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62
THE AENEID,
OF VIRGIL,
WITH A TRANSLATION BY
CHARLES J. BILLSON, M.A.
CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

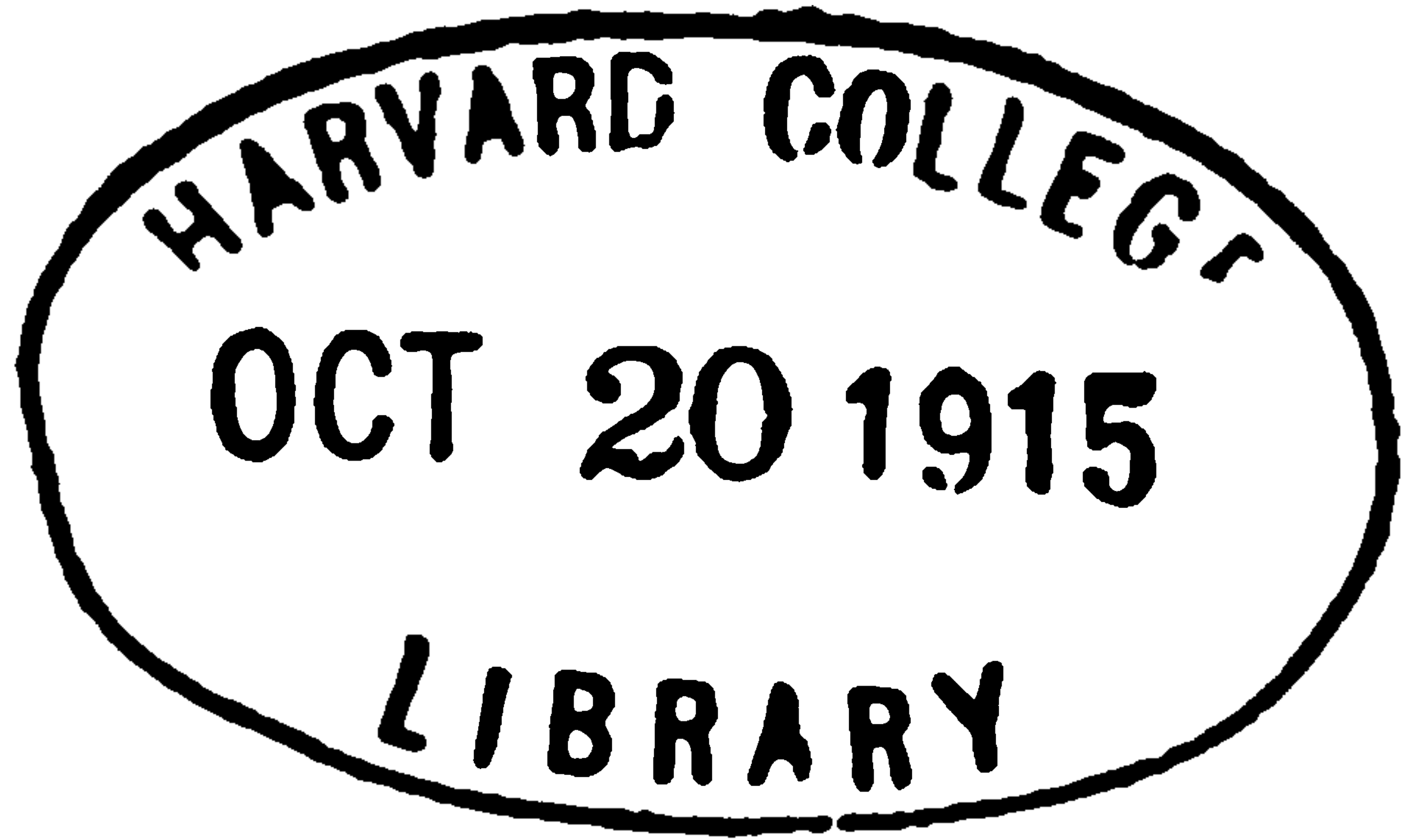


LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD

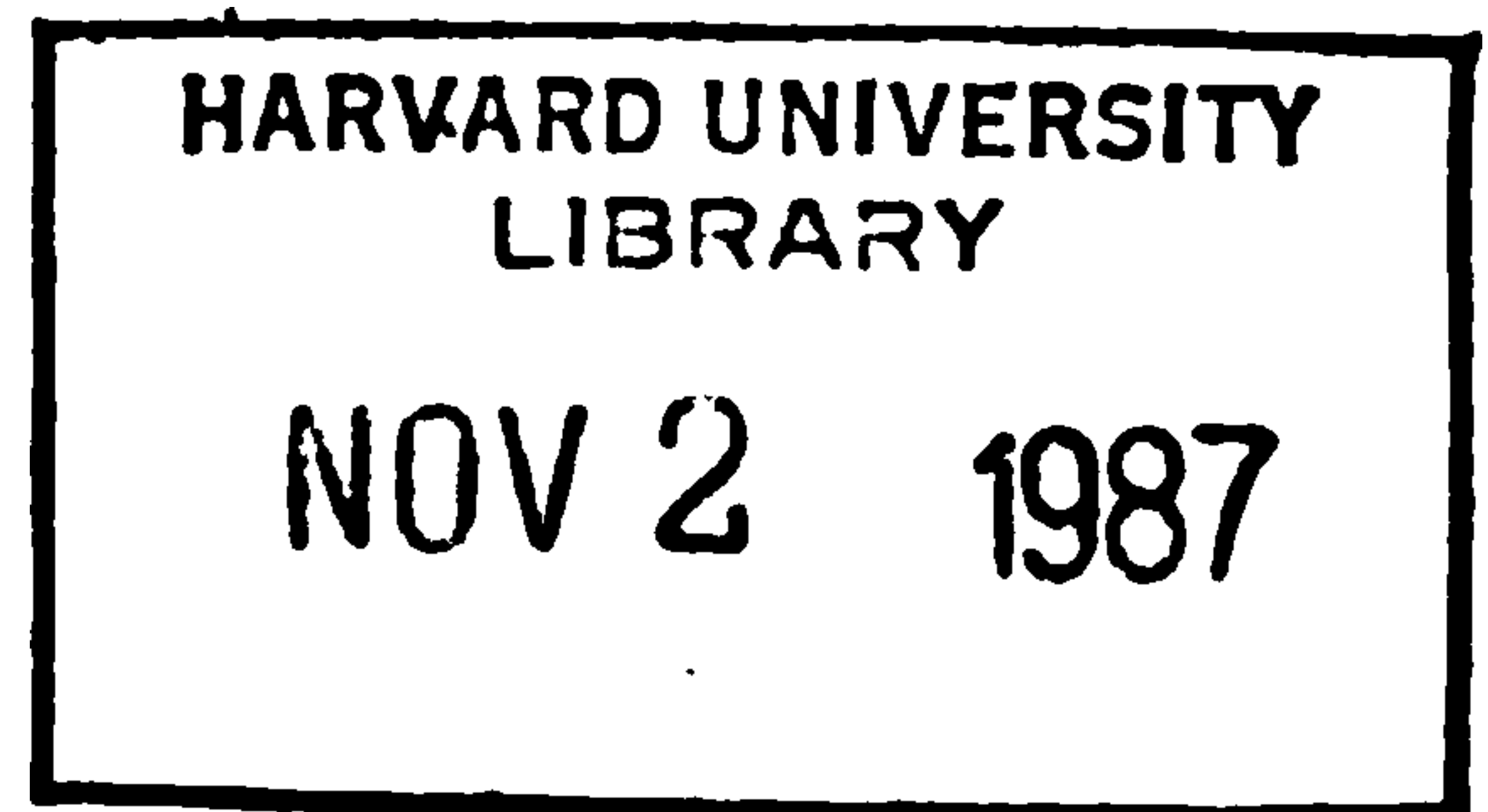
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(2 vols)



DEDICATED
TO MY DAUGHTER
CAMILLA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
BOOK I	I
BOOK II	51
BOOK III	105
BOOK IV	151
BOOK V	197
BOOK VI	253

ERRATA

VOL. I.

Page	23, line 343,	for	“Sichaeus”	read	“Sychaeus.”
”	23, ” 351,	”	“Sichaeus”	”	“Sychaeus.”
”	47, ” 721,	”	“Sichaeus”	”	“Sychaeus.”
”	71, ” 312,	”	“Sigaeon”	”	“Sigeon.”
”	133, ” 429,	”	“Pachynum’s”	”	“Pachynus’.”
”	149, ” 694,	”	“Alphaeus”	”	“Alpheus.”
”	153, ” 27,	”	“they”	”	“thy.”
”	157, lines 70, 71,	read			
	“A heedless doe some swain in Cretan glens Hath pierced from far, and left the flying steel.”				
”	171, line 301,	for	“Thyad”	read	“Thyiad.”
”	217, ” 298,	”	“Acharnanian”	”	“Acarnanian.”
”	247, ” 826,	”	“Thetys”	”	“Thetis.”
”	267, ” 219,	”	“annoint”	”	“anooint.”
”	303, ” 805,	”	“Nyrsa’s”	”	“Nysa’s.”

BOOK I

BOOK I



ROMA virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto
Vi superum, saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram,
Multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem 5
Inferretque deos Latio, genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres atque altae moenia Romae.

Musa, mihi causas ^{memora} memora, quo numine laeso,
Quidve dolens, regina deum tot volvere casus
Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores 10
Impulerit. Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?

Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii ^{tenere} tenere coloni,
Karthago, Italiam contra Tiberinaque longe
Ostia, dives opum studiisque asperrima belli;
Quam Iuno fertur terris magis omnibus unam 15
Posthabita coluisse Samo; hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit; hoc regnum dea gentibus esse,
Si qua fata sinant, iam tum tenditque fovetque.
Progeniem sed enim Troiano a sanguine duci
Audierat, Tyrias olim quae verteret arces; 20
Hinc populum late regem belloque superbum
Venturum excidio Libyae: sic volvere Parcas.
Id metuens veterisque memor Saturnia belli,
Prima quod ad Troiam pro caris gesserat Argis—
Necdum etiam causae irarum saevique dolores 25
Exciderant animo: manet alta mente repostum
Iudicium Paridis spretaeque iniuria formae,
Et genus invisum, et rapti Ganymedis honores:
His accensa super iactatos aequore toto
Troas, reliquias Danaum atque inmitis Achilli, 30
Arcebat longe Latio, multosque per annos
Errabant, acti fatis, maria omnia circum.
Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem.



RMS and the MAN I sing, who first from Troy,
A Doom-led exile, on Lavinian shores
Reached Italy ; long tossed on sea and land
By Heaven's rude arm, through Juno's brooding ire,
And war-worn long ere building for his Gods 5
A Home in Latium : whence the Latin race,
The Lords of Alba, and high-towering Rome.

Tell, Muse, the cause ; how pained, how foiled in Will,
The Queen of Gods drove one whom Virtue crowned
Such toils to approach, and compass all that woe. 10
Can Heavenly hearts so unrelenting prove ?

An ancient town, by Tyrian settlers held,
Far off faced Italy and Tiber mouth,
Carthage, well-dowered, and schooled in roughest war.
Before all lands, men say, 'twas Juno's haunt, 15
Before e'en Samos. There her chariot stood ;
There hung her arms ; there, if no Fates forbade,
She planned e'en then and nursed a world-wide Throne.
But fame had reached her that a race was sprung
From Trojan blood, her Tyrian towers to strew ; 20
From whom a sovran People, proud in arms,
Should come to Libya's bane ; so rolled the Doom.
Fraught with such fear, and that remembered feud
Once for dear Argos she had waged at Troy ;—
Though still the smart remained, still deep at heart 25
Saturnia nursed the Judgment Paris gave,
Her beauty's cruel slight, the race abhorred,
The honours paid to Heaven-rapt Ganymede ;—
Thus more inflamed, from Latium far she kept,
Tossed o'er all waves, the Trojans left by Greeks, 30
Achilles' leavings, and for many a year
From sea to sea they wandered, pushed by Fate :
Such work was wrought to build the Roman Race !

Vix e conspectu Siculae telluris in altum
Vela dabant laeti, et spumas salis acre ruebant, 35
Cum Iuno, aeternum servans sub pectore volnus,
Haec secum : Mene incepto desistere victam,
Nec posse Italia Teucrorum avertere regem ?
Quippe vetor fati. Pallasne exurere classem
Argivom atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto, 40
Unius ob noxam, et furias Aiacis Oilei ?
Ipsa, Iovis rapidum iaculata e nubibus ignem,
Disiecitque rates evertitque aequora ventis,
Illum expirantem transfixo pectore flammam
Turbine corripuit scopuloque infixit acuto ; 45
Ast ego, quae divom incedo regina, Iovisque
Et soror et coniunx, una cum gente tot annos
Bella gero. Et quisquam numen Iunonis adorat
Praeterea, aut supplex aris imponit honorem ?

Talia flammato secum dea corde volutans 50
Nimborum in patriam, loca feta furentibus austris,
Aeoliam venit. Hic vasto rex Aeolus antro
Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit ac vinclis et carcere frenat.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis 55
Circum claustra fremunt ; celsa sedet Aeolus arce
Sceptra tenens, mollitque animos et temperat iras ;
Ni faciat, maria ac terras caelumque profundum
Quippe ferant rapidi secum verrantque per auras.
Sed pater omnipotens speluncis abdidit atris, 60
Hoc metuens, molemque et montes insuper altos
Imposuit, regemque dedit, qui foedere certo
Et premere et laxas sciret dare iussus habenas.
Ad quem tum Iuno supplex his vocibus usa est :

Aeole, namque tibi divom Pater atque hominum rex 65
Et mulcere dedit fluctus et tollere vento,

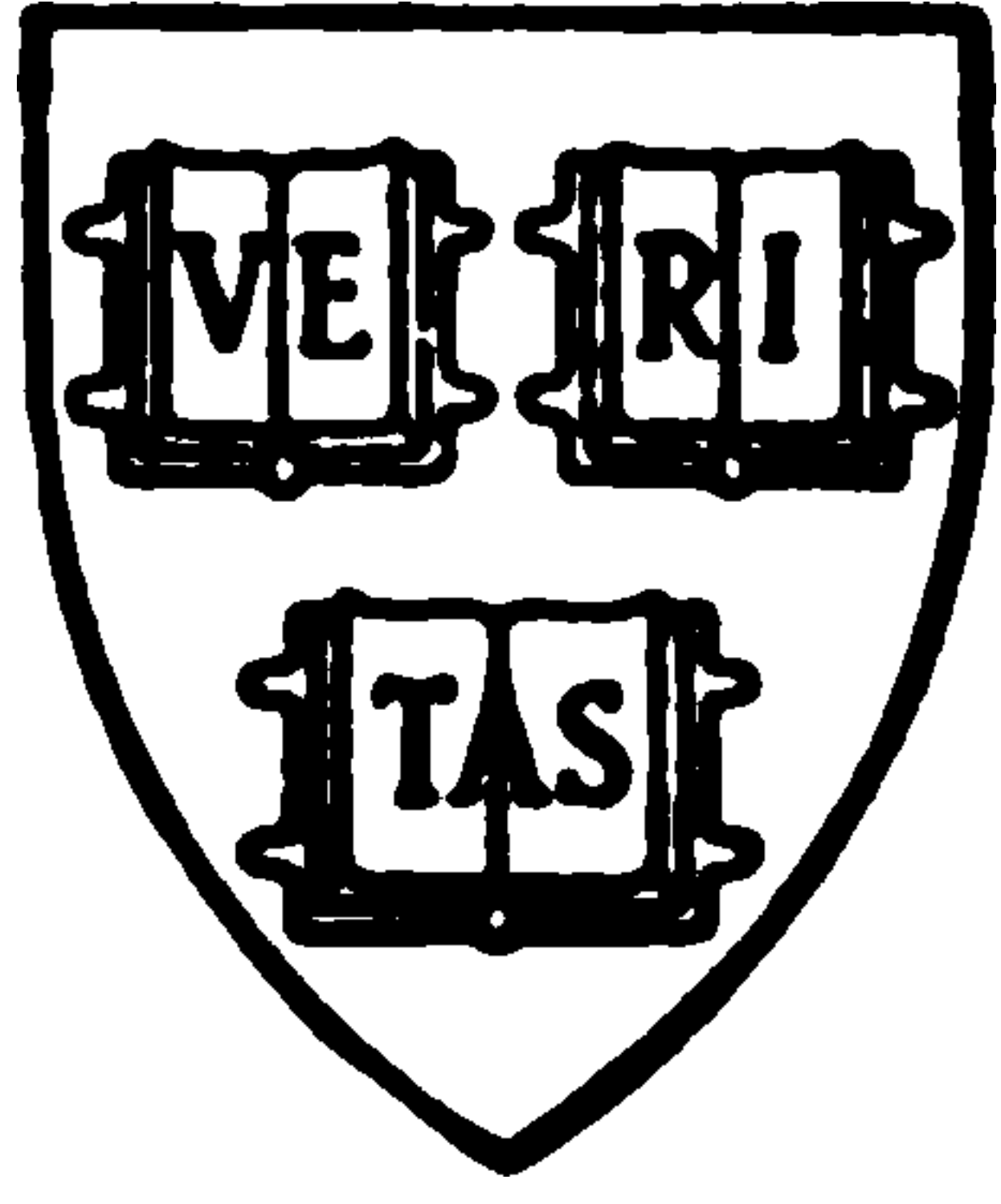
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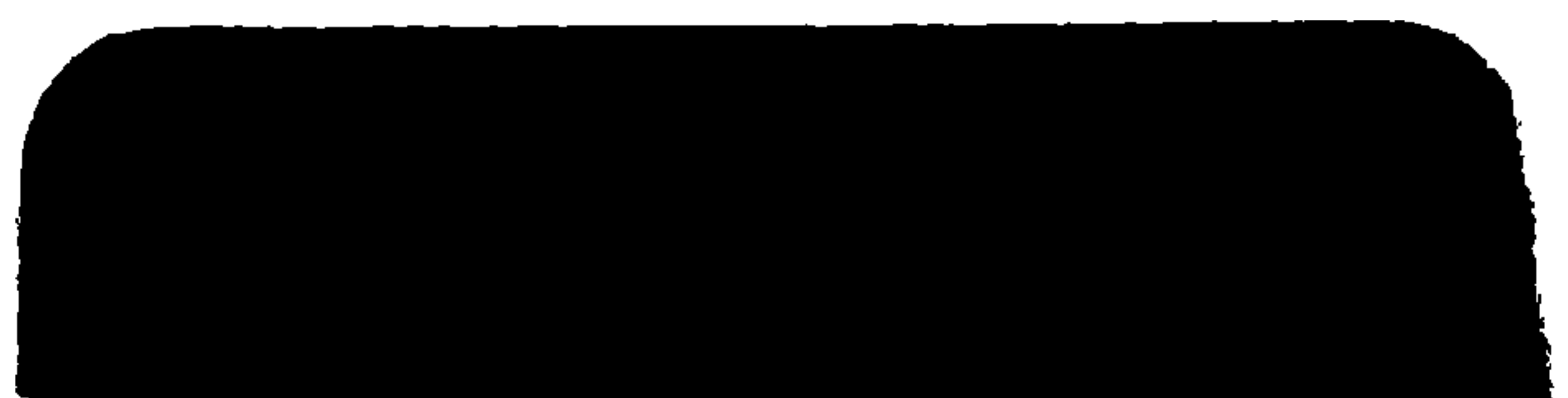
Scarce beyond sight of Sicily, they spread
All sail, and merry cut the salt sea foam, 35
When Juno, nursing deep the undying wound,
Thus to herself: "Am I to own defeat?
Not turn from Italy this Prince of Troy?
The Fates forbid me! Could not Pallas burn
The Argives' fleet, and drown them in the deep, 40
For one man's guilt, the madness Ajax wrought?
She, from the clouds down-flinging Jove's own fire,
Shattered their ships, and blew the waters high,
Him caught in whirlwind, and his cloven breast
Fixed on the pointed rock, outbreathing flames. 45
Yet I, Jove's Wife and Sister, I who move
The Queen of Gods, so many years make war
On one poor race! Henceforth shall any bow
To Juno, or lay tribute on her shrines?"

So mused her burning spirit, while she sought 50
The Storm Land, where the raging South is born,
Aeolia. Here King Aeolus commands
In cavern vast the loud unruly gales,
Bridled with chains and bondage, and they roar
Indignant round their bars, till all the mount 55
Howls discord. Throned on high, with sceptered hand,
He soothes their spirit, and controls their rage,—
Else would those raiding coursers sweep away
Seas, earth, and heaven's profound; but, fearing this,
The Almighty Father hid them in dark caves, 60
And piled above them high the mountains' mass,
And gave a King, whose chartered rule might know
To draw the reins, or loose them, at His word;
Whom Juno then, imploring, thus addressed:

"Aeolus, to thee Heaven's Sire and all men's King, 65
To smooth the waves gave charge, the storm to raise.



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Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat aequor,
Ilium in Italiam portans victosque Penates :
Incute vim ventis submersasque obrue puppes,
Aut age diversos et disiice corpora ponto. 70
Sunt mihi bis septem praestanti corpore Nymphae,
Quarum quae forma pulcherrima Deiopea,
Conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo,
Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat et pulchra faciat te prole parentem. 75

Aeolus haec contra : Tuus, o regina, quid optes
Explorare labor ; mihi iussa capessere fas est.
Tu mihi, quodcumque hoc regni, tu sceptrum Iovemque
Concilias, tu das epulis accumbere divom,
Nimborumque facis tempestatumque potentem. 80

Haec ubi dicta, cavum conversa cuspide montem
Impulit in latus : ac venti, velut agmine facto,
Qua data porta, ruunt et terras turbine perflant.
Incubere mari, totumque a sedibus imis
Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt creberque procellis 85
Africus, et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.
Insequitur clamorque virum stridorque rudentum.
Eripiunt subito nubes caelumque diemque
Teucrorum ex oculis ; ponto nox incubat atra.
Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus aether, 90
Praesentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.
Extemplo Aeneae solvuntur frigore membra ;
Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas
Talia voce refert : O terque quaterque beati,
Quis ante ora patrum Troiae sub moenibus altis 95
Contigit oppetere ! o Danaum fortissime gentis
Tydide ! mene Iliacis occumbere campis
Non potuisse tuaque animam hanc effundere dextra,
Saevus ubi Aeacidae telo iacet Hector, ubi ingens

A race I love not sail the Tyrrhene Sea,
Bearing to Italy Troy's vanquished Gods.
Wing all thy Winds with rage! Submerge their ships!
Or widely scattering strew with dead the main! 70
Twice seven young Nymphs are mine, of faultless form,
Whose fairest, Deiopea, I will join
In wedding bands, and make her all thine own,
To live thy life with thee, and make thee sire
Of beauteous offspring, for such service done." 75

Then Aeolus: "Thine is the task, O Queen,
To choose thy wish, my duty to obey!
My realm thou gain'st me, and the grace of Jove;
Thou grantest me with the high Gods to feast,
To bear dominion over cloud and storm." 80

This said, he smote the hollow mountain's side
With spear reverse, and where a door is given
The embattled winds rush out, and scour the land.
Down-swooping on the sea, East Wind and South,
With Afric's squally blast, the deep abyss 85
Together rend, and roll vast waves to shore.
The seamen shout; the cordage screams aloft.
A sudden cloud has snatched from Trojan eyes
Daylight and sky. Black Night invests the sea.
The thunder rolls; the incessant lightnings flash; 90
And Death stares instant from all sides on all.
Aeneas' limbs relax with sudden chill.
Lifting his palms to Heaven and moaning sore,
Aloud he cries: "Thrice, four times happy, they
Whom under Troy's high wall their fathers saw 95
Die happy deaths! O bravest of the Greeks,
Tydides! might I but have fallen, my life
Yielding to thy right hand, on Ilium's plain,
Where Hector by Achilles' spear, where tall

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Sarpedon fell, where Simois rolls deep 100
Such shields and helms and bodies of the brave ! ”

While yet he cries, the shrieking Northern storm
Strikes back the sail, and heavenward lifts the surge.
Oars snap : the prow swings off, and gives the sea
The ship's broad side ; down breaks a mount of brine. 105
Some hang on the wave's crest ; some see the floor
'Twixt gaping seas ; the surges seethe with sand.
Three ships the South Wind hurls on ambushed rocks,
Rocks named by Latins “ Altars,” in mid main
Bristling immense ; three more on shoals and banks 110
The East drives landward, piteous to be seen !
And strikes ashore, and heaps them round with sand.
One, leal Orontes' and the Lycians' bark,
Before Aeneas' eyes, a huge sea smites
Down on her stern. The helmsman, wrenched away 115
Rolls headlong : but the eddy round and round
Thrice spins the ship, and gulfs her in the flood.
Rare show some swimming in the vasty race.
Arms, planks, and Trojan treasures strew the waves.
Ilioneus' and bold Achates' ships, 120
Those which bore Abas and Aletes old,
Yield to the storm ; their loosened joints admit
The ruinous deluge through each gaping chink.

Meanwhile the discord of the boiling sea,
The Storm let loose, the watery deeps up-cast, 125
Neptune perceived, and, gravely moved, looked forth,
Lifting above the wave his tranquil brow.
Strewn o'er the sea he saw Aeneas' fleet,
He saw the Trojans spent with wind and wave,
Nor did he not perceive his sister's guile. 130
East Wind and West he summons and bespeaks :

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

Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida aequora placat,
Collectasque fugat nubes solemque reducit.
Cymothoe simul et Triton adnexus acuto
Detrudunt naves scopulo ; levat ipse tridenti ; 145
Et vastas aperit Syrtes, et temperat aequor,
Atque rotis summas levibus perlabitur undas.
Ac veluti magno in populo cum saepe coorta est
Seditio, saevitque animis ignobile volgus,
Iamque faces et saxa volant (furor arma ministrat) ; 150
Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant ;
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet ;
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, aequora postquam
Prospiciens genitor caeloque invectus aperto 155
Flectit equos curruque volans dat lora secundo.

Defessi Aeneadae, quae proxuma litora, cursu
Contendunt petere, et Libyae vertuntur ad oras.
Est in secessu longo locus : insula portum
Efficit obiectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto 160
Frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos ;
Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes geminique minantur
In caelum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late
Aequora tuta silent ; tum silvis scaena coruscis

“ What pride of ancestry hath swoll’n you thus,
That heaven and earth you now confound, and raise
Turmoil so wild, ye Winds, without my will ?
Whom I—but first to smooth the troubled waves. 135
Not thus again shall you atone your deeds !
Speed instant back ! and tell your King, not his
The Sea’s dominion and the Trident stern,
But mine by lot. The craggy halls are his,
Eurus, where ye are lodged : there let him vaunt, 140
There let him reign, with all his Winds immured !”

More swift than speech, he calms the swollen flood,
Chases the gathered clouds, brings back the sun.
Cymothoe and Triton, from the rock
Thrust off the ships, by his own trident raised ; 145
He channels the great Sands, the water smoothes,
And skims with printless wheels the level sea.
As when in some great concourse often springs
A tumult, and the rabble herd grow fierce,
Till stones and torches fly, the arms of rage,— 150
If then a man revered for worth and work
Face them, they listen, hush’d, with straining ears ;
He governs them with words, and cools their heat.
So fell all Ocean’s uproar, since the Sire
Looked o’er his waves, and gave his team the rein, 155
Speeding in cloudless blue his easy car.

The o’erlaboured Trojans, straining now to gain
What coast lies nearest, turn to Libya’s shore.
There lies a haven in a creek retired,
Made by an island’s arms, on which the sea 160
Breaks, and deep inlets hold the parted wave.
On either hand two peaks of towering rock
Menace the sky, and underneath wide-spread
Sleeps the safe pool, o’er which a scene impends

Desuper horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra ; 165
 Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum,
 Intus aquae dulces vivoque sedilia saxo,
 Nympharum domus : hic fessas non vincula naves
 Ulla tenent, unco non alligat ancora morsu.
 Huc septem Aeneas collectis navibus omni 170
 Ex numero subit ; ac magno telluris amore
 Egressi optata potiuntur Troes harena
 Et sale tabentes artus in litore ponunt.
 Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates
 Succcepitque ignem foliis atque arida circum 175
 Nutrimenta dedit rapuitque in fomite flammam.
 Tum Cererem corruptam undis Cerealiaque arma
 Expediunt fessi rerum, frugesque receptas
 Et torrere parant flammis et frangere saxo.

Aeneas scopulum interea conscendit et omnem 180
 Prospectum late pelago petit, Anthea si quem
 Iactatum vento videat Phrygiasque biremes,
 Aut Capyn, aut celsis in puppibus arma Caici.
 Navem in conspectu nullam, tres litore cervos
 Prospicit errantes ; hos tota armenta sequuntur 185
 A tergo, et longum per valles pascitur agmen.
 Constitit hic, arcumque manu celeresque sagittas
 Corripuit, fidus quae tela gerebat Achates,
 Ductoresque ipsos primum, capita alta ferentes
 Cornibus arboreis, sternit, tum volgus, et omnem 190
 Miscet agens telis nemora inter frondea turbam ;
 Nec prius absistit, quam septem ingentia victor
 Corpora fundat humi et numerum cum navibus aequet.
 Hinc portum petit, et socios partitur in omnes.
 Vina bonus quae deinde cadis onerarat Acestes 195
 Litore Trinacrio dederatque abeuntibus heros,
 Dividit, et dictis maerentia pectora mulcet :

Of shimmering woodland, crowned by forest gloom. 165
 Under the fronting bluff, a rock-hung cave,
 With seats of living stone, and waters sweet,
 A Sea-Nymphs' home ; where the wave-weary bark
 Needs not the cable, nor the anchor's tooth.
 Here, with seven ships, the relics of his fleet, 170
 Aeneas steers, and Trojans, sick for land,
 Leap out at last, and gain the dreamed-of shore,
 And on the sand their briny limbs repose.
 And first from flint Achates struck a spark,
 And caught in leaves, and with dry timber nursed 175
 The flame, and fanned the fuel to a blaze.
 Then Ceres' sea-sad grain, and Ceres' arms
 They bring, world-wearied, and bestir themselves
 To bake and bray with stones their rescued meal.

Meanwhile Aeneas climbs a rock, and scans 180
 All the wide sea, to spy, if spy he may,
 Antheus storm-toss'd, or Capys, or the arms
 High on Caicus' stern, or Phrygian sloops.
 No ships in sight, but roaming on the land
 Three stags he saw ; behind them all the deer, 185
 In one long file, go browsing down the dales.
 He paused ; he seized the bow and flying shafts
 Which leal Achates bore, and first laid low
 The leaders of the herd, who proud bore up
 Their branching heads, then aimed the crowd entire, 190
 And drove into the glens their broken ranks ;
 Nor stayed, till seven huge bodies on the ground,—
 To match his tale of ships,—the Victor stretched.
 Who sought the haven, and divided all,
 And shared the wine, which on Trinacria's beach 195
 Acestes gave, a hero's parting boon,
 Then thus with words their languish'd hearts consoled :

O socii,—neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum—
 O passi graviora, dabit deus his quoque finem.
 Vos et Scyllaeam rabiem penitusque sonantes 200
 Accestis scopulos, vos et Cyclopia saxa
 Experti : revocate animos, maestumque timorem
 Mittite : forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.
 Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
 Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas 205
 Ostendunt ; illic fas regna resurgere Troiae.
 Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

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

Et iam finis erat, cum Iuppiter aethere summo
 Despiciens mare velivolum terrasque iacentes
 Litoraue et latos populos, sic vertice caeli 225
 Constitit et Libyae defixit lumina regnis.
 Atque illum tales iactantem pectore curas
 Tristior et lacrimis oculos suffusa nitentes
 Adloquitur Venus : O qui res hominumque deumque
 Aeternis regis imperiis, et fulmine terres, 230

“ Co-mates,—for troubles we have known before,—
 O worse beset ! these too some God will end !
 Ye braved wild Scylla, and the rocks that roar 200
 Through all their fissures, and the Cyclops’ den
 Ye entered. Cheer your hearts ! Abandon fear !
 To recollect even this may yet be sweet.
 Through many a danger, many a chance and change,
 We tend to Latium, where the Gods assure 205
 Peace, and the realm of Troy again shall rise.
 Endure ! and keep yourselves for happy days ! ”

Such words he spake ; and, pained with anxious thought
 Masked under hopeful looks his heart-felt care.
 They, hungry for the feast, prepare their prey, 210
 Strip hide from ribs, and bare the inward meat.
 Part carve and broach with spits the quivering flesh ;
 Part fix the brazen pans, and ply the flame.
 Then, stretched on grass, recalling strength with food,
 Of venison and of wine they take their fill ; 215
 Till, hunger stayed, they move the boards, and long
 In anxious converse mourn their comrades lost,
 ’Twixt hope and fear surmising if they live,
 Or lie at rest, and hear no voice that calls.
 But good Aeneas mourns at heart the most 220
 For Amycus, Orontes, and sad-starred
 Lycus, brave Gyas and Cloanthus brave.

Now came the close, when Jupiter looked down
 Over the sail-flecked sea, the lands outspread,
 The shores, the peoples wide, and on Heaven’s crest 225
 Paused, and his downward gaze on Libya fixed.
 Him then, thus pondering many an anxious thought,
 Sadly, with tear-drops in her shining eyes,
 Venus bespake : “ Dread King of Gods and men,
 Regent of rule eterne, the Thunder’s Lord ! 230

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What wrong can my Aeneas or Troy's sons
 Have done thee, that to them, so scourged by Death,
 For Italy's sole sake, all lands are barred ?
 Firm was thy promise, Sire, that circling years
 From Troy's replenished blood at last should raise 235
 Romans, commanders, ruling sea and land
 With sway imperial. What hath changed thy plan ?
 That pledge consoled me, weighing Doom with Doom,
 For Troy's sad ruin ; yet a woe not less
 Still dogs the suffering heroes : O Supreme ! 240
 Where wilt thou place the limit of their pain ?
 Antenor, scaping through the Achaean hosts,
 Might thread Illyrian bays, and make unharmed
 Remote Liburnia and Timavus' fount,
 Where through nine mouths, out of the roaring rock, 245
 Spouts the loud sea, and drowns the furrowed field.
 Yet there he built Patavium, gave a home,
 A name to Trojans, hung up arms of Troy,
 And now in happy quiet slumbers well.
 But we, thy seed, to whom high Heaven thou giv'st, 250
 Our ships all lost, for one heart's spite betrayed,
 Far from Italian shores are sundered still.
 Is this faith's meed ? Is this our crown restored ? ”

On her the Sire of Men and Gods looked down,
 Smiling as when he calms the fretful sky ; 255
 He gently kissed his daughter's lips, and said :
 “ Fear not, sweet Venus ! Know, thy people's doom
 Stands changeless : thou shalt see thy promised town,
 Lavinium's walls, and bear to Heaven sublime
 Great-souled Aeneas. Nought hath changed my plan. 260
 Know,—since this trouble gnaws thee, I will speak
 More fully, and unroll the leaves of Fate,—
 Long shall he fight in Italy, subdue
 Fierce tribes, and in wall'd cities school his men,

Tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit aestas, 265
 Ternaque transierint Rutulis hiberna subactis.
 At puer Ascanius, cui nunc cognomen Iulo
 Additur,—Ilus erat, dum res stetit Ilia regno—
 Triginta magnos volvendis mensibus orbis
 Imperio explebit, regnumque ab sede Lavini 270
 Transferet, et Longam multa vi muniet Albam.
 Hic iam ter centum totos regnabitur annos
 Gente sub Hectorea, donec regina sacerdos
 Marte gravis geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem.
 Inde lupae fulvo nutricis tegmine laetus 275
 Romulus excipiet gentem, et Mavortia condet
 Moenia Romanosque suo de nomine dicet.
 His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono ;
 Imperium sine fine dedi. Quin aspera Iuno,
 Quae mare nunc terrasque metu caelumque fatigat, 280
 Consilia in melius referet, mecumque fovebit
 Romanos, rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.
 Sic placitum. Veniet lustris labentibus aetas,
 Cum domus Assaraci Phthiam clarasque Mycenae
 Servitio premet ac victis dominabitur Argis. 285
 Nascetur pulchra Troianus origine Caesar,
 Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet astris,
 Iulius, a magno demissum nomen Iulo.
 Hunc tu olim caelo, spoliis Orientis onustum,
 Accipies segura ; vocabitur hic quoque votis. 290
 Aspera tum positis mitescent saecula bellis ;
 Cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus
 Iura dabunt ; dirae ferro et compagibus artis
 Claudentur Belli portae ; Furor impius intus
 Saeva sedens super arma et centum vinctus aenis 295
 Post tergum nodis fremet horridus ore cruento.

Haec ait, et Maia genitum demittit ab alto,
 Ut terrae, utque novae pateant Karthaginis arces

Till summers three have seen him Latium's King, 265
 And three long winters crushed the Rutuli.
 —Ascanius then, Iulus now sur-named,—
 Ilus he was, while Ilium's Kingdom stood,—
 With thirty rolling years shall bound his reign,
 Then from Lavinium move the royal seat, 270
 And strongly fortify Long Alba's walls.
 There thrice an hundred years the crown shall stay
 In Hector's race, until a Vestal Queen,
 Ilia, shall bear twin babes, the seed of Mars.
 Then Romulus, proud in the tawny skin 275
 Of his wolf-nurse, shall follow. He shall build
 The Martial City, and stamp his name on Rome.
 To her no bounds I give of Space or Time,
 But Empire without end. Juno herself,
 Who now with fear wears earth and sea and sky, 280
 Will better her designs, and love with me
 Romans, the Lords of Earth, the toga'd race.
 So is my Will. A day shall come at last,
 When Troy's great House beneath their yoke shall bring
 Argos, and Phthia, and Mycenae's pride. 285
 A Caesar from their glorious loins shall spring,—
 Ocean his realm will bound, his fame the stars,—
 Julius, a name from great Iulus drawn.
 Him, rich with Orient spoils, shalt thou unvexed
 Admit to Heaven, and vows he too shall hear. 290
 Then wars shall cease, and the rude age grow mild.
 Quirinus and his Brother, white-stoled Faith,
 And Vesta shall give laws, War's iron Gates
 Stand closed. Within, upon her savage arms,
 Inhuman Rage will sit, by thousand links 295
 Of brass chained back, and snarl with bloody fangs."

He spake ; and Maia's Son from Heaven down sent,
 That Carthage and her rising towers might give

Hospitio Teucris, ne fati nescia Dido
Finibus arceret. Volat ille per aera magnum 300
Remigio alarum, ac Libyae citus adstitit oris.
Et iam iussa facit, ponuntque ferocia Poeni
Corda volente deo ; in primis regina quietum
Accipit in Teucros animum mentemque benignam.

At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima volvens, 305
Ut primum lux alma data est, exire locosque
Explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras,
Qui teneant, nam inculta videt, hominesne feraene,
Quaerere constituit, sociisque exacta referre.

Classem in convexo nemorum sub rupe cavata 310
Arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris
Occulit ; ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate,

Bina manu lato crispans ~~hastilia ferro~~ 315

Cui mater media sese tulit ~~obvia silva~~ 320

Virginis os habitumque ~~gerens et virginis arma~~ 325

Spartanae, vel qualis equos ~~Threissa fatigat~~ 330

Harpalyce volucremque fuga ~~praevertitur Hebrum~~ 335

Namque umeris de more ~~habilem suspenderat arcum~~ 340

Venatrix, dederatque comam ~~diffundere ventis~~ 345

Nuda genu, nodoque sinus ~~collecta fluentes~~ 350

Ac prior, Heus, inquit, iuvenes, monstrate, mearum
Vidistis si quam hic errantem forte sororum,
Succinctam pharetra et maculosae tegmine lyncis,
Aut spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem.

Sic Venus ; et Veneris contra sic filius orsus : 325
Nulla tuarum audita mihi neque visa sororum,
O—quam te memorem, virgo ? namque haud tibi voltus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat : o dea certe ;
An Phoebi soror ? an Nympharum sanguinis una ?

Harbour to rojans, lest, unaware of Fate,
Dido should purn them. Through the air he oars 300
His rapid vans, and lights on Libyan soil.
His task is done : the savage hearts are lulled
By God's own Will : but most o'er Dido's soul
Steal gentle thoughts, and ruth for Teucer's sons.

Now good Aeneas, tossed all night with care, 305
When the boon light was given, resolved to try
Those unknown shores, to what strange coast the blasts
Had blown them, and who held it, man or beast,—
Desert it seemed,—and bear true tidings back.
Beneath an arching rock, o'er-hung with trees, 310
He hid his vessels, wrapt in woodland shade,
And with Achates started, in his hand
Shaking two steel-bound spears.

Him in mid-wood

His Mother came to meet, a maid in looks,
Bearing the arms and habit of a maid, 315
Spartan, or like Harpalyce, whose feet
Outstrip the horse, outrun the Hebrus stream.
For huntress-wise o'er shoulders she had slung
The bow to hand, and given the winds her hair,
Bare-kneed, her folds up-gathered in a knot. 320

She first began : “Sirs, have you haply seen
One of my sisters wandering this wood,
With quiver girt, and spotted lynx's skin,
Or pressing clamorous on the foaming boar ?”

Thus Venus, and thus answered Venus' son : 325
“None of thy sisters have I heard or seen,
O—how to call thee, Maid ? No mortal face,
No human voice is thine,—O Goddess, sure !
Art thou Apollo's sister, or some Nymph ?

Sis felix, nostrumque leves, quaecumque, laborem, 330
Et, quo sub caelo tandem, quibus orbis in oris
Iactemur, doceas : ignari hominumque locorumque
Erramus, vento huc et vastis fluctibus acti :
Multa tibi ante aras nostra cadet hostia dextra.

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

Huic coniunx Sychaeus erat, ditissimus agri
Phoenicum, et magno miserae dilectus amore,
Cui pater intactam dederat, primisque iugarat 345
Ominibus. Sed regna Tyri germanus habebat
Pygmalion, scelere ante alios inmanior omnes.
Quos inter medius venit furor. Ille Sychaeum
Impius ante aras atque auri caecus amore
Clam ferro incautum superat, securus amorum 350
Germanae ; factumque diu celavit, et aegram,
Multa malus simulans, vana spe lusit amantem.
Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago
Coniugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris ;
Crudeles aras traiectaque pectora ferro 355
Nudavit, caecumque domus scelus omne retexit.
Tum celerare fugam patriaque excedere suadet,
Auxiliumque viae veteres tellure recludit
Thesaurus, ignotum argenti pondus et auri.
His commota fugam Dido sociosque parabat. 360
Conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni
Aut metus acer erat ; naves, quae forte paratae,

Whoe'er thou art, be gracious, ease our pain ; 330
And teach us on what shores, beneath what sky,
Outcast we wander, ignorant of place
And people, hither driven by storm and sea.
Oft at thine altars shall our victims fall."

