly gifts to be won 390
 Unchallenged all ? Where now is the God who schooled thee of old,
 Thine Eryx vaunted in vain ? Where now the renown that was told
 Trinacria through ? Why hang in thine halls then trophy and crown ? '
 But he : ' Nor love of honour hath fled me, not thirst for renown
 By cowardice banished ; but chilled is my blood, and its life is lost 395
 Through slow-footed eld ; my strength is outworn and smitten with frost.
 An I had but the youth that was mine in the days gone by, in the pride
 Whereof yon braggart is strutting—if that no more were denied,
 Not I by the lure of a prize, of a goodly bullock, were stirred
 To enter the lists ! What care I for gifts ? ' As he spake the word, 400
 Into the ring two gauntlets massy and huge he flung.
 Fierce Eryx was wont in his fights to uplift his arms overstrung
 With the stubborn coils of these, and to smite with gauntleted hands.

Obstipuerunt animi ; tantorum ingentia septem
 Terga bouum plumbo insuto ferroque rigeant. 405
 Ante omnis stupet ipse Dares, longaeque recusat ;
 Magnanimusque Anchisiades et pondus et ipsa
 Huc illuc vinculorum immensa volumina versat.
 Tum senior talis referebat pectore voces :
 ' 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 pugnas. Erycis tibi terga remitto ;
 Solve metus ; et tu Troianos exue caestus.' 420
 Haec fatus duplicem ex humeris reiecit amictum,
 Et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa lacertosque
 Exiit, atque ingens media consistit arena.
 Tum satus Anchisa caestus pater extulit aequos,
 Et paribus palmas amborum innexuit armis. 425
 Constitit in digitos extemplo arrectus uterque,
 Brachiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras.
 Abduxere retro longe capita ardua ab ictu,
 Inmiscensque manus manibus, pugnamque lacessunt.
 Ille pedum melior motu, fretusque iuuenta, 430
 Hic membris et mole valens ; sed tarda trementi
 Genua labant, vastos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.
 Multa viri nequiquam inter se volnera iactant,
 Multa cava lateri ingeminant et pectore vastos
 Dant sonitus, erratque auris et tempora circum 435
 Crebra manus, duro crepitant sub volnere malae.
 Stat gravis Entellus, nisuque inmotus eodem
 Corpore tela modo atque oculis vigilantibus exit.

All hearts were amazed, so huge were their sevenfold oxhide bands
 Hardened with studs of lead and of iron sewn thereon. 405
 Aghast above all was Dares himself—of such will he none !
 Anchises' great-heart son in his hands is poisoning the weight,
 And this way turning and that the thong-coils measureless-great,
 From that old champion's lips then a voice deep-chested rolled :
 ' Ha ! had it been yours the gauntlets of Hercules' self to behold, 410
 And the deadly fight fought out upon this very shore !
 These selfsame weapons Eryx thy brother in old time bore :—
 Still may ye see them with brains bespattered, with blood-gouts stained :—
 With these did he face Alcides the mighty ; in these was I trained,
 While hot blood flushed me with strength, and jealous eld not yet 415
 On my whitened temples twain his frosty fingers had set.
 But if Dares the Trojan shrink from the weapons tendered of me,
 If Aeneas the Good so will, and Acestes my prompter agree,
 Make we the contest even. Tremble no more with dismay !
 I forego the gauntlets of Eryx : thy Trojan toys put away.' 420
 He spake, and he cast from his shoulders his mantle's double fold,
 Bared mighty limbs, great bones, and arms of massive mould,
 Strode forth to the lists, and stood gigantic there on the sands.
 Then chose Aeneas equal gauntlets of oxhide bands,
 And with weapons evenly matched he bound those champions' hands. 425
 Then faced they each other, on tiptoe balanced, the dauntless two,
 And uplifted the hands that showed for a moment against the blue,—
 As back to avoid the stroke their towering heads they drew.
 Then suddenly hands are crossing hands in the fence of fight,
 Confident this in his youth, and his footplay swift and light, 430
 That, huge-limbed, mighty of bulk ; but the great knees bow and quake
 Slow and unsteady : with laboured gasps doth the vast frame shake.
 Ineffectual blows full many between them flash to and fro :
 Hailed are full many on rib and on chest that ring to the blow
 In hollow thunder ; and ever their fists are flickering round 435
 Temples and ears : 'neath the pitiless stroke the bruised jaws sound.
 Massive Entellus stands, half-crouched ; his feet shift not,
 For with watchful eyes he but swerves to elude the fist outshot.

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,
 Aequaeuvumque ab humo miserans attollit amicum.
 At non tardatus casu neque territus heros
 Acror ad pugnam redit, ac vim suscitât 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 pulsât versatque Dareta. 460
 Tum pater Aeneas procedere longius iras
 Et saevire animis Entellum haud passus acerbis ;
 Sed finem inposuit pugnae, fessumque Dareta
 Eripuit, mulcens dictis, ac talia fatur :
 ' Infelix, quae tanta animum dementia cepit ? 465
 Non viris alias conversaеque 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 :

Dares, as one who besets with his earthworks a high-walled town,
 Or before some mountain-fortress with leaguer of war sits down, 440
 Tries on this side, on that, to break through his guard, covers all the lists
 In his ring-craft, and vainly assails him with manifold play of fists.
 Now sprang full height Entellus, and suddenly swung up on high
 His right ; but his foe hath foreseen with quick and watchful eye
 The descending blow, and with swift swerve out of its reach hath sprung. 445
 Entellus hath wasted his strength on the air—by himself down-flung
 His towering bulk like a falling tower is heavily dashed
 To the ground, as when uprooted a hollow pine-tree hath crashed
 Earthward on dark Erymanthus or Ida's long-ridged steep.
 Men of Trinacria and Troy to their feet all eagerly leap ; 450
 The shout of them soars to the skies, and foremost Acestes is there
 To upraise his lifelong friend from the earth with compassionate care.
 But not by his overthrow slackened or daunted, the hero returns
 More fierce to the fray, and with anger his fury the hotter burns :
 Shame and self-confident prowess enkindle his might to a blaze. 455
 Afire is he driving Dares headlong o'er all the place.
 From his right arm, anon from his left—O see him !—the buffets are pouring !
 No stint, no stay !—as the cataract hail falls rattling and roaring
 From the clouds on the roof-ridges, so that hero with blow upon blow,—
 From his right, from his left, is dashing Dares to and fro ! 460
 Then Father Aeneas suffered that fury no farther to go,
 Nor Entellus with bitter rancour to rage against his foe ;
 But an end to the conflict he put, and snatched from the imminent death
 Dares outwearied by this, and with comforting words he saith :
 ' O hapless, what madness hath seized thy soul to dare this fray ? 465
 Dost thou mark not a strength not his own, and the stars against thee to-day ? '
 Yield to a God ! ' He spake, and he made the combat cease.
 Then Dares by loyal friends, as he traileth fainting knees,
 And swayeth from side to side his head, while the blood-gouts pour
 From his mangled lips, and he spits out teeth commingled with gore, 470
 Is led to the ships. Thence summoned, the helm and the sword they receive,
 But the palm of victory and the bull to Entellus they leave.
 The victor with heart uplifted looked on the bull in his pride :

' Nate dea, vosque haec,' inquit, ' cognoscite, Teucri,
 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 adstabat pugnae, durosque 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.'
 Protinus Aeneas celeri certare sagitta 485
 Invitat qui forte velint, et praemia dicit,
 Ingentique manu malum de nave Seresti
 Erigit, et volucrem trajecto in fune columbam,
 Quo tendant ferrum, malo suspendit ab alto.
 Convenere viri, deiectamque aerea sortem 490
 Accepit galea ; et primus clamore secundo
 Hyrtacidae ante omnis exit locus Hippocoontis ;
 Quem modo navali Mnestheus certamine victor
 Consequitur, viridi Mnestheus evinctus oliva.
 Tertius Eurytion, tuus, o clarissime, frater, 495
 Pandare, qui quondam, iussus confundere foedus,
 In medios telum torsisti primus Achivos.
 Extremus galeaque ima subsedit Acestes,
 Ausus et ipse manu iuvenum temptare laborem.
 Tum validis flexos incurvant viribus arcus 500
 Pro se quisque viri, et depromunt tela pharetris.
 Primaque per caelum nervo stridente sagitta
 Hyrtacidae iuvenis volucris diverberat auras ;
 Et venit, adversique infigitur arbore mali.
 Intremuit malus, timuitque exterrita pennis 505
 Ales, et ingenti sonuerunt omnia plausu.
 Post acer Mnestheus adducto constitit arcu,
 Alta petens, pariterque oculos telumque tetendit.

' O Goddess-born, and Teucrians, ye, take knowledge,' he cried,
 ' What might once dwelt in my thews ere the days of my youth had fled, 475
 And from what a death ye are screening your rescued Dares' head ! '
 He spake, and he stood full-fronting the bullock, the prize of the fight,
 As it waited before him with brow upturned : he swung up his right—
 'Twixt horn and horn the lead-studded gauntlet he levelleth full—
 To his height hath he risen—the blow hath crashed to the brain **through** the
 Down on the greensward with quivering limbs the steer dropped dead. [skull ; 480
 Standing o'er that slain beast, with speech deep-chested he said :
 ' A better than Dares' life thus, Eryx, I render to thee !
 I renounce here gauntlet and ring-craft with my last victory.'
 Thereafter all that be fain to speed the swift shaft's flight 485
 Aeneas inviteth, and setteth the prizes forth in their sight.
 With his giant hand he uprears Serestus' galley's mast,
 And he hangs from the tip of the spar, by a cord therethrough that **was passed**,
 A fluttering dove, at the which must the steel-tipped arrow fly.
 Now gathered the archers are : in a brazen helmet lie 490
 The lots they have cast therein ; and first, while his partisans shout,
 The lot of Hippocoon, Hyrtacus' son, from the casque leaps out.
 Mnestheus, victor proclaimed in the race of the ships, hath found
 The next place—Mnestheus still with the garland of olive crowned.
 Eurytion is third, thy brother, O archer world-renowned, 495
 Pandarus, heaven-prompted the truce of old to undo,
 Whose shaft was the first that into the ranks Achaean flew.
 Last lay the lot of Acestes, sunk in the depths of the casque,
 For he feared not, he, to essay with his hand the young men's task.
 Then bend they with stalwart sinews, each putting forth his might, 500
 The bow to an arch, from the quiver they bring forth shafts to the light,
 And first the arrow of Hyrtacus' son from the twanging string
 Leaps through the heaven, disparting the air with eager wing.
 It hath won to the fronting mast-tree ; the spar stood quivering
 As it plunged in. Scared is the dove, and her pinions flutter in fear, 505
 While rings from all that concurse the multitudinous cheer.
 After him eager Mnestheus with bent bow took his stand,
 His keen eyes fixed on the mark, the arrow strained in his hand.

Ast ipsam miserandus avem contingere ferro
Non valuit ; nodos et vincula linea rupit, 510
Quis innexa pedem malo pendeat ab alto ;
Illam notos atque atra volans in nubila fugit.
Tum rapidus, iamdudum arcu contenta parato
Tela tenens, fratrem Eurytion in vota vocavit,
Iam vacuo laetam caelo speculatus, et alis 515
Plaudentem nigra figit sub nube columbam.
Decidit exanimis, vitamque reliquit in astris
Aetheriis, fixamque refert delapsa sagittam.
Amissa solus palma superabat Acestes ;
Qui tamen acrias telum contendit in auras, 520
Ostentans artemque pater arcumque sonantem.
Hic oculis subitum obiicitur magnoque futurum
Augurio monstrum ; docuit post exitus ingens,
Seraque terrifici cecinerunt omina vates
Namque volans liquidis in nubibus arsit arundo, 525
Signavitque viam flammis, tenuisque recessit
Consumpta in ventos ; caelo ceu saepe refixa
Transcurren 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 honorem.
Ipsius Anchisae longaevis hoc munus habebis, 535
Cratera inpressum signis, quem Thracius olim
Anchisae genitori in magno munere Cisseus
Ferre sui dederat monumentum 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 avem caelo deiecit ab alto.
Proxumus ingreditur donis, qui vincula rupit,
Extremus volucris qui fixit arundine malum.

But—alas for him !—he prevailed not to reach with his shaft the dove ;
Only the knots and the flaxen cord asunder it clove 510
Whereby, fettered fast by the foot, she hung from the towering mast.
On the wind she upsoared, to the overglooming clouds fleeing fast.
Then—for already the shaft was strained on the bow that he bare—
Unto his brother Eurytion swiftly breathed a prayer ;
He marked that dove exultingly soaring against the blue— 515
With winnowing wings she dipt 'neath the cloud—he hath pierced her through !
Lifeless she dropped, and her spirit she left mid the stars of heaven :
To his feet hath she fallen, and lo, in her breast is the shaft regiven
All prizes by others forestalled, remained Acestes there ;
Yet drew he his bow, and an arrow he shot through the misty air ; 520
So the old king showed his archery-craft with the twanging bow.
Here flashed on their eyes a sudden portent, a presage of woe
To come : its meaning the awful issue revealed ere long,
And all too late dread seers expounded the omen in song.
For the reed caught fire mid the watery clouds as onward it flew, 525
And marked out its path with a flame-wake that thinner and thinner grew
Till it vanished in air, burnt out, as winged stars, loosed from their place,
Trail after them flaming tresses as over the heavens they race.
Astounded Trinacrians and Trojans motionless stood, and cried
To the Gods in supplication ; nor mighty Aeneas denied 530
Faith in the omen. The glad old king in his arms did he take,
Loaded Acestes with goodly gifts, and thus he spake :
' Accept them, sire ! ' 'Tis the will of Olympus' sovran Lord,
Declared by his omens, that thou shouldst receive an especial award.
This is the gift unto thee of Anchises the ancient of days, 535
A mazer embossed with imagery, which Cisseus of Thrace,
For a pledge of his love and memorial gave to my sire on a day.'
So spake he, and wreathed his temples for triumph with dark-green bay,
And hailed Acestes as victor, first of the archer-array. 540
Good-hearted Eurytion begrudged not that he to himself was preferred,
Albeit he only had brought from the height of the heaven that bird.
Next, his guerdon he taketh who severed the cord, and last
That archer receiveth his prize who pierced with his arrow the mast.

