

VIRGIL

(PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO, 70-19 BC)

THE AENEID

TRANSLATION BY A.S. KLINE

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PARALLEL-TEXT EDITION PREPARED BY ROY GLASHAN

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BOOK I

Lines 1-11

Arma uirumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lauiniaque uenit
litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto
ui superum saeuae memorem Iunonis ob iram;
multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem,
5

inferretque deos Latio, genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae.
Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso,
quidue dolens, regina deum tot uolueret casus
insignem pietate uirum, tot adire labores 10
impulerit. Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?

Lines 12-49

Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere coloni,
Karthago, Italiam contra Tiberinaque longe
ostia, diues 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 fouetque.

Invocation to the Muse

I sing of arms and the man, he who, exiled by fate, first came from the coast of Troy to Italy, and to Lavinian shores – hurled about endlessly by land and sea, by the will of the gods, by cruel Juno's remorseless anger, long suffering also in war, until he founded a city and brought his gods to Latium: from that the Latin people came, the lords of Alba Longa, the walls of noble Rome. Muse, tell me the cause: how was she offended in her divinity, how was she grieved, the Queen of Heaven, to drive a man, noted for virtue, to endure such dangers, to face so many trials? Can there be such anger in the minds of the gods?

The Anger of Juno

There was an ancient city, Carthage (held by colonists from Tyre), opposite Italy, and the far-off mouths of the Tiber, rich in wealth, and very savage in pursuit of war. They say Juno loved this one land above all others, even neglecting Samos: here were her weapons and her chariot, even then the goddess worked at, and cherished, the idea that

Progeniem sed enim Troiano a sanguine duci
audierat, Tyrias olim quae uerteret arces; 20
hinc populum late regem belloque superbum
uenturum excidio Libyae: sic uoluere Parcas.
Id metuens, ueterisque memor Saturnia belli,
prima quod ad Troiam pro caris gesserat Argis—
necdum etiam causae irarum saeuique dolores 25
exciderant animo: manet alta mente repostum
iudicium Paridis spretaeque iniuria formae,
et genus inuisum, et rapti Ganymedis honores.
His accensa super, iactatos aequore toto
Troas, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli, 30
arcebat longe Latio, multosque per annos
errabant, acti fati, maria omnia circum.
Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem!
Uix e conspectu Siculae telluris in altum
uela dabant laeti, et spumas salis aere ruebant, 35
cum Iuno, aeternum seruans sub pectore uolnus,
haec secum: 'Mene incepto desistere uictam,
nec posse Italia Teucrorum auertere regem?
Quippe uetor fati. Pallasne exurere classem
Argiuom atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto, 40
unius ob noxam et furias Aiacis Oilei?
Ipsa, Iouis rapidum iaculata e nubibus ignem,
disiecitque rates euertitque aequora uentis,
illum expirantem transfixo pectore flammis

it should have supremacy over the nations, if only
the fates allowed. Yet she'd heard of offspring,
derived from Trojan blood, that would one day
overthrow the Tyrian stronghold: that from them a
people would come, wide-ruling, and proud in war,
to Libya's ruin: so the Fates ordained. Fearing this,
and remembering the ancient war she had fought
before, at Troy, for her dear Argos, (and the cause
of her anger and bitter sorrows had not yet passed
from her mind: the distant judgement of Paris
stayed deep in her heart, the injury to her scorned
beauty, her hatred of the race, and abducted
Ganymede's honours) the daughter of Saturn,
incited further by this, hurled the Trojans, the
Greeks and pitiless Achilles had left, round the
whole ocean, keeping them far from Latium: they
wandered for many years, driven by fate over all
the seas. Such an effort it was to found the Roman
people. They were hardly out of sight of Sicily's
isle, in deeper water, joyfully spreading sail, bronze
keel ploughing the brine, when Juno, nursing the
eternal wound in her breast, spoke to herself: 'Am I
to abandon my purpose, conquered, unable to turn
the Teucric king away from Italy! Why, the fates
forbid it. Wasn't Pallas able to burn the Argive
fleet, to sink it in the sea, because of the guilt and

turbine corripuit scopuloque infixit acuto. 45
Ast ego, quae diuom incedo regina, Iouisque
et soror et coniunx, una cum gente tot annos
bella gero! Et quisquam numen Iunonis adoret
praeterea, aut supplex aris imponet honorem?'

Lines 50-80

Talia flammato secum dea corde uolutans 50
nimborum in patriam, loca feta furentibus austris,
Aeoliam uenit. Hic uasto rex Aeolus antro
luctantes uentos tempestatesque sonoras
imperio premit ac uinclis 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 uerrantque per auras.
Sed pater omnipotens speluncis abdidit atris, 60
hoc metuens, molemque et montis insuper altos
imposuit, regemque dedit, qui foedere certo
et premere et laxas sciret dare iussus habenas.
Ad quem tum Iuno supplex his uocibus usa est:

madness of one single man, Ajax, son of Oileus?
She herself hurled Jupiter's swift fire from the
clouds, scattered the ships, and made the sea boil
with storms: She caught him up in a water-spout, as
he breathed flame from his pierced chest, and
pinned him to a sharp rock: yet I, who walk about
as queen of the gods, wife and sister of Jove, wage
war on a whole race, for so many years. Indeed,
will anyone worship Juno's power from now on, or
place offerings, humbly, on her altars?'

Juno Asks Aeolus for Help

So debating with herself, her heart inflamed, the
goddess came to Aeolia, to the country of storms,
the place of wild gales. Here in his vast cave, King
Aeolus, keeps the writhing winds, and the roaring
tempests, under control, curbs them with chains and
imprisonment. They moan angrily at the doors,
with a mountain's vast murmurs: Aeolus sits,
holding his sceptre, in his high stronghold,
softening their passions, tempering their rage: if
not, they'd surely carry off seas and lands and the
highest heavens, with them, in rapid flight, and
sweep them through the air. But the all-powerful
Father, fearing this, hid them in dark caves, and
piled a high mountain mass over them and gave
them a king, who by fixed agreement, would know

'Aeole, namque tibi diuom pater atque hominum
rex 65
et mulcere dedit fluctus et tollere uento,
gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum nauigat aequor,
Ilium in Italiam portans uictosque Penates:
incute uim uentis submersasque obrue puppes,
aut age diuersos et disiice corpora ponto. 70
Sunt mihi bis septem praestanti corpore nymphae,
quarum quae forma pulcherrima Deiopea,
conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo,
omnis ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.' 75
Aeolus haec contra: 'Tuus, O regina, quid optes
explorare labor; mihi iussa capessere fas est.
Tu mihi, quodcumque hoc regni, tu sceptram
Iouemque
concilias, tu das epulis accumbere diuom,
nimborumque facis tempestatumque potentem.' 80

Lines 81-123

Haec ubi dicta, cauum conuersa cuspide montem
impulit in latus: ac uenti, uelut agmine facto,
qua data porta, ruunt et terras turbine perflant.
Incubere mari, totumque a sedibus imis
una Eurusque Notusque ruunt creberque procellis

how to give the order to tighten or slacken the reins. Juno now offered these words to him, humbly: 'Aeolus, since the Father of gods, and king of men, gave you the power to quell, and raise, the waves with the winds, there is a people I hate sailing the Tyrrhenian Sea, bringing Troy's conquered gods to Italy: Add power to the winds, and sink their wrecked boats, or drive them apart, and scatter their bodies over the sea. I have fourteen Nymphs of outstanding beauty: of whom I'll name Deiopea, the loveliest in looks, joined in eternal marriage, and yours for ever, so that, for such service to me as yours, she'll spend all her years with you, and make you the father of lovely children.' Aeolus replied: 'Your task, O queen, is to decide what you wish: my duty is to fulfil your orders. You brought about all this kingdom of mine, the sceptre, Jove's favour, you gave me a seat at the feasts of the gods, and you made me lord of the storms and the tempests.'

Aeolus Raises the Storm

When he had spoken, he reversed his trident and struck the hollow mountain on the side: and the winds, formed ranks, rushed out by the door he'd made, and whirled across the earth. They settle on the sea, East and West wind, and the wind from

85

Africus, et uastos uoluunt ad litora fluctus.
Insequitur clamorque uirum stridorque rudentum.
Eripiunt subito nubes caelumque diemque
Teucrorum ex oculis; ponto nox incubat atra.
Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus aether, 90
praesentemque uiris intentant omnia mortem.
Extemplo Aeneae soluuntur frigore membra:
ingemit, et duplicis tendens ad sidera palmas
taliam uoce 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,
saeuus ubi Aeacidæ telo iacet Hector, ubi ingens
Sarpedon, ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis 100
scuta uirum galeasque et fortia corpora uoluit?'
Talia iactanti stridens Aquilone procella
uelum aduersa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit.
Franguntur remi; tum prora auertit, et undis
dat latus; insequitur cumulo praeruptus aquae
mons. 105
Hi summo in fluctu pendent; his unda dehiscens
terram inter fluctus aperit; furit aestus harenis.
Tris Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet—

Africa, together, thick with storms, stir it all from
its furthest deeps, and roll vast waves to shore:
follows a cry of men and a creaking of cables.
Suddenly clouds take sky and day away from the
Trojan's eyes: dark night rests on the sea. It
thunders from the pole, and the aether flashes thick
fire, and all things threaten immediate death to
men. Instantly Aeneas groans, his limbs slack with
cold: stretching his two hands towards the heavens,
he cries out in this voice: 'Oh, three, four times
fortunate were those who chanced to die in front of
their father's eyes under Troy's high walls! O
Diomedes, son of Tydeus bravest of Greeks! Why
could I not have fallen, at your hand, in the fields of
Ilium, and poured out my spirit, where fierce
Hector lies, beneath Achilles's spear, and mighty
Sarpedon: where Simois rolls, and sweeps away so
many shields, helmets, brave bodies, of men, in its
waves!' Hurling these words out, a howling blast
from the north, strikes square on the sail, and lifts
the seas to heaven: the oars break: then the prow
swings round and offers the beam to the waves: a
steep mountain of water follows in a mass. Some
ships hang on the breaker's crest: to others the
yawning deep shows land between the waves: the
surge rages with sand. The south wind catches

saxa uocant Itali mediis quae in fluctibus aras—
dorsum immane mari summo; tris Eurus ab alto
110

in breuia et Syrtis urget, miserabile uisu,
inluditque uadis atque aggere cingit harenae.
Unam, quae Lycios fidumque uehebat Oronten,
ipsius ante oculos ingens a uertice pontus
in puppim ferit: excutitur pronusque magister 115
uoluitur in caput; ast illam ter fluctus ibidem
torquet agens circum, et rapidus uorat aequore
uortex.

Adparent rari nantes in gurgite uasto,
arma uirum, tabulaeque, et Troia gaza per undas.
Iam ualidam Ilionei nauem, iam fortis Achatī, 120
et qua uectus Abas, et qua grandaeuus Aletes,
uicit hiems; laxis laterum compagibus omnes
accipiunt inimicum imbrem, rimisque fatiscunt.

Lines 124-156

Interea magno misceri murmure pontum,
emissamque hiemem sensit Neptunus, et imis 125
stagna refusa uadis, grauiter commotus; et alto
prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda.
Disiectam Aeneae, toto uidet aequore classem,
fluctibus oppressos Troas caelique ruina,
nec latuere doli fratrem Iunonis et irae. 130

three, and whirls them onto hidden rocks (rocks the
Italians call the Altars, in mid-ocean, a vast reef on
the surface of the sea) three the east wind drives
from the deep, to the shallows and quick-sands (a
pitiful sight), dashes them against the bottom,
covers them with a gravel mound. A huge wave,
toppling, strikes one astern, in front of his very
eyes, one carrying faithful Orontes and the Lycians.
The steersman's thrown out and hurled headlong,
face down: but the sea turns the ship three times,
driving her round, in place, and the swift vortex
swallows her in the deep. Swimmers appear here
and there in the vast waste, men's weapons,
planking, Trojan treasure in the waves. Now the
storm conquers Iloneus's tough ship, now Achates,
now that in which Abas sailed, and old Aletes's:
their timbers sprung in their sides, all the ships let
in the hostile tide, and split open at the seams.

Neptune Intervenes

Neptune, meanwhile, greatly troubled, saw that the
sea was churned with vast murmur, and the storm
was loose and the still waters welled from their
deepest levels: he raised his calm face from the
waves, gazing over the deep. He sees Aeneas's fleet
scattered all over the ocean, the Trojans crushed by
the breakers, and the plummeting sky. And Juno's

Eurum ad se Zephyrumque uocat, dehinc talia
fatur:

'Tantane uos generis tenuit fiducia uestri?
Iam caelum terramque meo sine numine, uenti,
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 uestro:
non illi imperium pelagi saeuumque tridentem,
sed mihi sorte datum. Tenet ille immania saxa,
uestras, Eure, domos; illa se iactet in aula 140
Aeolus, et clauso uentorum carcere regnet.'
Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida aequora placat,
collectasque fugat nubes, solemque reducit.
Cymothoe simul et Triton adnexus acuto
detrudunt nauis scopulo; leuat ipse tridenti; 145
et uastas aperit syrtis, et temperat aequor,
atque rotis summas leuibus perlabitur undas.
Ac ueluti magno in populo cum saepe coorta est
seditio, saeuitque animis ignobile uolgus,
iamque faces et saxa uolant—furor arma ministrat;
150
tum, pietate grauem ac meritis si forte uirum quem
conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant;
ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet,—

anger, and her stratagems, do not escape her
brother. He calls the East and West winds to him,
and then says: 'Does confidence in your birth fill
you so? Winds, do you dare, without my intent, to
mix earth with sky, and cause such trouble, now?
You whom I – ! But it's better to calm the running
waves: you'll answer to me later for this misfortune,
with a different punishment. Hurry, fly now, and
say this to your king: control of the ocean, and the
fierce trident, were given to me, by lot, and not to
him. He owns the wild rocks, home to you, and
yours, East Wind: let Aeolus officiate in his palace,
and be king in the closed prison of the winds.' So
he speaks, and swifter than his speech, he calms the
swollen sea, scatters the gathered cloud, and brings
back the sun. Cymothoë and Triton, working
together, thrust the ships from the sharp reef:
Neptune himself raises them with his trident, parts
the vast quicksand, tempers the flood, and glides on
weightless wheels, over the tops of the waves. As
often, when rebellion breaks out in a great nation,
and the common rabble rage with passion, and soon
stones and fiery torches fly (frenzy supplying
weapons), if they then see a man of great virtue,
and weighty service, they are silent, and stand there
listening attentively: he sways their passions with

sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, aequora postquam
prospiciens genitor caeloque inuectus aperto 155
flectit equos, curruque uolans dat lora secundo.

Lines 157-222

Defessi Aeneadae, quae proxima litora, cursu
contendunt petere, et Libyae uertuntur 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 uastae rupes geminique minantur
in caelum scopuli, quorum sub uertice late
aequora tuta silent; tum siluis scaena coruscis
desuper horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.
165
Fronte sub aduersa scopulis pendentibus antrum,
intus aquae dulces uiuoque sedilia saxo,
nympharum domus: hic fessas non uincola nauis
ulla tenent, unco non alligat ancora morsu.
Huc septem Aeneas collectis nauibus omni 170
ex numero subit; ac magno telluris amore
egressi optata potiuntur Troes harena,
et sale tabentis artus in litore ponunt.
Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates,
succepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum 175

his words and soothes their hearts: so all the uproar
of the ocean died, as soon as their father, gazing
over the water, carried through the clear sky,
wheeled his horses, and gave them their head,
flying behind in his chariot.

Shelter on the Libyan Coast

The weary followers of Aeneas made efforts to set
a course for the nearest land, and tacked towards
the Libyan coast. There is a place there in a deep
inlet: an island forms a harbour with the barrier of
its bulk, on which every wave from the deep
breaks, and divides into diminishing ripples. On
this side and that, vast cliffs and twin crags loom in
the sky, under whose summits the whole sea is
calm, far and wide: then, above that, is a scene of
glittering woods, and a dark grove overhangs the
water, with leafy shade: under the headland
opposite is a cave, curtained with rock, inside it,
fresh water, and seats of natural stone, the home of
Nymphs. No hawsers moor the weary ships here,
no anchor, with its hooked flukes, fastens them.
Aeneas takes shelter here with seven ships gathered
from the fleet, and the Trojans, with a passion for
dry land, disembarking, take possession of the
sands they longed for, and stretch their brine-caked
bodies on the shore. At once Achates strikes a

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 uento uideat Phrygiasque biremis,
aut Capyn, aut celsis in puppibus arma Caici.
Nauem in conspectu nullam, tris litore ceruos
prospicit errantis; hos tota armenta sequuntur 185
a tergo, et longum per uallis pascitur agmen.
Constitit hic, arcumque manu celerisque sagittas
corripuit, fidus quae tela gerebat Achates;
ductoresque ipsos primum, capita alta ferentis
cornibus arboreis, sternit, tum uolgus, et omnem
190
miscet agens telis nemora inter frondea turbam;
nec prius absistit, quam septem ingentia uictor
corpora fundat humi, et numerum cum nauibus
aequet.
Hinc portum petit, et socios partitur in omnes.
Vina bonus quae deinde cadis onerarat Acestes 195
litore Trinacrio dederatque abeuntibus heros,
diuidit, et dictis maerentia pectora mulcet:
'O socii—neque enim ignari sumus ante
malorum—

spark from his flint, catches the fire in the leaves,
places dry fuel round it, and quickly has flames
among the kindling. Then, wearied by events, they
take out wheat, damaged by the sea, and
implements of Ceres, and prepare to parch the grain
over the flames, and grind it on stone. Aeneas
climbs a crag meanwhile, and searches the whole
prospect far and wide over the sea, looking if he
can see anything of Antheus and his storm-tossed
Phrygian galleys, or Capys, or Caicus's arms
blazoned on a high stern. There's no ship in sight:
he sees three stags wandering on the shore: whole
herds of deer follow at their back, and graze in long
lines along the valley. He halts at this, and grasps in
his hand his bow and swift arrows, shafts that loyal
Achates carries, and first he shoots the leaders
themselves, their heads, with branching antlers,
held high, then the mass, with his shafts, and drives
the whole crowd in confusion among the leaves:
The conqueror does not stop until he's scattered
seven huge carcasses on the ground, equal in
number to his ships. Then he seeks the harbour, and
divides them among all his friends. Next he shares
out the wine that the good Acestes had stowed in
jars, on the Trinacrian coast, and that hero had
given them on leaving: and speaking to them,

O passi grauiora, dabit deus his quoque finem.
Vos et Scyllaeam rabiem penitusque sonantis 200
accestis scopulos, uos et Cyclopea saxa
expertis: reuocate animos, maestumque timorem
mittite: forsan et haec olim meminisse iuuabit.
Per uarios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
tendimus in Latium; sedes ubi fata quietas 205
ostendunt; illic fas regna resurgere Troiae.
Durate, et uosmet rebus seruate secundis.'
Talia uoce refert, curisque ingentibus aeger
spem uoltu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.
Illi se praedae accingunt, dapibusque futuris; 210
tergora deripiunt costis et uiscera nudant;
pars in frustra secant ueribusque trementia figunt;
litore aena locant alii, flammisque ministrant.
Tum uictu reuocant uires, fusique per herbam
implentur ueteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinae. 215
Postquam exempta fames epulis mensaeque
remotae,
amissos longo socios sermone requirunt,
spemque metumque inter dubii, seu uiuere credant,
siue extrema pati nec iam exaudire uocatos.
Praecipue pius Aeneas nunc acris Oronti, 220
nunc Amyci casum gemit et crudelia secum
fata Lyci, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

calmed their sad hearts: 'O friends (well, we were not unknown to trouble before) O you who've endured worse, the god will grant an end to this too. You've faced rabid Scylla, and her deep-sounding cliffs: and you've experienced the Cyclopes's rocks: remember your courage and chase away gloomy fears: perhaps one day you'll even delight in remembering this. Through all these misfortunes, these dangerous times, we head for Latium, where the fates hold peaceful lives for us: there Troy's kingdom can rise again. Endure, and preserve yourselves for happier days.' So his voice utters, and sick with the weight of care, he pretends hope, in his look, and stifles the pain deep in his heart. They make ready the game, and the future feast: they flay the hides from the ribs and lay the flesh bare: some cut it in pieces, quivering, and fix it on spits, others place cauldrons on the beach, and feed them with flames. Then they revive their strength with food, stretched on the grass, and fill themselves with rich venison and old wine. When hunger is quenched by the feast, and the remnants cleared, deep in conversation, they discuss their missing friends, and, between hope and fear, question whether they live, or whether they've suffered death and no longer hear their name.

Lines 223-256

Et iam finis erat, cum Iuppiter aethere summo
despiciens mare ueliuolum terrasque iacentis
litoraque et latos populos, sic uertice caeli 225
constitit, et Libyae defixit lumina regnis.

Atque illum talis iactantem pectore curas
tristior et lacrimis oculos suffusa nitentis
adloquitur Venus: 'O qui res hominumque deumque

aeternis regis imperiis, et fulmine terres, 230
quid meus Aeneas in te committere tantum,
quid Troes potuere, quibus, tot funera passis,
cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur orbis?

Certe hinc Romanos olim, uoluentibus annis,
hinc fore ductores, reuocato a sanguine Teucris, 235
qui mare, qui terras omni ditione tenerent,
pollicitus, quae te, genitor, sententia uertit?

Hoc equidem occasum Troiae tristisque ruinas
solabar, fatis contraria fata pendens;
nunc eadem fortuna uiros tot casibus actos 240
insequitur. Quem das finem, rex magne, laborum?

Antenor potuit, mediis elapsus Achiuis,
Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus

Aeneas, the virtuous, above all mourns the lot of
fierce Orontes, then that of Amycus, together with
Lycus's cruel fate, and those of brave Gylus, and
brave Cloanthus.

Venus Intercedes with Jupiter

Now, all was complete, when Jupiter, from the
heights of the air, looked down on the sea with its
flying sails, and the broad lands, and the coasts, and
the people far and wide, and paused, at the summit
of heaven, and fixed his eyes on the Libyan
kingdom. And as he weighed such cares as he had
in his heart, Venus spoke to him, sadder still, her
bright eyes brimming with tears: 'Oh you who rule
things human, and divine, with eternal law, and
who terrify them all with your lightning-bolt, what
can my Aeneas have done to you that's so serious,
what have the Trojans done, who've suffered so
much destruction, to whom the whole world's
closed, because of the Italian lands? Surely you
promised that at some point, as the years rolled by,
the Romans would rise from them, leaders would
rise, restored from Teucer's blood, who would hold
power over the sea, and all the lands. Father, what
thought has changed your mind? It consoled me for
the fall of Troy, and its sad ruin, weighing one
destiny, indeed, against opposing destinies: now the

regna Liburnorum, et fontem superare Timauī,
unde per ora nouem uasto cum murmure montis
245

it mare proruptum et pelago premit arua sonanti.
Hic tamen ille urbem Pataui sedesque locauit
Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Troia; nunc placida compostus pace quiescit:
nos, tua progenies, caeli quibus adnuis arcem, 250
nauibus (infandum!) amissis, unius ob iram
prodimur atque Italis longe disiungimur oris.
Hic pietatis honos? Sic nos in scepra reponis?'
Olli subridens hominum sator atque deorum,
uoltu, quo caelum tempestatesque serenat, 255
oscula libauit natae, dehinc talia fatur:

Lines 257-296

'Parce metu, Cytherea: manent immota tuorum
fata tibi; cernes urbem et promissa Lauini
moenia, sublimemque feres ad sidera caeli
magnanimum Aenean; neque me sententia uertit.
260

same misfortune follows these men driven on by such disasters. Great king, what end to their efforts will you give? Antenor could escape through the thick of the Greek army, and safely enter the Illyrian gulfs, and deep into the realms of the Liburnians, and pass the founts of Timavus, from which the river bursts, with a huge mountainous roar, through nine mouths, and buries the fields under its noisy flood. Here, nonetheless, he sited the city of Padua, and homes for Teucrians, and gave the people a name, and hung up the arms of Troy: now he's calmly settled, in tranquil peace. But we, your race, to whom you permit the heights of heaven, lose our ships (shameful!), betrayed, because of one person's anger, and kept far away from the shores of Italy. Is this the prize for virtue? Is this how you restore our rule? The father of men and gods, smiled at her with that look with which he clears the sky of storms, kissed his daughter's lips, and then said this:

Jupiter's Prophecy

'Don't be afraid, Cytherea, your child's fate remains unaltered: You'll see the city of Lavinium, and the walls I promised, and you'll raise great-hearted Aeneas high, to the starry sky: No thought has changed my mind. This son of yours (since this

Hic tibi (fabor enim, quando haec te cura remordet,
longius et uoluens fatorum arcana mouebo)
bellum ingens geret Italia, populosque feroces
contundet, moresque uiris et moenia ponet,
tertia dum Latio regnantem uiderit aestas, 265
ternaque transierint Rutulis hiberna subactis.
At puer Ascanius, cui nunc cognomen Iulo
additur,—Ilus erat, dum res stetit Iliia regno,—
triginta magnos uoluendis mensibus orbis
imperio explebit, regnumque ab sede Lauini 270
transferet, et longam multa ui muniet Albam.
Hic iam ter centum totos regnabitur annos
gente sub Hectorea, donec regina sacerdos,
Marte grauis, geminam partu dabit Iliia prolem.
Inde lupae fuluo nutricis tegmine laetus 275
Romulus excipiet gentem, et Mauortia 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 fouebit
Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam:
sic placitum. Veniet lustris labentibus aetas,
cum domus Assaraci Phthiam clarasque Mycenae
seruitio premet, ac uictis dominabitur Argis. 285

trouble gnaws at my heart, I'll speak, and unroll the
secret scroll of destiny) will wage a mighty war in
Italy, destroy proud peoples, and establish laws,
and city walls, for his warriors, until a third
summer sees his reign in Latium, and three winter
camps pass since the Rutulians were beaten. But
the boy Ascanius, surnamed Iulus now (He was Ilus
while the Ilian kingdom was a reality) will
imperially complete thirty great circles of the
turning months, and transfer his throne from its site
at Lavinium, and mighty in power, will build the
walls of Alba Longa. Here kings of Hector's race
will reign now for three hundred years complete,
until a royal priestess, Iliia, heavy with child, shall
bear Mars twins. Then Romulus will further the
race, proud in his nurse the she-wolf's tawny pelt,
and found the walls of Mars, and call the people
Romans, from his own name. I've fixed no limits or
duration to their possessions: I've given them
empire without end. Why, harsh Juno who now
torments land, and sea and sky with fear, will
respond to better judgement, and favour the
Romans, masters of the world, and people of the
toga, with me. So it is decreed. A time will come,
as the years glide by, when the Trojan house of
Assaracus will force Phthia into slavery, and be

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; uocabitur hic quoque uotis. 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,
saeua sedens super arma, et centum uinctus aenis
295
post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.'

Lines 297-371

Haec ait, et Maia genitum demittit ab alto,
ut terrae, utque nouae pateant Karthaginis arces
hospitio Teucris, ne fati nescia Dido
finibus arceret: uolat ille per aera magnum 300
remigio alarum, ac Libyae citus adstitit oris.
Et iam iussa facit, ponuntque ferocia Poeni
corda uolente deo; in primis regina quietum
accipit in Teucros animum mentemque benignam.
At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima uoluens, 305
ut primum lux alma data est, exire locosque

lords of beaten Argos. From this glorious source a Trojan Caesar will be born, who will bound the empire with Ocean, his fame with the stars, Augustus, a Julius, his name descended from the great Iulus. You, no longer anxious, will receive him one day in heaven, burdened with Eastern spoils: he'll be called to in prayer. Then with wars abandoned, the harsh ages will grow mild: White haired Trust, and Vesta, Quirinus with his brother Remus will make the laws: the gates of War, grim with iron, and narrowed by bars, will be closed: inside impious Rage will roar frighteningly from blood-stained mouth, seated on savage weapons, hands tied behind his back, with a hundred knots of bronze.'

Venus Speaks to Aeneas

Saying this, he sends Mercury, Maia's son, down from heaven, so that the country and strongholds of this new Carthage would open to the Trojans, as guests, and Dido, unaware of fate, would not keep them from her territory. He flies through the air with a beating of mighty wings and quickly lands on Libyan shore. And soon does as commanded, and the Phoenicians set aside their savage instincts, by the god's will: the queen above all adopts calm feelings, and kind thoughts, towards the Trojans.

explorare nouos, quas uento accesserit oras,
qui teneant, nam inculta uidet, hominesne feraene,
quaerere constituit, sociisque exacta referre
Classem in conuexo nemorum sub rupe cauata 310
arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris
occultit; ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate,
bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro.
Cui mater media sese tulit obuia silua,
uirginis os habitumque gerens, et uirginis arma 315
Spartanae, uel qualis equos Threissa fatigat
Harpalyce, uolucrumque fuga praeuertitur Hebrum.
Namque umeris de moreabilem suspenderat
arcum
uenatrix, dederatque comam diffundere uentis,
nuda genu, nodoque sinus collecta fluentis. 320
Ac prior, 'Heus' inquit 'iuuenes, monstrate mearum
uidistis 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 uisa sororum—
O quam te memorem, uirgo? Namque haud tibi
uoltus
mortalis, nec uox hominem sonat: O, dea certe—
an Phoebi soror? an nympharum sanguinis una?—
sis felix, nostrumque leues, quaecumque, laborem,

But Aeneas, the virtuous, turning things over all
night, decides, as soon as kindly dawn appears, to
go out and explore the place, to find what shores he
has reached, on the wind, who owns them (since he
sees desert) man or beast, and bring back the details
to his friends. He conceals the boats in over-
hanging woods under an arching cliff, enclosed by
trees and leafy shadows: accompanied only by
Achetes, he goes, swinging two broad-bladed
spears in his hand. His mother met him herself,
among the trees, with the face and appearance of a
virgin, and a virgin's weapons, a Spartan girl, or
such as Harpalyce of Thrace, who wearies horses,
and outdoes winged Hebrus in flight. For she'd
slung her bow from her shoulders, at the ready, like
a huntress, and loosed her hair for the wind to
scatter, her knees bare, and her flowing tunic
gathered up in a knot. And she cried first: 'Hello,
you young men, tell me, if you've seen my sister
wandering here by any chance, wearing a quiver,
and the hide of a dappled lynx, or shouting, hot on
the track of a slaving boar?' So Venus: and so
Venus's son began in answer: 'I've not seen or heard
any of your sisters, O Virgin – or how should I
name you? Since your looks are not mortal and
your voice is more than human: oh, a goddess for

330

et, quo sub caelo tandem, quibus orbis in oris
iactemur, doceas. Ignari hominumque locorumque
erramus, uento huc uastis et fluctibus acti:
multa tibi ante aras nostra cadet hostia dextra.'

Tum Venus: 'Haud equidem tali me dignor honore;
335

uirginibus Tyriis mos est gestare pharetram,
purpureoque alte suras uincire cothurno.
Punica regna uides, 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
omnibus. Sed regna Tyri germanus habebat
Pygmalion, scelere ante alios immanior omnes.
Quos inter medius uenit furor. Ille Sychaeum
impius ante aras, atque auri caecus amore,
clam ferro incautum superat, securus amorum 350
germanae; factumque diu celauit, et aegram,
multa malus simulans, uana spe lusit amantem.
Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati uenit imago
coniugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris,

certain! Or Phoebus's sister? Or one of the race of
Nymphs? Be kind, whoever you may be, and
lighten our labour, and tell us only what sky we're
under, and what shores we've landed on: we're
adrift here, driven by wind and vast seas, knowing
nothing of the people or the country: many a
sacrifice to you will fall at the altars, under our
hand.' Then Venus said: 'I don't think myself
worthy of such honours: it's the custom of Tyrian
girls to carry a quiver, and lace our calves high up,
over red hunting boots. You see the kingdom of
Carthage, Tyrians, Agenor's city: but bordered by
Libyans, a people formidable in war. Dido rules
this empire, having set out from Tyre, fleeing her
brother. It's a long tale of wrong, with many
windings: but I'll trace the main chapters of the
story. Sychaeus was her husband, wealthiest, in
land, of Phoenicians and loved with a great love by
the wretched girl, whose father gave her as a virgin
to him, and wed them with great solemnity. But her
brother Pygmalion, savage in wickedness beyond
all others, held the kingdom of Tyre. Madness
came between them. The king, blinded by greed for
gold, killed the unwary Sychaeus, secretly, with a
knife, impiously, in front of the altars, indifferent to
his sister's affections. He concealed his actions for a

crudeles aras traiectaque pectora ferro 355
nudauit, caecumque domus scelus omne retexit.
Tum celerare fugam patriaque excedere suadet,
auxiliumque uiae ueteres tellure recludit
thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus et auri.
His commota fugam Dido sociosque parabat: 360
conueniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni
aut metus acer erat; nauis, quae forte paratae,
corripiunt, onerantque auro: portantur auari
Pygmalionis opes pelago; dux femina facti.
Deuenero locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernis 365
moenia surgentemque nouae Karthaginis arcem,
mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam,
taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.
Sed uos qui tandem, quibus aut uenistis ab oris,
quoue tenetis iter? 'Quaerenti talibus ille 370
suspiciens, imoque trahens a pectore uocem:

Lines 372-417

'O dea, si prima repetens ab origine pergam,

while, deceived the lovesick girl, with empty
hopes, and many evil pretences. But the ghost of
her unburied husband came to her in dream: lifting
his pale head in a strange manner, he laid bare the
cruelty at the altars, and his heart pierced by the
knife, and unveiled all the secret wickedness of that
house. Then he urged her to leave quickly and
abandon her country, and, to help her journey,
revealed an ancient treasure under the earth, an
unknown weight of gold and silver. Shaken by all
this, Dido prepared her flight and her friends.
Those who had fierce hatred of the tyrant or bitter
fear, gathered together: they seized some ships that
by chance were ready, and loaded the gold: greedy
Pygmalion's riches are carried overseas: a woman
leads the enterprise. She came to this place, and
bought land, where you now see the vast walls, and
resurgent stronghold, of new Carthage, as much as
they could enclose with the strips of hide from a
single bull, and from that they called it Byrsa. But
who then are you? What shores do you come from?
What course do you take?' He sighed as she
questioned him, and drawing the words from deep
in his heart he replied:

She Directs Him to Dido's Palace

'O goddess, if I were to start my tale at the very

et uacet annalis nostrorum audire laborum,
ante diem clauso componat Vesper Olympo.
Nos Troia antiqua, si uestras forte per auris 375
Troiae nomen iit, diuersa per aequora uectos
forte sua Libycis tempestas adpulit oris.
Sum pius Aeneas, raptos qui ex hoste Penates
classe ueho mecum, fama super aethera notus.
Italiam quaero patriam et genus ab Ioue summo.
380

Bis denis Phrygium conscendi nauibus aequor,
matre dea monstrante uiam, data fata secutus;
uix septem conuolsae undis Euroque supersunt.
Ipse ignotus, egens, Libyae deserta peragro,
Europa atque Asia pulsus.' Nec plura querentem
385

passa Venus medio sic interfata dolore est:
'Quisquis es, haud, credo, inuisus caelestibus auras
uitalis carpis, Tyriam qui adueneris urbem.
Perge modo, atque hinc te reginae ad limina perfer,
Namque tibi reduces socios classemque relatam
390

nuntio, et in tutum uersis aquilonibus actam,
ni frustra augurium uani docuere parentes.
Aspice bis senos laetantis agmine cynnos,
aetheria quos lapsa plaga Iouis ales aperto
turbabat caelo; nunc terras ordine longo 395

beginning, and you had time to hear the story of our misfortunes, Vesper would have shut day away in the closed heavens. A storm drove us at whim to Libya's shores, sailing the many seas from ancient Troy, if by chance the name of Troy has come to your hearing. I am that Aeneas, the virtuous, who carries my household gods in my ship with me, having snatched them from the enemy, my name is known beyond the sky. I seek my country Italy, and a people born of Jupiter on high. I embarked on the Phrygian sea with twenty ships, following my given fate, my mother, a goddess, showing the way: barely seven are left, wrenched from the wind and waves. I myself wander, destitute and unknown, in the Libyan desert, driven from Europe and Asia.' Venus did not wait for further complaint but broke in on his lament like this: 'Whoever you are I don't think you draw the breath of life while hated by the gods, you who've reached a city of Tyre. Only go on from here, and take yourself to the queen's threshold, since I bring you news that your friends are restored, and your ships recalled, driven to safety by the shifting winds, unless my parents taught me false prophecies, in vain. See, those twelve swans in exultant line, that an eagle, Jupiter's bird, swooping from the heavens, was

aut capere, aut captas iam despectare uidentur:
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 uelo. 400
Perge modo, et, qua te ducit uia, dirige gressum.'
Dixit, et auertens rosea ceruice refulsit,
ambrosiaequae comae diuinum uertice odorem
spirauere, pedes uestis defluxit ad imos,
et uera incessu patuit dea. Ille ubi matrem 405
adgnouit, tali fugientem est uoce secutus:
'Quid natum totiens, crudelis tu quoque, falsis
ludis imaginibus? Cur dextrae iungere dextram
non datur, ac ueras audire et reddere uoces?'
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,
moliriuē moram, aut ueniendi poscere causas.
Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque reuisit 415
laeta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo
ture calent arae, sertisque recentibus halant.

troubling in the clear sky: now, in a long file, they seem to have settled, or be gazing down now at those who already have. As, returning, their wings beat in play, and they circle the zenith in a crowd, and give their cry, so your ships and your people are in harbour, or near its entrance under full sail. Only go on, turn your steps where the path takes you.' She spoke, and turning away she reflected the light from her rose-tinted neck, and breathed a divine perfume from her ambrosial hair: her robes trailed down to her feet, and, in her step, showed her a true goddess. He recognised his mother, and as she vanished followed her with his voice: 'You too are cruel, why do you taunt your son with false phantoms? Why am I not allowed to join hand with hand, and speak and hear true words?' So he accuses her, and turns his steps towards the city. But Venus veiled them with a dark mist as they walked, and, as a goddess, spread a thick covering of cloud around them, so that no one could see them, or touch them, or cause them delay, or ask them where they were going. She herself soars high in the air, to Paphos, and returns to her home with delight, where her temple and its hundred altars steam with Sabeian incense, fragrant with fresh garlands.