Then Venus : "Nay, such rites are not for me. 335
To bear the quiver Tyrian maidens use,
And the red buskin on the leg bind high.
Carthage this realm, Agenor's Tyrian town,
But Libyans bound it, tribes intractable.
Here reigns, from Tyre and from her brother fled, 340
Queen Dido. Long her sorrows, long and dark ;
But I will tread the surface of the tale.

"Sichaeus was her spouse, of Tyrian lords
The richest, and loved dearly to her woe.
To him her father yoked her still intact, 345
With virgin rites ; but on Tyre's throne her brother,
Pygmalion, sat, in guilt out-shaming all.
Wrath came between those twain. He, blind with greed
And careless of his sister's love, struck down
Impious before the shrine with furtive steel 350
Unwarned Sichaeus, and long hid the deed,
Cheating with empty tales sick Dido's heart.
But in her dreams her lord's unburied shade
Came with a strange wan face, revealing all,
The guilty shrine, the dagger's bosom-thrust, 355
And all the sightless horror of the House.
He bad her haste to leave her native shores,
Disclosing ancient treasures underground,
Silver and gold unsummed, her journey's aid.
She, thus distract, sought friends to share her flight, 360
And all who loathed the tyrant King, or feared,
Muster, and seize what galleys lie to hand,

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And load with gold. Pygmalion's hoarded wealth
Flies overseas : a woman rules the hour.

Where now thou see'st New Carthage lifting high 365
Yon towers they landed, and there bought them ground,
So much,—and thence the name of Byrsa sprang,—
As they could compass with one ox's hide.—
But who are ye, sirs ? From what country come ?
Or whither go ye ?”

To her, asking thus, 370
With sighs he answered, drawing deep his breath :

“ O Goddess ! Ere from their prime source I traced
The annals of our woe, an thou could'st list,
Vesper would close heaven-gate, and lull the day.
From ancient Troy,—if haply to thine ears 375
Troy's name hath come,—we sailed contrary seas,
Till cast on Libya by the wayward storm.
I, good Aeneas, famed above the stars,
Bear in my ships our House-Gods saved from Greeks.
Jove's kin I seek, and Italy, my Home. 380
With twenty Phrygian barks I climbed the sea,
Led by my Goddess-mother, following Doom ;
Scarce seven survive the ruining wave and wind.
I, poor, unfriended, roam these Libyan wastes,
From Europe thrust and Asia—” But no more 385
Brooking his moan, she interrupts his grief—

“ Whoe'er thou art, not unbeloved of Heaven
Thou drawest breath, methinks, who hast arrived
This Tyrian city ! Hence ! On to the Queen's Court !
For news I bear, thy comrades are restored, 390
And altered winds have blown thy ships to port,—
Unless my parents taught me omens ill.
See yon twelve swans, in gallant trim array,
Whom dropping from the sky the Bird of Jove

Turbabat caelo ; nunc terras ordine longo 395
Aut capere aut captas iam despectare videntur :
Ut reduces illi ludunt stridentibus alis,
Et coetu cinxere polum, cantusque dedere,
Haud aliter puppesque tuae pubesque tuorum
Aut portum tenet, aut pleno subit ostia velo. 400
Perge modo, et, qua te ducit via, dirige gressum.

Dixit, et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,
Ambrosiaeque comae divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere, pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit dea. Ille ubi matrem 405
Adgnovit, tali fugientem est voce secutus :
Quid natum totiens, crudelis tu quoque, falsis
Ludis imaginibus ? cur dextrae iungere dextram
Non datur ac veras audire et reddere voces ?
Talibus incusat, gressumque ad moenia tendit. 410
At Venus obscuro gradientes aere saepsit,
Et multo nebulae circum dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere posset,
Molirive moram, aut veniendi poscere causas.
Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit 415
Laeta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo
Ture calent arae sertisque recentibus halant.

Corripuere viam interea, qua semita monstrat.
Iamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminet adversasque adspectat desuper arces. 420

Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam,
Miratur portas strepitumque et strata viarum.
Instant ardentes Tyrii pars ducere muros
Molirique arcem et manibus subvolvere saxa,
Pars optare locum tecto et concludere sulco. 425
Iura magistratusque legunt sanctumque senatum.

Chased far and wide : they now, in column long, 395
Alight, or soaring scorn the earth they trod.
As they restored with clanging wings the sky
Circle in sport, and utter songs of joy,
Not otherwise thy ships and crews now hold
Gladly the port, or cross the bar full-sail. 400
Go, and step onward where thy path shall lead.”

She said, and turned ; all rosy flashed her neck ;
The ambrosial locks a heavenly fragrance breathed,
Her vesture flowed to earth, and by her gait
The Goddess stood confest.

He, when he knew 405
His mother, thus pursued her as she fled :
“Thou too unkind ! Why dost thou with false shapes
Mock me so oft ? Why may we not clasp hands
Together, and with unfeigned lips converse ?”
Thus he upbraiding paces to the town. 410
But round them, as they walked, the Goddess shed
A screen of mist and cloudy veil obscure,
That none might see or touch them, or delay,
Inquiring why they came. To Paphos she
Flies soaring, and delightedly regains 415
Her home, her fane, her hundred shrines that glow
With Orient gums and with fresh garlands breathe.

Meanwhile they hasten where the pathway points ;
And climb at last the hill which hangs far-stretched
Above the city and on her towers looks down. 420

At that great town, once hovels, the thronged gates,
The clattering streets, Aeneas much admires.
Hotly the Tyrians work : some trace the walls,
The castle build, and roll up stones by hand.
Some trench a site for building. They ordain 425
Laws, magistrates, and senators august.

Hic portus alii effodiunt : hic alta theatri
Fundamenta locant alii, inmanesque columnas
Rupibus excidunt, scaenis decora alta futuris.
Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura 430
Exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos
Educunt fetus, aut cum liquentia mella
Stipant et dulci distendunt nectare cellas,
Aut onera accipiunt venientum aut agmine facto
Ignavum fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent : 435
Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.

O fortunati, quorum iam moenia surgunt !
Aeneas ait, et fastigia suspicit urbis.
Infert se saeptus nebula—mīrabile dictu—
Per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli. 440

Lucus in urbe fuit media, laetissimus umbrae,
Quo primum iactati undis et turbine Poeni
Effodere loco signum, quod regia Iuno
Monstrarat, caput acris equi ; sic nam fore bello
Egregiam et facilem victu per saecula gentem. 445
Hic templum Iunoni ingens Sidonia Dido
Condebat, donis opulentum et numine divae,
Aerea cui gradibus surgebant limina nexaeque
Aere trabes, foribus cardo stridebat aenis.
Hoc primum in luco nova res oblata timorem 450
Leniit, hic primum Aeneas sperare salutem
Ausus et adflictis melius confidere rebus.
Namque sub ingenti lustrat dum singula templo,
Reginam opperiens, dum, quae Fortuna sit urbi,
Artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem 455
Miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas
Bellaque iam fama totum volgata per orbem,
Atridas, Priamumque, et saevum ambobus Achillen.
Constitit, et lacrimans, Quis iam locus, inquit, Achate,

Here they are digging harbours ; laying here
The Theatre's deep base, and hew from rocks
Tall columns, to adorn the future stage.

As bees in Springtime, through the flowering fields, 430
Work 'neath the sun ; and train the nation's youth,
Or press the flowing honey and distend
Their cells with fragrant nectar, or their loads
From the new-comers take, or, ranged in line,
Drive from their fold the drones, a sluggard flock : 435
Work glows, and sweet with thyme the honey smells.

“ O happy men, whose Home is rising now ! ”
Aeneas cries, and scans the towers above :
Then enters, screened in mist, most strange to tell !
And mingles with the crowd, himself unseen. 440

Amidst the town a grove spread lavish shade ;
Where first the Poeni, tossed by sea and storm,
Dug up the Sign Queen Juno had foreshown,
A Horse's Head,—so should they be renowned
In war, and through the ages live in ease. 445
Sidonian Dido here to Juno a fane
Designed, magnific and divinely blest.
Steps rose to a bronze threshold, and bronze-bound
The lintels, and the grating doors were bronze.
A wondrous sight first lightened in this grove 450
Aeneas' fear : here first he dared to hope,
And in his fretted fortunes more confide.
For while he looks o'er all the mighty fane,
Waiting the Queen ; while at the prospering town
And jealous labours of the craftsmen's hands 455
He marvels, lo ! he sees the Trojan Wars,
Now blown about the world, sees Atreus' sons,
And Priam, and Achilles, foe to both.
He paused, and “ O ! What place,” he sobbed, “ what land,

Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ? 460
En Priamus. Sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi ;
Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.
Solve metus ; feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem.

Sic ait, atque animum pictura pascit inani,
Multa gemens, largoque umectat flumine voltum. 465
Namque videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum
Hac fugerent Graii, premeret Troiana iuventus,
Hac Phryges, instaret curru cristatus Achilles.

Nec procul hinc Rhesi niveis tentoria velis
Adgnoscit lacrimans, primo quae prodita somno 470
Tydides multa vastabat caede cruentus,
Arduentesque avertit equos in castra, prius quam
Pabula gustassent Troiae Xanthumque bibissent.

Parte alia fugiens amissis Troilus armis,
Infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli, 475
Fertur equis, curruque haeret resupinus inani,
Lora tenens tamen ; huic cervixque comaeque trahuntur
Per terram, et versa pulvis inscribitur hasta.

Interea ad templum non aequae Palladis ibant
Crinibus Iliades passis peplumque ferebant, 480
Suppliciter, tristes et tunsae pectora palmis ;
Diva solo fixos oculos avera tenebat.

Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,
Exanimumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.
Tum vero ingentem gemitum dat pectore ab imo, 485
Ut spolia, ut currus, utque ipsum corpus amici, ꝑ
Tendentemque manus Priamum conspexit inermes.

Se quoque principibus permixtum adgnovit Achivis,
Eoasque acies et nigri Memnonis arma.
Ducit Amazonidum lunatis agmina peltis 490
Penthesilea furens, mediisque in milibus ardet,
Aurea subnectens exsertae cingula mammae,
Bellatrix, audetque viris concurrere virgo.

Achates, is not filled with our distress ? 460
See Priam ! Even here Worth finds its meed ;
Tears fall, and hearts are touched by mortal things !
Fear not ; this fame will surely bear thee safe."

Thus on the pictured show he feeds his heart,
Sighing, and streaming tears bedew his cheek. 465
For there he saw how, fighting round the walls,
Pressed by Troy's chivalry, the Greeks took flight,
Or Phrygians, where Achilles urged his car.
Nor distant Rhesus' snowy tents he knew,
Which, in first sleep betrayed, Tydides heaped 470
With bloody slaughter, and his burning steeds
Turned back to camp, or ever they should taste
Fodder of Troy, or drink of Xanthus' stream.
Elsewhere flies Troilus, his weapons lost,—
Ill-doomed, ill-matched to meet Achilles' spear !— 475
Dragged by his steeds, fallen from the empty car,
But grasping still the reins ; his neck, his locks
Are drawn in dust, where scrawls the inverted spear.
And Ilian wives were wending, suppliant,
To cruel Pallas' fane, with streaming hair, 480
And bare the Peplus, sad, and beat the breast :
Fixed on the ground the Goddess kept her eyes.
Thrice had Achilles round the walls of Troy
Dragged Hector, and would sell his corse for gold.
Ah ! deeply then Aeneas sighed to view 485
His comrade's spoils, his car, his very corse,
And Priam stretching out his helpless hands.
Himself too, charging through Achaean chiefs,
The Eastern troops he knew, and Memnon's arms.
And, burning mid the fray, her Amazons 490
With moony shields Penthesilea led,
Who, girt with gold beneath her naked breast,
Dared clash with men, a warrior and a maid.

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While all these wonders met the Dardan's eyes,
While lost he stood, in one long gaze entranced, 495
Queen Dido to the temple paced, a train
Of courtiers pressing round, supremely fair.
As on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' hill,
Diana leads the dance ; behind her throng
A thousand Oreads : she the quiver bears, 500
And treads the earth, divine above them all.
Latona's heart with silent pleasure thrills.
Even such was Dido : so she passed in joy
Amidst them, busied in her city's growth ;
Then in the sacred doors, beneath the dome, 505
High on a throne she sat, with weapons fenced,
Gave law and judgment, and the appointed task
Justly to each assigned, or fixed by lot :
When lo ! Aeneas in the crowd discerns
Antheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus brave, 510
With many a Trojan, whom the blinding gale
Had swept apart, and borne to distant shores.

Struck dumb together, both by fear and joy,
He and Achates fain would grasp their hands,
Yearning, but ignorance disturbs their minds, 515
And, veiled in hollow mist, they wait to see
What fate was theirs, and where they left the ships,
And why they came ; for, chosen from all the fleet,
Clamorous they near the temple, praying grace.

When they had entered, and due audience gained, 520
Ilioneus, their eldest, with calm front
Began :

“ O Queen ! by Heaven ordained to found
This city, and curb the unruly tribes with law !
Thee we poor Trojans, blown o'er every sea,
Implore. O save our ships from shameless fire ! 525
Spare honest men ; more nearly look on us !

Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penates
Venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere praedas ;
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis.
Est locus, Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt, 530
Terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glaebae ;
Oenotri coluere viri ; nunc fama, minores
Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem.
Hic cursus fuit :
Cum subito adsurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion 535
In vada caeca tulit, penitusque procacibus austris
Perque undas, superante salo, perque invia saxa
Dispulit ; huc pauci vestris adnavimus oris.
Quod genus hoc hominum ? quaeve hunc tam barbara morem
Permittit patria ? hospitio prohibemur harenae ; 540
Bella cient, primaque vetant consistere terra.
Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma,
At sperate deos, memores fandi atque nefandi.
Rex erat Aeneas nobis, quo iustior alter,
Nec pietate fuit nec bello maior et armis. 545
Quem si fata virum servant, si vescitur aura
Aetheria, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris,
Non metus ; officio nec te certasse priorem
Paeniteat. Sunt et Siculis regionibus urbes
Armaque, Troianoque a sanguine clarus Acestes. 550
Quassatam ventis liceat subducere classem,
Et silvis aptare trabes et stringere remos,
Si datur Italiam, sociis et rege recepto,
Tendere, ut Italiam laeti Latiumque petamus,
Sin absumpta salus, et te, pater optume Teucrum, 555
Pontus habet Libyae, nec spes iam restat Iuli,
At freta Sicaniae saltem sedesque paratas,
Unde huc advecti, regemque petamus Acesten.

Talibus Ilioneus ; cuncti simul ore fremebant
Dardanidae.

560

We are not come with steel to overthrow
 The Libyan's home, or harry prey to shore,—
 Not ours, not conquered men's, such insolence !
 A Land there is, by Greeks Hesperia named, 530
 An old land, strong in arms and the glebe's fruit,
 Where dwelt Oenotrians ; now the younger men,
 After their Chief have called it Italy.
 Thither we took our course,
 When stormy Orion rose with sudden swell, 535
 And dashed us on blind shoals, and with bluff winds
 O'er desperate seas and rocks unvoyageable
 Dispersed us wide, and few have reached your shores.
 What race of men is here ? What land so rude
 Permits this use ? The welcome of the sand 540
 Refused, they force us from their country's edge.
 If men and mortal weapons ye despise,
 Look yet for Gods remembering right and wrong !
 Aeneas was our King, and none more just
 Or righteous, or in battle more renowned. 545
 Whom if Fate still preserves, if still he drinks
 The air of heaven, nor lies in bitter gloom,
 We fear not ; nor shalt thou, if first to help,
 Repent. Sicilian arms and towns remain,
 Acestes too boasts the pure blood of Troy. 550
 Grant us to beach our tempest-shaken ships,
 To shape in woods new beams, and trim new oars,
 And, if we may, with King and fellows found,
 Joyous to Italy our course pursue.
 If all is lost, if thou, great Prince, the seas 555
 Hold, and Iulus' promise is no more,
 Then seek we straits Sicilian, whence we came,
 A Home now ready, Acestes for our King."

So spake Ilioneus ; the Dardans all
 Acclaiming roared. 560

Tum breviter Dido, voltum demissa, profatur :

Solvite corde metum, Teucri, secludite curas.
Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri, et late fines custode tueri.
Quis genus Aeneadum, quis Troiae nesciat urbem, 565
Virtutesque virosque, aut tanti incendia belli?
Non obtunsa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol iungit ab urbe.
Seu vos Hesperiam magnam Saturniaque arva,
Sive Erycis fines regemque optatis Acesten, 570
Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque iuvabo.
Vultis et his mecum pariter considerare regnis?
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est ; subducite naves
Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.
Atque utinam rex ipse Noto compulsus eodem
Adforet Aeneas ! Equidem per litora certos
Dimittam et Libyae lustrare extrema iubebo,
Si quibus eiectus silvis aut urbibus errat.

His animum arrecti dictis et fortis Achates
Et pater Aeneas iam dudum erumpere nubem 580
Ardebant. Prior Aenean compellat Achates :
~~Nate~~ dea, quae nunc animo sententia surgit ?
Omnia tuta vides, classem sociosque receptos.
Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi
Submersum ; dictis respondent cetera matris. 585
Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repente
Scindit se nubes et in aethera purgat apertum.
Restitit Aeneas claraque in luce refulsit,
Os umerosque deo similis ; namque ipsa decoram
Caesariem nato genetrix lumenque iuventae 590
Purpureum et laetos oculis adflarat honores :
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

Then, casting down her looks, Dido in brief:

“ Put off your anxious fears. To use these means,
And guard my frontiers well, my hard estate
Compels me, and the newness of my realm.
Who knows not Troy, and good Aeneas' race? 565
Their feats, their men, and that great flame of War?
Our hearts are not so dull; from Tyrian town
The Sun his horses yokes not so remote.
Whether Hesperia, Saturn's land, ye choose,
Or Eryx' country and Acestes King, 570
Safe I will send you, and with stores assist.
Or will you stay, this realm with me to share?
'Tis yours, this city I build. Here beach your ships.
Trojans and Tyrians,—I shall deem them one.
Ah! that your King were here himself, compell'd 575
By that same gale, Aeneas! Up the coast
Sure spies will I dispatch to Libya's ends,
Lest outcast he in town or forest stray.”

Roused by these words, long since Achates bold,
And Prince Aeneas were on fire to break 580
The shrouding mist. And first Achates urged:
“ O Goddess-born! What purpose stirs thee now?
Thou see'st all safe, our ships, our friends restored,
Save one, whom in mid sea ourselves beheld
Drowned, to thy mother's words all else responds.” 585
He scarce had spoken, when the veiling cloud
Parts suddenly, and melts into the air.
Aeneas stood revealed in radiant day;
In face and shoulders God-like, for on him
His mother shed the rosy light of Youth, 590
Fair tresses, and the charm of happy eyes,
As when man's hand adds grace to ivory,
Or Parian marbles are encinct with gold.

Tum sic reginam adloquitur, cunctisque repente
 Improvisus ait : Coram, quem quaeritis, adsum, 595
 Troius Aeneas, Libycis ereptus ab undis.
 O sola infandos Troiae miserata labores,
 Quae nos, reliquias Danaum, terraeque marisque
 Omnibus exhaustos iam casibus, omnium egenos,
 Urbe, domo, socias, grates persolvere dignas : 600
 Non opis est nostrae, Dido, nec quidquid ubique est
 Gentis Dardaniae, magnum quae sparsa per orbem.
 Di tibi, si qua pios respectant numina, si quid
 Usquam iustitia est et mens sibi conscia recti,
 Praemia digna ferant. Quae te tam laeta tulerunt 605
 Saecula ? qui tanti talem genuere parentes ?
 In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae
 Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
 Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt,
 Quae me cumque vocant terrae. Sic fatus, amicum 610
 Ilionea petit dextra, laevaue Serestum,
 Post alios, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

Obstipuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido,
 Casu deinde viri tanto, et sic ore locuta est :

Quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula casus 615
 Insequitur ? quae vis inmanibus adplicat oris ?
 Tune ille Aeneas, quem Dardanio Anchisae
 Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam ?
 Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire
 Finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem 620
 Auxilio Beli ; genitor tum Belus opimam
 Vastabat Cyprum et victor ditione tenebat.
 Tempore iam ex illo casus mihi cognitus urbis
 Troianae nomenque tuum regesque Pelasgi.

Then he, thus sudden, unforeseen of all,
Addressed the Queen :

“ I whom ye seek am here, 595
Trojan Aeneas, saved from Libyan seas.
O thou sole pitier of Troy's untold woe !
Thou who with us, the leavings of the Greek,
By land and sea outworn, in want of all,
Would'st share thy city and home ! To render thanks 600
Fitly, I cannot, Dido, nor could aught
Of Dardan blood o'er the wide world dispersed.
May Heaven, if any Spirits guard the Good,
If Justice aught avail, or conscious Worth,
Reward thee fitly ! O what glad ages bore, 605
What mighty parents got thee so benign !
While brooks run seaward, while the shadows move
Round mountain vales, and star-flocks graze in heaven,
Thy fame, thy name, thy praise shall still endure,
Whatever shores call me.”

And both his hands 610
Sought dear Serestus and Ilioneus ;
Then all, brave Gyas and Cloanthus brave.

Astonished by his looks, then by his plight
And sore distress, Sidonian Dido spake :

“ What Doom pursues thee, Goddess-born ? what spite 615
Casts thee so peril-tost on barbarous strands ?
Art that Aeneas whom sweet Venus bore
Dardan Anchises by the Simois stream ?
I mind how Teucer, from his land expelled,
To Sidon came, and sought to win new realms 620
By Belus' aid. My father Belus then
Laid Cyprus waste, and swayed the captive isle.
And from that day I knew the fall of Troy,
I knew thy name, and the Pelasgian Kings.

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Thy very foe would give the Trojans praise, 625
And boast himself of Teucer's ancient stock.
O come, then, Sirs, pass underneath our roof.
Me too like fortune through a world of woe
Hath tossed, and in this land late rest hath given.
To grief not strange, I learn to aid distress." 630

She ended, and Aeneas led within
The regal halls, ordaining sacrifice.
And to his comrades on the beach meantime
Sends twenty bulls, an hundred bristled swine,
An hundred fatling lambs, their dams beside, 635
And joy the Wine God brings.

But in the centre of the Palace hall
A princely feast was set, where broidered cloths
Of royal purple on the boards were spread,
And massive silver ; and brave deeds of yore 640
Shone, graved in gold, the legendary tale
Of all its heroes since the race began.

Aeneas, since a father's love admits
No respite, to the ships Achates sends,
Ascanius to inform and thither guide, 645
Ascanius, the centre of all his care.
Gifts too he bids him bring, from Ilium's sack
Rescued, a mantle stiff with gold inwrought,
A veil with crocus-hued acanthus flowers
Bordered, which Argive Helen erst had brought 650
Out from Mycenae, when she came to Troy
And unpermitted love, her mother's gift ;
The sceptre also which Ilione,
Eldest of Priam's daughters, bore of old,
Necklet of pearl, and jewell'd golden tiar. 655
Hasting for these Achates seeks the ships.

At Cytherea novas artes, nova pectore versat
Consilia, ut faciem mutatus et ora Cupido
Pro dulci Ascanio veniat, donisque furentem
Incendat reginam, atque ossibus inplicet ignem ; 660
Quippe domum timet ambiguum Tyriosque bilingues ;
Urit atrox Iuno, et sub noctem cura recursat.
Ergo his aligerum dictis adfatur Amorem :

Nate, meae vires, mea magna potentia solus, 665
Nate, Patris summi qui tela Typhoia temnis,
Ad te confugio et supplex tua numina posco.
Frater ut Aeneas pelago tuus omnia circum
Litora iactetur odiis Iunonis acerbae,
Nota tibi, et nostro doluisti saepe dolore.
Nunc Phoenissa tenet Dido blandisque moratur 670
Vocibus ; et vereor, quo se Iunonia vertant
Hospitia ; haud tanto cessabit cardine rerum.
Quocirca capere ante dolis et cingere flamma
Reginam meditor, ne quo se numine mutet,
Sed magno Aeneae mecum teneatur amore. 675
Qua facere id possis, nostram nunc accipe mentem :
Regius accitu cari genitoris ad urbem
Sidoniam puer ire parat, mea maxuma cura,
Dona ferens, pelago et flammis restantia Troiae ;
Hunc ego sopitum somno super alta Cythera 680
Aut super Idalium sacrata sede recondam,
Ne qua scire dolos mediusve occurrere possit.
Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam
Falle dolo, et notos pueri puer indue voltus,
Ut, cum te gremio accipiet laetissima Dido 685
Regales inter mensas laticemque Lyaeum,
Cum dabit amplexus atque oscula dulcia figet,
Occultum inspires ignem fallasque veneno.

But venus in her heart new purposes,
New schemes designs, that Love shall be transformed
To sweet Ascanius' shape, and by his gifts
Stir into flame the Queen's impassioned heart. 660
The doubtful House she fears, the twi-tongued race ;
Fierce Juno galls, and care with Night returns :
So in these words she speaks to winged Love :

“ Dear Son, my strength, my sole effectual might,
Son, who dost scorn the Father's thunder-stones 665
Which slew Typhoeus, to thy knees I fly,
And pray thy godhead. How through Juno's spite
Aeneas, thine own brother, roves the world,
Thou knowest, often hast thou shared my pain.
Him now Phoenician Dido with soft words 670
Keeps, and I fear how Juno's guest may fare.
On such a hinge of fate she will not sleep.
I plan to circumvent her, and the Queen
Invest with flame no deity may quench.
Love for Aeneas then shall bind her mine. 675
How thou canst compass this, our purpose hear.
E'en now the princely Boy, my chiefest care,
By his dear Sire's command, the city seeks,
With gifts that sea and Trojan flames have spared.
Him, sunk in sleep, I on my holy seat, 680
Cythera, or the Idalian hills, will hide,
Lest he should know the plot, and come between.
Thou, for one night alone shalt personate
His shape, thy boyish looks transform to his ;
So, when the feast runs high, and wine-cups flow, 685
And radiant Dido takes thee in her lap,
And fondles thee, and gives thee kisses sweet,
A poisonous secret fire thou may'st instill.”

Paret Amor dictis carae genetricis, et alas
Exuit, et gressu gaudens incedit Iuli. 690
At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
Inrigat, et fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliae lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus et dulci adspirans complectitur umbra.

Iamque ibat dicto parens et dona Cupido 695
Regia portabat Tyriis, duce laetus Achate.
Cum venit, aulaeis iam se regina superbis
Aurea composuit sponda mediamque locavit.
Iam pater Aeneas et iam Troiana iuventus
Conveniunt, stratoque super discumbitur ostro. 700
Dant manibus famuli lymphas, Cereremque canistris
Expediunt, tonsisque ferunt mantelia villis.
Quinquaginta intus famulae, quibus ordine longam
Cura penum struere, et flammis adolere Penates ;
Centum aliae totidemque pares aetate ministri, 705
Qui dapibus mensas onerent et pocula ponant.
Nec non et Tyrii per limina laeta frequentes
Convenere, toris iussi discumbere pictis.
Mirantur dona Aeneae, mirantur Iulum
Flagrantesque dei voltus simulataque verba, 710
Pallamque et pictum croceo velamen acantho.

Praecipue infelix, pesti devota futurae,
Expleri mentem nequit ardescitque tuendo
Phoenissa, et pariter puero donisque movetur.
Ille ubi complexu Aeneae colloque pependit 715
Et magnum falsi inplevit genitoris amorem,
Reginam petit. Haec oculis, haec pectore toto
Haeret et interdum gremio fovet, inscia Dido,
Insidat quantus miseræ deus. At memor ille
Matris Acidaliae paulatim abolere Sychaeum 720

Love, at his mother's word, puts off his wings,
And walks rejoicing with Iulus' gait. 690
But o'er Ascanius' limbs the Goddess sheds
Sweet rest, and bears him to Idalian glens,
Lull'd in her lap ; there soft amaracus
Folds him in flowers and fragrance-breathing shade.

Now Love, obedient, by Achates led, 695
To Carthage gaily brought the regal gifts ;
And coming found the Queen on golden seat
Throned in mid place, and proudly canopied.
There Prince Aeneas and the Lords of Troy
Reclined on purple strewings, and the slaves 700
Poured water on their hands, and served the bread,
And brought the fine-spun napkins ; while within
Were fifty maids, whose care it was to keep
The feast replenished, and the fire aflame :
Another hundred, and as many boys, 705
All of one age, the tables spread with food
And wine-cups.

Surging through the festal doors,
The Tyrians bidden to the couches throng,
Admire the presents, and admire the Boy,
His face divinely flushed, his borrowed speech, 710
The mantle and veil with gay acanthus wrought.

But most the hapless Queen, to ruin doomed,
Her soul can never fill, and gazing burns.
The Boy, the gifts, both take her heart alike.
He, having hung upon Aeneas' neck, 715
And satisfied his feigned father's love,
Goes then to Dido. She with eyes and heart
Hugs him and fondles in her lap, nor knows
How great a God there lies. But, minding well
His Acidalian Mother, he prepares 720

Incipit, et vivo temptat praevertere amore
Iam pridem resides animos desuetaque corda.

Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaeque remotae,
Crateras magnos statuunt et vina coronant.

Fit strepitus tectis, vocemque per ampla volutant

725

Atria ; dependent lychni laquearibus aureis

Incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.

Hic regina gravem gemmis auroque poposcit

Inplevitque mero pateram, quam Belus et omnes

A Belo soliti ; tum facta silentia tectis ;

730

Iuppiter, hospitibus nam te dare iura loquuntur,

Hunc laetum Tyriisque diem Troiaque profectis

Esse velis, nostrosque huius meminisse minores.

Adsit laetitiae Bacchus dator, et bona Iuno ;

Et vos, o, coetum, Tyrii, celebrate faventes.

735

Dixit, et in mensam laticum libavit honorem,

Primaque, libato, summo tenuis attigit ore ;

Tum Bitiae dedit increpitans ; ille inpiger hausit

Spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit auro ;

Post alii proceres.

Cithara crinitus Iopas

740

Personat aurata, docuit quem maxumus Atlas.

Hic canit errantem lunam solisque labores ;

Unde hominum genus et pecudes ; unde imber et ignes ;

Arcturum pluviasque Hyadas geminosque Triones ;

Quid tantum Oceano properent se tinguere soles

745

Hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet.

Ingeminant plausu Tyrii, Troesque sequuntur.

Nec non et vario noctem sermone trahebat

Infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem,

Multa super Priamo rogitans, super Hectore multa ;

750

To dim Sichaeus' image, and forestall
That heart long idle with a living love.

Soon as the feast is lull'd, they move the boards,
And place great bowls, and wreath the wine with flowers.
Din fills the house, and through the spacious halls 725
Roll voices. Burning lamps from the gilt roof
Depend, and torches overcome the night.
Then, calling for a jewell'd golden cup,
Pure wine the Queen pours in, after the use
Of Belus and his House, and silence falls. 730

“Jove, since to thee the guest-rites are assigned,
For Tyrians and for Trojans make this day
Glorious, a day our children shall recall !
Come, Bacchus, Joy-giver, and Juno kind,
And ye, O Tyrians, give this gathering grace !” 735

Ending, wine-tribute on the board she shed ;
And first the cup touched lightly with her lips,
Then passed to Bitias, clinking it. Full slow
He quaffed the bowl, deep diving in the gold :
Then drank the other Chiefs.

Iopas too 740
Made sound his golden harp, whom Atlas taught.
He sang the wandering Moon, and the Sun's toils,
The source of Man and Beast, Lightning and Storm,
Arcturus and the rainy Hyades,
And the two Bears; why winter Suns so soon 745
Dip in the sea, what stays the laggard nights.
The Tyrians, then the Trojans, shower applause.

Nor less with divers talk the hapless Queen
Protracts the night, drinking long draughts of love ;
Of Priam and of Hector asking much, 750

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Then of the armour of Aurora's son,
The steeds of Diomede, Achilles' might.

“Nay, tell us all, O Guest! from first to last,
The Danaans' craft,” quoth she, “the Trojans' fall,
Thy travels; for the seventh summer this
That bears thee wandering over lands and seas.”

BOOK II

BOOK II



MONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant.
Inde toro pater Aeneas sic orsus ab alto :

Infandum, Regina, iubes renovare dolorem,
Troianas ut opes et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danaï ; quaeque ipse miserrima vidi, 5
Et quorum pars magna fui. Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulixi
Temperet a lacrimis ? et iam nox umida caelo
Praecipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.
Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros 10
Et breviter Troiae supremum audire laborem,
Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit,
Incipiam.

Fracti bello fatisque repulsi
Ductores Danaum, tot iam labentibus annis,
Instar montis equum divina Palladis arte 15
Aedificant, sectaque intexunt abiete costas ;
Votum pro reditu simulant ; ea fama vagatur.
Huc delecta virum sortiti corpora furtim
Includunt caeco lateri, penitusque cavernas
Ingentes uterumque armato milite conplent. 20

Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant,
Nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis ;
Huc se provecti deserto in litore condunt.
Nos abiisse rati et vento petiisse Mycenae. 25
Ergo omnis longo solvit se Teucra luctu.
Panduntur portae ; iuvat ire et Dorica castra
Desertosque videre locos litusque relictum.
Hic Dolopum manus, hic saevus tendebat Achilles ;
Classibus hic locus ; hic acie certare solebant. 30



USH'D was each voice, and every face intent,
When from his lofty couch the Prince began :

“ Unutterable, O Queen, the pain thy words
Bid me revive; how Troy's unhappy realm
Fell to the Greek; what piteous scenes I saw 5
And was great part of. Who, in such a tale,
From hard Ulysses' ranks, what Myrmidon
Would keep from tears? And dewy Night e'en now
Is riding down the sky, the sinking stars
Persuade to sleep. Yet, if so strong thy wish 10
To learn in brief our woes and Troy's last hour,
Although my memory shudders and recoils,
I will assay.

“ War-shattered, foiled by Fate,
As the long years roll on, the Danaan chiefs,
By Pallas' sacred art, build mountain-high, 15
Ribbed with sawn fir, a Horse; a votive gift
For safe return, they feign; so rumour spreads.
Men chosen by lot in its blind flanks are hid
In secret, and with armed soldiery
The monstrous cavern of its belly filled. 20

“ In sight lies Tenedos, an isle renowned
Widely, and rich while Priam's kingdom stood,
Now but a bay and faithless anchorage.
They, sailing thither, on the desert coast
Lie hid; but we suppose them on the wind 25
For Argos bound. All Troy shakes off her grief;
The Gates are open thrown, the Doric Camp,
The shores forsaken, gaily visited.
Here the Dolopians pitched, Achilles here;
Here lay the ships, here was the battle-field. 30

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Some at that fatal gift to Pallas gape,
 Amazed at the vast Horse. And loudest cried
 Thymoetes, ' Draw it inward, to the Keep !'
 Traitorous, or so Troy's Doom already swayed :
 But Capys, and the men of wiser wit, 35
 Charged them to fling in sea that Danaan snare,
 Suspicious gift, and burn it over flames,
 Or bore and probe the hollow haunts within :
 Contrary wishes rend the uncertain crowd.

" But foremost there, with a large concourse round, 40
 Down from the Keep Laocoon runs hot,
 Calling, ' O Burghers ! What sad frenzy is this ?
 Think ye our foes are fled, or that one gift
 Of Greeks is guileless ? Is it thus ye know
 Ulysses ? In this frame lie Argives hid, 45
 Or else this engine for our walls is built,
 To spy our homes, and storm us from above.
 Some fraud is there ! O never trust the Horse !
 Though Greeks bear offerings, I fear them still !'

" So saying, with great force his mighty spear 50
 Against the flanks and belly of the beast
 He hurled : it stood and quivered : at the impact
 The cavern groaned ; and had not Heaven's decree,
 Had not our hearts been froward, on his charge
 We had wrecked that Argive den, and thou, O Troy ! 55
 O Towers of Priam ! ye were standing now !

" But lo ! the while with uproar to their King
 Some Dardan hinds were dragging one fast bound
 With hands behind him, who, unknown to them,
 Himself had given to work this very deed, 60
 And open Troy to Greeks, one stout of heart,
 Doubly prepared, to trick us or to die.

Undique viventi studio Troiana iuvantus
 Circumfusa nit, certamine iudicare capto.
 Accipe nunc Danaum insidias, et crimine ab uno
 Disce omnes.

65

Namque ut conspectu in medio turbatus, inermis,
 Constitit atque oculis Phrygia agmina circumspexit :

Heu, quae nunc tellus, inquit, quae me aequora possunt
 Accipere ? aut quid iam misero mihi denique restat,
 Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi
 Dardanidae infensi poenas cum sanguine poscunt ?

70

Quo gemitu conversi animi, compressus et omnis
 Impetus. Hortamur fari ; quo sanguine cretus,
 Quidve ferat, memoret, quae sit fiducia capto.
 Ille haec, deposita tandem formidine, fatur :

75

Cuncta equidem tibi, Rex, fuerit quodcumque, fatebor
 Vera, inquit ; neque me Argolica de gente negabo ;
 Hoc primum ; nec, si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
 Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget.
 Fando aliquod si forte tuas pervenit ad aures
 Belidae nomen Palamedis et incluta fama
 Gloria, quem falsa sub prodicione Pelasgi
 Insonnem infando iudicio, quia bella vetabat,
 Demisere neci, nunc cassum lumine lugent :
 Illi me comitem et consanguinitate propinquum
 Pauper in arma pater primis huc misit ab annis.
 Dum stabat regno incolumis regumque vigeat
 Consiliis, et nos aliquod nomenque decusque
 Gessimus. Invidia postquam pellacis Ulixi—
 Haud ignota loquor—superis concessit ab oris
 Adflictus vitam in tenebris luctuque trahebam,
 Et casum insontis mecum indignabar amici.

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The Trojan crowd flow round from every side.
 Eager to see, and vie in mocking him.
 Hear now the Danaans' craft, and from one crime
 Learn all the breed.

65

“ For, standing in our midst, confused, unarmed,
 And looking round the Phrygian ranks, he spoke :

“ ‘ Alas ! What land, what sea can now receive
 Me miserable ? What last resort is left ?
 No place for me with Greeks, and Dardans too
 To satisfy their hate demand my blood ! ’

70

“ His anguish turned our hearts, and all assault
 Fell checked. We bid him tell us of his birth,
 His news, the hope on which a prisoner leant.
 He, when his fear is banished, thus returns :

75

“ ‘ All I will tell thee true, O King ! whate'er
 Befall me, nor mine Argive birth deny.
 That first : if Fortune moulded Sinon's life
 Joyless, the jade shall never shape him false !
 If haply to thine ears hath come the name
 Of Palamedes and his high renown ;
 Whom, since he blamed the war, Greeks falsely charged,
 On witness base doomed innocent to die,
 And life-lorn now lament,—his friend was I,
 A kinsman of his House, when at my prime
 My needy father sent me to the wars.
 While he stood firm in place, and wielded power
 In the Kings' councils, we bore something too
 Of name and fame ; but when Ulysses' grudge,—
 No news I tell,—had thrust him from the light,
 In grief obscure I languished, sore at heart
 Resenting my friend's fall ; nor held my peace,

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^{si lent}
Nec tacui demens, et me, fors si qua tulisset,
Si patrios umquam remeassem victor ad Argos, 95
Promisi ultorem, et verbis odia aspera movi.
Hinc mihi prima mali labe, hinc semper Ulixes
Criminibus terrere novis, hinc spargere voces
In volgum ambiguas, et quaerere conscius arma.
Nec requievit enim, donec Calchante ministro— 100
Sed quid ego haec autem neququam ingrata revolveo?
Quidve moror, si omnes uno ordine habetis Achivos,
Idque audire sat est? Iam dudum sumite poenas;
Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridae.

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

^{Ma} Saepe fugam Danai Troia cupiere relicta
^{Ma} Moliri et longo fessi discedere bello;
Fecissentque utinam! saepe illos aspera ponti 110
Interclusit hiemps, et terruit Auster euntes.
^{Ma} Praecipue, cum iam hic trabibus contextus acernis
Staret equus, toto sonuerunt aethere nimbi,
Suspensi Eurypylum scintillam oracula Phoebi
^{Ma} Mittimus, isque adytis haec tristia dicta reportat: 115
“Sanguine placastis ventos et virgine caesa,
Cum primum Iliacas, Danai, venistis ad oras;
Sanguine quaerendi reditus, animaque litandum
Argolica.” Volgi quae vox ut venit ad aures,
Obstipuere animi, gelidusque per ima cucurrit 120
Ossa tremor, cui fata parent, quem poscat Apollo.
Hic Ithacus vatem magno Calchanta tumultu
Protrahit in medios; quae sint ea numina divom,
Flagitat. Et mihi iam multi crudele canebant
Artificis scelus, et taciti ventura videbant. 125

Infatuate ! but I vowed, if Fate were kind,
 If I regained my Greece a conqueror,
 To avenge him. Thus I stirred relentless hate.
 Hence first my ruin sprang. Ulysses hence
 Kept threatening slanders, and among the mean
 Sowed rumours dark, and sought conspiring arms :
 Nor rested, till by Calchas' aid— But why
 Recount the graceless tale ? Why hold you back,
 If Greeks rank all as one, and 'tis enough
 That name to hear ? Take vengeance now, and sate
 Ulysses' hope, the Atridae's dearest wish !'