At pater Aeneas, nondum certamine misso, 545
 Custodem ad sese comitemque inpubis Iuli
 Epytiden vocat, et fidam sic fatur ad aurem :
 ' Vade age, et Ascanio, si iam puerile paratum
 Agmen habet secum, cursusque instruxit equorum,
 Ducat avo 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 humero 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,
 Parvus Atys, pueroque puer dilectus Iulo.
 Extremus, formaque ante omnis pulcher, Iulus 570
 Sidonio est investus equo, quem candida Dido
 Esse sui dederat monumentum et pignus amoris.
 Cetera Trinacrii pubes senioris Acestae
 Fertur equis.
 Excipiunt plausu pavidos, gaudentque tuentes 575
 Dardanidae, veterumque adgnoscent 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

But Father Aeneas, ere yet the course of the contest was run, 545
 Called unto him the warder and guide of Iulus his son,
 Epytides, and spake to his trusty ear his command :
 ' Go thou, and tell to Ascanius, if ready he hath his band
 Of boys at his side, and hath marshalled his cavalry-charges, to lead
 Hither his troops in his grandsire's honour, in battle-weed 550
 To display himself.' Then he biddeth the surging throngs fall back
 Leaving the wide lists clear, unencumbered the long race-track.
 In even ranks do the boys ride in ; they glitter and gleam
 In the sight of their parents on bridled steeds : as onward they stream,
 From Sicilians and Trojans clamours of admiration rise. 555
 Upon each lad's tresses a garland of greenness meetly lies ;
 Each bears two lancewood javelins tipped with the bright steel head ;
 On the shoulders of some shine quivers : a circlet of twisted thread
 Of gold enrings each neck, and rests on the bosom below.
 Three squadrons of riders there are, three leaders dash to and fro, 560
 Each followed by twice six boys that in equally parted array
 Flash through the field, and captains accoutred alike they obey.
 One squadron of boys exulting was led by a young child named
 From Priam his grandsire, a scion, Polites, of thine far famed,
 A destined upbuilder of Italy : dappled with flecks of white 565
 Was the Thracian steed that bare him, and white were the pasterns bright
 Of his forefeet, white was the forehead he proudly lifted high.
 Second was Atys, sire of our Atian family—
 Atys the young, a child to the child Iulus dear.
 Last, and among them all in beauty without a peer, 570
 Iulus rode on a Tyrian steed, which Dido the fair
 Gave for remembrance of her, for a pledge of the love she bare.
 By the old king mounted on steeds Sicilian were all else there.
 With clapping the Dardanids greet the trembling children ; they joy 575
 To trace in their visages features of old sires, heroes of Troy.
 So when they had blithely ridden around that concourse-ring
 In sight of their dear ones, the herald with shout far-echoing
 Gave them the signal they waited, and loudly his whip-thong clashed.
 Half right, half left, and three by three, apart have they dashed 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
 Falleret indeprensus et inremeabilis error ;
 Haud alio Teucrum nati vestigia cursu
 Impediunt, texuntque fugas et proelia ludo,
 Delphinum similes, qui per maria humida nando
 Carpathium Libycumque secant luduntque per undas. 595
 Hunc morem cursus atque haec certamina primus
 Ascanius, Longam muris cum cingeret Alban,
 Rettulit et priscos docuit celebrare Latinos,
 Quo puer ipse modo, secum quo Troia pubes ;
 Albani docuere suos ; hinc maxuma porro 600
 Accepit Roma, et patrium servavit honorem ;
 Troiaque nunc pueri, Troianum dicitur agmen.
 Hac celebrata tenus sancto certamina patri.
 Hic primum Fortuna fidem mutata novavit.
 Dum variis tumulto referunt sollemnia ludis, 605
 Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Iuno
 Iliacam ad classem, ventosque adspirat 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

In sections sundered breaking their line ; at a signal again
 They have changed their courses, are charging with levelled lances amain ;
 Thereafter advancing, recoiling anon, like foes that meet
 In the lists, interchanging in circles tangled with circles, they fleet :
 They enkindle the mimic battle with flashing weapons ; and lo, 585
 Now turn they their backs unshielded in flight : in gallant show
 Now wheel they, are charging with menacing spears ; now side by side,
 As foes into friends all suddenly changed, they peacefully ride.
 As of old, so telleth the legend, in Crete the mountain-land
 The Labyrinth wove 'twixt sunless walls upon every hand
 Its pathway, a 'wilderer maze of a thousand tracks, v'herein
 The baffled wanderer never a clue for his feet might win 590
 In the tangle that none could unravel, the path no foot could retrace ;
 Even so do the sons of the Trojans their footfalls interlace
 As they gallop and weave in their sport a ravel of flight and fray,
 Like dolphins, the which, as they swim the sea on their watery way,
 Cleave the Carpathian or Libyan billows in sinuous play. 595

This contest and pageant of riders first by Ascanius the young
 Was revived, when with rampart and tower he girdled Alba the Long,
 And he taught the Latins of old to keep such festival-tide
 As himself in his childhood had done, and the children of Troy at his side.
 To their children the Albans taught it ; from them did imperial Rome 600
 Receive it, and kept the observance that down from our fathers had come.
 The ' Tournay of Troy ' is it called, and the lads are ' The Trojan array.'
 Thus far to a deified father the homage of games did they pay.

For the first time now doth Fortune change, and her faith she belies.
 As with manifold games they rendered the due solemnities 605
 To the tomb, Saturnian Juno sped to the Ilian fleet
 Iris from heaven, and breathed winds wafting her flying feet ;
 For her soul was a turmoil of passion, unsated her old-time wrath.
 Swift Iris flew, and the bow of a thousand dyes was her path.
 None saw on the earthward path as the Messenger-maiden fled. 610
 She looked upon that great concourse ; skirting the shores she sped.
 She hath marked the haven forsaken, the fleet that was ward of none.
 But the Trojan women, remote from the men, on the sea-beach lone
 Were wailing Anchises the lost. All gazed on the fathomless sea

Pontum adspectabant 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
 Coniicit, et faciemque deae vestemque reponit ;
 Fit Beroe, Tmarii coniunx longaeva Dorycli, 620
 Cui genus et quondam nomen natique 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
 Septuma post Troiae excidium iam vertitur aestas,
 Cum freta, cum terras omnis, tot inhospita saxa
 Sideraque emensae ferimur, dum per mare magnum
 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 connixa coruscat,
 Et iacit. Arrectae mentes stupefactaque corda
 Iliadum. Hic una e multis, quae maxuma natu,
 Pyrgo, tot Priami natorum regia nutrix : 645
 ‘ Non Beroe vobis, non haec Rhoeteia, matres,
 Est Dorycli coniunx ; divini signa decoris

Weeping the while—' We are weary ! Alas the immensity
 Of waters awaiting us yet ! ' From all there ascends one prayer : 615
 For a city of habitation they pray ; they are weary to bear
 The travail of ocean. Down in their midst did she suddenly glide,
 Well schooled in her mischievous part, and she cast the form aside
 And the garb of a Goddess. As Beroe seemed she, the wife of a prince, 620
 Doryclus of Tmaros : old and forlorn, she possessed long since
 A nation, a name, and children ; so in her semblance dressed
 Into the midst of the Dardanid matrons the Goddess pressed—
 ' O hapless ye, whom the hands of Achaeans haled not away
 To die 'neath the walls of your mother-city in battle's day !
 O race ill-starred, what ruin for thee hath Fortune in store ? 625
 Now waneth the seventh summer since Troy was a city no more,
 And still over seas, over lands, by shipwrecking rocks drift we
 Under alien stars, and ever across a limitless sea
 We are rolled on the surges, pursuing an Italy fleeting afar.
 Yet here Acestes, a friend, and Eryx' brother-land are. 630
 Why not build walls of a city, a home wherein to remain ?
 O fatherland, Household-gods from the foemen rescued in vain,
 Shall there never be towers that bear Troy's name ?—shall I never behold
 A Xanthus, a Simois, rivers by Hector's feet that rolled ?
 Nay, come, and with me set yon accursed galleys aflame ! 635
 For in slumber to me the form of Cassandra the prophetess came
 And gave to me blazing torches—" No farther seek ye a home !
 Here is your Troy ! " she cried. The hour for action is come !
 Such portents brook not delay ! Lo, here four altars stand
 Unto Neptune—the God's self gives us the courage, and finds us the brand ! ' 640
 So spake she ; and foremost she snatched at the fell torch smouldering there,
 Swung up her arm, and with strong strain waved it aflame through the air,
 And hurled it. The startled women with 'wildered souls beheld.
 But now cried one of the throng, of them all most stricken with eld,
 Pyrgo, the nurse of many a child of Priam's Queen : 645
 ' No Beroe, matrons, is this ; no Doryclus' wife have ye seen !
 Mark ye the tokens of beauty celestial, the eyes ablaze !

Ardentisque notate oculos ; qui spiritus illi,
 Qui voltus, 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 monstribus actaeque furore
 Conclamant, rapiuntque focis penetralibus ignem ; 660
 Pars spoliant aras, frondem ac virgulta facesque
 Coniiciunt. Furit inmissis Volcanus habenis
 Transtra per et remos et pictas abiete puppis.
 Nuntius Anchisae ad tumulum 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 exanimis possunt retinere magistri.
 ' Quis furor iste novus ? quo nunc, quo tenditis,' inquit, 670
 ' Heu miserae cives ? non hostem inimicaque castra
 Argivom, vestras spes uritis. En, ego vester
 Ascanius ! '—galeam ante pedes proiecit inanem,
 Qua ludo indutus belli simulacra ciebat.
 Adcelerat 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 adgnoscent, excussa pectore Iuno est.
 Sed non idcirco flammae atque incendia viris 680
 Indomitas posuere ; udo sub robore vivit
 Stuppa vomens tardum fumum, lentusque carinas

Oh the ambrosial breath, the glory that shines in her face !
 Oh sound of a voice unearthly ! oh feet that divinely pace !
 Beroë ?—'twas but now that I turned from her side to depart 650
 Hitherward, leaving her sick in body, indignant of heart
 That to her alone was denied in the tribute of love to share,
 That the funeral offerings due to Anchises she might not bear.'
 So spake she ; the women, doubtful at first, gazed evil-eyed
 At the ships, and wavered between the tormenting desire that cried 655
 For the country wherein they stood, and the realms whither Destiny
 Summoned them. Lo, the Goddess on balancing wings through the sky
 Soared upward, and swept out a giant bow 'neath the clouds of heaven.
 Then, by the portent frenzied, then by madness driven,
 With one voice crying, from hearths of the dwellings they snatch fire, strip 660
 The altars, and leaves, sprays, torches they hurl upon ship after ship.
 Lo, now as a mad steed curbless the Fire-god leaps, to shine
 Over the thwarts and the oars and the sterns of the painted pine.
 But unto Anchises' tomb and the hill-slope of many a seat
 Eumelus hasteth with tidings of flame that consumeth the fleet ; 665
 And they look, and behold, red sparks and smoke in a cloudy pall !
 Ascanius first, as blithe he was leading the riders all,
 To the wild turmoil of the camp by the sea spurred swiftly his steed,
 Nor availed his breathless warders to stay his eager speed.
 ' Ah, what strange madness is here ? Whither now, whither now would ye go,
 O wretched women ? No camp of the Argives, no fort of a foe [670
 Do ye burn, but your hopes are ye burning ! Behold me, Ascanius, your own !'
 And the empty casque with the word before their feet hath he thrown
 Arrayed in the which he was waking the semblance of war that day.
 Now in hot haste cometh Aeneas, cometh the Trojan array. 675
 But the women in panic have scattered along the shores ; in their flight
 They rush to the woods, to the clefts of the rocks, to hide them from sight.
 They loathe their deed and the light ; they know their friends at the last,
 For their hearts are changed, from their breasts hath Juno's possession passed.
 Yet none the more did the flame and the fire's unvanquished might 680
 Abate : 'neath the brine-drenched timbers the tow is quick and alight
 Outbelching the slow smoke-wreaths ; the crawling heat on the keels

Est vapor, et toto descendit corpore pestis,
 Nec vires heroum infusaeque flumina prosunt.
 Tum pius Aeneas humeris abscindere vestem,
 Auxilioque vocare deos, et tendere palmas : 685
 ' 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 ; semiusta madescent
 Robora ; restinctus donec vapor omnis, et omnes,
 Quattuor amissis, servatae a peste carinae.
 At pater Aeneas, casu concussus acerbo, 700
 Nunc huc ingentis, nunc illuc pectore curas
 Mutabat versans, Siculisne 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 ;
 Longaevosque senes ac fessas aequore matres, 715
 Et quidquid tecum invalidum metuensque pericli est,

Is gnawing, and down to the heart of the hulls the mischief steals ;
 Nor availeth the might of men nor the floods of water they pour
 Thereover. Then from his shoulders his vesture Aeneas tore, 685
 And uplifted his hands to the sky, and for help to the Gods did he call :
 ' Almighty Jove, if thou hast not hated us one and all,
 Us Trojans yet, if thine olden mercy compassionate
 The sorrows of man, O Father, vouchsafe that our fleet thus late
 May escape the fire ! O rescue from death this wreck of our Troy ! 690
 Else do thou, if this I deserve, with the bolts of thy vengeance destroy
 This remnant ; let thine hand crush us and utterly make an end ! '
 Scarce had he spoken, when pouring from heaven the rains descend.
 Wildly the black storm maddens, tremble highland and plain
 With thunderclaps ; down from the whole sky rusheth the cataract rain 695
 Driven by armies of winds and by blackness of night overgloomed.
 Filled, overbrimmed, are the hulls, the ship-planks half-consumed
 Are soaked, till utterly quenched is the fire : of the galleys the most
 From destruction are rescued, all save four which be utterly lost.
 But Father Aeneas, heart-stricken now by so bitter a blow, 700
 In his bosom was turning this heavy burden of care to and fro
 Unresolved—shall he set up his rest, forgetful of Fate's decree,
 In Sicilian acres, or press to the shores of Italy ?
 Then Nautes the old, the one man Pallas dowered with store
 Of wisdom, and made him renowned among men for prophecy-lore, 705
 Giving him knowledge of what by the wrath of the Gods was foretold,
 And of whatsoe'er in the march of Destiny's feet was unrolled,
 Even he to Aeneas thus with comforting words 'gan say :
 ' Heaven-born, as Fate may beckon or ban, so let us obey.
 Whatsoever befall, by endurance baffled is fortune malign. 710
 Here hast thou Dardan Acestes, of ancestry divine :
 Him for thy partner in counsel, thy willing ally, take thou ;
 Commit to his keeping all for whom there is no space now,
 Since the loss of thy ships, all souls unsteadfast, that sickened are
 Of thine high emprise, and who dread to follow thy fortune's star.
 The aged sires and the matrons weary by this of the sea, 715
 Whatsoever of weak and fearful of peril is found with thee,

Delige, et his habeant terris sine moenia fessi ;
 Urbem appellabunt permissio nomine Acestor.

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

Inperio 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,
 Defer in Italiam ; gens dura atque aspera cultu 730
 Debellanda tibi Latio est. Ditis tamen ante
 Infernas accede domos, et Averno per alta

Congressus pete, nate, meos. Non me impia namque
 Tartara habent tristesve 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 humida 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 suscitât ignis,
 Pergameumque Larem et canae penetralia Vestae
 Farre pio et plena supplex veneratur acerra. 745

Extemplo socios primumque arcessit Acesten,
 Et Iovis inperium et cari praecepta parentis
 Haecet, 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.

Choose out : in a city of this land suffer the weary to stay ;
That burg shall they call Acesta, and none shall say them nay.'

At the words of his ancient friend the fire of hope flames high ;
Yet the thoughts of his heart are distraught in sore perplexity. 720
But now black Night on her chariot throned rode up the sky.

Lo, the form of his father Anchises from heaven suddenly seems
Downward to float, and to pour these words through his troubled dreams :

' Son, dearer to me than life, while life remained unto me,
Son, long time bitterly schooled in Ilium's destiny, 725

Hither I come at the high behest of Jove, who hath driven
The fire from thy fleet, and his mercy hath shown from the height of his heaven.

Give ear to the counsel exceeding wise which Nautes the old
Speaketh : the choice of thy warriors, hearts unblenching-bold,
Bear thou to Latium on : 'tis a race of iron mood, 730

And trained in the sternest school, that of thee must be subdued.
But first to the underworld mansions of Dis through the deep rifts go
Of Avernus, to meet me, my son. Foul hell with its night of woe

Prisons me not, but amid the delightful company
Of the Blest in Elysium I dwell. The Virgin Sibyl shall be 735

Thy guide, on whose altars the sable victims' blood thou shalt pour.
Thy posterity there shalt thou learn, and the city that Fate has in store.
Farewell now : dewy Night on her westering course doth wheel,
And the breath of the pitiless Dawn-star's steeds already I feel.'

With the words into unsubstantial air like smoke did he fleet. 740
' Ah, whither away ? ' Aeneas cried, ' Whither hasten thy feet ?

Whom dost thou flee ? What Power denies thee to mine embrace ? '

Now he rekindles the embers, the flame that had slept doth he raise.
With the hallowed meal, and with censer brimmed, to the Warder divine
Of Troy his homage he pays, and to hoary Vesta's shrine. 745

He summons his friends, and Acestes first of them all straightway.
Jove's hest and his dear sire's counsel before them now doth he lay,
And he tells the resolve that fixed at last in his heart doth stand.

Not long is their parley ; Acestes gainsays not the command.
They enroll in a city the matrons ; the cravers for peace they set down 750
Ashore, the souls that know not ambition for glory's crown.