Lines 418-463

Corripuere uiam interea, qua semita monstrat.
Iamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
imminet, aduersasque adspectat desuper arces. 420
Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam,
miratur portas strepitumque et strata uiarum.
Instant ardentes Tyrii pars ducere muros,
molirique arcem et manibus subuoluere saxa,
pars optare locum tecto et concludere sulco. 425
[Iura magistratusque legunt sanctumque senatum;]
hic portus alii effodiunt; hic alta theatris
fundamenta locant alii, immanisque columnas
rupibus excidunt, scaenis decora alta futuris.
Qualis apes aestate noua 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 uenientum, aut agmine facto
ignauom fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent: 435
feruet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.
'O fortunati, quorum iam moenia surgunt!
Aeneas ait, et fastigia suspicit urbis.
Infert se saeptus nebula, mirabile dictu,
per medios, miscetque uiris, neque cernitur ulli.
440
Lucus in urbe fuit media, laetissimus umbra,

The Temple of Juno

Meanwhile they've tackled the route the path revealed. And soon they climbed the hill that looms high over the city, and looks down from above on the towers that face it. Aeneas marvels at the mass of buildings, once huts, marvels at the gates, the noise, the paved roads. The eager Tyrians are busy, some building walls, and raising the citadel, rolling up stones by hand, some choosing the site for a house, and marking a furrow: they make magistrates and laws, and a sacred senate: here some are digging a harbour: others lay down the deep foundations of a theatre, and carve huge columns from the cliff, tall adornments for the future stage. Just as bees in early summer carry out their tasks among the flowery fields, in the sun, when they lead out the adolescent young of their race, or cram the cells with liquid honey, and swell them with sweet nectar, or receive the incoming burdens, or forming lines drive the lazy herd of drones from their hives: the work glows, and the fragrant honey's sweet with thyme. 'O fortunate those whose walls already rise!' Aeneas cries, and admires the summits of the city. He enters among them, veiled in mist (marvellous to tell) and mingles with the people seen by no one. There was

quo primum iactati undis et turbine Poeni
effodere loco signum, quod regia Iuno
monstrarat, caput acris equi; sic nam fore bello
egregiam et facilem uictu per saecula gentem. 445
Hic templum Iunoni ingens Sidonia Dido
condebat, donis opulentum et numine diuae,
aerea cui gradibus surgebant limina, nexaeque
aere trabes, foribus cardo stridebat aenis.
Hoc primum in luco noua 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, uidet Iliacas ex ordine pugnas,
bellaque iam fama totum uolgata per orbem,
Atridas, Priamumque, et saeuum ambobus
Achillem.
Constitit, et lacrimans, 'Quis iam locus' inquit
'Achate,
quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris? 460
En Priamus! Sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi;
sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.
Solue metus; feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem.'

a grove in the centre of the city, delightful with
shade, where the wave and storm-tossed
Phoenicians first uncovered the head of a fierce
horse, that regal Juno showed them: so the race
would be noted in war, and rich in substance
throughout the ages. Here Sidonian Dido was
establishing a great temple to Juno, rich with gifts
and divine presence, with bronze entrances rising
from stairways, and beams jointed with bronze, and
hinges creaking on bronze doors. Here in the grove
something new appeared that calmed his fears for
the first time, here for the first time Aeneas dared to
hope for safety, and to put greater trust in his
afflicted fortunes. While, waiting for the queen, in
the vast temple, he looks at each thing: while he
 marvels at the city's wealth, the skill of their
artistry, and the products of their labours, he sees
the battles at Troy in their correct order, the War,
known through its fame to the whole world, the
sons of Atreus, of Priam, and Achilles angered with
both. He halted, and said, with tears: 'What place is
there, Achates, what region of earth not full of our
hardships? See, Priam! Here too virtue has its
rewards, here too there are tears for events, and
mortal things touch the heart. Lose your fears: this
fame will bring you benefit.'

Lines 464-493

Sic ait, atque animum pictura pascit inani,
multa gemens, largoque umectat flumine uoltum.

465

Namque uidebat, uti bellantes Pergama circum
hac fugerent Graii, premeret Troiana iuuentus,
hac Phryges, instaret curru cristatus Achilles.

Nec procul hinc Rhesi niueis tentoria uelis
adgnoscit lacrimans, primo quae prodita somno 470

Tydides multa uastabat caede cruentus,
ardentisque auertit 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 ceruixque comaeque
trahuntur

per terram, et uersa puluis inscribitur hasta.

Interea ad templum non aequae Palladis ibant
crinibus Iliades passis peplumque ferebant, 480
suppliciter tristes et tunsae pectora palmis;
diua solo fixos oculos auersa tenebat.

Ter circum Iliacos raptauerat Hectors muros,
exanimumque auro corpus uendebat Achilles.

Tum uero ingentem gemitum dat pectore ab imo,
485

The Frieze

So he speaks, and feeds his spirit with the
insubstantial frieze, sighing often, and his face wet
with the streaming tears. For he saw how, here, the
Greeks fled, as they fought round Troy, chased by
the Trojan youth, and, there, the Trojans fled, with
plumed Achilles pressing them close in his chariot.

Not far away, through his tears, he recognises
Rhesus's white-canvassed tents, that blood-stained
Diomede, Tydeus's son, laid waste with great
slaughter, betrayed in their first sleep, diverting the
fiery horses to his camp, before they could eat
Trojan fodder, or drink from the river Xanthus.

Elsewhere Troilus, his weapons discarded in flight,
unhappy boy, unequally matched in his battle with
Achilles, is dragged by his horses, clinging face-up
to the empty chariot, still clutching the reins: his
neck and hair trailing on the ground, and his spear
reversed furrowing the dust. Meanwhile the Trojan
women with loose hair, walked to unjust Pallas's
temple carrying the sacred robe, mourning humbly,
and beating their breasts with their hands. The
goddess was turned away, her eyes fixed on the
ground. Three times had Achilles dragged Hector
round the walls of Troy, and now was selling the
lifeless corpse for gold. Then Aeneas truly heaves a

ut spolia, ut currus, utque ipsum corpus amici,
tendentemque manus Priamum conspexit inermis.
Se quoque principibus permixtum adgnouit
Achiuis,
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 uiris concurrere uirgo.

Lines 494-519

Haec dum Dardanio Aeneae miranda uidentur,
dum stupet, obtutuque haeret defixus in uno, 495
regina ad templum, forma pulcherrima Dido,
incessit magna iuuenum stipante caterua.
Qualis in Eurotae ripis aut per iuga Cynthi
exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutae
hinc atque hinc glomerantur oreades; illa pharetram
500
fert umero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnis:
Latonae tacitum pertemptant gaudia pectus:
talīs erat Dido, talem se laeta ferebat
per medios, instans operi regnisque futuris.
Tum foribus diuae, media testudine templi, 505
saep̄ta armis, solioque alte subnixa resedit.
Iura dabat legesque uiris, operumque laborem

deep sigh, from the depths of his heart, as he views
the spoils, the chariot, the very body of his friend,
and Priam stretching out his unwarlike hands. He
recognised himself as well, fighting the Greek
princes, and the Ethiopian ranks and black
Memnon's armour. Raging Penthesilea leads the
file of Amazons, with crescent shields, and shines
out among her thousands, her golden girdle
fastened beneath her exposed breasts, a virgin
warrior daring to fight with men.

The Arrival of Queen Dido

While these wonderful sights are viewed by Trojan
Aeneas, while amazed he hangs there, rapt, with
fixed gaze, Queen Dido, of loveliest form, reached
the temple, with a great crowd of youths
accompanying her. Just as Diana leads her dancing
throng on Eurotas's banks, or along the ridges of
Cynthus, and, following her, a thousand mountain-
nymphs gather on either side: and she carries a
quiver on her shoulder, and overtops all the other
goddesses as she walks: and delight seizes her
mother Latona's silent heart: such was Dido, so she
carried herself, joyfully, amongst them, furthering
the work, and her rising kingdom. Then, fenced
with weapons, and resting on a high throne, she
took her seat, at the goddess's doorway, under the

partibus aequabat iustis, aut sorte trahebat:
cum subito Aeneas concursu accedere magno
Anthea Sergestumque uidet fortemque Cloanthum,
510

Teucrorumque alios, ater quos aequore turbo
dispulerat penitusque alias auexerat oras.
Obstipuit simul ipse simul percussus Achates
laetitiaque metuque; auidi coniungere dextras
ardebant; sed res animos incognita turbat. 515
Dissimulant, et nube caua speculantur amicti,
quae fortuna uiris, classem quo litore linquant,
quid ueniant; cunctis nam lecti nauibus ibant,
orantes ueniam, et templum clamore petebant.

Lines 520-560

Postquam introgressi et coram data copia fandi, 520
maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore coepit:
'O Regina, nouam cui condere Iuppiter urbem
iustitiaque dedit gentis frenare superbas,
Troes te miseri, uentis maria omnia uecti,
oramus, prohibe infandos a nauibus ignis, 525
parce pio generi, et propius res aspice nostras.
Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penatis
uenimus, aut raptas ad litora uertere praedas;

central vault. She was giving out laws and statutes to the people, and sharing the workers labour out in fair proportions, or assigning it by lot: when Aeneas suddenly saw Antheus, and Sergestus, and brave Cloanthus, approaching, among a large crowd, with others of the Trojans whom the black storm-clouds had scattered over the sea and carried far off to other shores. He was stunned, and Achates was stunned as well with joy and fear: they burned with eagerness to clasp hands, but the unexpected event confused their minds. They stay concealed and, veiled in the deep mist, they watch to see what happens to their friends, what shore they have left the fleet on, and why they are here: the elect of every ship came begging favour, and made for the temple among the shouting.

Ilioneus Asks Her Assistance

When they'd entered, and freedom to speak in person had been granted, Ilioneus, the eldest, began calmly: 'O queen, whom Jupiter grants the right to found a new city, and curb proud tribes with your justice, we unlucky Trojans, driven by the winds over every sea, pray to you: keep the terror of fire away from our ships, spare a virtuous race and look more kindly on our fate. We have not come to despoil Libyan homes with the sword, or to carry

non ea uis animo, nec tanta superbia uictis.
Est locus, Hesperiam Grai cognomine dicunt, 530
terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glaebae;
Oenotri coluere uiri; nunc fama minores
Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem.
Hic cursus fuit:
cum subito adsurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion 535
in uada caeca tulit, penitusque procacibus austris
perque undas, superante salo, perque inuia saxa
dispulit; huc pauci uestris ad nauimus oris.
Quod genus hoc hominum? Quaeue hunc tam
barbara morem
permittit patria? Hospitio prohibemur harenae; 540
bella cient, primaque uetant 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 uirum seruant, si uescitur aura
aetheria, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris,
non metus; officio nec te certasse priorem
poeniteat. Sunt et Siculis regionibus urbes
armaque, Troianoque a sanguine clarus Acestes.
550
Quassatam uentis liceat subducere classem,
et siluis aptare trabes et stringere remos:

off stolen plunder to the shore: that violence is not
in our minds, the conquered have not such pride.
There's a place called Hesperia by the Greeks, an
ancient land, strong in men, with a rich soil: There
the Oenotrians lived: now rumour has it that a later
people has called it Italy, after their leader. We had
set our course there when stormy Orion, rising with
the tide, carried us onto hidden shoals, and fierce
winds scattered us far, with the overwhelming
surge, over the waves among uninhabitable rocks:
we few have drifted here to your shores. What race
of men is this? What land is so barbaric as to allow
this custom, that we're denied the hospitality of the
sands? They stir up war, and prevent us setting foot
on dry land. If you despise the human race and
mortal weapons, still trust that the gods remember
right and wrong. Aeneas was our king, no one more
just than him in his duty, or greater in war and
weaponry. If fate still protects the man, if he still
enjoys the ethereal air, if he doesn't yet rest among
the cruel shades, there's nothing to fear, and you'd
not repent of vying with him first in kindness. Then
there are cities and fields too in the region of Sicily,
and famous Acestes, of Trojan blood. Allow us to
beach our fleet, damaged by the storms, and cut
planks from trees, and shape oars, so if our king's

si datur Italiam, sociis et rege recepto,
tendere, ut Italiam laeti Latiumque petamus;
sin absumpta salus, et te, pater optime Teucrum,
555

pontus habet Libyae, nec spes iam restat Iuli,
at freta Sicaniae saltem sedesque paratas,
unde huc aduecti, regemque petamus Acesten.'
Talibus Ilioneus; cuncti simul ore fremebant
Dardanidae. 560

Lines 561-585

Tum breuiter Dido, uultum demissa, profatur:
'Solute corde metum, Teucrici, secludite curas.
Res dura et regni nouitas me talia cogunt
moliri, et late finis custode tueri.
Quis genus Aeneadam, quis Troiae nesciat urbem,
565
uirtutesque uirosque, aut tanti incendia belli?
Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni,
nec tam auersus equos Tyria Sol iungit ab urbe.
Seu uos Hesperiam magnam Saturniaque arua,
siue Erycis finis regemque optatis Acesten, 570
auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque iuuabo.
Voltis et his mecum pariter considerare regnis;
urbem quam statuo uestra est, subducite nauis;
Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.
Atque utinam rex ipse Noto compulsus eodem 575

restored and our friends are found we can head for
Italy, gladly seek Italy and Latium: and if our
saviour's lost, and the Libyan seas hold you, Troy's
most virtuous father, if no hope now remains from
Iulus, let us seek the Sicilian straits, from which we
were driven, and the home prepared for us, and a
king, Acestes.' So Ilioneus spoke: and the Trojans
all shouted with one voice.

Dido Welcomes the Trojans

Then, Dido, spoke briefly, with lowered eyes:
'Trojans, free your hearts of fear: dispel your cares.
Harsh events and the newness of the kingdom force
me to effect such things, and protect my borders
with guards on all sides. Who doesn't know of
Aeneas's race, and the city of Troy, the bravery, the
men, or so great a blaze of warfare, indeed, we
Phoenicians don't possess unfeeling hearts, the sun
doesn't harness his horses that far from this Tyrian
city. Whether you opt for mighty Hesperia, and
Saturn's fields, or the summit of Eryx, and Acestes
for king, I'll see you safely escorted, and help you
with my wealth. Or do you wish to settle here with
me, as equals in my kingdom? The city I build is
yours: beach your ships: Trojans and Tyrians will
be treated by me without distinction. I wish your

adforet Aeneas! Equidem per litora certos
dimittam et Libyae lustrare extrema iubebo,
si quibus eiectus siluis aut urbibus errat.'
His animum arrecti dictis et fortis Achates
et pater Aeneas iamdudum erumpere nubem 580
ardebant. Prior Aeneas compellat Achates:
'Nate dea, quae nunc animo sententia surgit?
omnia tuta uides, classem sociosque receptos.
Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem uidimus ipsi
submersum; dictis respondent cetera matris.' 585

Lines 586-612

Uix 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 iuuentae 590
purpureum et laetos oculis adflarat honores:
quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flauo
argentum Pariusue lapis circumdatur auro.
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,

king Aeneas himself were here, driven by that same
storm! Indeed, I'll send reliable men along the
coast, and order them to travel the length of Libya,
in case he's driven aground, and wandering the
woods and towns.' Brave Achates, and our
forefather Aeneas, their spirits raised by these
words, had been burning to break free of the mist.
Achates was first to speak, saying to Aeneas: 'Son
of the goddess, what intention springs to your
mind? You see all's safe, the fleet and our friends
have been restored to us. Only one is missing,
whom we saw plunged in the waves: all else is in
accord with your mother's words.'

Aeneas Makes Himself Known

He'd scarcely spoken when the mist surrounding
them suddenly parted, and vanished in the clear air.
Aeneas stood there, shining in the bright daylight,
like a god in shoulders and face: since his mother
had herself imparted to her son beauty to his hair, a
glow of youth, and a joyful charm to his eyes: like
the glory art can give to ivory, or as when silver, or
Parian marble, is surrounded by gold. Then he
addressed the queen, suddenly, surprising them all,
saying: 'I am here in person, Aeneas the Trojan,
him whom you seek, saved from the Libyan waves.
O Dido, it is not in our power, nor those of our

quae nos, reliquias Danaum, terraeque marisque
omnibus exhaustos iam casibus, omnium egenos,
urbe, domo, socias, grates persolvere dignas 600
non opis est nostrae, Dido, nec quicquid ubique est
gentis Dardaniae, magnum quae sparsa per orbem.
Di tibi, si qua pios respectant numina, si quid
usquam iustitia est et mens sibi conscia recti,
praemia digna ferant. Quae te tam laeta tulerunt
605

saecula? Qui tanti talem genuere parentes?
In freta dum fluuii current, dum montibus umbrae
lustrabunt conuexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque
manebunt,
quae me cumque uocant terrae.' Sic fatus, amicum
610

Ilionea petit dextra, laeuaque Serestum,
post alios, fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum.

Lines 613-656

Obstipuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido,
casu deinde uiri tanto, et sic ore locuta est:
'Quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula casus 615
insequitur? Quae uis immanibus applicat oris?
Tunc ille Aeneas, quem Dardanio Anchisae
alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam?
Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona uenire

Trojan race, wherever they may be, scattered
through the wide world, to pay you sufficient
thanks, you who alone have pitied Troy's
unspeakable miseries, and share your city and
home with us, the remnant left by the Greeks,
wearied by every mischance, on land and sea, and
lacking everything. May the gods, and the mind
itself conscious of right, bring you a just reward, if
the gods respect the virtuous, if there is justice
anywhere. What happy age gave birth to you? What
parents produced such a child? Your honour, name
and praise will endure forever, whatever lands may
summon me, while rivers run to the sea, while
shadows cross mountain slopes, while the sky
nourishes the stars.' So saying he grasps his friend
Iloneus by the right hand, Serestus with the left,
then others, brave Gyan and brave Cloanthus.

Dido Receives Aeneas

Sidonian Dido was first amazed at the hero's looks
then at his great misfortunes, and she spoke,
saying: 'Son of a goddess, what fate pursues you
through all these dangers? What force drives you to
these barbarous shores? Are you truly that Aeneas
whom kindly Venus bore to Trojan Anchises, by
the waters of Phrygian Simois? Indeed, I myself

finibus expulsum patriis, noua regna petentem 620
auxilio Beli; genitor tum Belus opimam
uastabat Cyprum, et uictor dicione tenebat.
Tempore iam ex illo casus mihi cognitus urbis
Troianae nomenque tuum regesque Pelasgi.
Ipse hostis Teucros insigni laude ferebat, 625
seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum ab stirpe uolebat.
Quare agite, O tectis, iuuenes, succedite nostris.
Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores
iactatam hac demum uoluit consistere terra.
Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.' 630
Sic memorat; simul Aenean in regia ducit
tectis, simul diuom templis indicit honorem.
Nec minus interea sociis ad litora mittit
uiginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
terga suum, pinguis centum cum matribus agnos,
635
munera laetitiamque dii.
At domus interior regali splendida luxu
instruitur, mediisque parant conuiuia tectis:
arte laboratae uestes ostroque superbo,
ingens argentum mensis, caelataque in auro 640
fortia facta patrum, series longissima rerum
per tot ducta uiros antiqua ab origine gentis.
Aeneas (neque enim patrius consistere mentem
passus amor) rapidum ad nauis praemittit Achaten,

remember Teucer coming to Sidon, exiled from his
country's borders, seeking a new kingdom with
Belus's help: Belus, my father, was laying waste
rich Cyprus, and, as victor, held it by his authority.
Since then the fall of the Trojan city is known to
me, and your name, and those of the Greek kings.
Even their enemy granted the Teucrians high
praise, maintaining they were born of the ancient
Teucrian stock. So come, young lords, and enter
our palace. Fortune, pursuing me too, through
many similar troubles, willed that I would find
peace at last in this land. Not being unknown to
evil, I've learned to aid the unhappy.' So she speaks,
and leads Aeneas into the royal house, and
proclaims, as well, offerings at the god's temples.
She sends no less than twenty bulls to his friends
on the shore, and a hundred of her largest pigs with
bristling backs, a hundred fat lambs with the ewes,
and joyful gifts of wine, but the interior of the
palace is laid out with royal luxury, and they
prepare a feast in the centre of the palace: covers
worked skilfully in princely purple, massive
silverware on the tables, and her forefathers' heroic
deeds engraved in gold, a long series of exploits
traced through many heroes, since the ancient
origins of her people. Aeneas quickly sends

Ascanio ferat haec, ipsumque ad moenia ducat; 645
omnis in Ascanio cari stat cura parentis.
Munera praeterea, Iliacis erepta ruinis,
ferre iubet, pallam signis auroque rigentem,
et circumtextum croceo uelamen acantho,
ornatus Argiuae Helenae, quos illa Mycenis, 650
Pergama cum peteret inconcessosque hymenaeos,
extulerat, matris Leda mirabile donum:
praeterea sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim,
maxima natarum Priami, colloque monile
bacatum, et duplicem gemmis auroque coronam.
655

Haec celerans ita ad naues tendebat Achates.

Lines 657-694

At Cytherea nouas artes, noua pectore uersat
Consilia, ut faciem mutatus et ora Cupido
pro dulci Ascanio ueniat, donisque furem
incendat reginam, atque ossibus implicet ignem;
660

quippe domum timet ambiguum Tyriosque
bilinguis;
urit atrox Iuno, et sub noctem cura recursat.
Ergo his aligerum dictis adfatur Amorem:
'Nate, meae uires, mea magna potentia solus,
nate, patris summi qui tela Typhoia temnis, 665

Achates to the ships to carry the news to Ascanius (since a father's love won't let his mind rest) and bring him to the city: on Ascanius all the care of a fond parent is fixed. He commands him to bring gifts too, snatched from the ruins of Troy, a figured robe stiff with gold, and a cloak fringed with yellow acanthus, worn by Helen of Argos, brought from Mycenae when she sailed to Troy and her unlawful marriage, a wonderful gift from her mother Leda: and the sceptre that Ilione, Priam's eldest daughter, once carried, and a necklace of pearls, and a double-coronet of jewels and gold. Achates, hastening to fulfil these commands, took his way towards the ships.

Cupid Impersonates Ascanius

But Venus was planning new wiles and stratagems in her heart: how Cupid, altered in looks, might arrive in place of sweet Ascanius, and arouse the passionate queen by his gifts, and entwine the fire in her bones: truly she fears the unreliability of this house, and the duplicitous Tyrians: unyielding Juno angers her, and her worries increase with nightfall. So she speaks these words to winged Cupid: 'My son, you who alone are my great strength, my power, a son who scorns mighty Jupiter's Typhoean thunderbolts, I ask your help, and humbly call on

ad te confugio et supplex tua numina posco.
Frater ut Aeneas pelago tuus omnia circum
litora iactetur odiis Iunonis iniquae,
nota tibi, et nostro doluisti saepe dolore.
Hunc Phoenissa tenet Dido blandisque moratur 670
uocibus; et uereor, quo se Iunonia uertant
hospitia; haud tanto cessabit cardine rerum.
Quocirca capere ante dolis et cingere flamma
reginam meditor, ne quo se numine mutet,
sed magno Aeneae mecum teneatur amore. 675
Qua facere id possis, nostram nunc accipe mentem.
Regius accitu cari genitoris ad urbem
Sidoniam puer ire parat, mea maxima cura,
dona ferens, pelago et flammis restantia Troiae:
hunc ego sopitum somno super alta Cythera 680
aut super Idalium sacrata sede recondam,
ne qua scire dolos mediusue occurrere possit.
Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam
falle dolo, et notos pueri puer indue uoltus,
ut, cum te gremio accipiet laetissima Dido 685
regalis inter mensas laticemque Lyaeum,
cum dabit amplexus atque oscula dulcia figet,
occultum inspires ignem fallasque ueneno.'
Paret Amor dictis carae genetricis, et alas
exiit, et gressu gaudens incedit Iuli. 690
At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem

your divine will. It's known to you how Aeneas, your brother, is driven over the sea, round all the shores, by bitter Juno's hatred, and you have often grieved with my grief. Phoenician Dido holds him there, delaying him with flattery, and I fear what may come of Juno's hospitality: at such a critical turn of events she'll not be idle. So I intend to deceive the queen with guile, and encircle her with passion, so that no divine will can rescue her, but she'll be seized, with me, by deep love for Aeneas. Now listen to my thoughts on how you can achieve this. Summoned by his dear father, the royal child, my greatest concern, prepares to go to the Sidonian city, carrying gifts that survived the sea, and the flames of Troy. I'll lull him to sleep and hide him in my sacred shrine on the heights of Cythera or Idalium, so he can know nothing of my deceptions, or interrupt them mid-way. For no more than a single night imitate his looks by art, and, a boy yourself, take on the known face of a boy, so that when Dido takes you to her breast, joyfully, amongst the royal feast, and the flowing wine, when she embraces you, and plants sweet kisses on you, you'll breathe hidden fire into her, deceive her with your poison.' Cupid obeys his dear mother's words, sets aside his wings, and laughingly trips

inrigat, et fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliae lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
floribus et dulci adspirans complectitur umbra.

Lines 695-722

Iamque ibat dicto parens et dona Cupido 695
regia portabat Tyriis, duce laetus Achate.
Cum uenit, aulaeis iam se regina superbis
aurea composuit sponda mediamque locauit.
Iam pater Aeneas et iam Troiana iuuentus
conueniunt, stratoque super discumbitur ostro. 700
Dant famuli manibus lymphas, Cereremque
canistris
expediunt, tonsisque ferunt mantelia uillis.
Quinquaginta intus famulae, quibus ordine longam
cura penum struere, et flammis adolere Penatis;
centum aliae totidemque pares aetate ministri, 705
qui dapibus mensas onerent et pocula ponant.
Nec non et Tyrii per limina laeta frequentes
conuenere, toris iussi discumbere pictis.
Mirantur dona Aeneae, mirantur Iulum
flagrantisque dei uoltus simulataque uerba, 710
[pallamque et pictum croceo uelamen acantho.]
Praecipue infelix, pesti deuota futurae,
expleri mentem nequit ardescitque tuendo

along with Iulus's step. But Venus pours gentle
sleep over Ascanius's limbs, and warming him in
her breast, carries him, with divine power, to
Idalia's high groves, where soft marjoram smothers
him in flowers, and the breath of its sweet shade.

Cupid Deceives Dido

Now, obedient to her orders, delighting in Achetes
as guide, Cupid goes off carrying royal gifts for the
Tyrians. When he arrives the queen has already
settled herself in the centre, on her golden couch
under royal canopies. Now our forefather Aeneas
and the youth of Troy gather there, and recline on
cloths of purple. Servants pour water over their
hands: serve bread from baskets: and bring napkins
of smooth cloth. Inside there are fifty female
servants, in a long line, whose task it is to prepare
the meal, and tend the hearth fires: a hundred more,
and as many pages of like age, to load the tables
with food, and fill the cups. And the Tyrians too are
gathered in crowds through the festive halls,
summoned to recline on the embroidered couches.
They marvel at Aeneas's gifts, marvel at Iulus, the
god's brilliant appearance, and deceptive words, at
the robe, and the cloak embroidered with yellow
acanthus. The unfortunate Phoenician above all,
doomed to future ruin, cannot pacify her feelings,

Phoenissa, et pariter puero donisque mouetur.
Ille ubi complexu Aeneae colloque pependit 715
et magnum falsi impleuit genitoris amorem,
reginam petit haec oculis, haec pectore toto
haeret et interdum gremio fouet, inscia Dido,
insidat quantus miserae deus; at memor ille
matris Acidaliae paulatim abolere Sychaeum 720
incipit, et uiuo temptat praeuertere amore
iam pridem resides animos desuetaque corda.

Lines 723-756

Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaeque remotae,
crateras magnos statuunt et uina coronant.
Fit strepitus tectis, uocemque per ampla uolutant
725
atria; dependent lychni laquearibus aureis
incensi, et noctem flammis funalia uincunt.
Hic regina grauem gemmis auroque poposcit
impleuitque 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 uelis, nostrosque huius meminisse minores.
Adsit laetitiae Bacchus dator, et bona Iuno;
et uos, O, coetum, Tyrii, celebrate fauentes.' 735

and catches fire with gazing, stirred equally by the
child and by the gifts. He, having hung in an
embrace round Aeneas's neck, and sated the
deceived father's great love, seeks out the queen.
Dido, clings to him with her eyes and with her
heart, taking him now and then on her lap, unaware
how great a god is entering her, to her sorrow. But
he, remembering his Cyprian mother's wishes,
begins gradually to erase all thought of Sychaeus,
and works at seducing her mind, so long unstirred,
and her heart unused to love, with living passion.

Dido Asks for Aeneas's Story

At the first lull in the feasting, the tables were
cleared, and they set out vast bowls, and wreathed
the wine with garlands. Noise filled the palace, and
voices rolled out across the wide halls: bright lamps
hung from the golden ceilings, and blazing candles
dispelled the night. Then the queen asked for a
drinking-cup, heavy with gold and jewels, that
Belus and all Belus's line were accustomed to use,
and filled it with wine. Then the halls were silent.
She spoke: 'Jupiter, since they say you're the one
who creates the laws of hospitality, let this be a
happy day for the Tyrians and those from Troy, and
let it be remembered by our children. Let Bacchus,
the joy-bringer, and kind Juno be present, and you,

Dixit, et in mensam laticum libavit honorem,
primaque, libato, summo tenus attigit ore,
tum Bitiae dedit increpitans; ille impiger hausit
spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit auro
post alii proceres. Cithara crinitus Iopas 740
personat aurata, docuit quem maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem lunam solisque labores;
unde hominum genus et pecudes; unde imber et
ignes;
Arcturum pluuiasque Hyadas geminosque Triones;
quid tantum Oceano properent se tinguere soles 745
hiberni, uel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet.
Ingeminant plausu Tyrii, Troesque sequuntur.
Nec non et uario noctem sermone trahebat
infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem,
multa super Priamo rogitans, super Hectore multa;
750
nunc quibus Aurorae uenisset filius armis,
nunc quales Diomedis equi, nunc quantus Achilles.
'Immo age, et a prima dic, hospes, origine nobis
insidias,' inquit, 'Danaum, casusque tuorum,
erroresque tuos; nam te iam septima portat 755
omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus aestas.'

O Phoenicians, make this gathering festive.' She spoke and poured an offering of wine onto the table, and after the libation was the first to touch the bowl to her lips, then she gave it to Bitias, challenging him: he briskly drained the brimming cup, drenching himself in its golden fullness, then other princes drank. Iolas, the long-haired, made his golden lyre resound, he whom great Atlas taught. He sang of the wandering moon and the sun's labours, where men and beasts came from, and rain and fire, of Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, the two Bears: why the winter suns rush to dip themselves in the sea, and what delay makes the slow nights linger. The Tyrians redoubled their applause, the Trojans too. And unfortunate Dido, she too spent the night in conversation, and drank deep of her passion, asking endlessly about Priam and Hector: now about the armour that Memnon, son of the Dawn, came with to Troy, what kind were Diomed's horses, how great was Achilles. 'But come, my guest, tell us from the start all the Greek trickery, your men's mishaps, and your wanderings: since it's the seventh summer now that brings you here, in your journey, over every land and sea.'

BOOK II

Lines 1-56

Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant
inde toro pater Aeneas sic orsus ab alto:
Infandum, regina, iubes renouare dolorem,
Troianas ut opes et lamentabile regnum
eruerint Danaï, quaeque ipse miserrima uidi 5
et quorum pars magna fui. quis talia fando
Myrmidonum Dolopumue 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 breuiter Troiae supremum audire laborem,
quamquam animus meminisse horret luctuque
refugit,
incipiam. fracti bello fatisque repulsi
ductores Danaum tot iam labentibus annis
instar montis equum diuina Palladis arte 15
aedificant, sectaque intexunt abiete costas;
uotum pro reditu simulant; ea fama uagatur.
huc delecta uirum sortiti corpora furtim
includunt caeco lateri penitusque cauernas
ingentis utrumque armato milite complent. 20

The Trojan Horse: Laocoön's Warning

They were all silent, and turned their faces towards him intently. Then from his high couch our forefather Aeneas began: 'O queen, you command me to renew unspeakable grief, how the Greeks destroyed the riches of Troy, and the sorrowful kingdom, miseries I saw myself, and in which I played a great part. What Myrmidon, or Dolopian, or warrior of fierce Ulysses, could keep from tears in telling such a story? Now the dew-filled night is dropping from the sky, and the setting stars urge sleep. But if you have such desire to learn of our misfortunes, and briefly hear of Troy's last agonies, though my mind shudders at the memory, and recoils in sorrow, I'll begin. 'After many years have slipped by, the leaders of the Greeks, opposed by the Fates, and damaged by the war, build a horse of mountainous size, through Pallas's divine art, and weave planks of fir over its ribs: they pretend it's a votive offering: this rumour spreads. They secretly hide a picked body of men, chosen by lot, there, in the dark body, filling the belly and the huge

est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
insula, diues opum Priami dum regna manebant,
nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis:
huc se prouecti deserto in litore condunt;
nos abiisse rati et uento petiisse Mycenae. 25
ergo omnis longo soluit se Teucra luctu;
panduntur portae, iuuat ire et Dorica castra
desertosque uidere locos litusque relictum:
hic Dolopum manus, hic saeuus tendebat Achilles;
classibus hic locus, hic acie certare solebant. 30
pars stupet innuptae donum exitiale Mineruae
et molem mirantur equi; primusque Thymoetes
duci intra muros hortatur et arce locari,
siue dolo seu iam Troiae sic fata ferebant.
at Capys, et quorum melior sententia menti, 35
aut pelago Danaum insidias suspectaque dona
praecipitare iubent subiectisque urere flammis,
aut terebrare cauas uteri et temptare latebras.
scinditur incertum studia in contraria uulgu.
Primus ibi ante omnis magna comitante caterua 40
Laocoon ardens summa decurrit ab arce,
et procul 'o miseri, quae tanta insania, ciues?
creditis auectos hostis? aut ulla putatis
dona carere dolis Danaum? sic notus Ulixes?
aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achiui, 45
aut haec in nostros fabricata est machina muros,

cavernous insides with armed warriors. Tenedos is
within sight, an island known to fame, rich in
wealth when Priam's kingdom remained, now just a
bay and an unsafe anchorage for boats: they sail
there, and hide themselves, on the lonely shore. We
thought they had gone, and were seeking Mycenae
with the wind. So all the Trojan land was free of its
long sorrow. The gates were opened: it was a joy to
go and see the Greek camp, the deserted site and
the abandoned shore. Here the Dolopians stayed,
here cruel Achilles, here lay the fleet, here they
used to meet us in battle. Some were amazed at
virgin Minerva's fatal gift, and marvel at the horse's
size: and at first Thymoetes, whether through
treachery, or because Troy's fate was certain, urged
that it be dragged inside the walls and placed on the
citadel. But Capys, and those of wiser judgement,
commanded us to either hurl this deceit of the
Greeks, this suspect gift, into the sea, or set fire to
it from beneath, or pierce its hollow belly, and
probe for hiding places. The crowd, uncertain, was
split by opposing opinions. Then Laocoön rushes
down eagerly from the heights of the citadel, to
confront them all, a large crowd with him, and
shouts from far off: 'O unhappy citizens, what
madness? Do you think the enemy's sailed away?

inspectura domos uenturaque desuper urbi,
aut aliquis latet error; equo ne credite, Teucri.
quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentis.'
sic fatus ualidis ingentem uiribus hastam 50
in latus inque feri curuam compagibus aluum
contorsit. stetit illa tremens, uteroque recusso
insonuere cauae gemitumque dedere cauernae.
et, si fata deum, si mens non laeua fuisset,
impulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras, 55
Troiaque nunc staret, Priamique arx alta maneres.

Lines 57-144

Ecce, manus iuuenem interea post terga reuinctum
pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant
Dardanidae, qui se ignotum uenientibus ultro,
hoc ipsum ut strueret Troiamque aperiret Achiuis,
60
obtulerat, fidens animi atque in utrumque paratus,
seu uersare dolos seu certae occumbere morti.
undique uisendi studio Troiana iuuentus
circumfusa ruit certantque in ludere capto.

Or do you think any Greek gift's free of treachery?
Is that Ulysses's reputation? Either there are Greeks
in hiding, concealed by the wood, or it's been built
as a machine to use against our walls, or spy on our
homes, or fall on the city from above, or it hides
some other trick: Trojans, don't trust this horse.
Whatever it is, I'm afraid of Greeks even those
bearing gifts.' So saying he hurled his great spear,
with extreme force, at the creature's side, and into
the frame of the curved belly. The spear stuck
quivering, and at the womb's reverberation the
cavity rang hollow and gave out a groan. And if the
gods' fate, if our minds, had not been ill-omened,
he'd have incited us to mar the Greeks hiding-place
with steel: Troy would still stand: and you, high
tower of Priam would remain.