" At that we, strangers to Pelasgian guile
 And guilt so heinous, burn to ask his tale,
 And trembling he proceeds with treacherous soul :

" " Fain were the Danaans oft to make retreat
 From Ilium, wearied of the endless war,
 O would they had gone ! As oft the storm-lashed sea
 Bound them on shore, and the rude South deterred.
 And loudest when this Horse stood ready framed
 With maple beams, all heaven with tempest roared.
 And when in doubt to Phoebus' shrine we sent
 Eurypylus, this sad response he brought :
 " With blood of maiden slain you calmed the gale,
 When first, O Greeks, you came to Ilium's shore.
 Seek now return with blood, and sacrifice
 An Argive life ! "

The message went abroad,
 And dazed our wits, and through our marrow shot
 Cold shudders, who should be the victim doomed.
 Ulysses then with clamour to our midst
 Calchas, the Seer, drew, and charged to unfold
 God's Will.—And many of that bad plot before
 Warned me, and silently foresaw the end.—

Bis quinos silet ille dies, tectusque recusat
 Prodere voce sua quemquam aut opponere morti.
 Vix tandem, magnis Ithaci clamoribus actus,
 Conposito rumpit vocem, et me destinat arae.
 Adsensere omnes, et, quae sibi quisque timebat,
 Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

Iamque dies infanda aderat ; mihi sacra parari,
 Et salsae fruges, et circum tempora vittae,
 Eripui, fateor, leto me, et vincula rupi,
 Limosoque lacu per noctem obscurus in ulva
 Delitui, dum vela darent, si forte dedissent.
 Nec mihi iam patriam antiquam spes ulla videndi,
 Nec dulces natos exoptatumque parentem ;
 Quos illi fors et poenas ob nostra reposcent
 Effugia, et culpam hanc miserorum morte piabunt.
 Quod te per superos et conscia numina veri,
 Per, si qua est, quae restat adhuc mortalibus usquam
 Intemerata fides, oro, miserere laborum
 Tantorum, miserere animi non digna ferentis.

His lacrimis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultro.
 Ipse viro primus manicas atque arta levare
 Vincula iubet Priamus, dictisque ita fatur amicis :
 Quisquis es, amissos hinc iam obliviscere Graios ;
 Noster eris, mihi que haec edissere vera roganti :
 Quo molem hanc inmanis equi statuere ? quis auctor ?
 Quidve petunt ? quae religio ? aut quae machina belli ?
 Dixerat. Ille, dolis instructus et arte Pelasga,
 Sustulit exutas vinculis ad sidera palmas :

Vos, aeterni ignes, et non violabile vestrum
 Testor numen, ait, vos arae ensesque nefandi,
 Quos fugi, vittaeque deum, quas hostia gessi :

Ten days within his tent Calchas is dumb,
 Denouncing none, condemning none to death ;
 At last to loud Ulysses by concert
 Scarce breaks a word, and me to the altar dooms.
 All gave assent, and on one victim's head
 Let fall the ruin each had feared his own.

130

“ ‘ The dreadful day had come ; my rites were set ;
 The salted meal, the bands about my brow :
 I broke away from death, I burst my bonds,
 I do confess it ! and all night lay deep
 In darkling sedge, till haply they might sail.
 And now no hope is mine to see my land,
 Mine own sweet boys, my father dear-desired,
 Who even for my escape may pay the cost,
 And with their piteous blood my guilt atone !
 But O ! by Heaven I pray thee ! by the Powers
 That reverence Truth ! by Faith, if any Faith
 Stays in the world unspotted, to such woe
 Give pity, and to sufferings undeserved ! ’

135

140

“ Life to his tears we grant, and pity too.
 And Priam first his manacles and bonds
 Himself bids loose, and thus benignly speaks :
 ‘ Whoso thou art, henceforth forget the Greeks !
 Ours thou shalt be ! Now make me answer true.
 This monster Horse, why built they ? Who conceived ?
 For what ? what holy vow ? what craft of war ? ’
 He said ; the other, in Pelasgian guile
 Well-versed, to Heaven uplifts his unbound hands.

145

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“ ‘ Ye everlasting fires inviolable,
 Be witness ! ’ he exclaimed, ‘ O Shrines, O Knives
 From which I fled ! O victim bands I wore !

155

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'Tis right to break the oaths I swear to Greeks,
 Right to abhor those men, and spread abroad
 Whate'er they hide : nor do my country's laws
 Bind me. But thou, keep faith, thy saviour save, 160
 If speaking truth, O Troy ! I well repay.

“ ‘ All hope, all heart the Greeks had in their war
 Stood still on Pallas' aid ; but since unjust
 Tydides and Ulysses, rich in crimes,
 From Pallas' holy fane her fateful Sign 165
 Adventuring to tear, the sentries slew,
 Seized the pure image, and with bloody palms
 Dared touch her maiden chaplets,—since that day
 The hopes of Greece ebbed refluent, her strength
 Broke, and the Goddess turned her heart away. 170
 No doubtful portents showed Tritonia wroth.
 The Statue scarce in camp, a blaze of fire
 Flashed from her lifted eyes, and o'er her limbs
 Ran a salt sweat, and thrice, O wondrous tale !
 With shield and shivering spear from earth she leapt ! 175
 “ Fly ! ” Calchas cried, “ Fly back across the main !
 Troy cannot fall, unless again you seek
 In Greece new omens, and bring back the grace
 Which once was seated on your seaward keels ! ”
 So now they run toward Argos on the wind 180
 For arms and Gods ; and soon remeasuring sea,
 Will front you unawares. So taught the Seer :
 And on his charge this image they have built
 For outraged Pallas, to atone their sin.
 This mass immeasurable he bade them rear 185
 With oaken beams, and build it up to heaven,
 So that it might not pass within your gates,
 And under old religion succour Troy.
 For if your hand profaned the Goddess' gift,
 Ruin and death, he said,—God sooner turn 190

Convertant !—Priami imperio Phrygibusque futurum ;
 Sin manibus vestris vestram ascendisset in urbem,
 Ultro Asiam magno Pelopea ad moenia bello
 Venturam, et nostros ea fata manere nepotes.

Talibus insidiis periurique arte Sinonis 195
 Credita res, captique dolis lacrimisque coactis,
 Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissaeus Achilles,
 Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinae.

Hic aliud maius miseris multoque tremendum 200
 Obiicitur magis, atque improvida pectora turbat.

Laocoon, ductus Neptuno sorte sacerdos,
 Sollemnes taurum ingentem mactabat ad aras.
Ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta—
Horresco referens—inmensis orbibus angues *auroris — serpent*
 Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad litora tendunt ; 205

Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta iubaeque
 Sanguineae superant undas ; pars cetera pontum
 Pone legit sinuatque inmensa volumine terga ;
 Fit sonitus spumante salo. Iamque arva tenebant,
 Ardentesque oculos suffecti sanguine et igni, 210
 Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.

Diffugimus visu exsanges. Illi agmine certo
 Laocoonta petunt ; et primum parva duorum
 Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque
 Implicat et miseros morsu depascitur artus ; 215

Post ipsum, auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem,
 Corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus ; et iam
 Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
 Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis.
 Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos, 220
 Perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno,
 Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit :
 Qualis mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram

The curse on him !—would fall on Priam's realm ;
 But if your hands should draw it up to Troy,
 Asia herself should bring a world of war
 On Pelops' town, and Doom await our sons.'

“ Such lying tales, by Sinon's glozing art, 195
 Gained credence, and a traitor's tears entrapped
 Whom not Tydides, not Achilles' self,
 Not ten years mastered, nor a thousand ships.

“ Now fell on us accurst a greater woe, 200
 More dreadful far, confusing our blind wit.
 Laocoon, Neptune's allotted Priest,
 Stood by his shrine, to sacrifice a bull :
 When lo ! from Tenedos, o'er tranquil sea,—
I shudder to recall !—with endless coils
 Two Serpents pressed together toward the shore. 205
 Their bosoms rose above the wave, their crests
 Blood-red o'er-topped the surge ; their hinder parts
 Trailed on the flood in mighty sinuous folds,
 And lashed the roaring brine. They reach our fields,
 Their blazing eyes suffused with blood and fire, 210
 And with lithe tongues beslaver mouths that hiss.
 Pale at the sight we flee. Unswerving still,
 They near Laocoon ; and first enfold,
 In snaky coiled embrace, the tiny limbs
 Of his two sons, and gnaw their piteous flesh. 215
 Him then with weapons running to their aid
 They seize, and swathe him in hugh spires, and twice
 Fold in their scales his waist, and twice his throat,
 And lift above him head and towering necks.
 He strains his hands the while to burst those knots, 220
 His chaplets sprent with gore and venom black,
 And with such roars of anguish fills the sky
 As when a wounded bull shakes from his neck

Taurus et incertam excussit cervice securim.
 At gemini lapsu delubra ad summa dracones 225
 Effugiunt saevaeque petunt Tritonidis arcem,
 Sub pedibusque deae clipeique sub orbe teguntur.

Tum vero tremefacta novus per pectora cunctis
 Insinuat pavor, et scelus expendisse merentem
 Laocoonta ferunt, sacrum qui cuspede robur 230
 Laeserit et tergo sceleratam intorserit hastam.

Ducendum ad sedes simulacrum orandaque divae
 Numina conclamant.

Dividimus muros et moenia pandimus urbis.
 Accingunt omnes operi, pedibusque rotarum 235
 Subiiciunt lapsus, et stuppea vincula collo
 Intendunt. Scandit fatalis machina muros,
 Feta armis. Pueri circum innuptaeque puellae
 Sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent.
 Illa subit, mediaeque minans inlabitur urbi. 240

O patria, o divom domus Ilium, et incluta bello
 Moenia Dardanidum ! quater ipso in limine portae
 Substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere ;
 Instamus tamen inmemores caecique furore,
 Et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce. 245

Tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris
 Ora, dei iussu non umquam credita Teucris.
 Nos delubra deum miseri, quibus ultimus esset
 Ille dies, festa velamus fronde per urbem.

Teucris
 Troja

Vertitur interea caelum et ruit oceano Nox,
 Involvens umbra magna terramque polumque 250
 Myrmidonumque dolos ; fusi per moenia Teucris
 Conticuere ; sopor fessos complectitur artus.
 Et iam Argiva phalanx instructis navibus ibat
 A Tenedo, tacitae per amica silentia lunae 255

The uncertain axe, and from the altar flees.
 But those twain snakes to the high fanes glide off 225
 On stern Tritonia's mount, and shelter there
 Beneath the Goddess' feet and orbed shield.

“ Fresh terror then through every shuddering heart
 Creeps, and men say Laocoon hath paid
 Due forfeit for his crime, who impious hurled 230
 Against that sacred oak his guilty spear.

“ ‘ Draw the dread Image home ! ’ so all out-cry,
 ‘ Sue we the Goddess' grace ! ’
 We cleave the walls, we lay the fortress bare.
 All speed the work ; and lay the rolling wheels 235
 Beneath its feet, and ropes around its neck
 Draw tight. The doomful engine, big with arms,
 Surmounts our wall. Boys and unwedded girls
 Chant hymns around, and touch the rope with glee.
 It comes ; it glides into the city's heart ! 240
 O Fatherland ! O Ilium, home of Gods !
 O war-famed walls of Troy ! Four times it stopped
 Even at the gate, four times the arms within
 Clashed, yet we urge it, blind, ill-memoried men !
 And store the monster in our hallowed Keep. 245
 Cassandra e'en then her boding lips unclosed,—
 Those lips which Heaven forbade us to believe.
 We miserable men on our last day
 Went wreathing all our fanes with festal green.

“ The sky wheels round, and from the sea springs Night, 250
 In her great umbrage wrapping earth and sky
 And Argive fraud. We through the town lay stretched
 Silent, while slumber folded the worn flesh.
 And now from Tenedos the Greek array
 Came sailing through the moonlight's friendly hush, 255

Litora nota petens, flammās cum regia puppis
 Extulerat, fatisque deum defensus iniquis
 Inclusos utero Danaos et pinea furtim
 Laxat claustra Sinon. Illos patefactus ad auras
 260 Reddit equus, laetique cavo se robore promunt
 Thessandrus Sthenelusque duces et dirus Ulixes,
 Demissum lapsi per funem, Acamasque, Thoasque,
 Pelidesque Neoptolemus, primusque Machaon,
 Et Menelaus, et ipse doli fabricator Epeus.
 265 Invadunt urbem somno vinoque sepultam ;
 Caeduntur vigiles, portisque patentibus omnes
 Accipiunt socios atque agmina conscia iungunt.

Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus aegris
 Incipit et dono divom gratissima serpit :
 In somnis, ecce, ante oculos maestissimus Hector
 270 Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus,
 Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, aterque cruento
 Pulvere, perque pedes traiectus lora tumentes.
 Hei mihi, qualis erat ! quantum mutatus ab illo
 Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achilli,
 275 Vel Danaum Phrygios iaculatus puppibus ignes !
 Squalentem barbam et concretos sanguine crines
 Volneraque illa gerens, quae circum plurima muros
 Accepit patrios. Ultro flens ipse videbar
 280 Compellare virum et maestās expromere voces :

O lux Dardaniae, spes o fidissima Teucrum,
 Quae tantae tenuere morae ? quibus Hector ab oris
 Exspectate venis ? ut te post multa tuorum
 Funera, post varios hominumque urbisque labores
 285 Defessi aspiciamus ! quae causa indigna serenos
 Foedavit voltus ? aut cur haec volnera cerno ?

Ille nihil, nec me quaerentem vana moratur,

And neared the well-known strand, when the King's ship
 Uplifted flames. Then, by Fate's malice saved,
 Sinon by stealth undoes the wooden door,
 And frees the captive Greeks. Them the opened Horse
 Restores. Thessander first and Sthenelus, 260
 With dire Ulysses, from the hollow oak
 Slide down a rope : then Thoas, Acamas,
 Machaon, Menelaus, Peleus' seed,
 And he who forged the snare, Epeus' self.
 They seize the city, plunged in sleep and wine, 265
 And slay the watch ; through open gates admit
 All their allies, and join colleaguings bands.

" It was the hour when first o'er suffering men
 Slumber, the boon of Heaven, most sweetly steals ;
 When lo ! in dreams before mine eyes appeared 270
 Hector in anguish, shedding floods of tears ;
 Torn by the car, as once, with dust and blood
 Blackened, his swollen feet pierced through by thongs.
 O in what guise he was ! O how unlike
 Hector returning in Achilles' spoils, 275
 Or on Greek ships from launching Phrygian fire !
 A squalid beard he wore, blood-boltered hair,
 And all the wounds which round his native walls
 So thickly scarred him. Weeping too methought
 I first addressed him, drawing thus my moan : 280

" ' O Light of Dardans ! Surest Hope of Troy !
 What kept thee hence so long ? Whence art thou come,
 Dear-hoped-for Hector ? O for us outworn
 After thy people's deaths and all our pain,
 To see thee now ! What shamelessness hath marred 285
 Thy happy visage ? O what scars are these ? '

He nought replies, nor heeds my idle speech,

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But, sighing deeply from the inmost heart,
 ‘Fly, Goddess-born!’ he says, ‘Escape these flames!
 Foes hold the wall. Down falls the pride of Troy!
 Enough for King and Country! If man’s arm
 Had power to save, they had been saved by mine!
 Troy gives to thee in charge her sacred Gods;
 These take to share thy doom; for these at last
 Build great thy walls across the o’erwandered main!’
 He ceased, and from the holy place brought out
 Vesta, her chaplets and undying fire.

“Meanwhile confusion through the city spreads:
 Loud and more loud, though far-withdrawn the house
 My sire Anchises owned and deep in trees,
 The clamour rose, and shuddering strife drew near.
 I start from sleep; I climb the topmost roof,
 And stand with straining ears. As when a fire
 Falls on a cornfield from the raging South;
 Or when a mountain torrent drowns the land,
 Drowns happy crops, and all the oxen’s toil,
 And headlong sweeps the trees; amazed and dumb,
 From some tall rock, a shepherd hears the roar.
 Then truth shone clear; bare lay the guile of Greeks!
 O’ertopped by flames, Deiphobus’ great house
 Falls, and beside it burns Ucalegon.
 The broad Sigaeon frith reflects the blaze.
 Up rise the shouts of men, the trumpets’ blare.
 Madly I seize my arms, in arms not less
 Unpurposed, hot at heart to muster friends,
 And seize the Keep. Wild anger thrusts me on,
 And bright before me gleams a soldier’s death.

“But Panthus lo! escaped from Argive spears,
 Priest of the Keep and Phoebus, Othrys’ son,

Sacra manu victosque deos parvumque nepotem 320
Ipse trahit, cursuque amens ad limina tendit.

Quo res summa loco, Panthu ? quam prendimus arcem ?
Vix ea fatus eram, gemitu cum talia reddit :

Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus
Dardaniae. Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens 325
Gloria Teucrorum ; ferus omnia Iuppiter Argos
Transtulit : incensa Danai dominantur in urbe.
Arduus armatos mediis in moenibus adstans
Fundit equus, victorque Sinon incendia miscet
Insultans. Portis alii bipatientibus adsunt, 330
Milia quot magnis umquam venerere Mycenis ;
Obsedere alii telis angusta viarum
Oppositi ; stat ferri acies mucrone corusco
Stricta, parata neci ; vix primi proelia temptant
Portarum vigiles, et caeco Marte resistunt. 335

Talibus Othryadae dictis et numine divom
In flammam et in arma feror, quo tristis Erinys,
Quo fremitus vocat et sublatus ad aethera clamor.
Addunt se socios Rhipeus et maxumus armis
Epytus, oblatus per lunam, Hypanisque Dymasque, 340
Et lateri adglomerant nostro, iuvenisque Coroebus,
Mygdonides. Illis ad Troiam forte diebus
Venerat, insano Cassandrae incensus amore,
Et gener auxilium Priamo Phrygibusque ferebat,
Infelix, qui non sponsae praecepta furentis 345
Audierit.

Quos ubi confertos audere in proelia vidi,
Incipio super his : Iuvenes, fortissima frustra
Pectora, si vobis audentem extrema cupido

Clasping his little grandson and his dear
Defeated Gods, flew to my door distraught.

320

“ ‘ Panthus, how goes the day ? What fort is held ? ’
Scarce had I asked when groaning he replied :

“ ‘ ’Tis the last day, the inevitable hour !
Trojans we are not, Troy is past, and all
That glory gone. To Argos cruel Jove
Takes all. O’er the fired city Danaans rule ;
High in our midst the Horse stands pouring out
Armed men ; victorious Sinon, hurling fire,
Insults us. Some are at the wide-flung Gates,
As many thousands as from Greece e’er came,—
Some stand to arms across the narrow ways
To bar them : edge and glittering point of steel
Stand drawn, for slaughter ripe : scarce at the Gates
Our Guards give battle, and in blind strife resist ! ’

325

330

335

“ Such words of Panthus, and the Will of Heaven
Mid flames and weapons drive me, where the roar
The rising shouts and the grim Fury call.
Then through the moonlight, prowest Epytus,
Rhipeus and Hypanis with Dymas came,
Who rallied to our side,—with Mygdon’s son,
Coroebus, who at such a time to Troy
Coming, with wild love for Cassandra fired,
Brought a son’s aid to Priam and his town,—
Unhappy that the bodings of his bride
He would not hear !

340

345

“ Them when I saw for battle ranked and bold,
Thus I began : ‘ O Sirs ! O hearts in vain
Most valiant ! If your will be strong to join

Certa sequi, quae sit rebus fortuna videtis : 350
 Excessere omnes, adytis arisque relictis,
 Di, quibus imperium hoc steterat ; succurritis urbi
 Incensae ; moriamur, et in media arma ruamus.
 Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem.

Sic animis iuvenum furor additus. Inde, lupi ceu 355
 Raptores atra in nebula, quos improba ventris
 Exegit caecos rabies, catulique relictis
 Faucibus exspectant siccis, per tela, per hostes
 Vadimus haud dubiam in mortem, mediaeque tenemus
 Urbis iter ; nox atra cava circumvolat umbra. 360

Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
 Explicet, aut possit lacrimis aequare labores ?
 Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos ;
 Plurima perque vias sternuntur inertia passim
 Corpora perque domos et religiosa deorum 365
 Limina. Nec soli poenas dant sanguine Teucris ;
 Quondam etiam victis redit in praecordia virtus
 Victoresque cadunt Danai. Crudelis ubique
 Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.

Primus se, Danaum magna comitante caterva, 370
 Androgeos offert nobis, socia agmina credens
 Inscius, atque ultro verbis compellat amicis :
 Festinate, viri. Nam quae tam sera moratur
 Segnities ? alii rapiunt incensa feruntque
 Pergama ; vos celsis nunc primum a navibus itis. 375

Dixit, et extemplo, neque enim responsa dabantur
 Fida satis, sensit medios delapsus in hostes.
 Obstipuit, retroque pedem cum voce repressit.
 Improvisum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem

A desperate venture, how things are ye see ; 350
 The Gods, through whom we stood, from fane and shrine
 Departed all ; a burning town to save ;
 To death ! and charge with me on serried arms !
 One chance the conquered have, to hope for none !'

“ Thereat their rage waxed fiercer, and like wolves, 355
 Raiding in darkness, whom the belly's lust
 Drives blindly forwards, and their whelps at home
 Wait with dry jaws ; so we through foes, through steel,
 Make for sure death, and to the city's midst
 Press on. Around us hover night and gloom. 360

“ Of that night's work who could the tale unfold,
 Or weep a tear for every murder done ?
 An ancient city falls, that long held sway.
 In streets, in houses, at the Gods' own doors,
 Lie unresisting bodies everywhere 365
 Thick-strewn. Not Trojans only pay their blood ;
 Oft to the conquered too manhood returns,
 And the Greek conquerors fall. On every side
 Panic and woe, and Death's wide-looming shade.

“ There first of Greeks, among a goodly troop, 370
 Androgeus met us, and our ranks unknown
 Misdeming friendly, thus bespoke us fair :
 ‘ Haste, men : what sloth hath kept you back so long ?
 The rest have fired and pillage Troy, but you
 From the tall ships come hither only now !’ 375

“ He spoke, and instant,—for our answer won
 No credence,—knew him fallen amidst his foes.
 Amazed he started, checking voice and foot.
 As when one toiling through a copse of briers,

Pressit humi nitens, trepidusque repente refugit
 Attollentem iras et caerulea colla tumentem ;
 Haud secus Androgeos visu tremefactus abibat.
 Inruimus, densis et circumfundimur armis,
 Ignarosque loci passim et formidine captos
 Sternimus. Adspirat primo fortuna labori. 385
 Atque hic successu exsultans animisque Coroebus,
 O socii, qua prima, inquit, fortuna salutis
 Monstrat iter, quaque ostendit se dextra, sequamur :
 Mutemus clipeos, Danaumque insignia nobis
 Aptemus. Dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat ? 390
 Arma dabunt ipsi. Sic fatus, deinde comantem
 Androgei galeam clipeique insigne decorum
 Induitur, laterique Argivum adcommodat ensem.
 Hoc Rhipeus, hoc ipse Dymas omnisque iuventus
 Laeta facit ; spoliis se quisque recentibus armat. 395

Vadimus inmixti Danais haud numine nostro,
 Multaque per caecam congressi proelia noctem
 Conserimus, multos Danaum demittimus Orco.
 Diffugiunt alii ad naves, et litora cursu
 Fida petunt : pars ingentem formidine turpi 400
 Scandunt rursus equum et nota conduntur in alvo.

Heu nihil invitis fas quemquam fidere divis !
 Ecce trahebatur passis Priameia virgo
 Crinibus a templo Cassandra adytisque Minervae,
 Ad caelum tendens ardentia lumina frustra, 405
 Lumina, nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.
 Non tulit hanc speciem furiata mente Coroebus,
 Et sese medium iniecit periturus in agmen.
 Consequimur cuncti et densis incurrimus armis.
 Hic primum ex alto delubri culmine telis 410
 Nostrorum obruimur, oriturque miserrima caedes

Treads on a snake unseen, and shuddering shrinks 380
From the blue neck puffed out, and rising hate ;
So, scared at us, Androgeus turned to flee.

We charge ; we gird them with a hedge of steel,
And strew them broadcast, strangers to the ground,
And panic-struck. Fate speeds our first assay. 385

Then, flushed by victory, bold Coroebus cries :
' Come, follow, friends, where Fortune early points
The way to safety, where she shows us grace !
Shields let us change, and gird Greek harness on.
Courage or craft, who ask which foemen use ? 390
They, they shall arm us ! '

Saying thus, he dons
Androgeus' plummy helm, and blazoned targe,
And fastens to his side an Argive brand.
Rhipeus and Dymas, all the troop, with glee
Do likewise, arming from our spoils new-won. 395

“ Mingling with Greeks, by favour not our own,
Through the blind night we press, in many a fray
Closing, and many a Greek to Orcus send.
Some to the ships escape, and running seek
The trusty shore : some in base panic climb 400
The Horse, and hide in that familiar vault.

“ Against God's Will, alas ! all faith is vain !
Lo ! Priam's daughter with dishevelled hair,
Cassandra, dragged from Pallas' sacred shrines,
Vainly to heaven uplifts her burning eyes,— 405
Her eyes, for bonds her tender hands restrain.
That sight Coroebus bore not, mad with rage,
But flung himself amid the deep array,
Death-doomed. We follow, close our ranks, and charge.
But Trojan missiles from the temple's roof 410
O'erwhelm us now : a wretched carnage springs

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From our arms' fashion, our mistaken plumes.
 With yells and anger for the rescued maid,
 Greeks from all sides attack us, Ajax keen,
 Atreus' two sons, all the Dolopian host. 415

As, when a whirlwind breaks, South Wind and West,
 And Eurus, with his orient coursers proud,
 Conflicting shock : the forest roars ; the sea
 Neptune with savage trident stirs to foam.

They too, if any in the dark of night 420

Our craft surprised, and routed through the town,
 Show themselves now ; our shields and cozening arms
 At once they know, and mark our uncouth tongue.

Numbers o'erwhelm us, and Coroebus first
 Before the War-Maid's altar, by the hand 425

Of Peneleus falls dead ; and Rhipheus falls,
 Our purest, and of honour most compact,—

The Gods gainsaid !—Dymas and Hypanis
 Die, pierced by friends, nor all thy piety
 Could save thee, Panthus, nor Apollo's crown ! 430

“ O Ilian ashes ! Death-flames of my kin !
 Be witness, that I shunned not at your fall
 Greek spear or perilous warfare ; that my hand
 Earned death, had death been doomed ! But sundered thence
 With Pelias and with Iphitus I pass,— 435

One Age retards, and one Ulysses' wound,—
 Where calls the clamour, straight to Priam's house.

“ Here found we battle fierce, as though no fray
 Elsewhere, no other carnage filled the town ;
 War to the death, our very roofs assailed, 440
 And to beleaguered doors the Tortoise driven.
 Their ladders hug the walls ; they storm the Gate ;
 And with their left hand to our shafts oppose
 Shields, while they grasp the coping with their right.

Dardanidae contra turres ac tecta domorum
 Culmina convellunt ; his se, quando ultima cernunt,
 Extrema iam in morte parant defendere telis ;
 Auratasque trabes, veterum decora alta parentum,
 Devolvunt ; alii strictis mucronibus imas
 Obsedere fores ; has servant agmine denso. 445
 Instaurati animi, regis succurrere tectis,
 Auxilioque levare viros, vimque addere victis. 450

Limen erat caecaeque fores et pervius usus
 Tectorum inter se Priami, postesque relictis
 A tergo, infelix qua se, dum regna manebant,
 Saepius Andromache ferre incomitata solebat 455
 Ad soceros, et avo puerum Astyanacta trahebat.
 Evado ad summi fastigia culminis, unde
 Tela manu miseri iactabant inrita Teucris.

Turrim in praecipiti stantem summisque sub astra 460
 Eductam tectis, unde omnis Troia videri
 Et Danaum solitae naves et Achaica castra,
 Adgressi ferro circum, qua summa labantes
 Iuncturas tabulata dabant, convellimus altis
 Sedibus, impulimusque ; ea lapsa repente ruinam 465
 Cum sonitu trahit et Danaum super agmina late
 Incidit. Ast alii subeunt, nec saxa, nec ullum
 Telorum interea cessat genus.

Vestibulum ante ipsum primoque in limine Pyrrhus
 Exsultat, telis et luce coruscus aena ; 470
 Qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus,
 Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat,
 Nunc, positis novus exuviis nitidusque iuventa,
 Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
 Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis. 475
 Una ingens Periphas et equorum agitator Achillis,

From tower and roof the Dardans pluck defence ; 445
 And, since Death meets their gaze, prepare to wield
 In that last hour such missiles ; gilded beams,
 The stately splendours of their ancient sires,
 Roll downward. Some behind the doors below
 Stand with drawn blades, and guard them, closely ranked. 450
 Our spirit rose to save this House of Kings,
 To help such men oppressed, and swell their force !

“ A door there was, a way through Priam’s house
 To every room, a blind deserted gate
 Rearward, whereby, while Ilium’s kingdom stood, 455
 Oft unattended to her husband’s kin
 Came sad Andromache, and brought his boy.
 Hence to the roof I pass, from whose high top
 Despairing Trojans cast their bootless spears.

“ High toward the stars up-built on the sheer brink 460
 A turret stood, from whence they used to scan
 Troy, and the Achaean camp, and Danaan ships.
 This we assailed with iron, where loose it joined
 The roof’s high floor, and wrenched it from the base,
 And forced it forth. With sudden fall it bore 465
 A crushing ruin down, which smote the Greeks
 Wide-spread : yet more come up, nor stones the while,
 Nor any missiles cease.

“ Lo ! Pyrrhus at the Gate, who proudly flashed
 Before the porch in arms of brazen sheen ; 470
 Most like an adder, crammed with evil herbs,
 In wintry earth long hidden, puff’d and cold,
 Who throws his weeds, and, sleek with youth, involves
 His slippery length to day, and rears his breast
 Tall to the sun, and darts his triple tongue. 475
 With him huge Periphas, Automedon,

Armiger Automedon, una omnis Scyria pubes
Succedunt tecto, et flammās ad culmina iactant.

Ipse inter primos correpta dura bipenni
Limina perrumpit, postesque a cardine vellit 480
Aeratos ; iamque excisa trabe firma cavavit
Robora, et ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram.
Adparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt ;
Adparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum,
Armatusque vident stantes in limine primo. 485

At domus interior gemitu miseroque tumultu
Miscetur, penitusque cavae plangoribus aedes
Femineis ululant ; ferit aurea sidera clamor.
Tum pavidæ tectis matres ingentibus errant,
Amplexæque tenent postes atque oscula figunt. 490
Instat vi patria Pyrrhus ; nec claustra, neque ipsi
Custodes sufferre valent ; labat ariete crebro
Ianua, et emoti procumbunt cardine postes.
Fit via vi ; rumpunt aditus, primosque trucidant
Inmissi Danaï, et late loca milite conplent. 495
Non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
Exiit oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnes
Cum stabulis armenta trahit. Vidi ipse furentem
Caede Neoptolemmum geminosque in limine Atridas ; 500
Vidi Hecubam centumque nurus, Priamumque per aras
Sanguine foedantem, quos ipse sacraverat, ignes.
Quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum,
Barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi,
Procubuerunt ; tenent Danaï, qua deficit ignis. 505

Forsitan et, Priami fuerint quæ fata, requiras.
Urbis uti captæ casum convolsaque vidit
Limina tectorum et medium in penetralibus hostem,

Who drove Achilles' steeds, and Scyrian hosts
All made the roof at once, up-hurling fire.

“ But Pyrrhus 'mongst the first with two-edged axe
The portals rent, and from their hinges tore 480
The brass-bound doors, hewed out a plank, and made,
Breaching the solid oak, a yawning gap.
The house lies open, the long halls revealed,
Priam's own chambers, chambers of dead Kings
Revealed, and warriors in the doorway massed. 485

“ But in the house lament and woeful din
Confusedly rise : the vaulted mansions wail
With women's sobs, and clamour mounts the sky.
Through the vast house mothers run to and fro,
And hug the doors, and kiss them, wild with fear. 490
Fierce as his father, Pyrrhus presses on ;
Nor bolts nor men may hold him. Doors give way
Beneath his frequent ram, and fall unhinged.
Force finds a road. The Danaans swarming in,
Slay those in front, and fill the house with troops. 495
Not so enraged a river bursts in foam
O'er dyke and dam, and plunges on the fields,
And sweeps o'er champaign wide both flocks and folds.
I saw the ravening Pyrrhus there ; I saw
The Atridae in the Gate, and Hecuba 500
Beside her hundred daughters, and the King,
Staining with blood the flames himself had blest.
The fifty bowers that promised fruit so fair,
Doors proud with plunder and barbaric gold,
In ruin fell. Greeks take what fire hath left. 505

“ Thou askest me perchance of Priam's fate.
He, when he saw the captured city's fall,
His doors wrenched off, the foe within his home,

Arma diu senior desueta trementibus aevo
 Circumdat nequiquam umeris, et inutile ferrum 510
 Cingitur, ac densos fertur moriturus in hostes.

Aedibus in mediis nudoque sub aetheris axe
 Ingens ara fuit iuxtaque veterrima laurus,
 Incumbens arae atque umbra complexa Penates.
 Hic Hecuba et natae nequiquam altaria circum, 515
 Praecipites atra ceu tempestate columbae,
 Condensae et divom amplexae simulacra sedebant.
 Ipsum autem sumptis Priamum iuvenalibus armis
 Ut vidit, Quae mens tam dira, miserrime coniunx,
 Impulit his cingi telis ? aut quo ruis ? inquit. 520
 Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
 Tempus eget ; non, si ipse meus nunc adforet Hector.
 Huc tandem concede ; haec ara tuebitur omnes,
 Aut moriere simul. Sic ore effata recepit
 Ad sese et sacra longaevum in sede locavit. 525

Ecce autem elapsus Pyrrhi de caede Polites,
 Unus natorum Priami, per tela, per hostes
 Porticibus longis fugit, et vacua atria lustrat
 Saucius : illum ardens infesto volnere Pyrrhus
 Insequitur, iam iamque manu tenet et premit hasta : 530
 Ut tandem ante oculos evasit et ora parentum,
 Concidit, ac multo vitam cum sanguine fudit.
 Hic Priamus, quamquam in media iam morte tenetur,
 Non tamen abstinuit, nec voci iraeque pepercit.

At tibi pro scelere, exclamat, pro talibus ausis, 535
 Di, si qua est caelo pietas, quae talia curet,
 Persolvant grates dignas et praemia reddant
 Debita, qui nati coram me cernere letum
 Fecisti et patrios foedasti funere voltus.
 At non ille, satum quo te mentiris, Achilles 540

Old as he was, his long disused arms
 Threw on his feeble back, his useless sword 510
 Girt on, and went to die among his foes.

“ Amidst the house, beneath the naked sky,
 Stood a great altar, and a time-worn bay
 Leant over, and the House-gods wrapped in shade.
 Here, round the barren shrine, sat Hecuba 515
 And all her daughters, huddled up like doves
 In the black tempest, clinging to their Gods.
 But when she saw her lord in arms of youth,
 ‘ Unhappy spouse ! what madness makes thee take
 Those arms,’ she cried, ‘ or whither would’st thou go ? 520
 Not such the aid, nor such defence the times
 Require, not were my Hector here himself
 Draw here at last : this shrine will save us all,
 Or thou shalt die with us.’ And by her side
 She placed the age-worn King in holy seat. 525

“ But lo ! Polites, one of Priam’s sons,
 Flying from Pyrrhus’ sword, through foes, through spears,
 Down the long corridors and vacant halls
 Runs wounded. Pyrrhus, burning on the stroke,
 Chases, and grasps, and threatens him with the spear ; 530
 Till, just emerging in his parents’ sight,
 He fell, and shed his life in streaming blood.
 Then Priam, though with death now compassed round,
 Withheld not, nor his voice or anger spared.

“ ‘ For such a crime,’ he cries, ‘ for such a feat, 535
 May Heaven, if Pity dwell in Heaven to mark
 Such deeds, requite thee well, and give the meed
 Thou earnest, who before mine eyes hast slain
 My son, and marred his father’s sight with death.
 Not thus Achilles, whom thou feign’st thy sire, 540

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Dealt with his foeman Priam ; he revered
 The suppliant's plea, and to the tomb restored
 Hector's cold corse, and sent me home to Troy.'
 He spake ; and hurled his weak unwarlike spear,
 Which, straight recoiling from the raucous bronze, 545
 Hung idly from the buckler's central boss.

“ Then Pyrrhus : ‘ Thou shalt go then with the news
 To Peleus' son, my sire ! Tell him, be sure,
 The wicked deeds of his degenerate son !
 Now die !’ So saying, to the very shrine 550
 He dragged him trembling, slipping in the blood
 Of his own son, and held his hair, and flashed
 The blade, and hid it in his side hilt-deep.

“ So ended Priam's day : such doom he met,
 Seeing his Troy in flames, and all her towers / 555
 Down-cast ; once Lord of lands and peoples wide,
 Regent of Asia. Now a mighty trunk
 Lies headless on the shore, a corpse unnamed.

“ Then first wild fear embraced me, and I stood
 Awe-struck. The form of my dear father rose 560
 Before me, as I watched that King like-aged
 Pant out his life. I saw Creusa left,
 My house destroyed, the peril of my boy.
 With backward glance I sum the force around.
 All wearied out have flagged, and on the ground 565
 Tumbled, or aching dropt into the flames.

“ Now I alone was left ; when, by the shrine
 Of Vesta crouched, silent and close, I saw
 Tyndareus' daughter, for the fires shone bright

Erranti passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.
 Illa sibi infestos eversa ob Pergama Teucros
 Et poenas Danaum et deserti coniugis iras
 Praemetuens, Troiae et patriae communis Erinys,
 Abdiderat sese atque aris invisā sedebat.

570

Exarsere ignes animo ; subit ira cadentem
 Ulcisci patriam et sceleratas sumere poenas.
 Scilicet haec Spartam incolumis patriasque Mycenae
 Aspiciet ? partoque ibit regina triumpho,
 Coniugiumque, domumque, patres, natosque videbit,
 Iliadum turba et Phrygiis comitata ministris ?
 Occiderit ferro Priamus ? Troia arserit igni ?
 Dardanium totiens sudarit sanguine litus ?
 Non ita. Namque etsi nullum memorabile nomen
 Feminea in poena est nec habet victoria laudem,
 Exstinxisse nefas tamen et sumpsisse merentes
 Laudabor poenas, animumque explesse iuvabit
 Ultricis flammae, et cineres satiasset meorum.

575

580

585

Talia iactabam, et furiata mente ferebar,
 Cum mihi se, non ante oculis tam clara, videndam
 Obtulit et pura per noctem in luce refulsit
 Alma parens, confessa deam, qualisque videri
 Caelicolis et quanta solet, dextraque prehensum
 Continuit, roseoque haec insuper addidit ore :
 Nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras ?
 Quid furis ? aut quonam nostri tibi cura recessit ?
 Non prius aspicias, ubi fessum aetate parentem
 Liqueris Anchisen ? superet coniunxne Creusa,
 Ascaniusque puer ? quos omnes undique Graiae
 Circumerrant acies, et, ni mea cura resistat,
 Iam flammae tulerint inimicus et hauserit ensis.
 Non tibi Tyndaridis facies invisā Lacaenae
 Culpatusve Paris, divom inclementia, divom,

590

595

600

As to and fro I passed, surveying all.
 She, Trojans' hatred for their towers o'erthrown,
 The Greeks' revenge, her long-left husband's wrath
 Fore-dreading,—common Fury of Greece and Troy!—
 Had hidden, and by the altar lurked unseen.

570

“ My heart burned hot : wrath spurred me to avenge 575
 My falling land, and take the price of sin.
 Was she to look on Sparta and her land
 Unscathed, and in her triumph walk a Queen,
 With Trojan maids in train, and Phrygian boys,
 And see her wedded home, her sons, her kin ? 580
 Had Priam died for this, and Troy been burned,
 And Dardan blood so often poured like sweat ?
 Not so. For though no memorable name
 Springs from a woman's death, no victor's palm,
 Yet to quench evil, and repay desert 585
 Shall bring me praise. O sweet to glut my soul
 With vengeful fire, and sate my slaughtered kin !

“ So raving, I advanced with furious heart ;
 When in my sight, not seen before so clear,
 And in pure radiance gleaming through the dark, 590
 A very Goddess, in such mien, such state
 As Gods behold, my gracious mother came.
 She caught my hand, her rosy lips unclosed :
 ‘ Son, what great anguish stirs thy lawless wrath ?
 Whence is this rage ? Where lurks thy love for me ? 595
 Wilt thou not rather see where, worn with age,
 Thou hast left Anchises ? if Creusa lives,
 And young Iulus ? All the Grecian hosts
 About them range ; and, did my care not shield,
 Flames and the hostile blade had swept them off. 600
 Not Helen's hateful beauty thou must blame,
 Nor Paris : 'tis the Gods, the severe Gods,

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Who wreck this wealth, and raze the pride of Troy.
 Look ! for the cloud which dims thy mortal sight
 With mist and darkness, I will take away ;— 605
 Whate'er thy mother bids thee, have no fear,
 Nor disobey her counsels. Where thou see'st
 Yon mighty blocks uptorn, stone rent from stone,
 And eddying up together smoke and dust,
 Neptune is shaking with his trident huge 610
 The walls' foundations, and uprooting all
 The City. Here most awful Juno holds,
 Steel-girt, the Scaean Gate, and her allies
 Calls from their ships with rage.
 And lo ! Tritonia on the topmost towers 615
 Stands with her lurid cloud and Gorgon dread !
 Courage and strength to Greeks the Sire himself
 Gives ; He himself stirs Heaven to cope with Troy.
 Flee hence, my son, and give thy travail pause.
 Ne'er absent, I will guide thee safely home.' 620
 She spoke ; and hid herself in darkest night.
 Dread Shapes appear, and, warring against Troy,
 The mighty Hosts of Heaven.

“ Then all the city seemed to sink in flame,
 And Neptune's Troy, uprooted from its base, 625
 Fell, like some world-old ash-tree on the hills
 Smitten with steel, which woodmen try to fell
 With frequent hatchets : still it threatens long,
 And nods the tresses on its trembling head,
 Till, overcome with wounds, with one last groan 630
 Torn from its ridge, it drags a ruin low.

“ Down, Goddess-led, I haste, through foes, through fire.
 The spears give passage, and the flames recede.