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,

Indicitque forum et patribus dat iura vocatis.

Tum vicina astris Erycino in vertice sedes

Fundatur Veneri Idaliae, tumuloque sacerdos 760

Ac lucus late sacer additur Anchiseo.

Iamque dies epulata novem gens omnis, et aris

Factus honos : placidi straverunt aequora venti,

Creber et adspirans 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 nomen,

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

Porricit in fluctus ac vina liquentia fundit.

Prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntis.

Certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora verrunt.

At Venus interea Neptunum exercita curis

Adloquitur, talisque effundit pectore questus : 780

' Iunonis gravis ira nec exsaturabile pectus

Cogunt me, Neptune, preces descendere in omnis ;

Quam nec longa dies, pietas nec mitigat ulla,

Nec Iovis inperio fatisque infracta quiescit.

Non media de gente Phrygum exedissee nefandis 785

Urbem odiis satis est, nec poenam traxe per omnem :

But themselves—they renew the thwarts, and the planks flame-eaten restore
To the galleys ; they fit to the spars the tackle, they shape the oar.
Few are they by tale, but their hearts are thrilled with the spirit of war.

Meanwhile with the ploughshare Aeneas traces the city's lines, 755
Saying, ' Here shall be Ilium, there shall be Troy ' : house-plots he assigns.
In his new realm Trojan Acestes rejoices, appoints them a place
Of meeting ; in senate and laws the state's foundation he lays.
On the crest of the mountain Eryx a star-encountering fane
Is reared to Idalian Venus ; a priest and a wide demesne 760
With its holy grove to honour Anchises' tomb they ordain.

For nine days now had the folk been feasted ; the sacrifice-steam
From the altars had reeked, while the sea lay hushed as in peaceful dream ;
And again the full-breathed south-wind summoned them forth to the deep.
From the curved shore riseth the voice of a multitude that weep. 765
For a night and a day do they linger clasped in the last embrace.
Ay, even the matrons, and they unto whom the waters' face
Had seemed so grim, and its mere name all too deadly to hear,
These now would be fain to depart, and the travail of exile to bear.
But kindly Aeneas spake to them words of comforting, 770
And weeping commended them unto Acestes the kindred king.
Three calves unto Eryx, a lamb to the Spirits of Storm they slew
At his bidding, and cast the hawsers loose in the order due.
Himself with sprays from the olive stripped enwreathed his head.
High on the prow he stood upholding a chalice, and shed 775
Wine on the waters, and into the brine the inwards he cast.
Springs up as they speed a sternward breeze that follows fast.
The waters with sweeping strokes do the crews lash—none will be last !

But Venus the while, tormented with care, to the Lord of the Sea
Addressed her, and poured from her burdened heart her plaint and her plea : 780
' The malice of Juno, her soul with revenge never satisfied, now
Constrain me, O Neptune, in lowly entreaty before thee to bow.
No lapse of time, no goodness appeaseth her, not the behest
Of Jove himself, nor by destiny baffled consents she to rest.
From the heart of Phrygia's folk hath she eaten their mother-town— 785
It sufficeth her not !—through abysses of vengeance hath dragged them down.

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 inpingeret agmina muris, 805
 Milia multa daret leto, gementque repleti
 Amnes, nec reperire viam atque evolvere 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 periuræ moenia Troiae.
 Nunc quoque mens eadem perstat mihi ; pelle timorem.
 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 ;
 Subsident undae, tumidumque sub axe tonanti 820
 Sternitur aequor aquis, fugiunt vasto aethere nimbi.

Yet the remnant of Troy, yea, the ashes and bones of the dead, doth her hate
 Persecute ! Known to herself be the cause of fury so great !
 Thou wert my witness but now on the Libyan waters how high
 Were the mountain-waves she upheaved all suddenly : sea and sky 790
 She commingled, in Aeolus' blasts when she trusted, and trusted in vain,
 Who dared to usurp the dominion in thine own ocean-domain !
 Lo, even the matrons of Troy into crime were by her thrust on,
 She hath foully burned our galleys, and hath constrained my son,
 His fleet thus lost, to leave his friends in an unknown land. 795
 For the remnant left I beseech, may they sail 'neath thy guardian hand
 Safely the waves, and attain to Laurentian Tiber's flow,
 If lawful my prayer be, if there the Sisters a city bestow.'

Answered her Saturn's Son, whom the sea hath for ever obeyed :
 ' Full right, Cytherea, hast thou to trust in my kingdom's aid, 800
 Wherefrom thou drawest thy birth. This trust have I earned of thee
 Who have curbed full oft the madness and fury of sky and sea ;
 Nor less on the land—let Xanthus and Simois witness for me !—
 Have I watched o'er Aeneas thy son. When the shattered Trojan array
 By chasing Achilles were thrust back unto their walls, in the day 805
 When he hurled of them thousands to death, and the rivers choked with the slain
 Groaned, neither Xanthus could find him a channel, nor roll to the main,
 Then, when in strength overmatched, unholpen of Powers divine,
 Aeneas confronted Pelides the mighty, no hand but mine
 Plucked him in compassing cloud from the death, though I longed to o'erthrow
 Utterly Troy the forsworn, which mine own hands built long ago. [810
 Still changeless my purpose stands ; put all thy fears away.
 Safe shall he win to Avernus' haven, as thou dost pray.
 One man alone shall be lost, for whom thou shalt look in vain ;
 One life to the sea shall be given to ransom many from bane.' 815

So when with his promise the Goddess was gladdened, her grief consoled,
 His horses did that Sea-father yoke with a yoke of gold,
 Their foaming wild mouths bitted, and shook the reins out free.
 Then lightly he fleets in his dark-blue car over crests of the sea.
 The waves sink down, 'neath his thundering axle the waters' face 820
 Is stilled, the clouds flee away from the whole vast firmament's space.

Tum variae comitum facies, inmania cete,
 Et senior Glauci chorus, Inousque Palaemon,
 Tritonesque citi, Phorcique exercitus omnis ;
 Laeva tenet Thetis et Melite Panopeaque virgo, 825
 Nesaeae Spioque Thaliaque Cymodoceque.

Hic patris Aeneae suspensam blanda vicissim
 Gaudia pertemptant mentem ; iubet ocus omnis
 Attolli malos, intendi brachia 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 humida metam 835
 Contigerat ; placida laxabant membra quiete
 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
 Insoniti ; puppique deus consedit in alta
 Phorbanti similis, funditque has ore loquelas :
 ' Iaside Palinure, ferunt ipsa aequora classem ;
 Aequatae spirant aurae ; 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 voltum 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 affixus 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.

Manifold shapes to attend him uprose—huge sea-beasts wild,
 Rose Glaucus and all his ancients, Palaemon Ino's child ;
 Swift Tritons and all the train of Phorcus there are arrayed ;
 Thetis to leftward and Melite glide : Panopea the Maid 825
 O'er the ripples with Spio, Nisaeae, Thalia, Cymodoce played.

The anxious heart of Aeneas with sweet joy banishing fear
 Is thrilled : he commandeth the mariners all in haste to uprear
 Each mast, and to hoist the sail stretched wide on the yard-arm's height.
 With one accord did they set the sheets ; to left and to right 830
 They shook out the canvas ; the sailyard-horns they turn to and fro
 As one man : wafting the fleet the favouring breezes blow.
 In the van Palinurus all that cloud of canvas led :
 The rest in his track, to his word of command obedient, sped.

And now had the dewy night to her goal in the heaven's mid-steep 835
 Well-nigh attained ; the shipmen were resting in peaceful sleep
 Their weary limbs, each man by his oar on the hard thwarts strown,
 When softly from stars of the sky came the Sleep-god gliding down ;
 Disparting the misty gloom and cleaving the shadows he flies.
 Thee, Palinurus, he sought, for he bare to thy guiltless eyes 840
 Dreams ruin-fraught : on the high poop lighted his silent feet,
 And in semblance of Phorbas he poured from his lips the words of deceit :
 ' Palinurus, Iasus' son, the sea's self bears on its breast

Onward thy fleet ; the winds are steadily breathing : to rest
 This hour is due ; give sleep to thine head, and steal from toil 845
 Thine eyes forwearied. Lo, I will do thine office awhile.'
 Palinurus to him, scarce lifting his eyes, curt answer gave :
 ' Dost thou bid me be fool of the face of a peaceful sea, of the wave
 For a moment calm ? Should I trust to the deep, this monstrous thing ?
 How ?—leave to the mercy of treacherous breezes Aeneas my king, 850
 I, who so oft was deceived by a false sky's cloudless blue ? '

So did he answer, and gripping the rudder, and cleaving thereto,
 Never unhanding it, never his eyes from the stars withdrew.
 Lo, the God is shaking a bough that in Lethe, River of Hell,
 Hath been steeped, o'er his temples, a spray made slumbrous with Stygian spell ;
 And despite his resistance, his swimming eyes that charm overcame. [855

Vix primos inopina quies laxaverat artus,
Et superincumbens cum puppis parte revolsa
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
Nudus in ignota, Palinure, iacebis arena.'

Scarce by the slumber unlooked-for unstrung was the watcher's frame,
 When, falling upon him, the God mid the billows his victim flung.
 Down dragging the stern-post with him, and the rudder whereunto he clung,
 Headlong he fell, and in vain unto friends sent cry on cry, 860
 While Sleep on his pinions upsoaring fled down the wind through the sky.
 Onward the fleet notwithstanding speeds over safe paths, stayed
 On the promise of Neptune, and flies like a living thing unafraid.
 And now full nigh to the Sirens' Rocks on-drifting it drew,
 Of old time perilous, white with the bones of many they slew, 865
 Now lone reefs hoarse with the surf far-thundering ceaselessly.
 Then marked Rome's sire how his masterless ship in the trough of the sea
 Rolled drifting. Her course himself through the darkling billows helmed,
 With many a sigh, by the doom of his lost friend heart-overwhelmed :
 ' Alas for thee, over-trustful in halcyon sea and sky ! 870
 On an unknown strand, Palinurus, a naked corpse wilt thou lie ! '

P. VERGILI MARONIS

AENEIDOS

LIBER SEXTUS.

Src fatur lacrimans, classique inmittit 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 inmane, 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 adstitit arce.
Redditus his primum terris, tibi, Phoebe, sacravit
Remigium alarum, posuitque inmania templa.
In foribus letum Androgeo ; tum pendere poenas 20
Cecropidae iussi—miserum !—septena quot annis
Corpora natorum ; stat ductis sortibus urna.
Contra elata mari respondet Gnosia tellus :
Hic crudelis amor tauri, suppositaque furto
Pasiphae, mixtumque genus prolesque biformis 25

THE AENEID OF VIRGIL.

BOOK VI.

How Aeneas went down into Hades.

WEEPING he speaks, then gives free rein to the steeds of the deep
Till on to the strand Euboean of Cumae the long keels leap.
Seaward the prows swing round ; the anchor with gripping fang
Moored ship after ship : the high-arched sterns o'er the sea-beach hang
Like a dark fringe. Down from the decks flash warriors of fiery breast 5
On to Hesperia's shore. For the flame-seeds some make quest
That be hidden in veins of the flint : through the tangled coverts, that screen
Wild creatures, they burst, and they point unto brooks found therebetween.
But to heights where Apollo is throned hath Aeneas the Righteous sped,
To the far-off mystery-compassed crypt of the Sibyl dread, 10
A huge cave, haunt of her into whom the Delian Seer
Breathes might of his soul and spirit, and makes futurity clear.
'Neath the groves of Diana they pass, and the golden roofs gleam near.
Daedalus, telleth the legend, from Minos forced to fly,
Dared to entrust him on forward-fleeting wings to the sky, 15
And on paths untrodden floated away to the Northern Lights,
And softly at last set foot upon these Chalcidian heights.
Unto this land first regiven, he consecrated as thine,
O Phoebus, his pinion-oars, and he reared thee a Titan shrine.
On its gates was the death of Androgeos carved : next, Cecrops' seed 20
Condemned—alas for them !—each year to pay for the deed
Seven lives of their sons. There standeth the urn with the lots of doom ;
Facing it, out of the sea doth the realm of Cnossus loom.
The bestial passion that Venus inspired in her ruthless mood,
Pasiphaë mated by guile with the bull, the blended brood, 25

Minotaurus inest, Veneris monumenta 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,
 Deiphobe Glauci, fatur quae talia regi : 35
 ‘ Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit.
 Nunc grege de intacto septem mactare iuvencos
 Praestiterit, totidem lectas de more bidentis.’
 Talibus adfata Aenean—nec sacra morantur 40
 Iussa viri—Teucros vocat alta in templa sacerdos.
 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 voltus, 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 direxti tela manusque
 Corpus in Aeacidae, magnas obeuntia terras

The half-beast Minotaur—all are portrayed there, a record to be
 Of passion accurst,—and the laboured pile of masonry,
 The maze that none could unravel, save only Daedalus ; he
 Pitied a queen's overmastering passion, untangled the knot
 Of wildering coils whereof that labyrinth was wrought,
 And guided a hero's steps with a thread through the darkness. And thou 30
 Wouldst have thy part in the splendid achievement, did anguish allow,
 Icarus ! Twice he essayed to portray that tragedy
 In gold ; the father's hands twice dropped down helplessly.
 Yea, still upon scene after scene had their eyes been eagerly bent,
 But that now Achates returned, erewhile as his forerunner sent,
 And beside him the priestess of Phoebus and Trivia, Deïphobe 35
 Child of the Sea-god Glaucus, and thus to the king spake she :
 ' This hour claims no such sights as those that enthrall thine eyes !
 From a herd never yoked 'tis thy plainer duty to sacrifice
 Seven steers, and seven young ewes all chosen in ritual wise.'
 So spake she : the warriors hasten, the rites commanded are done : 40
 Then to the temple she calls them, the Trojans follow on.
 'Tis a cave in a cliff's huge face on that Euboean shore ;
 Broad avenues five-score thitherward lead, rock-rifts five-score,
 Whence voices a hundred, bearing the Sibyl's response, pour.
 As they touched the threshold—' 'Tis time to enquire thy destiny ! ' 45
 The Maid cried : ' Lo, the God ! the God ! ' and, even as the cry
 Rang from the doors, nor her features nor hue unaltered remained,
 Nor her ordered tresses : her bosom with pantings heaving strained,
 And with frenzy her wild heart : taller she seemed, nor human pealed
 Her voice, as the presence divine, ever nearer and nearer revealed, 50
 Breathed on her. ' A laggard art thou in vow and prayer ' ? she cried :
 ' Is Aeneas of Troy a laggard ? Not so will the mouths yawn wide
 Of the thunder-thrilling hall ! ' No word thereafter she spake.
 The iron frames of the Trojans with ice-cold shiverings quake,
 And their king from the depths of his soul is pouring the suppliant's plea : 55
 ' O Phoebus, who pitiedst aye Troy's crushing agony,
 Thou who didst guide that Dardan arrow from Paris's hands
 Straight to Achilles' heart,—over seas that by far-stretching lands

Tot maria intravi, duce te, penitusque repostas Massylum gentis, praetentaque Syrtibus arva. Iam tandem Italiae fugientis prendimus oras. Hac Troiana tenuis 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, Praescia venturi, da—non indebita posco Regna meis fati—Latio considerare Teucros Errantisque deos agitataque numina Troiae. Tum Phoebus et Triviae solido de marmore templum Instituum, festosque dies de nomine Phoebi. Te quoque magna manent regnis penetralia nostris. Hic ego namque tuas sortes arcanaque fata, Dicta meae genti, ponam, lectosque sacro, Alma, viros. Foliis tantum ne carmina manda, Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis : Ipsa canas oro.' Finem dedit ore loquendi.	60
At, Phoebi nondum patiens, inmanis 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 Dardanidae venient ; mitte hanc de pectore curam ; 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	65 70 75 80 85 90

Sweep, many a sea, have I sailed, my pilot thou, have explored
 Far Moorish tribes, and the coasts where surf over quicksands roared. 60
 At last, at last do we grasp the skirts of the land that flies
 Ever before us, of Italy! Oh let it now suffice
 That the curse of the fortunes of Troy has dogged our steps hitherto!
 Oh Gods and Goddesses, surely 'tis now Heaven's will that you
 Should spare us, Pergama's folk, all ye who found in Troy
 And Dardania's world-wide glory offence and bitter annoy.
 And thou, O holiest Seer, who foreknowest the things to be, 65
 Grant—nought do I ask that is not long due to my destiny—
 That my folk and their homeless Gods may in Latium find a home,
 And the Deities of Troy long storm-tossed over the foam.
 So to Phoebus and Trivia will I of solid marble upraise
 A temple; in Phoebus' name will I stablish holy days. 70
 Thee too doth a stately shrine in my destined kingdom await;
 For there will I lay up thy lots and the veiled decrees of Fate
 To my nation spoken, and consecrate chosen warders for these,
 Gracious one! Only thine oracle write not on leaves of thy trees,
 Lest orderless, sport of the wild winds, fly the words thou hast penned. 75
 With thine own lips chant them, I pray.' He spake, and his speech had end.