Sinon's Tale

See, meanwhile, some Trojan shepherds, shouting
loudly, dragging a youth, his hands tied behind his
back, to the king. In order to contrive this, and lay
Troy open to the Greeks, he had placed himself in
their path, calm in mind, and ready for either
course: to engage in deception, or find certain
death. The Trojan youth run, crowding round, from
all sides, to see him, and compete in mocking the
captive. Listen now to Greek treachery, and learn

accipe nunc Danaum insidias et crimine ab uno 65
disce omnis.

namque ut conspectu in medio turbatus, inermis
constitit atque oculis Phrygia agmina circumspexit,
'heu, quae nunc tellus,' inquit, 'quae me aequora
possunt

accipere? aut quid iam misero mihi denique restat,
70

cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi
Dardanidae infensi poenas cum sanguine poscunt?'

quo gemitu conuersi animi compressus et omnis
impetus. hortamur fari quo sanguine cretus,

quidue ferat; memoret quae sit fiducia capto. 75
'Cuncta equidem tibi, rex, fuerit quodcumque,

fatebor 77

uera,' inquit; 'neque me Argolica de gente negabo.
hoc primum; nec, si miserum Fortuna Sinonem

finxit, uanum etiam mendacemque improba finget.
80

fando aliquod si forte tuas peruenit ad auris
Belidae nomen Palamedis et incluta fama
gloria, quem falsa sub proditione Pelasgi
insontem infando indicio, quia bella uetabat,
demisere neci, nunc cassum lumine lugent: 85
illi me comitem et consanguinitate propinquum
pauper in arma pater primis huc misit ab annis.

of all their crimes from just this one. Since, as he
stood, looking troubled, unarmed, amongst the
gazing crowd, and cast his eyes around the
Phrygian ranks, he said: 'Ah! What land, what seas
would accept me now? What's left for me at the last
in my misery, I who have no place among the
Greeks, when the hostile Trojans, themselves,
demand my punishment and my blood? At this the
mood changed and all violence was checked. We
urged him to say what blood he was sprung from,
and why he suffered: and tell us what trust could be
placed in him as a captive. Setting fear aside at last
he speaks: "O king, I'll tell you the whole truth,
whatever happens, and indeed I'll not deny that I'm
of Argive birth: this first of all: if Fortune has made
me wretched, she'll not also wrongly make me false
and a liar. If by any chance some mention of
Palamedes's name has reached your ears, son of
Belus, and talk of his glorious fame, he whom the
Pelasgians, on false charges of treason, by atrocious
perjury, because he opposed the war, sent innocent
to his death, and who they mourn, now he's taken
from the light: well my father, being poor, sent me
here to the war when I was young, as his friend, as
we were blood relatives. While Palamedes was safe
in power, and prospered in the kings' council, I also

dum stabat regno incolumis regumque uigebat
conciliis, et nos aliquod nomenque decusque
gessimus. inuidia postquam pellacis Ulixi 90
(haud ignota loquor) superis concessit ab oris,
adflctus uitam in tenebris luctuque trahebam
et casum insontis mecum indignabar amici.
nec tacui demens et me, fors si qua tulisset,
si patrios umquam remeassem uictor ad Argos, 95
promisi ultorem et uerbis odia aspera moui.
hinc mihi prima mali labes, hinc semper Ulixes
criminibus terrere nouis, hinc spargere uoces
in uulgum ambiguas et quaerere conscius arma.
nec requieuit enim, donec Calchante ministro—
100
sed quid ego haec autem nequiquam ingrata
reuoluo,
quidue moror? si omnis uno ordine habetis
Achiuos,
idque audire sat est, iamdudum sumite poenas:
hoc Ithacus uelit et magno mercentur Atridae.'
Tum uero ardemus scitari et quaerere causas, 105
ignari scelerum tantorum artisque Pelasgae.
prosequitur pautans et ficto pectore fatur:
'Saepe fugam Danai Troia cupiere relicta
moliri et longo fessi discedere bello;
fecissentque utinam! saepe illos aspera ponti 110

had some name and respect. But when he passed
from this world above, through the jealousy of
plausible Ulysses (the tale's not unknown) I was
ruined, and spent my life in obscurity and grief,
inwardly angry at the fate of my innocent friend.
Maddened I could not be silent, and I promised, if
chance allowed, and if I ever returned as a victor to
my native Argos, to avenge him, and with my
words stirred bitter hatred. The first hint of trouble
came to me from this, because of it Ulysses was
always frightening me with new accusations,
spreading veiled rumours among the people, and
guiltily seeking to defend himself. He would not
rest till, with Calchas as his instrument – but why I
do unfold this unwelcome story? Why hinder you?
If you consider all Greeks the same, and that's
sufficient, take your vengeance now: that's what the
Ithacan wants, and the sons of Atreus would pay
dearly for." Then indeed we were on fire to ask,
and seek the cause, ignorant of such wickedness
and Pelasgian trickery. Trembling with fictitious
feelings he continued, saying: "The Greeks, weary
with the long war, often longed to leave Troy and
execute a retreat: if only they had! Often a fierce
storm from the sea land-locked them, and the gale
terrified them from leaving: once that horse, made

interclusit hiems et terruit Auster euntis.
praecipue cum iam hic trabibus contextus acernis
staret equus, toto sonuerunt aethere nimbi.
suspensi Eurypylum scitatum oracula Phoebi
mittimus, isque adytis haec tristia dicta reportat:
115

"sanguine placastis uentos et uirgine caesa,
cum primum Iliacas, Danaï, uenistis ad oras;
sanguine quaerendi reditus animaue litandum
Argolica." uulgi quae uox ut uenit ad auris,
obstipuerunt animi gelidusque per ima cucurrit 120
ossa tremor, cui fata parent, quem poscat Apollo.
hic Ithacus uatem magno Calchanta tumultu
protrahit in medios; quae sint ea numina diuum
flagitat. et mihi iam multi crudele canebant
artificis scelus, et taciti uentura uidebant. 125
bis quinos silet ille dies tectusque recusat
prodere uoce sua quemquam aut opponere morti.
uix tandem, magnis Ithaci clamoribus actus,
composito rumpit uocem et me destinat arae.
adsensere omnes et, quae sibi quisque timebat, 130
unius in miseri exitium conuersa tulere.
iamque dies infanda aderat; mihi sacra parari
et salsae fruges et circum tempora uitae.
eripui, fateor, leto me et uincula rupi,
limosque lacu per noctem obscurus in ulua 135

of maple-beams, stood there, especially then,
storm-clouds thundered in the sky. Anxious, we
send Eurypylus to consult Phoebus's oracle, and he
brings back these dark words from the sanctuary:
'With blood, and a virgin sacrifice, you calmed the
winds, O Greeks, when you first came to these
Trojan shores, seek your return in blood, and the
well-omened sacrifice of an Argive life.' When this
reached the ears of the crowd, their minds were
stunned, and an icy shudder ran to their deepest
marrow: who readies this fate, whom does Apollo
choose? At this the Ithacan thrust the seer, Calchas,
into their midst, demanding to know what the god's
will might be, among the uproar. Many were
already cruelly prophesying that ingenious man's
wickedness towards me, and silently saw what was
coming. For ten days the seer kept silence, refusing
to reveal the secret by his words, or condemn
anyone to death. But at last, urged on by Ulysses's
loud clamour, he broke into speech as agreed, and
doomed me to the altar. All acclaimed it, and what
each feared himself, they endured when directed,
alas, towards one man's destruction. Now the
terrible day arrived, the rites were being prepared
for me, the salted grain, and the headbands for my
forehead. I confess I saved myself from death, burst

delitui dum uela darent, si forte dedissent.
nec mihi iam patriam antiquam spes ulla uidendi
nec dulcis natos exoptatumque parentem,
quos illi fors et poenas ob nostra reposcent
effugia, et culpam hanc miserorum morte piabunt.

140

quod te per superos et conscia numina ueri,
per si qua est quae restet adhuc mortalibus usquam
intemerata fides, oro, miserere laborum
tantorum, miserere animi non digna ferentis.'

Lines 145-194 145

His lacrimis uitam damus et miserescimus ultro.
145

ipse uiro primus manicas atque arta leuari
uincla iubet Priamus dictisque ita fatur amicis:
'quisquis es, amissos hinc iam obliuiscere Graios
(noster eris) mihi que haec edisserere uera roganti:
quo molem hanc immanis equi statuere? quis
auctor? 150

quidue petunt? quae religio? aut quae machina
belli?'

dixerat. ille dolis instructus et arte Pelasga
sustulit exutas uinclis ad sidera palmas:
'uos, aeterni ignes, et non uiolabile uestrum
testor numen,' ait, 'uos arae ensesque nefandi, 155

my bonds, and all that night hid by a muddy lake
among the reeds, till they set sail, if as it happened
they did. And now I've no hope of seeing my old
country again, or my sweet children or the father I
long for: perhaps they'll seek to punish them for my
flight, and avenge my crime through the death of
these unfortunates. But I beg you, by the gods, by
divine power that knows the truth, by whatever
honour anywhere remains pure among men, have
pity on such troubles, pity the soul that endures
undeserved suffering."

Sinon Deludes the Trojans

With these tears we grant him his life, and also pity
him. Priam himself is the first to order his manacles
and tight bonds removed, and speaks these words
of kindness to him: "From now on, whoever you
are, forget the Greeks, lost to you: you'll be one of
us. And explain to me truly what I ask: Why have
they built this huge hulk of a horse? Who created
it? What do they aim at? What religious object or
war machine is it?" He spoke: the other, schooled
in Pelasgian art and trickery, raised his unbound
palms towards the stars, saying: "You, eternal fires,
in your invulnerable power, be witness, you altars
and impious swords I escaped, you sacrificial
ribbons of the gods that I wore as victim: with right

quos fugi, uittaeque deum, quas hostia gessi:
fas mihi Graiorum sacrata resolvere iura,
fas odisse uiros atque omnia ferre sub auras,
si qua tegunt, teneor patriae nec legibus ullis.
tu modo promissis maneat seruataque serues 160
Troia fidem, si uera feram, si magna rependam.
omnis spes Danaum et coepti fiducia belli
Palladis auxiliis semper stetit. impius ex quo
Tydides sed enim scelerumque inuentor Ulixes,
fatale adgressi sacrato auellere templo 165
Palladium caesis summae custodibus arcis,
corripuere sacram effigiem manibusque cruentis
uirgineas ausi diuiae contingere uittas,
ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri
spes Danaum, fractae uires, auersa deae mens. 170
nec dubiis ea signa dedit Tritonia monstris.
uix positum castris simulacrum: arsere coruscae
luminibus flammae arrectis, salsusque per artus
sudor iit, terque ipsa solo (mirabile dictu)
emicuit parmamque ferens hastamque trementem.
175
extemplo temptanda fuga canit aequora Calchas,
nec posse Argolicis excindi Pergama telis
omina ni repetant Argis numenque reducant
quod pelago et curuis secum auexere carinis.
et nunc quod patrias uento petiere Mycenae, 180

I break the Greek's solemn oaths, with right I hate
them, and if things are hidden bring them to light:
I'm bound by no laws of their country. Only, Troy,
maintain your assurances, if I speak truth, if I repay
you handsomely: kept intact yourself, keep your
promises intact. All the hopes of the Greeks and
their confidence to begin the war always depended
on Pallas's aid. But from that moment when the
impious son of Tydeus, Diomedes, and Ulysses
inventor of wickedness, approached the fateful
Palladium to snatch it from its sacred temple,
killing the guards on the citadel's heights, and dared
to seize the holy statue, and touch the sacred
ribbons of the goddess with blood-soaked hands:
from that moment the hopes of the Greeks receded,
and slipping backwards ebbed: their power
fragmented, and the mind of the goddess opposed
them. Pallas gave sign of this, and not with dubious
portents, for scarcely was the statue set up in camp,
when glittering flames shone from the upturned
eyes, a salt sweat ran over its limbs, and (wonderful
to tell) she herself darted from the ground with
shield on her arm, and spear quivering. Calchas
immediately proclaimed that the flight by sea must
be attempted, and that Troy cannot be uprooted by
Argive weapons, unless they renew the omens at

arma deosque parant comites pelagoque remenso
improuisi aderunt; ita digerit omina Calchas.
hanc pro Palladio moniti, pro numine laeso
effigiem statuere, nefas quae triste piaret.
hanc tamen immensam Calchas attollere molem
185

roboribus textis caeloque educere iussit,
ne recipi portis aut duci in moenia posset,
neu populum antiqua sub religione tueri.
nam si uestra manus uiolasset dona Mineruae,
tum magnum exitium (quod di prius omen in ipsum
190

conuertant!) Priami imperio Phrygibusque futurum;
sin manibus uestris uestram ascendisset in urbem,
ultro Asiam magno Pelopea ad moenia bello
uenturam, et nostros ea fata manere nepotes.'

Lines 195-227 195

Talibus insidiis periurique arte Sinonis 195
credita res, captique dolis lacrimisque coactis
quos neque Tydides nec Larisaeus Achilles,
non anni domuere decem, non mille carinae.
Hic aliud maius miseris multoque tremendum
obicitur magis atque improuida pectora turbat. 200

Argos, and take the goddess home, whom they
have indeed taken by sea in their curved ships. And
now they are heading for their native Mycenae with
the wind, obtaining weapons and the friendship of
the gods, re-crossing the sea to arrive unexpectedly,
So Calchas reads the omens. Warned by him,
they've set up this statue of a horse for the wounded
goddess, instead of the Palladium, to atone severely
for their sin. And Calchas ordered them to raise the
huge mass of woven timbers, raised to the sky, so
the gates would not take it, nor could it be dragged
inside the walls, or watch over the people in their
ancient rites. Since if your hands violated Minerva's
gift, then utter ruin (may the gods first turn that
prediction on themselves!) would come to Priam
and the Trojans: yet if it ascended into your citadel,
dragged by your hands, Asia would come to the
very walls of Pelops, in mighty war, and a like fate
would await our children."

Laocoön and the Serpents

Through these tricks and the skill of perjured
Sinon, the thing was credited, and we were trapped,
by his wiliness, and false tears, we, who were not
conquered by Diomedes, or Larissan Achilles, nor
by the ten years of war, nor those thousand ships.
Then something greater and more terrible befalls us

Laocoon, ductus Neptuno sorte sacerdos,
sollemnis taurum ingentem mactabat ad aras.
ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta
(horresco referens) immensis orbibus angues
incumbunt pelago pariterque ad litora tendunt; 205
pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta iubaeque
sanguineae superant undas, pars cetera pontum
pone legit sinuatque immensa uolumine terga.
fit sonitus spumante salo; iamque arua tenebant
ardentisque oculos suffecti sanguine et igni 210
sibila lambebant linguis uibrantibus ora.
diffugimus uisu exsanguis. illi agmine certo
Laocoonta petunt; et primum parua 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 ceruicibus altis.
ille simul manibus tendit diuellere nodos 220
perfusus sanie uittas atroque ueneno,
clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit:
qualis mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram
taurus et incertam excussit ceruice securim.
at gemini lapsu delubra ad summa dracones 225
effugiunt saeuaeque petunt Tritonidis arcem,

wretches, and stirs our unsuspecting souls.
Laocoön, chosen by lot as priest of Neptune, was
sacrificing a huge bull at the customary altar. See, a
pair of serpents with huge coils, snaking over the
sea from Tenedos through the tranquil deep (I
shudder to tell it), and heading for the shore side by
side: their fronts lift high over the tide, and their
blood-red crests top the waves, the rest of their
body slides through the ocean behind, and their
huge backs arch in voluminous folds. There's a roar
from the foaming sea: now they reach the shore,
and with burning eyes suffused with blood and fire,
lick at their hissing jaws with flickering tongues.
Blanching at the sight we scatter. They move on a
set course towards Laocoön: and first each serpent
entwines the slender bodies of his two sons, and
biting at them, devours their wretched limbs: then
as he comes to their aid, weapons in hand, they
seize him too, and wreath him in massive coils:
now encircling his waist twice, twice winding their
scaly folds around his throat, their high necks and
heads tower above him. He strains to burst the
knots with his hands, his sacred headband drenched
in blood and dark venom, while he sends terrible
shouts up to the heavens, like the bellowing of a
bull that has fled wounded, from the altar, shaking

sub pedibusque deae clipeique sub orbe teguntur.

Lines 228-253

tum uero tremefacta nouus per pectora cunctis
insinuat paor, et scelus expendisse merentem
Laocoonta ferunt, sacrum qui cuspide robur 230
laeserit et tergo sceleratam intorserit hastam.
ducendum ad sedes simulacrum orandaque diuae
numina conclamant.

diuidimus muros et moenia pandimus urbis.
accingunt omnes operi pedibusque rotarum 235
subiciunt lapsus, et stuppea uincula 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 diuum domus Ilium et incluta bello
moenia Dardanidum! quater ipso in limine portae
substitit atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere;
instamus tamen immemores caecique furore
et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce. 245
tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris
ora dei iussu non umquam credita Teucris.
nos delubra deum miseri, quibus ultimus esset

the useless axe from its neck. But the serpent pair
escape, slithering away to the high temple, and seek
the stronghold of fierce Pallas, to hide there under
the goddess's feet, and the circle of her shield.

The Horse Enters Troy

Then in truth a strange terror steals through each
shuddering heart, and they say that Laocoön has
justly suffered for his crime in wounding the sacred
oak-tree with his spear, by hurling its wicked shaft
into the trunk. "Pull the statue to her house", they
shout, "and offer prayers to the goddess's divinity."
We breached the wall, and opened up the defences
of the city. All prepare themselves for the work and
they set up wheels allowing movement under its
feet, and stretch hemp ropes round its neck. That
engine of fate mounts our walls pregnant with
armed men. Around it boys, and virgin girls, sing
sacred songs, and delight in touching their hands to
the ropes: Up it glides and rolls threateningly into
the midst of the city. O my country, O Ilium house
of the gods, and you, Trojan walls famous in war!
Four times it sticks at the threshold of the gates,
and four times the weapons clash in its belly: yet
we press on regardless, blind with frenzy, and site
the accursed creature on top of our sacred citadel.
Even then Cassandra, who, by the god's decree, is

ille dies, festa uelamus fronde per urbem.
Vertitur interea caelum et ruit Oceano nox 250
inuoluens umbra magna terramque polumque
Myrmidonumque dolos; fusi per moenia Teucrici
conticuere; sopor fessos complectitur artus.

Lines 254-297

et iam Argiua phalanx instructis nauibus ibat
a Tenedo tacitae per amica silentia lunae 255
litora nota petens, flammam cum regia puppis
extulerat, fatisque deum defensum iniquis
inclusos utero Danaos et pinea furtim
laxat claustra Sinon. illos patefactus ad auras
reddit equus laetique cauo se robore promunt 260
Thessandrus Sthenelusque duces et dirus Ulixes,
demissum lapsi per funem, Acamasque Thoasque
Pelidesque Neoptolemus primusque Machaon
et Menelaus et ipse doli fabricator Epeus.
inuadunt urbem somno uinoque sepultam; 265
caeduntur uigiles, portisque patentibus omnis
accipiunt socios atque agmina conscia iungunt.
Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus aegris
incipit et dono diuum gratissima serpit.

never to be believed by Trojans, reveals our future
fate with her lips. We unfortunate ones, for whom
that day is our last, clothe the gods' temples,
throughout the city, with festive branches.
Meanwhile the heavens turn, and night rushes from
the Ocean, wrapping the earth, and sky, and the
Myrmidons' tricks, in its vast shadow: through the
city the Trojans fall silent: sleep enfolds their
weary limbs.

The Greeks Take the City

And now the Greek phalanx of battle-ready ships
sailed from Tenedos, in the benign stillness of the
silent moon, seeking the known shore, when the
royal galley raised a torch, and Sinon, protected by
the gods' unjust doom, sets free the Greeks
imprisoned by planks of pine, in the horses' belly.
Opened, it releases them to the air, and sliding
down a lowered rope, Thessandrus, and Sthenelus,
the leaders, and fatal Ulysses, emerge joyfully from
their wooden cave, with Acamas, Thoas, Peleus's
son Neoptolemus, the noble Machaon, Menelaus,
and Epeus who himself devised this trick. They
invade the city that's drowned in sleep and wine,
kill the watchmen, welcome their comrades at the
open gates, and link their clandestine ranks. It was
the hour when first sleep begins for weary mortals,

in somnis, ecce, ante oculos maestissimus Hector
270
uisus adesse mihi largosque effundere fletus,
raptatus bigis ut quondam, aterque cruento
puluere perque pedes traiectus lora tumentis.
ei mihi, qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore qui redit exuuias indutus Achilli 275
uel Danaum Phrygios iaculatus puppibus ignis!
squalentem barbam et concretos sanguine crinis
uulneraque illa gerens, quae circum plurima muros
accepit patrios. ultro flens ipse uidebar
compellare uirum et maestas expromere uoces: 280
'o lux Dardaniae, spes o fidissima Teucrum,
quae tantae tenuere morae? quibus Hector ab oris
exspectate uenis? ut te post multa tuorum
funera, post uarios hominumque urbisque labores
defessi aspiciamus! quae causa indigna serenos 285
foedauit uultus? aut cur haec uulnera cerno?'
ille nihil, nec me quaerentem uana moratur,
sed grauius gemitus imo de pectore ducens,
'heu fuge, nate dea, teque his' ait 'eripe flammis.
hostis habet muros; ruit alto a culmine Troia. 290
sat patriae Priamoque datum: si Pergama dextra
defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.
sacra suosque tibi commendat Troia penatis;
hos cape fatorum comites, his moenia quaere

and steals over them as the sweetest gift of the
gods. See, in dream, before my eyes, Hector
seemed to stand there, saddest of all and pouring
out great tears, torn by the chariot, as once he was,
black with bloody dust, and his swollen feet pierced
by the thongs. Ah, how he looked! How changed he
was from that Hector who returned wearing
Achilles's armour, or who set Trojan flames to the
Greek ships! His beard was ragged, his hair matted
with blood, bearing those many wounds he
received dragged around the walls of his city. And I
seemed to weep myself, calling out to him, and
speaking to him in words of sorrow: "Oh light of
the Troad, surest hope of the Trojans, what has so
delayed you? What shore do you come from
Hector, the long-awaited? Weary from the many
troubles of our people and our city I see you, oh,
after the death of so many of your kin! What
shameful events have marred that clear face? And
why do I see these wounds?" He does not reply, nor
does he wait on my idle questions, but dragging
heavy sighs from the depths of his heart, he says:
"Ah! Son of the goddess, fly, tear yourself from the
flames. The enemy has taken the walls: Troy falls
from her high place. Enough has been given to
Priam and your country: if Pergama could be saved

magna pererrato statues quae denique ponto.' 295
sic ait et manibus uittas Vestamque potentem
aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.

Lines 298-354

Diuerso interea miscentur moenia luctu,
et magis atque magis, quamquam secreta parentis
Anchisae domus arboribusque obtecta recessit, 300
clarescunt sonitus armorumque ingruit horror.
excitior somno et summi fastigia tecti
ascensu supero atque arrectis auribus asto:
in segetem ueluti cum flamma furentibus Austris
incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens 305
sternit agros, sternit sata laeta boumque labores
praecipitisque trahit siluas; stupet inscius alto
accipiens sonitum saxi de uertice pastor.
tum uero manifesta fides, Danaumque patescunt
insidiae. iam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam 310
Volcano superante domus, iam proximus ardet
Vcalegon; Sigea igni freta lata relucet.
exoritur clamorque uirum clangorque tubarum.
arma amens capio; nec sat rationis in armis,

by any hand, it would have been saved by this.
Troy entrusts her sacred relics and household gods
to you: take them as friends of your fate, seek
mighty walls for them, those you will found at last
when you have wandered the seas." So he speaks,
and brings the sacred headbands in his hands from
the innermost shrine, potent Vesta, and the undying
flame.

Aeneas Gathers his Comrades

Meanwhile the city is confused with grief, on every
side, and though my father Anchises's house is
remote, secluded and hidden by trees, the sounds
grow clearer and clearer, and the terror of war
sweeps upon it. I shake off sleep, and climb to the
highest roof-top, and stand there with ears strained:
as when fire attacks a wheat-field when the south-
wind rages, or the rushing torrent from a mountain
stream covers the fields, drowns the ripe crops, the
labour of oxen, and brings down the trees headlong,
and the dazed shepherd, unaware, hears the echo
from a high rocky peak. Now the truth is obvious,
and the Greek plot revealed. Now the vast hall of
Deiphobus is given to ruin the fire over it: now
Ucalegon's nearby blazes: the wide Sigean straits
throw back the glare. Then the clamour of men and
the blare of trumpets rises. Frantically I seize

sed glomerare manum bello et concurrere in arcem
315

cum sociis ardent animi; furor iraque mentem
praecipitat, pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis.

Ecce autem telis Panthus elapsus Achium,
Panthus Othryades, arcis Phoebique sacerdos,
sacra manu uictosque deos paruumque nepotem
320

ipse trahit cursuque amens ad limina tendit.

'quo res summa loco, Panthu? quam prendimus
arcem?'

uix ea fatus eram gemitu cum talia reddit:

'uenit 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 astans
fundit equus uictorque Sinon incendia miscet
insultans. portis alii bipatientibus adsunt, 330

milia quot magnis umquam uenere Mycenis;
obsedere alii telis angusta uiarum

oppositis; stat ferri acies mucrone corusco
stricta, parata neci; uix primi proelia temptant
portarum uigiles et caeco Marte resistunt.' 335

talibus Othryadae dictis et numine diuum
in flammis et in arma feror, quo tristis Erinys,

weapons: not because there is much use for
weapons, but my spirit burns to gather men for
battle and race to the citadel with my friends:
madness and anger hurl my mind headlong, and I
think it beautiful to die fighting. Now, see, Panthus
escaping the Greek spears, Panthus, son of Othrys,
Apollo's priest on the citadel, dragging along with
his own hands the sacred relics, the conquered
gods, his little grandchild, running frantically to my
door: "Where's the best advantage, Panthus, what
position should we take?" I'd barely spoken, when
he answered with a groan: "The last day comes,
Troy's inescapable hour. Troy is past, Ilium is past,
and the great glory of the Trojans: Jupiter carries all
to Argos: the Greeks are lords of the burning city.
The horse, standing high on the ramparts, pours out
warriors, and Sinon the conqueror exultantly stirs
the flames. Others are at the wide-open gates, as
many thousands as ever came from great Mycenae:
more have blocked the narrow streets with hostile
weapons: a line of standing steel with naked
flickering blades is ready for the slaughter: barely
the first few guards at the gates attempt to fight,
and they resist in blind conflict." By these words
from Othrys' son, and divine will, I'm thrust
amongst the weapons and the flames, where the

quo fremitus uocat et sublatus ad aethera clamor.
addunt se socios Rhipheus et maximus armis
Epytus, oblatis per lunam, Hypanisque Dymasque
340

et lateri adglomerant nostro, iuuenisque Coroebus
Mygdonides—illis ad Troiam forte diebus
uenerat insano Cassandrae incensus amore
et gener auxilium Priamo Phrygibusque ferebat,
infelix qui non sponsae praecepta furentis 345
audierit!

quos ubi confertos ardere in proelia uidi,
incipio super his: 'iuuenes, fortissima frustra
pectora, si uobis audentem extrema cupido
certa sequi, quae sit rebus fortuna uidetis: 350
excessere omnes adytis arisque relictis
di quibus imperium hoc steterat; succurritis urbi
incensae. moriamur et in media arma ruamus.
una salus uictis nullam sperare salutem.'

Lines 355-401 355

sic animis iuuenum furor additus. inde, lupi ceu
355

raptos atra in nebula, quos improba uentris
exegit caecos rabies catulique relictis
faucibus expectant siccis, per tela, per hostis
uadimus haud dubiam in mortem mediaeque
tenemus

dismal Fury sounds, and the roar, and the clamour
rising to the sky. Friends joined me, visible in the
moonlight, Ripheus, and Epytus, mighty in battle,
Hypanis and Dymas, gathered to my side, and
young Coroebus, Mygdon's son: by chance he'd
arrived in Troy at that time, burning with mad love
for Cassandra, and brought help, as a potential son-
in-law, to Priam, and the Trojans, unlucky man,
who didn't listen to the prophecy of his frenzied
bride! When I saw them crowded there eager for
battle, I began as follows: "Warriors, bravest of
frustrated spirits, if your ardent desire is fixed on
following me to the end, you can see our cause's
fate. All the gods by whom this empire was
supported have departed, leaving behind their
temples and their altars: you aid a burning city: let
us die and rush into battle. The beaten have one
refuge, to have no hope of refuge."

Aeneas and his Friends Resist

So their young spirits were roused to fury. Then,
like ravaging wolves in a dark mist, driven blindly
by the cruel rage of their bellies, leaving their
young waiting with thirsty jaws, we pass through
our enemies, to certain death, and make our way to
the heart of the city: dark night envelops us in deep
shadow. Who could tell of that destruction in

urbis iter; nox atra caua circumuolat umbra. 360
quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
explicet aut possit lacrimis aequare labores?
urbs antiqua ruit multos dominata per annos;
plurima perque uias sternuntur inertia passim
corpora perque domos et religiosa deorum 365
limina. nec soli poenas dant sanguine Teuciri;
quondam etiam uictis redit in praecordia uirtus
uictoresque cadunt Danai. crudelis ubique
luctus, ubique pauor et plurima mortis imago.
Primus se Danaum magna comitante caterua 370
Androgeos offert nobis, socia agmina credens
inscius, atque ultro uerbis compellat amicis:
'festinate, uiri! nam quae tam sera moratur
segnities? alii rapiunt incensa feruntque
Pergama: uos celsis nunc primum a nauibus itis?'
375
dixit, et extemplo (neque enim responsa dabantur
fida satis) sensit medios delapsus in hostis.
obstipuit retroque pedem cum uoce repressit.
improuisum aspris ueluti qui sentibus anguem
pressit humi nitens trepidusque repente refugit 380
attollentem iras et caerula colla tumentem,
haud secus Androgeos uisu tremefactus abibat.
inruimus densis et circumfundimur armis,
ignarosque loci passim et formidine captos

words, or equal our pain with tears? The ancient city falls, she who ruled for so many years: crowds of dead bodies lie here and there in the streets, among the houses, and on the sacred thresholds of the gods. Nor is it Trojans alone who pay the penalty with their blood: courage returns at times to the hearts of the defeated and the Greek conquerors die. Cruel mourning is everywhere, everywhere there is panic, and many a form of death. First, Androgeos, meets us, with a great crowd of Greeks around him, unknowingly thinking us allied troops, and calls to us in friendly speech as well: "Hurry, men! What sluggishness makes you delay so? The others are raping and plundering burning Troy: are you only now arriving from the tall ships?" He spoke, and straight away (since no reply given was credible enough) he knew he'd fallen into the enemy fold. He was stunned, drew back, and stifled his voice. Like a man who unexpectedly treads on a snake in rough briars, as he strides over the ground, and shrinks back in sudden fear as it rears in anger and swells its dark-green neck, so Androgeos, shuddering at the sight of us, drew back. We charge forward and surround them closely with weapons, and ignorant of the place, seized by terror, as they are, we slaughter them wholesale. Fortune favours

sternimus; aspirat primo Fortuna labori. 385
atque hic successu exsultans animisque Coroebus
'o socii, qua prima' inquit 'Fortuna salutis
monstrat iter, quaque ostendit se dextra, sequamur:
mutemus clipeos Danaumque insignia nobis
aptemus. dolus an uirtus, quis in hoste requirat?
390

arma dabunt ipsi.' sic fatus deinde comantem
Androgei galeam clipeique insigne decorum
induitur laterique Argium accommodat ensem.
hoc Rhipeus, hoc ipse Dymas omnisque iuuentus
laeta facit: spoliis se quisque recentibus armat. 395
uadimus immixti Danais haud numine nostro
multaque per caecam congressi proelia noctem
conserimus, multos Danaum demittimus Orco.
diffugiunt alii ad nauis et litora cursu
fida petunt; pars ingentem formidine turpi 400
scandunt rursus equum et nota conduntur in aluo.

Lines 402-437

Heu nihil inuitis fas quemquam fidere diuis!
ecce trahebatur passis Priameia uirgo
crinibus a templo Cassandra adytisque Mineruae
ad caelum tendens ardentia lumina frustra, 405
lumina, nam teneras arcebant uincola palmas.
non tulit hanc speciem furiata mente Coroebus
et sese medium iniecit periturus in agmen;

our first efforts. And at this Coroebus, exultant with
courage and success, cries: "Oh my friends, where
fortune first points out the path to safety, and shows
herself a friend, let us follow. Let's change our
shields adopt Greek emblems. Courage or deceit:
who'll question it in war? They'll arm us
themselves." With these words, he takes up
Androgeos's plumed helmet, his shield with its
noble markings, and straps the Greek's sword to his
side. Ripheus does likewise, Dymas too, and all the
warriors delight in it. Each man arms himself with
the fresh spoils. We pass on mingling with the
Greeks, with gods that are not our known, and
clash, in many an armed encounter, in the blind
night, and we send many a Greek down to Orcus.
Some scatter to the ships, and run for safer shores,
some, in humiliated terror, climb the vast horse
again and hide in the womb they know.

Cassandra is Taken

"Ah, put no faith in anything the will of the gods
opposes! See, Priam's virgin daughter dragged,
with streaming hair, from the sanctuary and temple
of Minerva, lifting her burning eyes to heaven in
vain: her eyes, since cords restrained her gentle
hands. Coroebus could not stand the sight,
maddened in mind, and hurled himself among the

consequimur cuncti et densis incurrimus armis.
hic primum ex alto delubri culmine telis 410
nostrorum obruimur oriturque miserrima caedes
armorum facie et Graiarum errore iubarum.
tum Danaï gemitu atque ereptae uirginis ira
undique collecti inuadunt, acerrimus Ajax
et gemini Atridae Dolopumque exercitus omnis:
415

aduersi rupto ceu quondam turbine uenti
confligunt, Zephyrusque Notusque et laetus Eois
Eurus equis; stridunt siluae saeuitque tridenti
spumeus atque imo Nereus ciet aequora fundo.
illi etiam, si quos obscura nocte per umbram 420
fudimus insidiis totaque agitauimus urbe,
apparent; primi clipeos mentitaque tela
agnoscunt atque ora sono discordia signant.
ilicet obruimur numero, primusque Coroebus
Penelei dextra diuae armipotentis ad aram 425
procumbit; cadit et Rhipheus, iustissimus unus
qui fuit in Teucris et seruantissimus aequi
(dis aliter uisum); pereunt Hypanisque Dymasque
confixi a sociis; nec te tua plurima, Panthu,
labentem pietas nec Apollinis infula texit. 430
Iliaci cineres et flamma extrema meorum,
testor, in occasu uestro nec tela nec ullas
uitauisse uices, Danaum et, si fata fuissent

ranks, seeking death. We follow him, and, weapons
locked, charge together. Here, at first, we were
overwhelmed by Trojan spears, hurled from the
high summit of the temple, and wretched slaughter
was caused by the look of our armour, and the
confusion arising from our Greek crests. Then the
Danaans, gathering from all sides, groaning with
anger at the girl being pulled away from them, rush
us, Ajax the fiercest, the two Atrides, all the Greek
host: just as, at the onset of a tempest, conflicting
winds clash, the west, the south, and the east that
joys in the horses of dawn: the forest roars, brine-
wet Nereus rages with his trident, and stirs the
waters from their lowest depths. Even those we
have scattered by a ruse, in the dark of night, and
driven right through the city, re-appear: for the first
time they recognise our shields and deceitful
weapons, and realise our speech differs in sound to
theirs. In a moment we're overwhelmed by weight
of numbers: first Coroebus falls, by the armed
goddess's altar, at the hands of Peneleus: and
Ripheus, who was the most just of all the Trojans,
and keenest for what was right (the gods' vision
was otherwise): Hypanis and Dymas die at the
hands of allies: and your great piety, Panthus, and
Apollo's sacred headband can not defend you in

ut caderem, meruisse manu. diuellimur inde,
Iphitus et Pelias mecum (quorum Iphitus aevo 435
iam grauior, Pelias et uulnere tardus Ulixi),
protinus ad sedes Priami clamore uocati.

Lines 438-485

hic uero ingentem pugnam, ceu cetera nusquam
bella forent, nulli tota morerentur in urbe,
sic Martem indomitum Danaosque ad tecta ruentis
440
cernimus obsessumque acta testudine limen.
haerent parietibus scalae postisque sub ipsos
nituntur gradibus clipeosque ad tela sinistris
protecti obiciunt, prensant fastigia dextris.
Dardanidae contra turris ac tota domorum 445
culmina conuellunt; his se, quando ultima cernunt,
extrema iam in morte parant defendere telis,
auratasque trabes, ueterum decora alta parentum,
deuoluunt; alii strictis mucronibus imas
obsedere fores, has seruant agmine denso. 450
instaurati animi regis succurrere tectis
auxilioque leuare uiros uimque addere uictis.
Limen erat caecaeque fores et peruius usus

your downfall. Ashes of Ilium, death flames of my
people, be witness that, at your ruin, I did not evade
the Danaan weapons, nor the risks, and, if it had
been my fate to die, I earned it with my sword.
Then we are separated, Iphitus and Pelias with me,
Iphitus weighed down by the years, and Pelias,
slow-footed, wounded by Ulysses: immediately
we're summoned to Priam's palace by the clamour.

The Battle for the Palace

Here's a great battle indeed, as if the rest of the war
were nothing, as if others were not dying
throughout the whole city, so we see wild War and
the Greeks rushing to the palace, and the entrance
filled with a press of shields. Ladders cling to the
walls: men climb the stairs under the very
doorposts, with their left hands holding defensive
shields against the spears, grasping the sloping
stone with their right. In turn, the Trojans pull
down the turrets and roof-tiles of the halls, prepared
to defend themselves even in death, seeing the end
near them, with these as weapons: and send the
gilded roof-beams down, the glory of their ancient
fathers. Others with naked swords block the inner
doors: these they defend in massed ranks. Our
spirits were re-inspired, to bring help to the king's
palace, to relieve our warriors with our aid, and add

tectorum inter se Priami, postesque relictis
a tergo, infelix qua se, dum regna manebant, 455
saepius Andromache ferre incommitata solebat
ad soceros et auo puerum Astyanacta trahebat.
euado ad summi fastigia culminis, unde
tela manu miseri iactabant inrita Teucris.
turrin in praecipiti stantem summisque sub astra
460

eductam tectis, unde omnis Troia uideri
et Danaum solitae naues et Achaica castra,
adgressi ferro circum, qua summa labantis
iuncturas tabulata dabant, conuelligimus 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
exultat telis et luce coruscus aena: 470
qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus,
frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat,
nunc, positus nouus exuuiis nitidusque iuuenta,
lubrica conuoluit sublato pectore terga
arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis. 475
una ingens Periphas et equorum agitator Achillis,
armiger Automedon, una omnis Scyria pubes
succedunt tecto et flammas ad culmina iactant.

power to the beaten. There was an entrance with
hidden doors, and a passage in use between Priam's
halls, and a secluded gateway beyond, which the
unfortunate Andromache, while the kingdom stood,
often used to traverse, going, unattended, to her
husband's parents, taking the little Astyanax to his
grandfather. I reached the topmost heights of the
pediment from which the wretched Trojans were
hurling their missiles in vain. A turret standing on
the sloping edge, and rising from the roof to the
sky, was one from which all Troy could be seen,
the Danaan ships, and the Greek camp: and
attacking its edges with our swords, where the
upper levels offered weaker mortar, we wrenched it
from its high place, and sent it flying: falling
suddenly it dragged all to ruin with a roar, and
shattered far and wide over the Greek ranks. But
more arrived, and meanwhile neither the stones nor
any of the various missiles ceased to fly. In front of
the courtyard itself, in the very doorway of the
palace, Pyrrhus exults, glittering with the sheen of
bronze: like a snake, fed on poisonous herbs, in the
light, that cold winter has held, swollen, under the
ground, and now, gleaming with youth, its skin
sloughed, ripples its slimy back, lifts its front high
towards the sun, and darts its triple-forked tongue

ipse inter primos correpta dura bipenni
limina perrumpit postisque a cardine uellit 480
aeratos; iamque excisa trabe firma cauauit
robora et ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram.
apparet domus intus et atria longa patescunt;
apparent Priami et ueterum penetralia regum,
armatosque uident stantis in limine primo. 485

Lines 486-558

at domus interior gemitu miseroque tumultu
miscetur, penitusque cauae plangoribus aedes
femineis ululant; ferit aurea sidera clamor.
tum pauidae tectis matres ingentibus errant
amplexaeque tenent postis atque oscula figunt. 490
instat ui patria Pyrrhus; nec claustra nec ipsi
custodes sufferre ualent; labat ariete crebro
ianua, et emoti procumbunt cardine postes.
fit uia ui; rumpunt aditus primosque trucidant
immissi Danai et late loca milite complent. 495
non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
exiit oppositasque euicit gurgite moles,

from its jaws. Huge Periphas, and Automedon the
armour-bearer, driver of Achilles's team, and all the
Scyrian youths, advance on the palace together and
hurl firebrands onto the roof. Pyrrhus himself
among the front ranks, clutching a double-axe,
breaks through the stubborn gate, and pulls the
bronze doors from their hinges: and now, hewing
out the timber, he breaches the solid oak and opens
a huge window with a gaping mouth. The palace
within appears, and the long halls are revealed: the
inner sanctums of Priam, and the ancient kings,
appear, and armed men are seen standing on the
very threshold.