“ But when my home was reached, our ancient house,

Antiquasque domos, genitor, quem tollere in altos 635
 Optabam primum montes primumque petebam,
 Abnegat excisa vitam producere Troia
 Exsiliumque pati. Vos o, quibus integer aevi
 Sanguis, ait, solidaeque suo stant robore vires,
 Vos agitate fugam. 640
 Me si caelicolae voluissent ducere vitam,
 Has mihi servassent sedes. Satis una superque
 Vidimus excidia et captae superavimus urbi.
 Sic o, sic positum adfati discedite corpus.
 Ipse manu mortem inveniam ; miserebitur hostis 645
 Exuviasque petet ; facilis iactura sepulchri.
 Iam pridem invisus divis et inutilis annos
 Demoror, ex quo me divom pater atque hominum rex
 Fulminis adflavit ventis et contigit igni.

Talia perstabat memorans, fixusque manebat. 650
 Nos contra effusi lacrimis coniunxque Creusa
 Ascaniusque omnisque domus, ne vertere secum
 Cuncta pater fatoque urgenti incumbere vellet.
 Abnegat, inceptoque et sedibus haeret in isdem.

Rursus in arma feror, mortemque miserrimus opto, 655
 Nam quod consilium aut quae iam fortuna dabatur ?
 Mene efferre pedem, genitor, te posse relicto
 Sperasti, tantumque nefas patrio excidit ore ?
 Si nihil ex tanta Superis placet urbe relinqui,
 Et sedet hoc animo, perituraeque addere Troiae 660
 Teque tuosque iuvat, patet isti ianua leto,
 Iamque aderit multo Priami de sanguine Pyrrhus,
 Gnatum ante ora patris, patrem qui obtruncat ad aras.
 Hoc erat, alma parens, quod me per tela, per ignes
 Eripis, ut mediis hostem in penetralibus, utque 665
 Ascanium patremque meum iuxtaque Creusam

My father, whom I first desired to bear 635
 High up the hills, and whom I first approached,
 Refused, since Troy was shattered, to prolong
 His days in exile. 'Ye, O ye whose blood
 Runs fresh,' he cried, 'in your own vigour strong,
 Turn ye to flight ! 640
 If the high Gods had willed that I should live,
 They would have spared my home. Enough and more
 One sack to see, one conquered town survive !
 Here, here my corpse is laid ; bid that farewell !
 Death mine own hand will find. The pitying foe 645
 Will spoil me soon ; a tomb is little loss.
 A weary while I linger, banned by Heaven,
 Useless, since me Heaven's Sire, and all men's King
 Swept with his thunder's blast, and smote with fire !'

" So he kept prating, and unshaken stayed. 650
 With tears we plead, my wife, my little son,
 And all our house, that he involve not all
 In ruin, nor press on the insistent doom.
 Still he says nay, not changing mind nor place.

" Back to the fight I rush, and choose to die, 655
 Most wretched ! for what plan, what chance remained ?
 I to escape, O Father ! and to leave
 Thee ! Fell such slander from a parent's tongue ?
 If the Gods will that nought be left of Troy,
 And thou art firm, and wilt to wreck so large 660
 Add thee and thine, Death's door will gape anon,
 When Pyrrhus comes, who sheds the father's blood
 Before the shrine, the son's before his sire.
 Was it for this, sweet Mother, me through shafts,
 Through flames thou barest, in the heart of home 665
 To see my foes, to see my son, my sire,

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My wife, all butchered in each other's blood ?
 Arms, men, bring arms ! Death calls the conquered on !
 Give me again to Greeks ! Let me renew
 Battle ! Not all shall perish unavenged !

670

“ I gird the steel again, and my left arm
 Strap to the targe, and step beyond my house :
 But on the threshold lo ! my wife embraced
 My feet, and to his father held my boy.
 ‘ If death thou seekest, bear us with thee too !
 But if, well-tried, thou hast some hope in arms,
 Shield first this house ! To whom shall we be left,
 Thy son, thy sire, and I, once called thy wife ? ’

675

“ Loudly she cried, and filled the house with moans :
 When suddenly a wondrous Sign uprose.
 For lo ! between his parents' arms and lips
 Above Iulus' head there seemed to glow
 A thin peaked light, a harmless flame, that played
 About his wavy locks, and licked his brow.
 With fear we trembled, and the burning hair
 Shook, and with water quenched the holy flames :
 But old Anchises to the stars upturns
 Joyful his eyes, to Heaven lifts hand and voice.
 ‘ Almighty ! If any prayers bend thy Will,
 Look on us, only look ! If worth deserve,
 O give us help ! Confirm this augury ! ’

680

685

690

“ Scarce had the old man said, when on the left
 Thunder outcrashed, and, sliding from its sphere,
 A Star shot through the darkness, trailing light.
 Above our palace roof we saw it glide,
 And bury its splendour in dark Ida's woods,

695

Signantemque vias ; tum longo limite sulcus
 Dat lucem, et late circum loca sulfure fumant.
 Hic vero victus genitor se tollit ad auras,
 Adfaturque deos et sanctum sidus adorat.

700

Iam iam nulla mora est ; sequor, et, qua ducitis, adsum.
 Di patrii, servate domum, servate nepotem.
 Vestrum hoc augurium, vestroque in numine Troia est.
 Cedo equidem, nec, nate, tibi comes ire recuso.
 Dixerat ille ; et iam per moenia clarior ignis
 Auditur, propiusque aestus incendia volvunt.

705

Ergo age, care pater, cervici inponere nostrae ;
 Ipse subibo umeris, nec me labor iste gravabit ;
 Quo res cumque cadent, unum et commune periculum,
 Una salus ambobus erit. Mihi parvus Iulus
 Sit comes, et longe servet vestigia coniunx.
 Vos, famuli, quae dicam, animis advertite vestris.
 Est urbe egressis tumulus templumque vetustum
 Desertae Cereris, iuxtaque antiqua cupressus
 Religione patrum multos servata per annos.
 Hanc ex diverso sedem veniemus in unam.
 Tu, genitor, cape sacra manu patriosque Penates ;
 Me, bello e tanto digressum et caede recenti,
 Attrectare nefas, donec me flumine vivo
 Abluero.

710

715

720

Haec fatus, latos umeros subiectaue colla
 Veste super fulvique insternor pelle leonis,
 Succedoque oneri ; dextrae se parvus Iulus
 Implicuit sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis ;
 Pone subit coniunx. Ferimur per opaca locorum ;
 Et me, quem dudum non ulla iniecta movebant
 Tela neque adverso glomerati ex agmine Graii,

725

Marking a path : the long-drawn furrow glows,
 And widely spreads around a sulphury fume.
 Then vanquished quite my father rose erect,
 Worshipped the holy Star, and prayed to Heaven. 700

“ ‘ No more delay. I follow where you lead.
 Save, Guardian Gods ! my house ; my grandson save !
 Yours is this omen ; in your hand is Troy !
 I yield ; to go with thee I not refuse ! ’
 He ceased ; and now more loud the fire is heard,
 More near the conflagration rolls its heat. 705

“ ‘ Then come, dear Father ! rest upon my neck ;
 My shoulders shall sustain thine easy load.
 Whate’er befall, one peril there shall be,
 One safety for us twain. With me my son 710
 Shall walk ; my wife shall follow far behind.
 Ye servants, heed my words. A mound there is
 Beyond the city Gate, an ancient fane
 Of lonely Ceres, and a cypress nigh,
 Saved through long years by reverential awe. 715
 To this one spot from divers let us come.
 Thou, Father, take our holy Gods of Home.
 For me, fresh come from battle and from blood,
 ’Tis sin to touch them, till in living streams
 I wash me clean.’ 720

“ Then over my broad shoulders and bent neck
 A cloak I spread, a tawny lion’s hide,
 And lift my load. Iulus clasps my hand,
 And follows with small steps his father’s stride.
 My wife comes after. Dusky ways we tread ; 725
 And I, whom late not any shafts dismayed,
 Not any Greeks in adverse battle ranged,

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Now fear each breeze, and start at every sound,
Trembling for both, my burden and my boy.

“ Now, drawing near the Gates, I deemed my way 730
All traversed, when a sound of many feet
Springs on our ears, and, peering through the gloom,
My father cries, ‘ Fly, fly ! my son, they come !
The gleam of brass I see, and glowing shields.’

“ Then in my fear some deity unkind 735
Stole my distracted wit ; for while I tread
By-ways, and leave the street’s familiar round,
Alas ! my wife Creusa, rapt by Fate,
Or stopped, or lost the way, or sank foredone,
Uncertain which, ne’er to my sight restored. 740
Nor looks for her thus lost nor thoughts I bent,
Ere to the mound we came and hallowed seat
Of ancient Ceres. Here, when all were met,
She only lacked, and failed both son and spouse.
What man, what God did not my fury accuse ? 745
What sight more cruel was in all Troy’s sack ?
My son, my sire, my Trojan Gods of Home,
Hid in a winding glen, I trust to friends,
The town regain, and don my shining arms ;
Firm to renew each risk, and through all Troy 750
Returning, thrust my head on peril again.

“ The walls and dusky portals whence I passed
First I regain, and follow through the night
My foot-prints back, and with close eye peruse.
Dread fills my heart ; the very silence daunts. 755
Thence home I turn, if haply there she tread,
If there ! The Greek invader fills the house.
The hungry fire is rolling up the roof
Wind-swept ; the flames leap up and roar to heaven.

Procedo et Priami sedes arcemque reviso. 760
 Et iam porticibus vacuis Iunonis asylo
 Custodes lecti Phoenix et dirus Ulixes
 Praedam adservabant. Huc undique Troia gaza
 Incensis erepta adytis, mensaeque deorum,
 Crateresque auro solidi, captivaque vestis 765
 Congeritur. Pueri et pavidae longo ordine matres
 Stant circum.

Ausus quin etiam voces iactare per umbram
 Inplevi clamore vias, maestusque Creusam
 Nequiquam ingeminans iterumque iterumque vocavi. 770
 Quaerenti et tectis urbis sine fine furenti
 Infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusae
 Visa mihi ante oculos et nota maior imago.
 Obstipui, steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit.
 Tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis : 775

Quid tantum insano iuvat indulgere dolori,
 O dulcis coniunx ? non haec sine numine divom
 Eveniunt ; nec te hinc comitem asportare Creusam
 Fas aut ille sinit superi regnator Olympi.
 Longa tibi exsilia, et vastum maris aequor arandum, 780
 Et terram Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius arva
 Inter opima virum leni fluit agmine Thybris :
 Illic res laetae regnumque et regia coniunx
 Parta tibi. Lacrimas delectae pelle Creusae :
 Non ego Myrmidonum sedes Dolopumve superbas 785
 Aspiciam, aut Graiis servitum matribus ibo,
 Dardanis, et divae Veneris nurus ;
 Sed me magna deum Genetrix his detinet oris.
 Iamque vale, et nati serva communis amorem.

Haec ubi dicta dedit, lacrimantem et multa volentem 790
 Dicere deseruit, tenuesque recessit in auras.

“ Again I pass to Priam’s towered seat. 760
 In the void cloisters, Juno’s sanctuary,
 Phoenix and dire Ulysses, chosen guards,
 Watch o’er the spoil. There Trojan treasures, torn
 From blazing shrines, and tables of the Gods,
 Bowls of pure gold, and captive vestments lie 765
 Promiscuous heaped. Around, in long array,
 Stand boys and trembling mothers.

“ Nay more : I dared to pierce the night with cries,
 Filling the streets with noise ; and vainly again,
 Again redoubling, called Creusa’s name. 770

Thus storming as I ranged, in ceaseless quest,
 A Phantom sad, mine own Creusa’s Shade,
 Rose to my sight, greater than her I knew.
 Spell-bound, my hair uprose, my tongue was tied.
 She spake, and with these words dispelled my care : 775

“ ‘ Why wilt thou yield thee to such frenzied woe,
 Sweet Husband ? Not without the Will of Gods
 It happens thus. To bear me hence with thee
 Fate not permits thee, nor Olympus’ Lord.
 Long exile shall be thine, vast seas to plough, 780
 And thou shalt reach Hesperia, where by tilth
 And wealth of men smooth-sliding Tiber flows.
 There joy and kingship and a royal wife
 Are thine. For dear Creusa weep no more.
 I shall not see the Myrmidons’ proud seats, 785
 Nor go to dwell a slave for Grecian wives,
 I of the Dardans, wife of Venus’ son !
 Nay ; me the mighty Mother of the Gods
 Here keeps. Farewell ! Love still thy son and mine ! ’

“ Thus when she had said, into thin air diffused, 790
 She left me weeping, fain to tell her much.

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POSTQUAM res Asiae Priamique evertere gentem
 Inmeritam visum Superis, ceciditque superbum
 Ilium et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troia,
 Diversa exsilia et desertas quaerere terras
 Auguriis agimur divom, classemque sub ipsa 5
 Antandro et Phrygiae molimur montibus Idae,
 Incerti, quo fata ferant, ubi sistere detur,
 Contrahimusque viros. Vix prima inceperat aestas,
 Et pater Anchises dare fatis vela iubebat ;
 Litora cum patriae lacrimans portusque relinquo 10
 Et campos, ubi Troia fuit. Feror exsul in altum
 Cum sociis natoque Penatibus et magnis dis.

Terra procul vastis colitur Mavortia campis,
 Thraces arant, acri quondam regnata Lycurgo,
 Hospitium antiquum Troiae sociique Penates, 15
 Dum Fortuna fuit. Feror huc, et litore curvo
 Moenia prima loco, fati ingressus iniquis,
 Aeneadasque meo nomen de nomine fingo.

Sacra Dionaeae matri divisque ferebam
 Auspiciis coeptorum operum, superoque nitentem 20
 Caelicolum regi mactabam in litore taurum.
 Forte fuit iuxta tumulus, quo cornea summo
 Virgulta et densis hastilibus horrida myrtus.
 Accessi, viridemque ab humo convellere silvam
 Conatus, ramis tegerem ut frondentibus aras, 25
 Horrendum et dictu video mirabile monstrum.
 Nam, quae prima solo ruptis radicibus arbor
 Vellitur, huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttae
 Et terram tabo maculant. Mibi frigida horror
 Membra quatit, gelicusque coit formidine sanguis. 30
 Rursus et alterius leatum convellere vimeas
 Insequor et causas penitus rempartare licentes :
 Acer et alterius sequitur de cortice sanguis.

“ HEN Asia's weal and Priam's guiltless race
 The Immortals doomed to ruin, and proud Troy
 Falls, and all Neptune's city smokes in dust,
 To banishment remote and lands forlorn
 Gods' voices call us ; and in Ida's shade, 5
 Beneath Antandros' wall, we build a fleet ;
 Uncertain to what bourne our fates will lead,
 And muster men. When summer scarce had sprung,
 And oft my sire bade spread our sails to Fate,
 I left my land with tears, I left the plain 10
 That once was Troy, to sail the homeless seas,
 With friends and son, with Troy's great Gods and mine.

“ Far off, in Mavors' land, the Thracians plough
 Their vasty plains, where erst Lycurgus reigned ;
 To Troy once friendly, and our Gods allied, 15
 Ere Fortune fled. There landing, on the bay,
 With fates unkind, my earliest town I trace,
 And name it from my name *Aeneadae*.

“ Oblations to my mother and the Gods,
 To bless our works, I paid ; and to Heaven's King 20
 A shining bull would slay. A mound was nigh,
 Whereon grew dogwood bushes, and dense spears
 Of prickly myrtle. Drawing near, I strove
 To crop the leafy wood, and wreathe with green
 Our altars, when behold ! an awful sign, 25
 Wondrous to tell ! for from the uprooted stem
 Which first I tore from earth, black drops of blood
 Gushed forth, and stained the soil. Cold horror shook
 My limbs ; fear froze my blood. Yet once again
 Out of another tree, I sought to tear 30
 A stubborn shoot, and probe the hidden cause.
 Black from that other bark forth issued blood.

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“ Deep pondering, I prayed the Woodland Nymphs,
 I prayed Gradivus, Lord of Getic fields,
 To bless that portent, and all harm remove. 35
 But when with greater effort, 'gainst the sand
 Pressing my knees, a third green spear I seize—
 O shall I speak, or hold my peace ?—a moan
 Deep in the mound is heard, a tearful moan,
 And a voice meets my ears : ‘ Why dost thou rend 40
 A wretched man, Aeneas ? Spare my grave ;
 Spare to pollute pure hands. Not strange to thee
 Troy bore me ; no strange blood is oozing here ;
 Fly, fly this cruel land, this greedy shore !
 For I am Polydorus. Here the steel, 45
 Sown in my flesh, hath sprouted into spears.’

“ Then doubt and dread oppressed me, and I stood
 Spell-bound ; my hair uprose, my tongue was tied.
 This Polydorus with a weight of gold
 Once sad-starred Priam sent in secret charge 50
 To Thracia's Prince, mistrusting Dardan arms,
 Seeing his walls girt close. When Troy was crushed,
 And Fortune ebbed, to Agamemnon's arms
 Turning in victory's wake, the Prince breaks through
 All law, slays Polydorus, and the gold 55
 Grasps. To what acts thou drivest mortal men,
 Thou impious greed of gold ! When fear had fled,
 To all our chiefest lords, my sire the first,
 These portents I disclose, and ask their will.
 One mind have all, to quit that guilty land, 60
 Leave treason's home, and give our barks the breeze.
 So funeral rites we pay, earth high the mound,
 And altars raise to Polydorus' shade,
 Mourning with dusky cypress ; and all round
 Stand Ilian wives with streaming tresses free ; 65
 Cups with warm milk afoam, and bowls we bear

Sanguinis et sacri pateras, animamque sepulchro
 Condimus, et magna supremum voce ciemus.

Inde, ubi prima fides pelago, placataque venti
 Dant maria et lenis crepitans vocat auster in altum, 70
 Deducunt socii naves et litora conplent.
 Provehimur portu, terraeque urbesque recedunt.

Sacra mari colitur medio gratissima tellus
 Nereidum matri et Neptuno Aegaeo,
 Quam pius Arcitenens oras et litora circum 75
 Errantem Mycono e celsa Gyaroque revinxit,
 Inmotamque coli dedit et contemnere ventos.
 Huc feror ; haec fessos tuto placidissima portu
 Accipit. Egressi veneramur Apollinis urbem.
 Rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phoebique sacerdos, 80
 Vittis et sacra redimitus tempora lauro,
 Occurrit ; veterem Anchisen adgnoscit amicum.
 Iungimus hospitio dextras, et tecta subimus.

Templa dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto :
 Da propriam, Thymbraeae, domum ; da moenia fessis 85
 Et genus et mansuram urbem ; serva altera Troiae
 Pergama, reliquias Danaum atque inmitis Achilli.
 Quem sequimur ? quove ire iubes ? ubi ponere sedes ?
 Da, pater, augurium, atque animis inlabere nostris.

Vix ea fatus eram : tremere omnia visa repente, 90
 Liminaque laurusque dei, totusque moveri
 Mons circum, et mugire adytis cortina reclusis.
 Submissi petimus terram, et vox fertur ad aures :

Dardanidae duri, quae vos a stirpe parentum
 Prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere laeto 95

Of sacred blood, and lay his soul to rest,
And cry aloud for him the last long cry.

“ From thence, when waves are trusted, and the breeze
Spreads calm, and South winds whisper to the sea, 70
Launching our ships, my comrades fill the strand.
We clear the haven ; lands and towns recede.

“ Amid the sea there lies a sacred isle,
To Neptune and the Sea-Nymphs' Mother dear,
Which, as it roamed the main, the Archer God 75
To Myconos and Gyaros fast bound,
And bade it lie unmoved, and scorn the gale.
I thither sail ; the unruffled port receives
Our weary crew ; we hail Apollo's town.
King Anius there, men's King and Phoebus' Priest, 80
Crowned with the laurel, met us, and recalled
The friend Anchises whom he loved of yore.
Kind hands we join, and pass beneath his roof.

“ Then to the Temple's hoary stones I bend :
' Grant us a home, Thymbraean ! Grant us walls, 85
A bidding city and race ! O keep and save
This second Troy, these leavings of the Greek !
Whom follow we ? and whither ? where to fix
Our Home ? Give omens, Lord, our souls inspire !'

“ I scarce had said ; a sudden tremor stirred 90
The doors, the holy laurel, all the hill
Shook, the shrine opened, and the tripod moaned.
Prostrate to earth we fell, and heard a voice :

“ ‘ Enduring Dardans ! That same land which bore
Your parent stock, again shall take you home 95

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To her rich breast. Your ancient Mother seek !
 There shall Aeneas' House all nations sway,
 And sons of sons, till generations fail !'

“ Thus Phoebus ; and a joyous uproar rose,
 And all demanded, to what Home the God . . . 100
 Called us, and bade the wanderers return.

“ My father then revolves the lore of old.
 ‘ Listen, O lords ! ’ he cries, ‘ and learn your hopes.
 Crete lies amid the sea, Jove's island home,
 Mount Ida, and the cradle of our race, 105
 An hundred cities fair, luxuriant fields.
 Thence our first father Teucer,—if the tale
 I well recall,—first sailed to Phrygian shores,
 And chose his realm. Not then had Ilium raised
 Her towers to heaven ; in sunken dales they dwelt. 110
 Hence Cybele's Queen, the Corybantic brass,
 The Idaean grove, the silence-guarded rites,
 And lions yoked beneath their mistress' car.
 Up, then, and follow where God's bidding leads ;
 Appease the winds, and make for Gnosus' realm ! 115
 Not far the vessels' course ; if Jove be near,
 Three days shall bear them to the coasts of Crete.'
 A bull to Neptune duly then he slew ;
 A bull to thee, fair Phoebus ! and two lambs,
 One black to Storm, one to boon Zephyrs white. 120

“ A rumour flies, Idomeneus hath left
 His realm an outcast, and deserted homes
 In Crete await us, of all foemen void.
 We leave Ortygia's port, and skim the main,
 By Naxos' Bacchic ridge, Donusa green, 125
 White Paros, Olearos, o'er straits that foam
 Round many a shore of sea-strewn Cyclades.

Nauticus exoritur vario certamine clamor ;
 Hortantur socii : Cretam proavosque petamus.
 Prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntes, 130
 Et tandem antiquis Curetum adlabimur oris.

Ergo avidus muros optatae molior urbis,
 Pergameamque voco, et laetam cognomine gentem
 Hortor amare focos arcemque attollere tectis.
 Iamque fere sicco subductae litore puppes ; 135
 Conubiis arvisque novis operata iuventus ;
 Iura domosque dabam : subito cum tabida membris,
 Corrupto caeli tractu, miserandaque venit
 Arboribusque satisque lues et letifer annus.
 Linquebant dulces animas, aut aegra trahebant 140
 Corpora ; tum steriles exurere Sirius agros ;
 Arebant herbae, et victum seges aegra negabat.
 Rursus ad oraclum Ortygiae Phoebumque remenso
 Hortatur pater ire mari, veniamque precari :
 Quam fessis finem rebus ferat ; unde laborum 145
 Temptare auxilium iubeat ; quo vertere cursus.

Nox erat, et terris animalia somnus habebat :
 Effigies sacrae divom Phrygiique Penates,
 Quos mecum a Troia mediisque ex ignibus urbis
 Extuleram, visi ante oculos adstare iacentis 150
 In somnis, multo manifesti lumine, qua se
 Plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras ;
 Tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis :
 Quod tibi delato Ortygiam dicturus Apollo est,
 Hic canit, et tua nos en ultro ad limina mittit. 155
 Nos te, Dardania incensa, tuaque arma secuti,
 Nos tumidum sub te permensi classibus aequor,
 Idem venturos tollemus in astra nepotes,
 Imperiumque urbi dabimus. Tu moenia magnis
 Magna para, longumque fugae ne linque laborem. 160

Loud cry the straining mariners, 'To Crete !'
 Cheerly they urge, 'On to our fathers' home !'
 A wind that follows wafts us on our way, 130
 And to those ancient shores we glide at last.

"My long-craved walls I trace, and call the town
Pergamea, praying Trojans, who rejoice
 In that great name, to love the towers they raise.
 And now our vessels on the beach were drawn, 135
 And all on marriage bent, and tillage new ;
 Laws, homes I gave ; when from the tainted sky
 On human limbs a sudden sickness fell,
 A blight on trees and crops, a year of death.
 Sweet life they left, or dragged enfeebled frames, 140
 While Sirius seared the fields, the herbage died,
 Sick crops refused their yield. My father then
 Bade us remeasure sea, and reach once more
 Ortygia, and implore of Phoebus' grace
 When pain should end, and whence he bade us try 145
 Our weariness to heal, and whither steer.

"'Twas night, and sleep held all the living world.
 The Holy Shapes, the Phrygian Gods of Home,
 Whom with me I had borne from Troy and flames,
 Seemed in my sleep to stand before mine eyes, 150
 Revealed in streaming light, where the full moon
 Poured through the deep-set windows : who thus spake,
 Dispelling care. 'What Phoebus hath to say,
 When thou hast reached Ortygia, here he sounds.
 He sends us to thy door. When Troy was burned, 155
 We followed thee and thine, measured in ships
 The tumbling waves with thee ; we too will raise
 Thy children to the stars, and give thy town
 Empire. Thy walls build greatly for the great.
 Nor shun long pain and exile. Thou must rest 160

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Elsewhere : not hither did the Delian prompt,
Apollo called thee to no shores of Crete.

A place there is, by Greeks Hesperia named,
An old land, strong in arms and the glebe's fruit,
Where dwelt Oenotrians ; now the younger men
After their Chiefs have called it Italy.

165

This is our proper seat : hence Dardanus
Sprang, and Iasius, founder of our line.

Up ! and thine ancient father tell with joy
No doubtful tidings ; Corythus to seek,

170

Ausonian lands. Jove doth not give thee Crete.'

“ Awed by such vision and the voice of Gods,—

Nor was that sleep, but openly I saw
Their very features and their cinctured hair,
And chilly sweat bedewed my every limb,—

175

Up from the bed I leap, and raise aloft
Heavenward both hands and voice, and offer gifts
Pure on the hearth. And when my vows were paid
All to Anchises I unfold with joy.

He owned the ambiguous line, the rival sires,
His strange confusion of familiar lands.

180

‘ O Son ! ’ he said, ‘ long tried by Ilium's doom !
Cassandra only warned me of this fate.

Now, I recall, thus she foretold our lot,
And named Hesperia oft and Italy.

185

But who could dream that Trojans should approach
Hesperian shores ? Whom could Cassandra move ?

Now, better counselled, let us own the God.
He said ; we all obeyed his words with joy.

We quit our second home, where few were left,
And spread our sails, and skim great plains of sea.

190

“ Far on the deep, when no more land we saw,—
Sky everywhere, and everywhere the sea,—

Tum mihi caeruleus supra caput adstitit imber,
 Noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris. 195
 Continuo venti volvunt mare magnaue surgunt
 Aequora ; dispersi iactamur gurgite vasto ;
 Involvere diem nimbi, et nox umida caelum
 Abstulit ; ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes.
 Excutimur cursu, et caecis erramus in undis. 200
 Ipse diem noctemque negat discernere caelo,
 Nec meminisse viae media Palinurus in unda.
 Tres adeo incertos caeca caligine soles
 Erramus pelago, totidem sine sidere noctes.
 Quarto terra die primum se attollere tandem 205
 Visa, aperire procul montes, ac volvere fumum.
 Vela cadunt, remis insurgimus ; haud mora, nautae
 Adnixi torquent spumas et caerulea verrunt.

Servatum ex undis Strophadum me litora primum
 Accipiunt ; Strophades Graio stant nomine dictae, 210
 Insulae Ionio in magno, quas dira Celaeno
 Harpyiaequae colunt aliae, Phineia postquam
 Clausa domus, mensasque metu liquere priores.
 Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec saevior ulla
 Pestis et ira deum Stygiis sese extulit undis. 215
 Virginei volucrum voltus, foedissima ventris
 Proluvies, uncaeque manus, et pallida semper
 Ora fame.

Huc ubi delati portus intravimus, ecce
 Laeta boum passim campis armenta videmus 220
 Caprigenumque pecus nullo custode per herbas.
 Inruimus ferro, et divos ipsumque vocamus
 In partem praedamque Iovem ; tum litore curvo
 Exstruimusque toros dapibusque epulamur opimis.
 At subitae horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt 225
 Harpyiae et magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas,

Then overhead a blue-black cloud of rain
 Bore night and storm ; the shuddering water gloomed. 195
 Blasts rolled the sea ; the mountain billows rose,
 And scattered wide our ships : the rainy clouds
 Shrouded the day, and hid the darkened sky,
 While fire flashed frequent from the riven rack.
 Swept from our course, we drift on blinding surge. 200
 E'en Palinurus in the sky confounds
 Noontide with night, nor recollects his course.
 Three days we drift in doubt and blinding gloom,
 As many starless nights, till land at last
 Rose the fourth morn, disclosing distant hills 205
 And curling smoke. Down drop the sails ; on oars
 Rising, our mariners with no delay
 Lustily toss the foam, and sweep the blue.

“ Saved from the deep, isles of the Ionian main
 Receive me first, by Greeks named Strophades, 210
 Where weird Celaeno and the Harpies dwell,
 From Phineus' house debarred, who fled in fear
 Their ancient board. No monster boding worse,
 Not any deadlier plague and wrath of Heaven,
 Rose from the Stygian flood. Winged things, they wear 215
 Girls' faces ; foul the droppings of their vent ;
 Claws are their hands ; their features evermore
 With famine pale.

“ Borne thither, and the haven made, behold !
 Rich droves of cattle scattered o'er the leas, 220
 And flocks of goats untended we descry.
 We flesh our blades, and Jove himself invite
 To share with Gods our spoil, then by the bay,
 Pile grassy seats, and feast on goodly cheer.
 But sudden from the cliffs, with awful swoop, 225
 Those Harpies fall, and flap their clangorous wings,

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Snatching the feast, and with polluting touch
 Spoil all ; their shrieks are mixed with odours foul.
 Once more, far-drawn within a caverned cliff,
 In shady trees embowered, we spread the board, 230
 And on our altars lay the fire afresh ;
 Once more from hidden lairs the screaming rout
 Fly round the prey, with beaks and crooked claws
 Tainting our meal. My comrades then I charged
 To take their arms, and fight the grisly tribe ; 235
 And they obeying lay their swords apart,
 Buried in grass, and hide their ambushed shields.
 Then when they drop, and scream along the shore,
 Misenus, from his watch, on hollow brass
 Signals ; and in strange battle we engage, 240
 Slashing with steel those Ocean Birds obscene.
 But not one stroke their plumes, their bodies take
 No wound ; and swift in flight upsoaring high,
 Half-eaten meat they leave, and traces foul.

“ Only Celaeno, evil-boding Seer, 245
 Lights on a lofty crag, and thus breaks forth :
 ‘ War would ye wage for kine and oxen slain ?
 Sons of Laomedon ! with war to drive
 Innocent Harpies from their fathers’ realm !
 Learn then, and fix in heart these words of mine, 250
 Which Jove foretold to Phoebus, he to me,
 And I, the Furies’ Queen, to you reveal.
 To Italy you sail : the summoned winds
 Unharméd shall bear you to Italian ports.
 But, ere you ring with walls your promised Home, 255
 Fierce famine and this outrage of our blood,
 Shall make you champ and gnaw your very boards.’

“ She ceased, and to the forest winged her flight.

At sociis subita gelidus formidine sanguis
 Deriguit ; cecidere animi, nec iam amplius armis, 260
 Sed votis precibusque iubent exposcere pacem,
 Sive deae, seu sint dirae obscenaeque volucres.

Et pater Anchises passis de litore palmis
 Numina magna vocat, meritosque indicit honores :
 Di, prohibete minas ; di, talem avertite casum, 265
 Et placidi servate pios ! Tum litore funem
 Deripere, excussosque iubet laxare rudentes.
 Tendunt vela Noti ; fugimus spumantibus undis,
 Qua cursum ventusque gubernatorque vocabat.

Iam medio adparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos 270
 Dulichiumque Sameque et Neritos ardua saxis.
 Effugimus scopulos Ithacae, Laertia regna,
 Et terram altricem saevi exsecramur Ulixi.
 Mox et Leucatae nimbose cacumina montis
 Et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo. 275
 Hunc petimus fessi et parvae succedimus urbi ;
 Ancora de prora iacitur, stant litore puppes.

Ergo insperata tandem tellure potiti
 Lustramurque Iovi votisque incendimus aras, 280
 Actiaque Iliacis celebramus litora ludis.
 Exercent patrias oleo labente palaestras
 Nudati socii ; iuvat evasisse tot urbes
 Argolicas mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostes.

Interea magnum sol circumvolvitur annum,
 Et glacialis hiemps aquilonibus asperat undas. 285
 Aere cavo clipeum, magni gestamen Abantis,
 Postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo :
 AENEAS HAEC DE DANAIIS VICTORIBUS ARMA.
 Linquere tum portus iubeo et considerare transtris.
 Certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora verrunt. 290
 Protinus aérias Phaeacum abscondimus arces,

Then cold with sudden awe my comrades' blood
 Froze, and their spirit fell. No more with arms, 260
 With vows and prayers they bid me strive for peace,
 Whether divine they be or fowls obscene.

My father on the beach, with palms outspread,
 Invokes the Gods, ordaining sacrifice.
 'O curb her threats, great Heaven! avert the curse! 265
 With mercy guard the good!' The cable then
 He bids us pull from shore, and loose the sheets;
 The South winds fill the sails; through foaming waves
 We skim the track where breeze and pilot call.

"Wooded Zacynthus, and Dulichium 270
 Rise from the sea, and Neritos' tall crags,
 And Same, and we skirt Laertes' land,
 Steep Ithaca, and curse Ulysses' home.
 Soon too the cloudy peaks of Leucas show,
 And that Apollo whom the seamen dread. 275
 Wearied we steer to make the little town,
 Cast anchor from the prow, and beach the stern.

"Thus gaining land unhopèd, our lustral dues
 To Jove we pay, and, kindling altar-fires,
 With Trojan Games we throng the Actian shore. 280
 There, stripped and sleek with oil, my comrades try
 Their country falls; so many an Argive town
 Rejoicing to have passed, and fled the foe.

"The Sun rounds all the year, and Winter froze
 Chafes with North winds the sea. Then on the gates 285
 I fix a hollow brazen shield, the wear
 Of mighty Abas, with this legend graved:
 '*These arms Aeneas from victorious Greeks!*'
 I bid the seamen weigh, and man the thwarts:
 Stoutly they smite the waves, and sweep the sea. 290
 And soon we lose Phaeacia's skiey tops,

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Skirt by Epirus' shore, Chaonia's port
Enter, and climb to steep Buthrotum town.

“ Rumours beyond belief there filled our ears,
That Helenus, the son of Priam, reigned 295
O'er those Greek towns, his bride and sceptre won
From Pyrrhus, and Andromache once more
Had found no alien spouse. My heart amazed
Burned to salute him, and to learn his tale.
Forth from the port I wend, from ships and shore, 300
When haply in a grove beyond the town,
By some feigned Simois stream, Andromache
Was shedding her sad gifts, and called his ghost
To Hector's tomb, an empty mound of turf,
And altars twain she hallowed but for tears. 305
Me coming when she spied, and saw distraught
The arms of Troy, by such great wonders awed,
Even still in gaze she froze, heat left her bones ;
She swooned, and scarce failed speech recovered late.

“ ‘ Art thou alive, with real face and voice, 310
O Goddess-born ! or, if sweet light be fled,
Where is my Hector ? ’ Weeping thus, with moans
She filled the grove. I hardly in brief replied
To her despair, gasping with broken words.

“ ‘ Alive I am, through all extremes I live. 315
Doubt not, the sight is real.
But O ! what chance hath fallen thee, declined
From such a man ? What worthy fate hath found
Hector's Andromache ? Art Pyrrhus' wife ? ’

“ She bowed her head, and in low accents spake. 320
‘ O blest alone of all the maids of Troy,
Before the foeman's tomb, neath Ilium's wall,

Iussa mori, quae sortitus non pertulit ullos,
 Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile !
 Nos, patria incensa diversa per aequora vectae, 325
 Stirpis Achilleae fastus iuvenemque superbum,
 Servitio enixae, tulimus : qui deinde, secutus
 Ledaeam Hermionen Lacedaemoniosque hymenaeos,
 Me famulo famulamque Heleno transmisit habendam.
 Ast illum, ereptae magno flammatus amore 330
 Coniugis et scelerum Furiis agitated, Orestes
 Excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad aras.
 Morte Neoptolemi regnorum reddita cessit
 Pars Heleno, qui Chaonios cognomine campos
 Chaoniamque omnem Troiano e Chaone dixit, 335
 Pergamaque Iliacamque iugis hanc addidit arcem.

Sed tibi qui cursum venti, quae fata dedere ?
 Aut quisnam ignarum nostris deus adpulit oris ?
 Quid puer Ascanius ? superatne et vescitur aura,
 Quem tibi iam Troia— 340
 Ecqua tamen puero est amissae cura parentis ?
 Ecquid in antiquam virtutem animosque viriles
 Et pater Aeneas et avunculus excitat Hector ?

Talia fundebat lacrimans longosque ciebat
 Incassum fletus, cum sese a moenibus heros 345
 Priamides multis Helenus comitantibus adfert,
 Adgnoscitque suos, laetusque ad limina ducit,
 Et multum lacrimas verba inter singula fundit.
 Procedo, et parvam Troiam simulataque magnis
 Pergama et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum 350
 Adgnosco, Scaetaeque amplector limina portae.
 Nec non et Teucris socia simul urbe fruuntur.
 Illos porticibus rex accipiebat in amplis ;
 Aulai medio libabant pocula Bacchi,
 Impositis auro dapibus, paterasque tenebant. 355

Bidden to die ! who bore no lottery's shame,
 Nor captive pressed a conquering master's bed !
 We, from our burning town borne oversea, 325
 The pride and insults of Achilles' son
 Endured, and the slave's child-bed. Wooing then
 Leda's Hermione, the Spartan bride,
 To Helenus he passed me, thrall to thrall.
 But him Orestes, burning with great love 330
 For his rapt bride, and by Crime's Furies driven,
 Took unawares, and at his altars slew.
 At Pyrrhus' death, part of his kingdom fell
 To Helenus, who named the land entire
 Chaonia, after Trojan Chaon's name, 335
 And built this towered Ilian citadel.

“ ‘ But thee what wind, what fate hath driven ? What God
 Thrust thee unweeting on our coast ? How fares
 Ascanius ? Drinks he yet the living air,
 Whom once in Troy— 340
 Doth the boy pine for his lost mother still ?
 Is he to ancient valour by his sire
 Aeneas, by his uncle Hector roused ? ’

“ She ended weeping, and long sobbed in vain ;
 When from the town the hero Helenus 345
 Came, thronged with friends, and recognised his kin,
 And gladly led us in, and at each word
 Shed many a tear. I go, and round me see
 A lesser Troy, dwarf towers like her great,
 A dried-up stream named Xanthus, and embrace 350
 A Scaean Gate. My Trojans too the while
 Enjoy the friendly city ; them the King
 Welcomes in spacious cloisters, and they pour
 In the Hall's centre votive cups of wine,
 And feast on golden plate, and lift the bowl. 355

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“ A day hath passed, and twain ; and now the South
Calls to the sails, the canvas swells with wind,
When thus imploring I address the Seer :

“ ‘ Troy-born, Interpreter of God, inspired
By bay and tripod and Apollo’s Will, 360
Stars and birds’ tongues and auguries of flight !
Tell me,—for holy voices all my course
Named happy, and all the Heavenly Ones advised
To make for Italy and lands remote,—
The Harpy alone Celaeno boded strange 365
Prodigious things, and told of cruel wrath,
And famine foul,—what perils shun I first ?
How guided, may I win that hard assay ? ’

“ Then Helenus the grace of Heaven first sues
With oxen duly slain, and from his head 370
Undoes the holy bands, and leads me himself,
O Phoebus, to thy doors, thrilled with the God !
Then with prophetic lips the Priest declaims :

“ ‘ O Goddess-born ! High auspices indeed
Direct thy voyage : so the King of Heaven 375
Thy lot awards ; so rolls thy ordered course.
Few things of many I will set in words,
That safer thou may’st sail the homeless seas,
And rest in Italy : more Fate conceals
From Helenus, and Juno locks his lips. 380

“ ‘ First ; that Ausonia which thou deemest near,—
Blind soul ! prepared to make a neighbour port !—
Far hence lies sundered by a pathless road.
First in Trinacrian waves the oar must bend,
The Ausonian brine be passed, the Aean Isle 385
Of Circe, and the Infernal Lakes, or e’er

Quam tuta possis urbem componere terra.
 Signa tibi dicam ; tu condita mente teneto :
 Cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam
 Litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus 390
 Triginta capitum fetus enixa iacebit,
 Alba, solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati,
 Is locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum.
 Nec tu mensarum morsus horresce futuros :
 Fata viam invenient aderitque vocatus Apollo. 395
 Has autem terras, Italique hanc litoris oram,
 Proxuma quae nostri perfunditur aequoris aestu,
 Effuge ; cuncta malis habitantur moenia Graiis.
 Hic et Narycii posuerunt moenia Locri,
 Et Sallentinos obsedit milite campos 400
 Lyctius Idomeneus ; hic illa ducis Meliboei
 Parva Philoctetae subnixa Petelia muro.

Quin, ubi transmissae sterterint trans aequora classes
 Et positis aris iam vota in litore solves,
 Purpureo velare comas adopertus amictu, 405
 Ne qua inter sanctos ignes in honore deorum
 Hostilis facies occurrat et omina turbet.
 Hunc socii morem sacrorum, hunc ipse teneto :
 Hac casti maneant in religione nepotes.
 Ast ubi digressum Siculae te admoverit orae 410
 Ventus et angusti rarescent claustra Pelori,
 Laeva tibi tellus et longo laeva petantur
 Aequora circuitu ; dextrum fuge litus et undas.
 Haec loca vi quondam et vasta convolsa ruina—
 Tantum aevi longinqua valet mutare vetustas— 415
 Dissiluisse ferunt, cum protinus utraque tellus
 Una foret ; venit medio vi pontus et undis
 Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit, arvaque et urbes
 Litore diductas angusto interluit aestu.
 Dextrum Scylla latus, laevum inplacata Charybdis 420

Thy City thou may'st found on harbouring shores.
 Signs I will show thee: keep them close at heart.
 When thou, perplexed, shalt find beneath the holms
 That fringe a secret stream one monstrous Sow 390
 Stretched on the ground, with thirty young new-born,
 White, and the brood about her udders white,
 There shalt thou build, there rest from pain secure.
 Nor heed that future gnawing of thy boards,—
 Fate shall find means, and Phoebus called be near. 395
 But fly those lands, fly that Italian coast
 Washed by our orient tides. In every town
 Dwells the bad Greek. Locrians of Naryx there
 Have built their walls. Idomeneus of Crete
 Hath poured his warriors o'er Sallentine plains; 400
 And there that Meliboean chieftain's town,
 Little Petelia, clinging to her wall.