But, submissive not yet unto Phoebus, the seer in a storm of unrest
 Raves in her cavern, essaying to hurl from his throne in her breast
 The mighty God; but the firmer he grips till the mad lips faint,
 Taming her wild-beast heart, and he moulds her by strong constraint. 80
 At last of themselves flung wide five-score huge doors lay bare
 That temple, and lo, they are pouring the oracle wide through the air:
 'O thou who at last hast triumphed o'er mightiest perils by sea—
 But a heavier burden of perils on land is awaiting thee!
 O yea, to Lavinian realms shall the children of Dardanus win— 85
 Put such misgivings away—but shall wish that never therein
 Their feet had been found! Wars, ghastly wars do mine eyes behold
 In vision, and clots of crimson foam down Tiber rolled.
 A Simois, a Xanthus, a Dorian camp thou shalt lack not then;
 And for Latium's help hath Achilles already been born again,
 Ay, born of a Goddess! Wherever thy Trojan host thou shalt lead 90

Usquam aberit ; cum tu supplex in rebus egenis
 Quas gentis Italum aut quas non oraveris !
 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 Cymaea 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 flammās et mille sequentia tela 110
 Eripui his humeris, medioque ex hoste recepi ;
 Ille meum comitatus iter maria omnia mecum
 Atque omnis pelagique minas caelique ferebat,
 Invalidus, 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 Avernīs.

Si potuit Manis arcessere coniugis Orpheus,
 Threicia fretus cithara fidibusque canoris, 120

Juno shalt haunt thy path. Then thou in thy bitter need—
 Unto what Italian tribes, what cities, wilt thou not go
 Imploring their aid ! The well-spring of all this flood of woe
 Shall be, as of old, that a Trojan hath stolen an alien wife,
 And again shall an outland bride be the cause of truceless strife.
 Yet flinch not from peril and pain : press onward against them aye 95
 The bolder the darker the hour, where Destiny opens the way.
 Ay, and the dawn of salvation for thee—fantastic dream
 As now it appeareth—first from a city of Greeks shall gleam.'

Such are the words wherein the Sibyl of Cumae sings
 Riddling oracles dread from her crypt, while the cavern rings
 To her thunderous voice as she shroudeth truth in mystery's night :
 So stern is the curb that wrenches her frenzied lip by the night 100
 Of Apollo, so sharp the goads that her very heart-strings smite.
 Soon as her frenzy died, and stilled was her maddened breath,
 ' No aspect of travail,' Aeneas the hero answereth,
 ' Maiden, or strange or unforeboded on me can dawn :
 Of all have I had foretaste, have rehearsed them long ago 105
 In my heart as I brooded alone. One only boon I implore :—
 Since here, as they tell, the realm of the Underworld King hath its door,
 And here is the darksome fen of Acheron's overflow,
 Be it mine to the presence of him that I love, my father, to go.
 Instruct thou me in the way, and the hallowed doors unbar.
 Him through the flames of Troy, through the arrowy rain of war 110
 I bare on my shoulders forth, and out of the foes' midst saved.
 He hath companioned my journey, with me all seas hath braved,
 And all the blustering fury of ocean and scowling heaven,
 Frail though he was, beyond all strength that to eld is given.
 Nay more, he besought, yea, charged me once and again, to thy gate 115
 To draw near, and in suppliance seek thee. Oh, compassionate,
 Gracious one, sire and son, I beseech thee ! All power hast thou,
 And not for nought did Hecate make thee warder, I trow,
 Of the Groves Avernian. If, in the strength of the songful string
 Of the lyre of the Land of Snow, it was given to Orpheus to bring
 His bride from Shadowland up, if Pollux, by life and death 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 divom, 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
 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 qui decerpserit arbore fetus.
 Hoc sibi pulchra suum ferri Proserpina munus
 Instituit. Primo avolso 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

Interchanging, redeemed his brother, yea, still traverseth
 And repasseth so oft that track—why name great Theseus ? why
 Hercules ?—my descent, like theirs, is from Jove most high.'

With suchlike words, to the altar clinging the while, did he pray.

' Hero of Gods begotten,' the prophetess 'gan say, 125

' Trojan, Anchises' son, full easy the down-going is

Unto hell : nightlong, daylong, the portal of gloomy Dis

Stands open : but ah, to retrace thy steps, to win back again

Unto heaven's free air, a task is this, a travail-pain !

Some few, whom Jove of his favour hath loved, who could name for sire

A God, who up to the heavens were borne in the chariot of fire 130

Of heroism, these have achieved it. All the ground

Between is with woods overpalled, and Cocytus enfolds it around

In dark coils gliding. Yet if thine heart doth with yearning ache,

Ache with such passion twice to float on the Stygian Lake,

Twice to behold the blackness of Hell, and if in thine eyes

It is sheer delight to court such utter-mad emprise, 135

Hear what must first be achieved :—a tree's dim shadows unfold

A branchlet whose frondage and supple stem are alike all gold.

To the Queen of the Underworld is it consecrated : this

Hath all the forest to screen it, and folded around it is

By the shades of the darkling glens. Yet to earth-veiled mystery 140

May none pass down save he who first shall have plucked from the tree

Its gold-tressed offspring. He who would pass through her gates must bring,

By fair Proserpina's ordinance, this for her offering.

There lacks not a golden successor when plucked is the first away ;

Yea, with the selfsame metal burgeons the mystic spray.

Therefore with eyes uplifted track it, and reverently 145

Pluck, when thou findest it. If thou be summoned by Destiny,

All unreluctant and unresisting 'twill follow thee :

If Destiny summon thee not, no human strength shall prevail

Against its resistance ; the edge of the stubborn steel shall fail.

And besides all this, low lieth the lifeless form of thy friend—

Alas, thou knowest it not !—and thy fleet from end to end 150

With the presence of death is defiled, while thou comest hither in quest

Dum consulta petis nostroque in limine pendes.
 Sedibus hunc refer ante suis et conde sepulchro.
 Duc nigras pecudes ; ea prima piacula sunt.
 Sic demum lucos Stygis et regna invia vivis
 Aspicies.' Dixit, pressoque obmutuit ore.

155

Aeneas maesto defixus lumina voltu
 Ingreditur, linquens antrum, caecosque volutat
 Eventus animo secum. Cui fidus Achates
 It comes, et paribus curis vestigia figit.
 Multa inter sese vario sermone serebant,
 Quem socium exanimem 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.
 Hectoris hic magni fuerat comes, Hectora circum
 Et lituo pugnans insignis obibat et hasta.

160

165

Postquam illum vita victor spoliavit Achilles,
 Dardanio Aeneae sese fortissimus heros
 Addiderat socium, non inferiora secutus.
 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 inmerserat unda.

170

Ergo omnes magno circum clamore fremebant,
 Praecipue pius Aeneas. Tum iussa Sibyllae,
 Haud mora, festinant flentes, aramque sepulchri
 Congerere arboribus caeloque educere certant.
 Itur in antiquam silvam, stabula alta ferarum :

175

Procumbunt piceae, sonat icta securibus ilex ;
 Fraxineaeque trabes cuneis et fissile robur

180

Of oracles, while about our gates thou loiterest !
First to his long home bear him, and so in the tomb be he laid :
Black ewes lead thither, with these be thy first expiation made :
So at last on the Stygian Groves shalt thou look, on the realm no foot
Of the living may tread.' She spake, and the fast-locked lips were mute. 155
Aeneas with brooding brows walks on, and with downcast eyes,
Leaving the cave, and he ponders the future's mysteries
In his heart, while Achates, a loyal companion, beside him fares,
And slowly paces onward oppressed with the selfsame cares.
In converse still wide-ranging thought unto thought linked they, 160
Asked who was the lifeless friend, what corpse unburied lay,
As spake the seer ; and lo, on the tideless shore, when they come,
They behold Misenus, done to death by unmerited doom,
Misenus the Wind-god's child, the man with whom none could vie
To rouse with the trumpet men, with the clarion's far-ringing cry 165
To enkindle the war-god's fire. Great Hector's henchman erewhile
Had he been ; attending Hector he faced the warfare toil,
With trumpet and spear renowned. When that great battle-lord
Had fallen, despoiled of life by triumphant Achilles' sword,
Unto Dardan Aeneas the hero exceeding valiant in war
Had joined him, a battle-comrade who followed no meaner star. 170
But in this sad hour, as befell, while over the waters pealed
His clarion-shell, and he challenged—infatuate wretch !—to the field
Of contest in song the Sea-gods, Triton, to jealousy stung—
If belief be no profanation—uprose, and seized him, and flung
The mocker to drown mid the breakers that foamed those rocks among.
Therefore around him all wailed loud for his hapless lot, 175
And more than they all Aeneas the Good. Yet lingered they not
To speed the behest of the Sibyl, and, even as they wept, piled high
The death-pyre of trees, hard-toiling to heap it to touch the sky.
Into the forest primeval they pass, the coverts tall
Of the beasts of the field. Lo, suddenly pine-trees bow to their fall ;
Rings with the axes smitten the holm ; great ash-trunks start 180
Asunder, rent by the wedges, and cleft is the hard oak's heart :

Scinditur ; advolvunt ingentis montibus ornos.	
Nec non Aeneas opera inter talia primus	
Hortatur socios, paribusque accingitur armis.	
Atque haec ipse suo tristi cum corde volutat,	185
Adspectans 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 maxumus heros	
Maternas adgnoscit aves, laetusque precatur :	
‘ Este duces, o, si qua via est, cursumque per auras	
Dirigite 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 graveolentis Averni,	
Tollunt se celeres, liquidumque per aera lapsae	
Sedibus optatis gemina 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	
Illice, sic leni crepitabat bractea vento.	
Corripit Aeneas extemplo avidusque refringit	210
Cunctantem, et vatis portat sub tecta Sibyllae.	
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

They are rolling giant rowans adown the mountain-sides.
 Yea, and their strenuous toil Aeneas leads and guides,
 Heartens them, wields the selfsame woodland weapons as they ;
 Yet his spirit is brooding apart, his eyes are far away 185
 In the heart of the boundless forest ; and thus, as befell, did he pray :
 ' If, ah if unto mine eyes on its tree that golden spray
 Would appear in yon vast wood !—of a surety there must it be,
 Since, alas ! too truly, Misenus, the seer told all touching thee ! '

Scarce had he uttered the words, when white doves twain, as befell, 190
 Before the warrior's eyes from the sky slid down to the dell,
 And there on the greensward lighted. The mighty hero then
 Knows them his mother's birds, and exultant prays yet again :
 ' O guide me ye, if there be any path ! Straight onward hold
 Through the breezes your course unto where the shade of the bough of gold 195
 Falls dark on the wealth-giving soil ! O Goddess, my mother, fail
 My fortunes not in the hour when they tremble in the scale ! '

He spake, and he checked his eager stride, to mark aright,
 Ere he followed, what tokens they gave, whitherward they would aim their flight.
 They, feeding, only so far before him in short flights flew
 That the eyes of whoso followed could fail not to keep them in view. 200
 When at last to the gorge they came of Avernus the sulphurous, there
 Upward swiftly they soar, glide through translucent air,
 And light on the tree twin-natured, the haven where they would be,
 Whence flashed a lustre of gold diverse from the green of the tree.

As in winter's cold mid the woods green groweth the mistletoe 205
 With frondage that hath no mother-tree from whose seed it may grow,
 And girdles the columned stems with its shoots of saffron glow,
 Such was the look of the burgeoning gold mid the oak's dense shade,
 As tinkled its golden leaves, thereon as the light wind played.
 Aeneas hath clutched it, he breaks it away in the haste of fear, 210
 As it seems to linger, and bears to the hall of the Sibyl-seer.

The Trojans the while on the strand great lamentation made
 For him to whose thankless ashes the last sad honours they paid.
 First of the oozy pinewood and cloven oak did they build
 A giant pyre : its sides with dark boughs plaited they filled, 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 vestes, velamina nota,
 Coniiciunt. 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 texit 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 sepulchrum
 Inponit, suaque arma viro remumque tubamque,
 Monte sub aereo, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
 Dicitur, aeternumque tenet per saecula nomen. 235
 His actis propere exsequitur praecepta Sibyllae.
 Spelunca alta fuit vastoque inmanis hiatu,
 Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris,
 Quam super haud ullae poterant inpune volantes
 Tendere iter pennis : talis sese halitus atris 240
 Faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat :
 [Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Aornon.]
 Quattuor hic primum nigrantis terga iuvencos
 Constituit, frontique invergit vina sacerdos,
 Et summas carpens media inter cornua saetas 245
 Ignibus inponit sacris, libamina prima,
 Voce vocans Hecaten, Caeloque Ereboque potentem.

And with upright cypresses, trees of the tomb, that pile they faced,
 And high over all a splendour of glittering arms they placed.
 Some swiftly set on the flames the caldrons that bubble and boil,
 And the body cold in death do they bathe and anoint with oil.
 Now with a burst of moaning they lay those limbs bewailed 220
 On a couch, and with bright-hued vesture then is the dead form veiled,
 His raiment—they knew it well. Four bowed their shoulders beneath
 That giant warrior's bier, last woeful service to death.
 Then in ancestral fashion, with faces backward turned,
 They thrust 'neath the pyre the torch. High-piled thereon are burned
 Rich offerings—incense, meats, great bowls of oil outpoured. 225
 When the ashes at last fell in, and the flames no longer roared,
 Wine on the relics grey and the glowing embers they shed.
 Then Corynaeus gathered and laid the bones of the dead
 In a casket of bronze, and thrice bore round that comrade-array
 Pure water, besprinkling each with the dewy shower from a spray
 Of the fruit-bearing olive, and purified all from pollution thereby, 230
 And the farewell words to the dead into vanished ears did he cry.
 O'er the ashes then did Aeneas the Righteous a sepulchre rear,
 A giant barrow, and planted thereon the warrior-gear,
 The trumpet and oar of the dead, at the foot of a cloud-cleaving hill
 Which after the warrior it hideth is calleth Misenus still,
 And keepeth the name while the endless years their course fulfil. 235
 This done, the commands of the Sibyl the hero performs in haste.
 A deep dark cavern there was, a yawning chasm, vast
 And rugged, inviolate kept by the mere's black water, and night
 Of the forest's shade : thereover no birds could wing their flight
 Scathless, so deadly a reek, from that dark gorge outpoured 240
 Ceaselessly, up to the very vault of the firmament soared ;
 [The which in its name ' Aornos ' the singers of Greece record.]
 Four steers of sable hide to the altar hither are led
 By the priestess, and over their brows the droppings of wine she shed.
 She croppeth the crests of the hairs that betwixt the dark horns spring, 245
 And casts on the hallowed flames, first fruits of the offering,
 Uplifting her voice unto Hecate, queen in Heaven and in Hell.