Priam's Fate

But, inside the palace, groans mingle with sad
confusion, and, deep within, the hollow halls howl
with women's cries: the clamour strikes the golden
stars. Trembling mothers wander the vast building,
clasping the doorposts, and placing kisses on them.
Pyrrhus drives forward, with his father Achilles's
strength, no barricades nor the guards themselves
can stop him: the door collapses under the ram's
blows, and the posts collapse, wrenched from their
sockets. Strength makes a road: the Greeks, pour
through, force a passage, slaughter the front ranks,
and fill the wide space with their men. A foaming

fertur in arua furens cumulo camposque per omnis
cum stabulis armenta trahit. uidi ipse furentem
caede Neoptoleum geminosque in limine Atridas,
500
uidi Hecubam centumque nurus Priamumque per
aras
sanguine foedantem quos ipse sacrauerat ignis.
quingenta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum,
barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi
procubuere; tenent Danai qua deficit ignis. 505
Forsitan et Priami fuerint quae fata requiras.
urbis uti captae casum conuulsaque uidit
limina tectorum et medium in penetralibus hostem,
arma diu senior desueta trementibus aevo
circumdat nequiquam umeris et inutile ferrum 510
cingitur, ac densos fertur moriturus in hostis.
aedibus in mediis nudoque sub aetheris axe
ingens ara fuit iuxtaque ueterrima laurus
incumbens arae atque umbra complexa penatis.
hic Hecuba et natae nequiquam altaria circum, 515
praecipites atra ceu tempestate columbae,
condensae et diuum amplexae simulacra sedebant.
ipsum autem sumptis Priamum iuuenalibus armis
ut uidit, 'quae mens tam dira, miserrime coniunx,
impulit his cingi telis? aut quo ruis?' inquit. 520
'non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis

river is not so furious, when it floods, bursting its
banks, overwhelms the barriers against it, and rages
in a mass through the fields, sweeping cattle and
stables across the whole plain. I saw Pyrrhus
myself, on the threshold, mad with slaughter, and
the two sons of Atreus: I saw Hecuba, her hundred
women, and Priam at the altars, polluting with
blood the flames that he himself had sanctified.
Those fifty chambers, the promise of so many
offspring, the doorposts, rich with spoils of
barbarian gold, crash down: the Greeks possess
what the fire spares. And maybe you ask, what was
Priam's fate. When he saw the end of the captive
city, the palace doors wrenched away, and the
enemy among the inner rooms, the aged man
clasped his long-neglected armour on his old,
trembling shoulders, and fastened on his useless
sword, and hurried into the thick of the enemy
seeking death. In the centre of the halls, and under
the sky's naked arch, was a large altar, with an
ancient laurel nearby, that leant on the altar, and
clothed the household gods with shade. Here
Hecuba, and her daughters, like doves driven by a
dark storm, crouched uselessly by the shrines,
huddled together, clutching at the statues of the
gods. And when she saw Priam himself dressed in

tempus eget; non, si ipse meus nunc adforet Hector.
huc tandem concede; haec ara tuebitur omnis,
aut moriere simul.' sic ore effata recepit
ad sese et sacra longaeuum in sede locauit. 525
Ecce autem elapsus Pyrrhi de caede Polites,
unus natorum Priami, per tela, per hostis
porticibus longis fugit et uacua atria lustrat
saucius. illum ardens infesto uulnere Pyrrhus
insequitur, iam iamque manu tenet et premit hasta.
530
ut tandem ante oculos euasit et ora parentum,
concidit ac multo uitam cum sanguine fudit.
hic Priamus, quamquam in media iam morte
tenetur,
non tamen abstinuit nec uoci iraeque pepercit:
'at tibi pro scelere,' exclamat, 'pro talibus ausis 535
di, si qua est caelo pietas quae talia curet,
persoluant grates dignas et praemia reddant
debita, qui nati coram me cernere letum
fecisti et patrios foedasti funere uultus.
at non ille, satum quo te mentiris, Achilles 540
talis in hoste fuit Priamo; sed iura fidemque
supplicis erubuit corpusque exsanguie sepulcro
reddidit Hectoreum meque in mea regna remisit.'
sic fatus senior telumque imbelli sine ictu
coniecit, rauco quod protinus aere repulsum, 545

youthful armour she cried: "What mad thought,
poor husband, urges you to fasten on these
weapons? Where do you run? The hour demands
no such help, nor defences such as these, not if my
own Hector were here himself. Here, I beg you, this
altar will protect us all or we'll die together." So she
spoke and drew the old man towards her, and set
him down on the sacred steps. See, Polites, one of
Priam's sons, escaping Pyrrhus's slaughter, runs
down the long hallways, through enemies and
spears, and, wounded, crosses the empty courts.
Pyrrhus chases after him, eager to strike him, and
grasps at him now, and now, with his hand, at
spear-point. When finally he reached the eyes and
gaze of his parents, he fell, and poured out his life
in a river of blood. Priam, though even now in
death's clutches, did not spare his voice at this, or
hold back his anger: "If there is any justice in
heaven, that cares about such things, may the gods
repay you with fit thanks, and due reward for your
wickedness, for such acts, you who have made me
see my own son's death in front of my face, and
defiled a father's sight with murder. Yet Achilles,
whose son you falsely claim to be, was no such
enemy to Priam: he respected the suppliant's rights,
and honour, and returned Hector's bloodless corpse

et summo clipei nequiquam umbone pependit.
cui Pyrrhus: 'referes ergo haec et nuntius ibis
Pelidae genitori. illi mea tristia facta
degeneremque Neoptoleum narrare memento.
nunc morere.' hoc dicens altaria ad ipsa trementem
550

traxit et in multo lapsantem sanguine nati,
implicuitque comam laeua, dextraque coruscum
extulit ac lateri capulo tenus abdidit ensem.
haec finis Priami fatorum, hic exitus illum
sorte tulit Troiam incensam et prolapsa uidentem
555

Pergama, tot quondam populis terrisque superbum
regnatorem Asiae. iacet ingens litore truncus,
auulsumque umeris caput et sine nomine corpus.

Lines 559-587

At me tum primum saeuus circumstetit horror.
obstipui; subiit cari genitoris imago, 560
ut regem aequaeuum crudeli uulnere uidi
uitam exhalantem, subiit deserta Creusa
et direpta domus et parui casus Iuli.
respicio et quae sit me circum copia lustror.

to its sepulchre, and sent me home to my
kingdom." So the old man spoke, and threw his
ineffectual spear without strength, which
immediately spun from the clanging bronze and
hung uselessly from the centre of the shield's boss.
Pyrrhus spoke to him: "Then you can be messenger,
carry the news to my father, to Peleus's son:
remember to tell him of degenerate Pyrrhus, and of
my sad actions: now die." Saying this he dragged
him, trembling, and slithering in the pool of his
son's blood, to the very altar, and twined his left
hand in his hair, raised the glittering sword in his
right, and buried it to the hilt in his side. This was
the end of Priam's life: this was the death that fell to
him by lot, seeing Troy ablaze and its citadel
toppled, he who was once the magnificent ruler of
so many Asian lands and peoples. A once mighty
body lies on the shore, the head shorn from its
shoulders, a corpse without a name.

Aeneas Sees Helen

Then for the first time a wild terror gripped me. I
stood amazed: my dear father's image rose before
me as I saw a king, of like age, with a cruel wound,
breathing his life away: and my Creusa, forlorn,
and the ransacked house, and the fate of little Iulus.
I looked back, and considered the troops that were

deseruere omnes defessi, et corpora saltu 565
ad terram misere aut ignibus aegra dedere.
[Iamque adeo super unus eram, cum limina Vestae
seruantem et tacitam secreta in sede latentem
Tyndarida aspicio; dant claram incendia lucem
erranti passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti. 570
illa sibi infestos euersa ob Pergama Teucros
et Danaum poenam et deserti coniugis iras
praemetuens, Troiae et patriae communis Erinys,
abdiderat sese atque aris inuisa sedebat.
exarsere ignes animo; subit ira cadentem 575
ulcisci patriam et sceleratas sumere poenas.
'scilicet haec Spartam incolumis patriasque
Mycenas
aspiciet, partoque ibit regina triumpho?
coniugiumque domumque patris natosque uidebit
Iliadum turba et Phrygiis comitata ministris? 580
occiderit ferro Priamus? Troia arserit igni?
Dardanium totiens sudarit sanguine litus?
non ita. namque etsi nullum memorabile nomen
feminea in poena est, habet haec uictoria laudem;
extinxisse nefas tamen et sumpsisse merentis 585
laudabor poenas, animumque explesse iuuabit
ultricis ~famam et cineres satiasset meorum.'

round me. They had all left me, wearied, and hurled
their bodies to earth, or sick with misery dropped
into the flames. So I was alone now, when I saw the
daughter of Tyndareus, Helen, close to Vesta's
portal, hiding silently in the secret shrine: the bright
flames gave me light, as I wandered, gazing
everywhere, randomly. Afraid of Trojans angered
at the fall of Troy, Greek vengeance, and the fury
of a husband she deserted, she, the mutual curse of
Troy and her own country, had concealed herself
and crouched, a hated thing, by the altars. Fire
blazed in my spirit: anger rose to avenge my fallen
land, and to exact the punishment for her
wickedness. "Shall she, unharmed, see Sparta again
and her native Mycenae, and see her house and
husband, parents and children, and go in the
triumphant role of a queen, attended by a crowd of
Trojan women and Phrygian servants? When Priam
has been put to the sword? Troy consumed with
fire? The Dardanian shore soaked again and again
with blood? No. Though there's no great glory in a
woman's punishment, and such a conquest wins no
praise, still I will be praised for extinguishing
wickedness and exacting well-earned punishment,
and I'll delight in having filled my soul with the
flame of revenge, and appeased my people's ashes."

Lines 588-623

talia iactabam et furiata mente ferebar,]
cum mihi se, non ante oculis tam clara, uidendam
obtulit et pura per noctem in luce refulsit 590
alma parens, confessa deam qualisque uideri
caelicolis et quanta solet, dextraque prehensum
continuit roseoque haec insuper addidit ore:
'nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras?
quid furis? aut quonam nostri tibi cura recessit? 595
non prius aspicias ubi fessum aetate parentem
liqueris Anchisen, superet coniunxne Creusa
Ascaniusque puer? quos omnis undique Graiae
circum errant acies et, ni mea cura resistat,
iam flammae tulerint inimicus et hauserit ensis. 600
non tibi Tyndaridis facies inuisa Lacaenae
culpatusue Paris, diuum inclementia, diuum
has euertit opes sternitque a culmine Troiam.
aspice (namque omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
mortalis hebetat uisus tibi et umida circum 605
caligat, nubem eripiam; tu ne qua parentis
iussa time neu praeceptis parere recusa):
hic, ubi disiectas moles auulsaque saxis
saxa uides, mixtoque undantem puluere fumum,
Neptunus muros magnoque emota tridenti 610
fundamenta quatit totamque a sedibus urbem
eruit. hic Iuno Scaeas saeuissima portas

Aeneas is Visited by his Mother Venus

I blurted out these words, and was rushing on with
raging mind, when my dear mother came to my
vision, never before so bright to my eyes, shining
with pure light in the night, goddess for sure, such
as she may be seen by the gods, and taking me by
the right hand, stopped me, and, then, imparted
these words to me from her rose-tinted lips: "My
son, what pain stirs such uncontrollable anger?
Why this rage? Where has your care for what is
ours vanished? First will you not see whether
Creusa, your wife, and your child Ascanius still
live, and where you have left your father Anchises
worn-out with age? The Greek ranks surround them
on all sides, and if my love did not protect them,
the flames would have caught them before now,
and the enemy swords drunk of their blood. You do
not hate the face of the Spartan daughter of
Tyndareus, nor is Paris to blame: the ruthlessness
of the gods, of the gods, brought down this power,
and toppled Troy from its heights. See (for I'll tear
away all the mist that now, shrouding your sight,
dims your mortal vision, and darkens everything
with moisture: don't be afraid of what your mother
commands, or refuse to obey her wisdom): here,
where you see shattered heaps of stone torn from

prima tenet sociumque furens a nauibus agmen
ferro accincta uocat.
iam summas arces Tritonia, respice, Pallas 615
insedit nimbo effulgens et Gorgone saeua.
ipse pater Danais animos uirisque secundas
sufficit, ipse deos in Dardana suscitatur arma.
eripe, nate, fugam finemque impone labori;
nusquam abero et tutum patrio te limine sistam.'
620
dixerat et spissis noctis se condidit umbris.
apparent dirae facies inimicaque Troiae
numina magna deum.

Lines 624-670

Tum uero omne mihi uisum considerare in ignis
Ilium et ex imo uerti Neptunia Troia: 625
ac ueluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum
cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
eruere agricolae certatim, illa usque minatur
et tremefacta comam concusso uertice nutat,
uulneribus donec paulatim euicta supremum 630
congemuit traxitque iugis auulsa ruinam.

stone, and smoke billowing mixed with dust, Neptune is shaking the walls, and the foundations, stirred by his mighty trident, and tearing the whole city up by its roots. There, Juno, the fiercest, is first to take the Scaean Gate, and, sword at her side, calls on her troops from the ships, in rage. Now, see, Tritonian Pallas, standing on the highest towers, sending lightning from the storm-cloud, and her grim Gorgon breastplate. Father Jupiter himself supplies the Greeks with courage, and fortunate strength, himself excites the gods against the Trojan army. Hurry your departure, son, and put an end to your efforts. I will not leave you, and I will place you safe at your father's door." She spoke, and hid herself in the dense shadows of night. Dreadful shapes appeared, and the vast powers of gods opposed to Troy.

Aeneas Finds his Family

Then in truth all Ilium seemed to me to sink in flames, and Neptune's Troy was toppled from her base: just as when foresters on the mountain heights compete to uproot an ancient ash tree, struck time and again by axe and blade, it threatens continually to fall, with trembling foliage and shivering crown, till gradually vanquished by the blows it groans at last, and torn from the ridge,

descendo ac ducente deo flammam inter et hostis
expedior: dant tela locum flammaeque recedunt.
Atque ubi iam patriae peruentum ad limina sedis
antiquasque domos, genitor, quem tollere in altos
635

optabam primum montis primumque petebam,
abnegat excisa uitam producere Troia
exsiliumque pati. 'uos o, quibus integer aevi
sanguis,' ait, 'solidaeque suo stant robore uires,
uos agitate fugam. 640

me si caelicolae uoluissent ducere uitam,
has mihi seruassent sedes. satis una superque
uidimus excidia et captae superauimus urbi.
sic o sic positum adfati discedite corpus.
ipse manu mortem inueniam; miserebitur hostis
645

exuiasque petet. facilis iactura sepulcri.
iam pridem inuisus diuis et inutilis annos
demoror, ex quo me diuum pater atque hominum
rex

fulminis adflauit uentis et contigit igni.'
Talia perstabat memorans fixusque manebat. 650
nos contra effusi lacrimis coniunxque Creusa
Ascaniusque omnisque domus, ne uertere secum
cuncta pater fatoque urgenti incumbere uellet.
abnegat inceptoque et sedibus haeret in isdem.

crashes down in ruin. I descend, and, led by a
goddess, am freed from flames and enemies: the
spears give way, and the flames recede. And now,
when I reached the threshold of my father's house,
and my former home, my father, whom it was my
first desire to carry into the high mountains, and
whom I first sought out, refused to extend his life
or endure exile, since Troy had fallen. "Oh, you,"
he cried, "whose blood has the vigour of youth, and
whose power is unimpaired in its force, it's for you
to take flight. As for me, if the gods had wished to
lengthen the thread of my life, they'd have spared
my house. It is more than enough that I saw one
destruction, and survived one taking of the city.
Depart, saying farewell to my body lying here so,
yes so. I shall find death with my own hand: the
enemy will pity me, and look for plunder. The loss
of my burial is nothing. Clinging to old age for so
long, I am useless, and hated by the gods, ever
since the father of the gods and ruler of men
breathed the winds of his lightning-bolt onto me,
and touched me with fire." So he persisted in
saying, and remained adamant. We, on our side,
Creusa, my wife, and Ascanius, all our household,
weeping bitterly, determined that he should not
destroy everything along with himself, and crush us

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 iuuat, patet isti ianua leto,
iamque aderit multo Priami de sanguine Pyrrhus,
natum ante ora patris, patrem qui obtruncat ad aras.
hoc erat, alma parens, quod me per tela, per ignis
eripis, ut mediis hostem in penetralibus utque 665
Ascanium patremque meum iuxtaque Creusam
alterum in alterius mactatos sanguine cernam?
arma, uiri, ferte arma; uocat lux ultima uictos.
reddite me Danais; sinite instaurata reuisam
proelia. numquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti.'
670

Lines 671-704

Hinc ferro accingor rursus clipeoque sinistram
insertabam aptans meque extra tecta ferebam.
ecce autem complexa pedes in limine coniunx
haerebat, paruamque patri tendebat Iulum:
'si periturus abis, et nos rape in omnia tecum; 675

by urging our doom. He refused and clung to his place and his purpose. I hurried to my weapons again, and, miserably, longed for death, since what tactic or opportunity was open to us now? " Did you think I could leave you, father, and depart? Did such sinful words fall from your lips? If it pleases the gods to leave nothing of our great city standing, if this is set in your mind, if it delights you to add yourself and all that's yours to the ruins of Troy, the door is open to that death: soon Pyrrhus comes, drenched in Priam's blood, he who butchers the son in front of the father, the father at the altar. Kind mother, did you rescue me from fire and sword for this, to see the enemy in the depths of my house, and Ascanius, and my father, and Creusa, slaughtered, thrown together in a heap, in one another's blood? Weapons men, bring weapons: the last day calls to the defeated. Lead me to the Greeks again: let me revisit the battle anew. This day we shall not all perish unavenged."

The Omen

So, again, I fasten on my sword, slip my left arm into the shield's strap, adjust it, and rush from the house. But see, my wife clings to the threshold, clasps my foot, and holds little Iulus up towards his father: "If you go to die, take us with you too, at all

sin aliquam expertus sumptis spem ponis in armis,
hanc primum tutare domum. cui paruus Iulus,
cui pater et coniunx quondam tua dicta relinquitur?
Talia uociferans gemitu tectum omne replebat,
cum subitum dictuque oritur mirabile monstrum.
680

namque manus inter maestorumque ora parentum
ecce leuis summo de uertice uisus Iuli
fundere lumen apex, tactuque innoxia mollis
lambere flamma comas et circum tempora pasci.
nos pauidi trepidare metu crinemque flagrantem
685

excutere et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignis.
at pater Anchises oculos ad sidera laetus
extulit et caelo palmas cum uoce tetendit:
'Iuppiter omnipotens, precibus si flecteris ullis,
aspice nos, hoc tantum, et si pietate meremur, 690
da deinde auxilium, pater, atque haec omina firma.'
Uix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore
intonuit laeuum, et de caelo lapsa per umbras
stella facem ducens multa cum luce cucurrit.
illam summa super labentem culmina tecti 695
cernimus Idaea claram se condere silua
signantemque uias; tum longo limite sulcus
dat lucem et late circum loca sulphure fumant.
hic uero uictus genitor se tollit ad auras

costs: but if as you've proved you trust in the
weapons you wear, defend this house first. To
whom do you abandon little Iulus, and your father,
and me, I who was once spoken of as your wife?"
Crying out like this she filled the whole house with
her groans, when suddenly a wonder, marvellous to
speak of, occurred. See, between the hands and
faces of his grieving parents, a gentle light seemed
to shine from the crown of Iulus's head, and a soft
flame, harmless in its touch, licked at his hair, and
grazed his forehead. Trembling with fear, we hurry
to flick away the blazing strands, and extinguish the
sacred fires with water. But Anchises, my father,
lifts his eyes to the heavens, in delight, and raises
his hands and voice to the sky: "All-powerful
Jupiter, if you're moved by any prayers, see us, and
grant but this: if we are worthy through our virtue,
show us a sign of it, Father, and confirm your
omen." The old man had barely spoken when, with
a sudden crash, it thundered on the left, and a star,
through the darkness, slid from the sky, and flew,
trailing fire, in a burst of light. We watched it glide
over the highest rooftops, and bury its brightness,
and the sign of its passage, in the forests of Mount
Ida: then the furrow of its long track gave out a
glow, and, all around, the place smoked with

adfaturque deos et sanctum sidus adorat. 700
'iam iam nulla mora est; sequor et qua ducitis
adsum,
di patrii; seruate domum, seruate nepotem.
uestrum hoc augurium, uestroque in numine Troia
est.
cedo equidem nec, nate, tibi comes ire recuso.'

Lines 705-729

dixerat ille, et iam per moenia clarior ignis 705
auditur, propiusque aestus incendia uoluunt.
'ergo age, care pater, ceruici imponere nostrae;
ipse subibo umeris nec me labor iste grauabit;
quo res cumque cadent, unum et commune
periculum,
una salus ambobus erit. mihi paruus Iulus 710
sit comes, et longe seruet uestigia coniunx.
uos, famuli, quae dicam animis aduertite uestris.
est urbe egressis tumulus templumque uetustum
desertae Cereris, iuxtaque antiqua cupressus
religione patrum multos seruata per annos; 715
hanc ex diuerso sedem ueniemus in unam.
tu, genitor, cape sacra manu patriosque penatis;
me bello e tanto digressum et caede recenti
attractare nefas, donec me flumine uiuo
abluero.' 720
haec fatus latos umeros subiectaque colla

sulphur. At this my father, truly overcome, raised
himself towards the sky, and spoke to the gods, and
proclaimed the sacred star. "Now no delay: I
follow, and where you lead, there am I. Gods of my
fathers, save my line, save my grandson. This omen
is yours, and Troy is in your divine power. I accept,
my son, and I will not refuse to go with you."

Aeneas and his Family Leave Troy

He speaks, and now the fire is more audible,
through the city, and the blaze rolls its tide nearer.
"Come then, dear father, clasp my neck: I will carry
you on my shoulders: that task won't weigh on me.
Whatever may happen, it will be for us both, the
same shared risk, and the same salvation. Let little
Iulus come with me, and let my wife follow our
footsteps at a distance. You servants, give your
attention to what I'm saying. At the entrance to the
city there's a mound, an ancient temple of forsaken
Ceres, and a venerable cypress nearby, protected
through the years by the reverence of our fathers:
let's head to that one place by diverse paths. You,
father, take the sacred objects, and our country's
gods, in your hands: until I've washed in running
water, it would be a sin for me, coming from such
fighting and recent slaughter, to touch them." So
saying, bowing my neck, I spread a cloak made of a

ueste super fuluique insternor pelle leonis,
succedoque oneri; dextrae se paruus Iulus
implicuit sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis;
pone subit coniunx. ferimur per opaca locorum, 725
et me, quem dudum non ulla iniecta mouebant
tela neque aduerso glomerati examine Grai,
nunc omnes terrent aerae, sonus excitat omnis
suspensum et pariter comitique onerique timentem.

Lines 730-795

iamque propinquabam portis omnemque uidebar
730
euasisse uiam, subito cum creber ad auris
uisus adesse pedum sonitus, genitorque per
umbram
prospiciens 'nate,' exclamat, 'fuge, nate;
propinquant.
ardentis clipeos atque aera micantia cerno.'
hic mihi nescio quod trepido male numen amicum
735
confusam eripuit mentem. namque auia cursu
dum sequor et nota excedo regione uiarum,
heu misero coniunx fatone erepta Creusa
substitit, errauitne uia seu lapsa resedit,
incertum; nec post oculis est reddita nostris. 740
nec prius amissam respexi animumue reflexi

tawny lion's hide over my broad shoulders, and
bend to the task: little Iulus clasps his hand in mine,
and follows his father's longer strides. My wife
walks behind. We walk on through the shadows of
places, and I whom till then no shower of spears,
nor crowd of Greeks in hostile array, could move,
now I'm terrified by every breeze, and startled by
every noise, anxious, and fearful equally for my
companion and my burden.

The Loss of Creusa

And now I was near the gates, and thought I had
completed my journey, when suddenly the sound of
approaching feet filled my hearing, and, peering
through the darkness, my father cried: "My son, run
my son, they are near us: I see their glittering
shields and gleaming bronze." Some hostile power,
at this, scattered my muddled wits. for while I was
following alleyways, and straying from the region
of streets we knew, did my wife Creusa halt,
snatched away from me by wretched fate? Or did
she wander from the path or collapse with
weariness? Who knows? She was never restored to
our sight, nor did I look back for my lost one, or
cast a thought behind me, until we came to the
mound, and ancient Ceres's sacred place. Here
when all were gathered together at last, one was

quam tumulum antiquae Cereris sedemque
sacratam
uenimus: hic demum collectis omnibus una
defuit, et comites natumque uirumque fefellit.
quem non incusauī amens hominumque
deorumque, 745
aut quid in euersa uidi crudelius urbe?
Ascanium Anchisenque patrem Teucrosque penatis
commendo sociis et curua ualle recondo;
ipse urbem repeto et cingor fulgentibus armis.
stat casus renouare omnis omnemque reuerti 750
per Troiam et rursus caput obiectare periclis.
principio muros obscuraque limina portae,
qua gressum extuleram, repeto et uestigia retro
obseruata sequor per noctem et lumine lustrō:
horror ubique animo, simul ipsa silentia terrent. 755
inde domum, si forte pedem, si forte tulisset,
me refero: inruerant Danaī et tectum omne
tenebant.
ilicet ignis edax summa ad fastigia uento
uoluitur; exsuperant flammae, furit aestus ad auras.
procedo et Priami sedes arcemque reuiso: 760
et iam porticibus uacuis Iunonis asylo
custodes lecti Phoenix et dirus Ulixes
praedam adseruabant. huc undique Troia gaza
incensis erepta adytis, mensaeque deorum

missing, and had escaped the notice of friends,
child and husband. What man or god did I not
accuse in my madness: what did I know of in the
city's fall crueller than this? I place Ascanius, and
my father Anchises, and the gods of Troy, in my
companions' care, and conceal them in a winding
valley: I myself seek the city once more, and take
up my shining armour. I'm determined to incur
every risk again, and retrace all Troy, and once
more expose my life to danger. First I look for the
wall, and the dark threshold of the gate from which
my path led, and I retrace the landmarks of my
course in the night, scanning them with my eye.
Everywhere the terror in my heart, and the silence
itself, dismay me. Then I take myself homewards,
in case by chance, by some chance, she has made
her way there. The Greeks have invaded, and
occupied, the whole house. Suddenly eager fire,
rolls over the rooftop, in the wind: the flames take
hold, the blaze rages to the heavens. I pass by and
see again Priam's palace and the citadel. Now
Phoenix, and fatal Ulysses, the chosen guards,
watch over the spoils, in the empty courts of Juno's
sanctuary. Here the Trojan treasures are gathered
from every part, ripped from the blazing shrines,
tables of the gods, solid gold bowls, and plundered

crateresque auro solidi, captiuaque uestis 765
congeritur. pueri et puidae longo ordine matres
stant circum.

ausus quin etiam uoces iactare per umbram
impleui clamore uias, maestusque Creusam
nequiquam ingeminans iterumque iterumque
uocauit. 770

quaerenti et tectis urbis sine fine ruenti
infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusae
uisa mihi ante oculos et nota maior imago.
obstipui, steteruntque comae et uox faucibus haesit.

tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis: 775

'quid tantum insano iuuat indulgere dolori,
o dulcis coniunx? non haec sine numine diuum
eueniunt; nec te comitem hinc portare Creusam
fas, aut ille sinit superi regnator Olympi.

longa tibi exsilia et uastum maris aequor arandum,
780

et terram Hesperiam uenies, ubi Lydius arua
inter opima uirum leni fluit agmine Thybris.
illic res laetae regnumque et regia coniunx
parta tibi; lacrimas dilectae pelle Creusae.

non ego Myrmidonum sedes Dolopumue superbas
785

aspiciam aut Graias seruitum matribus ibo,
Dardanis et diuae Veneris nurus;

robes. Mothers and trembling sons stand round in long ranks. I even dared to hurl my shouts through the shadows, filling the streets with my clamour, and in my misery, redoubling my useless cries, again and again. Searching, and raging endlessly among the city roofs, the unhappy ghost and true shadow of Creusa appeared before my eyes, in a form greater than I'd known. I was dumbfounded, my hair stood on end, and my voice stuck in my throat. Then she spoke and with these words mitigated my distress: "Oh sweet husband, what use is it to indulge in such mad grief? This has not happened without the divine will: neither its laws nor the ruler of great Olympus let you take Creusa with you, away from here. Yours is long exile, you must plough a vast reach of sea: and you will come to Hesperia's land, where Lydian Tiber flows in gentle course among the farmers' rich fields. There, happiness, kingship and a royal wife will be yours. Banish these tears for your beloved Creusa. I, a Trojan woman, and daughter-in-law to divine Venus, shall never see the noble halls of the Dolopians, or Myrmidons, or go as slave to some Greek wife: instead the great mother of the gods keeps me on this shore. Now farewell, and preserve your love for the son we share." When she had

sed me magna deum genetrix his detinet oris.
iamque uale et nati serua communis amorem.'
haec ubi dicta dedit, lacrimantem et multa uolentem
790

dicere deseruit, tenuisque recessit in auras.
ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum;
ter frustra compressa manus effugit imago,
par leuibus uentis uolucrique simillima somno.
sic demum socios consumpta nocte reuiso. 795

Lines 796-804

Atque hic ingentem comitum adfluxisse nouorum
inuenio admirans numerum, matresque uirosque,
collectam exsilio pubem, miserabile uulgus.
undique conuenere animis opibusque parati
in quascumque uelim pelago deducere terras. 800
iamque iugis summae surgebat Lucifer Idae
ducebatque diem, Danaïque obsessa tenebant
limina portarum, nec spes opis ulla dabatur.
cessi et sublato montis genitore petiui.

spoken these words, leaving me weeping and
wanting to say so many things, she faded into thin
air. Three times I tried to throw my arms about her
neck: three times her form fled my hands, clasped
in vain, like the light breeze, most of all like a
winged dream. So at last when night was done, I
returned to my friends.

Aeneas Leaves Troy

And here, amazed, I found that a great number of
new companions had streamed in, women and men,
a crowd gathering for exile, a wretched throng.
They had come from all sides, ready, with courage
and wealth, for whatever land I wished to lead them
to, across the seas. And now Lucifer was rising
above the heights of Ida, bringing the dawn, and the
Greeks held the barricaded entrances to the gates,
nor was there any hope of rescue. I desisted, and,
carrying my father, took to the hills.

BOOK III

Lines 1-18

Postquam res Asiae Priamique euertere gentem
immeritam uisum superis, ceciditque superbum
Ilium et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troia,
diuersa exsilia et desertas quaerere terras
auguriis agimur diuum, classemque sub ipsa 5
Antandro et Phrygiae molimur montibus Idae,
incerti quo fata ferant, ubi sistere detur,
contrahimusque uiros. uix prima inceperat aestas
et pater Anchises dare fatis uela 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 uastis colitur Mauortia campis
(Thraces arant) acri quondam regnata Lycurgo,
hospitium antiquum Troiae sociique penates 15
dum fortuna fuit. feror huc et litore curuo
moenia prima loco fatis ingressus iniquis
Aeneadasque meo nomen de nomine fingo.

Aeneas Sails to Thrace

After the gods had seen fit to destroy Asia's power and Priam's innocent people, and proud Ilium had fallen, and all of Neptune's Troy breathed smoke from the soil, we were driven by the gods' prophecies to search out distant exile, and deserted lands, and we built a fleet below Antandros and the peaks of Phrygian Ida, unsure where fate would carry us, or where we'd be allowed to settle, and we gathered our forces together. Summer had barely begun, when Anchises, my father, ordered us to set sail with destiny: I left my native shore with tears, the harbour and the fields where Troy once stood. I travelled the deep, an exile, with my friends and my son, and the great gods of our house. Far off is a land of vast plains where Mars is worshipped (worked by the Thracians) once ruled by fierce Lycurgus, a friend of Troy in the past, and with gods who were allies, while fortune lasted. I went there, and founded my first city named Aeneadae from my name, on the shore in the curving bay, beginning it despite fate's adversity.

Lines 19-68

sacra Dionaetae matri diuisque ferebam
auspiciis coeptorum operum, superoque nitentem
20
caelicolum regi mactabam in litore taurum.
forte fuit iuxta tumulus, quo cornea summo
uirgulta et densis hastilibus horrida myrtus.
accessi uiridemque ab humo conuellere siluam
conatus, ramis tegetem ut frondentibus aras, 25
horrendum et dictu uideo mirabile monstrum.
nam quae prima solo ruptis radicibus arbor
uellitur, huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttae
et terram tabo maculant. mihi frigidus horror
membra quatit gelidusque coit formidine sanguis.
30
rursus et alterius lentum conuellere uimen
insequor et causas penitus temptare latentis;
ater et alterius sequitur de cortice sanguis.
multa mouens animo Nymphas uenerabar agrestis
Gradiumque patrem, Geticis qui praesidet aruis,
35
rite secundarent uisus omenque leuant.
tertia sed postquam maiore hastilia nisu
adgredior genibusque aduersae obductor harenae,
(eloquar an sileam?) gemitus lacrimabilis imo
auditur tumulo et uox reddita fertur ad auris: 40

The Grave of Polydorus

I was making a sacrifice to the gods, and my
mother Venus, Dione's daughter, with auspices for
the work begun, and had killed a fine bull on the
shore, for the supreme king of the sky-lords. By
chance, there was a mound nearby, crowned with
cornel bushes, and bristling with dense spikes of
myrtle. I went near, and trying to tear up green
wood from the soil to decorate the altar with leafy
branches, I saw a wonder, dreadful and marvellous
to tell of. From the first bush, its broken roots torn
from the ground, drops of dark blood dripped, and
stained the earth with fluid. An icy shiver gripped
my limbs, and my blood chilled with terror. Again I
went on to pluck a stubborn shoot from another,
probing the hidden cause within: and dark blood
flowed from the bark of the second. Troubled
greatly in spirit, I prayed to the Nymphs of the
wild, and father Gradivus, who rules the Thracian
fields, to look with due kindness on this vision, and
lessen its significance. But when I attacked the
third with greater effort, straining with my knees
against the sand (to speak or be silent?), a mournful
groan was audible from deep in the mound, and a
voice came to my ears: "Why do you wound a poor
wretch, Aeneas? Spare me now in my tomb, don't

'quid miserum, Aenea, laceras? iam parce sepulto,
parce pias scelerare manus. non me tibi Troia
externum tulit aut cruor hic de stipite manat.
heu fuge crudelis terras, fuge litus auarum:
nam Polydorus ego. hic confixum ferrea texit 45
telorum seges et iaculis increuit acutis.'
tum uero ancipiti mentem formidine pressus
obstipui steteruntque comae et uox faucibus haesit.
Hunc Polydorum auri quondam cum pondere
magno
infelix Priamus furtim mandarat alendum 50
Threicio regi, cum iam diffideret armis
Dardaniae cingique urbem obsidione uideret.
ille, ut opes fractae Teucrum et Fortuna recessit,
res Agamemnonias uictriciaque arma secutus
fas omne abrumpit: Polydorum obruncat, et auro
55
ui potitur. quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
auri sacra fames! postquam paupor ossa reliquit,
delectos populi ad proceres primumque parentem
monstra deum refero, et quae sit sententia posco.
omnibus idem animus, scelerata excedere terra, 60
linqui pollutum hospitium et dare classibus
Austros.
ergo instauramus Polydoro funus, et ingens
aggeritur tumulo tellus; stant Manibus arae

stain your virtuous hands, Troy bore me, who am
no stranger to you, nor does this blood flow from
some dull block. Oh, leave this cruel land: leave
this shore of greed. For I am Polydorus. Here a
crop of iron spears carpeted my transfixed corpse,
and has ripened into sharp spines." Then truly I was
stunned, my mind crushed by anxious dread, my
hair stood up on end, and my voice stuck in my
throat. Priam, the unfortunate, seeing the city
encircled by the siege, and despairing of Trojan
arms, once sent this Polydorus, secretly, with a
great weight of gold, to be raised, by the Thracian
king. When the power of Troy was broken, and her
fortunes ebbed, the Thracian broke every divine
law, to follow Agamemnon's cause, and his
victorious army, murders Polydorus, and takes the
gold by force. Accursed hunger for gold, to what do
you not drive human hearts! When terror had left
my bones I referred this divine vision to the
people's appointed leaders, my father above all, and
asked them what they thought. All were of one
mind, to leave this wicked land, and depart a place
of hospitality defiled, and sail our fleet before the
wind. So we renewed the funeral rites for
Polydorus, and piled the earth high on his barrow:
sad altars were raised to the Shades, with dark

caeruleis maestae uittis atraque cupresso,
et circum Iliades crinem de more solutae; 65
inferimus tepido spumantia cymbia lacte
sanguinis et sacri pateras, animamque sepulcro
condimus et magna supremum uoce ciemus.

Lines 69-120

Inde ubi prima fides pelago, placataque uenti
dant maria et lenis crepitans uocat Auster in altum,
70
deducunt socii nauis et litora complent;
prouehimur portu terraeque urbesque recedunt.
sacra mari colitur medio gratissima tellus
Nereidum matri et Neptuno Aegaeo,
quam pius arquitekens oras et litora circum 75
errantem Mycono e celsa Gyaroque reuinxit,
immotamque coli dedit et contemnere uentos.
huc feror, haec fessos tuto placidissima portu
accipit; egressi ueneramur Apollinis urbem.
rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phoebique sacerdos,
80
uittis et sacra redimitus tempora lauro
occurrit; ueterem Anchisen agnouit amicum.
iungimus hospitio dextras et tecta subimus.
Templa dei saxo uenerabar structa uetusto:
'da propriam, Thymbraee, domum; da moenia fessis
85

sacred ribbons and black cypress, the Trojan
women around, hair streaming, as is the custom: we
offered foaming bowls of warm milk, and dishes of
sacrificial blood, and bound the spirit to its tomb,
and raised a loud shout of farewell.

The Trojans Reach Delos

Then as soon as we've confidence in the waves, and
the winds grant us calm seas, and the soft
whispering breeze calls to the deep, my
companions float the ships and crowd to the shore.
We set out from harbour, and lands and cities
recede. In the depths of the sea lies a sacred island,
dearest of all to the mother of the Nereids, and
Aegean Neptune, that wandered by coasts and
shores, until Apollo, affectionately, tied it to high
Myconos, and Gyaros, making it fixed and
inhabitable, scorning the storms. I sail there: it
welcomes us peacefully, weary as we are, to its safe
harbour. Landing, we do homage to Apollo's city.
King Anius, both king of the people and high-priest
of Apollo, his forehead crowned with the sacred
headband and holy laurel, meets us, and recognises
an old friend in Anchises: we clasp hands in
greeting and enter his house. I paid homage to the
god's temple of ancient stone: "Grant us a true
home, Apollo, grant a weary people walls, and a

et genus et mansuram urbem; serua altera Troiae
Pergama, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli.
quem sequimur? quoue ire iubes? ubi ponere sedes?
da, pater, augurium atque animis inlabere nostris.'
uix ea fatus eram: tremere omnia uisa repente, 90
liminaque laurusque dei, totusque moueri
mons circum et mugire adytis cortina reclusis.
summissi petimus terram et uox fertur ad auris:
'Dardanidae duri, quae uos a stirpe parentum
prima tulit tellus, eadem uos ubere laeto 95
accipiet reduces. antiquam exquirite matrem.
hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris
et nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis.'
haec Phoebus; mixtoque ingens exorta tumultu
laetitia, et cuncti quae sint ea moenia quaerunt, 100
quo Phoebus uocet errantis iubeatque reuerti.
tum genitor ueterum uoluens monimenta uirorum
'audite, o proceres,' ait 'et spes discite uestras.
Creta Iouis magni medio iacet insula ponto,
mons Idaeus ubi et gentis cunabula nostrae. 105
centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna,
maximus unde pater, si rite audita recordor,
Teucus Rhoeteas primum est aduectus in oras,
optauitque locum regno. nondum Ilium et arces
Pergameae steterant; habitabant uallibus imis. 110
hinc mater cultrix Cybeli Corybantiaque aera

race, and a city that will endure: protect this second
citadel of Troy, that survives the Greeks and
pitiless Achilles. Whom should we follow? Where
do you command us to go? Where should we
settle? Grant us an omen, father, to stir our hearts. I
had scarcely spoken: suddenly everything seemed
to tremble, the god's thresholds and his laurel
crowns, and the whole hill round us moved, and the
tripod groaned as the shrine split open. Humbly we
seek the earth, and a voice comes to our ears:
"Enduring Trojans, the land which first bore you
from its parent stock, that same shall welcome you,
restored, to its fertile breast. Search out your
ancient mother. There the house of Aeneas shall
rule all shores, his children's children, and those
that are born to them." So Phoebus spoke: and there
was a great shout of joy mixed with confusion, and
all asked what walls those were, and where it is
Phoebus calls the wanderers to, commanding them
to return. Then my father, thinking of the records of
the ancients, said: "Listen, O princes, and learn
what you may hope for. Crete lies in the midst of
the sea, the island of mighty Jove, where Mount Ida
is, the cradle of our race. They inhabit a hundred
great cities, in the richest of kingdoms, from which
our earliest ancestor, Teucer, if I remember the tale

Idaeumque nemus, hinc fida silentia sacris,
et iuncti currum dominae subiere leones.
ergo agite et diuum ducunt qua iussa sequamur:
placemus uentos et Cnosia regna petamus. 115
nec longo distant cursu: modo Iuppiter adsit,
tertia lux classem Cretaeis sistet in oris.'
sic fatus meritos aris mactauit honores,
taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo,
nigram Hiemi pecudem, Zephyris felicibus albam.
120

Lines 121-171

Fama uolat pulsum regnis cessisse paternis
Idomenea ducem, desertaque litora Cretae,
hoste uacare domum sedesque astare relictas.
linquimus Ortygiae portus pelagoque uolamus
bacchatamque iugis Naxon uiridemque Donusam,
125
Olearon niueamque Paron sparsasque per aequor
Cycladas, et crebris legimus freta concita terris.
nauticus exoritur uario certamine clamor:

rightly, first sailed to Trojan shores, and chose a site for his royal capital. Until then Ilium and the towers of the citadel did not stand there: men lived in the depths of the valleys. The Mother who inhabits Cybele is Cretan, and the cymbals of the Corybantes, and the grove of Ida: from Crete came the faithful silence of her rites, and the yoked lions drawing the lady's chariot. So come, and let us follow where the god's command may lead, let us placate the winds, and seek out the Cretan kingdom. It is no long journey away: if only Jupiter is with us, the third dawn will find our fleet on the Cretan shores." So saying, he sacrificed the due offerings at the altars, a bull to Neptune, a bull to you, glorious Apollo, a black sheep to the Storm god, a white to the auspicious Westerlies.