“ ‘ Nay, when thy barks lie stayed across the main,
 And vows thou payest, raising on the beach
 Altars, thine hair with purple covert veil, 405
 Lest in thy worship any hostile face
 Crossing the hallowed fires thine omens spoil.
 Keep thou and thine this mode of sacrifice :
 Pure in this rite let thy descendants bide.
 But when thou leavest, to Sicilian shores 410
 Blown, and Pelorus' narrow straits unfold,
 Make the left coast, and sail with compass wide
 The Southern waters, but the Northern shun.
 Those lands long since, by some vast force uptorn,
 (So strong to change is the slow lapse of Time,) 415
 Were cleft apart, men say, though once the twain
 Were both one land. The sea broke in between,
 Hesperia rent from Sicily, and pours
 'Twixt fields and towns divorced a narrow tide.
 Scylla the right, Charybdis guards the left 420

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Insatiate, and thrice sucks the swirling flood
 Sheer down her gulf, and thrice again upspouts
 Alternate, lashing the high stars with spume.
 But Scylla, crouched in her blind cavern's lair,
 With jaws out-thrust, pulls vessels on the rocks ; 425
 A human face above ; a maid's fair breast
 Down to the waist ; below a monstrous shark,
 With dolphin's tail to wolfish belly joined.
 Better to round Pachynum's goal, and fetch
 A long and weary compass, than to sight 430
 Scylla but once within her vasty cave,
 And hear rocks echo to her sea-green hounds !

“ ‘ Now if some prescience, some prophetic fame
 Pertain to Helenus, if Phoebus fill
 His soul with truth, this one thing, Goddess-born ! 435
 One above all I warn thee, o'er and o'er
 Repeating, first to mighty Juno pray ;
 To Juno chant thy vows, and win with gifts
 The potent Queen ; so, leaving Sicily,
 Victor at last, Hesperia thou shalt gain. 440

“ ‘ And when thou drawest near to Cumae town,
 The mystic pools, Avernus' murmuring grove,
 There shalt thou see the Prophetess inspired,
 Who sings the fates of men and writes on leaves.
 Whate'er she writes on leaves she sorteth well, 445
 And in her cave keeps close. There they remain
 Unchanged, in sequence true. But when the hinge
 Turns, and a light air stirring through the door
 Blows the thin leaves about, no care hath she
 To catch them as they flutter through the cave, 450
 Nor set them right, nor make the verses meet.—
 Men leave unhelped, and hate the Sibyl's den.—
 Here count not thou delay too dearly bought,
 Though comrades chide, though strongly calls the sea,

Vela vocet possisque sinus inplere secundos, 455
 Quin adeas vatem precibusque oracula poscas
 Ipsa canat, vocemque volens atque ora resolvat.
 Illa tibi Italiae populos venturaque bella,
 Et quo quemque modo fugiasque ferasque laborem,
 Expediet, cursusque dabit venerata secundos. 460
 Haec sunt, quae nostra liceat te voce moneri.
 Vade age, et ingentem factis fer ad aethera Troiam.

Quae postquam vates sic ore effatus amico est,
 Dona dehinc auro gravia sectoque elephanto
 Imperat ad naves ferri, stipatque carinis 465
 Ingens argentum, Dodonaeosque lebetas,
 Loricam consertam hamis auroque trilicem,
 Et conum insignis galeae cristasque comantes,
 Arma Neoptolemi. Sunt et sua dona parenti.
 Addit equos, additque duces; 470
 Remigium supplet; socios simul instruit armis.

Interea classem velis aptare iubebat
 Anchises, fieret vento mora ne qua ferenti.
 Quem Phoebi interpres multo compellat honore :
 Coniugio, Anchise, Veneris dignate superbo, 475
 Cura deum, bis Pergameis erepte ruinis,
 Ecce tibi Ausoniae tellus ; hanc arripe velis.
 Et tamen hanc pelago praeterlabare necesse est ;
 Ausoniae pars illa procul, quam pandit Apollo.
 Vade, ait, o felix nati pietate. Quid ultra 480
 Provehor et fando surgentes demoror austros ?

Nec minus Andromache, digressu maesta supremo,
 Fert picturatas auri subtemine vestes
 Et Phrygiam Ascanio chlamydem, nec cedit honori,
 Textilibusque onerat donis, ac talia fatur : 485
 Accipe et haec, manuum tibi quae monumenta mearum

And thou may'st fill the happy-bosomed sail. 455
 Go to the Prophetess, and beg her sing
 Herself thine oracles with willing lips.
 The tribes of Italy, and wars to come,
 How to escape each pain, and how to bear,
 She will unfold, and, worshipped, grant success. 460
 So much my voice may warn thee. Forward, then,
 And by thy deeds to Heaven uplift great Troy !'

" Thus when the Seer's befriending lips had said,
 Gifts to our ships he sent, of heavy gold
 And carven ivory, and stowed our hulls 465
 With massive silver, and Dodona's ware,
 A coat of mail thrice-wove with rings of gold,
 A fair peaked helmet, and a plummy crest,
 The arms of Pyrrhus. And my sire hath gifts.
 Steeds too he gives, and guides ; 470
 And finds us oars, and lends my comrades arms.

" Meanwhile Anchises bade the fleet set sail,
 Nor lose the blowing wind. Whom Phoebus' Priest
 Thus reverently bespake : ' Anchises, dear
 To Heaven, by Venus' glorious nuptials crowned ! 475
 Twice rapt from Trojan ruins ! Lo, for thee
 Ausonia waits. Sail hence to yonder shores !
 Yet them thou needs must skirt by sea : far off
 Lies that Ausonian land Phoebus reveals !
 Go, happy in thy son ! Why further add, 480
 Or with my talk delay the rising gales ? '

" Andromache, at this last parting sad,
 Brings for Iulus too a Phrygian vest,
 And robes of golden broidery, nor stints
 Her favour, loading him with woven gifts. 485
 ' Take these,' she saith, ' memorials of my hands,

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Long to attest the love of Hector's wife,
 Andromache, the last gifts of thy kin.
 O boy ! sole image of my Astyanax
 Now left ! Such eyes he had, such hands, such face ! 490
 And now like-aged were growing up with thee !'

" Leaving, I spoke to them with rising tears ;
 ' Live happy, ye whose blessedness is won,
 Won now, while we are called from fate to fate !
 Your rest is gained : no sea remains to plough, 495
 Nor those Ausonian ever-fading fields
 To chase. A feigned Xanthus you behold,
 A Troy your hands have made ; a Troy, I pray,
 Of happier fate, beyond the range of Greeks.
 If e'er I enter Tiber, and the fields 500
 That Tiber laves, and see our promised Home,
 Twin cities there, and peoples closely bound,
 Epirus and Hesperia, with one fate,
 From Dardanus each sprung, our hearts shall make
 One second Troy. Such charge await our sons !' 505

" Thence onward sailing by Ceraunian cliffs,
 Our briefest course towards Italy we steer,
 Till the sun sets, and the grey hills grow dim.
 In the dear lap of earth we fling ourselves,
 Allotting oars, and on the dry sea-sand 510
 Comfort our limbs : sleep bathes the weary flesh.

" Night, driven by the Hours, her arch's crown
 Not yet had climbed, when Palinurus rose,
 Alert, and tried the wind, and on his ear
 Caught it, and scanned the stars in the still sky, 515
 Arcturus and the rainy Hyades,
 The Bears, and great Orion, armed with gold.
 And when he sees all heaven's unclouded calm,

Dat clarum e puppi signum ; nos castra movemus,
 Temptamusque viam et velorum pandimus alas. 520

Iamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis,
 Cum procul obscuros colles humilemque videmus
 Italiam. Italiam primus conclamat Achates,
 Italiam laeto socii clamore salutant.

Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera corona 525
 Induit inplevitque mero, divosque vocavit
 Stans celsa in puppi :
 Di maris et terrae tempestatumque potentes,
 Ferte viam vento facilem et spirate secundi.

Crebrescunt optatae aerae, portusque patescit 530
 Iam propior, templumque adparet in arce Minervae.
 Vela legunt socii, et proras ad litora torquent.
 Portus ab Euroo fluctu curvatus in arcum ;
 Obiectae salsa spumant adspargine cautes ;
 Ipse latet ; gemino demittunt bracchia muro 535
 Turriti scopuli, refugitque ab litore templum.
 Quattuor hic, primum omen, equos in gramine vidi
 Tondentes campum late, candore nivali.

Et pater Anchises : Bellum, o terra hospita, portas ;
 Bello armantur equi, bellum haec armenta minantur. 540
 Sed tamen idem olim curru succedere sueti
 Quadrupedes, et frena iugo concordia ferre :
 Spes et pacis, ait. Tum numina sancta precamur
 Palladis armisonae, quae prima accepit ovantes,
 Et capita ante aras Phrygio velamur amictu ; 545
 Praeceptisque Heleni, dederat quae maxuma, rite
 Iunoni Argivae iussos adolemus honores.

Haud mora, continuo perfectis ordine votis
 Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum,
 Graiugenumque domos suspectaque linquimus arva. 550

He sounds his signal clear ; we move our camp,
Launch forth anew, and spread our vessels' wings. 520

“The stars had fled before the reddening morn,
When far dim hills we saw, and lying low
Italy. ‘Italy!’ first Achates cries ;
And merrily the crews hail ‘Italy!’
Then Sire Anchises crowns a mighty bowl, 525
And fills with wine, and calls upon the Gods,
High standing on the stern :
‘O Gods, supreme o’er earth and sea and sky !
Waft us with aiding wind, and breathe benign !’

“The wished-for breezes freshen, and the port 530
Widens more near, and on Minerva’s Hill
A Temple shines. We, furling sail, our prows
Turn shoreward. Hollowed by the Eastern tide,
The port lies hid, its jutting horns afoam
With the salt spray : twin walls of towered rock 535
Stretch down, and from the shore the fane recedes.
Four horses, our first omen, here we saw,
Cropping the grassy lea, as white as snow.
Whereat Anchises : ‘War, strange Land, thou bearest,
For war the steed is armed ; these threaten war. 540
Yet this same beast will learn the harness’ use,
Drawing the car, and bearing concord’s yoke ;
Hope too for peace,’ saith he. Invoking then
Armed Pallas’ might, who first our hail received,
Before her sacred shrine we veil our heads ; 545
And duly, upon the Prophet’s prime command,
To Argive Juno pay the sacrifice.

“On, without stay, when all our vows were made,
Turning our sail-yard horns, those Greekish homes,
Suspected fields, we leave ; and soon descry 550

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Tarentum's bay, once home, ifi fame not errs,
 Ofi Hercules, Lacinia's answering fane,
 And Caulon's cliffs, and Scylaceum's strand,
 Wreck-strewn. Then Aetna rises from the wave ;
 And far away we hear the loud sea moan 555
 On beaten crags, and the shore's broken voice.
 The surf leaps high ; the sands and surges mix.
 Then spake Anchises : ' 'Tis Charybdis, sure,
 Those rocks, those awful crags the Seer foretold !
 Make off, my friends, rise on the oars in time !' 560
 They straight obey ; and Palinurus first
 Swings South the roaring prow, and all our host
 With oar, with wind, strain South. Now up to heaven
 The arched wave lifts us ; now, the wave drawn in,
 We sink to shades below. Thrice roar the rocks 565
 Through caverns deep ; thrice the showered spray we see,
 And stars bedewed with brine. But now the wind
 Sinks with the sun, and leaves us weary men,
 Who float unknowing to the Cyclops' coast.

" A haven wide there lies, by beating winds 570
 Unstirred, but near it Aetna thundering vents
 Terrific deluge. Now a cloud of smoke,
 Whirlwinds of pitch, and embers glowing white,
 To the frayed stars he flings, and globes of fire.
 Now shattered stones and entrails of the mount 575
 He belches forth, and volleys molten rocks,
 Roaring, and boiling from his deep abyss.
 Below that mass, Enceladus, 'tis famed,
 Lies, scorched by lightning, while above his head
 Through riven ducts great Aetna blows his flames. 580
 And all Trinacria, when he turns his side,
 Trembles and moans, and shrouds in smoke the sky.
 That night those uncouth wonders we endure,
 Hidden in woods, nor see what makes the din.

Nam neque erant astrorum ignes, nec lucidus aethra
 Siderea polus, obscuro sed nubila caelo,
 Et Lunam in nimbo nox intempesta tenebat. 585

Postera iamque dies primo surgebat Eoo,
 Umentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram :
 Cum subito e silvis, macie confecta suprema, 590
 Ignoti nova forma viri miserandaque cultu
 Procedit supplexque manus ad litora tendit.

Respicimus. Dira inlucies inmissaque barba,
 Consertum tegumen spinis ; at cetera Graius,
 Et quondam patriis ad Troiam missus in armis. 595

Isque ubi Dardanios habitus et Troia vidit
 Arma procul, paulum aspectu conterritus haesit,
 Continuitque gradum ; mox sese ad litora praeceps
 Cum fletu precibusque tulit : Per sidera testor,
 Per superos atque hoc caeli spirabile lumen, 600

Tollite me, Teucris ; quascumque abducite terras ;
 Hoc sat erit. Scio me Danais e classibus unum,
 Et bello Iliacos fateor petiisse Penates.

Pro quo, si sceleris tanta est iniuria nostri,
 Spargite me in fluctus, vastoque inmergite ponto. 605
 Si pereo, hominum manibus periisse iuvabit.

Dixerat, et genua amplexus genibusque volutans
 Haerebat. Qui sit, fari, quo sanguine cretus,
 Hortamur ; quae deinde agitet fortuna, fateri.
 Ipse pater dextram Anchises, haud multa moratus, 610
 Dat iuveni, atque animum praesenti pignore firmat.
 Ille haec, deposita tandem formidine, fatur :

Sum patria ex Ithaca, comes infelicis Ulixi,
 Nomine Achemenides, Troiam genitore Adamasto
 Paupere—mansissetque utinam fortuna !—profectus. 615
 Hic me, dum trepidi crudelia limina linqunt,
 Inmemores socii vasto Cyclopi in antro

No planet sheds its fire ; no starry sheen
Brightens the sky ; the louring rack rolls up,
And sullen Night holds fast the clouded moon. 585

“ Now morn uprising with her orient star
Chased the dun mist, when sudden from the woods
Stept a strange shape of man, piteous in guise, 590
With extreme famine spent, who to the beach
Stretched forth entreating hands. We turn and gaze.
Sad filth, and beard unkempt, a garment held
By thorns ; yet else a Greek, and one of old
Sent armed to Troy. He, when the Dardan dress 595
The Trojan arms he saw, awhile stopped short,
Scared at the sight, but to the beach anon
Ran headlong, and with weeping us implored :
‘ Now by the Stars I adjure you, by the Gods,
And by this lucent heavenly air we breathe, 600
Uplift me Trojans ! Take me to what lands
Ye seek soe’er. I know that I am Greek ;
And own I warred against the Gods of Troy ;
For which, if wrong so deep my guilt hath done,
Sink me in sea, and strew me o’er the flood ! 605
Dying, by human hands I fain would die !’

“ He ceased, and clasped our knees, and to our knees
Clung writhing. Who he is, we bid him tell,
Whence born, what fortune drives about his days.
With scanty pause Anchises gave the youth 610
His own right hand in pledge, and cheered his heart ;
Who, when his fear was banished, thus returned :

“ ‘ Ithaca bore me, Achemenides,
Ulysses’ mate, whom Adamastus poor,
My father, sent to Troy,— woe worth the day !— 615
In the vast Cyclops’ cave, those cruel doors
Fleeing in dread, my comrades left me here,

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Forgetful. Blood and bloody feasts pollute
That great dark house. The Giant—O ye Gods,
Take such a pest from earth!—strikes heaven itself, 620
Unfit for sight, unfit for speech of man,
On wretches' entrails fed and purple blood.

“ ‘ Myself I saw him seize, with monstrous hand,
Stretched in his cave supine, two of our crew,
And break them on a rock, and the splashed floor 625
Ran blood. I saw him champ their gory limbs,
And the warm trembling flesh between his teeth !
Yet not unavenged : Ulysses bore not that,
Nor in such straits forgot his native wit.

When, gorged with meat and buried deep in wine, 630
The Monster bowed his neck, and lay immense
Along the cave, and vomited in sleep

Gobbets with blood and wine, we, casting lots,
And praying the great Gods, together all
Surged round, and with a pointed weapon bored 635

The one huge eye, which like an Argive shield,
Or the Sun's orb, sank in his glooming brow ;
And glad at last avenged our comrades' ghosts.—

~~But fly, poor wretches, fly ;~~ and from this strand
Your hawser tear ! 640

Like Polyphemus, in his cave who pens
And milks the woolly flock, so gross and grim
An hundred other one-eyed monsters dwell
About these bays, and roam the mountain sides.

Three moons e'en now have filled their horns with light, 645
While I among the forest haunts and homes

Of the lone beasts live on, and on the Rock
Spy those great giants, and their voice and tread
Hear trembling. Branches give me sorry fare,

Berries and cornels crude ; uprooted herbs 650
Feed me. Far gazing round, at last I saw

Conspexi venientem. Huic me, quaecumque fuisset,
 Addixi : satis est gentem effugisse nefandam.
 Vos animam hanc potius quocumque absumite leto.

Vix ea fatus erat, summo cum monte videmus 655
 Ipsum inter pecudes vasta se mole moventem
 Pastorem Polyphemum et litora nota petentem,
 Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

Trunca manu pinus regit et vestigia firmat ;
 Lanigeræ comitantur oves ; ea sola voluptas 660
 Solamenque mali.

Postquam altos tetigit fluctus et ad aequora venit,
 Luminis effossi fluidum lavit inde cruorem,
 Dentibus infrendens gemitu, graditurque per aequor
 Iam medium, necdum fluctus latera ardua tinxit. 665

Nos procul inde fugam trepidi celerare, recepto
 Supplice sic merito, tacitique incidere funem ;
 Verrimus et proni certantibus aequora remis.

Sensit, et ad sonitum vocis vestigia torsit.

Verum ubi nulla datur dextra adfectare potestas, 670

Nec potis Ionios fluctus aequare sequendo,

Clamorem inmensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes

Contremuere undae, penitusque exterrita tellus

Italiae, curvisque inmugiit Aetna cavernis.

At genus e silvis Cyclopum et montibus altis 675

Excitum ruit ad portus et litora conplent.

Cernimus adstantes nequiquam lumine torvo

Aetnaeos fratres, caelo capita alta ferentes,

Concilium horrendum : quales cum vertice celso

Aeriae quercus, aut coniferae cyparissi simile 680

Constiterunt, silva alta Iovis, lucusve Dianae.

Praecipites metus acer agit quocumque rudentes

Excutere, et ventis intendere vela secundis.

Contra iussa monent Heleni, Scyllam atque Charybdim

Inter, utramque viam leti discrimine parvo, 685

Your barks, to which I turned, whate'er might hap.
Enough for me to escape this cursed crew ;
Ye rather take my life howe'er ye will ! '

“ He scarce hath said, when from the hills we see 655
The shepherd Polyphemus with his flocks
Moving gigantic to the well-known shore ;
A Monster grim, huge, shapeless, reft of light.
A fir his hand hath lopped supports his steps ;
The woolly sheep attend him, sole delight, 660
Sole solace of his pain.
When the deep flood he touched and reached the sea,
There, gnashing loud his teeth, the oozing blood
From his gouged eye he laves, and through the main
Strides to the midst, nor wets his lofty sides. 665
Far thence in fear we fly, with him that prayed
And earned our grace, in silence cut the rope,
And bend with straining oars, and sweep the sea.
He hears, and turns his footsteps to the sound.
But when he fails to grasp us and to match 670
The Ionian waves in chase, a great uproar
He raised, whereat each billow of the sea
Shook, and the soil of Italy far down
Trembled, and Aetna's hollow caverns roared.
Then from the woods and mountain sides aroused, 675
The one-eyed clan down rush, and fill the beach.
Vainly, with angry looks, we see them stand,
Brothers of Aetna, with sky-towering heads,
An awful conclave ! as high oaks uplift
Their airy tops, or coned cypresses, 680
Jove's lofty forest, or Diana's grove.

“ Fear urged us then to slacken sheets, and spread
Our canvas to the wind. Far other charge
The Prophet gave us, not to hold our way
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis, on each hand 685

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The edge of ruin : so our sails are backed ;
 And lo ! the North wind from Pelorus' strait
 Blows, and Pantagia's living stones I pass,
 And Megara's gulf, and Thapsus' lowly strand.
 Such shores the comrade of Ulysses' pain
 Showed us, recoasting where he sailed of yore. 690

“ Off the Sicanian bay, an Island lies,
 Against wave-washed Plemyrion, named of old
 Ortygia. There Alpheus, Elis' stream,
 Stole underseas, men say, by secret paths, 695
 And through thy fount, O Arethusa ! pours
 Into Sicilian seas : to whom, forewarned,
 We pay our vows ; then, past the luscious meads
 Of still Helorus, graze Pachynus' reefs :
 Till Camarina, whom the Fates forbade 700
 To move her marsh, shows far, and Gela's plain,
 Gela that bears its churlish river's name.
 Then Acragas the steep, the getter once
 Of noble steeds, shows her great walls afar.
 Thy palms, Selinus, on the granted gale 705
 I leave, and thread the Lilybaean shoals,
 And sunken reefs, till on the joyless strand
 Of Drepanum I stay. There, tempest-tost
 So long, ah me ! my father, comforter
 Of every ill, I lose. There me outworn, 710
 Thou leavest, father, rescued all in vain !
 Not Helenus, foretelling things of dread,
 Told me this sorrow, nor Celaeno grim.
 This was my latest woe, my long road's end.
 Departed thence, God drove me to your shores.” 715

One before all intent, Aeneas thus
 The doom of Heaven retold, and all his ways ;
 Then hushed, and rested, when the tale was done.

BOOK IV

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BUT Dido, sick long since of painful love,
 Feeds with her 'veins the wound, by fire unseen
 Wasted. The hero's prowess haunts her much,
 Much his great race. Fast in her heart are fixt
 His looks, his words, and love denies her rest.

5

The morrow morn with Phoebus' lamp the earth
 Gan traverse, and the dewy shades dispersed,
 When her twin-hearted sister thus distraught
 She addressed :

" What dreams, O Anna ! scare my soul !
 O what a guest is this to us new-come !

10

O what a mien, what front, what arms are his !
 Not vain my faith that he is Heavenly born.
 Fear stamps the baser soul. O how the Fates
 Have vext him ! How he told of battles waged !
 Were not my mind irrevocably fixed

15

With none to mate in wedlock, since by death
 Love, turning traitor, robbed me at the prime ;
 Were I not tired of bridal torch and bower,
 To this one fault perchance I might succumb.
 Anna, I own it, since Sychæus fell ;

20

And by a brother's blood our House was stained,
 He only hath moved my heart, or made my will
 Falter ; I know the marks, the flame of old !
 But O ! may Earth yawn deep, may Heaven's high Sire
 With all his thunders hurl me to the shades,

25

Pale shades of Erebus, and Night profound,
 Ere, Honour, thee I soil, or break thy law !
 He who first made me his took with him all
 My heart ; still let him keep it in his grave !"
 She ceased, and rising tears her bosom filled.

30

Then Anna : " Dearer far than light is dear,
 O Sister ! wilt thou wither all thy Spring

Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec praemia noris ?
 Id cinerem aut Manes crèdis curare sepultos ?
 Esto, aegram nulli quondam flexere mariti,
 Non Libyae, non ante Tyro ; despectus Iarbas
 Ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis
 Dives alit : placitone etiam pugnabis amori ?
 Nec venit in mentem, quorum consederis arvis ?
 Hinc Gaetulae urbes, genus insuperabile bello,
 Et Numidae infreni cingunt et inhospita Syrtis ;
 Hinc deserta siti regio, lateque furentes
 Barcaei. Quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam,
 Germanique minas ?
 Dis equidem auspiciis reor et Iunone secunda
 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
 Indulge hospitio, causasque innecte morandi,
 Dum pelago desaevit hiemps et aquosus Orion,
 Quassataeque rates, dum non tractabile caelum.

His dictis incensum animum flammavit amore,
 Spemque dedit dubiae menti, solvitque pudorem.
 Principio delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras
 Exquirunt ; mactant lectas de more bidentes.
 Legiferae Cereri, Phoeboque patrique Lyaeo,
 Iunoni ante omnes, cui vincla iugalia curae.
 Ipsa, tenens dextra pateram, pulcherrima Dido
 Candentis vaccae media inter cornua fundit,
 Aut ante ora deum pingues spatatur ad aras,
 Instauratque diem donis, pecudumque reclusis
 Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.
 Heu vatam ignarae mentes ! quid vota furentem,

Lonely, with no sweet babes, no crown of Love ?
 Think'st thou the buried ghost heeds aught of that ?
 What though no lover moved thee in thy grief, 35
 In Tyre, or Libya ; not Iarbas scorned,
 Nor any Prince of Afric's conquering clime,
 Yet wilt thou wrestle with a welcome love ?
 Hast thou no thought in whose domains we dwell,
 Tameless Gaetulians here, and all around 40
 Unreined Numidians and the Syrtes waste ;
 There desert drought, and Barce's savage hordes ?
 What need to tell of wars that spring from Tyre,
 Thy brother's menace ?
 Guided by Gods I hold and Juno's love 45
~~Troy's fleet was hither blown. O what a city,~~
~~Sister, wilt thou see here, what kingdoms rise~~
~~On such a wedding ! To what heights, allied~~
~~With Trojan arms, will Punic glory ascend !~~
 Nay ; sue the grace of Heaven with holy vows, 50
~~Give entertainment room, and weave excuse~~
~~To stay him, while with storms Orion wet~~
~~Smites sea and ship, while heavens refuse a track."~~

Thus speaking, she made flame her glowing heart,
 Filled her racked mind with hope, loosed Honour's rein. 55
 ✓ They seek the shrines ; they pray for peace, and slay
 Choice ewes to Ceres, Bearer of the Law,
 To Phoebus and Lyaeus, but in chief
 To Juno, Guardian of the marriage bond.
 Dido herself, most fair, with bowl in hand, 60
 Pours o'er a white cow's horns, before the Gods
 Paces to their rich altars, and the day
 Hallows with gifts, and in the victim's breast
 Gazing takes counsel of the breathing heart.
 O blind Diviners ! How can vow or shrine 65

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Help passion's slave ? The flame is biting deep
 E'en then, and dumb within the wound lives on.
 Unhappy Dido, burning, through the town
 Roams frenzied, like an arrow-stricken doe,
 Whom shooting far some hind in Cretan glens
 Carelessly struck, and left the flying steel
 Unknowing. She o'er Dicte's forest lawns
 Flies, bearing in her flank the reed of death.

70

Now through the streets she leads him, and displays
 Her Tyrian wealth, her city built and made ;
 Begins to speak, and checks the half-spoken word :
 Now to the banquet goes at ebbing day,
 And asks again to hear the Tale of Troy,
 Infatuate ! and again hangs on his lips.
 But when they part, and the dim moon in turn
 Sets, and the sinking stars are urging sleep,
 Sole in her halls she mourns, his empty couch
 Clasps, and him absent hears far off and sees.
 Or, by his father's looks entranced, she hugs
 Iulus, to beguile her untold love.
 No more the towers rise ; no more the youth
 Exercise arms, nor ports or bulwarks make
 Defensive : interrupted hang the works,
 The giant threatening walls and engines huge.

75

80

85

Her thus infected when the Wife of Jove
 Saw, and to passion yielding up her fame,
 To Venus thus she spake : " A noble prize,
 An ample spoil ye win, a glorious name,
 Thou and thy Boy ! One woman by two Gods
 Subtly subdued ! Nor do I fail to see . . .
 Our town thou fearest, this high Punic House
 Holding suspect. But what shall be the end ?
 What boots our rivalry ? Nay, let us make

90

95

Quin potius pacem aeternam pactosque hymenaeos
 Exercemus? habes, tota quod mente petisti : 100
 Ardet amans Dido traxitque per ossa furorem.
 Communem hunc ergo populum paribusque regamus
 Auspiciis ; liceat Phrygio servire marito,
 Dotelesque 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
 Confieri possit, paucis, adverte, docebo.
 Venatum Aeneas unaque miserrima Dido
 In nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus
 Extulerit Titan radiisque retexerit orbem.
 His ego nigrantem commixta grandine nimbum, 120
 Dum trepidant alae, saltusque indagine cingunt,
 Desuper infundam, et tonitru caelum omne ciebo.
 Diffugient comites et nocte tegentur opaca :
 Speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem
 Devenient. Adero, et, tua si mihi certa voluntas, 125
 Conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo.
 Hic Hymenaeus erit. Non adversata petenti
 Adnuit, atque dolis risit Cytherea repertis.

An ever-during peace, a bridal pact.
Thou hast thine heart's desire. Dido with love 100
Burns, and through every vein draws passion in.
Rule we this people then with equal sway
Jointly, and let her serve a Phrygian lord,
And hand to thee for dower her Tyrian men."

To whom thus Venus—for beneath that speech 105
She marked what craft to Libya would divert
The Italian crown: "Twere madness to prefer
A war with thee! If when thy plan were done
'Twould issue well! But I am swayed by Fate
Uncertain if the Will of Jove intend 110
One city for the men of Tyre and Troy,
Both peoples blent and federate; but thou,
Thou art his wife; thou may'st his mind essay.
Lead, and I follow."

Juno then replied:
"Mine be that task. How to achieve our aim, 115
Hear now, and briefly learn. To hunt the glade
Aeneas and the woe-doomed Queen will ride
Together, when the morrow's sun new-risen
Unveils the radiant world. While ranging scouts
Circle the wood with toils, a sleety storm 120
On them will I pour down, and shake the sky
With thunder. Then their train, dispersing wide,
Will vanish into gloom: the selfsame cave
Dido shall enter and the Trojan Prince.
There I shall be, and, if thy will be toward, 125
Joined in firm wedlock I will make her his.
There shall her bridal be!"

Assent was given,
And at her plot the Cytherean smiled.

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And when the dawn rose shining from the sea,
 Forth from the city flowed the chosen train,
 Nets, snares, and steel-bound spears, Massylian horse,
 And the shrewd scent of hounds. Before her door
 The Tyrian princes wait their Queen, who still
 Tarries in bower, while her horse, adorned
 With purple and gold, stands chafing the flecked bit. 135
 At last she issues with an ample train,
 Wrapped in a Tyrian scarf; and all of gold
 Her quiver gleams, with gold her hair is bound,
 A golden brooch clasps up her purple cloak.
 Phrygians and blithe Iulus pace beside ; 140
 And with them joined, above them' all most fair,
 Aeneas ; like Apollo, when he quits
 Xanthus and wintry Lycia, and seeks
 His mother's Delos. There he leads the dance,
 And round his altars Cretans, Dryopes, 145
 And painted Agathyrsi meet with din.
 He treads the Cynthian slopes, and with soft green
 Enwreathes his flowing locks, and binds with gold.
 Behind him ring the shafts. So lightly trod
 Aeneas, and so shone his glorious brow. 150

They climb the mountains, and the pathless wilds ;
 And lo ! the goats, from rocky heights dislodged,
 Bound down from crag to crag ; and startled deer
 In dusty masses fleeing from the hills
 Scour the broad moor. But down the dales the boy 155
 Iulus glories in his mettled steed,
 Out-galloping them all, and longs to see
 Among that cattle tame some foaming boar,
 Or yellow lion coming down the fells.

Meanwhile the sky, with muttered peals convulsed, 160
 Breaks in a storm of sleet. The Tyrians flee :

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
Deveniunt. Prima et Tellus et pronuba Iuno
Dant signum ; fulsere ignes et conscius aether
Conubiis, summoque ulularunt vertice Nymphae.

*spelunca, -a
cave 165*

Ille dies primus leti primusque malorum
Causa fuit ; neque enim specie famae movetur
Nec iam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem ;
Coniugium vocat ; hoc praetexit nomine culpam.

170

Extemplo Libyae magnas it Fama per urbes,
Fama, malum qua non aliud velocius ullum ;
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo ;
Parva metu primo ; mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.

by 3 or 4 175

Illam Terra parens, ira irritata deorum,
Extremam, ut perhibent, Coeo Enceladoque sororem
Progenuit, pedibus celerem et pernicipibus alis ;
Monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui, quot sunt corpore plumae,
Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.

180

Nocte volat caeli medio terraeque per umbram,
Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno ;
Luce sedet custos aut summi culmine tecti,
Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes,
Tam ficti praevique tenax, quam nuntia veri.

185

Haec tum multiplici populos sermone replebat
Gaudens et pariter facta atque infecta canebat :
Venisse Aenean, Troiano sanguine cretum,
Cui se pulchra viro dignetur iungere Didó ;
Nunc hiemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere
Regnorum inmemores turpique cupidine captos.

190

The scattered Trojans, and the Dardan child
Of Venus' son, for shelter scóur the fields
Fearful, while torrents from the mountains plunge.
One cave holds Dido and the Trojan Prince. 165
Primaeval Earth and spousal Juno give
The sign : fires glitter, and the conscious sky
Their bridal lights, and mountain Nymphs cry hail.

Death's earliest day, the primal source was that
Of all her woes. She heeds nor eye nor tongue, 170
Nor dreams of secret love, but calls it now
Marriage, and with that name would screen her fault.

Forthwith runs Rumour through the Libyan towns ;
Rumour, the swiftest bane. She thrives on change,
And gathers strength by going. Small at first, 175
And timorous, but full soon, to heaven uplift,
She treads the earth and hides in clouds her head.
Her Earth, infuriate with the Gods, conceived,
To Coeus and Enceladus, fame saith,
Last sister born ; swift-footed, swift of wing, 180
Grim, monstrous, huge : and every plume she bears
Hath under it a glaring eye, a tongue,
Wondrous ! a speaking mouth, and ears erect.
By night she flies from earth and heaven midway,
Strident, nor droops her lids in pleasant sleep. 185
By day she sits on roof or lofty tower,
A sentinel who keeps great towns in fear,
Truth's herald, but as oft in falsehood bold.
She now rejoicing fills the people's ears
With wild discourse, and tells both false and true ; 190
How one of Trojan blood, Aeneas, came,
Whom Dido deigns to wed ; all winter long,
Delights they share, and both their realms forget,
Enthralled by shameful love. Such tales abroad

thinks fit

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The loathly Goddess spreads on every tongue ;
 And, speeding straight to Prince Iarbas, him
 With words she kindles, heaping high his wrath. 195

He, Ammon's seed by Garamantian nymph,
 An hundred fanes in his wide realm to Jove,
 An hundred altars built, and hallowed fire, 200
 The Gods' unsleeping sentry, and enriched
 The soil with victims' blood, and with gay blooms
 Festooned the courts : who, by that bitter tale
 Maddened, before his shrines, amidst his Gods,
 Jove long in prayer besought with uplift hands. 205

“ Almighty Jove ! to whom on broidered couch
 The feasting Mooi now pours Lenaeus' gift,
 Dost thou behold ? or do we vainly shrink,
 O Father, from thy bolts, and do thy fires
 Blindly affright, thy thunders idly roll ? 210
 The woman, straying in our bounds, who built
 A little purchased town, to whom we gave
 Ploughland and rights of fief, our hand refused,
 Now takes Aeneas for her lord, and he,
 This Paris, with his eunuch train, his chin 215
 And essenced hair by Phrygian bonnet bound,
 Takes and enjoys ! And yet to fanes of thine
 We carry gifts, and nurse an idle faith ! ”

Him, praying thus and clinging to his shrines,
 The Almighty heard, and on the royal town
 Looked, and on those who loved forgetting fame, *C. 87²²⁰*
 Then thus to Mercury his mandate gave :
 “ Go, Son, the Zephyrs call, and slant thy flight
 Down to the Dardan Prince, who dallies yet
 In Carthage, and of cities given by Fate 225
 Heeds nought. To him my words bear swiftly down.

Non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem.
 Promisit Graiumque ideo bis vindicat armis ;
 Sed fore, qui gravidam imperiis belloque frementem
 Italiam regeret, genus alto a sanguine Teucris
 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, 235
 Nec prolem Ausoniam et Lavinia respicit arva ?
 Naviget : haec summa est ; hic nostri nuntius esto.

Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat
 Imperio ; et primum pedibus talaria nectit,
 Aurea, quae sublimem alis sive aequora supra 240
 Seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant ;
 Tum virgam capit ; hac animas ille evocat Orco
 Pallentes, 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 verticè 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 harenosum ad Libyae ventosque secabat
 Materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles.

Not such his mother promised him to us,
 And not for this twice saved him from the Greek ;
 But o'er the Imperial Mother's warrior sons,
 O'er Italy to reign, from Teucer's blood 230
 Prolong the line, and bind the world by law.
 If no such glory fires him, if no toil
 For his own fame he takes, yet doth he grudge
 His son Ascanius the high towers of Rome ?
 What makes he there with foes ? why not regards 235
 Ausonian seed, and fair Lavinium's land ?
 To Sea ! This sums it. Thus our message bear."

He ceased ; the other, his great Sire's command
 Obeying, first the golden sandals tied,
 That bear him over seas and lands sublime, 240
 Winged with the flying gale ; then took the wand,
 With which he calls the pallid phantoms forth
 From Orcus, or to Tartarus sends down,
 Gives sleep and takes away, and the dead eyes
 Unseals, and drives the hurricane, and swims 245
 The cloudy rack. Then flying he descried
 Worn Atlas' sides and sky-supporting top,
 Atlas, whose piney head is ever wreathed
 In cloud and darkness, beat by wind and rain.
 Snow cloaks his shoulders ; rivers o'er his chin 250
 Plunge downward, and his beard is stiff with ice.

Here first Cyllenius, weighing his spread wings,
 Paused, and with all his body headlong dived
 Sea-ward, as when a bird about the shores
 And fishy crags flies low, and skims the wave. 255
 So flew Cyllene's son, his grandsire left,
 Between the earth and sky, and cut the winds
 To Libya's sandy shore.

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And when he touched

With his winged feet the land where hovels lay,
 He spied Aeneas planning towers and town. 260
 His sword shone starry with the yellow sheen
 Of jasper, and a cloak of Tyrian dye
 Hung from his shoulders which the sumptuous Queen
 Had worked for him, and shot the web with gold.
 Prompt rings the challenge : " Is it thou, O Prince ! 265
 Uxurious ! building now this towered town,
 This Carthage, ah ! forgetful of thy doom,
 Thy Kingdom. Me the Regent of the Gods,
 Whom heaven and earth obey, Himself hath sent,
 To bear this mandate through the buxom air : 270
 ' What mak'st thou here, in ease on Libyan soil ?
 If no such glory fires thee, if no toil
 For thine own fame thou takest, yet regard
 Thy rising heir and young Ascanius' hopes,
 To whom the crown of Italy is owed, 275
 The Roman world.' " He said, and ended not,
 Ere mortal eyes he left, and passed from sight
 Into thin air away.

Aeneas stood

Perplexed to see, his hair in terror rose,
 His tongue was tied, and by that warning dread 280
 And Heavenly mandate awed, he burns to fly,
 And leave that pleasant clime. Ah ! what to do ?
 How dare he now approach the impassioned Queen
 To tell her ? What beginning can he choose ?
 On every side dividing the swift mind, 285
 This way and that he casts it, scanning all,
 Till in his doubt this counsel overruled.
 Mnestheus, Sergestus and Cloanthus brave
 He charged to equip the fleet, to call the crews
 And furbish arms in secret, and the cause 290
 Disguise, and he the while, since that fond Queen

Nesciat et tantos rumpi non speret amores,
 Temptaturum aditus, et quae mollissima fandi ✓
 Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus. Ocius omnes
 Imperio laeti parent et iussa facessunt.

295

At regina dolos—quis fallere possit amantem?—
 Praesensit, motusque excepit prima futuros,
 Omnia tuta timens. Eadem impia Fama furenti
 Detulit armari classem cursumque parari.
 Saevit inops animi, totamque incensa per urbem
 Bacchatur, qualis commotis excita sacris
 Thyias, ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho
 Orgia nocturnusque vocat clamore Cithaeron.
 Tandem his Aenean compellat vocibus ultro :

300

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 ?
 Menē fugis ? Per ego has lacrimas dextramque tuam te—
 Quando aliud mihi iam miserae nihil ipsa reliqui—
 Per conubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos,
 Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
 Dulce meum, miserere domus labentis et istam,
 Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.
 Te propter Libycae gentes Nomadumque tyranni
 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.

305

310

315

320

Knows not, and dreams not of such love undone,
Will try to meet her in her softest hour,
And tell when chance is kind. Then all with joy
Speed to obey his bidding.

But the Queen—

295

Who can deceive a lover?—she foreknew
His guile, and early caught the coming stir.
She fears when all is safe; and hears distraught
The same cold Rumour tell of launching ships.
Helpless she storms, and through the streets incensed
Raves like a Thyad, stirred by holy din,
Whom the triennial orgies of the God
Madden, and all night through Cithaeron shouts.
At last Aeneas she assails with speech.

300

“And hast thou hoped, O false one! to disguise
Thy crime, and leave my land without a word?
Not thee our love, not thee thine hand once given
Restrains, nor Dido doomed to death and woe.

305

Nay, even under winter's star thou strivest
To launch thy ships and stem the northern gales.

310

O cruel! If thy goal were no unknown
No alien land, if ancient Troy remained,
Would Troy be sought across this blustering sea?

Me dost thou fly? O, by these tears, I pray,

By thine own hand—for I have left but these—

315

O by our loves and bridal days begun,

If I have won thy thanks, and gave thee once

Some joy, have pity! Spare our House! and O!

If room be left for prayers, undo thy will!