- Supponunt alii cultros, tepidumque cruorem
 Succipiunt pateris. Ipse atrī velleris agnam
 Aeneas matri Eumenidum magnaēque sorori
 Ense ferit, sterilemque tibi, Proserpina, vaccam. 250
 Tum Stygio regi nocturnas inchoat aras,
 Et solida inponit taurorum viscera flammis,
 Pingue super oleum infundens ardentibus extis.
 Ecce autem, primi sub lumina 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 inmisit aperto ;
 Ille ducem haud timidis vadentem passibus aequat.
 Di, quibus inperium 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, tristesque 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

Then set they the knives to the victims' throats : as the blood-streams well
Thereout, they catch them in bowls. With his sword doth Aeneas smite
A ewe-lamb sable-fleeced to the Furies' mother Night, 250
And to Earth her mighty sister ; a barren heifer to thee,
Proserpina : then to the Stygian King upreareth he
Night's altars, and on the flames that athwart the darkness blaze
The undismembered carcasses of the steers he lays,
And as fiercely the inwards burn, pours fatness of oil thereon.
And lo, on the verge of the dayspring, the first grey glimmer of dawn, 255
Earth muttered beneath their feet, the forest-ridges swayed,
And it seemed them that hounds of hell through the shuddering darkness bayed,
As the Goddess drew near : ' Afar, ye unhallowed, afar be ye ! '
Shrieketh the Seer, ' and from all the bounds of the grove do ye flee !
And thou, press forward : out of his scabbard thy sword pluck thou ! 260
Now needest thou courage, Aeneas, a heart unquailing now ! '
No more she spake, but plunged through the cave's mouth yawning wide,
As frenzied : the hero with dauntless steps keeps pace with his guide.

Lords of the Spirit-world, ye voiceless Shades of the Dead,
Chaos, and Phlegethon, scenes with night's wide hush overspread, 265
Be it mine without sin to tell dark secrets revealed unto me,
Mine to unveil with your sanction all that mystery
'Neath the deep earth drowned in blackness of darkness eternally !

Onward they moved, dim forms in lone night's shadow-land,
Through tenantless mansions of Hades, and realms to inhabitants banned.
'Twas as when one fares through a forest beneath the dubious light 270
And treacherous beams of the moon, when Jove shrouds heaven from sight
In shadow, and robbed is the world of its colour by murky night.

In the forefront of the porch, at the entering-in of Hell,
Are the lairs where Grief and Remorse the sin-avenging dwell :
Therein do wan Diseases and joyless Eld abide, 275
And Fear, and the temptress Hunger, and Poverty haggard-eyed,
Hideous forms to behold, and Death, and life-sapping Toil,
And Sleep, blood-brother of Death, and the Joys that with sin-stain soil
The soul. In the threshold's forefront is War the slaughter-rife,
And the iron cells of the Furies, and frenzied Civil Strife 280

Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.

In medio ramos annosaque brachia pandit

Ulmus opaca, ingens, quam sedem Somnia volgo

Vana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus haerent.

Multaque praeterea variarum monstra ferarum

285

Centauri in foribus stabulant Scyllaeque biformes,

Et centumgeminus Briareus, ac belua Lernae,

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.

Hinc via Tartarei quae fert Acherontis ad undas.

295

Turbidus hic caeno vastaque voragine gurgis

Aestuat atque omnem Cocyto eructat arenam.

Portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina servat

Terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento

Canities inculta iacet, stant lumina flamma ;

300

Sordidus ex humeris nodo dependet amictus.

Ipse ratem conto subigit, velisque ministrat,

Et ferruginea subvectat corpora cymba,

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,

Inpositique rogis iuvenes ante ora parentum :

Quam multa in silvis autumnni frigore primo

Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto

310

Quam multae glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus

Trans pontum fugat et terris inmittit apricis.

Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,

Whose locks, which are crawling adders, with blood-dripping bands are uptied.
 In the midst, dense-leaved, gigantic, an elm-tree spreadeth wide
 Its boughs and its immemorial arms : as poets sing,
 'Tis the haunt of bodiless dreams ; 'neath its every leaf they cling.
 Yea, many and divers portentous monsters do these dens hold : 285
 Stalled in the gateway are Centaurs, and Scyllas of shape twofold,
 Briareus the hundred-handed, the Dragon from Lerna that came,
 Horribly hissing, Chimaera clad in armour of flame,
 Gorgons and Harpies, the spectral Giant, a three-bodied shade.
 In the haste of sudden panic Aeneas clutched his blade, 290
 And thrust the bared point out at the ghosts that onset made.
 And, were he not of her wisdom warned by the Sibyl that these
 Are but unsubstantial disembodied existences,
 Are the phantom semblance of bodily forms as they flit to and fro,
 He had charged, and shadows had cleft with the sword's unavailing blow.
 Herefrom is the track that leads unto Acheron, River of Hell : 295
 Here, silt-beclouded from fathomless whirlpits, seething upwell
 The wild waves belching forth from Cocytus his wealth of sand.
 To ward these waters and streams doth a fearful ferryman stand
 In hideous foulness, Charon : unkempt is the hoary hair
 Avalanched o'er his breast ; his eyes are one fixed fiery glare. 300
 Begrimed is the garb, by a rough knot tied, o'er his shoulder thrown.
 Alone he thrusts with the barge-pole, he handles the sail alone,
 And wafts in his iron-grey bark the dead, its ghostly load ;
 Now stricken in years, but unfading and fresh is the eld of a God.
 As one man thither a crowd like a rushing torrent ran— 305
 Matrons and men, dead forms of the brave who had lived life's span,
 Great-hearted heroes ; many a boy and unwedded maid ;
 Young men before their parents' eyes on the death-pyre laid.
 Multitudinous they as the leaves of the forest that slip from the stem
 And fall to the earth when autumn's frost first touches them : 310
 Multitudinous they as the birds from the deep-rolling waters that flee
 To the land, when the year groweth chill, and drives them in rout oversea,
 And speeds them afar to lands where the sun shines cloudlessly.
 There do they stand, and to cross that flood the first they implore,

Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore.
 Navita sed tristis nunc hos nunc accipit illos, 315
 Ast alios longe submotos arcet arena.
 Aeneas, miratus enim motusque tumultu,
 'Dic,' ait, 'o virgo, quid volt 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
 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 animi 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.

Outreaching their hands as with yearning of love for the further shore.
 Now these the grim ferryman takes, now those, of that woeful band, 315
 But others he spurns away, and banishes far from the strand.
 Marvelled Aeneas ; his heart by their tumult was touched, and he cried :
 ' What meaneth their flocking, O Maiden, tell, to the river-side ?
 What seek yon spirits ? Wherein do they differ, that these shrink back
 From the bank, those sweep with the oars that lurid watery track ' ' 320
 Unto him that priestess old as the ages made reply :
 ' Anchises' scion, offspring undoubted of Gods on high,
 Cocytus' fathomless mere dost thou see, and the Stygian fen.
 Gods, when they swear by its majesty, tremble to perjure them then.
 Yon banished ones thou hast marked are a throng unburied, forlorn ; 325
 That ferryman, Charon ; the buried are they o'er the waves who are borne.
 It is not vouchsafed to pass these awful shores, and the river
 Hoarse-roaring, till lie their bones in the grave at rest for ever.
 For a hundred years must they wander, and flit around this shore ;
 Then at last are received, and behold the mere of their hopes once more.' 330
 Halted Anchises' scion, staying his footsteps straight
 In the rush of his thoughts, in compassion of heart for their cruel fate.
 There sees he sorrow-stricken, and lacking the death-dues meet,
 Leucaspis, and there Orontes who captained his Lycian fleet.
 From Troy were they wafted with him over seas where wild blasts blew, 335
 And the south-wind whelmed in the rolling surges galley and crew.
 Lo, Palinurus the helmsman thitherward slowly crept,
 Who so late, as from Carthage they sailed, while that star-vigil he kept,
 From the stern had fallen, flung in the midst of the waves to his doom.
 When hardly the hero knew him, by suffering marred, in the gloom, 340
 First spake he : ' Who, Palinurus, who of the Gods snatched thee
 Away from our midst, and whelmed thee deep in the midst of the sea ?
 Come, tell me. Apollo, who never had lied unto me heretofore,
 In this one oracle unto my soul false witness bore :
 He foretold me that thou, by the sea unscathed, to Ausonia's coast 345
 Wouldst come. Lo, thus is his pledged faith made an empty boast ? '
 ' Nay, not by Apollo's tripod deceived wast thou,' he cried,
 ' My captain, Anchises' son, nor a God whelmed me in the tide.

Namque gubernaculum multa vi forte revolsum,
 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,
 Deficeret tantis navis surgentibus undis.
 Tris Notus libernas 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
 Iniice, namque potes, portusque require Velinos ;
 Aut tu, si qua via est, si quam tibi diva creatrix
 Ostendit—neque enim, credo, sine numine divom
 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 solatia casus :
 Nam tua finitimi, longe lateque per urbes
 Prodigis acti caelestibus, ossa piabunt,
 Et statuent tumulum, et tumulo sollemnia mittent, 380
 Aeternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.’
 His dictis curae emotae, pulsusque parumper

But the helm—apportioned whose warder I steered thy course—mine hands
 Gripped fast, till, torn by a violent lurch from the rudder-bands, 350
 Down headlong hurled I dragged it with me. By the stormy sea
 I swear, that not for myself did dread so great seize me
 As the fear lest thy ship, despoiled of her armament, bereaved
 Of her master, might founder, when such huge billows around her heaved.
 Three stormy nights the South o'er the main raged furiously, 355
 And swept me o'er limitless seas : on the crest of a wave swung high
 At the fourth dawn Italy faintly and far did I descry.
 Landward slowly I swam : in my grasp lay life well-nigh—
 When, as clogged by my brine-soaked vesture, with talon fingers I seize
 The jagged crest of a cliff, a horde of savages 360
 Assailed whom their ignorance deemed rich spoil with dagger-thrust.
 Now surges cradle me rolled o'er the strand by each wild gust.
 But oh, by the heaven's dear light and air, by thy father's name
 I implore, by thine hope in Iulus, to manhood as waxes his frame,
 From these afflictions, invincible hero, rescue me now ! 365
 Either do thou cast earth on my corse—for this canst thou :
 It is but sailing back to the Velian harbour-bay.
 Or thou, if there be any means, if revealed hath been any such way
 By thy Goddess-mother—for not but with sanction of Heaven, I wot,
 Thou dar'st on these dread streams and the Stygian fen to float—
 Clasp hands with the hapless, and bear at thy side o'er the dark mere's breast, 370
 That so at the least in death in a haven of peace I may rest.'

Thus far had he spoken, when thus the prophetess sternly replies :
 ' Such unhallowed desire, whence did it in thee, Palinurus, arise ?
 On the Stygian waters, the ruthless Furies' Stream, shalt thou gaze
 Unburied ?—unsanctioned shalt thou draw nigh yon landing-place ? 375
 Shall the Gods' fixed doom by petitions be swayed ? Nay, hope it not !
 Yet hear and remember my words, a balm for thy bitter lot :
 The neighbour peoples, by portents from Heaven made to quake
 Through their cities far and near, to thy bones atonement shall make,
 And shall rear thee a grave-mound, and yearly offerings thither shall send, 380
 And thy name " Palinurus " the spot shall bear till time shall end.'
 By her words was his sorrow banished, and chased from the heart late sad

Corde dolor tristi : gaudet cognomine terra.

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 tremementem ;
 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 patrui 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—
 ' Adgnoscas.' 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,
 Deturbat, laxatque foros ; simul accipit alveo
 Ingentem Aenean. Gemuit sub pondere cymba

Was grief for a little space : for his namesake land is he glad.

Then the path they pursue that their feet have begun to tread, and they draw
 Nigh to the river ; but these from afar that ferryman saw 385
 From the brink of the Stygian wave, through the hushed grove as they trod,
 And turned their steps to the bank. Now hails them the Ferryman-god,
 And challenges ere they may speak : ' Thou, who thou be soever
 That in armour arrayed art pressing on unto this our river,
 Say wherefore thou comest, from where thou standest, and halt forthright !
 The Land of Shadows is this, of Sleep, and of slumbrous Night. 390
 In the Stygian keel to waft the living were sacrilege-sin.
 Of a surety with little joy I received Alcides therein,
 Nor Pirithous gladly nor Theseus I wafted to shores of Hell,
 Though of Gods begotten they were, and in prowess invincible.
 Hercules came by the might of his hand into chains to fling 395
 Tartarus' warder, yea, from the footstool of Tartarus' King
 He haled him terror-cowed ; those others dared essay,
 To lead the Queen of Hades from her own bower away.'

Then unto him curt answer made the Amphrysian seer :
 ' Trouble thyself not : no such dark designs are here.
 No violence mean these arms : that huge hound-warder still 400
 From his cavern unceasingly baying, may with cold terror thrill
 The bloodless shades : Proserpina still, an unsullied bride,
 Within her father's brother's portals safe may abide.
 Aeneas of Troy, in devotion peerless and battle-renown,
 Unto Erebus' nethermost gloom to look on his sire goeth down.
 If the vision of such devotion thy soul hath no whit stirred, 405
 Yet this bough know thou again.' She uncovered the bough with the word,
 Hid in her vest. His heart, like a sea in rage tossed high,
 Sinks into calm. Not a word he spake, but with awe-struck eye
 Looks on the reverence-worthy wand of destiny,
 The gift once more beheld after years have fled by.
 The leaden-hued prow he turneth, and bringeth it back to the bank, 410
 And thrusts from the long thwarts spirits that sat there rank by rank,
 And clears the gangways. Aeneas he straightway receiveth therein,
 A giant form. That coracle, fashioned of skin unto skin

Sutilis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem. Tandem trans fluvium incolumis vatemque virumque Informi limo glaucaque exponit in ulva.	415
Cerberus haec ingens latratu regna trifauci Personat, adverso recubans inmanis in antro. Cui vates, horrere videns iam colla colubris, Melle soporata et medicatis frugibus offam Obiicit. Ille fame rabida tria guttura pandens Corripit obiectam, atque inmania terga resolvit Fusus humi, totoque ingens extenditur antro. Occupat Aeneas aditum custode sepulto, Evaditque celer ripam inremeabilis undae.	420
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 : Nec vero hae sine sorte datae, sine iudice, sedes : Quaesitor Minos urnam movet ; ille silentum Conciliumque vocat vitasque et crimina discit. Proxima deinde tenent maesti loca, qui sibi letum Insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi Proiecere animas. Quam vellent aethere in alto Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores ! Fas obstat, tristisque palus inamabilis unda Alligat, et noviens Styx interfusa coerces.	430
Nec procul hinc partem fusi monstrantur in omnem 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 Procrimque locis, maestamque Eriphylen,	435
	440
	445

Sewn roughly, groaned 'neath the weight, and through the rifts 'gan pour
 Fen-water in streams. Unharm'd at last on the farther shore
 He landeth the hero and prophetess at the dark flood's edge, 415
 Setting their feet upon formless silt and on grey-green sedge.

Huge Cerberus makes these regions ring with his three throats' bay,
 Couched all his monstrous length in the cavern full in their way.
 But the seer, as the adders that fringe his necks are in act to leap,
 Flings him a meal-cake heavy with honey and drugs of sleep. 420
 His triple throats yawn wide in frenzy of hunger ; the bait
 Hath he snatch'd ; and lo, his enormous back he relaxeth straight
 Lying limp on the ground, and his huge form stretches through all the cave.
 Aeneas darts through the passage, whose warder, as one in a grave,
 Lies buried in sleep, wins clear of the bank, and hurries on,
 Leaving behind him the flood wherefrom returning is none. 425

Voices and multitudinous wailing are heard forthright,
 And spirits of babes that weep at the gates of the Realm of Night.
 Of sweet life portionless, and torn from the breast, their breath
 A dark day stole from their lips : they were whelm'd in untimely death.
 Next these are folk upon false accusation condemn'd to die. 430
 Yet all after trial and judgment in their last prison lie.
 Inquisitor Minos assembleth the Silent People ; the urn
 He shaketh : their lives and the charges whereon they were slain doth he learn.
 Next these are the haunts of the comfortless ones, whose own hands dealt
 For no crime death to themselves ; but, spurred by the loathing they felt 435
 For the light of the earth, themselves had flung their lives away.
 Ah, were they beneath our skies once more, how fain would they
 Bear poverty's yoke and arduous toil without respite or stay !
 Doom bars the way ; with its sullen water the loathly fen
 Is their fetter, the ninefold coils of Styx are their prison-pen.