The Plague and a Vision

A rumour spread that Prince Idomeneus had been driven from his father's kingdom, and the Cretan shores were deserted, her houses emptied of enemies, and the abandoned homes waiting for us. We left Ortygia's harbour, and sped over the sea, threading the foaming straits thick with islands, Naxos with its Bacchic worship in the hills, green Donysa, Olearos, snow-white Paros, and the Cyclades, scattered over the waters. The sailors'

hortantur socii Cretam proauosque petamus.
prosequitur surgens a puppi uentus euntis, 130
et tandem antiquis Curetum adlabimur oris.
ergo audius muros optatae molior urbis
Pergameamque uoco, et laetam cognomine gentem
hortor amare focos arcemque attollere tectis.
Iamque fere sicco subductae litore puppes, 135
conubiis aruisque nouis operata iuuentus,
iura domosque dabam, subito cum tabida membris
corrupto caeli tractu miserandaque uenit
arboribusque satisque lues et letifer annus.
linquebant dulcis animas aut aegra trahebant 140
corpora; tum sterilis exurere Sirius agros,
arebant herbae et uictum seges aegra negabat.
rursus ad oraclum Ortygiae Phoebumque remenso
hortatur pater ire mari ueniamque precari,
quam fessis finem rebus ferat, unde laborum 145
temptare auxilium iubeat, quo uertere cursus.
Nox erat et terris animalia somnus habebat:
effigies sacrae diuum Phrygiique penates,
quos mecum a Troia mediisque ex ignibus urbis
extuleram, uisi ante oculos astare 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,

cries rose, as they competed in their various tasks: the crew shouted: "We're headed for Crete, and our ancestors." A wind rising astern sent us on our way, and at last we glided by the ancient shores of the Curetes. Then I worked eagerly on the walls of our chosen city, and called it Pergamum, and exhorted my people, delighting in the name, to show love for their homes, and build a covered fortress. Now the ships were usually beached on the dry sand: the young men were busy with weddings and their fresh fields: I was deciding on laws and homesteads: suddenly, from some infected region of the sky, came a wretched plague, corrupting bodies, trees, and crops, and a season of death. They relinquished sweet life, or dragged their sick limbs around: then Sirius blazed over barren fields: the grass withered, and the sickly harvest denied its fruits. My father urged us to retrace the waves, and revisit the oracle of Apollo at Delos, and beg for protection, ask where the end might be to our weary fate, where he commands that we seek help for our trouble, where to set our course. It was night, and sleep had charge of earth's creatures: The sacred statues of the gods, the Phrygian Penates, that I had carried with me from Troy, out of the burning city, seemed to stand there before my eyes,

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 uenturos tollemus in astra nepotes
imperiumque urbi dabimus. tu moenia magnis
magna para longumque fugae ne linque laborem.
160

mutandae sedes. non haec tibi litora suasit
Delius aut Cretae iussit considerare Apollo.
est locus, Hesperiam Grai cognomine dicunt,
terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glabrae;
Oenotri coluere uiri; nunc fama minores 165
Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem.
hae nobis propriae sedes, hinc Dardanus ortus
Iasiusque pater, genus a quo principe nostrum.
surge age et haec laetus longaeuo dicta parenti
haud dubitanda refer: Corythum terrasque requirat
170
Ausonias; Dictaea negat tibi Iuppiter arua.'

Lines 172-208

talibus attonitus uisis et uoce deorum

as I lay in sleep, perfectly clear in the light, where
the full moon streamed through the window
casements: then they spoke to me and with their
words dispelled my cares: "Apollo speaks here
what he would say to you, on reaching Delos, and
sends us besides, as you see, to your threshold.
When Try burned we followed you and your
weapons, we crossed the swelling seas with you on
your ships, we too shall raise your descendants yet
to be, to the stars, and grant empire to your city.
Build great walls for the great, and do not shrink
from the long labour of exile. Change your country.
These are not the shores that Delian Apollo urged
on you, he did not order you to settle in Crete.
There is a place the Greeks call Hesperia by name,
an ancient land powerful in arms and in richness of
the soil: There the Oenotrians lived: now the
rumour is that a younger race has named it Italy
after their leader. That is our true home, Dardanus
and father Iasius, from whom our race first came,
sprang from there. Come, bear these words of truth
joyfully to your old father, that he might seek
Corythus and Ausonia's lands: Jupiter denies the
fields of Dicte to you."

The Trojans Leave Crete for Italy

Amazed by such a vision, and the voices of the

(nec sopor illud erat, sed coram agnoscere uultus
uelatasque comas praesentiaque ora uidebar;
tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor) 175
corripio e stratis corpus tendoque supinas
ad caelum cum uoce manus et munera libo
intemerata focis. perfecto laetus honore
Anchisen facio certum remque ordine pando.
agnouit prolem ambiguum geminosque parentis,
180

seque nouo ueterum deceptum errore locorum.
tum memorat: 'nate, Iliacis exercite fatis,
sola mihi talis casus Cassandra canebat.
nunc repeto haec generi portendere debita nostro
et saepe Hesperiam, saepe Itala regna uocare. 185
sed quis ad Hesperiae uenturos litora Teucros
crederet? aut quem tum uates Cassandra moueret?
cedamus Phoebo et moniti meliora sequamur.'
sic ait, et cuncti dicto paremus ouantes.
hanc quoque deserimus sedem paucisque relictis
190
uela damus uastumque caua trabe currimus aequor.
Postquam altum tenere rates nec iam amplius ullae
apparent terrae, caelum undique et undique pontus,
tum mihi caeruleus supra caput astitit imber
noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda
tenebris. 195

gods, (it was not a dream, but I seemed to recognise
their expression, before me, their wreathed hair,
their living faces: then a cold sweat bathed all my
limbs) my body leapt from the bed, and I lifted my
voice and upturned palms to heaven, and offered
pure gifts on the hearth-fire. The rite completed,
with joy I told Anchises of this revelation,
revealing it all in order. He understood about the
ambiguity in our origins, and the dual descent, and
that he had been deceived by a fresh error, about
our ancient country. Then he spoke: "My son,
troubled by Troy's fate, Only Cassandra prophesied
such an outcome. Now I remember her foretelling
that this was destined for our race, and often spoke
of Hesperia, and the Italian kingdom. Who'd
believe that Trojans would travel to Hesperia's
shores? Who'd have been moved by Cassandra, the
prophetess, then? Let's trust to Apollo, and, warned
by him, take the better course." So he spoke, and
we were delighted to obey his every word. We
departed this home as well, and, leaving some
people behind, set sail, and ran through the vast
ocean in our hollow ships. When the fleet had
reached the high seas and the land was no longer
seen, sky and ocean on all sides, then a dark-blue
rain cloud settled overhead, bringing night and

continuo uenti uoluunt mare magnaue surgunt
aequora, dispersi iactamur gurgite uasto;
inuoluere 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 uiae media Palinurus in unda.
tris adeo incertos caeca caligine soles
erramus pelago, totidem sine sidere noctes.
quarto terra die primum se attollere tandem 205
uisa, aperire procul montis ac uoluere fumum.
uela cadunt, remis insurgimus; haud mora, nautae
adnixa torquent spumas et caerula uerrunt.

Lines 209-277

seruatum ex undis Strophadum me litora primum
excipiunt. 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 saeuior ulla
pestis et ira deum Stygiis sese extulit undis. 215
uirginei uolucrum uultus, foedissima uentris

storm, and the waves bristled with shadows.
Immediately the winds rolled over the water and
great seas rose: we were scattered here and there in
the vast abyss. Storm-clouds shrouded the day, and
the night mists hid the sky: lightning flashed again
from the torn clouds. We were thrown off course,
and wandered the blind waves. Palinurus himself
was unable to tell night from day in the sky, and
could not determine his path among the waves. So
for three days, and as many starless nights, we
wandered uncertainly, in a dark fog, over the sea.
At last, on the fourth day, land was first seen to
rise, revealing far off mountains and rolling smoke.
The sails fell, we stood to the oars: without pause,
the sailors, at full stretch, churned the foam, and
swept the blue sea.

The Harpies

Free of the waves I'm welcomed first by the shores
of the Strophades, the Clashing Islands. The
Strophades are fixed now in the great Ionian Sea,
but are called by the Greek name. There dread
Celaeno and the rest of the Harpies live, since
Phineus's house was denied them, and they left his
tables where they fed, in fear. No worse monsters
than these, no crueller plague, ever rose from the
waters of Styx, at the gods' anger. These birds have

proluuies uncaeque manus et pallida semper
ora fame.
huc ubi delati portus intrauimus, ecce
laeta boum passim campis armenta uidemus 220
caprigenumque pecus nullo custode per herbas.
inruimus ferro et diuos ipsumque uocamus
in partem praedamque Iouem; tum litore curuo
exstruimusque toros dapibusque epulamur opimis.
at subitae horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt 225
Harpyiae et magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas,
diripiuntque dapes contactuque omnia foedant
immundo; tum uox taetrum dira inter odorem.
rursum in secessu longo sub rupe cauata
[arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus
umbris] 230
instruimus mensas arisque reponimus ignem;
rursum ex diuerso caeli caecisque latebris
turba sonans praedam pedibus circumuolat uncis,
polluit ore dapes. sociis tunc arma capessant
edico, et dira bellum cum gente gerendum. 235
haud secus ac iussi faciunt tectosque per herbam
disponunt ensis et scuta latentia conduunt.
ergo ubi delapsae sonitum per curua dedere
litora, dat signum specula Misenus ab alta
aere cauo. inuadunt socii et noua proelia temptant,
240

the faces of virgin girls, foulest excrement flowing
from their bellies, clawed hands, and faces always
thin with hunger. Now when, arriving here, we
enter port, we see fat herds of cattle scattered over
the plains, and flocks of goats, unguarded, in the
meadows. We rush at them with our swords, calling
on Jove himself and the gods to join us in our
plunder: then we build seats on the curving beach,
and feast on the rich meats. But suddenly the
Harpies arrive, in a fearsome swoop from the hills,
flapping their wings with a huge noise, snatching at
the food, and fouling everything with their filthy
touch: then there's a deadly shriek amongst the foul
stench. We set out the tables again, and relight the
altar fires, in a deep recess under an overhanging
rock, closed off by trees and trembling shadows:
again from another part of the sky, some hidden
lair, the noisy crowd hovers, with taloned feet
around their prey, polluting the food with their
mouths. Then I order my friends to take up their
weapons and make war on that dreadful race. They
do exactly that, obeying orders, placing hidden
swords in the grass, and burying their shields out of
sight. Then when the birds swoop, screaming,
along the curved beach, Misenus, from his high
lookout, gives the signal on hollow bronze. My

obscenas pelagi ferro foedare uolucris.
sed neque uim plumis ullam nec uulnera tergo
accipiunt, celerique fuga sub sidera lapsae
semesam praedam et uestigia foeda relinquunt.
una in praecelsa consedit rupe Celaeno, 245
infelix uates, rumpitque hanc pectore uocem;
'bellum etiam pro caede boum stratisque iuuenis,
Laomedontiadae, bellumne inferre paratis
et patrio Harpyias insontis pellere regno?
accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta,
250

quae Phoebus pater omnipotens, mihi Phoebus
Apollo
praedixit, uobis Furiarum ego maxima pando.
Italiam cursu petitis uentisque uocatis:
ibitis Italiam portusque intrare licebit.
sed non ante datam cingetis moenibus urbem 255
quam uos dira fames nostraeque iniuria caedis
ambesas subigat malis absumere mensas.'
dixit, et in siluam pennis ablata refugit.
at sociis subita gelidus formidine sanguis
deriguit: cecidere animi, nec iam amplius armis,
260

sed uotis precibusque iubent exposcere pacem,
siue deae seu sint dirae obscenaequae uolucres.
et pater Anchises passis de litore palmis

friends charge, and, in a new kind of battle, attempt
to wound these foul ocean birds with their swords.
But they don't register the blows to their plumage,
or the wounds to their backs, they flee quickly,
soaring beneath the heavens, leaving behind half-
eaten food, and the traces of their filth. Only
Celaeno, ominous prophetic, settles on a high
cliff, and bursts out with this sound from her breast:
"Are you ready to bring war to us, sons of
Laomedon, is it war, for the cows you killed, the
bullocks you slaughtered, driving the innocent
Harpies from their father's country? Take these
words of mine to your hearts then, and set them
there. I, the eldest of the Furies, reveal to you what
the all-powerful Father prophesied to Apollo, and
Phoebus Apollo to me. Italy is the path you take,
and, invoking the winds, you shall go to Italy, and
enter her harbours freely: but you will not surround
the city granted you with walls until dire hunger,
and the sin of striking at us, force you to consume
your very tables with devouring jaws." She spoke,
and fled back to the forest borne by her wings. But
my companions' chill blood froze with sudden fear:
their courage dropped, and they told me to beg for
peace, with vows and prayers, forgoing weapons,
no matter if these were goddesses or fatal, vile

numina magna uocat meritosque indicit honores:
'di, prohibete minas; di, talem auertite casum 265
et placidi seruate pios.' tum litore funem
deripere excussosque iubet laxare rudentis.
tendant uela Noti: fugimus spumantibus undis
qua cursum uentusque gubernatorque uocabat.
iam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos 270
Dulichiumque Sameque et Neritos ardua saxis.
effugimus scopulos Ithacae, Laertia regna,
et terram altricem saeui exsecramur Ulixi.
mox et Leucatae nimbose cacumina montis
et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo. 275
hunc petimus fessi et paruae succedimus urbi;
ancora de prora iacitur, stant litore puppes.

Lines 278-293

Ergo insperata tandem tellure potiti
lustramurque Ioui uotisque incendimus aras,
Actiaque Iliacis celebramus litora ludis. 280
exercent patrias oleo labente palaestras
nudati socii: iuuat euasisse tot urbes
Argolicas mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostis.
interea magnum sol circumuoluitur annum

birds. And my father Anchises, with outstretched hands, on the shore, called to the great gods and declared the due sacrifice: "Gods, avert these threats, gods, prevent these acts, and, in peace, protect the virtuous!" Then he ordered us to haul in the cables from the shore, unfurl and spread the sails. South winds stretched the canvas: we coursed over foaming seas, wherever the winds and the helmsman dictated our course. Now wooded Zacynthus appeared amongst the waves, Dulichium, Same and Neritos's steep cliffs. We ran past Laertes's kingdom, Ithacas's reefs, and cursed the land that reared cruel Ulysses. Soon the cloudy heights of Mount Leucata were revealed, as well, and Apollo's headland, feared by sailors. We headed wearily for it, and approached the little town: the anchor was thrown from the prow, the stern rested on the beach.

The Games at Actium

So, beyond hope, achieving land at last, we purify ourselves for Jove, and light offerings on the altars, and celebrate Trojan games on the shore of Actium. My naked companions, slippery with oil, indulge in the wrestling-bouts of their homeland: it's good to have slipped past so many Greek cities and held our course in flight through the midst of the enemy.

et glacialis hiems Aquilonibus asperat undas. 285
aere cauo clipeum, magni gestamen Abantis,
postibus aduersis figo et rem carmine signo:
aeneas haec de danais victoribus arma;
linquere tum portus iubeo et considerare transtris.
certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora uerrunt: 290
protinus aerias Phaeacum abscondimus arces
litoraue Epiri legimus portuque subimus
Chaonio et celsam Buthroti accedimus urbem.

Lines 294-355

Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat auris,
Priamiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbis 295
coniugio Aeacidae Pyrrhi sceptrisque potitum,
et patrio Andromachen iterum cecisisse marito.
obstipui, miroque incensum pectus amore
compellare uirum et casus cognoscere tantos.
progredior portu classis et litora linquens, 300
sollemnis cum forte dapes et tristia dona
ante urbem in luco falsi Simoentis ad undam
libabat cineri Andromache manisque uocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum, uiridi quem caespite
inanem
et geminas, causam lacrimis, sacrauerat aras. 305

Meanwhile the sun rolls through the long year and icy winter stirs the waves with northerly gales: I fix a shield of hollow bronze, once carried by mighty Abas, on the entrance pillars, and mark the event with a verse: AENEAS OFFERS THIS ARMOUR FROM CONQUERING GREEKS then I order them to man the benches and leave harbour: in rivalry, my friends strike the sea and sweep the waves. We soon leave behind the windblown heights of Phaeacia, pass the shores of Epirus, enter Chaonia's harbour and approach the lofty city of Buthrotum.

Andromache in Chaonia

Here a rumour of something unbelievable greeted our ears: Priam's son, Helenus, reigning over Greek cities, having won the wife and kingdom of Pyrrhus, Aeacus's scion, Andromache being given again to a husband of her race. I was astounded, and my heart burned with an amazing passion to speak to the man, and learn of such events. I walked from the harbour, leaving the fleet and the shore, when, by chance, in a sacred grove near the city, by a false Simois, Andromache was making an annual offering, sad gifts, to Hector's ashes, and calling his spirit to the tomb, an empty mound of green turf, and twin altars, she had sanctified, a

ut me conspexit uenientem et Troia circum
arma amens uidit, magnis exterrita monstris
deriguit uisu in medio, calor ossa reliquit,
labitur, et longo uix tandem tempore fatur:
'uerane te facies, uerus mihi nuntius adfers, 310
nate dea? uiuisne? aut, si lux alma recessit,
Hector ubi est?' dixit, lacrimasque effudit et omnem
impleuit clamore locum. uix pauca furenti
subicio et raris turbatus uocibus hisco:
'uiuo equidem uitamque extrema per omnia duco;
315
ne dubita, nam uera uides.
heu! quis te casus deiectam coniuge tanto
excipit, aut quae digna satis fortuna reuisit,
Hectoris Andromache? Pyrrhin conubia seruas?'
deiecit uultum et demissa uoce locuta est: 320
'o felix una ante alias Priameia uirgo,
hostilem ad tumulum Troiae sub moenibus altis
iussa mori, quae sortitus non pertulit ullos
nec uictoris heri tetigit captiua cubile!
nos patria incensa diuersa per aequora uectae 325
stirpis Achilleae fastus iuuenemque superbum
seruitio enixae tulimus; qui deinde secutus
Ledaeam Hermionen Lacedaemoniosque
hymenaeos
me famulo famulamque Heleno transmisit

place for tears. When she saw me approaching and recognised, with amazement, Trojan weapons round her, she froze as she gazed, terrified by these great wonders, and the heat left her limbs. She half-fell and after a long while, scarcely able to, said: "Are you a real person, a real messenger come here to me, son of the goddess? Are you alive? Or if the kindly light has faded, where then is Hector?" She spoke, and poured out her tears, and filled the whole place with her weeping. Given her frenzy, I barely replied with a few words, and, moved, I spoke disjointedly: "Surely, I live, and lead a life full of extremes: don't be unsure, for you see truly. Ah! What fate has overtaken you, fallen from so great a husband? Or has good fortune worthy enough for Hector's Andromache, visited you again? Are you still Pyrrhus's wife?" She lowered her eyes and spoke quietly: "O happy beyond all others was that virgin daughter of Priam, commanded to die beside an enemy tomb, under Troy's high walls, who never suffered fate's lottery, or, as a prisoner, reached her victorious master's bed! Carried over distant seas, my country set afire, I endured the scorn of Achilles's son, and his youthful arrogance, giving birth as a slave: he, who then, pursuing Hermione, Helen's daughter, and a

habendam.

ast illum ereptae magno flammatus amore 330
coniugis et scelerum furiis agitatus Orestes
excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad aras.
morte Neoptolemi regnorum reddita cessit
pars Heleno, qui Chaonios cognomine campos
Chaoniamque omnem Troiano a Chaone dixit, 335
Pergamaque Iliacamque iugis hanc addidit arcem.
sed tibi qui cursum uenti, quae fata dedere?
aut quisnam ignarum nostris deus appulit oris?
quid puer Ascanius? superatne et uescitur aura?
quem tibi iam Troia— 340
ecqua tamen puero est amissae cura parentis?
ecquid in antiquam uirtutem animosque uiriliter
et pater Aeneas et auunculus excitat Hector?
talia fundebat lacrimans longosque ciebat
incassum fletus, cum sese a moenibus heros 345
Priamides multis Helenus comitantibus adfert,
agnoscitque suos laetusque ad limina ducit,
et multum lacrimas uerba inter singula fundit.
procedo et paruam Troiam simulataque magnis
Pergama et arentem Xanthi cognomine riuum 350
agnosco, Scaeaque amplector limina portae;
nec non et Teucri socia simul urbe fruuntur.
illos porticibus rex accipiebat in amplis:
aulai medio libabant pocula Bacchi

Spartan marriage, transferred me to Helenus's keeping, a servant to a servant. But Orestes, inflamed by great love for his stolen bride, and driven by the Furies for his crime, caught him, unawares, and killed him by his father's altar. At Pyrrhus's death a part of the kingdom passed, by right to Helenus, who named the Chaonian fields, and all Chaonia, after Chaon of Troy, and built a Pergamus, and this fortress of Ilium, on the mountain ridge. But what winds, what fates, set your course for you? Or what god drives you, unknowingly, to our shores? What of the child, Ascanius? Does he live, and graze on air, he whom Creusa bore to you in vanished Troy? Has he any love still for his lost mother? Have his father Aeneas and his uncle Hector roused in him any of their ancient courage or virile spirit?" Weeping, she poured out these words, and was starting a long vain lament, when heroic Helenus, Priam's son, approached from the city, with a large retinue, and recognised us as his own, and lead us, joyfully, to the gates, and poured out tears freely at every word. I walked on, and saw a little Troy, and a copy of the great citadel, and a dry stream, named after the Xanthus, and embraced the doorposts of a Scaean Gate. My Trojans enjoyed the friendly city with me

impositis auro dapibus, paterasque tenebant. 355

Lines 356-462

Iamque dies alterque dies processit, et aurae
uela uocant tumidoque inflatur carbasus Austro:
his uatem adgredior dictis ac talia quaeso:
'Troiugena, interpres diuum, qui numina Phoebi,
qui tripodas Clarii et laurus, qui sidera sentis 360
et uolucrum linguas et praepetis omina pennae,
fare age (namque omnis cursum mihi prospera dixit
religio, et cuncti suaserunt numine diui
Italiam petere et terras temptare repostas;
sola nouum dictuque nefas Harpyia Celaeno 365
prodigium canit et tristis denuntiat iras
obsenamque famem), quae prima pericula uito?
quidue sequens tantos possim superare labores?"
hic Helenus caesis primum de more iuuenis
exorat pacem diuum uittasque resoluit 370
sacratu capitis, meque ad tua limina, Phoebe,
ipse manu multo suspensum numine ducit,
atque haec deinde canit diuino ex ore sacerdos:
'Nate dea (nam te maioribus ire per altum
auspiciis manifesta fides; sic fata deum rex 375
sortitur uoluitque uices, is uertitur ordo),

no less. The king received them in a broad
colonnade: they poured out cups of wine in the
centre of a courtyard, and held out their dishes
while food was served on gold.

The Prophecy of Helenus

Now day after day has gone by, and the breezes call
to the sails, and the canvas swells with a rising
Southerly: I go to Helenus, the seer, with these
words and ask: "Trojan-born, agent of the gods,
you who know Apollo's will, the tripods, the laurels
at Claros, the stars, the language of birds, and the
omens of their wings in flight, come, speak (since a
favourable oracle told me all my route, and all the
gods in their divinity urged me to seek Italy, and
explore the furthest lands: only the Harpy, Celaeno,
predicts fresh portents, evil to tell of, and threatens
bitter anger and vile famine) first, what dangers
shall I avoid? Following what course can I
overcome such troubles?" Helenus, first sacrificing
bullocks according to the ritual, obtained the gods'
grace, then loosened the headband from his holy
brow, and led me, anxious at so much divine
power, with his own hand, to your threshold
Apollo, and then the priest prophesied this, from
the divine mouth: "Son of the goddess, since the
truth is clear, that you sail the deep blessed by the

pauca tibi e multis, quo tutior hospita lustres
aequora et Ausonio possis considerare portu,
expediam dictis; prohibent nam cetera Parcae
scire Helenum farique uetat Saturnia Iuno. 380
principio Italiam, quam tu iam rere propinquam
uicinosque, ignare, paras inuadere portus,
longa procul longis uia diuidit inuia terris.
ante et Trinacria lentandus remus in unda
et salis Ausonii lustrandum nauibus aequor 385
infernique lacus Aeaetaeque insula Circae,
quam tuta possis urbem componere terra.
signa tibi dicam, tu condita mente teneto:
cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam
litoreis ingens inuenta sub ilicibus sus 390
triginta capitem fetus enixa iacebit,
alba solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati,
is locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum.
nec tu mensarum morsus horresce futuros:
fata uiam inuenient aderitque uocatus Apollo. 395
has autem terras Italice hanc litoris oram,
proxima quae nostri perfunditur aequoris aestu,
effuge; cuncta malis habitantur moenia Graeis.
hic et Narycii posuerunt moenia Locri,
et Sallentinos obsedit milite campos 400
Lyctius Idomeneus; hic illa ducis Meliboei
parua Philoctetae subnixa Petelia muro.

higher powers (so the king of the gods allots our
fates, and rolls the changes, so the order alters), I'll
explain a few things of many, in my words to you,
so you may travel foreign seas more safely, and can
find rest in an Italian haven: for the Fates forbid
Helenus to know further, and Saturnian Juno denies
him speech. Firstly, a long pathless path, by long
coastlines, separates you from that far-off Italy,
whose neighbouring port you intend to enter,
unknowingly thinking it nearby. Before you can
build your city in a safe land, you must bend the
oar in Sicilian waters, and pass the levels of the
Italian seas, in your ships, the infernal lakes, and
Aeaeon Circe's island. I'll tell you of signs: keep
them stored in your memory. When, in your
distress, you find a huge sow lying on the shore, by
the waters of a remote river, under the oak trees,
that has farrowed a litter of thirty young, a white
sow, lying on the ground, with white piglets round
her teats, that place shall be your city, there's true
rest from your labours. And do not dread that
gnawing of tables, in your future: the fates will find
a way, Apollo will be there at your call. But avoid
these lands, and this nearer coastline of the Italian
shore, washed by our own ocean tide: hostile
Greeks inhabit every town. The Narycian Locri

quin ubi transmissae steterint trans aequora classes
et positis aris iam uota in litore solues,
purpureo uelare comas adopertus amictu, 405
ne qua inter sanctos ignis in honore deorum
hostilis facies occurrat et omina turbet.
hunc socii morem sacrorum, hunc ipse teneto;
hac casti maneant in religione nepotes.
ast ubi digressum Siculae te admouerit orae 410
uentus, et angusti rarescent claustra Pelori,
laeua tibi tellus et longo laeua petantur
aequora circuitu; dextrum fuge litus et undas.
haec loca ui quondam et uasta conuulsa ruina
(tantum aeui longinqua ualet mutare uetustas) 415
dissiluisse ferunt, cum protinus utraque tellus
una foret: uenit medio ui pontus et undis
Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit, aruaque et urbes
litore diductas angusto interluit aestu.
dextrum Scylla latus, laeuum implacata Charybdis
420
obsidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite uastos
sorbet in abruptum fluctus rursusque sub auras
erigit alternos, et sidera uerberat unda.
at Scyllam caecis cohibet spelunca latebris
ora exsertantem et nauis in saxa trahentem. 425
prima hominis facies et pulchro pectore uirgo
pube tenus, postrema immani corpore pixtris

have built a city here, and Lyctian Idomeneus has filled the plain with soldiers: here is that little Petelia, of Philoctetes, leader of the Meliboeans, relying on its walls. Then when your fleet has crossed the sea, and anchored and the altars are raised for your offerings on the shore, veil your hair, clothed in your purple robes, so that in worshipping the gods no hostile face may intrude among the sacred flames, and disturb the omens. Let your friends adopt this mode of sacrifice, and yourself: and let your descendants remain pure in this religion. But when the wind carries you, on leaving, to the Sicilian shore, and the barriers of narrow Pelorus open ahead, make for the seas and land to port, in a long circuit: avoid the shore and waters on the starboard side. They say, when the two were one continuous stretch of land, they one day broke apart, torn by the force of a vast upheaval (time's remote antiquity enables such great changes). The sea flowed between them with force, and severed the Italian from the Sicilian coast, and a narrow tideway washes the cities and fields on separate shores. Scylla holds the right side, implacable Charybdis the left, who, in the depths of the abyss, swallows the vast flood three times into the downward gulf and alternately lifts it

delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.
praestat Trinacrii metas lustrare Pachyni
cessantem, longos et circumflectere cursus, 430
quam semel informem uasto uidisse sub antro
Scyllam et caeruleis canibus resonantia saxa.
praeterea, si qua est Heleno prudentia uati,
si qua fides, animum si ueris implet Apollo,
unum illud tibi, nate dea, proque omnibus unum
435
praedicam et repetens iterumque iterumque
monebo,
Iunonis magnae primum prece numen adora,
Iunoni cane uota libens dominamque potentem
supplicibus supera donis: sic denique uictor
Trinacria finis Italos mittere relictas. 440
huc ubi delatus Cumaeam accesseris urbem
diuinosque lacus et Auerna sonantia siluis,
insanam uatem aspicias, quae rupe sub ima
fata canit foliisque notas et nomina mandat.
quaecumque in foliis descripsit carmina uirgo 445
digerit in numerum atque antro seclusa relinquit:
illa manent immota locis neque ab ordine cedunt.
uerum eadem, uerso tenuis cum cardine uentus
impulit et teneras turbauit ianua frondes,
numquam deinde cauo uolitantia prendere saxo 450
nec reuocare situs aut iungere carmina curat:

to the air, and lashes the heavens with her waves.
But a cave surrounds Scylla with dark hiding-
places, and she thrusts her mouths out, and drags
ships onto the rocks. Above she has human shape,
and is a girl, with lovely breasts, a girl, down to her
sex, below it she is a sea-monster of huge size, with
dolphins' tails joined to a belly formed of wolves. It
is better to round the point of Pachynus, lingering,
and circling Sicily on a long course, than to once
catch sight of hideous Scylla in her vast cave and
the rocks that echo to her sea-dark hounds. Beyond
this, if Helenus has any knowledge, if the seer can
be believed, if Apollo fills his spirit with truth, son
of the goddess, I will say this one thing, this one
thing that is worth all, and I'll repeat the warning
again and again, honour great Juno's divinity above
all, with prayer, and recite your vows to Juno
freely, and win over that powerful lady with
humble gifts: so at last you'll leave Sicily behind
and reach the coast of Italy, victorious. Once
brought there, approach the city of Cumae, the
ghostly lakes, and Avernus, with its whispering
groves, gaze on the raving prophetess, who sings
the fates deep in the rock, and commits names and
signs to leaves. Whatever verses the virgin writes
on the leaves, she arranges in order, and stores

inconsulti abeunt sedemque odere Sibyllae.
hic tibi ne qua morae fuerint dispendia tanti,
quamuis increpitent socii et ui cursus in altum
uela uocet, possisque sinus implere secundos, 455
quin adeas uatem precibusque oracula poscas
ipsa canat uocemque uolens atque ora resoluat.
illa tibi Italiae populos uenturaque bella
et quo quemque modo fugiasque ferasque laborem
expediat, cursusque dabit uenerata secundos. 460
haec sunt quae nostra liceat te uoce moneri.
uade age et ingentem factis fer ad aethera Troiam.'

Lines 463-505

Quae postquam uates sic ore effatus amico est,
dona dehinc auro grauia ac secto elephanto
imperat ad nauis ferri, stipatque carinis 465
ingens argentum Dodonaeosque lebetas,
loricam consertam hamis auroque trilicem,

them high up in her cave. They stay in place, motionless, and keep in rank: but once a light breeze ruffles them, at the turn of a hinge, and the opening door disturbs the delicate leaves, she never thinks to retrieve them, as they flutter through the rocky cave, or to return them to their places, or reconstitute the prophecies: men go away unanswered, and detest the Sibyl's lair. Though your friends complain, and though your course calls your sails urgently to the deep, and a following wind might fill the canvas, don't overvalue the loss in any delay, but visit the prophetess, and beg her with prayers to speak the oracle herself, and loose her voice through willing lips. She will rehearse the peoples of Italy, the wars to come, and how you might evade or endure each trial, and, shown respect, she'll grant you a favourable journey. These are the things you can be warned of by my voice. Go now, and by your actions raise great Troy to the stars."

The Departure from Chaonia

After the seer had spoken these words with benign lips, he ordered heavy gifts of gold and carved ivory to be carried to our ships, and stored massive silverware in the holds, cauldrons from Dodona, a hooked breastplate woven with triple-linked gold,

et conum insignis galeae cristasque comantis,
arma Neoptolemi. sunt et sua dona parenti.
addit equos, additque duces, 470
remigium supplet, socios simul instruit armis.
Interea classem uelis aptare iubebat
Anchises, fieret uento mora ne qua ferenti.
quem Phoebi interpres multo compellat honore:
'coniugio, Anchisa, Veneris dignate superbo, 475
cura deum, bis Pergameis erepte ruinis,
ecce tibi Ausoniae tellus: hanc arripe uelis.
et tamen hanc pelago praeterlabare necesse est:
Ausoniae pars illa procul quam pandit Apollo.
uade,' ait 'o felix nati pietate. quid ultra 480
prouehor et fando surgentis demoror Austros?'
nec minus Andromache digressu maesta supremo
fert picturatas auri subtemine uestis
et Phrygiam Ascanio chlamydem (nec cedit
honore)
textilibusque onerat donis, ac talia fatur: 485
'accipe et haec, manuum tibi quae monimenta
mearum
sint, puer, et longum Andromachae testentur
amorem,
coniugis Hectoreae. cape dona extrema tuorum,
o mihi sola mei super Astyanactis imago.
sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat; 490

and a fine conical helmet with a crest of horse-hair,
Pyrrhus's armour. There were gifts of his own for
my father too. Helenus added horses and sea-pilots:
he manned our oars: he also equipped my friends
with weapons. Meanwhile Anchises ordered us to
rig sails on the ships, so the rushing wind would not
be lost, by our delay. Apollo's agent spoke to him
with great respect: "Anchises, worthy of proud
marriage with Venus, cared for by the gods, twice
saved from the ruins of Troy, behold your land of
Italy: sail and take it. But still you must slide past it
on the seas: the part of Italy that Apollo named is
far away. Go onward, happy in your son's love.
Why should I say more, and delay your catching
the rising wind?" Andromache also, grieved at this
final parting, brought robes embroidered with gold
weave, and a Phrygian cloak for Ascanius, nor did
she fail to honour him, and loaded him down with
gifts of cloth, and said: "Take these as well, my
child, remembrances for you from my hand, and
witness of the lasting love of Andromache, Hector's
wife. Take these last gifts from your kin, O you, the
sole image left to me of my Astyanax. He had the
same eyes, the same hands, the same lips: and now
he would be growing up like you, equal in age."
My tears welled as I spoke these parting words:

et nunc aequali tecum pubesceret aeuo.'
hos ego digrediens lacrimis adfabar abortis:
'uiuete felices, quibus est fortuna peracta
iam sua: nos alia ex aliis in fata uocamur.
uobis parta quies: nullum maris aequor arandum,
495

arua neque Ausoniae semper cedentia retro
quaerenda. effigiem Xanthi Troiamque uidetis
quam uestrae fecere manus, melioribus, opto,
auspiciis, et quae fuerit minus obuia Grais.
si quando Thybrim uicinaque Thybridis arua 500
intraro gentique meae data moenia cernam,
cognatas urbes olim populosque propinquos,
Epiro Hesperiam (quibus idem Dardanus auctor
atque idem casus), unam faciemus utramque
Troiam animis: maneat nostros ea cura nepotes.'
505

Lines 506-547

Prouehimur pelago uicina Ceraunia iuxta,
unde iter Italiam cursusque breuissimus undis.
sol ruit interea et montes umbrantur opaci;
sternimur optatae gremio telluris ad undam
sortiti remos passimque in litore sicco 510
corpora curamus, fessos sopor inrigat artus.
necdum orbem medium Nox Horis acta subibat:
haud segnis strato surgit Palinurus et omnis

"Live happily, you whose fortunes are already determined: we are summoned onwards from destiny to destiny. For you, peace is achieved: you've no need to plough the levels of the sea, you've no need to seek Italy's ever-receding fields. I wish that you might gaze at your likeness of Xanthus, and a Troy built by your own hands, under happier auspices, one which might be less exposed to the Greeks. If I ever reach the Tiber, and the Tiber's neighbouring fields, and gaze on city walls granted to my people, we'll one day make one Troy, in spirit, from each of our kindred cities and allied peoples, in Epirus, in Italy, who have the same Dardanus for ancestor, the same history: let it be left to our descendants care."