For thee the Libyans hate me, Nomad chiefs

320

Scorn, yea, my kin turn from me: for thee, too,

Honour is dead, and all my Heavenly hope,

My once good fame. To whom thy dying Queen

Leav'st thou, O Guest!—my Love's sole title now!—

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Why wait I till my brother raze these walls, 325
Or Moor Iarbas lead me captive hence ?
Ah ! if I had but held, before thy flight,
A child of thine ! if in my halls might play
A little Aeneas, to bring back thy looks,
I should not seem all captured and forlorn." 330

She ended. He by Jove's command his gaze
Kept fixed, and deep at heart suppressed his pain.
At last thus briefly : " I will not deny,
I owe thee all, O Queen, thy words could tell ;
And to remember thee will still be sweet, 335
While memory lasts, while breath commands my frame.
Words need be few. I did not think to flee
In secret ; feign not so. I never lit
The bridal torch, nor plighted troth with thee.
If Fate allowed me choice, to live my life — 340
And heal my woes at will, I first would honour
Troy, and the dear-loved remnant of my race ;
Priam's tall house would stand, and Ilium's towers
My hand had for the vanquished built anew.
But Phoebus now and Lycia's oracles 345
Italy bid me seek, great Italy.
There is my love, my home. If Punic towers,
And Libyan city enthrall thee, Tyrian Queen,
Why dost thou grudge that Teucer's kin should hold
Ausonian fields ? Doom drives us too abroad. 350
Me, when the world is veiled in dewy night,
When stars rise bright, my father's troubled ghost
Warns oft in sleep, and awes : my little son
Haunts me, so dear a head, of destined fields
Wrongly defrauded and the Hesperian crown. 355
Now the Gods' Herald, sent by Jove himself,
(Be witness both !) through the fleet air hath borne
His mandate : yea, I saw him pass the gate,
A God, in light revealed, and drank his voice.

Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis ;
Italiam non sponte sequor.

360

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 m̄iōra 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
Éxcepi 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 iūssa 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,
Et, cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus, 385
Omnibus umbra locis adero. Dabis, inprobe, poenas.
Audiam, et haec Manes veniet mihi fama sub imos.

His medium dictis sermonem abrumpit, et auras
Aegra fugit, seque ex oculis avertit et aufert,
Linquens multa metu cunctantem et multa parantem 390
Dicere. Suscipiunt famulae, conlapsaque membra
Marmoreo referunt thalamo stratisque reponunt.

Cease with thy plaints to inflame thyself and me :
I seek not Italy by choice." 360

While thus he speaks, she glares at him askance,
 And with swift rolling eyes surveys him o'er,
 Silent ; and now, inflamed with anger, cries :
 " No Goddess bore thee ! Thine no Dardan stock ! 365
 Traitor ! The flinty peaks of Caucasus
 Got thee, Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck !
 Why should I mask myself ? why wait for more ?
 When hath he sighed, or looked upon my tears ?
 When hath he wept, or pitied her who loved ? 370
 Where should my charge begin ? Not Juno now,
 Not Father Jove now looks with righteous eyes.
 No faith is sure ! Wrecked, starved, I bade him hail,
 Madly with him I shared my realm ; I found
 His missing ships ; I saved his friends from death. 375
 Ah, Furies burn me ! Now Apollo calls,
 Now Lycia bids ! now, sent by Jove himself,
 Comes the Gods' Herald with his mandate harsh.
 What work for Gods ! What care to vex their calm !
 I hold thee not ; I answer not. Away ! 380
 Pursue thine Italy with wind and wave !
 Yet on the rocks I hope, if Heaven can smite,
 Drinking thy doom, on Dido thou wilt call.
 There I shall reach thee, wrapt in sulphury flames ;
 And when cold death hath stript my living flesh 385
 My ghost shall haunt thee ! Well shalt thou requite,
 And I shall hear the rumour in my grave !"

Therewith she breaks off speech, and from the air
 Turns anguished, and from sight withdrawing leaves
 Him faltering in his fear and fain to speak. 390
 Her maids uplift her and her fainting limbs
 Lay on a couch within her marble bower.

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But good Aeneas, though to soothe her pain
Sore yearning, and with words to avert her woe,
Sighing and fainting with the stress of love,
God's mandate still obeys, and seeks the ships.

395

From all the beach the Trojans launch with toil
Their high-built barks: again the smooth keel swims,
And oars they fetch yet leafy from the woods,
Unshaped, in haste to go.

400

From all the city you can see them swarm.

As when the ants, remembering winter, spoil
A heap of corn, and store it in their home.

Across the grass they move, a black thin line,

Bearing their booty; and with shoulders some

405

Push heavy grains, while others drill the ranks,

And scourge delay: the pathway glows with toil.

Then, Dido, seeing that, what heart was thine?

How didst thou sigh, from thy tall tower to see

The wide shore glow with men, and all the deep

410

Torn by their shouts? O whither, tyrant Love,

Driv'st thou not human hearts! Again to tears

Forced, and again to entreaty, she submits

Her humbled pride to love, lest any means

Be left untried, and she should vainly die.

415

“Anna, thou see'st the hurry on all the beach:

They gather round; the canvas calls the breeze:

The merry sailors crown the stems with green.

If I had strength to look for such a woe,

I shall have strength to bear it too. But grant,

420

Sister, this only boon. With none but thee

Conversed that traitor, gave his secret thoughts

To thee; thou only know'st his softer hours.

Go, sue for pity my disdainful foe.

Non ego cum Danais Troianam excindere gent
 425
 Aulide iuravi, classemve ad Pergama misi,
 Nec patris Anchisae cinerem Manesve revelli,
 Cur mea dicta neget duras demittere in aures.
 Quo ruit? extremum hoc miserae det munus amanti :
 Expectet facilemque fugam ventosque ferentes. 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, talesque miserrima fletus
 Fertque refertque soror. Sed nullis ille movetur
 Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit;
 Fata obstant, placidasque viri deus obstruit aures.
 Ac velut annoso validam cum robore quercum *qui non, us /* 440
 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 inmota manet ; lacrimae volvuntur inanes.

Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido 450
 Mortem orat ; taedet caeli convexa tueri.
 Quo magis inceptum peragat lucemque relinquat,
 Vidit, turicremis cum dona inponeret aris—
 Horrendum dictu—latices nigrescere sacros
 Fusaque in obscenum se vertere vina cruorem. 455
 Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.
 Praeterea fuit in tectis de marmore templum

I never swore at Aulis to uproot
 The Trojan race: I sent no ships to Troy :
 I never tore Anchises from his grave.
 Why to my utterance doth he seal his ears ?
 Where hastes he ? Let him grant his wretched love
 This one last boon, and wait till winds be fair. 430
 No more I plead for bridal vows betrayed,
 Nor ask him to give up his Latian crown:
 For time I pray, rest for my heart and room,
 Till Fortune school me to endure defeat.
 For pity, O Sister! grant my latest prayer,
 And well will I repay thee, when I die!" 435

„ Thus she implores: such moans her sister takes,
 And takes again : but him no moans affect.
 Intractable he hears : Fate bars the way ;
 And God has sealed his unperturbed ears. 440
 As when the Alpine winds together strive
 Some many-wintered oak with veering blasts
 To uproot. It creaks, and from the storm-lashed trunk
 Leaves strew the ground ; yet to the rock it clings,
 And high as it uplifts to heaven its head, 445
 So deep to Tartarus its roots extend.
 Thus, buffeted by veering voices, stands
 Aeneas ; and his mighty heart is wrung.
 Firm stands his will ; and idly tears roll down.

Then, awed by Doom, unhappy Dido prays 450
 For death, and wearies of the vaulted sky.
 And more befell to urge her from the light :
 For while on incensed shrines she laid her gifts,
 The holy lymph turned black before her eyes,
 O horrible ! the wine was changed to blood ! 455
 From all, from Anna's self that sight she hid.
 And in the Palace stood a marble shrine,

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Sacred to her dead lord, with snow-white wool
 Lovingly wreathed, and crowned with festal green.
 Thence, when the world was veiled in gloomy night, 460
 Voices were heard, her husband seemed to call,
 And on the roof, with wailing long drawn out,
 A solitary owl would chant her dirge.
 And many a word of many a prophet old
 Scared her with boding fears. In fevered dreams 465
 Aeneas goads her on ; and still she seems
 Forsaken, walking one long road alone,
 And looking for her kin in lands forlorn.
 So raving Pentheus sees the Furies' rout,
 Two suns, and double Thebes : so o'er the scene, 470
 Haunted Orestes, Agamemnon's son,
 Flees from his mother armed with snakes and fire,
 While vengeful Terrors on the threshold crouch.

And when, subdued by anguish, she conceived
 Madness and death, alone she planned the hour, 475
 The method, and sad Anna thus bespake,
 Masking with hopeful countenance her design :

" O Sister, give me joy ! The way is found
 To bring him back to me, or set me free.
 Near Ocean's end, beside the setting sun, 480
 Lies the far Aethiops' land, where Atlas huge
 Turns on his back the star-yspangled sky.
 Thence a Massylian priestess I was shown,
 The Hesperian temple's guardian, who preserved
 The sacred boughs, and strewed with honey dew 485
 And drowsing poppy-seed the dragon's food.
 She with her charms can free what hearts she will,
 Or flood with passion ; stay the rivers' flow ;
 Turn back the stars, and wake the ghosts of Night.
 Earth moans beneath her feet, and down the rocks 490

Sub pedibus terram, et descendere montibus ornos.
 Testor, cara, deos et te, germana, tuumque
 Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingier artes.
 Tu secreta pyram tecto interiore sub auras
 Erige, et arma viri, thalamo quae fixa reliquit
 Impius, exuviasque omnes, lectumque iugalem,
 Quo perii, superinponant : abolere nefandi
 Cuncta viri monumenta iuvat, monstratque sacerdos.

495

Haec effata silet; pallor simul occupat ora.
 Non tamen Anna novis praetexere funera sacris
 Germanam credit, nec tantos mente furores
 Concipit, aut graviora timet, quam morte Sychaei.
 Ergo iussa parat.

500

At regina, pyra penetrali in sede sub auras
 Erecta ingenti taedis atque ilice secta,
 Intenditque locum sertis et fronde coronat
 Funerea ; super exuvias ensemque relictum
 Effigiemque toro locat, haud ignara futuri.

505

Stant arae circum, et crines effusa sacerdos
 Ter centum tonat ore deos, Erebumque Chaosque
 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
 Et matri praereptus amor.

510

515

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 amantes
 Curae numen habet iustumque memorque, precatur.

520

The rowans dance. By Heaven I swear, I swear
 By thy sweet life, dear sister, I am loth
 To don such magic ! But in the inner court
 Raise thou by stealth a pyre beneath the sky :
 There let them lay the arms he impious left 495
 Hung in my bower, his dress, the bridal bed
 Where I was slain. All relics of his guilt
 I fain would cancel, as the Priestess shows."

Thereat she paused, and pallor took her cheek.
 Yet Anna guessed not those strange rites concealed 500
 Her sister's death, nor dreamed of such despair ;
 No worse she fears than when Sychaeus died,
 And carries out her charge.

But when the pyre rose high with oak and pine
 Within the inmost court, Queen Dido wreathed 505
 The spot with garlands, and with funeral boughs
 Crowned it, and laid thereon the sword he left,
 His dress, his image, mindful of the end.

Around rise altars, where the Priestess calls
 Three hundred Gods, Chaos and Erebus, 510
 The tri-form Hecat, Dian triple-faced ;
 And sprinkles water from Avernus feigned.
 Herbs too are sought, which brazen sickles reaped
 By moonlight, juicy with black poison's milk.
 And from the forehead of a newborn foal 515
 The mother's love is left.

Then Dido, by the shrine, with one foot bare
 And robe ungirdled, holds the sacred cake,
 And dying prays the Gods, the Stars that know
 Men's doom, the Powers, if any Powers there be, 520
 Justly regarding hearts that love in vain.

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'Twas Night, and all Earth's weary bodies culled
 The peaceful sleep. The woods, the savage seas
 Lay husht, and midway rolled the sliding stars.
 Each field is still : each beast, each painted bird,
 That haunts the liquid mere or tangled brake,
 Beneath the silent night in slumber's lap
 Heals all its cares, and all its pain forgets.

525

But not the woeful Queen. She never sinks
 To sleep ; she draws not into eyes or heart
 The quiet night. Her sorrow grows ; her love
 Surges again, on seas of anger tossed ;
 And thus the thoughts are rolling through her soul :

530

“ Ah ! what to do ? Shall I derided now
 Try my old loves, and beg the marriage bond
 From Nomads whom I spurned ? Or shall I track
 The Trojans' ships, and serve their utmost will ?
 As though they still had thanks, and held my aid
 To memory dear ! And who would grant my wish,
 Or take to his proud fleet the hated Queen ?
 Know'st thou not yet Laomedon's false sons,
 O broken heart ? What ? Shall I flee alone
 With those exulting crews ? or shall I sweep
 With all my Tyrian guard, and drive again
 O'ersea, with canvas to the breezes spread,
 Whom scarce I tore from Sidon ? Nay ; with steel
 Thy pain avert, and die, as thou hast earned.
 Won by my tears, thou, sister, thou wert first
 To heap these ills and give me to my foe.
 O might I but have lived like free wild things,
 That know no bridal curse, nor love like mine !
 The faith I swore upon Sychaeus' grave
 I have not kept !” Such sorrow wrings her heart.

535

540

545

550

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 crines flavos et membra decora iuventa :

Nate dea, potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos, 560
 Nec, quae te circum stent deinde pericula, cernis,
 Demens, nec Zephyros audis spirare secundos ?
 Illa dolos dirumque nefas in pectore versat,
 Certa mori, variosque irarum concitat aestus.
 Non fugis hinc praeceps, dum praecipitare potestas ? 565
 Iam mare turbari trabibus, saevasque videbis
 Conlucere faces, iam fervere litora flammis,
 Si te his attigerit terris Aurora morantem.
 Heia age, rumpe moras. Varium et mutabile semper
 Femina. Sic fatus nocti se 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 funes 575
 Ecce iterum instimulat. Sequimur te, sancte deorum,
 Quisquis es, imperioque iterum paremus ovantes.
 Adsis o placidusque iuves, et sidera caelo
 Dextra feras. Dixit, vaginaque eripit ensem
 Fulmineum, strictoque ferit retinacula ferro. 580
 Idem omnes simul ardor habet, rapiuntque ruuntque ;
 Litora deseruere ; latet sub classibus aequor ;
 Adnixi torquent spumas et caerula verrunt.

X Et iam prima novo spargebat lumine terras

Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile. 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
 Flavescentesque 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 flammis, date tela, inpellite remos !
 Quid loquor ? aut ubi sum ? Quae mentem insania mutat ?
 Infelix Dido ! nunc te facta impia tangunt ? 596
 Tum decuit, cum sceptrum dabas. En dextra fidesque,
 Quem secum patrios aiunt portare Penates,
 Quem subiisse umeris confectum aetate parentem !
 Non potui abreptum divellere corpus et undis 600
 Spargere ? non socios, non ipsum absumere ferro
 Ascanium, patriisque epulandum ponere mensis ?—
 Verum anceps pugnae fuerat fortuna. Fuisset ;
 Quem metui moritura ? Faces in castra tulissem,
 Inplessemque foros flammis, natumque patremque 605
 Cum genere extinxem, memet super ipsa dedissem.

Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras,
 Tuque harum interpretis 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 inploret, videatque indigna suorum

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Funera ; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquae
 Tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur ;
 Sed cadat ante diem mediaque inhumatus harena. 620
 Haec precor, hanc vocem extremam cum sanguine fundo.
 Tum vos, o Tyrii, stirpem et genus omne futurum
 Exercete odiis, cinerique haec mittite nostro
 Munera. Nullus amor populis, nec foedera sunt.
 Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor, 625
 Qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos,
 Nunc, olim, quocumque dabunt se tempore vires.
 Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
 Inprecor, arma armis ; pugnent ipsique nepotesque.

Haec ait, et partes animum versabat in omnes, 630
 Invisam quaerens quam primum abrumpere lucem.
 Tum breviter Barcen nutricem adfata Sychaei ;
 Namque suam patria antiqua cinis ater habebat :

Annam cara mihi nutrix huc siste sororem ;
 Dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lympa, 635
 Et pecudes secum et monstrata piacula ducat ;
 Sic veniat ; tuque ipsa pia tege tempora vitta.
 Sacra Iovi Stygio, quae rite incepta paravi,
 Perficere est animus, finemque inponere curis,
 Dardaniique rogam capitis permittere flammae. 640
 Sic ait. Illa gradum studio celerabat anili.

At trepida, et coeptis inmanibus effera Dido,
 Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementes
 Interfusa genas, et pallida morte futura,
 Interiora domus inrumpit limina, et altos 645
 Conscendit furibunda rogos, ensemque recludit
 Dardanium, non hos quaesitum munus in usus.
 Hic, postquam Iliacas vestes notumque cubile

Unworthy deaths, nor, to unequal peace
Submitting, may he enjoy the wished-for day,
But fall too soon unburied on the sand. 620
So be it ! This last word with my blood I shed.
Thenceforth, O Tyrians, all his seed pursue
With hatred ! To my ashes grant this boon !
No love, no league between you. From my bones,
Avenger, rise, and chase with fire and sword 625
The intruding Dardans, now, hereafter, yea,
Whenever power is thine ! May shore to shore
Be adverse, sea to sea, and sword to sword,
For fathers and for children endless war !”

She ceased ; and in her thoughts explored each way 630
To slit the hateful life : and briefly thus
To Barce spake, Sychaeus' nurse, (for hers
Lay black in ashes in her native land) :

“ Fetch me my sister, Nurse, and bid her haste
To wash in flowing water, and to bring 635
The victims and sin-offerings ordained.
Thus let her come. Thou too thy temples veil
With holy bands. The rites of Stygian Jove
Duly commenced fulfilling I will end
My pain, and fire the Dardan's funeral pile.” 640
She said : the Nurse made haste her aged feet.

But Dido, trembling, wild with purpose dread,
Rolling her blood-shot eyes, and on her cheeks
Bright burning spots, else white with coming death,
Burst through the inner door, and madly climbed 645
The lofty pyre, and drew the Dardan blade,
Not for such purpose given ! Then, when she espied
The Trojan dress, and the familiar bed,

Conspexit, paulum lacrimis et mente morata,
Incubuitque toro, dixitque novissima verba : 650

Dulces exuviae, dum fata deusque sinebat,
Accipite hanc animam, meque his exsolve curis.
Vixi, et, quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi ;
Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.
Urbem praeclaram statui ; mea moenia vidi ; 655
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, ensemque 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 volvuntur perque deorum.

Audiit exanimis, trepidoque exterrita cursu
Unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnis
Per medios ruit, ac morientem nomine clamat.

Hoc illud, germana, fuit ? me fraude petebas ? 675
Hoc rogos iste mihi, hoc ignes araeque parabant ?
Quid primum deserta querar ? comitemne sororem

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Sprevisi moriens ? Eadem me ad fata vocasses ;
 Idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora tulisset.
 His etiam struxi manibus, patriosque vocavi
 Voce deos, sic te ut posita crudelis abessem ?
 Exstinxti te meque, soror, populumque patresque
 Sidonios urbemque tuam. Date volnera lymphis,
 Abluam, et, extremus si quis super halitus errat,
 Ore legam. Sic fata gradus evaserat altos,
 Semianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat
 Cum gemitu, atque atros siccabat veste cruores.

680

685

Illa, graves oculos conata attollere, rursus
 Deficit ; infixum stridit sub pectore volnus.
 Ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa levavit ;
 Ter revoluta toro est, oculisque errantibus alto
 Quaesivit caelo lucem, ingemuitque reperta.

690

Tum Iuno omnipotens, longum miserata dolorem
 Difficilesque obitus, Irim demisit Olympo,
 Quae luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus.
 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.

695

Ergo Iris croceis per caelum roscida pennis,
 Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,
 Devolat, et supra caput adstitit : Hunc ego Diti
 Sacrum iussa fero, teque isto corpore solvo.

700

Sic ait, et dextra crinem secat : omnis et una
 Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit.

705

Thy death-mate ? To thy doom thou shouldst have called
 Me too ; and let one blow, one hour take both !
~~Have these hands built it, calling on our Gods,~~ 680
~~That I, unkind, might fail thee lying thus ?~~
 Thou hast slain me too, thy people, and thy lords,
 Thy Carthage. Give me water ; let me wash
 The wounds ; and if one last breath stir, my lips
 Shall-catch it ! ”

Saying thus, she climbed the steps, 685
 And to her heart her dying sister pressed,
 Moaning, and with her vesture staunch'd the blood.

She tried to lift her heavy eyes, again
 Fell back. The death-wound grated in her breast.
 Thrice, leaning on her arm, she raised her head ; 690
 Thrice on the bed fell back, with wandering eyes
 Sought heaven's light, and, when she found it, moaned.

Then mighty Juno pitied her long pain
 And hard departure ; and from Heaven sent down
 Iris, to loose from flesh the struggling soul. 695
 For since she died not fated nor condemned,
 But hapless ere her day, by sudden rage,
 Not yet had Proserpine the golden tress
 Cut, nor to Stygian Orcus doomed her head.

So dewy Iris flew on saffron wings, 700
 Trailing against the sun a thousand tints,
 And stood above her.

“ This thy lock I take,
 Sacred to Dis, and thee from flesh release.”

She spake, and cut the tress. Then all the warmth
 Fled, and all life went out upon the wind. 705

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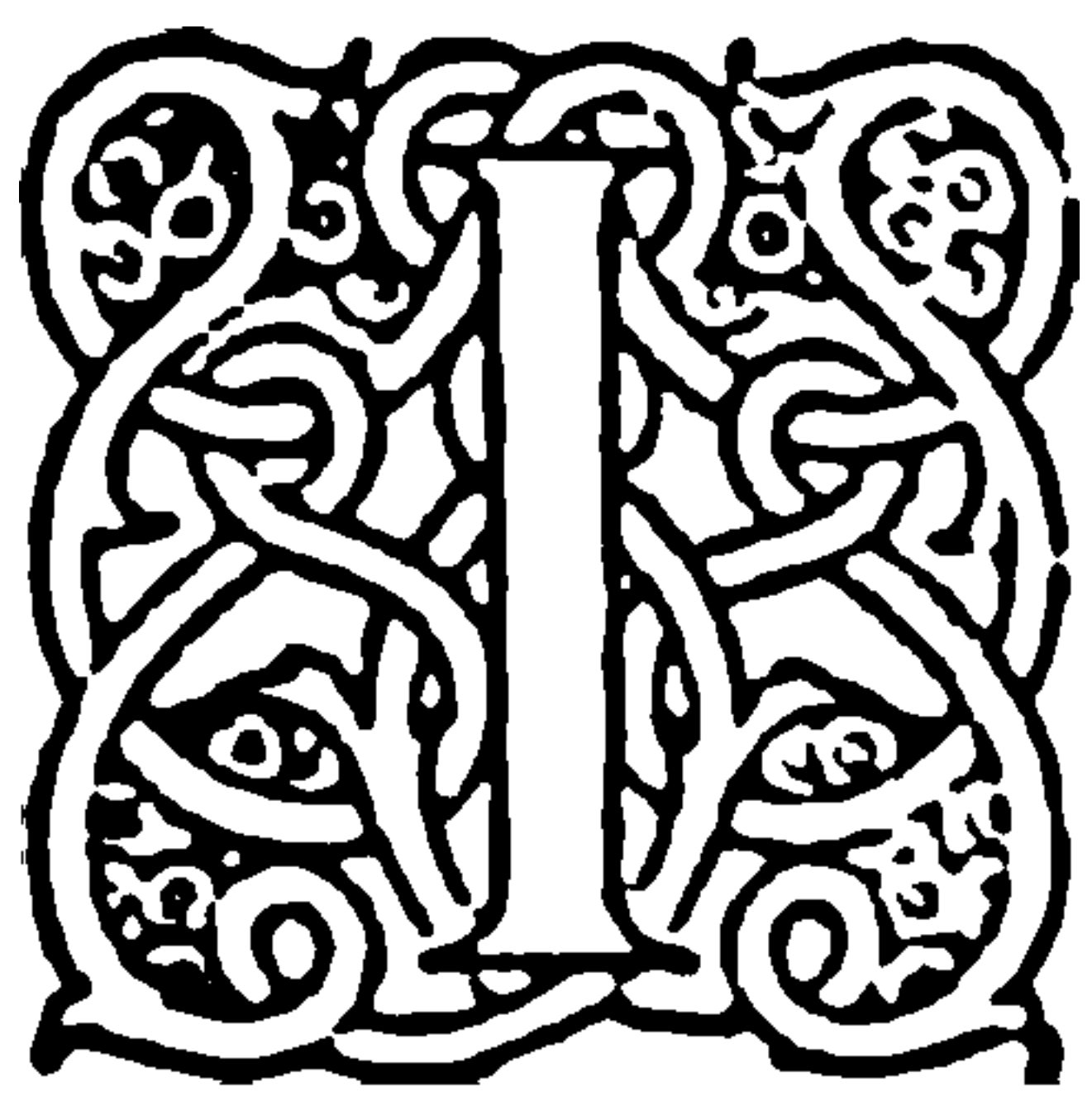
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INTEREA medium Aeneas iam classe tenebat
Certus iter, fluctusque atros aquilone secabat,
Moenia respiciens, quae iam infelicis Elissae
Conlucent flammis. Quae tantum accenderit
ignem,

Causa latet; duri magno sed amore dolores 5
Polluto, notumque, furens quid femina possit,
Triste per augurium Teucrorum pectora ducunt.

Ut pelagus tenuere rates, nec iam amplius ulla
Occurrit tellus, maria undique et undique caelum,
Olli caeruleus supra caput adstitit imber 10
Noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris.
Ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab alta :
“Heu! quianam tanti cinxerunt aethera nimbi?
Quidve, pater Neptune, paras?” Sic deinde locutus
Colligere arma iubet validisque incumbere remis, 15
Obliquatque sinus in ventum, ac talia fatur:
Magnanime Aenea, non, si mihi Iuppiter auctor
Spondeat, hoc sperem Italiam contingere caelo.
Mutati transversa fremunt et vespere ab atro
Consurgunt venti, atque in nubem cogitur aer. 20
Nec nos obniti contra, nec tendere tantum
Sufficimus. Superat quoniam Fortuna, sequamur,
Quoque vocat, vertamus iter. Nec litora longe
Fida reor fraterna Erycis portusque Sicanos,
Si modo rite memor servata remetior astra. 25

Tum pius Aeneas: Equidem sic poscere ventos
Iamdudum et frustra cerno te tendere contra.
Flecte viam velis. An sit mihi gratior ulla,
Quove magis fessas optem demittere naves,
Quam quae Dardanium tellus mihi servat Acesten, 30
Et patris Anchisae gremio complectitur ossa?
Haec ubi dicta, petunt portus, et vela secundi



MEANWHILE Aeneas his unwavering way
Sailed on, and cut the billows dark with wind ;
Yet shoreward gazed, where now the death-flames
shone

Of woeful Dido. What such blaze hath lit,
They know not, but the pangs of blighted love, 5
What woman's rage can do, these draw their hearts
Through sad foreboding.

Now their vessels held
The open main, and no more land was seen—
Sea everywhere, and everywhere the sky—
When overhead a blue-black cloud of rain 10
Bore night and storm : the shuddering water gloomed.
The pilot Palinurus from the stern
Himself cried out : “ What clouds invest the sky !
What wilt thou, Father Neptune ? ” Saying thus,
He bade them reef the sails, and bend the oars, 15
Sloped to the wind his canvas, and outspake :
“ Great-souled Aeneas ! Not if Jove himself
Gave warrant, could I make Italian shores
With such a sky. From the black West the winds
Rise roaring adverse ; air is crushed to cloud : 20
No strength is ours to thwart and stem the gale.
Since Fate is mistress, let us turn our course,
And follow where she calls. Not far, methinks,
Sicilian ports, thy brother Eryx' coast,
If rightly I recall the stars I watched.” 25

Then good Aeneas : “ Yea ; long since I marked
The winds' exaction and thy vain revolt.
Shift the sails' tack ! Were any shore more sweet ?
Where would I sooner beach my sea-worn barks
Than on that land which keeps Acestes still, 30
And in its lap enfolds my father's bones ? ”
He ceased. They steer for harbour, while the sails

Intendunt Zephyri ; fertur cita gurgite classis,
Et tandem lacti notae advertuntur harenae.

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
Annus 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 sollemnesque ordine pompas
Exsequerer, 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 ;
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 naves ; adhibete Penates
Et patrios epulis et quos colit hospes Acestes.

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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 fidit pugnam committere caestu,
 Cuncti adsint, meritaeque 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 millibus 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 fines Italos fataliaque arva,
 Nec tecum Ausonium, quicumque est, quaerere Thybrim.

Dixerat haec, adytis cum lubricus anguis ab imis
 Septem ingens gyros, septena volumina traxit, 85
 Amplexus placide tumulum lapsusque per aras,
 Caeruleae cui terga notae maculosus et auro
 Squamam incendebat fulgor, ceu nubibus arcus
 Mille iacit varios adverso sole colores.
 Obstipuit visu Aeneas. Ille agmine longo 90
 Tandem inter pateras et levia pocula serpens
 Libavitque dapes, rursusque innoxius imo
 Successit tumulo, et depasta altaria liquit.
 Hoc magis inceptos genitori instaurat honores,
 Incertus, Geniumne loci famulumne parentis 95
 Esse putet ; caedit binas de more bidentes,

And should the ninth glad morning lift the light
 O'er mortals, and unveil the radiant world ; 65
 First will I frame a race for Teucrian ships ;
 And who is fleet of foot, or brave of thews,
 Or vaunts his skill with spear and flying shafts,
 Or with the untanned cestus trusts to fight,
 Let all attend, and hope for victory's palm. 70
 Seal every lip, and wreathe your brows with green."

He with his mother's myrtle crowns his head.
 Ascanius too is crowned, and Helymus,
 Age-worn Acestes, and the Lords of Troy.
 Then from the council to the funeral mound 75
 He passed, the centre of the thronging host,
 And poured upon the earth two bowls of wine,
 Two of new milk, and two of hallowed blood,
 And, showering rosy blossoms, thus he spake :
 " Hail, Father, hail once more ! O sacred dust, 80
 Rescued in vain ! Hail spirit of my sire !
 Not mine with thee the Ausonian fields of fate,
 Nor Tiber's stream to seek, where'er it flow ! "

He ceased ; when from the grave a slippery snake
 Drew seven great coils, and with seven spires embraced 85
 The tomb in quiet, gliding by the shrine.
 Blue-spotted was his back, and flecks of gold
 Shot fire across his scales, as Heaven's great Bow
 Throws in the sun a thousand various hues.
 Awe-struck Aeneas gazed. With long slow trail 90
 Winding among the bowls and burnished cups,
 He licked the food, then harmless to the tomb
 Passed back, and left the altars where he fed.
 More gladly he renews his father's rites,
 Doubting if there his sire's familiar went, 95
 Or Genius of the place. Two sheep he slays,

Totque sues, totidem nigrantes terga iuencos ;
 Vinaque fundebat pateris, animamque vocabat
 Anchisae magni Manesque Acheronte remissos.
 Nec non et socii, quae cuique est copia, laeti 100
 Dona ferunt, onerant aras, mactantque iuencos ;
 Ordine aena locant alii, fusique per herbam
 Subiiciunt veribus prunas et viscera torrent.

Exspectata dies aderat nonamque serena
 Auroram Phaethontis equi iam luce vehebant, 105
 Famaque finitimos et clari nomen Acestae
 Excierat ; laeto conplebant litora coetu,
 Visuri Aeneadas, pars et certare parati.
 Munera principio ante oculos circoque locantur
 In medio, sacri tripodes viridesque coronae 110
 Et palmae pretium victoribus, armaque et ostro
 Perfusae vestes, argenti aurique talenta ;
 Et tuba commissos medio canit aggere ludos.
 Prima pares ineunt gravibus certamina remis
 Quattuor ex omni delectae classe carinae. 115
 Velocem Mnestheus agit acri remige Pristim,
 Mox Italus Mnestheus, genus a quo nomine Memmi,
 Ingentemque Gyas ingenti mole Chimaeram,
 Urbis opus, triplici pubes quam Dardana versu
 Inpellunt, terno consurgunt ordine remi ; 120
 Sergestusque, domus tenet a quo Sergia nomen,
 Centauro invehitur magna, Scyllaque Cloanthus
 Caerulea, genus unde tibi, Romane Cluenti.

Est procul in pelago saxum spumantia contra
 Litora, quod tumidis submersum tunditur olim 125
 Fluctibus, hiberni condunt ubi sidera Cori ;
 Tranquillo silet, inmotaque attollitur unda
 Campus et apricis statio gratissima mergis.

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Hic viridem Aeneas frondenti ex ilice metam
 Constituit signum nautis pater, unde reverti
 Scirent et longos ubi circumflectere cursus. 130
 Tum loca sorte legunt, ipsique in puppibus auro
 Ductores longe effulgent ostroque decori;
 Cetera populea velatur fronde iuventus
 Nudatosque umeros oleo perfusa nitescit. 135
 Considunt transtris, intentaque bracchia remis;
 Intenti exspectant signum, exsultantiaque haurit
 Corda pavor pulsans laudumque arrecta cupido.
 Inde, ubi clara dedit sonitum tuba, finibus omnes,
 Haud mora, prosiluerunt suis; ferit aethera clamor 140
 Nauticus, adductis spumant freta versa lacertis.
 Infindunt pariter sulcos, totumque dehiscit
 Convolsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor.
 Non tam praecipites biugo 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
 Centaurusque locum tendunt superare priorem; 155
 Et nunc Pristis habet, nunc victam praeterit ingens
 Centaurus, nunc una ambae iunctisque feruntur
 Frontibus et longa sulcant vada salsa carina.
 Iamque propinquabant scopulo metamque tenebant,
 Cum princeps medioque Gyas in gurgite victor 160
 Rectorem navis compellat voce Menoeten:

Here ^(Father) Prince Aeneas plants a leafy goal
 Of green-sprayed ilex, for the sailors' sign 130
 Homeward from thence their weary course to bend.
 They take the allotted places : on each stern
 In gold and purple proud their captains shine,
 While, crowned with poplar wreaths, the bare-backed crew
 Gleam bright with oil. They man the thwarts, their arms 135
 Strain to the oar, and straining they await
 The signal. Every heart beats fast and faint
 With throbbing fear and eager lust of fame.
 Loud peals the trumpet ; all with no delay
 Spring from their posts ; the sailors' shouts resound. 140
 Under their swinging arms the water foams.
 In time they cleave the furrows ; all the sea
 Gapes to the rending oar and trident prow.
 Less swift the racing chariots seize the course,
 And from the barriers plunge : less fiercely fly 145
 The bounding horses when the charioteer
 Bends o'er his lash, and shakes the streaming reins.
 Then cries of men and tumults of applause
 Fill all the grove : the embosomed shores roll back
 Shouts, and the hills rebound, by clamour beat. 150

Gyas before the rest the throng and stir
 Cleaves, shooting first: Cloanthus follows nard ;
 More skilled his oarsmen, but his weight of pine
 Retards. Behind, at equal distance, Shark
 And Centaur for the foremost lead contend. 155
 Now the Shark holds it ; now the Centaur huge
 Wins past her ; now together both abreast
 Move, and the brine with long keels furrow through.
 They near the rock ; the goal is in their grasp ;
 When Gyas, victor in the midway surge, 160
 Menoetes thus his helmsman stern upbraids :

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 sonantes
 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 gubernaculo rector subit, ipse magister,
 Hortaturque viros, clavumque ad litora torquet.
 At gravis, ut fundo vix tandem redditus imo est,
 Iam senior madidaque fluens in veste Menoetes
 Summa petit scopuli siccaque in rupe resedit. 180
 Illum et labentem Teucris et risere natantem,
 Et salsos rident revomentem pectore fluctus.

Hic laeta extremis spes est accensa duobus,
 Sergesto Mnestheique, Gyan superare morantem.
 Sergestus capit ante locum scopuloque propinquat, 185
 Nec tota tamen ille prior praecunte 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 vires,
 Nunc animos, quibus in Gaetulis Syrtibus usi
 Ionioque mari Maleaeque sequacibus undis.
 Non iam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo,

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Quamquam o !—Sed superent, quibus hoc, Neptune,
dedisti ;

195

Extremos pudeat rediisse ; hoc vincite, cives,
Et prohibete nefas. Olli certamine summo
Procumbunt ; vastis tremit ictibus aerea puppis,
Subtrahiturque solum ; tum creber anhelitus artus
Aridaque ora quatit ; sudor fluit undique rivis.

200

Attulit ipse viris optatum casus honorem.
Namque furens animi dum proram ad saxa suburguet
Interior spatioque subit Sergestus iniquo,
Infelix saxis in procurrentibus haesit.

Concussae cautes, et acuto in murice remi
Obnixi crepuere, inlisaque prora pependit.

205

Consurgunt nautae et magno clamore morantur,
Ferratasque trudes et acuta cuspide contos
Expediunt, fractosque legunt in gurgite remos.

At laetus Mnestheus successuque acrior ipso
Agmine remorum celeri ventisque vocatis
Prona petit maria et pelago decurrit aperto.

210

Qualis spelunca subito commota columba,
Cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi,
Fertur in arva volans, plausumque exterrita pennis
Dat tecto ingentem, mox aere lapsa quieto
Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas :
Sic Mnestheus, sic ipsa fuga secat ultima Pristis
Aequora, sic illam fert impetus ipse volantem.

215

Et primum in scopulo luctantem deserit alto
Sergestum brevibusque vadis frustra que vocantem
Auxilia et fractis discentem currere remis.

220

Inde Gyan ipsamque ingenti mole Chimaeram
Consequitur ; cedit, quoniam spoliata magistro est.
Solutus iamque ipso superest in fine Cloanthus :

225

But O !—though those may win whom Neptune
crowns,—

195

Last to return were shame. O win but this,
O shun disgrace !”

They, straining every nerve,
Shake with their mighty strokes the brazen poop.
Back sweep the seas : their limbs and parching lips
Quiver and pant, and sweat flows streaming down.

200

Chance brings the prize they seek ; for, wild at heart
Sergestus inward to the rocks his prow
Turning, and entering on a perilous way,
Strikes on a jutting reef. The splintered oars
Crash on the flint ; embedded hangs the prow.
Up spring the hindered crew, and shouting use
Their iron-shod pikes and sharply pointed poles,
While from the swirling water they collect
Their broken oars. But Mnestheus in delight,
And by success enlivened, plying fast
His ordered oarage, with the winds at call,
Runs down the open shoreward-sloping sea.

205

210

As when a dove, that makes in crannied rock
Her home and pleasant nest, is startled forth,
And flies afield. She, from her dwelling scared,
Flaps loud her feathers, then in quiet air
Skims with unmoving wings her liquid way.
So Mnestheus, so the Shark her final path
Cuts, so her impulse bears her floating on.
He leaves Sergestus struggling in the crags
And shallow seas, who vainly cries for aid,
Still studying how to row with broken oars.
Then Gyas, and the huge Chimaera's mass,
He holds in chase, who, of her helmsman robbed,
Yields, and Cloanthus now alone is left.

215

220

225

Quem petit, et summis adnexus 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
 Hos successus alit : possunt, quia posse videntur.

Et fors aequatis cepissent praemia rostris,
 Ni palmas ponto tendens utrasque Cloanthus
 Fudissetque preces, divosque in vota vocasset :
 Di, quibus imperium est pelagi, quorum aequora curro, 235
 Vobis laetus ego hoc candentem in litore taurum
 Constituam ante aras, voti reus, extaque salsos
 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 naves 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
 Veloces 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,

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Levibus huic hamis consertam auroque trilicem
 Loricam, quam Demoleo detraxerat ipse 260
 Victor apud rapidum Simoenta sub Ilio alto,
 Donat habere viro, decus et tutamen in armis.
 Vix illam famuli Phegeus Sagarisque ferebant
 Multiplicem, connixi umeris ; indutus at olim
 Demoleos cursu palantes 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 volnere 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 millibus heros
 Consessu medium tulit exstructoque resedit. 290
 Hic, qui forte velint rapido contendere cursu,

A hauberk won, with gold and polished rings
 Triply inwove, which under Troy's high wall
 From Demoleus he stripped by Simois stream, 260
 A glory and guard in war ; and scarce the slaves,
 Phegeus and Sagaris, on bended backs
 Could bear the many links, though Demoleus
 Wore it of old, and chased the flying foe. 265
 Two brazen cauldrons, and two silver bowls
 Were the third gifts bestowed.

Thus all had now

Their prizes, and in wealthy pride went forth
 Flouting the scarlet ribbands on their brows ;
 When, from the cruel rock scarce torn by skill, 270
 With oars all lost, and one tier crippled, home
 Sergestus sailed, inglorious, amid jeers.
 Most like a serpent on the highway caught
 Which some brass wheel hath crushed, or with a stone
 Some wayfarer hath struck, and left half-dead. 275
 Vainly to escape it twists its body's length ;
 One half is fierce with burning eyes, and lifts
 A hissing neck : one half the maiming wound
 Clogs, and its knots upon themselves recoil.
 So, with her oarage maimed, the ship moved slow, 280
 Yet spreading canvas crossed the bar full-sail.
 Rejoicing then in ship and crew restored,
 Aeneas to Sergestus gave his prize,
 A Cretan slave, in weaving not unversed,
 Pholoe, that bare two boys below her breast. 285

This contest o'er, towards a lawny mead
 Aeneas bent his steps, where, girt by woods
 And winding hills, within a valley's lap,
 A circus lay. There he, with thousands round,
 Sits in their midst enthroned, and now invites 290
 Whoe'er would run fleet races, by rewards

Invitat pretiis animos, et praemia ponit.
 Undique conveniunt Teucris mixtique Sicani,
 Nisus et Euryalus primi,
 Euryalus forma insignis viridique iuventa, 295
 Nisus amore pio pueri ; quos deinde secutus
 Regius egregia Priami de stirpe Dioces ;
 Hunc Salius simul et Patron, quorum alter Acarnan,
 Alter ab Arcadio Tegeaeae sanguine gentis ;
 Tum duo Trinacrii iuvenes, Helymus Panopesque, 300
 Adsueti silvis, comites senioris Acestae ;
 Multi praeterea, quos fama obscura recondit.
 Aeneas quibus in mediis sic deinde locutus :
 Accipite haec animis, laetasque advertite mentes :
 Nemo ex hoc numero mihi non donatus abibit. 305
 Gnosia bina dabo levato lucida ferro
 Spicula caelatamque argento ferre bipennem ;
 Omnibus hic erit unus honos. Tres praemia primi
 Accipient, flavaque caput nectentur oliva.
 Primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto, 310
 Alter Amazoniam pharetram plenamque sagittis
 Threiciis, lato quam circum amplectitur auro
 Balteus, et tereti subnectit fibula gemma ;
 Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.