Not far hence stretching wide upon every hand appear 440
 The Fields of Lamentation ; such is the name they bear.
 Here they whom tyrant Love with merciless wasting devour'd
 Are in secret pathways hidden, in screening myrtle embower'd.
 Their anguish is not forgotten even in death's embrace.
 Phaëdra and Procris here, Eriphyle's mournful face, 445

Crudelis nati monstrantem volnera, cernit,
 Euadnenque et Pasiphaen ; his Laodamia
 It comes, et iuvenis quondam, nunc femina, Caeneus,
 Rursus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram.
 Inter quas Phoenissa recens a volnere 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 exstinctam, ferroque extrema secutam ?
 Funeris heu tibi causa fui ? Per sidera iuro,
 Per superos, et si qua fides tellure sub ima est,
 Invitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi. 460
 Sed me iussa deum, quae nunc has ire per umbras,
 Per loca senta situ cogunt noctemque profundam,
 Inperiis 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.
 Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat ;
 Nec magis incepto voltum 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 concussus 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

As she points to the wounds that her ruthless son had dealt her, he sees,
 And Evadne, Pasiphae ; Laodamia companioneth these,
 And Caeneus, a woman now, transformed to a youth once, then
 Into her olden shape by Destiny changed again.
 And amidst them Phoenician Dido, her wound yet running blood 450
 As freshly dealt, went wandering by in the mighty wood.
 When the hero of Troy drew near her, and knew mid the shadowing trees
 Her dim form—vision such as one sees or imagines he sees,
 When the month is young, of a moon through clouds essaying to break,—
 Fast fell his tears, and with tender love to the wronged he spake : 455
 ‘ O hapless Dido, a true word then unto me had come
 That thou hadst perished, led by the sword to the last long home !
 Woe's me ! and was I the cause of thy death ? By the stars I swear,
 By the Gods, by the Underworld's truth, by what honour soever is there,
 Sore loth, O Queen, from thy shores did I flee ; but Heaven's command,— 460
 Which constraineth me now to fare through the darkness of Shadowland,
 Through drear and desert places, through realms where abysmal night
 Reigneth,—drave me from thee by their stern authority's might.
 I dreamed not, nor ever could I have imagined that by my flight
 I could unto thee have brought such pain. O, stay thee, stay !
 Withdraw thee not from my sight ! From whom art thou fleeing away ? 465
 Fate grants me to speak to thee now, and never again for aye ! ’

So pleaded Aeneas to melt her, whose heart with hate was aflame,
 Whose eyes were fiercely scowling, and lightly his own tears came.
 She with averted brows still bent on the earth her gaze,
 And as wholly unmoved from beginning to end of his pleading she stays 470
 As though 'twere a rock of flint or of marble that stood in her place.
 Thence tore she herself at the last, and implacable fled from his face
 To the dark-shadowed wood, where Sychaeus, her lord of the olden days,
 With her sorrows sympathizes, her love with love repays.
 Yet still by her cruel fate heart-stricken Aeneas with tears 475
 Of compassion follows her far as she fades and disappears.

Then toils he along the appointed path ; and by this they light
 On the verge of the fields set apart for heroes renowned in fight.
 Here meeteth him Tydeus, Parthenopaeus battle-renowned,

Parthenopaeus et Adrasti pallentis imago ; 480
 Hic multum fleti ad superos belloque caduci
 Dardanidae, quos ille omnis longo ordine cernens
 Ingenuit, Glaucumque Medontaque Thersilochumque,
 Tris Antenoridas, Cererique sacrum Polyphoeten,
 Idaeumque, etiam currus, etiam arma tenentem. 485
 Circumstant animae dextra laevaue frequentes.
 Nec vidisse semel satis est ; iuvat usque morari,
 Et conferre gradum, et veniendi discere causas.
 At Danaum procures Agamemnoniaeque 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 vidit, lacerum crudeliter ora, 495
 Ora manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis
 Auribus, et truncas inhonesto vulnere naris.
 Vix adeo adgnovit pavitantem et 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 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 monumenta reliquit.
 Namque ut supremam falsa inter gaudia noctem

And here, woe-wasted and wan, is the ghost of Adrastus found. 480
 Here they that on earth were sorely bewept, who fell in the fray,
 Dardania's sons : he groaned as he marked them in long array,
 Thersilochus, Medon, Glaucus, and there were the three sons seen
 Of Antenor, and Polyphoetes the priest of the Harvest-queen,
 And Idæus, grasping his chariot still, and his war-gear bright. 485
 Around him the spirits stand, they throng him to left and to right.
 Nor sufficeth it once to have seen him ; they linger unsatisfied
 Still asking the cause of his coming, and pacing still by his side.
 But the Danaan chiefs, and the squadrons beneath Agamemnon arrayed,
 When they looked on the hero, and saw his arms as they flashed through the
 Trembled in panic of dread : some turned their backs to fly, [shade, 490
 As of old to their ships : some raised a ghostly battle-cry ;
 But mocking their parted lips did the shout to a whisper die.
 Mangled from head to foot Deiphobus there doth he see,
 A son of Priam : his lips have been hacked off brutally, 495
 His lips and both his hands ; from his temples his ears have been torn,
 His nostrils withal from his face with a ghastly wound have been shorn.
 Scarce, scarce did he know him now, as he cowered and strove to hide
 That hideous revenge, and in unforgotten accents he cried :
 ' Hero Deiphobus, scion of kingly ancestry, 500
 Who had the heart to wreak such brutal vengeance on thee ?
 Who had such power over thee ? Unto me were tidings borne
 That on that last night, by measureless slaughter of Greeks outworn,
 Thou hadst fallen dead upon slain foes piled confusedly.
 Then on the strand Rhoetean a cenotaph barrow did I 505
 Uprear, and thrice did I hail thy ghost with far-ringing cry.
 Thy name and thine arms still watch the spot. O friend, with toil
 Unavailing I sought thee, at parting to lay thee in fatherland-soil.'
 Answered him Priam's son : ' No dues hast thou left unpaid,
 Friend ; all hast thou rendered to me and unto the dead man's shade. 510
 But I by my destiny, and the baleful wickedness wrought
 By the Spartan Woman, to these calamities was brought
 And whelmed therein. These tokens of love were her legacy !
 How Troy's last night was spent amid delusive glee

Egerimus, nosti ; et nimium meminisse necesse est.
 Cum fatalis equus saltu super ardua venit 515
 Pergama et armatum peditem gravis attulit alvo,
 Illa, chorum simulans, euantis 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 additur una
 Hortator scelerum Aeolides. Di, talia Graiis
 Instaurate, pio si poenas ore reposito. 530
 Sed te qui vivum casus, age, fare vicissim,
 Attulerint. Pelagine venis erroribus actus,
 An monitu divom ? 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 :
 ‘ 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.’

Thou knowest—ay, needs must thou remember it all too well !
 When the Horse of Doom leapt into our towered citadel,
 And, with armèd men in its burdened womb, into Troy's heart came. 515
 She, feigning a sacred dance, led many a Phrygian dame
 All round the fortress, hailing the revel-tide with acclaim.
 Herself in their midst uplifted a huge pine-brand aflame,
 And so from the citadel summoned the foe on the prey to leap.
 Forwearied then with a chieftain's cares, and heavy with sleep, 520
 Mine unhappy chamber received me, and lay like a weight on my breast
 Sweet slumber and deep, the image of death that brings long rest.
 My peerless wife meanwhile first filched my sword of proof
 From beneath mine head, then stole all weapons from under my roof.
 Wide flinging the doors, Menelaus she summons to enter mine house, 525
 As hoping, forsooth, that this would be to her doting spouse
 A noble gift, that her former iniquity's infamy so
 Might be blotted out !—why linger I on the tale ?—the foe
 Burst into the chamber. Ulysses, contriver of villainy,
 Joins them as comrade-in-arms. Ye Gods, with the Greeks deal ye
 As they dealt with me, if I claim such vengeance reverently ! 530
 But thou—prithee tell me in turn, how comest thou hitherward now,
 A living man ? Driven far over chartless seas wast thou ?
 Destiny's weary victim, dost thou by the high Gods' hest
 Fare unto these drear sunless abodes, the land of unrest ?
 By this interchange of their converse Aurora's rose-flushed car 535
 Had crossed the crown of the sky, as it raced through cloudland afar :
 And in such communion might all the time allotted have fled,
 But his fellow-wayfarer warned him, and curtly the Sibyl said :
 ' Aeneas, the night rusheth on : tears squander the hours yet left.
 Here is the place where thy track into pathways twain is cleft : 540
 This to the rightward runs by the ramparts of Hades' King :
 Our way to Elysium is here ; but that to the left doth bring
 Sinners to punishment, down to the hell of the godless dead.'
 ' Great priestess, be thou not wroth,' Deiphobus answering said :
 ' I will hence, I will fill up the tale, a shadow to shadows will fleet. 545
 Pass, pride of our name, pass on, a happier fate to meet ! '

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 ; quibusve 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
 Gnosius haec Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna,
 Castigatque auditque dolos, subigitque fateri
 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 horrissono stridentes cardine sacrae
 Panduntur portae. Cernis, custodia qualis
 Vestibulo sedeat ? facies quae limina servet ? 575
 Quinquaginta atris inmanis hiatibus Hydra
 Saevior intus habet sedem. Tum Tartarus ipse

No more he spake, but thence with the word hath he turned his feet.

With a sudden backward glance Aeneas beheld where frowned
 A mountain cliff on the left over bastions wide girt round
 With a triple wall. Sweeps round them Hell's flood Phlegethon 550
 With surges of flame, and with crashing rocks like leaves whirled on.
 A huge gate fronts him, with adamant pillars planted thereby, ~~and~~
 So strong, no human power, neither might of the Dwellers on High
 Could avail in battle to breach it : towers up through the air
 A barbican all of iron : throned is Tisiphone there :
 And with blood-stained vesture upgirded, evermore is she keeping 555
 Nightlong, daylong, the porch, a sentinel unsleeping.
 Rang through the portal shrieks, the sound of the pitiless lash,
 The noise of the dragging of chains, and iron's clank and clash.
 Aeneas halted appalled, as his ears drank in the din—
 ' What crimes be atoned for here ?—tell, Maiden—what manner of sin ? 560
 What torments of punishment rack them ?—the multitudinous shriek
 Thrilling the air, what means it ? ' Thus did the prophetess speak :
 ' Far-famous chieftain of Troy, no foot unpolluted may tread
 The threshold whereover pass to their doom the accursèd dead.
 But when Hecate made me warder of groves Avernian, she
 Through all Hell led me, in Heaven's retributions instructed me. 565
 Rhadamanthus of Crete sits lord o'er the merciless realms of Hell :
 He makes inquisition of sin, and by torture constrains them to tell
 Transgressions, atonement for which, as o'er bootless evasion they gloat,
 The wicked on earth put off till their death—which seems so remote !
 Straightway avenging Tisiphone leapeth scourge in hand 570
 On the guilty ; they reel 'neath her blows : she summons the ruthless band
 Of her sister Furies, and thrusts in the wretches' faces the while
 The grimly serpents that round her left hand dart and coil.
 Then, then with griding thunder appalling the great gates gape
 Asunder, the Gates Accursèd. Dost mark what fearful shape
 Keepeth the porch's threshold, what warder coucheth there ? 575
 A monster of fifty deadly mouths therein hath its lair,
 That Hydra, fiercer far than the hunter of Lerna's mere,
 Beyond, the very gulf of Tartarus yawns down sheer

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, inmania 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, divomque sibi poscebat honorem,
 Demens ! qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen 590
 Aere et cornipedum pulsu simularet equorum.
 At pater omnipotens densa inter nubila telum
 Contorsit, non ille facēs nec fūmea taedis
 Lumina, praecipitemque inmani turbine adegit.
 Nec non et Tityon, Terrae omniparentis alumnū, 595
 Cernere erat, per tota novem cui iugera corpus
 Porrigitur, rostroque inmanis voltur 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 maxuma iuxta 605
 Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas,
 Exsurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.
 Hic, quibus invisī fratres, dum vita manebat,
 Pulsatusve parens, et fraus innexa clienti,

Through abysses of Shadowland stretching to depths that be twice so far
 As the heights up which we gaze unto where Heaven's portals are.
 Here Earth's primeval brood, the Titans, hellward hurled 580
 By lightning, wallowing lie 'neath the nethermost roots of the world.
 Here also the sons of Aloeus, the giants twain, saw I,
 Who essayed with their hands to raze the ramparts vast of the sky,
 Yea, and to thrust down Jove from the throne of his kingdom on high.
 Salmoneus there I beheld, and his bitter torments, which came 585
 On him in the very act of mimicking Jupiter's flame
 And Olympus' thunders : behind four car-steeds charioted,
 Flashing a torch to and fro, through the peoples of Greece he sped
 Triumphant, and through the town in the heart of Elis that lies,
 And claimed for himself the worship due to the Lords of the Skies.
 Madman, to mimic the stormy cloud, the unmatchable thunder, 590
 With the tramp of his horn-hoofed steeds, and the brass that rang thereunder !
 But the Father almighty through night of clouds his levin-bolt hurled,—
 No torches he, nor smoky flashes from firebrands whirled !—
 And dashed him down to destruction, caught in a whirlwind wild.
 Yea also Tityos, Earth the All-mother's foster-child, 595
 There could I see, whose giant bulk over nine roods lay :
 And with hookèd beak a monstrous vulture day after day
 Shearing his deathless liver, his inwards ever renewed
 For suffering, burrows deep down into its living food,
 And scoops it a cave to dwell in under his high-arched breast :
 To the flesh evermore reborn is given nor respite nor rest. 600
 Why of Pirithous tell, of Ixion, the Lapithae ?—
 Over whose heads a black crag swings eternally
 Ever at point to slip, ever seeming in act to fall.
 Before their eyes are glittering banqueting couches tall
 Upon golden pillars : arrayed in their sight doth a rich feast shine
 With royal sumptuousness ; but couched by the meats and the wine 605
 Is the eldest Fury : she bans them from touching the board, and high
 Uplifting her torch she arises, with thunder-throated cry.
 Here they who, while life remained, were their own brethren's foes,
 Wove nets of guile round a client, or rained on a parent blows,

Aut qui divitiis soli incubuere repertis, 610
 Nec partem posuere suis, quae maxuma 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
 Inposuit ; fixit leges pretio atque refixit :
 Hic thalamum invasit natae vetitosque hymenaeos ;
 Ausi omnes inmane nefas, ausoque potiti.
 Non, mihi si linguae centum sint oraue centum, 625
 Ferrea vox, omnis scelerum comprehendere formas,
 Omnia poenarum percurrere nomina possim.’
 Haec ubi dicta dedit Phoebi longaeva sacerdos :
 ‘ Sed iam age, carpe viam, et susceptum perforce munus ;
 Adceleremus,’ 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.
 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 arena ;
 Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina dicunt.