In Sight of Italy

We sail on over the sea, close to the Ceraunian cliffs nearby, on course for Italy, and the shortest path over the waves. Meanwhile the sun is setting and the darkened hills are in shadow. Having shared oars, we stretch out, near the waves, on the surface of the long-desired land, and, scattered across the dry beach, we rest our bodies: sleep refreshes our weary limbs. Night, lead by the

explorat uentos atque auribus aera captat;
sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia caelo, 515
Arcturum pluuiasque Hyadas geminosque Triones,
armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona.
postquam cuncta uidet caelo constare sereno,
dat clarum e puppi signum; nos castra mouemus
temptamusque uiam et uelorum pandimus alas. 520
Iamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis
cum procul obscuros collis humilemque uidemus
Italiam. Italiam primus conclamat Achates,
Italiam laeto socii clamore salutant.
tum pater Anchises magnum cratera corona 525
induit impleuitque mero, diuosque uocauit
stans celsa in puppi:
'di maris et terrae tempestatumque potentes,
ferre uiam uento facilem et spirare secundi.'
crebrescunt optatae aurae portusque patescit 530
iam propior, templumque apparet in arce Mineruae;
uela legunt socii et proras ad litora torquent.
portus ab euroo fluctu curuatus in arcum,
obiectae salsa spumant aspergine cautes,
ipse latet: gemino demittunt bracchia muro 535
turriti scopuli refugitque ab litore templum.
quattuor hic, primum omen, equos in gramine uidi
tondentis campum late, candore niuali.
et pater Anchises 'bellum, o terra hospita, portas:

Hours, is not yet in mid-course: Palinurus rises alertly from his couch, tests all the winds, and listens to the breeze: he notes all the stars gliding through the silent sky, Arcturus, the rainy Pleiades, both the Bears, and surveys Orion, armed with gold. When he sees that all tallies, and the sky is calm, he sounds a loud call from the ship's stern: we break camp, attempt our route, and spread the winged sails. And now Dawn blushes as she puts the stars to flight, when we see, far off, dark hills and low-lying Italy. First Achates proclaims Italy, then my companions hail Italy with a joyful shout. Then my father Anchises took up a large bowl, filled it with wine, and standing in the high stern, called to the heavens: "You gods, lords of the sea and earth and storms, carry us onward on a gentle breeze, and breathe on us with kindness!" The wind we longed-for rises, now as we near, a harbour opens, and a temple is visible on Minerva's Height. My companions furl the sails and turn the prows to shore. The harbour is carved in an arc by the eastern tides: its jutting rocks boil with salt spray, so that it itself is hidden: towering cliffs extend their arms in a twin wall, and the temple lies back from the shore. Here I see four horses in the long grass, white as snow, grazing widely over the plain,

bello armantur equi, bellum haec armenta minantur.
540

sed tamen idem olim curru succedere sueti
quadripedes et frena iugo concordia ferre:
spes et pacis' ait. tum numina sancta precamur
Palladis armisonae, quae prima accepit ouantis,
et capita ante aras Phrygio uelamur amictu, 545
praeceptisque Heleni, dederat quae maxima, rite
Iunoni Argiuae iussos adolemus honores.

Lines 548-587

Haud mora, continuo perfectis ordine uotis
cornua uelatarum obuertimus antemnarum,
Graiugenumque domos suspectaque linquimus
arua. 550
hinc sinus Herculei (si uera est fama) Tarenti
cernitur, attollit se diua Lacinia contra,
Caulonisque arces et nauifragum Scylaceum.
tum procul e fluctu Trinacria cernitur Aetna,
et gemitum ingentem pelagi pulsataque saxa 555
audimus longe fractasque ad litora uoces,
exsultantque uada atque aestu miscentur harenae.
et pater Anchises 'nimirum hic illa Charybdis:
hos Helenus scopulos, haec saxa horrenda canebat.

our first omen. And my father Anchises cries: "O
foreign land, you bring us war: horses are armed
for war, war is what this herd threatens. Yet those
same creatures one day can be yoked to a chariot,
and once yoked will suffer the bridle in harmony:
there's also hope of peace." Then we pray to the
sacred power of Pallas, of the clashing weapons,
first to receive our cheers, and clothed in Phrygian
robes we veiled our heads before the altar, and
following the urgent command Helenus had given,
we duly made burnt offerings to Argive Juno as
ordered.

The Approach to Sicily

Without delay, as soon as our vows are fully paid,
we haul on the ends of our canvas-shrouded yard-
arms, and leave the home of the Greek race, and the
fields we mistrust. Then Tarentum's bay is seen,
Hercules's city if the tale is true: Lacinian Juno's
temple rises against it, Caulon's fortress, and
Scylaceum's shore of shipwreck. Then far off
Sicilian Etna appears from the waves, and we hear
the loud roar of the sea, and the distant tremor of
the rocks, and the broken murmurs of the shore, the
shallows boil, and sand mixes with the flood. Then
my father, Anchises, said: "This must be
Charybdis: these are the cliffs, these are the

eripite, o socii, pariterque insurgite remis.' 560
haud minus ac iussi faciunt, primusque rudentem
contorsit laeuas proram Palinurus ad undas;
laeuam cuncta cohors remis uentisque petiuit.
tollimur in caelum curuato gurgite, et idem
subducta ad Manis imos desedimus unda. 565
ter scopuli clamorem inter caua saxa dedere,
ter spumam elisam et rorantia uidimus astra.
interea fessos uentus cum sole reliquit,
ignarique uiae Cyclopum adlabimur oris.
Portus ab accessu uentorum immotus et ingens 570
ipse: sed horrificis iuxta tonat Aetna ruinis,
interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem
turbine fumantem piceo et candente fauilla,
attollitque globos flammaram et sidera lambit;
interdum scopulos auulsaque uiscera montis 575
erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
cum gemitu glomerat fundoque exaestuat imo.
fama est Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus
urgeri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Aetnam
impositam ruptis flammam exspirare caminis, 580
et fessum quotiens mutet latus, intremere omnem
murmure Trinacriam et caelum subtexere fumo.
noctem illam tecti siluis immania monstra
perferimus, nec quae sonitum det causa uidemus.
nam neque erant astrorum ignes nec lucidus aethra

horrendous rocks Helenus foretold. Pull away, O comrades, and stand to the oars together." They do no less than they're asked, and Palinurus is the first to heave his groaning ship into the portside waves: all our company seek port with oars and sail. We climb to heaven on the curving flood, and again sink down with the withdrawing waves to the depths of Hades. The cliffs boom three times in their rocky caves, three times we see the spray burst, and the dripping stars. Then the wind and sunlight desert weary men, and not knowing the way we drift to the Cyclopes's shore. There's a harbour, itself large and untroubled by the passing winds, but Etna rumbles nearby with fearsome avalanches, now it spews black clouds into the sky, smoking, with pitch-black turbulence, and glowing ashes, and throws up balls of flame, licking the stars: now it hurls high the rocks it vomits, and the mountain's torn entrails, and gathers molten lava together in the air with a roar, boiling from its lowest depths. The tale is that Enceladus's body, scorched by the lightning-bolt, is buried by that mass, and piled above him, mighty Etna breathes flames from its riven furnaces, and as often as he turns his weary flank, all Sicily quakes and rumbles, and clouds the sky with smoke. That night

585

siderea polus, obscuro sed nubila caelo,
et lunam in nimbo nox intempesta tenebat.

Lines 588-654

Postera iamque dies primo surgebat Eoo
umentemque Aurora polo dimouerat umbram,
cum subito e siluis macie confecta suprema 590
ignoti noua forma uiri miserandaque cultu
procedit supplexque manus ad litora tendit.
respicimus. dira inluuies immissaque barba,
consertum tegimen spinis: at cetera Graius,
et quondam patriis ad Troiam missus in armis. 595
isque ubi Dardanios habitus et Troia uidit
arma procul, paulum aspectu conterritus haesit
continuitque gradum; mox sese ad litora praeceps
cum fletu precibusque tulit: 'per sidera testor,
per superos atque hoc caeli spirabile lumen, 600
tollite me, Teucris. quascumque abducite terras:
hoc sat erit. scio me Danais e classibus unum
et bello Iliacos fateor petiisse penatis.
pro quo, si sceleris tanta est iniuria nostri,
spargite me in fluctus uastoque immergite ponto;
605

we hide in the woods, enduring the dreadful
shocks, unable to see what the cause of the sound
is, since there are no heavenly fires, no bright pole
in the starry firmament, but clouds in a darkened
sky, and the dead of night holds the moon in
shroud.

Achaemenides

Now the next day was breaking with the first light
of dawn, and Aurora had dispersed the moist
shadows from the sky, when suddenly the strange
form of an unknown man came out of the woods,
exhausted by the last pangs of hunger, pitifully
dressed, and stretched his hands in supplication
towards the shore. We looked back. Vile with filth,
his beard uncut, his clothing fastened together with
thorns: but otherwise a Greek, once sent to Troy in
his country's armour. When he saw the Dardan
clothes and Trojan weapons, far off, he hesitated a
moment, frightened at the sight, and checked his
steps: then ran headlong to the beach, with tears
and prayers: "The stars be my witness, the gods, the
light in the life-giving sky, Trojans, take me with
you: carry me to any country whatsoever, that will
be fine by me. I know I'm from one of the Greek
ships, and I confess that I made war against Trojan
gods, if my crime is so great an injury to you,

si pereo, hominum manibus periisse iuuabit.'
dixerat et genua amplexus genibusque uolutans
haerebat. qui sit fari, quo sanguine cretus,
hortamur, quae deinde agitet fortuna fateri.
ipse pater dextram Anchises haud multa moratus
610
dat iuueni atque animum praesenti pignore firmat.
ille haec deposita tandem formidine fatur:
'sum patria ex Ithaca, comes infelicis Ulixi,
nomine Achaemenides, Troiam genitore Adamasto
paupere (mansissetque utinam fortuna!) profectus.
615
hic me, dum trepidi crudelia limina linquunt,
immemores socii uasto Cyclopi in antro
deseruere. domus sanie dapibusque cruentis,
intus opaca, ingens. ipse arduus, altaque pulsat
sidera (di talem terris auertite pestem!) 620
nec uisu facilis nec dictu adfabilis ulli;
uiseribus miserorum et sanguine uescitur atro.
uidi egomet duo de numero cum corpora nostro
prensa manu magna medio resupinus in antro
frangeret ad saxum, sanieque aspersa natarent 625
limina; uidi atro cum membra fluentia tabo
manderet et tepidi tremarent sub dentibus artus—
haud impune quidem, nec talia passus Ulixes
oblitusue sui est Ithacus discrimine tanto.

scatter me over the waves for it, or drown me in the
vast ocean: if I die I'll delight in dying at the hands
of men." He spoke and clung to my knees,
embracing them and grovelling there. We urged
him to say who he was, born of what blood, then to
say what fate pursued him. Without much delay,
my father Anchises himself gave the young man his
hand, lifting his spirits by this ready trust. At last he
set his fears aside and told us: "I'm from the land of
Ithaca, a companion of unlucky Ulysses,
Achaemenides by name, and, my father Adamastus
being poor, (I wish fate had kept me so!) I set out
for Troy. My comrades left me here in the Cyclops'
vast cave, forgetting me, as they hurriedly left that
grim threshold. It's a house of blood and gory
feasts, vast and dark inside. He himself is gigantic,
striking against the high stars – gods, remove
plagues like that from the earth! – not pleasant to
look at, affable to no one. He eats the dark blood
and flesh of wretched men. I saw myself how he
seized two of our number in his huge hands, and
reclining in the centre of the cave, broke them on
the rock, so the threshold, drenched, swam with
blood: I saw how he gnawed their limbs, dripping
with dark clots of gore, and the still-warm bodies
quivered in his jaws. Yet he did not go unpunished:

nam simul expletus dapibus uinoque sepultus 630
ceruicem inflexam posuit, iacuitque per antrum
immensus saniem eructans et frustra cruento
per somnum commixta mero, nos magna precati
numina sortitique uices una undique circum
fundimur, et telo lumen terebramus acuto 635
ingens quod torua solum sub fronte latebat,
Argolici clipei aut Phoebeae lampadis instar,
et tandem laeti sociorum ulciscimur umbras.
sed fugite, o miseri, fugite atque ab litore funem
rumpite. 640
nam qualis quantusque cauo Polyphemus in antro
lanigeras claudit pecudes atque ubera pressat,
centum alii curua haec habitant ad litora uulgo
infandi Cyclopes et altis montibus errant.
tertia iam lunae se cornua lumine complent 645
cum uitam in siluis inter deserta ferarum
lustra domosque traho uastosque ab rupe Cyclopas
prospicio sonitumque pedum uocemque tremesco.
uictum infelicem, bacas lapidosaque corna,
dant rami, et uulsis pascunt radicibus herbae. 650
omnia conlustrans hanc primum ad litora classem
conspexi uenientem. huic me, quaecumque fuisset,
addixi: satis est gentem effugisse nefandam.
uos animam hanc potius quocumque absumite leto.'

Ulysses didn't suffer it, nor did the Ithacan forget himself in a crisis. As soon as the Cyclops, full of flesh and sated with wine, relaxed his neck, and lay, huge in size, across the cave, drooling gore and blood and wine-drenched fragments in his sleep, we prayed to the great gods, and our roles fixed, surrounded him on all sides, and stabbed his one huge eye, solitary, and half- hidden under his savage brow, like a round Greek shield, or the sundisc of Phoebus, with a sharpened stake: and so we joyfully avenged the spirits of our friends. But fly from here, wretched men, and cut your mooring ropes. Since, like Polyphemus, who pens woolly flocks in the rocky cave, and milks their udders, there are a hundred other appalling Cyclopes, the same in shape and size, everywhere inhabiting the curved bay, and wandering the hills. The moon's horns have filled with light three times now, while I have been dragging my life out in the woods, among the lairs and secret haunts of wild creatures, watching the huge Cyclopes from the cliffs, trembling at their voices and the sound of their feet. The branches yield a miserable supply of fruits and stony cornelian cherries, and the grasses, torn up by their roots, feed me. Watching for everything, I saw, for the first time, this fleet approaching shore.

Lines 655-691 655

Uix ea fatus erat summo cum monte uidemus 655
ipsum inter pecudes uasta se mole mouentem
pastorem Polyphemum et litora nota petentem,
monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen
ademptum.
trunca manum pinus regit et uestigia firmat;
lanigeræ comitantur oues; ea sola uoluptas 660
solamenque mali.
postquam altos tetigit fluctus et ad aequora uenit,
luminis effossi fluidum lauit 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,
uertimus et proni certantibus aequora remis.
sensit, et ad sonitum uocis uestigia torsit.
uerum ubi nulla datur dextra adfectare potestas 670
nec potis Ionios fluctus aequare sequendo,
clamorem immensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes
intremuere undae, penitusque exterrita tellus

Whatever might happen, I surrendered myself to you: it's enough for me to have escaped that wicked people. I'd rather you took this life of mine by any death whatsoever."

Polyphemus

He'd barely spoken, when we saw the shepherd Polyphemus himself, moving his mountainous bulk on the hillside among the flocks, and heading for the familiar shore, a fearful monster, vast and shapeless, robbed of the light. A lopped pine-trunk in his hand steadied and guided his steps: his fleecy sheep accompanied him: his sole delight and the solace for his evils. As soon as he came to the sea and reached the deep water, he washed away the blood oozing from the gouged eye-socket, groaning and gnashing his teeth. Then he walked through the depths of the waves, without the tide wetting his vast thighs. Anxiously we hurried our departure from there, accepting the worthy suppliant on board, and cutting the cable in silence: then leaning into our oars, we vied in sweeping the sea. He heard, and bent his course towards the sound of splashing. But when he was denied the power to set hands on us, and unable to counter the force of the Ionian waves, in pursuit, he raised a mighty shout, at which the sea and all the waves shook, and the

Italiae curuisque immugiit Aetna cauernis.
at genus e siluis Cyclopum et montibus altis 675
excitum ruit ad portus et litora complent.
cernimus astantis nequiquam lumine toruo
Aetnaeos fratres caelo capita alta ferentis,
concilium horrendum: quales cum uertice celso
ariae quercus aut coniferae cyparissi 680
constiterunt, silua alta Iouis lucusue Dianae.
praecipitis metus acer agit quocumque rudentis
excutere et uentis intendere uela secundis.
contra iussa monent Heleni, Scyllamque
Charybdinque
inter, utrimque uiam leti discrimine paruo, 685
ni teneam cursus: certum est dare lintea retro.
ecce autem Boreas angusta ab sede Pelori
missus adest: uiuo praeteruehor ostia saxo
Pantagiae Megarosque sinus Thapsumque
iacentem.
talia monstrabat relegens errata retrorsus 690
litora Achaemenides, comes infelicis Ulixi.

Lines 692-718

Sicanio praetenta sinu iacet insula contra
Plemyrium undosum; nomen dixere priores
Ortygiam. Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem
occultas egisse uias subter mare, qui nunc 695

land of Italy was frightened far inland, and Etna
bellowed from its winding caverns, but the tribe of
Cyclopes, roused from their woods and high
mountains, rushed to the harbour, and crowded the
shore. We saw them standing there, impotently,
wild-eyed, the Aetnean brotherhood, heads
towering into the sky, a fearsome gathering: like
tall oaks rooted on a summit, or cone-bearing
cypresses, in Jove's high wood or Diana's grove.
Acute fear drove us on to pay out the ropes on
whatever tack and spread our sails to any
favourable wind. Helenus's orders warned against
taking a course between Scylla and Charybdis, a
hair's breadth from death on either side: we decided
to beat back again. When, behold, a northerly
arrived from the narrow headland of Pelorus: I
sailed past the natural rock mouth of the Pantagias,
Megara's bay, and low-lying Thapsus. Such were
the shores Achaemenides, the friend of unlucky
Ulysses, showed me, sailing his wandering journey
again, in reverse.

The Death of Anchises

An island lies over against wave-washed
Plemyrium, stretched across a Sicilian bay: named
Ortygia by men of old. The story goes that
Alpheus, a river of Elis, forced a hidden path here

ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.
iussi numina magna loci ueneramur, et inde
exsupero praepingue solum stagnantis Helori.
hinc altas cautes proiectaque saxa Pachyni
radimus, et fatis numquam concessa moueri 700
apparet Camerina procul campique Geloï,
immanisque Gela fluuii cognomine dicta.
arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxima longe
moenia, magnanimum quondam generator
equorum;
teque datis linquo uentis, palmosa Selinus, 705
et uada dura lego saxis Lilybeia caecis.
hinc Drepani me portus et inlaetabilis ora
accipit. hic pelagi tot tempestatibus actus
heu, genitorem, omnis curae casusque leuamen,
amitto Anchisen. hic me, pater optime, fessum 710
deseris, heu, tantis nequiquam erepte periclis!
nec uates Helenus, cum multa horrenda moneret,
hos mihi praedixit luctus, non dira Celaeno.
hic labor extremus, longarum haec meta uiarum,
hinc me digressum uestris deus appulit oris. 715
Sic pater Aeneas intentis omnibus unus
fata renarrabat diuum cursusque docebat.
conticuit tandem factoque hic fine quieuit.

under the sea, and merges with the Sicilian waters
of your fountain Arethusa. As commanded we
worshipped the great gods of this land, and from
there I passed marshy Helorus's marvellously rich
soil. Next we passed the tall reefs and jutting rocks
of Pachynus, and Camerina appeared in the
distance, granted immoveable, by prophecy, and
the Geloan plains, and Gela named after its savage
river. Then steep Acragas, once the breeder of
brave horses, showed its mighty ramparts in the
distance: and granted the wind, I left palmy
Selinus, and passed the tricky shallows of
Lilybaeum with their blind reefs. Next the harbour
of Drepanum, and its joyless shore, received me.
Here, alas, I lost my father, Anchises, my comfort
in every trouble and misfortune, I, who'd been
driven by so many ocean storms: here you left me,
weary, best of fathers, saved from so many dangers
in vain! Helenus, the seer, did not prophesy this
grief of mine, when he warned me of many horrors,
nor did grim Celaeno. This was my last trouble, this
the end of my long journey: leaving there, the god
drove me to your shores.' So our ancestor Aeneas,
as all listened to one man, recounted divine fate,
and described his journey. At last he stopped, and
making an end here, rested.

BOOK IV

Lines 1-53

At regina graui iamdudum saucia cura
uulnus alit uenis et caeco carpitur igni.
multa uiri uirtus animo multusque recursat
gentis honos; haerent infixi pectore uultus
uerbaque nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.
5

postera Phoebea lustrabat lampade terras
umentemque Aurora polo dimouerat umbram,
cum sic unaniam adloquitur male sana sororem:
'Anna soror, quae me suspensam insomnia terrent!
quis nouus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes, 10
quem sese ore ferens, quam forti pectore et armis!
credo equidem, nec uana fides, genus esse deorum.
degeneres animos timor arguit. heu, quibus ille
iactatus fatis! quae bella exhausta canebat!
si mihi non animo fixum immotumque sederet 15
ne cui me uinclo uellem sociare iugali,
postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
si non pertaesum thalami taedaeque fuisset,
huic uni forsitan potui succumbere culpa.
Anna (fatebor enim) miseri post fata Sychaei 20

Dido and Anna Discuss Aeneas

But the queen, wounded long since by intense love,
feeds the hurt with her life-blood, weakened by
hidden fire. The hero's courage often returns to
mind, and the nobility of his race: his features and
his words cling fixedly to her heart, and love will
not grant restful calm to her body. The new day's
Dawn was lighting the earth with Phoebus's
brightness, and dispelling the dew-wet shadows
from the sky, when she spoke ecstatically to her
sister, her kindred spirit: "Anna, sister, how my
dreams terrify me with anxieties! Who is this
strange guest who has entered our house, with what
boldness he speaks, how resolute in mind and
warfare! Truly I think – and it's no idle saying –
that he's born of a goddess. Fear reveals the ignoble
spirit. Alas! What misfortunes test him! What
battles he spoke of, that he has undergone! If my
mind was not set, fixedly and immovably, never to
join myself with any man in the bonds of marriage,
because first-love betrayed me, cheated me through
dying: if I were not wearied by marriage and bridal-

coniugis et sparsos fraterna caede penatis
solus hic inflexit sensus animumque labantem
impulit. agnosco ueteris uestigia flammae.
sed mihi uel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat
uel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
25

pallentis umbras Erebo noctemque profundam,
ante, pudor, quam te uiolo aut tua iura resoluo.
ille meos, primus qui me sibi iunxit, amores
abstulit; ille habeat secum seruetque sepulcro.'
sic effata sinum lacrimis impleuit obortis. 30
Anna refert: 'o luce magis dilecta sorori,
solane perpetua maerens carpere iuuenta
nec dulcis natos Ueneris nec praemia noris?
id cinerem aut manis credis curare sepultos?
esto: aegram nulli quondam flexere mariti, 35
non Libyae, non ante Tyro; despectus Iarbas
ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis
diues alit: placitone etiam pugnabis amori?
nec uenit in mentem quorum consederis aruis?
hinc Gaetulae urbes, genus insuperabile bello, 40
et Numidae infreni cingunt et inhospita Syrtis;
hinc deserta siti regio lateque furentes
Barcae. quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam
germanique minas?
dis equidem auspicibus reor et Iunone secunda 45

beds, perhaps I might succumb to this one
temptation. Anna, yes I confess, since my poor
husband Sychaeus's death when the altars were
blood-stained by my murderous brother, he's the
only man who's stirred my senses, troubled my
wavering mind. I know the traces of the ancient
flame. But I pray rather that earth might gape wide
for me, to its depths, or the all-powerful father hurl
me with his lightning-bolt down to the shadows, to
the pale ghosts, and deepest night of Erebus, before
I violate you, Honour, or break your laws. He who
first took me to himself has stolen my love: let him
keep it with him, and guard it in his grave." So
saying her breast swelled with her rising tears.
Anna replied: "O you, who are more beloved to
your sister than the light, will you wear your whole
youth away in loneliness and grief, and not know
Venus's sweet gifts or her children? Do you think
that ashes or sepulchral spirits care? Granted that in
Libya or Tyre before it, no suitor ever dissuaded
you from sorrowing: and Iarbas and the other lords
whom the African soil, rich in fame, bears, were
scorned: will you still struggle against a love that
pleases? Do you not recall to mind in whose fields
you settled? Here Gaetolian cities, a people
unsurpassed in battle, unbridled Numidians, and

hunc cursum Iliacas uento 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 ueniam, sacrisque litatis 50
indulge hospitio causasque innecte morandi,
dum pelago desaeuit hiems et aquosus Orion,
quassataeque rates, dum non tractabile caelum.'

Lines 54-89

His dictis impenso animum flammauit amore
spemque dedit dubiae menti soluitque pudorem. 55
principio delubra adeunt pacemque per aras
exquirunt; mactant lectas de more bidentis
legiferae Cereri Phoeboque patrique Lyaeo,
Iunoni ante omnis, cui uincla iugalia curae.
ipsa tenens dextra pateram pulcherrima Dido 60
candentis uaccae media inter cornua fundit,
aut ante ora deum pinguis spatiat ad aras,
instauratque diem donis, pecudumque reclusis
pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.

inhospitable Syrtis, surround you: there, a region of
dry desert, with Barcaeans raging around. And
what of your brother's threats, and war with Tyre
imminent? The Trojan ships made their way here
with the wind, with gods indeed helping them I
think, and with Juno's favour. What a city you'll see
here, sister, what a kingdom rise, with such a
husband! With a Trojan army marching with us,
with what great actions Punic glory will soar! Only
ask the gods for their help, and, propitiating them
with sacrifice, indulge your guest, spin reasons for
delay, while winter, and stormy Orion, rage at sea,
while the ships are damaged, and the skies are
hostile."

Dido in Love

By saying this she inflames the queen's burning
heart with love and raises hopes in her anxious
mind, and weakens her sense of shame. First they
visit the shrines and ask for grace at the altars: they
sacrifice chosen animals according to the rites, to
Ceres, the law-maker, and Phoebus, and father
Lycaeus, and to Juno above all, in whose care are
the marriage ties: Dido herself, supremely lovely,
holding the cup in her hand, pours the libation
between the horns of a white heifer or walks to the
rich altars, before the face of the gods, celebrates

heu, uatum ignarae mentes! quid uota furentem, 65
quid delubra iuuant? est mollis flamma medullas
interea et tacitum uiuit sub pectore uulnus.
uritur infelix Dido totaque uagatur
urbe furens, qualis coniecta cerua sagitta,
quam procul incautam nemora inter Cresia fixit 70
pastor agens telis liquitque uolatile ferrum
nescius: illa fuga siluas saltusque peragrat
Dictaeos; haeret lateri letalis harundo.
nunc media Aenean secum per moenia ducit
Sidoniasque ostentat opes urbemque paratam, 75
incipit effari mediaque in uoce resistit;
nunc eadem labente die conuiuia quaerit,
Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores
exposcit pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.
post ubi digressi, lumenque obscura uicissim 80
luna premit suadentque cadentia sidera somnos,
sola domo maeret uacua stratisque relictis
incubat. illum absens absentem auditque uidetque,
aut gremio Ascanium genitoris imagine capta
detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem. 85
non coeptae adsurgunt turrets, non arma iuuentus
exercet portusue aut propugnacula bello
tuta parant: pendent opera interrupta minaeque
murorum ingentes aequataque machina caelo.

the day with gifts, and gazes into the opened chests
of victims, and reads the living entrails. Ah, the
unknowing minds of seers! What use are prayers or
shrines to the impassioned? Meanwhile her tender
marrow is aflame, and a silent wound is alive in her
breast. Wretched Dido burns, and wanders frenzied
through the city, like an unwary deer struck by an
arrow, that a shepherd hunting with his bow has
fired at from a distance, in the Cretan woods,
leaving the winged steel in her, without knowing.
She runs through the woods and glades of Dicte:
the lethal shaft hangs in her side. Now she leads
Aeneas with her round the walls showing her
Sidonian wealth and the city she's built: she begins
to speak, and stops in mid-flow: now she longs for
the banquet again as day wanes, yearning madly to
hear about the Trojan adventures once more and
hangs once more on the speaker's lips. Then when
they have departed, and the moon in turn has
quenched her light and the setting constellations
urge sleep, she grieves, alone in the empty hall, and
lies on the couch he left. Absent she hears him
absent, sees him, or hugs Ascanius on her lap,
taken with this image of his father, so as to deceive
her silent passion. The towers she started no longer
rise, the young men no longer carry out their drill,

Lines 90-128 90

Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri 90
cara Iouis coniunx nec famam obstare furori,
talibus adgreditur Uenerem Saturnia dictis:
'egregiam uero laudem et spolia ampla refertis
tuque puerque tuus (magnum et memorabile
numen),
una dolo diuum si femina uicta duorum est. 95
nec me adeo fallit ueritam te moenia nostra
suspectas habuisse domos Karthaginis altae.
sed quis erit modus, aut quo nunc certamine tanto?
quin potius pacem aeternam pactosque hymenaeos
exercemus? habes tota quod mente petisti: 100
ardet amans Dido traxitque per ossa furorem.
communem hunc ergo populum paribusque
regamus
auspicii; liceat Phrygio seruire marito
dotalisque tuae Tyrios permittere dextrae.'
Olli (sensit enim simulata mente locutam, 105
quo regnum Italiae Libycas auerteret oras)
sic contra est ingressa Uenus: 'quis talia demens
abnuat aut tecum malit contendere bello?
si modo quod memoras factum fortuna sequatur.

or work on the harbour and the battlements for defence in war: the interrupted work is left hanging, the huge threatening walls, the sky-reaching cranes.

Juno and Venus

As soon as Juno, Jupiter's beloved wife, saw clearly that Dido was gripped by such heart-sickness, and her reputation no obstacle to love, she spoke to Venus in these words: "You and that son of yours, certainly take the prize, and plenty of spoils: a great and memorable show of divine power, whereby one woman's trapped by the tricks of two gods. But the truth's not escaped me, you've always held the halls of high Carthage under suspicion, afraid of my city's defences. But where can that end? Why such rivalry, now? Why don't we work on eternal peace instead, and a wedding pact? You've achieved all that your mind was set on: Dido's burning with passion, and she's drawn the madness into her very bones. Let's rule these people together with equal sway: let her be slave to a Trojan husband, and entrust her Tyrians to your hand, as the dowry." Venus began the reply to her like this (since she knew she'd spoken with deceit in her mind to divert the empire from Italy's shores to Libya's): "Who'd be mad enough to refuse such an offer or choose to make war on you, so long as fate follows up what

sed fatis incerta feror, si Iuppiter unam 110
esse uelit Tyriis urbem Troiaque profectis,
misceriue probet populos aut foedera iungi.
tu coniunx, tibi fas animum temptare precando.
perge, sequar.' tum sic exceptit regia Iuno:
'mecum erit iste labor. nunc qua ratione quod instat
115
confieri possit, paucis (aduerte) docebo.
uenatum Aeneas unaque miserrima Dido
in nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus
extulerit Titan radiisque retexerit orbem.
his ego nigrantem commixta grandine nimum, 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
deuenient. adero et, tua si mihi certa uoluntas, 125
conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo.
hic hymenaeus erit.' non aduersata petenti
adnuat atque dolis risit Cytherea repertis.

Lines 129-172

Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit.
it portis iubare exorto delecta iuuentus, 130
retia rara, plagae, lato uenabula ferro,
Massylique ruunt equites et odora canum uis.

you say with action? But fortune makes me uncertain, as to whether Jupiter wants a single city for Tyrians and Trojan exiles, and approves the mixing of races and their joining in league together. You're his wife: you can test his intent by asking. Do it: I'll follow." Then royal Juno replied like this: "That task's mine. Now listen and I'll tell you briefly how the purpose at hand can be achieved. Aeneas and poor Dido plan to go hunting together in the woods, when the sun first shows tomorrow's dawn, and reveals the world in his rays. While the lines are beating, and closing the thickets with nets, I'll pour down dark rain mixed with hail from the sky, and rouse the whole heavens with my thunder. They'll scatter, and be lost in the dark of night: Dido and the Trojan leader will reach the same cave. I'll be there, and if I'm assured of your good will, I'll join them firmly in marriage, and speak for her as his own: this will be their wedding-night." Not opposed to what she wanted, Venus agreed, and smiled to herself at the deceit she'd found.

The Hunt and the Cave

Meanwhile Dawn surges up and leaves the ocean. Once she has risen, the chosen men pour from the gates: Massylian horsemen ride out, with wide-meshed nets, snares, broad-headed hunting spears,

reginam thalamo cunctantem ad limina primi
Poenorum exspectant, ostroque insignis et auro
stat sonipes ac frena ferox spumantia mandit. 135
tandem progreditur magna stipante caterua
Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo;
cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,
aurea purpuream subnectit fibula uestem.
nec non et Phrygii comites et laetus Iulus 140
incedunt. ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnis
infert se socium Aeneas atque agmina iungit.
qualis ubi hibernam Lyciam Xanthique fluenta
deserit ac Delum maternam inuisit Apollo
instauratque choros, mixtique altaria circum 145
Cretesque Dryopesque fremunt pictique Agathyrsi;
ipse iugis Cynthi graditur mollique fluentem
fronde premit crinem fingens atque implicat auro,
tela sonant umeris: haud illo signior ibat
Aeneas, tantum egregio decus enitet ore. 150
postquam altos uentum in montis atque inuia lustra,
ecce ferae saxi deiectae uertice caprae
decurrere iugis; alia de parte patentis
transmittunt cursu campos atque agmina cerui
puluerulenta fuga glomerant montisque relinquunt.
155
at puer Ascanius mediis in uallibus acri
gaudet equo iamque hos cursu, iam praeterit illos,

and a pack of keen-scented hounds. The queen lingers in her rooms, while Punic princes wait at the threshold: her horse stands there, bright in purple and gold, and champs fiercely at the foaming bit. At last she appears, with a great crowd around her, dressed in a Sidonian robe with an embroidered hem. Her quiver's of gold, her hair knotted with gold, a golden brooch fastens her purple tunic. Her Trojan friends and joyful Iulus are with her: Aeneas himself, the most handsome of them all, moves forward and joins his friendly troop with hers. Like Apollo, leaving behind the Lycian winter, and the streams of Xanthus, and visiting his mother's Delos, to renew the dancing, Cretans and Dryopes and painted Agathyrrians, mingling around his altars, shouting: he himself striding over the ridges of Cynthus, his hair dressed with tender leaves, and clasped with gold, the weapons rattling on his shoulder: so Aeneas walks, as lightly, beauty like the god's shining from his noble face. When they reach the mountain heights and pathless haunts, see the wild goats, disturbed on their stony summits, course down the slopes: in another place deer speed over the open field, massing together in a fleeing herd among clouds of dust, leaving the hillsides behind. But the young

spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia uotis
optat aprum, aut fuluum descendere monte leonem.
Interea magno misceri murmure caelum 160
incipit, insequitur commixta grandine nimbus,
et Tyrii comites passim et Troiana iuuentus
Dardaniusque nepos Ueneris diuersa per agros
tectata metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes.
speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem 165
deueniunt. prima et Tellus et pronuba Iuno
dant signum; fulsere ignes et conscius aether
conubiis summoque ulularunt uertice Nymphae.
ille dies primus leti primusque malorum
causa fuit; neque enim specie famaue mouetur 170
nec iam furtiuum Dido meditatur amorem:
coniugium uocat, hoc praetexit nomine culpam.

Lines 173-197

Extemplo Libyae magnas it Fama per urbes,
Fama, malum qua non aliud uelocius ullum:
mobilitate uiget uirisque adquirat eundo, 175
parua metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras
ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit.
illam Terra parens ira inritata deorum

Ascanius among the valleys, delights in his fiery
horse, passing this rider and that at a gallop, hoping
that amongst these harmless creatures a boar, with
foaming mouth, might answer his prayers, or a
tawny lion, down from the mountain. Meanwhile
the sky becomes filled with a great rumbling: rain
mixed with hail follows, and the Tyrian company
and the Trojan men, with Venus's Dardan grandson,
scatter here and there through the fields, in their
fear, seeking shelter: torrents stream down from the
hills. Dido and the Trojan leader reach the very
same cave. Primeval Earth and Juno of the Nuptials
give their signal: lightning flashes, the heavens are
party to their union, and the Nymphs howl on the
mountain heights. That first day is the source of
misfortune and death. Dido's no longer troubled by
appearances or reputation, she no longer thinks of a
secret affair: she calls it marriage: and with that
name disguises her sin.

Rumour Reaches Iarbas

Rumour raced at once through Libya's great cities,
Rumour, compared with whom no other is as swift.
She flourishes by speed, and gains strength as she
goes: first limited by fear, she soon reaches into the
sky, walks on the ground, and hides her head in the
clouds. Earth, incited to anger against the gods, so

extremam, ut perhibent, Coeo Enceladoque
sororem
progenuit pedibus celerem et perniciousis alis, 180
monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui quot sunt corpore
plumae,
tot uigiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu),
tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit auris.
nocte uolat caeli medio terraeque per umbram
stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno; 185
luce sedet custos aut summi culmine tecti
turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes,
tam ficti praeque tenax quam nuntia ueri.
haec tum multiplici populos sermone replebat
gaudens, et pariter facta atque infecta canebat: 190
uenisse Aenean Troiano sanguine cretum,
cui se pulchra uiro dignetur iungere Dido;
nunc hiemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fouere
regnum immemores turpique cupidine captos.
haec passim dea foeda uirum diffundit in ora. 195
protinus ad regem cursus detorquet Iarban
incenditque animum dictis atque aggerat iras.

Lines 198-218

Hic Hammone satus raptam Garamantide nympha
templa Ioui centum latis immania regnis,
centum aras posuit uigilemque sacrauerat ignem,
200

they say, bore her last, a monster, vast and terrible,
fleet-winged and swift-footed, sister to Coeus and
Enceladus, who for every feather on her body has
as many watchful eyes below (marvellous to tell),
as many tongues speaking, as many listening ears.
She flies, screeching, by night through the shadows
between earth and sky, never closing her eyelids in
sweet sleep: by day she sits on guard on tall roof-
tops or high towers, and scares great cities, as
tenacious of lies and evil, as she is messenger of
truth. Now in delight she filled the ears of the
nations with endless gossip, singing fact and fiction
alike: Aeneas has come, born of Trojan blood, a
man whom lovely Dido deigns to unite with: now
they're spending the whole winter together in
indulgence, forgetting their royalty, trapped by
shameless passion. The vile goddess spread this
here and there on men's lips. Immediately she
slanted her course towards King Iarbas and
inflamed his mind with words and fuelled his
anger.

Iarbas Prays to Jupiter

He, a son of Jupiter Ammon, by a raped
Garamantian Nymph, had set up a hundred great
temples, a hundred altars, to the god, in his broad
kingdom, and sanctified ever-living fires, the gods'

excubias diuum aeternas, pecudumque cruore
pingue solum et uariis florentia limina sertis.
isque amens animi et rumore accensus amaro
dicitur ante aras media inter numina diuum
multa Iouem manibus supplex orasse supinis: 205
'Iuppiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pictis
gens epulata toris Lenaeum libat honorem,
aspicis haec? an te, genitor, cum fulmina torques
nequiquam horremus, caecique in nubibus ignes
terrificant animos et inania murmura miscent? 210
femina, quae nostris errans in finibus urbem
exiguam pretio posuit, cui litus arandum
cuique loci leges dedimus, conubia nostra
reppulit ac dominum Aenean in regna recepit.
et nunc ille Paris cum semiuiro comitatu, 215
Maeonia mentum mitra crinemque madentem
subnexus, raptu potitur: nos munera templis
quippe tuis ferimus famamque fouemus inanem.'