Haec ubi dicta, locum capiunt, signoque repente
 Corripiunt spatia audito, limenque relinquunt, 316
 Effusi nimbo similes, simul ultima signant.
 Primus abit longeque ante omnia corpora Nisus
 Emicat, et ventis et fulminis ocior alis ;
 Proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo, 320
 Insequitur Salius ; spatium post deinde relicto
 Tertius Euryalus ;
 Euryalumque Helymus sequitur ; quo deinde sub ipso
 Ecce volat calcemque terit iam calce Dioces,
 Incumbens umero ; spatia et si plura supersint, 325

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Transeat elapsus prior, ambiguumque relinquat.
 Iamque fere spatio extremo fessique sub ipsam
 Finem adventabant, levi cum sanguine Nisus
 Labitur infelix, caesis ut forte iuencis
 Fusus humum viridesque super madefecerat herbas. 330
 Hic iuvenis iam victor ovans vestigia presso
 Haud tenuit titubata solo, sed pronus in ipso
 Concidit inmundoque fimo sacroque cruore,
 Non tamen Euryali, non ille oblitus amorum ;
 Nam sese opposuit Salio per lubrica surgens ; 335
 Ille autem spissa iacuit revolutus harena.
 Emicat Euryalus, et munere victor amici
 Prima tenet, plausuque volat fremituque secundo.
 Post Helymus subit, et nunc tertia palma Diros.
 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.
 Adiuvat et magna proclamat voce Diros, 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 artes,

He had shot ahead, and passed the doubtful man.
 Exhausted near the end, their final bourne
 Almost they reach, when Nisus, evil-starred,
 Slips in some blood as on the ground by chance
 Shed from slain steers it soaked the herbage green. 330
 He in the hour of triumph could not keep
 His feet from stumbling, but amid the filth
 And sacrificial blood to earth fell prone.
 Not then, not once Euryalus his love
 Forgetting, he uprose in Salius' path, 335
 And tripped, and rolled him on the slippery field.
 Victorious through his friend, Euryalus
 Flies flashing first, mid tumults of applause.
 Next him comes Helymus, Diores third.
 The whole wide concourse and the fronting ranks 340
 Of Elders then with clamour Salius fills,
 Claiming the prize snatched from him by a trick.
 But tears and favour for the other plead,
 And worth, more pleasing in a pleasing form.
 Loudly for him Diores too appeals ; 345
 Who the last prize hath reached, but reached in vain,
 Should the first meed to Salius be returned.
 Then spoke Aeneas : " Your rewards shall stay
 Unchanged, and none their order shall disturb.
 Be mine to pity my unlucky friend." 350

So said, to Salius a great lion's hide
 Heavy with hair he gives and gilded claws.
 " If such the guerdons for defeat," exclaims
 Nisus, " and thou canst pity those who fell,
 What prize may Nisus claim ? The first were mine, 355
 Had I not been, like Salius, Fortune's foe."
 And with his words he showed his face and limbs
 Foul with the slime. Then laughed the gentle Prince,
 And bade them bring a targe, from Neptune's fane

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

360

Post, ubi confecti cursus, et dona peregit :
Nunc, si cui virtus animusque in pectore praesens,
Adsit, et evinctis attollat bracchia palmis.
Sic ait et geminum pugnae proponit honorem,
Victori velatum auro vittisque iuvenum,
Ensem atque insignem galeam solatia victo.

365

Nec mora ; continuo vastis cum viribus effert
Ora Dares, magnoque virum se murmure tollit ;
Solutus qui Paridem solitus contendere contra,
Idemque ad tumulum, quo maxumus occubat Hector,
Victorem Buten, inmani corpore qui se
Bebrycia veniens Amyci de gente ferebat,
Perculit et fulva moribundum extendit harena.
Talis prima Dares caput altum in proelia tollit,
Ostenditque umeros latos, alternaque iactat
Bracchia protendens, et verberat ictibus auras.
Quaeritur huic alius ; nec quisquam ex agmine tanto
Audet adire virum manibusque inducere caestus.
Ergo alacris, cunctosque putans excedere palma,
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
Dardanidae, reddique viro promissa iubebant.

370

375

380

385

Hic gravis Entellum dictis castigat Acestes,
Proximus ut viridante toro consederat herbae :
Entelle, heroum quondam fortissime frustra,
Tantane tam patiens nullo certamine tolli
Dona sines ? ubi nunc nobis deus ille magister

390

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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.
 Obstipuere animi : tantorum ingentia septem
 Terga boum plumbo insuto ferroque rigebant. 405
 Ante omnes stupet ipse Dares, longeque recusat ;
 Magnanimusque Anchisiades et pondus et ipsa
 Huc illuc vincolorum immensa volumina versat.
 Tum senior tales 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 vires 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 umeris reiecit amictum,
 Et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa lacertosque
 Exuit, atque ingens media consistit harena.
 Tum satus Anchisa caestus pater extulit aequos,
 Et paribus palmas amborum innexuit armis. 425

Thy boasted Eryx ? Where the spoils hung up
 On all thy walls, thy wide Sicilian fame ? ”
 Then he : “ No fear hath beaten off the love
 Of praise and glory ; but my blood runs cold 395
 With loitering age ; my waning strength is numb.
 Had I what once I had, what yonder knave
 Exults in, had I now that youth of mine,
 No need of prize or ox to lead me on,
 I count not the reward.” He spake, and threw 400
 Two gauntlets in their midst, of monstrous weight,
 Wherein fierce Eryx, binding on his arms
 The toughened hide, oft entered on the fray.
 Amazement reigns ; such mighty bulls were those
 Whose seven huge hides are stiff with lead and steel. 405
 But Dares, most amazed, far back recoils.
 And great Aeneas felt their weight, and turned
 Over and over the large twisted thongs,
 While thus the veteran : “ What if any here
 Had seen the gloves of Hercules himself, 410
 And that grim battle on this very shore !
 These arms thy brother Eryx bore of old,
 Stained yet with blood, thou see’st, and scattered brain ;
 With these he fought Alcides ; these I used
 While fresher blood gave strength, ere niggard age 415
 Sprinkled my brows with white. Yet if these arms
 Dares declines, if so Aeneas wills,
 And so Acestes sanctions, let us fight
 An equal match ; I waive thee Eryx’ hides ;
 Take heart, and doff thy Trojan gauntlets too.” 420

So saying, from his back he threw the cloak,
 His mighty limbs, his mighty shoulder-blades
 Bared, and amidst the ring gigantic stood.
 Then gauntlets fairly matched the Prince brought forth,
 And bound with equal gloves the hands of both. 425

Constitit in digitos extemplo arrectus uterque,
 Bracchiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras.
 Abduxere retro longe capita ardua ab ictu,
 Inmiscensque manus manibus, pugnamque laccessunt.
 Ille pedum melior motu, fretusque iuventa, 430
 Hic membris et mole valens ; sed tarda trementi
 Genua labant, vastos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.
 Multa viri nequiquam inter se volnera iactant,
 Multa cavo lateri ingeminant et pectore vastos
 Dant sonitus, erratque aures et tempora circum 435
 Crebra manus, duro crepitant sub volnere malae.
 Stat gravis Entellus nisuque inmotus eodem,
 Corpore tela modo atque oculis vigilantibus exit.
 Ille, velut celsam oppugnat qui molibus urbem,
 Aut montana sedet circum castella sub armis, 440
 Nunc hos, nunc illos aditus, omnemque pererrat
 Arte locum, et variis adsultibus inritus urguet.
 Ostendit dextram insurgens Entellus et alte
 Extulit : ille ictum venientem a vertice velox
 Praevidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit : 445
 Entellus vires 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,
 Aequaezumque ab humo miserans attollit amicum.
 At non tardatus casu neque territus heros
 Acrior ad pugnam redit, ac vim suscitatur ira.
 Tum pudor incendit vires et conscia virtus, 455
 Praecipitemque Daren ardens agit aequore toto,
 Nunc dextra ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistra ;
 Nec mora, nec requies : quam multa grandine nimbi
 Culminibus crepitant, sic densis ictibus heros
 Creber utraque manu pulsatur versaturque Daretas. 460

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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 vires alias conversaque 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 naves ; galeamque ensemque vocati
 Accipiunt ; palmam Entello taurumque relinquunt.

Hic victor, superans animis tauroque superbus :
 Nate dea, vosque haec, inquit, cognoscite, Teucrici,
 Et mihi quae fuerint iuvenali in corpore vires, 475
 Et qua servetis revocatum a morte Dareta.
 Dixit, et adversi contra stetit ora iuveni,
 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 tales 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 omnes exit locus Hippocoontis ;
 Quem modo navali Mnestheus certamine victor
 Consequitur, viridi Mnestheus evinctus oliva.

Then Prince Aeneas would no further brook
 The bitter madness of Entellus' rage ;
 But set an end to strife, and took away
 Exhausted Dares, and with words consoled :
 " Unhappy man ! What madness seized thy soul ? 465
 Know'st thou not altered strength and Heaven estranged ?
 To the Gods yield ! " He spake, and stayed the fight.
 But Dares to the ships his faithful friends
 Lead, dragging his weak knees, and to each side
 Swaying his head, while from his mouth the blood 470
 Pours mixed with teeth. They take the helm and sword,
 But to Entellus leave the palm and bull.

Proud of the bull, and high of heart, then spake
 The victor : " Goddess-born, and Trojans ! Learn
 What might was in me in my prime of youth, 475
 From what a death you take your Dares saved ! "
 He spake, and by the bull, the victor's prize,
 Confronting stood, and with his right hand swung,
 And, rising to the blow, his gauntlet drove
 Between the horns, and shattered bone and brain. 480
 Dead, quivering, prone to earth the great ox fell.
 Then over it he spake : " This better life,
 Eryx, to thee I yield, in Dares' stead.
 My gloves, mine art, here, victor, I resign ! "

Who now were fain to match the flying shaft 485
 Aeneas summons, and their meed proclaims ;
 And with his mighty hand Serestus' mast
 Uprears, and from it hangs a fluttering dove,
 By twining cords tied fast, the arrows' mark.
 All muster ; and a brazen helm receives 490
 The lots cast in : and first leaps out ere all
 Amidst applauding cries Hippocoon's name :
 Whom follows Mnestheus, in the galleys' race
 Triumphant, Mnestheus still with olive crowned ;

Tertius Eurytion, tuus, o clarissime, frater,
 Pandare, qui quondam, iussus confundere foedus,
 In medios telum torsisti primus Achivos.
 Extremus galeaque ima subsedit Acestes,
 Ausus et ipse manu iuvenum temptare laborem.

495

Tum validis flexos incurvant viribus arcus
 Pro se quisque viri, et depromunt tela pharetris.
 Primaque per caelum nervo stridente sagitta
 Hyrtacidae iuvenis volucres diverberat auras ;
 Et venit, adversique infigitur arbore mali.
 Intremuit malus, timuitque exterrita pennis
 Ales, et ingenti sonuerunt omnia plausu.
 Post acer Mnestheus adducto constitit arcu,
 Alta petens, pariterque oculos telumque tetendit.
 Ast ipsam miserandus avem contingere ferro
 Non valuit ; nodos et vincula linea rupit,
 Quis innexa pedem malo pendeat ab alto ;
 Illa notos atque atra volans in nūbila fugit.
 Tum rapidus, iamdudum arcu contenta parato
 Tela tenens, fratrem Eurytion in vota vocavit,
 Iam vacuo laetam caelo speculatus, et alis
 Plaudentem nigra figit sub nube columbam.
 Decidit exanimis, vitamque reliquit in astris
 Aetheriis, fixamque refert delapsa sagittam.
 Amissa solus palma superabat Acestes ;
 Qui tamen aérias telum contendit in auras,
 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,
 Signavitque viam flammis, tenuesque recessit
 Consumpta in ventos ; caelo ceu saepe refixa
 Transcurrunt crinemque volantia sidera ducunt.

500

505

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525

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Attonitis haesere animis, Superosque precati
 Trinacrii Teucrique viri ; nec maxumus omen 530
 Abnuit 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 longaevi 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 omnes 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.

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 patentes.

Incedunt pueri, pariterque ante ora parentum
 Frenatis lucent in equis, quos omnis euntes
 Trinacriae mirata fremit Troiaeque iuventus. 555
 Omnibus in morem tona coma pressa corona ;
 Cornea bina ferunt praefixa hastilia ferro ;
 Pars leves umero pharetras : it pectore summo
 Flexilis obtorti per collum circulus auri.
 Tres equitum numero turmae, ternique vagantur 560
 Ductores ; pueri bis seni quemque secuti

Spellbound in wonder to the Heavenly Gods
 Trinacrians pray and Trojans ; and the Prince 530
 Scorns not that omen, but embracing loads
 With gifts the happy veteran, and bespeaks :
 “ Take these, O Father ! for Olympus’ King
 Wills by these signs that thou this added prize
 Shouldst draw, this gift of old Anchises’ self, 535
 A bowl embossed with figures, which of yore
 For guerdon rich Cisseus the Thracian gave
 My sire, a pledge and memory of his love.”
 He spoke ; and with green laurel wreathed his brow ;
 And named Acestes victor before all. 540
 Nor did Eurytion grudge the prize preferred,
 Though he alone had brought the bird to earth.
 Next, he who brake the fetters wins reward ;
 Last, who with flying reed the mast transfixed.

But Prince Aeneas, ere that match was o’er, 545
 Called to his side Iulus’ guardian friend,
 Epytides, and told his trusted ear :
 “ Go, tell Ascanius, if his troop of boys
 Be ready now, and all his horse drawn up,
 To lead the squadron in his grandsire’s praise, 550
 And show his arms.” Then all the invading throng
 He bids withdraw, and the long course leave free.

Forth come the lads, and ranked before their sires
 Shine on curbed steeds ; and, as they pass, the hosts
 Of Troy and Sicily admiring shout. 555
 Trim garlands bind their hair : two cornel spears,
 Pointed with steel, they wield, or quivers bright
 Across their shoulders ; and the bended gold
 Entwines the throat, and falls upon the breast.
 Three troops of horse are there ; and captains three 560
 Ride to and fro, and twelve boys follow each,

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 omnes pulcher, Iulus 570
 Sidonio est invectus equo, quem candida Dido
 Esse sui dederat monumentum et pignus amoris.
 Cetera Trinacriis pubes senioris Acestae
 Fertur equis.

Excipiunt plausu pavidos, gaudentque tuentes 575
 Dardanidae, veterumque adgnosunt ora parentum.
 Postquam omnem laeti consessum oculosque suorum
 Lustravere in equis, signum clamore paratis
 Epytides longe dedit insonuitque flagello.
 Olli discurrere pares, atque agmina terni 580
 Diductis solvere choris, rursusque vocati
 Convertere vias infestaque tela tulere.
 Inde alios ineunt cursus aliosque recursus
 Adversi spatiis, alternosque orbibus orbes
 Inpediunt, 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 indeprencus et inremeabilis error ;
 Haud alio Teucrum nati vestigia cursu
 Inpediunt, texuntque fugas et proelia ludo,
 Delphinum similes, qui per maria umida nando
 Carpathium Libycumque secant luduntque per undas. 595

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Hunc morem cursus atque haec certamina primus
 Ascanius, Longam muris cum cingeret Albam,
 Rettulit et priscos docuit celebrare Latinos,
 Quo puer ipse modo, secum quo Troia pubes ;
 Albani docuere suos ; hinc 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 tumulo 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
 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 natiq̄ue 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 exscidium iam vertitur aestas,
 Cum freta, cum terras omnes, tot inhospita saxa
 Sideraque emensae ferimur, dum per mare magnum
 Italiam sequimur fugientem, et volvimur undis.

These sports, this mode of riding, when he built
Long Alba's walls, Ascanius first revived,
And taught the pristine Latins to observe,
As he had learned them and the youth of Troy.
The Albans taught their sons ; thence mighty Rome 600
Received them, and the ancestral use preserved.
“ *Troy* ” now the boys are named, “ *The Trojan troop.* ”

So sped the contests to that hallowed sire,
Till Fortune changed, and broke at last her faith.
While at his tomb they held those solemn Games, 605
Saturnian Juno to the Trojan ships
Sent Iris down, and breathed a speeding wind,
Much scheming, and her ancient pain unslaked.
She by the many-coloured Bow her way
Runs quickly down, a maiden seen of none, 610
Scans the vast crowd, and, as she tracks the coast,
Sees ports abandoned and forsaken ships.
But Ilian wives, far on the lone sea-bank,
Wept for Anchises ; and all weeping viewed
The unfathomed main. “ Ah ! voyage-worn, what seas 615
Await us still ! ”—on every lip one cry.
Tired of the toiling waves, they crave a Home.
So in their midst, in mischief not unschooled,
Lightning, she doffed her Heavenly mien and dress,
Transformed to Beroe, the age-struck wife 620
Of Doryclus, who once had race and name
And sons ; so came she to the Dardan dames.
“ Oh hapless ye,” she cries, “ whom warring Greeks ^{Achaean} hand
Dragged not to death beneath your native walls !
Unhappy race ! what bane hath Fate in store ? 625
Now, since Troy fell, the seventh summer wanes,
Whilst we o'er seas and lands outwatch the stars
By crags unharboured, and through rolling waves
Chase those Italian shores which ever fly.

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 amnes, Xanthum et Simoenta, videbo ?
 Quin agite et mecum infaustas exurite puppes. 635
 Nam mihi Cassandrae per somnum vatis imago
 Ardentes 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
 Ardentesque 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 monstris actaeque furore
 Conclamant, rapiuntque focus penetralibus ignem ; 660
 Pars spoliant aras, frondem ac virgulta facesque
 Coniiciunt. Furit inmissis Volcanus habenis
 Transtra per et remos et pictas abiete puppes.

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Nuntius Anchisae ad tumulum cuneosque theatri
 Incensas perfert naves Eumelus, et ipsi
 Respiciunt atram in nimbo volitare favillam.
 Primus et Ascanius, cursus ut laetus equestres
 Ducebat, sic acer equo turbata petivit
 Castra, nec exanimes possunt retinere magistri.

665

Quis furor iste novus? quo nunc, quo tenditis, inquit,
 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.

671

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, excussaque pectore Iuno est.

Sed non idcirco flammae atque incendia vires

680

Indomitas posuere; udo sub robore vivit

Stuppa vomens tardum fumum, lentusque carinas

Est vapor et toto descendit corpore pestis,

Nec vires heroum infusaque flumina prosunt.

Tum pius Aeneas umeris abscindere vestem,

685

Auxilioque vocare deos, et tendere palmas:

Iuppiter omnipotens, si nondum exosus ad unum

Troianos, si quid pietas antiqua labores

Respicit humanos, da flammam evadere classi

Nunc, Pater, et tenues Teucrum res eripe leto.

690

Vel tu, quod superest, infesto fulmine morti,

Si mereor, demitte, tuaque hic obrue dextra.

Vix haec ediderat, cum effusis imbribus 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 madescunt
 Robora ; restinctus donec vapor omnis, et omnes,
 Quattuor amissis, servatae a peste carinae.

At pater Aeneas, casu concussus acerbo 700
 Nunc huc ingentes, 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,
 Delige, et his habeant terris sine moenia fessi ;
 Urbem appellabunt permissio nomine Acestam.

Talibus incensus dictis senioris amici,
 Tum vero in curas animo diducitur omnes : 720
 Et Nox atra polum bigis subvecta tenebat.
 Visa dehinc caelo facies delapsa parentis
 Anchisae subito tales effundere voces :
 Nate, mihi vita quondam, dum vita manebat,
 Care magis, nate, Iliacis exercite fatis, 725
 Imperio Iovis huc venio, qui classibus ignem
 Depulit, et caelo tandem miseratus ab alto est.
 Consiliis pare, quae nunc pulcherrima Nautes

With driving South winds dark, from all the sky,
And filled the ships, and soaked the half-burnt wood,
Till every flame was quenched, and all the ships,
Save four that perished, from the bane were saved.

But Prince Aeneas, by that sad mischance 700
Sore stricken, rolls the burdēn of his thoughts
This way and that. There should he make his Home,
Heedless of Fate, or grasp Italian shores?
Whereon old Nautes, he whom more than all
Pallas had taught, and given wondrous skill, 705
And how to answer what the Gods' stern wrath
Threatens, and what the course of Fate demands,
He thus consoling to Aeneas spake:
"Follow we, Goddess-born, Fate's ebb and flow.
Whate'er befall, we conquer when we bear: 710
Dardan Acestes is of Heavenly birth!
Him take a ready co-mate in thy plans;
To him give all whose ships are lost, and all
Who of thy mighty purpose faint and tire;
The aged men, the mothers worn with sea, 715
Whate'er is weak, whate'er is timorous
Search out, and here let those faint-hearted dwell.
Acesta they shall call their city's name."

So spake his ancient friend, and cheered his heart
Racked yet with care, while darkling o'er the sky 720
Night drove her steeds. Then sudden on his sight
Falling from heaven the semblance of his sire
Anchises came, and uttered thus his voice:
"Son, dearer far than life, while life was mine!
Son, tried by Ilium's doom! I hither come 725
By Jove's command, who from thy ships hath driven
These flames, and pitied thee from Heaven at last.
Obey the counsel aged Nautes gives

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Most seemly. Bear thy chosen bravest hearts
To Italy. A people rude and rough 730
There wait thy quelling. But the infernal halls
Of Dis first enter, and, Avernus passed,
Meet me, my son ! Me no sad shades enfold,
Nor Tartarus ; but converse of the pure,
Elysian bliss is mine. There shall the Maid, 735
The Sibyl, lead thee with black victims' blood.
There shalt thou learn thy promised race and home.
Farewell ! The night rolls midway ; and I feel
The savage panting of the steeds of Morn ! ”

He ceased ; and fled like smoke into thin air. 740
“ O whither, whither now ? ” Aeneas cried,
“ Whom dost thou fly ? Who keeps thee from our arms ? ”
So saying, he aroused the sleeping fire,
And with blest meal and incense paid the vow
To Trojan Lares, and white Vesta's shrine. 745

Forthwith he calls his friends, Acestes first,
Jove's mandate teaches, and the precepts given
By his dear father, and his own firm will.
Nor halt his plans, nor doth the King refuse.
The mothers are enrolled, and those who will 750
Debarked, poor souls who nought of glory crave.
The rest their thwarts renew, replace the wood
Eaten by flames, fix oars and cordage fresh ;
Few by the count, but hearts of living fire.

Meanwhile Aeneas with a plough marks out 755
The town, allotting homes : makes here a Troy,
An Ilium here. Acestes reigned content,
Stablished a court, and gave a Senate laws ;
And near the stars upreared, on Eryx' crest,
A Fane for Venus, and to Anchises' tomb 760
A Priest assigned, and widely hallowed grove.

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 ;
 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,
 Et consanguineo lacrimans commendat Acestae.
 Tres 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
 Porricit in fluctus ac vina liquentia fundit.
 Prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntes.
 Certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora verrunt.

765

770

775

At Venus interea Neptunum exercita curis
 Adloquitur, talesque effundit pectore questus :
 Iunonis gravis ira nec exsaturabile pectus
 Cogunt me, Neptune, preces descendere in omnes ;
 Quam nec longa dies, pietas nec mitigat ulla,
 Nec Iovis imperio fatisque infracta quiescit.
 Non media de gente Phrygum exedissee nefandis
 Urbem odiis satis est, nec poenam traxe per omnem :
 Reliquias Troiae, cineres atque ossa peremptae
 Insequitur. Causas tanti sciat illa furoris.
 Ipse mihi nuper Libycis tu testis in undis
 Quam molem subito excierit : maria omnia caelo
 Miscuit, Aeoliis nequiquam freta procellis,
 In regnis hoc ausa tuis.
 Per scelus ecce etiam Troianis matribus actis
 Exussit foede puppes, et classe subegit
 Amissa socios ignotae relinquere terrae.

780

785

790

795

Nine days had all men feasted, and each shrine
Honoured, and quiet winds had calmed the main.
Again the South blew up and called to sea.
Then on the hollow shores lament was loud ; 765
And fond embraces stayed the night and day.
The mothers and the men who lately shrank
From sight of sea, and shuddered at its name,
Now fain would go and bear their travail out ;
Whom good Aeneas soothes with words benign, 770
And to their King and kinsman trusts with tears.
Three calves to Eryx, to the Storms a lamb
He bids them slay, and cast the cable loose ;
Then, wreathed with leaves of olive, on the prow
Standing afar, he holds the cup, and sheds 775
Entrails upon the flood, and flowing wine.
A wind that follows wafts them, and they dip
Stoutly their rival oars, and sweep the sea.

But Venus in the meanwhile, racked with care,
Addressing Neptune, thus her trouble breathed : 780
“ Juno’s great wrath, O Neptune ! Juno’s heart
Insatiate, make me stoop to every prayer.
Nor time nor goodness cure her ; not Jove’s Will,
Nor Fate, have stilled her rage. ’Tis not enough
From Phrygia’s heart with hate to have devoured 785
Troy town, and dragged her through all pain and woe.
Troy’s remnant still, her very bones and ash,
She hunts ; I pray she knows what makes her wrath !
Thyself art witness what a coil she stirred
On Libyan waters, mingling sea and sky, 790
In vain reliance on Aeolian storms.
This in thy realm she dared.
And lo ! to crime the Trojan dames she hath driven,
Burning his vessels, and, his ships all lost,
Forced him to leave his friends on alien shores. 795

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Let what remains, I pray, in safety sail
Thy waves : O ! let them reach the Tiber's stream,
If Fate permit, if there she grant their Home :”

To whom the Lord of Ocean, Saturn's son :
“ Venus, 'tis very right to trust my realm, 800
Whence thou art sprung. And I deserve it ; oft
I quelled such ravings of the sky and sea.
Nor less on land, Xanthus and Simois know,
I cared for thine Aeneas. When Troy's ranks
Achilles on their ramparts breathless hurled, 805
And dealt a thousand deaths ; when every stream
Roared choking, nor could Xanthus find his way,
And roll to sea, then from Pelides bold
When Gods nor strength were matched in hollow mist
I rapt Aeneas, though I longed to raze 810
Those walls of perjured Troy mine hands had wrought.
Now too that purpose holds ; dispel thy fear.
Safe, as thou wilt, Avernus he shall gain :
One only shalt thou look for, lost in sea ;
One life for many shall be paid.” 815

He with such words the Goddess' heart made glad :
Then yoked his steeds with gold, the foamy bits
Fixed, and the reins let slacken in his grasp,
While in his sea-blue car he skimmed the main.
The waves sink down ; beneath his thundering wheels 820
Rough seas are smoothed ; aloft the storm-clouds fly.
Strange shapes are in his train ; unwieldy whales,
Old Glaucou's choir, Palaemon, Ino's child,
Swift Tritons, Phorcus' host, and on his left,
Nesae, Spio, Panopea fair, 825
Thalia and Thetys and Cymodoce.

With peace and joy Aeneas' anxious heart

Gaudia pertemptant mentem ; iubet ocius omnes
Attolli malos, intendi bracchia velis.

Una omnes fere pedem, pariterque sinistros, 830
Nunc dextros, solvere sinus ; una ardua torquent
Cornua detorquentque ; ferunt sua flamina classem.
Princeps ante omnes densum Palinurus agebat
Agmen ; ad hunc alii cursum contendere iussi.

Iamque fere mediam caeli Nox umida 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
Insonti ; puppique deus consedit in alta,
Phorbanti similis, funditque has ore loquelas :

Iaside Palinure, ferunt ipsa aequora classem ;
Aequatae spirant aerae ; datur hora quieti.
Pone caput, fessosque oculos furare labori. 845
Ipse ego paulisper pro te tua munera inibo.
Cui vix attollens Palinurus lumina fatur :
Mene salis placidi 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.
Vix primos inopina quies laxaverat artus :
Et superincumbens cum puppis parte revolsa
Cumque gubernaculo liquidas proiecit in undas

Again is thrilled. He bids them raise the masts ;
 And spread the arms with sail. Together all
 They set the sheet ; together left and right 830
 They slacken sails ; together twist and turn
 The soaring horns. Fair breezes blow the ship.
 But Palinurus first the close array
 Leads, and by him the rest obedient steer.

Now dewy Night to the mid goal of heaven 835
 Was drawing near. On benches by their oars,
 With limbs unbent, the laboured crews lay still ;
 When Slumber, lightly parting the dun air,
 Slid from the starry sky, and came to thee,
 O Palinurus ! bringing thee sad dreams, 840
 Guiltless ! and on the high-built stern the God
 In Phorbas' semblance sate, while thus he spake :

“ Pilot ! the sea itself bears on the ship.
 Fair blows the wind : the hour to rest is given.
 Lie down, and steal thy wearied eyes from toil. 845
 I, in thy stead, will ply thy task awhile.”
 With eyes scarce raised, the pilot answered him.
 “ And am not I to know the sleek sea's face ?
 Am I to trust this monster, and shall I
 Confide Aeneas to the fickle winds, 850
 I, by the false fair heavens so often duped ? ”

So saying, to the helm he clung, nor lost
 His hold, but kept his eyes upon the stars.
 When lo ! the God shook o'er his brows a branch
 Sleepy with Stygian drench, and wet with dews 855
 Of Lethe, and declined the lingering lids.
 Scarce had the stealing peace unbent his limbs,
 When Slumber stooped, and him to weltering seas
 Flung headlong down, with helm and half the stern

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Shattered, oft calling on his mates in vain.
Then to the viewless winds he winged his way.

860

Not less the ships speed safely, undismayed
In Neptune's promise o'er the watery track ;
Until they neared the Sirens' cliffs, of yore
Perilous, and white with many a sailor's bones.
Still the hoarse sea was moaning round the rocks.
Then, when he saw his ship, with helmsman lost,
Drifting, Aeneas, in the midnight seas,
Steered her himself, and mourned his friend's mischance:
" Dupe of fair skies and sea, thy corpse shall lie
Bare, Palinurus, on an alien shore !"

865

870

BOOK VI

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WEEPING he spake, and gave his fleet the rein ;
 And touched at last Euboean Cumae's shore.
 Seaward they turn the prows ; the anchor's tooth
 Holds fast each galley ; and the beach is fringed
 With curving sterns. A band of hope-flushed men 5
 Leap on Hesperia's soil ; and part from flint
 Strike hidden seeds of fire ; part scour the woods,
 The wild beasts' home, and point to streams new-found.

But towards the hill which high Apollo rules 7
 Aeneas hastens, where the Sibyl's cave 10
 Lies vast and lone, on whom the Delian breathes
 An ampler soul, unfolding things to come. J
 The Trivian Grove they reach, the House of Gold.

'Tis famed that Daedalus, from Minos' realm,
 Trusting the air with wings, to the cold North 15
 Fled, swimming far his unaccustomed way :
 Till, lightly dropping on Chalcidian cliffs,
 To thee, O Phoebus ! safe on land, he vowed
 His oary pens, and built thy mighty fane.
 Androgeus' death he graved upon the doors, 20
 And Cecrops' sons atoning year by year
 With seven young lives ; the urn, the lots new-drawn
 And opposite Crete standing out of sea ;
 Pasiphae's passion, to the cruel bull
 Joined by deceit, the mingled birth that told 25
 Of monstrous love, the twiform Minotaur,
 The House of toil, the maze which none might flee,
 Till Daedalus, in pity for the love
 Of the King's daughter, broke the snare himself,
 Guiding blind steps by thread. Thou too hadst shone 30
 Icarus ! in that great work, had grief allowed ;
 Twice he essayed to grave thy fate in gold ;
 Twice fell the father's hands.

Quin protinus omnia

Perlegerent oculis, ni iam praemissus Achates
Adforet atque una Phoebi Triviaeque sacerdos, 35
Deiphobe Glauci, fatur quae talia regi :

Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit ;
Nunc grege de intacto septem mactare iuencos
Praestiterit, totidem lectas de more bidentes.
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, graves Troiae semper miserate labores,
Dardana qui Paridis direxti tela manusque
Corpus in Aeacidae, magnas obeuntia terras
Tot maria intravi duce te penitusque repostas
Massylum gentes praetentaque Syrtibus arva, 60
Iam tandem Italiae fugientes prendimus oras ;
Hac Troiana tenus fuerit Fortuna secuta.
Vos quoque Pergameae iam fas est parcere genti,
Dique deaeque omnes, quibus obstitit Ilium et ingens

And all the tale

Their eyes had read, but now Achates came,
Returning, with the Priestess of the Grove, 35
Deiphobe, who thus the Prince bespake :

“ This hour asks no such shows : ’twere better now
Out of a herd ne’er yoked to sacrifice
Seven oxen, and as many chosen ewes.”
She ended ; and, her sacred charge performed, 40
Within the high-built temple bade them pass.

A hundred avenues, a hundred doors
Lead to the cavern, hewn in Cumae’s cliff,
Whence, hundred-voiced, the Sibyl’s answers ring.
The threshold reached, “ Now,” cried the Maid, “ ’tis time 45
To ask thy fate ! The God ! ah me ! the God ! ”
And suddenly her face, her colour changed,
Her locks disordered fell, her bosom gasped,
Her wild heart swelled, her stature grew, her voice
Seemed more than human, as the God, drawn near, 50
Breathed influence :

“ And spar’st thou vow and prayer,
Aeneas, spar’st thou ? These alone will breach
The mighty portals of this spell-bound hall ! ”
She ended. Horror through the Trojans’ bones
Ran cold, and from his heart Aeneas prayed : 55
“ Phoebus, still pitiful to Troy’s long woe !
Who to Achilles’ heel didst guide the shaft
And hand of Paris ; who hast led me on
To seas that wash great countries, to remote
Massylian tribes, beyond the Syrtes’ sand ! 60
Those fleeting shores of Italy at length
We grasp : no further may Troy’s fate pursue !
Ye too, O Gods and Goddesses, whom Troy
And all her glory vexed, you now may spare

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The Dardan race. And thou, most holy Seer,
 Foreknowing things to come!—I ask no crown
 Unpledged by Fate—O grant in Latium yet
 Troy's sons may rest, and all her wayworn Gods!
 To Phoebus then and Trivia will I build
 A marble fane, and name his holy days. 70
 Thee also in our realm great shrines await,
 Where I will place thy mystic words of doom
 Told to my race, O Holy! and ordain
 Thy chosen Priests. But trust them not to leaves,
 To fly disordered on the frolic winds, 75
 Chant them thyself!" He ceased, and spake no more.

But in her cave, impatient of the God,
 The frenzied Seer would shake him from her breast.
 So much the more he tires her rabid mouth,
 Tames her fierce heart, and moulds her with his hand, 80
 Till all the hundred doors with one accord
 Fly open, and her answers thrill the air.

"O scaped at last from perils of the sea!
 Yet worse remain on shore! Lavinium's land
 Dardans shall reach—put from thy soul this care— 85
 But they shall rue the day. Wars, awful wars,
 I see, and Tiber foaming streams of blood!
 Xanthus nor Simois nor Doric camp
 Shall fail thee. There another Goddess-born
 Achilles waits: there Juno shall not leave 90
 The Trojans' track, while in thy need what tribes,
 What towns of Italy shalt thou not sue!
 A foreign love once more Troy's bane shall be,
 Once more an alien bride!
 But yield not thou! Meet care with bolder step 95
 Than Fate concedes! The path of Hope shall rise,
 Where least thou dreamest, in a Grecian town!"

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 flammam et mille sequentia tela 110
 Eripui his umeris, medioque ex hoste recepi ;
 Ille meum comitatus iter maria omnia mecum
 Atque omnes pelagique minas caelique ferebat,
 Invalidus, vires 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 Avernus.
 Si potuit Manes arcessere coniugis Orpheus,
 Threicia fretus cithara fidibusque canoris, 120
 Si fratrem Pollux alterna morte redemit,
 Itque reditque viam totiens—quid Thesea magnum,
 Quid memorem Alciden ? et mi genus ab Iove summo.

Talibus orabat dictis, arasque tenebat,
 Cum sic orsa loqui vates : Sate sanguine 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,

Thus Cumae's Sibyl from her shrine declaims
 Dread mysteries, and, moaning through the cave,
 Wraps truth in darkness : so in her mad mouth
 Apollo shakes the reins, and goads her breast. 100
 When frenzy fell, and raving lips were still,
 Aeneas spoke : " No face of grief, O Maid !
 Springs strange on me or sudden : all I scanned,
 And in my soul ere now have traversed all. 105
 One boon I ask. Since here the Gates are famed
 Of nether Dis, and Acheron's dull sluice,
 O let me see the face of him I love,
 My father ! Teach the way ! the gates unfold !
 Him on these shoulders through the flames I bore 110
 Through thousand bolts, and saved from swarming foes.
 O'er all the seas he shared my path, and braved,
 Though weak, each threat of Ocean and of Sky,
 Beyond the strength and destiny of Age.
 He too, entreating, bade me seek thy doors, 115
 And sue thy grace. O pity son and sire !
 All things thou canst, O Holy ! Not in vain
 O'er dark Avernus Hecat gave thee rule !
 If Orpheus with his lyre's melodious strings
 Might call his wife from Hell ; if, to and fro 120
 Passing so oft, Pollux, by death's exchange,
 Redeems his brother—why of Theseus tell,
 Or Hercules ?—I too am Heavenly born ! "

Such pleas he uttered, and the altar clasped.
 When thus the Seer began : " O seed of Gods ! 125
 Easy, great Trojan ! is the downward path.
 All night and day Hell Gates stand open wide.
 But to return, to reach the air of Heaven,
 There is the task and toil ! A few had power,
 Whom Jove hath loved, or manly zeal upraised 130
 Heavenward, the sons of God. Woods lie between,

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And winding black Cocytus flows all round.
 Yet if so strong thy passion and thy will
 Twice over Styx to swim, twice to behold
 Dark Tartarus, on such mad errand bent,
 Hear what must first be done. 135

A bough there is,
 Golden in leaf and stem, and consecrate
 To Stygian Juno. On a shadowy tree
 It lurks, deep-folded in the sunless dells.
 But none may tread the secret ways of Earth,
 Ere from that tree he tear the golden tress. 140
 This for her tribute Proserpine ordains.
 When one is plucked, another doth not lack,
 Golden, and burgeoning with leaves of gold.
 Search thoroughly then ; and, when thine eyes have found, 145
 Pull off the branch, for freely will it come
 If Fate be calling thee ; else all thy strength
 Will fail to pluck it, or to shear with steel.
 Moreover the dead body of thy friend
 Lies—ah, thou know'st not !—tainting all the fleet, 150
 While thou for counsel laggest at our door.
 Him first entomb, and carry to his rest ;
 And lead black ewes, thy first peace-offerings ;
 So shalt thou visit Styx, and walk the road
 None walk alive.” She ceased, and locked her lips. 155

Aeneas then, with downcast visage sad,
 Wends from the cavern, pondering in his heart
 The hidden things of Fate. Nor troubled less
 The leal Achates paces at his side.

And many a word they wove, surmising each
 Of what dead friend she spake, what body lay
 For burial, when on coming they beheld
 Misenus on the beach, unduly slain,
 Misenus, son of Aeolus, most skilled 160

Aere ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu. 165
 Hectoris hic magni fuerat comes, Hectora circum
 Et lituo pugnans insignis obibat et hasta.
 Postquam illum vita victor spoliavit Achilles,
 Dardanio Aeneae sese fortissimus heros
 Addiderat socium, non inferiora secutus. 170
 Sed tum, forte cava dum personat aequora concha,
 Demens, et cantu vocat in certamina divos,
 Aemulus exceptum Triton, si credere dignum est,
 Inter saxa virum spumosa inmerserat unda.
 Ergo omnes magno circum clamore fremebant, 175
 Praecipue pius Aeneas. Tum iussa Sibyllae,
 Haud mora, festinant flentes, aramque sepulchri
 Congerere arboribus caeloque educere certant.
 Itur in antiquam silvam, stabula alta ferarum,
 Procumbunt piceae, sonat icta securibus ilex, 180
 Fraxineaeque trabes cuneis et fissile robur
 Scinditur, advolvunt ingentes 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 voce 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 adgnoscat 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.

To wake the war-flame with his sounding brass ; 165
 Great Hector's comrade, who by Hector's side
 Won glory both with bugle and with spear.
 Him when Achilles slew, no lesser lord
 The dauntless hero followed, to the train
 Of great Aeneas joined : who, blowing late, 170
 Madman ! across the seas his hollow shell,
 Challenged the Gods with music, and was seized
 By jealous Triton, if the tale be true,
 And in the rocks and foaming waters drowned.
 So all around him mourn with loud lament, 175
 And most Aeneas. Then with tears they ply
 The Sibyl's charge, and heavenward pile with trees
 The altar of his Tomb. Primaeval woods,
 The wild beasts' lairs, are entered ; the pine falls ;
 The smitten ilex rings ; the ashen beams 180
 Are cleft with wedges and the splintered oak,
 And lofty rowans from the hills are rolled.

Amid such work, Aeneas cheers them on,
 Foremost, and wielding weapons like their own.
 But with his own sad heart he communes thus, 185
 Scanning the boundless wood, and prays aloud :
 " O to discover here in this green world
 That Golden Bough ! for all was true, too true,
 Misenus, which the Sibyl spake of thee !"
 He scarce had said, when from the sky two doves 190
 Before his very eyes came flying down,
 And on the green turf lit. His mother's birds
 The mighty hero knew, and prayed in joy :
 " O be my guides, if any way there be,
 Fly straight to dingles where that sumptuous bough 195
 Imbrowns the lawn ! O fail me not in need,
 My Goddess Mother !" Thus he spake, and paused,
 Noting what signs they bore, and whither sped.

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They feed and fly as far as following eyes
 Can keep them still in ken ; but when they come 200
 To foul Avernus' jaws, rise swiftly up,
 Skim through the liquid air, and side by side
 Alight upon a tree, that wished-for goal,
 Through whose dun branches shoots a gleam of gold.
 As, sown on some strange tree, in winter woods 205
 The mistletoe with alien leafage blooms,
 With yellow fruit enfolding the smooth stem :
 So on that shadowy oak the leafy gold
 Glimmered, and tinkled in the rustling air.
 Forthwith Aeneas grasped the clinging bough, 210
 And plucked, and bare it toward the Sibyl's cell.