Or they—and their number is greatest—who wont alone to brood 610
 O'er their wealth, and would give no share unto their own flesh and blood ;
 Men slain for adultery, men under treason's banner enrolled,
 Men who to break their oath of fealty were bold—
 Here all are dungeoned awaiting their punishment. Ask not thou
 What punishment, or what doom engulfeth the guilty now. 615
 A huge stone some uproll, on a wheel that whirleth for ever
 Some crucified hang. Spell-bound is sitting, to rise up never,
 Theseus the hapless. In agony Phlegyas warneth all,
 And with a far-ringing shriek through the darkness still doth he call :
 " Learn righteousness, learn to despise not the Gods ! Be ye warned by my
 This man bartered his country for gold, and a tyrant's heel [fall ! " 620
 Set on her neck, for a bribe made laws and unmade them at will
 This in a daughter's bride-bower wrought the deed of shame.
 All dared some monstrous iniquity, ay, and achieved the same.
 Not though I had a hundred tongues, had mouths five-score, 625
 And an iron voice, could I sum up the forms that their wickedness bore,
 And their punishments' bare names—I could not reckon them o'er.'
 So spake the agèd priestess of Phoebus, and ' Come ! ' cried she,
 ' Speed on thy way, and accomplish the task undertaken by thee.
 Let us hasten. The bastions moulded in Cyclop forges I see ; 630
 And yonder the giant portals with fronting archway frown
 Wherein the oracles bid thee to lay thine offering down.
 She spake, and side by side the darkling ways did they tread,
 And drew nigh to the gates, o'er the space between as swiftly they sped,
 Aeneas darts though the entrance, with fresh spring water besprays 635
 His body : the golden branch in the portal's forefront he lays.
 So at last when this was done, and her dues to the Goddess paid,
 To the Land of Bliss they came, unto fair green glade after glade
 Of the Groves of Paradise, and the Blessèd Mansions bright.
 Here clothed are the plains in an ampler air, in roseate light. 640
 A sun have they not of our earth, star-clusters unknown to our night.
 Some on the grassy lists train swift foot, sinewy hand ;
 In sport they contend, and wrestle upon the yellow sand.
 Some beat with their feet the dance's measure, and chant the song.

Nec non Threicius longa cum veste sacerdos 645
 Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
 Iamque eadem digitis, iam pectine pulsata eburno.
 Hic genus antiquum Teucris, pulcherrima proles,
 Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis,
 Illosque 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 Paeani canentis
 Inter odoratum lauri nemus, unde superne
 Plurimus Eridani per silvam volvitur amnis.
 Hic manus ob patriam pugnando volnera passi, 660
 Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
 Quique pii vates et Phoebus digna locuti,
 Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artis,
 Quique sui memores alios 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 humeris exstantem suspicit altis :
 ‘ Dicite, felices animae, tuque, optime vates,
 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,
 Hoc superate iugum ; et facili iam tramite sistam.’ 675
 Dixit, et ante tulit gressum, camposque nitentis
 Desuper ostentat ; dehinc summa cacumina linquunt.

And there the Singer of Thrace, in vesture trailing long, 645
 Wakes harmony's seven notes that in time to the music thrill,
 Now with his fingers strikes them, now with the ivory quill.
 Here stand Troy's olden offspring, of lineage proud and high,
 Great-hearted heroes, born ere the evil years drew nigh ;
 Ilus, Assaracus, Dardanus founder of Troy. Afar 650
 With wonder he sees them, their armour and many a ghostly car.
 Their spears stand planted in earth : unyoked from the Chariots are
 Their horses, and wide o'er the plain they graze. Whatsoever delight
 They found in the days of their flesh in chariots, in armour bright,
 In rearing the glossy-coated steed,—that pleasure of old 655
 Cleaves to them now that in earth they are laid. And yonder, behold,
 Others to right and to left he sees on the greensward who lie
 Feasting and chanting in chorus the pæan exultantly,
 In the heart of a grove of the odorous laurel, wherefrom the flood
 Of Eridanus plunges down, and onward rolls through the wood.
 Here were the hero-band of them that were wounded to death 660
 For their fatherland fighting : priests who were pure while they drew life's
 Reverent bards whose strains were worthy of Poesy's King ; [breath ;
 Wise men whose inventions made of life a richer thing ;
 And such as have earned men's love and remembrance about them to cling.
 The brows of all these worthies with snow-white fillets are bound. 665
 And thus unto these the Sibyl spake, as they streamed around,
 And unto Musæus chiefly, for round that bard did they close
 In a great throng ; high o'er the rest his towering shoulders rose :
 ' Answer me, happy spirits—O noblest bard, tell thou
 What region, what spot therein, possesseth Anchises now. 670
 To meet him we came, and crossed wide rivers of Hell for his sake.'
 Thereto did the hero-bard in few words answer make :
 ' None hath a fixed habitation : in groves deep-shadowed we dwell,
 On softly-swelling banks, and in meads where brooks upwell.
 But ye, if it be your heart's one wish your belovèd to meet, 675
 Climb yonder hill ; on a sure path then will I set your feet.'
 He spake, and he paced before : unto plains all gleaming bright
 Of Elysium he points from above : then pass they down from the height.

At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti
 Inclusas animas superumque ad lumen ituras 680
 Lustrabat studio recolens, omnemque suorum
 Forte recensabat 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 expectata 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 acquora vectum
 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
 Seclsum nemus et virgulta sonantia silvis,
 Lethaeumque, domos placidas qui praenatat, amnem. 705
 Hunc circum innumerae gentes populique volabant ;
 Ac velut 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 conplerint agmine ripas.

But Father Anchises, deep in a green dell far-withdrawn,
 Was gazing on souls there penned, which were destined to rise to the dawn 680
 Of a new life : now, as befell, he reviewed with earnest survey
 His dear descendants, his far posterity's long array,
 With their characters, destinies, fortunes and prowess in the fray.
 But soon as he saw Aeneas across the greensward press
 To meet him, his hands he outstretched with joyful eagerness : 685
 Streamed down on his cheeks the tears, and leapt from his lips a cry :
 ' At last art thou come ? Hath that love trod with triumphant feet
 The arduous way, which thy father so long hath waited to greet ?
 Is it given to look on thy face, in thine, O son, to rejoice,
 And to hear thine accents, and answer the unforgotten voice ?
 So did I ever forebode in mine heart : that thus it would be 690
 Was I sure, and I counted the hours—ah, my yearning betrayed not me !
 Through what far lands thou hast toiled, what seas hast voyaged !—and lo,
 I welcome thee, son ! What perils have tossed thee to and fro !
 How I trembled lest Libya's realm might mar thy destiny !'
 Then he—' Thine image, my father, the sad-faced phantom of thee, 695
 Haunting me oft-times, drove me to press unto these gates on.
 My ships on the Tyrrhene brine are riding. Grant to thy son,
 O grant it, to clasp thine hand ! Ah, shrink not from mine embrace !'
 So cried he, the while in torrent the tears ran down his face.
 To enfold in his arms that neck belovèd thrice he essays : 700
 Thrice, vainly enclasped, from his hands did the phantom fleet and stream,
 Thin as the bodiless winds, elusive as light-winged dream.
 But now in a far-retiring valley Aeneas describes
 A forest of whispering leaves, a grove that secluded lies :
 And gliding beside those mansions of peace swam Lethe's River. 705
 Around this countless nations and tribes were flitting ever.
 'Twas as when in the summertide calm upon manifold blossoms bright
 Settle the bees in a mead, and around its lilies white
 Like a river they stream ; with their hum the whole plain murmurs low.
 At the sudden vision Aeneas in wonderment thrills, and would know 710
 Its meaning—what is the stream in the distance, what men be they
 Who have thronged the banks thereof with such a countless array.

Tum pater Anchises : ' Animae, quibus altera fato Corpora debentur, Lethaei ad fluminis undam Securos latices et longa oblivia 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 Sublimis animas, iterumque ad tarda reverti Corpora ? quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido ? '	720
' Dicam equidem, nec te suspensum, nate, tenebo ; ' Suscipit Anchises, atque ordine singula pandit.	
' Principio caelum ac terras camposque liquentis Lucentemque globum Lunae Titaniaque astra 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.	725
Ignescit ovis vigor et caelestis origo Seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant Terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra. Hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque, neque auras Dispiciunt clausae tenebris et carcere caeco.	730
Quin et supremo cum lumine vita reliquit, Non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus omnes Corporeae excedunt pestes, penitusque necesse est Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.	735
Ergo exercentur poenis, veterumque malorum Supplicia expendunt : aliae panduntur inanis 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 ;— Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,	740
	745

Spake Father Anchises : ' The spirits for whom by Fate's decrees
 A second incarnation is destined, from Lethe these
 Drink care-dispelling draughts of oblivion's morningless night. 715
 Long have I yearned to tell thee of these, and to show in thy sight
 And to reckon the long line up of my posterity,
 That thou mayest rejoice with me more in the finding of Italy.'
 ' How ?—father, dare we believe that from this Elysian Plain
 Skyward soar any spirits, to clogging bodies again 720
 To return ? What calamitous lust of life doth the hapless constrain ? '
 ' O yea, I will tell thee, nor hold thee longer, my son, in doubt ;
 And Anchises takes up the tale, and unfolds the secret throughout :
 ' First, then, the heaven and earth, and the heaving fields of the sea,
 And the shining orb of the moon, and the sun's high majesty 725
 By an indwelling spirit are quickened ; through each limb streaming a soul
 Stirs all the manifold frame, and blends with the mighty whole.
 Thence spring men, cattle, and lives of birds through the air that soar,
 And the strange shapes Ocean beareth beneath his glistening floor.
 Fiery energy have those atoms, ethereal birth, 730
 Half-clogged by bodies that breed corruption, by limbs of earth
 Half-dulled, and by organs that come into being only to die.
 Hence do they fear and desire, they grieve and rejoice, and descry
 Never the heavens, in gloom of a lightless prison pent.
 Yea, when at their latest hour their draught of life is spent, 735
 Not then doth every taint—alas for their misery !—
 Nor all the plagues of the flesh depart and leave them free :
 But it must needs be that many a stain, with their growth that has grown
 Long time, should be deeply ingrained in ways unto us unknown.
 Disciplined therefore are they with penances ; thus they atone
 In purgatorial pains for wrong in the old time done. 740
 Some to the unsubstantial winds hang crucified,
 Out of others deep in a bottomless whirlpool sweeping wide
 Washed is the taint of guilt, or is burnt till in flame it has died.
 So each of us suffers his own ghost-life ; then find we release
 Into spacious Elysium,—yea, and a few in the Fields of Peace
 For ever may dwell,—till an aeon long, when the wheel of time 745

Concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
 Aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.
 Has omnis, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
 Lethaeum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno,
 Scilicet inmemores supera ut convexa revisant
 Rursus et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.' 750

Dixerat Anchises, natumque unaque Sibyllam
 Conventus trahit in medios turbamque sonantem,
 Et tumultum capit, unde omnis longo ordine posset
 Adversos legere, et venientum discere voltus. 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,
 Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca, primus ad auras 760

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
 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 inponent montibus arces,
 Pometios Castrumque Inui Bolamque Coramque : 775

Haec tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terrae.
 Quin et avo comitem sese Mavortius addet
 Romulus, Assaraci quem sanguinis Ilia mater
 Educet. Viden' ut geminae stant vertice cristae,

Is come full circle, hath purged away all taint of crime
 That had grown with their being incorporate, leaving undestroyed
 The ethereal sense, and the fire of ether unalloyed.
 These, when through a thousand years their wheel of existence has rolled,
 Are summoned by God to Oblivion's stream in a host untold,
 That so, of their past forgetful, back to the arch of the sky 750
 They may go, yea, yearn to re-enter the body's mortality.'

So ended Anchises, and draws with him into the midst of the crowd
 His son and the Sibyl, into the concourse murmuring loud ;
 Then mounts he a knoll wherefrom all faces he may survey,
 And learn their features, as these draw nigh him in long array. 755

' Now will I unfold unto thee what inheritance of renown
 Awaits the Dardanian Race, what children thy glory shall crown
 Of Italian blood, far-famous souls who shall take our name
 For their heritage ; yea, I will teach thee thy destiny of fame.

Yon warrior whom thou beholdest, who leans on a bloodless spear, 760
 By the lots of the Fates shall first in the light of earth appear :

Of Italian blood with Trojan blended, first to the air
 Of heaven shall he rise, and Silvius, an Alban name, shall bear ;
 For he shall be born of Lavinia thy bride 'neath the forest-tree,
 Child of thine age, a king and the father of kings to be ; 765
 From whose loins lords of our line shall rule over Alba the Long.

Next cometh the pride of our Trojan race, king Procas the strong,
 With Numitor, Capys, and he in whom shall relive thy name,
 Aeneas Silvius, peerless in goodness and battle-fame—
 If ever Alba shall yield her throne to his lawful claim. 770

What warriors are they all ! What prowess they show to thine eye !
 Mark, wreathed with the civic oak are the brows that they bear so high.

Gabii reared by these for thee, Fidena's town,
 Nomentum and Collatina from craggy heights shall frown ;
 Pometia, Inuus' Camp, and Bola and Cora, they 775

Shall hereafter be names of burgs, which are nameless sites to-day.
 Yea, Romulus, scion of Mars, shall champion his grandsire's right,
 By Ilia borne to the House that inherits Assaracus' might.
 Mark how the twofold plumes from his helmet-crest arise,

Et pater ipse suo superum iam signat honore ?	780
En, huius, nate, auspiciis illa incluta Roma	
Inperium terris, animos aequabit Olympo,	
Septemque una sibi muro circumdabit arces,	
Felix prole virum : qualis Berecynthia mater	
Invehitur curru Phrygiæ turrata 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 inperium ; iacet extra sidera tellus,	795
Extra anni solisque vias, ubi caelifer Atlas	
Axem humero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.	
Huius in adventum iam nunc et Caspia regna	
Responsis horrent divom et Macotia tellus,	
Et septemgemini turbant trepida ostia Nili.	800
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 virtute extendere viris ?	
Aut metus Ausonia prohibet consistere terra ?	
Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ	
Sacra ferens ? Nosco crinis incanaque menta	
Regis Romani, primam qui legibus urbem	810
Fundabit, Curibus parvis et paupere terra	
Missus in inperium magnum. Cui deinde subibit,	

How his Sire by his own proud blazon proclaims him an heir of the skies ! 780
 Led by his star, my son, shall Rome the renowned spread wide
 As the earth her empire, her soul in Olympus shall be enskied.
 Seven fencèd cities with her one rampart shall she ring round,
 Wealthy in hero-scions, like to the Queen tower-crowned,
 The great Berecynthian Mother, who rides through the city ways 785
 Of Phrygia, exulting in offspring divine, whose arms embrace
 A hundred children's children, Heaven-abiders all,
 All throned on seats of dominion high in the Heavenly Hall.

Hitherward turn thy twinned eyes now : this, this House see—
 Thy Romans ! Yonder is Caesar, and all the posterity
 Of Iulus destined to pass 'neath the far-stretching arch of heaven. 790
 This is the Hero, this, of whom hath the promise been given
 Oft unto thee, Augustus Caesar, of lineage divine,
 Who shall stablsh again the Golden Age in this Latium of thine,
 In the Land where Saturn was monarch of old : he shall stretch his sway
 Beyond Garamantian and Indian : beyond the stars' highway 795
 Doth his world-empire lie, beyond the paths of the year
 And the sun, where Atlas the Giant, who doth the heavens upbear,
 Swings round on his shoulder the sphere fire-studded with many a star.
 Even now the Caspian realm, expecting his avatar,
 And the land Maeotian, thrill to the glory that Gods foreshow,
 And the mouths of sevenfold Nile are a-shiver and toss to and fro. 800
 Yea, never Alcides traversed so many lands and seas,
 What though he transfixed the stag bronze-footed, and gave back peace
 To woods Erymanthian, and cowed with his bowstring Lerna's bane,
 Nor he who triumphantly guideth his chariot with vine-leaf rein,
 Liber, who driveth his tigers down from Nysa's height. 805
 Still lingers our valour from making the wide world know our might ?
 Or doth fear withhold us from planting our feet on Ausonian ground ?
 But who is he far off, whose brows with the olive are bound,
 Bearing the holy things ? The hoary head and beard
 Of a king of Rome I discern ! Lo, the infant state shall be reared 810
 By him on foundations of law, who shall come from the barren field,
 From the little burg of Cures, the sceptre of empire to wield.