Lines 219-278

Talibus orantem dictis arasque tenentem
audiit Omnipotens, oculosque ad moenia torsit 220
regia et oblitos famae melioris amantis.
tum sic Mercurium adloquitur ac talia mandat:

eternal guardians: the floors were soaked with
sacrificial blood, and the thresholds flowery with
mingled garlands. They say he often begged Jove
humbly with upraised hands, in front of the altars,
among the divine powers, maddened in spirit and
set on fire by bitter rumour: "All-powerful Jupiter,
to whom the Moors, on their embroidered divans,
banqueting, now pour a Bacchic offering, do you
see this? Do we shudder in vain when you hurl
your lightning bolts, father, and are those idle fires
in the clouds that terrify our minds, and flash
among the empty rumblings? A woman, wandering
within my borders, who paid to found a little town,
and to whom we granted coastal lands to plough, to
hold in tenure, scorns marriage with me, and takes
Aeneas into her country as its lord. And now like
some Paris, with his pack of eunuchs, a Phrygian
cap, tied under his chin, on his greasy hair, he's
master of what he's snatched: while I bring gifts
indeed to temples, said to be yours, and cherish
your empty reputation.

Jupiter Sends Mercury to Aeneas

As he gripped the altar, and prayed in this way, the
All-powerful one listened, and turned his gaze
towards the royal city, and the lovers forgetful of
their true reputation. Then he spoke to Mercury and

'uade age, nate, uoca Zephyros et labere pennis
Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Karthagine qui nunc
expectat fatisque datas non respicit urbes, 225
adloquere et celeris defer mea dicta per auras.
non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem
promisit Graiumque ideo bis uindicat armis;
sed fore qui grauidam imperiis belloque frementem
Italiam regeret, genus alto a sanguine Teucris 230
proderet, ac totum sub leges mitteret orbem.
si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum
nec super ipse sua molitur laude laborem,
Ascanione pater Romanas inuidet arces?
quid struit? aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur
235
nec prolem Ausoniam et Lauinia respicit arua?
nauiget! haec summa est, hic nostri nuntius esto.'
Dixerat. ille patris magni parere parabat
imperio; et primum pedibus talaria nectit
aurea, quae sublimem alis siue aequora supra 240
seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
tum uirgam capit: hac animas ille euocat Orco
pallentis, alias sub Tartara tristia mittit,
dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat.
illa fretus agit uentos et turbida tranat 245
nubila. iamque uolans apicem et latera ardua cernit
Atlantis duri caelum qui uertice fulcit,

commanded him so: "Off you go, my son, call the winds and glide on your wings, and talk to the Trojan leader who malingers in Tyrian Carthage now, and gives no thought to the cities the fates will grant him, and carry my words there on the quick breeze. This is not what his loveliest of mothers suggested to me, nor why she rescued him twice from Greek armies: he was to be one who'd rule Italy, pregnant with empire, and crying out for war, he'd produce a people of Teucer's high blood, and bring the whole world under the rule of law. If the glory of such things doesn't inflame him, and he doesn't exert himself for his own honour, does he begrudge the citadels of Rome to Ascanius? What does he plan? With what hopes does he stay among alien people, forgetting Ausonia and the Lavinian fields? Let him sail: that's it in total, let that be my message." He finished speaking. The god prepared to obey his great father's order, and first fastened the golden sandals to his feet that carry him high on the wing over land and sea, like the storm. Then he took up his wand: he calls pale ghosts from Orcus with it, sending others down to grim Tartarus, gives and takes away sleep, and opens the eyes of the dead. Relying on it, he drove the winds, and flew through the stormy clouds. Now in his flight he saw

Atlantis, cinctum adsidue cui nubibus atris
piniferum caput et uento pulsatur et imbri,
nix umeros 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 aui similis, quae circum litora, circum
piscosos scopulos humilis uolat aequora iuxta. 255
haud aliter terras inter caelumque uolabat
litus harenosum ad Libyae, uentosque secabat
materno ueniens ab auo Cyllenia proles.
ut primum alatis tetigit magalia plantis,
Aenean fundantem arces ac tecta nouantem 260
conspicit. atque illi stellatus iaspide fulua
ensis erat Tyrioque ardebat murice laena
demissa ex umeris, diues quae munera Dido
fecerat, et tenui telas discreuerat auro.
continuo inuadit: 'tu nunc Karthaginis altae 265
fundamenta locas pulchramque uxorius urbem
exstruis? heu, regni rerumque oblite tuarum!
ipse deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo
regnator, caelum et terras qui numine torquet,
ipse haec ferre iubet celeris mandata per auras: 270
quid struis? aut qua spe Libycis teris otia terris?
si te nulla mouet tantarum gloria rerum
[nec super ipse tua moliris laude laborem,]

the steep flanks and the summit of strong Atlas,
who holds the heavens on his head, Atlas, whose
pine-covered crown is always wreathed in dark
clouds and lashed by the wind and rain: fallen snow
clothes his shoulders: while rivers fall from his
ancient chin, and his rough beard bristles with ice.
There Cyllenian Mercury first halted, balanced on
level wings: from there, he threw his whole body
headlong towards the waves, like a bird that flies
low close to the sea, round the coasts and the rocks
rich in fish. So the Cyllenian-born flew between
heaven and earth to Libya's sandy shore, cutting the
winds, coming from Atlas, his mother Maia's
father. As soon as he reached the builders' huts, on
his winged feet, he saw Aeneas establishing towers
and altering roofs. His sword was starred with
tawny jasper, and the cloak that hung from his
shoulder blazed with Tyrian purple, a gift that rich
Dido had made, weaving the cloth with golden
thread. Mercury challenged him at once: "For love
of a wife are you now building the foundations of
high Carthage and a pleasing city? Alas, forgetful
of your kingdom and fate! The king of the gods
himself, who bends heaven and earth to his will,
has sent me down to you from bright Olympus: he
commanded me himself to carry these words

Ascanium surgentem et spes heredis Iuli
respice, cui regnum Italiae Romanaque tellus 275
debetur.' tali Cyllenius ore locutus
mortalis uisus medio sermone reliquit
et procul in tenuem ex oculis euanuit auram.

Lines 279-330

At uero Aeneas aspectu obmutuit amens,
arrectaeque horrore comae et uox faucibus haesit.
280

ardet abire fuga dulcisque relinquere terras,
attonitus tanto monitu imperioque deorum.
heu quid agat? quo nunc reginam ambire furentem
audeat adfatu? quae prima exordia sumat?
atque animum nunc huc celerem nunc diuidit illuc
285

in partisque rapit uarias perque omnia uersat.
haec alternanti potior sententia uisa est:
Mnesthea Sergestumque uocat fortemque Serestum,
classem aptent taciti sociosque ad litora cogant,
arma parent et quae rebus sit causa nouandis 290
dissimulent; sese interea, quando optima Dido

through the swift breezes. What do you plan? With what hopes do you waste idle hours in Libya's lands? If you're not stirred by the glory of destiny, and won't exert yourself for your own fame, think of your growing Ascanius, and the expectations of him, as Iulus your heir, to whom will be owed the kingdom of Italy, and the Roman lands." So Mercury spoke, and, while speaking, vanished from mortal eyes, and melted into thin air far from their sight.

Dido Accuses Aeneas

Aeneas, stupefied at the vision, was struck dumb, and his hair rose in terror, and his voice stuck in his throat. He was eager to be gone, in flight, and leave that sweet land, shocked by the warning and the divine command. Alas! What to do? With what speech dare he tackle the love-sick queen? What opening words should he choose? And he cast his mind back and forth swiftly, considered the issue from every aspect, and turned it every way. This seemed the best decision, given the alternatives: he called Mnestheus, Sergestus and brave Serestus, telling them to fit out the fleet in silence, gather the men on the shore, ready the ships' tackle, and hide the reason for these changes of plan. He in the meantime, since the excellent Dido knew nothing,

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.
saeuit inops animi totamque incensa per urbem 300
bacchatur, qualis commotis excita sacris
Thyias, ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho
orgia nocturnusque uocat clamore Cithaeron.
tandem his Aenean compellat uocibus ultro:
'dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum 305
posse nefas tacitusque mea decedere terra?
nec te noster amor nec te data dextera quondam
nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?
quin etiam hiberno moliri sidere classem
et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum, 310
crudelis? quid, si non arua aliena domosque
ignotas peteres, et Troia antiqua maneret,
Troia per undosum peteretur classibus aequor?
mene fugis? per ego has lacrimas dextramque tuam
te
(quando aliud mihi iam miserae nihil ipsa reliqui),
315

and would not expect the breaking off of such a love, would seek an approach, the tenderest moment to speak, and a favourable means. They all gladly obeyed his command at once, and did his bidding. But the queen sensed his tricks (who can deceive a lover?) and was first to anticipate future events, fearful even of safety. That same impious Rumour brought her madness: they are fitting out the fleet, and planning a journey. Her mind weakened, she raves, and, on fire, runs wild through the city: like a Maenad, thrilled by the shaken emblems of the god, when the biennial festival rouses her, and, hearing the Bacchic cry, Mount Cithaeron summons her by night with its noise. Of her own accord she finally reproaches Aeneas in these words: "Faithless one, did you really think you could hide such wickedness, and vanish from my land in silence? Will my love not hold you, nor the pledge I once gave you, nor the promise that Dido will die a cruel death? Even in winter do you labour over your ships, cruel one, so as to sail the high seas at the height of the northern gales? Why? If you were not seeking foreign lands and unknown settlements, but ancient Troy still stood, would Troy be sought out by your ships in wave-torn seas? Is it me you run from? I beg you,

per conubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos,
si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
dulce meum, miserere domus labentis et istam,
oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.
te propter Libycae gentes Nomadumque tyranni
320
odere, infensi Tyrii; te propter eundem
exstinctus pudor et, qua sola sidera adibam,
fama prior. cui me moribundam deseris hospes
(hoc solum nomen quoniam de coniuge restat)?
quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum moenia frater
325
destruat aut captam ducat Gaetulus Iarbas?
saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
ante fugam suboles, si quis mihi paruulus aula
luderet Aeneas, qui te tamen ore referret,
non equidem omnino capta ac deserta uiderer.' 330

Lines 331-361

Dixerat. ille Iouis monitis immota tenebat
lumina et obnixus curam sub corde premebat.
tandem pauca refert: 'ego te, quae plurima fando
enumerare uales, numquam, regina, negabo
promeritam, nec me meminisse pigebit Elissae 335
dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus.
pro re pauca loquar. neque ego hanc abscondere

by these tears, by your own right hand (since I've
left myself no other recourse in my misery), by our
union, by the marriage we have begun, if ever I
deserved well of you, or anything of me was sweet
to you, pity this ruined house, and if there is any
room left for prayer, change your mind. The Libyan
peoples and Numidian rulers hate me because of
you: my Tyrians are hostile: because of you all
shame too is lost, the reputation I had, by which
alone I might reach the stars. My guest, since that's
all that is left me from the name of husband, to
whom do you relinquish me, a dying woman? Why
do I stay? Until Pygmalion, my brother, destroys
the city, or Iarbas the Gaetulian takes me captive?
If I'd at least conceived a child of yours before you
fled, if a little Aeneas were playing about my halls,
whose face might still recall yours, I'd not feel
myself so utterly deceived and forsaken."

Aeneas Justifies Himself

She had spoken. He set his gaze firmly on Jupiter's
warnings, and hid his pain steadfastly in his heart.
He replied briefly at last: "O queen, I will never
deny that you deserve the most that can be spelt out
in speech, nor will I regret my thoughts of you,
Elissa, while memory itself is mine, and breath
controls these limbs. I'll speak about the reality a

furto
speraui (ne finge) fugam, nec coniugis umquam
praetendi taedas aut haec in foedera ueni.
me si fata meis paterentur ducere uitam 340
auspiciis et sponte mea componere curas,
urbem Troianam primum dulcisque meorum
reliquias colerem, Priami tecta alta manerent,
et recidiua manu posuissem Pergama uictis.
sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo, 345
Italiam Lyciae iussero capessere sortes;
hic amor, haec patria est. si te Karthaginis arces
Phoenissam Libycaeque aspectus detinet urbis,
quae tandem Ausonia Teucros considerare terra
inuidia est? et nos fas exera quaerere regna. 350
me patris Anchisae, quotiens umentibus umbris
nox operit terras, quotiens astra ignea surgunt,
admonet in somnis et turbida terret imago;
me puer Ascanius capitisque iniuria cari,
quem regno Hesperiae fraudo et fatalibus aruis. 355
nunc etiam interpres diuum Ioue missus ab ipso
(testor utrumque caput) celeris mandata per auras
detulit: ipse deum manifesto in lumine uidi
intransent muros uocemque his auribus hausi.
desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis; 360
Italiam non sponte sequor.'

little. I did not expect to conceal my departure by stealth (don't think that), nor have I ever held the marriage torch, or entered into that pact. If the fates had allowed me to live my life under my own auspices, and attend to my own concerns as I wished, I should first have cared for the city of Troy and the sweet relics of my family, Priam's high roofs would remain, and I'd have recreated Pergama, with my own hands, for the defeated. But now it is Italy that Apollo of Grynium, Italy, that the Lycian oracles, order me to take: that is my desire, that is my country. If the turrets of Carthage and the sight of your Libyan city occupy you, a Phoenician, why then begrudge the Trojans their settling of Ausonia's lands? It is right for us too to search out a foreign kingdom. As often as night cloaks the earth with dew-wet shadows, as often as the burning constellations rise, the troubled image of my father Anchises warns and terrifies me in dream: about my son Ascanius and the wrong to so dear a person, whom I cheat of a Hesperian kingdom, and pre-destined fields. Now even the messenger of the gods, sent by Jupiter himself, (I swear it on both our heads), has brought the command on the swift breeze: I saw the god himself in broad daylight enter the city and these

Lines 362-392

Talia dicentem iam dudum auersa tuetur
huc illuc uoluens oculos totumque pererrat
luminibus tacitis et sic accensa profatur:
'nec tibi diua parens generis nec Dardanus auctor,
365
perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus Hyrcanaeque admorunt ubera tigres.
nam quid dissimulo aut quae me ad maiora
reseruo?
num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?
num lacrimas uictus dedit aut miseratus amantem
est? 370
quae quibus anteferam? iam iam nec maxima Iuno
nec Saturnius haec oculis pater aspicit aequis.
nusquam tuta fides. eiectum litore, egentem
excepi et regni demens in parte locaui.
amissam classem, socios a morte reduxi 375
(heu furiis incensa feror!): nunc augur Apollo,
nunc Lyciae sortes, nunc et Ioue missus ab ipso
interpres diuum fert horrida iussa per auras.
scilicet is superis labor est, ea cura quietos
sollicitat. neque te teneo neque dicta refello: 380

very ears drank of his words. Stop rousing yourself and me with your complaints. I do not take course for Italy of my own free will."

Dido's Reply

As he was speaking she gazed at him with hostility, casting her eyes here and there, considering the whole man with a silent stare, and then, incensed, she spoke: "Deceiver, your mother was no goddess, nor was Dardanus the father of your race: harsh Caucasus engendered you on the rough crags, and Hyrcanian tigers nursed you. Why pretend now, or restrain myself waiting for something worse? Did he groan at my weeping? Did he look at me? Did he shed tears in defeat, or pity his lover? What is there to say after this? Now neither greatest Juno, indeed, nor Jupiter, son of Saturn, are gazing at this with friendly eyes. Nowhere is truth safe. I welcomed him as a castaway on the shore, a beggar, and foolishly gave away a part of my kingdom: I saved his lost fleet, and his friends from death. Ah! Driven by the Furies, I burn: now prophetic Apollo, now the Lycian oracles, now even a divine messenger sent by Jove himself carries his orders through the air. This is the work of the gods indeed, this is a concern to trouble their calm. I do not hold you back, or refute your words:

i, sequere Italiam uentis, pete regna per undas.
spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,
supplicia hausurum scopulis et nomine Dido
saepe uocaturum. sequar atris ignibus absens
et, cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus, 385
omnibus umbra locis adero. dabis, improbe,
poenas.

audiam et haec Manis ueniet mihi fama sub imos.'
his medium dictis sermonem abrumpit et auras
aegra fugit seque ex oculis auertit et aufert,
linquens multa metu cunctantem et multa parantem
390

dicere. suscipiunt famulae conlapsaque membra
marmoreo referunt thalamo stratisque reponunt.

Lines 393-449

At pius Aeneas, quamquam lenire dolentem
solando cupit et dictis auertere curas,
multa gemens magnoque animum labefactus amore
395

iussa tamen diuum exsequitur classemque reuisit.

tum uero Teucri incumbunt et litore celsas
deducunt toto nauis. natat uncta carina,
frondentisque ferunt remos et robora siluis
infabricata fugae studio. 400

migrantis cernas totaque ex urbe ruentis:
ac uelut ingentem formicae farris aceruum

go, seek Italy on the winds, find your kingdom over
the waves. Yet if the virtuous gods have power, I
hope that you will drain the cup of suffering among
the reefs, and call out Dido's name again and again.
Absent, I'll follow you with dark fires, and when
icy death has divided my soul and body, my ghost
will be present everywhere. Cruel one, you'll be
punished. I'll hear of it: that news will reach me in
the depths of Hades." Saying this, she broke off her
speech mid-flight, and fled the light in pain, turning
from his eyes, and going, leaving him fearful and
hesitant, ready to say more. Her servants received
her and carried her failing body to her marble
chamber, and laid her on her bed.

Aeneas Departs

But dutiful Aeneas, though he desired to ease her
sadness by comforting her and to turn aside pain
with words, still, with much sighing, and a heart
shaken by the strength of her love, followed the
divine command, and returned to the fleet. Then the
Trojans truly set to work and launched the tall ships
all along the shore. They floated the resinous keels,
and ready for flight, they brought leafy branches
and untrimmed trunks, from the woods, as oars.
You could see them hurrying and moving from
every part of the city. Like ants that plunder a vast

cum populant hiemis memores tectoque reponunt,
it nigrum campis agmen praedamque per herbas
conuectant calle angusto; pars grandia trudunt 405
obnixae frumenta umeris, pars agmina cogunt
castigantque moras, opere omnis semita feruet.
quis tibi tum, Dido, cernenti talia sensus,
quosue dabas gemitus, cum litora feruere late
prospiceres arce ex summa, totumque uideres 410
misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus aequor!
improbe Amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis!
ire iterum in lacrimas, iterum temptare precando
cogitur et supplex animos summittere amori,
ne quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat. 415
'Anna, uides toto properari litore circum:
undique conuenere; uocat iam carbasus auras,
puppibus et laeti nautae imposuere coronas.
hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem,
et perferre, soror, potero. miserae hoc tamen unum
420
exsequere, Anna, mihi; solam nam perfidus ille
te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus;
sola uiri mollis aditus et tempora noras.
i, soror, atque hostem supplex adfare superbum:
non ego cum Danais Troianam exscindere gentem
425
Aulide iurauit classemue ad Pergama misi,

heap of grain, and store it in their nest, mindful of
winter: a dark column goes through the fields, and
they carry their spoils along a narrow track through
the grass: some heave with their shoulders against a
large seed, and push, others tighten the ranks and
punish delay, the whole path's alive with work.
What were your feelings Dido at such sights, what
sighs did you give, watching the shore from the
heights of the citadel, everywhere alive, and seeing
the whole sea, before your eyes, confused with
such cries! Cruel Love, to what do you not drive
the human heart: to burst into tears once more, to
see once more if he can be compelled by prayers, to
humbly submit to love, lest she leave anything
untried, dying in vain. "Anna, you see them
scurrying all round the shore: they've come from
everywhere: the canvas already invites the breeze,
and the sailors, delighted, have set garlands on the
sterns. If I was able to foresee this great grief,
sister, then I'll be able to endure it too. Yet still do
one thing for me in my misery, Anna: since the
deceiver cultivated only you, even trusting you
with his private thoughts: and only you know the
time to approach the man easily. Go, sister, and
speak humbly to my proud enemy. I never took the
oath, with the Greeks at Aulis, to destroy the Trojan

nec patris Anchisae cinerem manisue reuelli:
cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in auris?
quo ruit? extremum hoc miserae det munus amanti:
exspectet facilemque fugam uentosque ferentis. 430
non iam coniugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro,
nec pulchro ut Latio careat regnumque relinquat:
tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque furori,
dum mea me uictam doceat fortuna dolere.
extremam hanc oro ueniam (miserere sororis), 435
quam mihi cum dederit cumulatam morte
remittam.'

Talibus orabat, talisque miserrima fletus
fertque refertque soror. sed nullis ille mouetur
fletibus aut uoces ullas tractabilis audit;
fata obstant placidasque uiri deus obstruit auris.
440

ac uelut annoso ualidam cum robore quercum
Alpini Boreae nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc
eruere inter se certant; it stridor, et altae
consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes;
ipsa haeret scopulis et quantum uertice ad auras
445

aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit:
haud secus adsiduis hinc atque hinc uocibus heros
tunditur, et magno persentit pectore curas;
mens immota manet, lacrimae uoluuntur inanes.

race, or sent a fleet to Pergama, or disturbed the
ashes and ghost of his father Anchises: why does he
pitelessly deny my words access to his hearing?
Where does he run to? Let him give his poor lover
this last gift: let him wait for an easy voyage and
favourable winds. I don't beg now for our former
tie, that he has betrayed, nor that he give up his
beautiful Latium, and abandon his kingdom: I ask
for insubstantial time: peace and space for my
passion, while fate teaches my beaten spirit to
grieve. I beg for this last favour (pity your sister):
when he has granted it me, I'll repay all by dying."
Such are the prayers she made, and such are those
her unhappy sister carried and re-carried. But he
was not moved by tears, and listened to no words
receptively: Fate barred the way, and a god sealed
the hero's gentle hearing. As when northerly blasts
from the Alps blowing here and there vie together
to uproot an oak tree, tough with the strength of
years: there's a creak, and the trunk quivers and the
topmost leaves strew the ground: but it clings to the
rocks, and its roots stretch as far down to Tartarus
as its crown does towards the heavens: so the hero
was buffeted by endless pleas from this side and
that, and felt the pain in his noble heart. His
purpose remained fixed: tears fell uselessly.

Lines 450-503

Tum uero infelix fatis exterrita Dido 450
mortem orat; taedet caeli conuexa tueri.
quo magis inceptum peragat lucemque relinquat,
uidit, turicremis cum dona imponeret aris,
(horrendum dictu) latices nigrescere sacros
fusaque in obscenum se uertere uina cruorem; 455
hoc uisum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.
praeterea fuit in tectis de marmore templum
coniugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat,
uelleribus niueis et festa fronde reuinctum:
hinc exaudiri uoces et uerba uocantis 460
uisa uiri, nox cum terras obscura teneret,
solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
saepe queri et longas in fletum ducere uoces;
multaque praeterea uatum praedicta priorum
terribili monitu horrificant. agit ipse furem 465
in somnis feras Aeneas, semperque relinqui
sola sibi, semper longam incommitata uidetur
ire uiam et Tyrios deserta quaerere terra,
Eumenidum ueluti demens uidet agmina Pentheus
et solem geminum et duplices se ostendere Thebas,
470
aut Agamemnonius scaenis agitatus Orestes,
armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris
cum fugit ultricesque sedent in limine Dirae.

Dido Resolves to Die

Then the unhappy Dido, truly appalled by her fate,
prayed for death: she was weary of gazing at the
vault of heaven. And that she might complete her
purpose, and relinquish the light more readily,
when she placed her offerings on the altar alight
with incense, she saw (terrible to speak of!) the
holy water blacken, and the wine she had poured
change to vile blood. She spoke of this vision to no
one, not even her sister. There was a marble shrine
to her former husband in the palace, that she'd
decked out, also, with marvellous beauty, with
snow-white fleeces, and festive greenery: from it
she seemed to hear voices and her husband's words
calling her, when dark night gripped the earth: and
the lonely owl on the roofs often grieved with ill-
omened cries, drawing out its long call in a lament:
and many a prophecy of the ancient seers terrified
her with its dreadful warning. Harsh Aeneas
himself persecuted her, in her crazed sleep: always
she was forsaken, alone with herself, always she
seemed to be travelling companionless on some
long journey, seeking her Tyrian people in a
deserted landscape: like Pentheus, deranged, seeing
the Furies file past, and twin suns and a twin
Thebes revealed to view, or like Agamemnon's son

Ergo ubi concepit furias euicta dolore
decreuitque mori, tempus secum ipsa modumque
475
exigit, et maestam dictis adgressa sororem
consilium uultu tegit ac spem fronte serenat:
'inueni, germana, uiam (gratare sorori)
quae mihi reddat eum uel eo me soluat amantem.
Oceani finem iuxta solemque cadentem 480
ultimus Aethiopum locus est, ubi maximus Atlas
axem umero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum:
hinc mihi Massylae gentis monstrata sacerdos,
Hesperidum templi custos, epulasque draconi
quae dabat et sacros seruabat in arbore ramos, 485
spargens umida mella soporiferumque papauer.
haec se carminibus promittit soluere mentes
quas uelit, ast aliis duras immittere curas,
sistere aquam fluuiis et uertere sidera retro,
nocturnosque mouet Manis: mugire uidebis 490
sub pedibus terram et descendere montibus ornos.
testor, cara, deos et te, germana, tuumque
dulce caput, magicas inuitam accingier artis.
tu secreta pyram tecto interiore sub auras
erige, et arma uiri thalamo quae fixa reliquit 495
impius exuiasque omnis lectumque iugalem,
quo perii, super imponas: abolere nefandi
cuncta uiri monimenta iuuat monstratque sacerdos.'

Orestes driven across the stage when he flees his mother's ghost armed with firebrands and black snakes, while the avenging Furies crouch on the threshold. So that when, overcome by anguish, she harboured the madness, and determined on death, she debated with herself over the time and the method, and going to her sorrowful sister with a face that concealed her intent, calm, with hope on her brow, said: "Sister, I've found a way (rejoice with your sister) that will return him to me, or free me from loving him. Near the ends of the Ocean and where the sun sets Ethiopia lies, the furthest of lands, where Atlas, mightiest of all, turns the sky set with shining stars: I've been told of a priestess, of Massylian race, there, a keeper of the temple of the Hesperides, who gave the dragon its food, and guarded the holy branches of the tree, scattering the honeydew and sleep-inducing poppies. With her incantations she promises to set free what hearts she wishes, but bring cruel pain to others: to stop the rivers flowing, and turn back the stars: she wakes nocturnal Spirits: you'll see earth yawn under your feet, and the ash trees march from the hills. You, and the gods, and your sweet life, are witness, dear sister, that I arm myself with magic arts unwillingly. Build a pyre, secretly, in an inner

haec effata silet, pallor simul occupat ora.
non tamen Anna nouis praetexere funera sacris 500
germanam credit, nec tantos mente furores
concipit aut grauiora timet quam morte Sychaei.
ergo iussa parat.

Lines 504-553

At regina, pyra penetrali in sede sub auras
erecta ingenti taedis atque ilice secta, 505
intenditque locum sertis et fronde coronat
funerea; super exuuias ensemque relictum
effigiemque toro locat haud ignara futuri.
stant arae circum et crinis effusa sacerdos
ter centum tonat ore deos, Erebumque Chaosque
510
tergeminamque Hecaten, tria uirginis ora Dianae.
sparserat et latices simulatos fontis Auerni,
falcibus et messae ad lunam quaeruntur aenis
pubentes herbae nigri cum lacte ueneni;
quaeritur et nascentis equi de fronte reuulsus 515

courtyard, open to the sky, and place the weapons
on it which that impious man left hanging in my
room, and the clothes, and the bridal bed that undid
me: I want to destroy all memories of that wicked
man, and the priestess commends it." Saying this
she fell silent: at the same time a pallor spread over
her face. Anna did not yet realise that her sister was
disguising her own funeral with these strange rites,
her mind could not conceive of such intensity, and
she feared nothing more serious than when
Sychaeus died. So she prepared what was
demanded.

Dido Laments

But when the pyre of cut pine and oak was raised
high, in an innermost court open to the sky, the
queen hung the place with garlands, and wreathed it
with funereal foliage: she laid his sword and
clothes and picture on the bed, not unmindful of the
ending. Altars stand round about, and the priestess,
with loosened hair, intoned the names of three
hundred gods, of Erebus, Chaos, and the triple
Hecate, the three faces of virgin Diana. And she
sprinkled water signifying the founts of Avernus:
there were herbs too acquired by moonlight, cut
with a bronze sickle, moist with the milk of dark
venom: and a caul acquired by tearing it from a

et matri praereptus amor.
ipsa mola manibusque piis altaria iuxta
unum exuta pedem uinclis, in ueste recincta,
testatur moritura deos et conscia fati
sidera; tum, si quod non aequo foedere amantis 520
curae numen habet iustumque memorque, precatur.
Nox erat et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
corpora per terras, siluaeque et saeua quierant
aequora, cum medio uoluuntur sidera lapsu,
cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes pictaeque uolucres,
525
quaeque lacus late liquidos quaeque aspera dumis
rura tenent, somno positae sub nocte silenti.
at non infelix animi Phoenissa, neque umquam 529
soluitur in somnos oculisue aut pectore noctem
accipit: ingeminant curae rursusque resurgens
saeuit amor magnoque irarum fluctuat aestu.
sic adeo insistit secumque ita corde uolutat:
'en, quid ago? rursusne procos inrisa priores
experiar, Nomadamque petam conubia supplex,
535
quos ego sim totiens iam dedignata maritos?
Iliacas igitur classis atque ultima Teucrum
iussa sequar? quiane auxilio iuuat ante leuatos
et bene apud memores ueteris stat gratia facti?
quis me autem, fac uelle, sinet ratibusue superbis

newborn colt's brow, forestalling the mother's love.
She herself, near the altars, with sacred grain in
purified hands, one foot free of constraint, her
clothing loosened, called on the gods to witness her
coming death, and on the stars conscious of fate:
then she prayed to whatever just and attentive
power there might be, that cares for unrequited
lovers. It was night, and everywhere weary
creatures were enjoying peaceful sleep, the woods
and the savage waves were resting, while stars
wheeled midway in their gliding orbit, while all the
fields were still, and beasts and colourful birds,
those that live on wide scattered lakes, and those
that live in rough country among the thorn-bushes,
were sunk in sleep in the silent night. But not the
Phoenician, unhappy in spirit, she did not relax in
sleep, or receive the darkness into her eyes and
breast: her cares redoubled, and passion, alive once
more, raged, and she swelled with a great tide of
anger. So she began in this way turning it over
alone in her heart: "See, what can I do? Be mocked
trying my former suitors, seeking marriage humbly
with Numidians whom I have already disdained so
many times as husbands? Shall I follow the Trojan
fleet then and that Teucrian's every whim? Because
they might delight in having been helped by my

540

inuisam accipiet? nescis heu, perdita, necdum
Laomedontea sentis periuria gentis?
quid tum? sola fuga nautas comitabor ouantis?
an Tyriis omnique manu stipata meorum
inferar et, quos Sidonia uix urbe reuelli, 545
rursus agam pelago et uentis dare uela iubebo?
quin morere ut merita es, ferroque auerte dolorem.
tu lacrimis euicta meis, tu prima furentem
his, germana, malis oneras atque obicis hosti.
non licuit thalami expertem sine crimine uitam 550
degere more ferae, talis nec tangere curas;
non seruata fides cineri promissa Sychaeo.'
Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore questus:

Lines 554-583

Aeneas celsa in puppi iam certus eundi
carpebat somnos rebus iam rite paratis. 555
huic se forma dei uultu redeuntis eodem
obtulit in somnis rursusque ita uisa monere est,
omnia Mercurio similis, uocemque coloremque

previous aid, or because gratitude for past deeds might remain truly fixed in their memories? Indeed who, given I wanted to, would let me, or would take one they hate on board their proud ships? Ah, lost girl, do you not know or feel yet the treachery of Laomedon's race? What then? Shall I go alone, accompanying triumphant sailors? Or with all my band of Tyrians clustered round me? Shall I again drive my men to sea in pursuit, those whom I could barely tear away from their Sidonian city, and order them to spread their sails to the wind? Rather die, as you deserve, and turn away sorrow with steel. You, my sister, conquered by my tears, in my madness, you first burdened me with these ills, and exposed me to my enemy. I was not allowed to pass my life without blame, free of marriage, in the manner of some wild creature, never knowing such pain: I have not kept the vow I made to Sychaeus's ashes." Such was the lament that burst from her heart.

Mercury Visits Aeneas Again

Now that everything was ready, and he was resolved on going, Aeneas was snatching some sleep, on the ship's high stern. That vision appeared again in dream admonishing him, similar to Mercury in every way, voice and colouring, golden

et crinis flauos et membra decora iuuenta:
'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 uersat
certa mori, uariosque irarum concitat aestus.
non fugis hinc praeceps, dum praecipitare potestas?
565
iam mare turbari trabibus saeuasque uidebis
conlucere faces, iam feruere litora flammis,
si te his attigerit terris Aurora morantem.
heia age, rumpe moras. uarium et mutabile semper
femina.' sic fatus nocti se immiscuit atrae. 570
Tum uero Aeneas subitis exterritus umbris
corripit e somno corpus sociosque fatigat
praecipitis: 'uigilate, uiri, et considite transtris;
soluite uela citi. deus aethere missus ab alto
festinare fugam tortosque incidere funis 575
ecce iterum instimulat. sequimur te, sancte deorum,
quisquis es, imperioque iterum paremus ouantes.
adsis o placidusque iuues et sidera caelo
dextra feras.' dixit uaginaque eripit ensem
fulmineum strictoque ferit retinacula ferro. 580
idem omnis simul ardor habet, rapiuntque ruuntque;
litora deseruere, latet sub classibus aequor,
adnixa torquent spumas et caerula uerrunt.

hair, and youth's graceful limbs: "Son of the
Goddess, can you consider sleep in this disaster,
can't you see the danger of it that surrounds you,
madman or hear the favourable west winds
blowing? Determined to die, she broods on mortal
deceit and sin, and is tossed about on anger's
volatile flood. Won't you flee from here, in haste,
while you can hasten? Soon you'll see the water
crowded with ships, cruel firebrands burning, soon
the shore will rage with flame, if the Dawn finds
you lingering in these lands. Come, now, end your
delay! Woman is ever fickle and changeable." So
he spoke, and blended with night's darkness. Then
Aeneas, terrified indeed by the sudden apparition,
roused his body from sleep, and called to his
friends: "Quick, men, awake, and man the rowing-
benches: run and loosen the sails. Know that a god,
sent from the heavens, urges us again to speed our
flight, and cut the twisted hawsers. We follow you,
whoever you may be, sacred among the gods, and
gladly obey your commands once more. Oh, be
with us, calm one, help us, and show stars
favourable to us in the sky." He spoke, and
snatched his shining sword from its sheath, and
struck the cable with the naked blade. All were
possessed at once with the same ardour: They

Lines 584-629

Et iam prima nouo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile. 585
regina e speculis ut primam albescere lucem
uidit et aequatis classem procedere uelis,
litoraue et uacuos sensit sine remige portus,
terque quaterque manu pectus percussa decorum
flautis que abscissa comas 'pro Iuppiter! ibit 590
hic,' ait 'et nostris inluserit aduena regnis?
non arma expedient totaque ex urbe sequentur,
diripientque rates alii naualibus? ite,
ferte citi flammis, date tela, impellite remos!
quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quae mentem insania
mutat? 595
infelix Dido, nunc te facta impia tangunt?
tum decuit, cum sceptrum dabis. en dextra fidesque,
quem secum patrios aiunt portare penatis,
quem subiisse umeris confectum aetate parentem!
non potui abreptum diuellere corpus et undis 600
spargere? non socios, non ipsum absumere ferro
Ascanium patriisque epulandum ponere mensis?
uerum anceps pugnae fuerat fortuna. fuisset:
quem metui moritura? faces in castra tulissem

snatched up their goods, and ran: abandoning the shore: the water was clothed with ships: setting to, they churned the foam and swept the blue waves.

Dido's Curse

And now, at dawn, Aurora, leaving Tithonus's saffron bed, was scattering fresh daylight over the earth. As soon as the queen saw the day whiten, from her tower, and the fleet sailing off under full canvas, and realised the shore and harbour were empty of oarsmen, she struck her lovely breast three or four times with her hand, and tearing at her golden hair, said: "Ah, Jupiter, is he to leave, is a foreigner to pour scorn on our kingdom? Shall my Tyrians ready their armour, and follow them out of the city, and others drag our ships from their docks? Go, bring fire quickly, hand out the weapons, drive the oars! What am I saying? Where am I? What madness twists my thoughts? Wretched Dido, is it now that your impious actions hurt you? The right time was then, when you gave him the crown. So this is the word and loyalty of the man whom they say bears his father's gods around, of the man who carried his age-worn father on his shoulders? Couldn't I have seized hold of him, torn his body apart, and scattered him on the waves? And put his friends to the sword, and Ascanius

implessemque foros flammis natumque patremque
605
cum genere exstinxem, memet super ipsa dedissem.
Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras,
tuque harum interpretis curarum et conscia Iuno,
nocturnisque Hecate triuivis ululata per urbes
et Dirae ultrices et di morientis Elissae, 610
accipite haec, meritumque malis aduertite numen
et nostras audite preces. si tangere portus
infandum caput ac terris adnare necesse est,
et sic fata Iouis poscunt, hic terminus haeret,
at bello audacis populi uexatus et armis, 615
finibus extorris, complexu auulsus Iuli
auxilium imploret uideatque indigna suorum
funera; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquae
tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur,
sed cadat ante diem mediaque inhumatus harena.
620
haec precor, hanc uocem extremam cum sanguine
fundo.
tum uos, 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 Dardanio ferroque sequare colonos,
nunc, olim, quocumque dabunt se tempore uires.

even, to feast on, as a course at his father's table?
True the fortunes of war are uncertain. Let them be
so: as one about to die, whom had I to fear? I
should have set fire to his camp, filled the decks
with flames, and extinguishing father and son, and
their whole race, given up my own life as well. O
Sun, you who illuminate all the works of this
world, and you Juno, interpreter and knower of all
my pain, and Hecate howled to, in cities, at
midnight crossroads, you, avenging Furies, and
you, gods of dying Elissa, acknowledge this, direct
your righteous will to my troubles, and hear my
prayer. If it must be that the accursed one should
reach the harbour, and sail to the shore: if Jove's
destiny for him requires it, there his goal: still,
troubled in war by the armies of a proud race,
exiled from his territories, torn from Iulus's
embrace, let him beg help, and watch the shameful
death of his people: then, when he has surrendered,
to a peace without justice, may he not enjoy his
kingdom or the days he longed for, but let him die
before his time, and lie unburied on the sand. This I
pray, these last words I pour out with my blood.
Then, O Tyrians, pursue my hatred against his
whole line and the race to come, and offer it as a
tribute to my ashes. Let there be no love or treaties

litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
imprecor, arma armis: pugnent ipsique nepotesque.'

Lines 630-705

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

between our peoples. Rise, some unknown avenger,
from my dust, who will pursue the Trojan colonists
with fire and sword, now, or in time to come,
whenever the strength is granted him. I pray that
shore be opposed to shore, water to wave, weapon
to weapon: let them fight, them and their
descendants."