Meanwhile the Trojans on the beach still wept
 Misenus, honouring the thankless dead.
 And first with firs and oaken logs they piled
 His mighty pyre, and wove about its sides 215
 Dark boughs, and set before it cypresses,
 The trees of death, and on it shining arms.
 And some heat water, leaping to the flame,
 In braziers, and annoint the cold man's corpse,
 Moaning, and lay him on the bed, and there 220
 Spread his gay raiment, the familiar dress.
 Some, with sad ministry, the heavy bier
 Raised, with averted heads, as custom bade,
 Holding the torch below. Then blazed the pile,
 Incense, and meats, and bowls of flowing oil. 225
 But when the fire slept, and the ashes fell,
 With wine they soaked the thirsty embers left,
 And Corynaeus in an urn of brass
 Hid the gleaned bones, and sprinkled thrice around
 Pure water with a prospering olive's bough, 230
 And cleansed the men, and spake the last farewell.
 But good Aeneas made a high-built tomb,

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 Avernum.
 Quattuor hic primum nigrantes terga iuencos
 Constituit frontique invergit vina sacerdos,
 Et summas carpens media inter cornua saetas 245
 Ignibus inponit sacris, libamina prima,
 Voce vocans Hecaten, Caeloque Ereboque potentem.
 Supponunt alii cultros, tepidumque cruorem
 Succipiunt pateris. Ipse atri velleris agnam
 Aeneas matri Eumenidum magnaеque sorori 250
 Ense ferit, sterilemque tibi, Proserpina, vaccam.
 Tum Stygio regi nocturnas inchoat aras,
 Et solida inponit taurorum viscera flammis,
 Pingue super oleum fundens 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 imperium est animarum, Umbraeque silentes,
 Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late, 265

And laid thereon his trumpet and his oar,
Under a skyey hill which bears his name,
Misenus, and preserves it ever green.

235

This done, he hastens on the Sibyl's charge.
A pebbled cave there was, with yawning mouth,
Safe screened by forests and a sombre mere,
O'er whose great chasm no flying thing unharmed
Might wing its way, such breath from those black jaws 240
Issued and streamed to heaven ; and hence the Greeks
Avernus named it, or *The Birdless Place*.
Here first the Priestess four black bullocks set,
And on their brows poured wine, between their horns
Cropping the topmost bristles, which she laid, 245
The first burnt-offerings, on the sacred fire,
Invoking Hecat, Queen in Heaven and Hell.
Others draw knives beneath, and the warm blood
Receive in bowls. Aeneas with his sword
To Night, and Night's great Sister, a black lamb 250
Slays, and to Proserpine a barren cow,
Dark altars raises to the Stygian King,
And, laying on the flame great bulls entire,
Pours on their burning flesh rich streams of oil.
And lo ! toward sunrise and the prime of light, 255
Earth underfoot fell moaning, and the woods
Were stirred, and dogs seemed howling through the dark,
As the Divine One came. " Far hence, Unclean !
O hence," the Priestess cries. " Leave all the grove !
And thou, march on, and draw the steel. Now needs, 260
Aeneas, all thy prowess, all thy strength !"
She spake, and passed in frenzy to the cave.
He not with timid steps beside her paced.

O Gods that rule the Dead ! O silent Shades !
Chaos and Phlegethon, dumb fields of Night ! 265

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Let what I heard be told ; O grant me grace
 Things deep in Earth to unbare and gulfed in gloom !

Darkling they fared, in desolate dim night,
 Through ghostly homes and shadowy realms of Dis ;
 Like men in forests, when the inconstant moon 270
 Throws peevish rays, and God has darkened heaven,
 And sombre Night despoiled the hues of Earth.

Before the Porchway, in Hell's very throat,
 Lay Grief, and pale Diseases, and Remorse,
 And sad old Age, and Want, that counsels ill, 275
 Fear, and gaunt Famine—dreadful shapes to see !—
 And Death, and Pain, and Death's twin-brother Sleep,
 And sinful Lusts of Soul. And full in face
 Right in the gateway lay the Slaughterer, War,
 The Furies' iron cells, and Discord wild 280
 With blood-stained fillets round her snaky hair.

And in their midst an immemorial Elm
 Spreads shadowing arms, where idle Dreams are lodged,
 That cling beneath each leaf. And many forms 285
 Of monstrous Beasts are there : within the gate
 There stable Centaurs, Scyllas double-shaped,
 Briareus, the hundred-fold, and Lerna's Worm,
 Dire-hissing, and Chimaera, armed with flame,
 Gorgons, and Harpies, and the tri-form Ghost.

In sudden dread, Aeneas seized his blade, 290
 And turned its naked edge to bar their way ;
 And had his Guide not warned him all were frail
 And flitting Ghosts, the semblances of life,
 His sword had leapt and cleft the shades in vain.

Hence leads a road to Acheron, whose wild 295

Trepidans sic demum restatque tremante puppe
 Inque ante pedes Coccyi stans inermis
 Portitor ille iurantis artus et iuvante reme
 Trepidantem Charon, cui iuvante demum
 Cernens iuvante iace demum iuvante demum, 300
 Scindens et motis non inermis artibus
 Ipse non cum singulis restatque puppe
 Et iurantis restatque demum iuvante
 Len senis, cui motus ille iuvante demum
 Huc omnis motus et iuvante demum 305
 Motus demum iuvante demum iuvante demum
 Magnanimus iuvante demum iuvante demum
 Inermis demum iuvante demum iuvante demum :
 Quam motus in artibus demum iuvante demum
 Lapsa cernens iuvante demum iuvante demum ad abo 310
 Quam motus demum iuvante demum iuvante demum
 Tunc portitor iuvante demum iuvante demum
 Stabant cernens primi demum iuvante demum
 Trepidantem demum iuvante demum iuvante demum
 Natus sed iuvante demum hos demum accipit illos, 315
 Ast alios longe submersos artus demum

Aeneas miratus enim motusque tumultu
 Dic, ait, o virgo, quid volt concursus ad antrum ?
 Quidve petunt animae ? vel quo discrimine ripas
 Hae linquunt, illae remis vacua livida verrunt ? 320
 Olli sic breviter fata est longaeve sacerdos :
 Anchisa generate, deum certissima proles,
 Coccyti 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 unca, sepulti.
 Nec ripas datur horrendas et rauca fluenti
 Transportare prius, quam sedibus ossa quierunt.

And whirling torrent spews its slimy sand
 On slow Cocytus ; and as ferryman
 Guarding the stream in awful squalor grim
 Stands Charon ; on whose chin the hoariness lies
 Untrimmed and thick ; his eyes are staring flame. 300
 Foul from the shoulder hangs his knotted garb.
 Himself he poles the boat, and tends the sail,
 And bears the bodies in his dusky barge,
 Ageing, but hearty with a God's green age.
 All crowding to those banks the Phantoms streamed ; 305
 Mothers and Men, and bodies done with life
 Of great-souled Heroes ; boys, and maids unwed,
 And sons on biers before their parents' eyes :
 As many as leaves at Autumn's earliest cold
 Falling to earth, or birds that landward flock, 310
 O'er ocean routed, when the frozen year
 Sends them to sunny lands. They stand, and plead
 First to be ferried o'er, with hands outspread,
 Craving for that far bank ; but in his boat
 The surly mariner takes these or those, 315
 And keeps the rest far driven from the shore.

Aeneas at that throng astonished stood.
 " Tell me, O Maid ! " he cried, " what means this press ?
 What seek the souls ? and why may some sweep o'er
 The livid stream, while some the banks must quit ? " 320
 To whom the Ancient Priestess brief replied :
 " Anchises' son, true seed of Heaven ! thou seest
 Cocytus' stagnant deep, the pools of Styx,
 By which Gods swear, and fear to break their vow.
 All this poor crowd thou seest due burial lack : 325
 Yon ferryman is Charon : those who cross
 Were buried : none that bellowing awful stream
 Pass, till their bones are laid in quiet rest.

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A hundred years they flutter round this shore,
Till, chosen at last, the wished-for pools they gain." 330

Aeneas paused, and in his pensive soul
Pitied their cruel lot. Leucaspis there,
Robbed of death's dues, he saw, and him who led
The Lycian barks, Orontes, both in woe ;
Whom o'er the windy waters bound from Troy, 335
One storm had wrecked, engulfing ships and men.

And lo ! the pilot Palinurus there !
Who, while he watched the stars by Libya's coast,
Late from the stern fell prone, and sank in sea.
Him woeful scarce amid the dusk he knew, 340
Then thus accosted : " O, what God from us
Hath torn thee and sunk beneath the shoreless sea ?
O tell me ! for Apollo, ne'er before
Found false, herein hath prophesied amiss.
Saved from the deep, he said that thou shouldst reach 345
Ausonian shores. Keeps he that promise thus ? "
But he : " Apollo's tripod rang not false,
Anchises' son ! for me no God hath drowned.
While clinging to my helm I ruled our course,
By chance I fell, and strongly wrenched it off, 350
And with me dragged. By the rude sea I swear,
Not for myself such fear as for thy ship
Seized me, lest she, with helm and pilot lost,
Might fail and founder in the leaping seas.
Me the wild South o'er leagues of ocean tossed 355
Three winter nights : scarce, as the fourth day dawned,
From the waves' crest I sighted Italy.
Slowly to land I swam ; and now were safe,
But, heavy with dank weeds, when as I clutched
The splintered cliff, some savage men with steel 360
Assailed me thus, a prize to their dull wit.

Nunc me ductus 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 cœva creatrix
 Ostendit—neque enim, crecō, 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 hæc, o Palinure, tibi tam cœva cupicō ?
 Tu Stygias inhumatus aquas amœnemque severum
 Eumenicum aspicias, ripamve iniussus acibus ? 375
 Desine fata cœum electi sperare precando.
 Sed cape dicta memor, cœvi solacia casus.
 Nam tua ninitimi, longe lateque per urbes
 Prociguis acti caelestibus, ossa piabunt,
 Et statuent tumulum, et tumulo sollemnia mittent, 380
 Aeternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.
 His dictis curae emotae, pulsusque parumper
 Corde dolor tristi ; gaudet cognomine terra.

Ergo iter inceptum peragunt iuvioque propinquant.
 Navita quos iam incœ ut Stygia prospexit ab unda 385
 Per tacitum nemus ire pecemque 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 neas Stygia vectare carina.
 Nec vero Alciden me sum letatus euntem
 Accepisse lacu, nec Thesea Pirithoumque,
 Dis quamquam geniti atque invicti viribus essent.

Now billows roll me, and winds cast ashore.
But O, by heaven's sweet air ! O, by thy Sire,
And by Iulus' rising hope, I pray,
Save me, Unconquered ! Throw, for throw thou canst, 365
Earth on my corpse, and Velia's port regain !
Or if some way thy Heavenly Mother show—
For not, methinks, these streams and Stygian pools
Without Gods' aid thou'lt swim—O give thy hand
To me unhappy ! take me o'er the waves ! 370
That I may rest at least when I am dead.”

He ended ; and the Priestess thus began :
“ Whence, Palinurus, is that wild desire ?
Shalt thou, unburied, see the Stygian flood,
The Furies' stream, or reach the bank unbid ? 375
Hope not by prayer to bend the doom of God !
Yet heed my words, to heal thy sorry plight,
For cities near and far to lay thy ghost
Portents from Heaven shall urge, and they shall raise
A Tomb, and pay the Tomb a yearly vow. 380
There Palinurus' name shall last for aye.”
Such words awhile drove sorrow from his heart,
And cheered him with the land that bears his name.

So, wending on their way, they near the stream. /
Then from the Stygian wave the boatman saw 385
Them pacing thither through the silent wood,
And thus accosted : “ Whosoe'er thou art,
Our stream in arms approaching, halt ! and there
Say why thou comest to this land of Shades,
Of Sleep and slumbering Night. My Stygian boat 390
May not convey the living. 'Twas no joy,
In sooth, I won, Alcides o'er the lake,
Nor Theseus bearing and Pirithous,
Though born of Gods, and great victorious men !

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He sought the Guard of Tartarus to bind,
 And drew him trembling from the throne of Dis :
 They from his bower our Mistress strove to steal !”

395

Whom thus the Amphrysian Priestess answered brief:

“ But no such guile is ours. Be calm : our arms

No onslaught bear. Let that great gaoler bark

400

For ever in his den, to scare the ghosts !

Let Proserpine keep, chaste, her Uncle's home !

Trojan Aeneas, great in worth and war,

His father seeks, descending to the Shades.

If thee no image of such love can move,

405

Yet know this Bough !” And, hidden in her robe,

She showed the Bough. Then all his anger fell,

Nor spake he more, but that dread gift admired,

The mystic Branch, for many a year unseen.

He turns his dusky barge, and nears the shore ;

410

And, thrusting from the thwarts all other souls,

He makes the gangways clear, and takes aboard

Large-limbed Aeneas, with whose weight the boat

Groans leaking, and admits the streaming fen.

At last he lands them both, in sea-green weed

415

And hideous slime, unharmed, across the stream.

Here, with his three-mouthed bark, great Cerberus
 Roars, lying huge within his counter den.

To whom the Maid, when on his neck she saw

The bridling worms, a drowsing honey cake

420

Threw down. He, wild with hunger, opened large

His triple throat, and caught it ; then to earth

Sank his vast back, and sprawled o'er all the den.

The ward asleep, Aeneas gained the approach,

And left in haste the irremeable stream.

425

Continuo auditae voces vagitus et ingens
 Infantumque animae flentes in limine primo,
 Quos dulcis vitae exsortes et ab ubere raptos
 Abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo.

Hos iuxta falso damnati crimine mortis. 430

Nec vero hae sine sorte datae, sine iudice, sedes :

Quaesitor Minos urnam movet ; ille silentum
 Conciliumque vocat vitasque et crimina discit.

Proxima deinde tenent maesti loca, qui sibi letum

Insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi 435

Proiecere animas. Quam vellent aethere in alto

Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores !

Fas obstat, tristisque palus inamabilis unda

Alligat, et noviens Styx interfusa coerces.

Nec procul hinc partem fusi monstrantur in omnem 440

Lugentes campi ; sic illos nomine dicunt.

Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit,

Secreti celant calles et myrtea circum

Silva tegit ; curae non ipsa in morte relinquunt.

His Phaedram Procrimque locis, maestamque Eriphylen, 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 volvere 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 acris amore est : 455

Infelix Dido, verus mihi nuntius ergo

Venerat extinctam, ferroque extrema secutum ?

Funeris heu tibi causa tui ? Per sidera iuro,

Then on their ears a sound of wailing rose,
 Where babies' souls were crying in the gate,
 Life's joyless outcasts, whom the dismal day
 Plucked from the breast unripe, and gulfed in gloom.
 Near these are they on false accusal slain ;— 430
 Here, too, the Lots are drawn, the Verdict given.
 Minos presiding shakes the urn, and cites
 The silent Court, and learns each lifetime's plea.—
 And next are those sad souls who to themselves
 Dealt death unguilty, and threw away their lives 435
 Hating the light. Ah ! now how fain were they
 In open day to suffer want and toil !
 But Fate withstands, and that unlovely pool,
 And Styx enfolds them, flowing nine times round.

And not far hence lie, spreading near and far, 440
 The Fields of Mourning, for such name they bear,
 Where in blind alleys lost and myrtle bowers
 They shun the light, whom Love's unpitying wound
 Wasted ; in death itself their pain remains.
 Phaedra is there, and Procris ; there he sees, 445
 Sad Eriphyle, with her mad son's scars ;
 Evadne, and Pasiphae ; and with these
 Laodamia, and who once was man,
 Caeneus, to woman's form again restored.

And there was Dido, roaming a great wood, 450
 Fresh from her wound ; whom when the Trojan Prince
 Knew standing near, dim-seen in dusk, as when
 At the month's prime, one sees, or thinks he sees,
 The rising misty moon, then, dropping tears,
 With loving blandishment he thus began : 455

“ Unhappy Dido ! Ah ! 'twas truly told
 That thou wert dead, and sought the end with steel !
 Was I the cause ? O, by the stars I swear,

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By Heaven, and all the sanctities of Hell !
Unwillingly, O Queen, I left thy shores ! 460
But God's own word, which through this shadowy place
Now drives me, and these festering fields of Night,
Imperious thrust me forth ; nor could I deem
My going thence would bring thee so much woe.
Stay ! Turn not from my gaze ! O, who is this 465
Thou shunnest ? 'Tis my last permitted word !”

He with such speech and many a tear essayed
To soothe her fiery spirit, glowering wrath.
Fixed on the ground she kept her eyes averse.
No more her visage by his speech was moved 470
Than if she stood all flint or Parian stone.
At last in scorn she fled, and refuge found
In that green umbrage, where her former lord
Shared all her pain, and gave her love for love.
But still Aeneas, stricken by her woes, 475
Pursued her far with pity and with tears.

Thence toiling on their path, they gain at last
The outer fields, where mighty warriors dwell.
There met him Tydeus ; there, renowned in arms,
Parthenopaeus, pale Adrastus' shade ; 480
And Dardans slain in war, long wept above,
Stood in one long array. With sighs he marked
Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus,
Antenor's sons, and Polyphoetes, vowed
To Ceres, and Idaeus, holding still 485
His car, his arms. Full close they hedge him round.
One look contents them not ; they pace beside,
Lingering in joy, and learning why he came.
But Danaan lords, and Agamemnon's host,
When through the gloom they saw him flash in arms, 490
Trembled with terror ; and some turned to fly,

Ceu quondam petiere rates ; pars tollere vocem
Exiguam : inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.

Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto
Deiphobum vidit, lacerum crudeliter ora, 495
Ora manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis
Auribus, et truncas inhonesto volnere nares.
Vix adeo adgnovit pavitantem et dira tegentem
Supplicia, et notis compellat vocibus ultro :

Deiphobe armipotens, genus alto a sanguine Teucri, 500
Quis tam crudeles 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 Manes 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
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, euantes 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

As to the ships of old, some lifted up
Thin cries of war from throats that vainly gasped.

There Priam's son, with all his body shent,
Deiphobus he saw, his shattered face, 495
Face and both hands, and earless, mangled head,
And nostrils by a wound inglorious lopped.
Him, cowering to conceal those grisly scars,
He scarcely knew, then thus familiar spoke :

“ O great in arms ! of Teucer's lofty line ! 500
Who took such fell revenge ? Who wrought on thee
Such licence ? Rumour told me thou hadst sunk,
Spent with much carnage, on that final night,
Upon a heap of dead ; and I myself
On the Rhoetean shore an empty tomb 505
Raised, and thrice called upon thy ghost aloud.
Thy name and weapons keep the spot, but thee
I found not in thy native earth to lay ! ”

Then he : “ O friend, in nothing didst thou fail !
To him, and his dead shade, thou gavest all. 510
Doom, and the Spartan Woman's heinous crime
Plunged me in woe ; these memories she left !
For that last night we spent in false delight,
Thou mindest all too well. When o'er our walls
The fatal Horse leapt down, and in its womb 515
Bore fruit of mailclad men, she, in feigned dance,
With songs and orgies, led the Phrygian wives,
And from the Keep a mighty firebrand held,
And called the Greeks. I in my bower unblest
Lay, worn with care, and sunk in slumber deep ; 520
Deep sleep and sweet, Death's very image, weighed
My body down, while from our house my wife,
O peerless wife ! bore every weapon out,

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Drew from beneath my head the trusty sword,
 Called Menelaus, and the door flung wide, 525
 With such a gift in store to win his love,
 And quench the fame of her nefarious past !
 Why linger ? In they burst ; and with them came
 Crime's counsellor, Ulysses. Do as much,
 Just Gods, to them, if pure these lips that pray ! 530
 But tell me in thy turn what brings thee here
 Living. Dost come from roaming of the seas,
 Or charged by God ? What fortune drags thee thus
 To lands perplext and sunless homes of woe ? ”

But while they talked, the Dawn in rosy car 535
 Beyond mid-pole had made her heavenly way ;
 And thus the allotted time had all been spent,
 Did not the guiding Sibyl warn him brief :
 “ Night speeds, O Prince ! in tears we waste the day.
 Here lies the place where twofold paths diverge. 540
 One leads to Pluto's halls, by which we gain
 Elysium ; but the left to evil souls
 Works woe, and brings them to the wrath of Hell.”
 To whom Deiphobus : “ Dread Maid, forbear !
 I go to fill the tale, and sink in gloom. 545
 Pass on, our Pride ! and happier prove thy fate ! ”
 He said, and speaking bent away his steps.

Aeneas turned, and 'neath the leftward cliff
 A fortress saw, girt wide by triple walls,
 Round which fierce Phlegethon poured out a flood 550
 Of torrent fire, and tumbled thundering stones.
 A gate in front, huge doors of adamant,
 No might of man, not all the embattled hosts
 Of Heaven might shake ; high soars its iron tower,
 Where, wrapt in bloody pall, Tisiphone 555
 The entrance guards, nor sleeps by night or day.

Hinc exardenti geminas, et meta sceleris
Verbera; tum stridor ferri, rursusque catenae.

Consistit Aeneas, stupente etiam mens
Quae scelerum facies? o tunc, effare; quibusve
Urgentur poenis? quis tanta plangor ac auras?
Tum raris sic orsa loqui: Dux incense Teucrum,
Nulli fas esse sceleratum insistere limen;
Sed me cum facis Hecate praeterea Avernus,
Ipsa deum poenas coculis, perque omnia clauis
Gnosius haec Rhodantheia habet, curissima regna,
Castigatione audiente deos, subiguntque ferri,
Quae quis apud superos, tanta aeternis inani,
Distulit in seram commissa placida mentem.
Cortinæ scires vixit accincta regem
Tisiphone quatit insulas, tortosque sinistra
Intentans anguis vocat agmina sacra sororum.
Tum demum horriscro stridentes carinae sacrae
Pancunter portae. Cernis, custodia qualis
Vestibulo sciet? facies quae limina seruet?
Quinquaginta atris immanis hiatis Hyæra
Saevior intus habet scelerum. Tum Tartarus ipse
Bis patet in praecipis tactam tenditque sub umbras,
Quantus ad aethereum caeli suspectus Olympum.
Hic genus antiquum Terrae, Titania pubes,
Fulmine deiecti furore velvuntur in imo.
Hic et Aloidas geminos inmania vici
Corpora, qui manibus magnum rescindere caelum
Adgressi, superisque Iovem cecidit regnis.
Vidi et crudeles cantem Salmacis poenas,
Dum flammis Iovis et sonitus imitatur Olympi.
Quattuor hic in vectus equis et lampada quassans
Per Graium populos mediaeque per Elicis urbem
Ibat orans, divomque sibi posebat honorem,
Demens! qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen

And wailing rose therefrom, and cruel sounds,
Thongs, and the clank of iron, and dragging chains.

He stopped, and o'er that noise in terror hung.
 "What shapes of guilt, O Maid! what penal scourge, 560
 What loud lament is this assailing heaven?"
 Thus spake the Sibyl: "Glorious Prince of Troy!
 None pure in heart may tread these courts of sin;
 But Hecat, when she throned me Queen of Hell,
 Taught me God's punishments, and showed me all. 565
 Here Rhadamanthus reigns with iron sway,
 And chastens fraud, and hears and makes confess
 Their poor fond secrets who on earth put off
 Till death's late hour their unrepented sin.
 Then, leaping on them with avenging lash, 570
 The scourging Fury in the left hand shakes
 Her grisly worms, and calls her sisters grim.
 At last, on hideous hinges grating harsh,
 The Infernal Doors fly open. Mark who sits
 To watch the gate! what Shape the threshold guards! 575
 Yet more abhorred within the Hydra lurks,
 With fifty gaping throats. Then Hell itself
 Yawns sheer, and twice as far through darkness drops
 As sight can travel to the Olympian height.
 Here, in the nethermost Abyss, hurled down 580
 By lightnings, roll the eldest born of Earth,
 The Titans. Here the giant twins I saw,
 Aloeus' sons, whose hands essayed to thrust
 Jove from his throne, and rend the vast of Heaven.
 Salmoneus too I saw in throes atone, 585
 Who mimicked Jove's own thunders and his fire.
 Drawn by four steeds through the Greek Elis town
 Exultingly he rode, with brandished torch,
 Claiming the honours of a God. O Fool!
 Who thought with brass and trampling hoofs to match 590

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The storm-cloud and the inimitable bolt !
 But him the Almighty Father, through dense air
 Launching his shaft,—no smoking torch of pine,—
 Hurl'd headlong in the raging whirlwind's blast.
 There Tityos, nursling of great Mother Earth, 595
 Lay stretching nine full roods, and with her beak
 A monstrous vulture pecks for evermore
 His liver, and his anguish-breeding heart.
 She banquets shrewdly, in his bosom lodged,
 And gives no respite to the new-born flesh. 600
 Why name Ixion and Pirithous
 Or Lapithae ? o'er whom the impending rock
 Seems slipping, slipping still. Before them gleam
 Gold genial couches, and the feast is spread
 With regal pomp: fast by the Furies' Queen 605
 Crouches and guards the tables from their touch,
 Rising with torch uplift and thundering tones.
 Here they who hated brothers, or in life
 A parent struck, or wronged a client's trust,
 Or brooded over wealth in solitude 610
 And shared it not,—there is the largest crowd,—
 Those for adultery slain, and those who drew
 The sword of treason, or their lords betrayed,
 All wait their doom immured. Seek not to know
 What doom, what shape of suffering falls on them. 615
 Some roll a ponderous stone, or hang outstretched
 On whirling wheels. There sits, and aye shall sit,
 Unhappy Theseus : Phlegyas, most in woe,
 Gives warning wide, and testifies through gloom :
 ' Learn to be just ! Be warned, and fear the Gods ! ' 620
 One to a tyrant lord his country sold,
 Made laws for gold, and for a bribe unmade ;
 One forced a daughter's unpermitted bed.
 All dared great guilt, and reaped their daring's fruit.
 Had I a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths, 625

Ferrea vox, omnes scelerum comprehendere formas,
Omnia poenarum percurrere nomina possim.

Haec ubi dicta dedit Phoebi longaeva sacerdos :
Sed iam age, carpe viam et susceptum perfice munus ;
Adceleremus, ait ; Cyclopum educta caminis
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
Spargit aqua, ramumque adverso in limine figit.

630

635

His demum exactis, perfecto munere divae,
Devenere locos laetos et amoena virecta
Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.
Largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit
Purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.
Pars in gramineis exercent membra palaestris,
Contendunt ludo et fulva luctantur harena ;
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina dicunt.
Nec non Threicius longa cum veste sacerdos
Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
Iamque eadem digitis, iam pectine pulsat eburno.
Hic genus antiquum Teucris, pulcherrima proles,
Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis,
Ilusque Assaracusque et Troiae Dardanus auctor.
Arma procul currusque virum miratur inanes.
Stant terra defixae hastae, passimque soluti
Per campum pascuntur equi. Quae gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.
Conspicit, ecce, alios dextra laevaue per herbam
Vescentes laetumque choro Paeanas canentes
Inter odoratum lauri nemus, unde superne

640

645

650

655

A voice of iron, I could not compass all
Their crimes, nor tell their penalties by name."

So spake Apollo's Priestess, old and hoar.
"On, now," she adds, "perform the unfinished task !
On let us haste ! Cyclopiān walls I see ; 630
And lo ! in front yon archway, where 'tis charged
To lay our gift." She ceased, and side by side
Threading the darkness they o'erleap the gap,
And reach the gate. Aeneas, hastening in,
His body sprinkles with fresh lustral dew, 635
And on the fronting threshold lays the Bough.

When thus at last the Goddess' gift was paid,
They came within a region green and fair,
Fortunate fields and groves, the homes of bliss.
An ampler ether decks those meads with light : 640
Another sun is theirs, and other stars.
There on the sward some vie in sportive bouts,
Or wrestle on the sand. Others their feet
Beat in the dance with songs. And there, long-robed,
The blessed Thracian to the measure sounds 645
His seven sweet notes ; and now his fingers strike
The music out, and now his ivory quill.
And there is Teucer's old and stately race,
Great-hearted heroes, born in happier years,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus, 650
Troy's Founder. At their arms and shadowy cars
He marvels ; fast in earth their lances stand,
Their steeds are pasturing free : their living joy
In car and weapons, all the love that fed
Their glossy steeds, still follow them below. 655
Others to right and left on grassy turf
Feasting he saw, and quiring Paeans glad,
Mid odorous laurels, whence Eridanus

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Rolls up to Earth, full-brimmed, his woodland wave.
 And there are those who for their country bled, 660
 Priests who were pure in earth, and gentle Bards
 Whose words were worthy of Apollo's choir,
 Inventors rare whose arts have polished life,
 And who by serving made their memory dear :
 All these are crowned with bands of snowy white. 665

Them thus reposed the Sibyl then bespeaks,
 Musaeus first, for him they most regard
 Towering amidst their throng with shoulders tall :
 " Say, happy Souls ! and thou, O Bard most blest !
 Where dwells Anchises, for whose sake we came, 670
 And crossed the infernal streams ? " Whom thus in brief
 The Hero answered : " Here no settled home
 Hath any ; but by river banks we dwell,
 In meadows fresh with rills and shady groves.
 But climb yon height, if thus your hearts incline, 675
 And I will lead you by an easy path."
 And, walking first, he shows them spread below
 The glittering plains, and they descend the hill.

There lay Anchises, in a far green vale,
 And musing scanned the imprisoned souls that soon 680
 Would rise to daylight, and the cherished line
 Of all his offspring numbered, and reviewed
 Their fates, their lives, their prowess, and their worth.
 But when advancing o'er the sward he saw
 Aeneas, eagerly both hands he stretched, 685
 And raining down his tears, the silence broke :

" Art thou then come ? and hath the love I hoped
 Subdued the hard way ? O may I see thy face,
 And hear thee, Son, and answer, as of old ?
 Yet in my thoughts I deemed that this would be, 690

Tempora dinumerans, nec me mea cura fefellit.
 Quas ego te terras et quanta per aequora 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 compresa manus effugit imago,
 Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

Interea videt Aeneas in valle reducta
 Seclusum 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.
 Tum pater Anchises : Animae, quibus altera fato
 Corpora debentur, Lethaei ad fluminis undam
 Securos latices et longa obliviam potant. 715
 Has equidem memorare tibi atque ostendere coram,
 Iampridem hanc prolem cupio enumerare meorum,
 Quo magis Italia mecum laetere reperta.

O pater, ane aliquas ad caelum hinc ire putandum est
 Sublimes animas, iterumque ad tarda reverti 720
 Corpora ? quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido ?

Counting the days, nor was my longing vain.
What lands, what wastes of water, O my Son,
Hast thou not traversed ! by what perils tossed !
Ah ! how I feared lest Libya worked thee woe !”

Then he : “ O Father, ’twas thy phantom sad 695
That came to me so oft and hither urged !
My vessels ride the Tyrrhene Sea. O give
Thine hand, O Father, go not from these arms !”
He spoke, while streaming tears bedewed his face.
Thrice round his neck he tried to throw his arms ; 700
Thrice fled the vision from his empty grasp,
As light as wind, and like a flying dream.

Meanwhile within a far ravine he saw
A glen of rustling foliage, and the stream
Of Lethe flowing before homes of peace. 705
And round it tribes and peoples numberless
Were hovering, as bees in the bright summer
Light on the damasked flowers, and stream around
White lilies, and the murmurous meadow hums.

Thrilled by that sudden sight, Aeneas asks 710
In wonder, what that distant river is,
And what great host is crowding all its marge.
Anchises then : “ The Soul to which Fate owes
Another flesh, from yonder Lethe drinks
A lulling draught and long forgetfulness. 715
These have I wished to show thee many a day,
And count my children’s children, to increase
Thy joy with mine, when Italy is found.”

“ O Father ! May we think that any Souls
Pass upwards, and return to irksome flesh ? 720
What is this strange sad longing for the light ? ”

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“ Son, I will hold thee in suspense no more.”
And thus his Sire unfolds the gradual tale.

“ Know first that Heaven and Earth and flowing Sea,
The Moon’s far-shining orb, and Titan’s stars 725
An inner Soul sustains ; a Spirit infused
Moves in the mass, and sways the mighty frame.
Thence men are born, and beasts, and flying fowl,
And shapes that swim the deep : their seeds of life
Have fiery vigour, and celestial source, 730
Save for the fleshly taint, the numbing weight
Of earthy limbs, and bodies made to die.
Hence spring their fears, their love, and pain, and joy ;
And, pent in gloom, the light they never see
From that blind dungeon. Nay, when life’s last ray 735
Departs, not yet all evil, not all taint
Of carnal disappears ; so long ingrained
Needs must that inward growth be wondrous deep.
Therefore they suffer chastisement, and purge
Past sins by penance. Some are stretched and hung 740
In the void winds, or under monstrous seas
Their guilt is washed away, or burnt by fire.
Each his own Doom we bear, (ere sent to dwell,
A happy remnant, in Elysian meads,
Till Time fulfils the cycle, and takes out 745
That inbred flaw, and unpolluted leaves
The etherial sense and Heaven’s authentic fire.
Rolled through a thousand years, God summons all
Yon Souls to Lethe, that remembering nought
The vault of Heaven they may behold once more 750
Resuming wistfully the mortal flesh.”

He ceased, and drew through all that humming throng

Conventus trahit in medios turbamque sonantem,
Et tumulum capit, unde omnes longo ordine posset
Adversos legere, et venientum discere voltus.

755

✧ Nunc age, Dardanium prolem quae deinde sequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
Inlustres animas nostrumque in nomen ituras,
Expeditam dictis, et te tua fata docebo.

Ille, vides, pura iuvenis qui nititur hasta,
Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca, primus ad auras
Aetherias Italo commixtus sanguine surget,
Silvius, Albanum nomen, tua postuma proles,
Quem tibi longaevo serum Lavinia coniunx
Educat silvis regem regumque parentem,
Unde genus Longa nostrum dominabitur Alba.

760

Proximus ille Procas, Troianae gloria gentis,
Et Capys, et Numitor, et qui te nomine reddet
Silvius Aeneas, pariter pietate vel armis

765

Egregius, si umquam regnandam acceperit Albam.

770

Qui iuvenes! quantas ostentant, aspice, vires,

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 Iliā mater

Educat. Viden', ut geminae stant vertice cristae,

Et pater ipse suo superum iam signat honore?

780

En, huius, nate, auspiciis illa incluta Roma

Imperium terris, animos aequabit Olympo,

Septemque una sibi muro circumdabit arces,

Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater

Invehitur curru Phrygias turrata per urbes,

785

Aeneas and his Guide, and chose a mound,
 Whence he might scan the vast confronting ranks,
 And recognise their faces as they came. 755

“ Now will I tell what gloriés shall pursue
 The long Italian line of Dardan blood,
 Illustrious souls, in distant years to bear
 Our name ! and teach what Fate hath stored for Thee !

“ Look, yonder, leaning on his maiden spear, 760
 Nearest the light, is he who first shall rise,
 Blent with Italian blood, to living day,

Silvius, the Alban name, thy youngest son,
 Whom in green woods Lavinia late shall bear
 To thee grown old, a King and Sire of Kings. 765

Through him our House o'er Alba shall bear sway.

Procas is next, our pride, and Numitor,
 Capys, and he who shall renew thy name,
 Silvius Aeneas, great in worth, as great
 In prowess, should he gain the Alban throne. 770

What men are they ! O what puissant fronts !

Behold the civic oak that shades their brows !

Nomentum they shall found, Fidenae's town,

Gabii, Pometii, and Collatia's fort,

Bola, and Cora and the Inuan Camp. 775

These shall be names which now are nameless land !

And there, beside his grandsire, Ilia's son,

Sprung from Tróy's royal blood, the seed of Mars,

Lo, Romulus ! O see the double plume,

His father's badge that marks him for the skies ! 780

Beneath his auspices great Rome shall fill

Earth with her power, and with her glory Heaven,

Blest in her hero brood, and seated sole

On seven walled hills, even as through Phrygian towns

The towered Berecynthian rides her car, 785

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Clasp'ing a hundred sons, all denizens
 Of Heaven, all tenants of the lofty skies !
 Bend hither now thy sight. Behold thy sons !
 Thy race of Romans ! Caesar lo ! and all
 Iulus' seed, heirs of the heavenly day. 790
 This, this is he so long thou hear'st foretold
 Divine Augustus Caesar, who once more
 Shall build, where Saturn reigned in Latian fields,
 The Golden Age ! O'er Garamant and Ind
 His sway shall spread, beyond the stars, beyond 795
 The range of Year and Sun, where on his back
 Great Atlas turns the star-yspangled sky.
 Ere his approach e'en now at Heaven's decree
 The Caspian shudders, and Maeotia shrinks,
 And Nile's seven mouths with terror are perplexed. 800
 Yea, so much earth Alcides never passed
 To pierce the brass-hoofed stag, or quell with shafts
 Lerna, or silence Erymanthian brakes ;
 Nor conquering Liber, when with vine-clad reins
 He drives his tigers from high Nyrsa's top.— 805
 And doubt we still to give our prowess room ?
 Or shrink we in fear from that Ausonian land ?—

“ But who is this, that, crowned with olive, bears
 The sacrifice ? I know the hoary beard,
 The Roman King, who first shall bind the State 810
 By laws, from little Cures' needy soil
 Sent forth to Empire. After whom shall come,
 Ignoble peace to rend, and wake to war
 The flagging State, to triumphs long disused,
 Tullus. And next the braggart Ancus comes, 815
 Even now too doting on the People's breath.
 Wilt see the Tarquins ? the avenging pride
 Of Brutus, and the lictors' rods resumed ?
 He first the Consul's awful axe shall take,

Accipiet, natosque pater nova bella moventes,
 Ad poenam pulchra pro libertate vocabit,
 Infelix ! Utcumque 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 vires ;
 Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
 Proiice 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 ?
 Quo fessum rapitis, Fabii ? tu Maxumus ille es, 845
 Unus qui nobis cunctando restitui. 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.

And, when his sons provoke impetuous strife, 820
 Doom them to death in Freedom's glorious name.
 O Man of Grief! Howe'er thy tale be told,
 Large honour there shall glow and patriot love!
 Decii and Drusi see! Torquatus' axe!
 Camillus see, who bears the banners home! 825
 But those who shine like-armed, souls now at peace
 In Death's dark durance, when they reach the light,
 What wars between them, O what fields of blood
 Will they awake! Across the barrier Alps
 One from Monoecus' stronghold shall descend 830
 To front his son-in-law's embattled East!
 My sons, O cleave not to a strife like this!
 Save Rome's own bosom from the swords of Rome!
 Thou first, O seed of Heaven, thou first forgive!
 Blood of my veins, cast down thine arms!— 835
 Lo! who from Corinth to the high Capitol
 Shall drive in triumph, flown with Grecian blood,
 And yonder who shall lay Mycenae low,
 Achilles' very seed, and vengeance take
 For Trojan sires, and Pallas' outraged fane. 840
 Thee, Cossus, thee, great Cato, who could pass?
 The Gracchi, or the Scipios, Afric's ~~bale~~
 Twin thunderbolts of war, Fabricius, strong
 In penury, or Serranus on his glebe?
 Spare my spent breath, ye Fabii! Great indeed 845
 Thou by whose sole delay the State is saved!

"Some with more grace may mould the breathing brass,
 And draw from stone, I trow, the living form,
 Plead causes better, map the heavenly paths,
 And tell the rising stars. Roman! be thine 850
 To sway the world with Empire! These shall be
 Thine arts, to govern with the rule of Peace,
 To spare the weak, and subjugate the proud!"

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He ceased, and, while they marvelled, added more :
 “ See how Marcellus, bright with splendid spoils, 855
 In march triumphal above all men towers !
 Rome, shaken by the invader, he shall stay,
 Ride down the Poeni and the rebel Gaul,
 And to Quirinus the third spoils hang up ! ”

And here Aeneas, seeing by his side 860
 A graceful form, in shining armour clad,
 But sad his brow, and downcast were his eyes :
 “ O Father ! who is he, beside him thus ?
 His son, or one of his illustrious stock ?
 How the crowd hums about ! How great he stands ! 865
 Yet round his head Night hovers dark and sad ! ”

Anchises then with rising tears began :
 “ Son, ask not of thy people’s mighty grief !
 Him Fate shall show to Earth, but not permit
 Longer to live. Too great your Roman brood 870
 Had seemed, O Gods ! had this gift been their own !
 What moan of men shall fill the Field of Mars
 By the great city ! What a funeral train
 Shall Tiber see, and wash the new-made grave !
 No boy of Ilian birth so high shall raise 875
 His fathers’ hopes ; no Roman earth shall boast
 So dear a nursling. O for love and faith !
 O for the hand invincible in war !
 Him none confronting in the shock of arms
 Had met unscathed, or if he charged afoot, 880
 Or if he spurred the horse’s foaming flanks.
 Ah, boy, the pity ! Could’st thou sunder Fate,
 Thou wert Marcellus ! Give me purple flowers,
 Handfuls of lilies : let me strew at least
 O’er his dear Shade these unavailing dues ! ” 885

Mūnere. 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,
 Laurentesque docet populos urbemque Latini,
 Et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem.

890

Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur
 Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus Umbris ;
 Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
 Sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia Manes.
 His ibi tum natum Anchises unaque Sibyllam
 Prosequitur dictis, portaque emittit eburna :
 Ille viam secat ad naves sociosque revisit ;
 Tum se ad Caietae recto fert litore portum.
 Ancora de prora iacitur ; stant litore puppes.

895

900

Thus o'er those misty fields they wandered wide,
 Surveying all : and through each several scene
 Anchises led his son, and with the love
 Of coming glory made his spirit burn :
 Then told of wars thereafter to be waged, 890
 Laurentum's peoples, and Latinus' town,
 And how to shun the toil, and how to bear.

Two are the Gates of Sleep, one fabled horn,
 Through which true visions pass ; the other shines
 Polished, of ivory white, but false the dreams 895
 To heaven sent upward from the shades of Hell.
 With such discourse, the Sibyl and his Son
 Anchises through the ivory Gate dismissed.
 He with all haste regaining ships and men,
 Steers straight by coastline for Caieta's port, 900
 Casts anchor from the prow, and grounds the stern.