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
 Ultoris Bruti, fascesque videre receptos ?
 Consulis inperium hic primus saevasque secures
 Accipiet, natosque pater nova bella moventis 820
 Ad poenam pulchra pro libertate vocabit,
 Infelix ! Utrumque ferent ea facta minores,
 Vincet amor patriae laudumque inmensa cupido.
 Quin Decios Drusosque procul, saevumque securi
 Aspice Torquatum, et referentem signa Camillum. 825
 Illae autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
 Concordes animae nunc et dum nocte premuntur,
 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 Corintho
 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 ?

Next him shall Tullus arise, who shall break his fatherland's sleep,
 And spur men deedless to war, and hosts unused to reap
 Triumphs. But Ancus the vaunter followeth hard behind, 815
 Proud now of the rabble's acclaim, which is but as the breath of a wind.
 Wouldst thou look on the kings of Tarquin's line, the unbending soul
 Of Avenger Brutus, the fasces torn from the tyrant's control ?
 He first shall receive a consul's authority, first shall take
 The pitiless axes up, and for glorious liberty's sake
 Shall the father summon his sons to taste death-penalty, 820
 The sons who were plotting treasonous war—unhappy he !
 But, let men of the after ages praise that deed or blame,
 Love of his Country shall triumph, and passionate thirst for her fame.
 Lo, Decii, Drusi afar, Torquatus, the wielder stern
 Of the axes ; behold Camillus with rescued standards return. 825

Yon twain, whom thou seest in brother-arms all gleaming bright,
 Souls knit in friendship now, now while they are shrouded in night—
 What mutual war shall these, if they win to the earth-life's light,
 Enkindle, what havoc of slaughter, what squadrons arrayed for the fight,
 When the sire of the bride swoops down from where the Alps upraise
 Their walls, from Monoecus' fortress, the lord of the bride arrays 830
 Against him all the countless battalions of Morning-land !
 Ah, school not, my sons, unto such dire conflicts heart and hand !
 Bend never against your mother's bowels the battle-brand !
 And thou, be the first to spare, who canst trace thy descent from the Lord
 Of Olympus ! O thou who art blood of my blood, drop thou the sword ! 835

Lo, yonder chieftain, in triumph o'er Corinth, shall drive his car
 To the Capitol's height, world-famous for smiting the Greeks in war :
 Argos, Mycenae where reigned Agamemnon, shall yon chief lay
 Low, and a monarch of Aeacus' line, from the lord of the fray,
 Achilles, descended, avenging his Trojan progenitors so,
 And Minerva's temple, polluted by sacrilege of our foe. 840
 Who, mighty Cato, can leave thee or Cossus unnamed, or refrain
 From telling of Gracchus' line, or those war-thunderbolts twain,
 The Scipios, Libya's ruin, and, great in his poverty,
 Fabricius, or that sower of furrows, Serranus, thee ?

- Quo fessum rapitis, Fabii ? tu Maxumus ille es, 845
 Unus qui nobis cunctando restituis rem.
 Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,
 Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore voltus,
 Orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
 Describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent : 850
 Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento ;
 Hae tibi erunt artes ; pacisque imponere morem,
 Parcere subiectis, et debellare superbos.’
 Sic pater Anchises, atque haec mirantibus addit :
 ‘ Aspice, ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimis 855
 Ingreditur, victorque viros supereminet omnis !
 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 voltu :—
 ‘ Quis, pater, ille, virum qui sic comitatur euntem ?
 Filius, ane 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 nate, ingentem luctum ne quaere tuorum ;
 Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
 Esse sinent. Nimium vobis Romana propago 870
 Visa potens, Superi, propria haec si dona fuissent.
 Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
 Campus aget gemitus ! vel quae, Tiberine, videbis
 Funera, cum tumulum praeterlabere recentem !
 Nec puer Iliaca quisquam de gente Latinos 875

How long is the path of your glory whereon ye hurry me,
O Fabian house ? Of that great line art thou Most Great, 845
Thou who wert Rome's one saviour, because thou wert strong to wait !

Others in softer outlines the breathing bronze shall mould,
I trow, shall constrain the marble the features of life to unfold,
Better shall plead at the bar of justice, shall chart full well
With their wands the sky and his courses, the stars' uprisings shall tell : 850
But, Roman, bear thou in mind thy mission, to rule with thy sway
Nations ! Thy science, thine art, shall be these—on the earth to lay
A sceptre of peace, to spare foes under thy feet who are bowed,
And to crush with relentless war the defiant hearts of the proud.'

Thus Father Anchises, and spake on yet in their wondering ears :
' Lo there ! how splendid in Regal Spoils Marcellus appears 855
On-paſing ; o'er all around doth his head triumphant tower !
He, when with mighty upheaval reeleth the Roman power,
Firmly shall stablish it ; under his charging horse shall fall
In the dust the Carthaginian, the ever-turbulent Gaul :
And the third of the Regal Arms shall he hang in Quirinus' hall.'

And Aeneas now—for he marked beside that hero pace 860
A youth in glittering arms, of princely form and face ;
Yet joyless was his brow, and with down-drooped eyes did he gaze—
' But, Father, who shall he be who, as onward the hero goes,
Companions his way ? A son shall he be, or one of those,
The lordly line of his children's children ? Hark, what acclaim
Of comrades around ! In his mien what majesty, worthy his name ! 865
But mirk night hovers with lowering shade around his brow.'

Spake Father Anchises—and tears burst forth in a torrent now :—
' Ah son, search not the depths of thy people's fathomless woe !
This man shall the Fates to the earth but a little moment show,
Nor vouchsafe to him longer being ! Too vast had seemed Rome's powers, 870
Ye Gods, had such gifts as this been inalienably ours !
What moan of a multitude from the Plain shall be onward rolled
To the War-god's mighty burg !—what death-trains shalt thou behold,
O Tiber, as past a new-heaped mound thy waters slide !
No child of our Ilia blood shall upraise so high in pride 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 inpune 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 adcumulem 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,

Exin bella viro memorat quae deinde gerenda, 890

Laurentisque docet populos urbemque Latini,

Et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem.

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 secat ad navis, sociosque revisit ;

Tum se ad Caietae recto fert litore portum. 900

Ancora de prora iacitur ; stant litore puppes.

Of expectation his sires, nor the Land of the Warrior-king
 So proudly shall vaunt herself in any fosterling.
 Woe's me for the patriotism, the old-time chivalry,
 The hand in battle resistless, that in that grave shall lie !
 To encounter him mail-clad never had warrior rushed but to die,
 Whether he marched on the foe mid his legion's iron ranks, 880
 Or stabbed with the bloody spurs his foaming charger's flanks.
 Ah, child, the pity of thee ! . . . If thou do burst Fate's stern bands,
 A Marcellus indeed shalt thou be ! . . . Bring lilies in high-piled hands
 To strew them o'er him, the glorious flowers, at the least to lay
 These gifts at the feet of my far-off scion's spirit, and pay 885
 A tribute that profits not ! ' So roam they on every hand
 Through the Region Elysian, the plains far-spreading of that Cloud-land,
 And all its wonders survey. So when through scene after scene
 Anchises had led his son, and had kindled yearning keen
 In his soul for the glories to come, he turns from triumphs afar
 Unto conflicts soon to be fought, to the imminent perils of war. 890
 Of Laurentian tribes, of Latinus' city, he tells him, and shows
 How he shall shun disaster, how stand the onset of foes.

Two portals of Sleep there are ; the one is of horn, men say,
 Wherethrough true spirit-forms untrammelled may fleet to the day ;
 Fashioned the other of glistening ivory gleameth white, 895
 But delusive visions are sped therethrough to our firmament's light
 By the Spirit-world. Unto this Anchises ushers on,
 Communing with them the while, the Sibyl and his son,
 And passeth them forth by the Ivory Gate. Now speedeth amain
 The hero unto the ships, and meeteth his comrades again.
 Then on to Caieta's Haven sail they, coasting the strand. 900
 Dropped from the prow is the anchor, the sterns on the sea-beach stand.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

HOMER'S ILIAD IN ENGLISH VERSE.

In two vols., price 12/6 net.

"Better than any other English version."—*Daily News*.

"Close, spirited, swift in movement, and simple. . . . The merits are such as to place his performance in the front rank of Homeric translations."—*Saturday Review*.

"We read him for his own sake. . . . A work which we heartily admire."—*Athenæum*.

"A success of which the author may well be proud."—*Oxford Magazine*.

"Nearer to the splendid music of the Greek than anything else that has been produced in the same line."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Accurate and forcible . . . this brilliant version."—*Morning Post*.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY IN ENGLISH VERSE.

Price 7/6 net.

"Truly inspired by the Odyssey."—*Athenæum*.

"The work of a poet of no mean merit. . . . Original and brilliant."—*Saturday Review*.

"The best metrical version of the Odyssey which has appeared."—*Academy*.

ÆSCHYLUS IN ENGLISH VERSE.

In three vols., price 4/6 net each.

"Excellent, faithful in the right sense, easy and natural, and preserves in a wonderful degree the massive strength of the original."—*Saturday Review*.

"Will enable the reader to realize how a play which is almost wholly devoid of action might be thoroughly interesting on the stage."—*Athenæum*.

"The Greekless reader has now a version by which he can get nearer than ever he could before to this immortal work."—*Academy*.

"We can take delight in his poetry and feel the passion of his characters."—*Daily News*.

SOPHOCLES IN ENGLISH VERSE.

In two vols., price 4/6 net each.

"Is here given us in noble English and with an acute sense of the Greek notion of tragedy."—*Contemporary Review*.

"His version is really magnificent."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Maintains the splendid level of past achievement."—*Daily News*.

"A true poetic instinct marks the work throughout; but no poetic license is allowed to detract from fidelity to the text."—*Literary World*.

EURIPIDES IN ENGLISH VERSE.

In three vols. Vols. 2 and 3 out of print. Vol. 1, price 10/- net.

(In 4 vols. in Loeb Classical Library).

"His rendering is by far the best as yet produced."—*Academy*.

"Brilliant and scholarly . . . the lyrics have a real lyric swing."—*Saturday Review*.

"The very best version that has ever been given in English of a Greek dramatist."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"The most successful living translator of the Greek poets."—*Daily News*.

"He has produced translations that are fine poems."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"He is worth a host of commentators : he goes beneath the surface of the poet's heart, and the old thoughts live again for our later age."—*Bookman*.

PINDAR IN ENGLISH VERSE.

Price 10/6 net.

"The English reader who wants Pindar in English verse will hardly do better."—*Daily News*.

"A verse translation of Pindar which can be read with pleasure."—*Times*.

"Deserves our gratitude and admiration."—*London Quarterly Review*.

"His work on the Odes of Pindar is admirable."—*Bookman*.

"He has succeeded where many have failed."—*Guardian*.

SAPPHO IN ENGLISH VERSE.

Price 3/6 net.

"Dr. Way has done work of rare fascination to the student of the Greek poetess."—*Bookman*.

"Dr. Way is one of the most accomplished of English translators, and we can always rely on him, as here, for excellent taste, and a vocabulary which is never dull or common."—*Saturday Review*.

"Shows here a freedom and an audacity most uncharacteristic and most pleasing."—*Oxford Magazine*.

"The beauty of his version is indisputable, and it is no small privilege to get so close to the heart of the greatest poetess of the old world."—*London Quarterly Review*.

THEOCRITUS, BION AND MOSCHUS IN ENGLISH VERSE.

Cambridge University Press. Price 5/- net.

"Surpasses every previous attempt to render their spirit into English verse."—*English Review*.

"He writes with a vigour and a swiftness that carry the reader along, and he has a felicitous touch in rhythm."—*Cambridge Review*.

"This charming English version . . . almost every page invites us to cite some peculiarly happy rendering."—*Literary World*.

APPOLLONIUS RHODIUS' TALE OF THE ARGONAUTS IN ENGLISH VERSE

Temple Classics (DENT). Price 1/6 ; in leather 2/-

"Both a scholarly and a spirited version."—*Scotsman*.

"Will worthily sustain the high reputation he has won."—*Guardian*.

"The translation is more readable than that which is translated."—*Spectator*.

VIRGIL'S GEORGICS IN ENGLISH VERSE.

Price 3/- net.

"In no way detracts from his high reputation."—*Saturday Review*.

"The reader is left with a most lively impression of Virgil's principles of husbandry."—*Athenæum*.

"We have seen nothing so excellent as Dr. Way's version. Only a poet could have thus honoured a poet."—*Literary World*.

"Adheres to the text with a faithfulness that is quite remarkable."—*Glasgow Herald*.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID IN ENGLISH VERSE.

(Part I, Books i—iii). Price 4/6 net.

"Has the admirable taste we expect from him. . . . He is capable of the conciseness which is one great charm of Latin."—*Saturday Review*.

"Dr. Way uses long rhyming couplets . . . he makes them vigorous and direct, and they reflect the original accurately and fully."—*Times*.

"The translator has caught the spirit of Virgil splendidly."—*Dublin Daily Express*.

THE EPODES OF HORACE IN ENGLISH VERSE.

Price 1/3 net.

"We have sometimes wondered whether the Epodes are worth reading ; but there can be no two opinions about this translation of them. Dr. Way has made Horace live for the modern reader."—*Educational Times*.

"Eloquent and racy."—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE LAY OF THE NIBELUNG MEN IN ENGLISH VERSE.

*Translated from the Old High German text.
Cambridge University Press.*

"We think that this version of the epic will prove more enjoyable to the general reader than any of its predecessors."—*Athenæum*.

"Fine and spirited translation. He is always at his best in the scenes of battle. The version deserves high praise."—*Saturday Review*.

"The best translation extant of the national German epic."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"The story, full of the deeds of heroes, of their loves and their battles, makes fine reading."—*Observer*.

"It is good to have this admirable rendering of a noble classic."—*Daily News*.

THE SONG OF ROLAND IN ENGLISH VERSE.

Translated from the Old Norman French text.

"This excellent version."—*Athenæum*.

"Has both brilliancy and vigour."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"The English reader will remember it as a great story, with those feelings of gladness which great stories leave in the memory."—*Cambridge Review*.

"The very spirit of the *Chanson de Geste* pervades Dr. Way's translation of the *Roland*."—*New York Post*.

MANUAL OF HOMER.

Kelly. Price 1/- net.

"An excellent summary . . . he writes throughout with infectious enthusiasm."—*Athenæum*.

READY FOR PUBLICATION.

Verse translations—

Virgil's *Aeneid*, VII—XII.
Virgil's *Eclogues*.
Lucretius *De Rerum Natura*.
Aristophanes. 2 vols.
Hesiod.
The Homeric Hymns.
Hymns of Callimachus.
Hero and Leander.
Bacchylides.

Prose translations—

Speeches in Thucydides.
Funeral orations of Greek orators.
Mensa Philosophica (a medieval treatise on the hygiene of eating and drinking).

L.B.S. National Academy of Administration, Library

MUSSOORIE

This book is to be returned on the date last stamped

[illegible]

883

Way

अवाप्ति सं० 112393

ACC. No. 17556

वर्ग सं.

पुस्तक सं.

Class No..... Book No.....

लेखक

Author... Way, A. S.

शीर्षक

Title... The Aeneid of Virgil.

निर्गम दिनांक
Date of Issue

उधारकर्ता की सं.
Borrower's No.

हस्ताक्षर
Signature

883

LIBRARY

17556

LAL BAHADUR SHASTRI

National Academy of Administration

Way

MUSSOORIE

Accession No. 112393

1. Books are issued for 15 days only but may have to be recalled earlier if urgently required.
2. An over-due charge of 25 Paise per day per volume will be charged.
3. Books may be renewed on request, at the discretion of the Librarian.
4. Periodicals, Rare and Reference books may not be issued and may be consulted only in the Library.
5. Books lost, defaced or injured in any way shall have to be replaced or its double