The Death of Dido

She spoke, and turned her thoughts this way and
that, considering how to destroy her hateful life.
Then she spoke briefly to Barce, Sychaeus's nurse,
since dark ashes concealed her own, in her former
country: "Dear nurse, bring my sister Anna here:
tell her to hurry, and sprinkle herself with water
from the river, and bring the sacrificial victims and
noble offerings. Let her come, and you yourself
veil your brow with sacred ribbons. My purpose is
to complete the rites of Stygian Jupiter, that I
commanded, and have duly begun, and put an end
to sorrow, and entrust the pyre of that Trojan leader
to the flames." So she said. The old woman
zealously hastened her steps. But Dido restless,
wild with desperate purpose, rolling her bloodshot
eyes, her trembling cheeks stained with red flushes,
yet pallid at approaching death, rushed into the
house through its inner threshold, furiously climbed

Dardanium, non hos quaesitum munus in usus.
hic, postquam Iliacas uestis notumque cubile
conspexit, paulum lacrimis et mente morata
incubuitque toro dixitque nouissima uerba: 650
'dulces exuuias, dum fata deusque sinebat,
accipite hanc animam meque his exsoluite curis.
uixi et quem dederat cursum Fortuna peregi,
et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.
urbem praeclaram statui, mea moenia uidi, 655
ulta uirum poenas inimico a fratre recepi,
felix, heu nimium felix, si litora tantum
numquam Dardaniae tetigissent nostra carinae.'
dixit, et os impressa toro 'moriemur inultae,
sed moriamur' ait. 'sic, sic iuuat 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. ite clamor ad alta 665
atria: concussam bacchatur Fama per urbem.
lamentis gemituque et femineo ululatu
tectata fremunt, resonat magnis plangoribus aether,
non aliter quam si immissis ruat hostibus omnis
Karthago aut antiqua Tyros, flammaeque furentes
670
culmina perque hominum uoluantur perque

the tall funeral pyre, and unsheathed a Trojan
sword, a gift that was never acquired to this end.
Then as she saw the Ilian clothing and the familiar
couch, she lingered a while, in tears and thought,
then cast herself on the bed, and spoke her last
words: "Reminders, sweet while fate and the god
allowed it, accept this soul, and loose me from my
sorrows. I have lived, and I have completed the
course that Fortune granted, and now my noble
spirit will pass beneath the earth. I have built a
bright city: I have seen its battlements, avenging a
husband I have exacted punishment on a hostile
brother, happy, ah, happy indeed if Trojan keels
had never touched my shores!" She spoke, and
buried her face in the couch. "I shall die un-
avenged, but let me die," she cried. "So, so I joy in
travelling into the shadows. Let the cruel Trojan's
eyes drink in this fire, on the deep, and bear with
him the evil omen of my death." She had spoken,
and in the midst of these words, her servants saw
she had fallen on the blade, the sword frothed with
blood, and her hands were stained. A cry rose to the
high ceiling: Rumour, run riot, struck the city. The
houses sounded with weeping and sighs and
women's cries, the sky echoed with a mighty
lamentation, as if all Carthage or ancient Tyre were

deorum.

audiit exanimis trepidoque exterrita cursu
unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnans
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
spreuisti moriens? eadem me ad fata uocasses,
idem ambas ferro dolor atque eadem hora tulisset.
his etiam struxi manibus patriosque uocauit 680
uoce deos, sic te ut posita, crudelis, abessem?
exstincti te meque, soror, populumque patresque
Sidonios urbemque tuam. date, uulnera lymphis
abluam et, extremus si quis super halitus errat,
ore legam.' sic fata gradus euaserat altos, 685
semianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fouebat
cum gemitu atque atros siccabat ueste cruores.
illa grauis oculos conata attollere rursus
deficit; infixum stridit sub pectore uulnus.
ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa leuauit, 690
ter reuoluta toro est oculisque errantibus alto
quaesiuit caelo lucem ingemuitque reperta.
Tum Iuno omnipotens longum miserata dolorem
difficilisque obitus Irim demisit Olympo
quae luctantem animam nexosque resoluere artus.
695

falling to the invading enemy, and raging flames
were rolling over the roofs of men and gods. Her
sister, terrified, heard it, and rushed through the
crowd, tearing her cheeks with her nails, and
beating her breast, and called out to the dying
woman in accusation: "So this was the meaning of
it, sister? Did you aim to cheat me? This pyre of
yours, this fire and altar were prepared for my
sake? What shall I grieve for first in my
abandonment? Did you scorn your sister's company
in dying? You should have summoned me to the
same fate: the same hour the same sword's hurt
should have taken us both. I even built your pyre
with these hands, and was I calling aloud on our
father's gods, so that I would be absent, cruel one,
as you lay here? You have extinguished yourself
and me, sister: your people, your Sidonian
ancestors, and your city. I should bathe your
wounds with water and catch with my lips
whatever dying breath still hovers." So saying she
climbed the high levels, and clasped her dying
sister to her breast, sighing, and stemming the dark
blood with her dress. Dido tried to lift her heavy
eyelids again, but failed: and the deep wound
hissed in her breast. Lifting herself three times, she
struggled to rise on her elbow: three times she fell

nam quia nec fato merita nec morte peribat,
sed misera ante diem subitoque accensa furore,
nondum illi flauum Proserpina uertice crinem
abstulerat Stygioque caput damnauerat Orco.
ergo Iris croceis per caelum roscida pennis 700
mille trahens uarios aduerso sole colores
deuolat et supra caput asitit. 'hunc ego Diti
sacrum iussa fero teque isto corpore soluo':
sic ait et dextra crinem secat, omnis et una
dilapsus calor atque in uentos uita recessit. 705

back onto the bed, searching for light in the depths of heaven, with wandering eyes, and, finding it, sighed. Then all-powerful Juno, pitying the long suffering of her difficult death, sent Iris from Olympus, to release the struggling spirit, and captive body. For since she had not died through fate, or by a well-earned death, but wretchedly, before her time, inflamed with sudden madness, Proserpine had not yet taken a lock of golden hair from her head, or condemned her soul to Stygian Orcus. So dew-wet Iris flew down through the sky, on saffron wings, trailing a thousand shifting colours across the sun, and hovered over her head. "I take this offering, sacred to Dis, as commanded, and release you from the body that was yours." So she spoke, and cut the lock of hair with her right hand. All the warmth ebbed at once, and life vanished on the breeze.

BOOK V

Lines 1-41

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

ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab alta:
'heu quianam tanti cinxerunt aethera nimbi?
quidue, pater Neptune, paras?' sic deinde locutus
colligere arma iubet ualidisque incumbere remis, 15
obliquatque sinus in uentum ac talia fatur:
'magnanime Aenea, non, si mihi Iuppiter auctor
spondeat, hoc sperem Italiam contingere caelo.
mutati transuersa fremunt et uespere ab atro
consurgunt uenti, atque in nubem cogitur aer. 20

Aeneas Returns to Sicily

Meanwhile Aeneas with the fleet was holding a
fixed course now in the midst of the sea, cutting the
waves, dark in a northerly wind, looking back at the
city walls that were glowing now with unhappy
Dido's funeral flames. The reason that such a fire
had been lit was unknown: but the cruel pain when
a great love is profaned, and the knowledge of what
a frenzied woman might do, drove the minds of the
Trojans to sombre forebodings. When the ships
reached deep water and land was no longer in sight,
but everywhere was sea, and sky was everywhere,
then a dark-blue rain cloud hung overhead,
bringing night and storm, and the waves bristled
with shadows. Palinurus the helmsman himself
from the high stern cried: 'Ah! Why have such
storm clouds shrouded the sky? What do you
intend, father Neptune?' So saying, next he ordered
them to shorten sail, and bend to the heavy oars,
then tacked against the wind, and spoke as follows:
'Brave Aeneas, I would not expect to make Italy
with this sky, though guardian Jupiter promised it.

nec nos obniti contra nec tendere tantum
sufficimus. superat quoniam Fortuna, sequamur,
quoque uocat uertamus iter. nec litora longe
fida reor fraterna Erycis portusque Sicanos,
si modo rite memor seruata remetior astra.' 25
tum pius Aeneas: 'equidem sic poscere uentos
iamdudum et frustra cerno te tendere contra.
flecte uiam uelis. an sit mihi gratior ulla,
quoue magis fessas optem dimittere nauis,
quam quae Dardanium tellus mihi seruat Acesten
30

et patris Anchisae gremio complectitur ossa?'
haec ubi dicta, petunt portus et uela secundi
intendunt Zephyri; fertur cita gurgite classis,
et tandem laeti notae aduertuntur harenae.
At procul ex celso miratus uertice montis 35
aduentum sociasque rates occurrit Acestes,
horridus in iaculis et pelle Libystidis ursae,
Troia Criniso conceptum flumine mater
quem genuit. ueterum non immemor ille parentum
gratatur reduces et gaza laetus agresti 40
excipit, ac fessos opibus solatur amicis.

The winds, rising from the darkened west, have shifted and roar across our path, and the air thickens for a storm. We cannot stand against it, or labour enough to weather it. Since Fortune overcomes us, let's go with her, and set our course wherever she calls. I think your brother Eryx's friendly shores are not far off, and the harbours of Sicily, if I only remember the stars I observed rightly.' Then virtuous Aeneas replied: 'For my part I've seen for some time that the winds required it, and you're steering into them in vain. Alter the course we sail. Is any land more welcome to me, any to which I'd prefer to steer my weary fleet, than that which protects my Trojan friend Acestes, and holds the bones of my father Anchises to its breast?' Having said this they searched out the port, and following winds filled their sails: the ships sailed swiftly on the flood, and they turned at last in delight towards known shores. But Alcestes, on a high hill in the distance, wondered at the arrival of friendly vessels, and met them, armed with javelins, in his Libyan she-bear's pelt: he whom a Trojan mother bore, conceived of the river-god Crinisius. Not neglectful of his ancient lineage he rejoiced at their return, entertained them gladly with his rural riches, and comforted the weary with

Lines 42-103

Postera cum primo stellas Oriente fugarat
clara dies, socios in coetum litore ab omni
aduocat Aeneas tumulique ex aggere fatur:
'Dardanidae magni, genus alto a sanguine diuum,

45

annuus exactis completur mensibus orbis,
ex quo reliquias diuinique ossa parentis
condidimus terra maestasque sacrauimus aras;
iamque dies, nisi fallor, adest, quem semper
acerbum,
semper honoratum (sic di uoluistis) habebo. 50
hunc ego Gaetulis agerem si Syrtibus exsul,
Argolicouae mari deprensus et urbe Mycenae,
annua uota tamen sollempnisque ordine pompas
exsequeretur strueremque suis altaria donis.
nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis 55
haud equidem sine mente, reor, sine numine diuum
adsumus et portus delati intramus amicos.
ergo agite et laetum cuncti celebremus honorem:
poscamus uentos, atque haec me sacra quotannis
urbe uelit posita templis sibi ferre dicatis. 60
bina bouum uobis Troia generatus Acestes
dat numero capita in nauis; adhibete penatis
et patrios epulis et quos colit hospes Acestes.

the assistance of a friend.

Aeneas Declares the Games

When, in the following Dawn, bright day had put
the stars to flight, Aeneas called his companions
together, from the whole shore, and spoke from a
high mound: "Noble Trojans, people of the high
lineage of the gods, the year's cycle is complete to
the very month when we laid the bones, all that was
left of my divine father, in the earth, and dedicated
the sad altars. And now the day is here (that the
gods willed) if I am not wrong, which I will always
hold as bitter, always honoured. If I were keeping
it, exiled in Gaetolian Syrtes, or caught on the
Argive seas, or in Mycenae's city, I'd still conduct
the yearly rite, and line of solemn procession, and
heap up the due offerings on the altar. Now we
even stand by the ashes and bones of my father (not
for my part I think without the will and power of
the gods) and carried to this place we have entered
a friendly harbour. So come and let us all celebrate
the sacrifice with joy: let us pray for a wind, and
may he will me to offer these rites each year when
my city is founded, in temples that are his. Acestes,
a Trojan born, gives you two head of oxen for
every ship: Invite the household gods to our feast,
our own and those whom Acestes our host

praeterea, si nona diem mortalibus alnum
Aurora extulerit radiisque retexerit orbem, 65
prima citae Teucris ponam certamina classis;
quique pedum cursu ualet, et qui uiribus audax
aut iaculo incedit melior leuibusque sagittis,
seu crudo fidit pugnam committere caestu,
cuncti adsint meritaque exspectent praemia
palmae. 70
ore fauete omnes et cingite tempora ramis.'
Sic fatus uelat materna tempora myrto.
hoc Helymus facit, hoc aeuī maturus Acestes,
hoc puer Ascanius, sequitur quos cetera pubes.
ille e concilio multis cum milibus ibat 75
ad tumulum magna medius comitante caterua.
hic duo rite mero libans carchesia Baccho
fundit humi, duo lacte nouo, duo sanguine sacro,
purpureosque iacit flores ac talia fatur:
'salue, sancte parens, iterum; saluete, recepti 80
nequiquam cineres animaeque umbraeque paternae.
non licuit finis Italos fataliaque arua
nec tecum Ausonium, quicumque est, quaerere
Thybrim.'
dixerat haec, adytis cum lubricus anguis ab imis
septem ingens gyros, septena uolumina traxit 85
amplexus placide tumulum lapsusque per aras,
caeruleae cui terga notae maculosus et auro

worships. Also, when the ninth Dawn raises high
the kindly light for mortal men, and reveals the
world in her rays, I will declare a Trojan Games:
first a race between the swift ships: then those with
ability in running, and those, daring in strength,
who step forward, who are superior with javelin
and slight arrows, or trust themselves to fight with
rawhide gloves: let everyone be there and hope for
the prize of a well-deserved palm branch. All be
silent now, and wreath your brows." So saying he
veiled his forehead with his mother's myrtle.
Helymus did likewise, Acestes of mature years, the
boy Ascanius, and the rest of the people followed.
Then he went with many thousands, from the
gathering to the grave-mound, in the midst of the
vast accompanying throng. Here with due offering
he poured two bowls of pure wine onto the ground,
two of fresh milk, two of sacrificial blood, and,
scattering bright petals, he spoke as follows: "Once
more, hail, my sacred father: hail, spirit, ghost,
ashes of my father, whom I rescued in vain. I was
not allowed to search, with you, for Italy's borders,
our destined fields, or Ausonia's Tiber, wherever it
might be." He had just finished speaking when a
shining snake unwound each of its seven coils from
the base of the shrine, in seven large loops, placidly

squamam incendebat fulgor, ceu nubibus arcus
mille iacit uarios aduerso sole colores.
obstipuit uisu Aeneas. ille agmine longo 90
tandem inter pateras et leuia pocula serpens
libauitque dapes rursusque innoxius imo
successit tumulo et depasta altaria liquit.
hoc magis inceptos genitori instaurat honores,
incertus geniumne loci famulumne parentis 95
esse putet; caedit binas de more bidentis
totque sues, totidem nigrantis terga iuuenos,
uinaque fundebat pateris animamque uocabat
Anchisae magni manisque Acheronte remissos.
nec non et socii, quae cuique est copia, laeti 100
dona ferunt, onerant aras mactantque iuuenos;
ordine aena locant alii fusique per herbam
subiciunt ueribus prunas et uiscera torrent.

Lines 104-150

Exspectata dies aderat nonamque serena
Auroram Phaethontis equi iam luce uehebant, 105
famaque finitimos et clari nomen Acestae
excierat; laeto complerant litora coetu

encircling the mound, and gliding among the altars,
its back mottled with blue-green markings, and its
scales burning with a golden sheen, as a rainbow
forms a thousand varied colours in clouds opposite
the sun. Aeneas was stunned by the sight. Finally,
with a long glide among the bowls and polished
drinking cups, the serpent tasted the food, and,
having fed, departed the altar, retreating harmlessly
again into the depths of the tomb. Aeneas returned
more eagerly to the tribute to his father, uncertain
whether to treat the snake as the guardian of the
place, or as his father's attendant spirit: he killed
two sheep as customary, two pigs, and as many
black-backed heifers: and poured wine from the
bowls, and called on the spirit and shadow of great
Anchises, released from Acheron. And his
companions as well, brought gifts gladly, of which
each had a store, piling high the altars, sacrificing
bullocks: others set out rows of cauldrons, and
scattered among the grass, placed live coals under
the spits, and roasted the meat.

The Start of the Games

The eagerly-awaited day had arrived, and now
Phaethon's horses brought a ninth dawn of
cloudless light, and Acestes's name and reputation
had roused the countryside: they thronged the

uisuri Aeneadas, pars et certare parati.
munera principio ante oculos circoque locantur
in medio, sacri tripodes uiridesque coronae 110
et palmae pretium uictoribus, armaque et ostro
perfusae uestes, argenti aurique talenta;
et tuba commissos medio canit aggere ludos.
Prima pares ineunt grauibus certamina remis
quattuor ex omni delectae classe carinae. 115
uelocem Mnestheus agit acri remige Pristim,
mox Italus Mnestheus, genus a quo nomine
Memmi,
ingentemque Gyas ingenti mole Chimaeram,
urbis opus, triplici pubes quam Dardana uersu
impellunt, terno consurgunt ordine remi; 120
Sergestusque, domus tenet a quo Sergia nomen,
Centauro inuehitur magna, Scyllaque Cloanthus
caerulea, genus unde tibi, Romane Cluenti.
Est procul in pelago saxum spumantia contra
litora, quod tumidis summersum tunditur olim 125
fluctibus, hiberni condunt ubi sidera Cauri;
tranquillo silet immotaque attollitur unda
campus et apricis statio gratissima mergis.
hic uiridem Aeneas frondenti ex ilice metam
constituit signum nautis pater, unde reuerti 130
scirent et longos ubi circumflectere cursus.
tum loca sorte legunt ipsique in puppibus auro

shore, a joyous crowd, some to see Aeneas and his
men, others to compete. First the prizes were set
out for them to see in the centre of the circuit,
sacred tripods, green crowns and palms, rewards
for the winners, armour, and clothes dyed with
purple, and talents of silver and gold: and a trumpet
sang out, from a central mound, that the games had
begun. Four well-matched ships with heavy oars
were chosen from the fleet for the first event.
Mnesthus, soon to be Mnesthus of Italy from whom
the Memmian people are named, captains the Sea-
Serpent, with its eager crew: Gyas, the vast
Chimaera of huge bulk, a floating city, rowed by
the Trojan men on three decks, with the oars raised
in triple rows: Sergestus, from whom the house of
Sergia gets its name, sails in the great Centaur, and
Cloanthus from whom your family derives,
Cluentius of Rome, in the sea-green Scylla. There's
a rock far out at sea opposite the foaming shore,
which, lashed by the swollen waves, is sometimes
drowned, when wintry north-westerlies hide the
stars: it is quiet in calm weather and flat ground is
raised above the motionless water, a welcome
haunt for sun-loving sea-birds. Here our ancestor
Aeneas set up a leafy oak-trunk as a mark, as a sign
for the sailors to know where to turn back, and

ductores longe effulgent ostroque decori;
cetera populea uelatur fronde iuuentus
nudatosque umeros oleo perfusa nitescit. 135
considunt transtris, intentaque bracchia remis;
intenti exspectant signum, exsultantiaque haurit
corda pauor pulsans laudumque arrecta cupido.
inde ubi clara dedit sonitum tuba, finibus omnes,
haud mora, prosiluerunt suis; ferit aethera clamor 140
nauticus, adductis spumant freta uersa lacertis.
infindunt pariter sulcos, totumque dehiscit
conuulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor.
non tam praecipites biuigo certamine campum
corripuere ruuntque effusi carcere currus, 145
nec sic immissis aurigae undantia lora
concussere iugis pronique in uerbera pendent.
tum plausu fremituque uirum studiisque fauentum
consonat omne nemus, uocemque inclusa uolulant
litora, pulsati colles clamore resultant. 150

Lines 151-243

Effugit ante alios primisque elabitur undis

circle round the long course. Then they chose places by lot, and the captains themselves, on the sterns, gleamed from a distance, resplendent in purple and gold: the rest of the men were crowned with poplar leaves, and their naked shoulders glistened, shining with oil. They manned the benches, arms ready at the oars: readied for action they waited for the signal, and pounding fear, and the desire aroused for glory, devoured their leaping hearts. Then when the clear trumpet gave the signal, all immediately shot forward from the starting line, the sailor's shouts struck the heavens, as arms were plied the waters turned to foam. they cut the furrows together, and the whole surface gaped wide, ploughed by the oars and the three-pronged beaks. The speed is not as great when the two horse chariots hit the field in their race, shooting from their stalls: and the charioteers shake the rippling reins over their galloping team, straining forward to the lash. So the whole woodland echoes with applause, the shouts of men, and the partisanship of their supporters, the sheltered beach concentrates the sound and the hills, reverberating, return the clamour.

The Boat Race

Gyas runs before the pack, and glides forward on

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 uictam praeterit ingens
Centaurus, nunc una ambae iunctisque feruntur
frontibus et longa sulcant uada salsa carina.
iamque propinquabant scopulo metamque tenebant,
cum princeps medioque Gyas in gurgite uictor 160
rectorem nauis compellat uoce Menoeten:
'quo tantum mihi dexter abis? huc derige cursum;
litus ama et laeua stringat sine palmula cautes;
altum alii teneant.' dixit; sed caeca Menoetes
saxa timens proram pelagi detorquet ad undas. 165
'quo diuersus abis?' iterum 'pete saxa, Menoete!
cum clamore Gyas reuocabat, et ecce Cloanthum
respicit instantem tergo et propiora tenentem.
ille inter nauemque Gyae scopulosque sonantis
radit iter laeuum interior subitoque priorem 170
praeterit et metis tenet aequora tuta relictis.
tum uero exarsit iuueni dolor ossibus ingens
nec lacrimis caruere genae, segnemque Menoeten
oblitus decorisque sui sociumque salutis
in mare praecipitem puppi deturbat ab alta; 175
ipse gubernaclo rector subit, ipse magister

the waves, amongst the noise and confusion:
Cloanthus follows next, his ship better manned, but
held back by its weight. After them separated
equally the Sea-Serpent and the Centaur strain to
win a lead: now the Sea-Serpent has it, now the
huge Centaur wins in front, now both sweep on
together their bows level, their long keels
ploughing the salt sea. Now they near the rock and
are close to the marker, when Gyas, the leader,
winning at the half-way point, calls out loudly to
his pilot Menoetes: "Why so far adrift to starboard?
Steer her course this way: hug the shore and graze
the crags to port, oars raised: let others keep to deep
water." He spoke, but Menoetes fearing unseen
reefs wrenched the prow towards the open sea.
"Why so far adrift?" again, "Head for the rocks,
Menoetes!" he shouts to him forcefully, and behold,
he sees Cloanthus right at his back and taking the
riskier course. He squeezed a path between Gyas's
ship and the booming rocks inside to starboard,
suddenly passing the leader, and, leaving the
marker behind, reached safe water. Then indeed
great indignation burned in the young man's
marrow, and there were tears on his cheeks, and
forgetting his own pride and his crew's safety he
heaved the timid Menoetes headlong into the sea

hortaturque uiros clauumque ad litora torquet.
at grauis ut fundo uix tandem redditus imo est
iam senior madidaque fluens in ueste Menoetes
summa petit scopuli siccaque in rupe resedit. 180
illum et labentem Teucris et risere natantem
et salsos rident reuomentem pectore fluctus.
Hic laeta extremis spes est accensa duobus,
Sergesto Mnesteique, Gyan superare morantem.
Sergestus capit ante locum scopuloque propinquat,
185
nec tota tamen ille prior praeunte carina;
parte prior, partim rostro premit aemula Pristis.
at media socios incedens naue per ipsos
hortatur Mnestheus: 'nunc, nunc insurgite remis,
Hectorei socii, Troiae quos sorte suprema 190
delegi comites; nunc illas promite uiris,
nunc animos, quibus in Gaetulis Syrtibus usi
Ionioque mari Maleaeque sequacibus undis.
non iam prima peto Mnestheus neque uincere certo
(quamquam o!—sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune,
dedisti); 195
extremos pudeat rediisse: hoc uincite, ciues,
et prohibete nefas.' olli certamine summo
procumbunt: uastis tremit ictibus aerea puppis
subtrahiturque solum, tum creber anhelitus artus
aridaque ora quatit, sudor fluit undique riuus. 200

from the high stern: he stood to the helm, himself
captain and steersman, urged on his men, and
turned for the shore. But when Menoetes old as he
was, clawed his way back heavily and with
difficulty at last from the sea floor, he climbed to
the top of the crag and sat down on the dry rock
dripping, in his wet clothing. The Trojans laughed
as he fell, and swam and laughed as he vomited the
seawater from his chest. At this a joyful hope of
passing Gyas, as he stalled, is aroused in Sergestus
and Mnestheus, the two behind, Sergestus takes the
leading place and nears the rock, still he's not a full
ship's length in front, only part: the rival Sea-
Serpent closes on him with her prow. Then,
Mnethus walking among his crew amidships
exhorted them: "Now, now rise to the oars,
comrades of Hector, you whom I chose as
companions at Troy's last fatal hour: now, exert all
that strength, that spirit you showed in the
Gaetolian shoals, the Ionian Sea, and Cape Malea's
pursuing waves. Now I, Mnethus, do not seek to
be first or try to win – let those conquer whom you
have granted to do so, Neptune – but oh, it would
be shameful to return last: achieve this for us,
countrymen, and prevent our disgrace." They bend
to it with fierce rivalry: the bronze stern shudders at

attulit ipse uiris optatum casus honorem:
namque furens animi dum proram ad saxa suburget
interior spatioque subit Sergestus iniquo,
infelix saxis in procurrentibus haesit.
concussae cautes et acuto in murice remi 205
obnixi crepuere inlisaque prora pependit.
consurgunt nautae et magno clamore morantur
ferratasque trudes et acuta cuspide contos
expediunt fractosque legunt in gurgite remos.
at laetus Mnestheus successuque acrior ipso 210
agmine remorum celeri uentisque uocatis
prona petit maria et pelago decurrit aperto.
qualis spelunca subito commota columba,
cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi,
fertur in arua uolans plausumque exterrita pennis
215
dat tecto ingentem, mox aere lapsa quieto
radit iter liquidum celeris neque commouet alas:
sic Mnestheus, sic ipsa fuga secat ultima Pristis
aequora, sic illam fert impetus ipse uolantem.
et primum in scopulo luctantem deserit alto 220
Sergestum breuibisque uadis frustraue uocantem
auxilia et fractis discentem currere remis.
inde Gyan ipsamque ingenti mole Chimaeram
consequitur; cedit, quoniam spoliata magistro est.
solus iamque ipso superest in fine Cloanthus, 225

their powerful strokes: and the sea-floor drops
away beneath them: then shallow breathing makes
limbs and parched lips quiver. and their sweat runs
down in streams. Chance brings the men the glory
that they long for. When Segestus, his spirit raging,
forces his bows, on the inside, towards the rocks,
and enters dangerous water, unhappily he strikes
the jutting reef. The cliff shakes, the oars jam
against them, and snap on the sharp edges of stone,
and the prow hangs there, snagged. The sailors leap
up, and, shouting aloud at the delay, gather iron-
tipped poles and sharply-pointed boathooks, and
rescue their smashed oars from the water. But
Mnesthus, delighted, and made eager by his
success, with a swift play of oars, and a prayer to
the winds. heads for home waters and courses the
open sea, as a dove, whose nest and sweet chicks
are hidden among the rocks, suddenly startled from
some hollow, takes flight for the fields, frightened
from her cover, and beats her wings loudly, but
soon gliding in still air skims her clear path, barely
moving her swift pinions: in this way Mnestheus
and the Sea-Dragon herself furrow the final stretch
of water in flight, and her impetus alone, carries her
on her winged path. Firstly he leaves Segestus
behind struggling on the raised rock then in shoal

quem petit et summis adnixus uiribus urget.

Tum uero ingeminat clamor cunctique sequentem
instigant studiis, resonatque fragoribus aether.

hi proprium decus et partum indignantur honorem
ni teneant, uitamque uolunt pro laude pacisci; 230

hos successus alit: possunt, quia posse uidentur.

et fors aequatis cepissent praemia rostris,

ni palmas ponto tendens utrasque Cloanthus
fudissetque preces diuosque in uota uocasset:

'di, quibus imperium est pelagi, quorum aequora
curro, 235

uobis laetus ego hoc candentem in litore taurum

constituam ante aras uoti reus, extaque salsos
proiciam in fluctus et uina liquentia fundam.'

dixit, eumque imis sub fluctibus audiit omnis

Nereidum Phorcique chorus Panopeaque uirgo, 240

et pater ipse manu magna Portunus euntem

impulit: illa Noto citius uolucrique sagitta

ad terram fugit et portu se condidit alto.

water, calling vainly for help, and learning how to

race with shattered oars. Then he overhauls Gyas
and the Chimaera's huge bulk: which, deprived of

her helmsman now, gives way. Now Cloanthus
alone is left ahead, near to the finish, Mnestheus

heads for him and chases closely exerting all his
powers. Then indeed the shouts redouble, and

together all enthusiastically urge on the pursuer.

The former crew are unhappy lest they fail to keep
the honour that is theirs and the glory already in

their possession, and would sell their lives for

fame. the latter feed on success: they can because
they think they can. And with their prow alongside

they might have snatched the prize, if Cleanthus
had not stretched out his hands over the sea and

poured out his prayers, and called to the gods in
longing. "Gods, whose empire is the ocean, whose

waters I course, On shore, I will gladly set a snow-
white bull before your altars, in payment of my

vows, throw the entrails into the saltwater, and pour
out pure wine." He spoke, and all the Nereids,

Phorcus's choir, and virgin Panopea, heard him in
the wave's depths, and father Portunus drove him

on his track, with his great hand: the ship ran to
shore, swifter than south wind or flying arrow, and

plunged into the deep harbour.

Lines 244-285

tum satus Anchisa cunctis ex more uocatis
uictorem magna praeconis uoce Cloanthum 245
declarat uiridique aduelat tempora lauro,
muneraque in nauis ternos optare iuuenos
uinaque et argenti magnum dat ferre talentum.
ipsis praecipuos ductoribus addit honores:
uictori chlamydem auratam, quam plurima circum
250
purpura maeandro duplici Meliboea cucurrit,
intextusque puer frondosa regius Ida
uelocis iaculo ceruos cursuque fatigat
acer, anhelanti similis, quem praepes ab Ida
sublimem pedibus rapuit Iouis armiger uncis; 255
longaeui palmas nequiquam ad sidera tendunt
custodes, saeuitque canum latratus in auras.
at qui deinde locum tenuit uirtute secundum,
leuibus huic hamis consertam auroque trilicem
loricam, quam Demoleo detraxerat ipse 260
uictor apud rapidum Simoenta sub Ilio alto,
donat habere, uiro decus et tutamen in armis.
uix illam famuli Phegeus Sagarisque ferebant
multiplicem conixi umeris; indutus at olim
Demoleos cursu palantis Troas agebat. 265
tertia dona facit geminos ex aere lebetas
cymbiaque argento perfecta atque aspera signis.

The Prize-Giving for the Boat Race

Then Anchises's son, calling them all together as is fitting, by the herald's loud cry declares Cloanthus the winner, and wreathes his forehead with green laurel, and tells him to choose three bullocks, and wine, and a large talent of silver as gifts for the ships. He adds special honours for the captains: a cloak worked in gold for the victor, edged with Meliboean deep purple in a double meandering line, Ganymede the boy-prince woven on it, as if breathless with eagerness, running with his javelin, chasing the swift stags on leafy Ida: whom Jupiter's eagle, carrier of the lightning-bolt, has now snatched up into the air, from Ida, with taloned feet: his aged guards stretch their hands to the sky in vain, and the barking dogs snap at the air. He gives to the warrior, who took second place by his prowess, a coat of mail for his own, with polished hooks, in triple woven gold, a beautiful thing and a defence in battle, that he himself as victor had taken from Demoleos, by the swift Simois, below the heights of Ilium. Phegeus and Sagaris, his servants, can barely carry its folds, on straining shoulders: though, wearing it, Demoleus used to drive the scattered Trojans at a run. He grants the third prize of a pair of bronze cauldrons and bowls

iamque adeo donati omnes opibusque superbi
puniceis ibant euincti tempora taenis,
cum saeue e scopulo multa uix arte reuulsus 270
amissis remis atque ordine debilis uno
inrisam sine honore ratem Sergestus agebat.
qualis saepe uiae deprensus in aggere serpens,
aerea quem obliquum rota transiit aut grauis ictu
seminecem liquit saxo lacerumque uiator; 275
nequiquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus
parte ferox ardensque oculis et sibila colla
arduus attollens; pars uulnere clauda retentat
nexamtem nodis seque in sua membra plicantem:
tali remigio nauis se tarda mouebat; 280
uela facit tamen et uelis subit ostia plenis.
Sergestum Aeneas promisso munere donat
seruatam ob nauem laetus sociosque reductos.
olli serua datur operum haud ignara Mineruae,
Cressa genus, Pholoe, geminique sub ubere nati.
285

Lines 286-361

Hoc pius Aeneas misso certamine tendit
gramineum in campum, quem collibus undique

made of silver with designs in bold relief. Now they have all received their gifts and are walking off, foreheads tied with scarlet ribbons, proud of their new wealth, when Segestus, who showing much skill has with difficulty got clear of the cruel rock, oars missing and one tier useless, brings in his boat, to mockery and no glory. As a snake, that a bronze-rimmed wheel has crossed obliquely, is often caught on the curb of a road, or like one that a passer-by has crushed with a heavy blow from a stone and left half-dead, writhes its long coils, trying in vain to escape, part aggressive, with blazing eyes, and hissing, its neck raised high in the air, part held back by the constraint of its wounds, struggling to follow with its coils, and twining back on its own length: so the ship moves slowly on with wrecked oars: nevertheless she makes sail, and under full sail reaches harbour. Aeneas presents Sergestus with the reward he promised, happy that the ship is saved, and the crew rescued. He is granted a Cretan born slave-girl, Pholoe, not unskilled in the arts of Minerva, nursing twin boys at her breast.

The Foot Race

Once this race was done Aeneas headed for a grassy space, circled round about by curving

curuis
cingebant siluae, mediaque in ualle theatri
circus erat; quo se multis cum milibus heros
consessu medium tulit exstructoque resedit. 290
hic, qui forte uelint rapido contendere cursu,
inuitat pretiis animos, et praemia ponit.
undique conueniunt Teuceri mixtique Sicani,
Nisus et Euryalus primi,
Euryalus forma insignis uiridique iuuenta, 295
Nisus amore pio pueri; quos deinde secutus
regius egregia Priami de stirpe Diores;
hunc Salius simul et Patron, quorum alter Acarnan,
alter ab Arcadio Tegeaeae sanguine gentis;
tum duo Trinacrii iuuenes, Helymus Panopesque
300
adsueti siluis, comites senioris Acestae;
multi praeterea, quos fama obscura recondit.
Aeneas quibus in mediis sic deinde locutus:
'accipite haec animis laetasque aduertite mentes.
nemo ex hoc numero mihi non donatus abibit. 305
Cnosia bina dabo leuato lucida ferro
spicula caelatamque argento ferre bipennem;
omnibus hic erit unus honos. tres praemia primi
accipient flauaque caput nequentur oliua.
primus equum phaleris insignem uictor habeto; 310
alter Amazoniam pharetram plenamque sagittis

wooded hillsides, forming an amphitheatre at the
valley's centre: the hero took himself there in the
midst of the throng many thousands strong, and
occupied a raised throne. Here if any by chance
wanted to compete in the footrace he tempted their
minds with the reward, and set the prizes. Trojans
and Sicilians gathered together from all sides,
Nisus and Euryalus the foremost among them,
Euryalus famed for his beauty, and in the flower of
youth, Nisus famed for his devoted affection for the
lad: next came princely Diores, of Priam's royal
blood, then Salius and Patron together, one an
Arcanian, the other of Arcadian blood and Tegean
race: then two young Sicilians, Helymus and
Panopes, used to the forests, companions of old
Acestes: and many others too, whose fame is lost in
obscurity. Then Aeneas amongst them spoke as
follows: "Take these words to heart, and give
pleasurable attention. None of your number will go
away without a reward from me. I'll give two
Cretan arrows, shining with polished steel, for each
man, to take away, and a double-headed axe chased
with silver: all who are present will receive the
same honour. The first three will share prizes, and
their heads will be crowned with pale-green olive:
let the first as winner take a horse decorated with

Threiciis, lato quam circum amplectitur auro
balteus et tereti subnectit fibula gemma;
tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.'
Haec ubi dicta, locum capiunt signoque repente 315
corripiunt spatia audito limenque relinquunt,
effusi nimbo similes. simul ultima signant,
primus abit longequae ante omnia corpora Nisus
emicat et uentis et fulminis ocior alis;
proximus huic, longo sed proximus interuallo, 320
insequitur Salius; spatio post deinde relicto
tertius Euryalus;
Euryalumque Helymus sequitur; quo deinde sub
ipso
ecce uolat calcemque terit iam calce Dioces
incumbens umero, spatia et si plura supersint 325
transeat elapsus prior ambiguumque relinquat.
iamque fere spatio extremo fessique sub ipsam
finem aduentabant, leui cum sanguine Nisus
labitur infelix, caesis ut forte iuuenis
fusus humum uiridisque super madefecerat herbas.
330
hic iuuenis iam uictor ouans uestigia presso
haud tenuit titubata solo, sed pronus in ipso
concidit immundoque fimo sacroque cruore.
non tamen Euryali, non ille oblitus amorum:
nam sese opposuit Salio per lubrica surgens; 335

trappings: the second an Amazonian quiver, filled
with Thracian arrows, looped with a broad belt of
gold and fastened by a clasp with a polished gem:
let the third leave content with this Argive helmet."
When he had finished they took their places and,
suddenly, on hearing the signal, they left the barrier
and shot onto the course, streaming out like a storm
cloud, gaze fixed on the goal. Nisus was off first,
and darted away, ahead of all the others, faster than
the wind or the winged lightning-bolt: Salius
followed behind him, but a long way behind: then
after a space Euryalus was third: Helymus pursued
Euryalus, and there was Dioces speeding near him,
now touching foot to foot, leaning at his shoulder:
if the course had been longer he'd have slipped past
him, and left the outcome in doubt. Now, wearied,
almost at the end of the track, they neared the
winning post itself, when the unlucky Nisus fell in
some slippery blood, which when the bullocks were
killed had chanced to drench the ground and the
green grass. Here the youth, already rejoicing at
winning, failed to keep his sliding feet on the
ground, but fell flat, straight in the slimy dirt and
sacred blood. But he didn't forget Euryalus even
then, nor his love: but, picking himself up out of
the wet, obstructed Salius, who fell head over heels

ille autem spissa iacuit reuolutus harena,
emicat Euryalus et munere uictor amici
prima tenet, plausuque uolat fremituque secundo.
post Helymus subit et nunc tertia palma Dioces.
hic totum caeuae consessum ingentis et ora 340
prima patrum magnis Salius clamoribus implet,
ereptumque dolo reddi sibi poscit honorem.
tutatur fauor Euryalum lacrimaeque decorae,
gratior et pulchro ueniens in corpore uirtus.
adiuuat et magna proclamat uoce Dioces, 345
qui subiit palmae frustra ad praemia uenit
ultima, si primi Salius reddentur honores.
tum pater Aeneas 'uestra' inquit 'munera uobis
certa manent, pueri et palmam mouet ordine nemo;
me liceat casus miserari insontis amici.' 350
sic fatus tergum Gaetuli immane leonis
dat Salius uillis onerosum atque unguibus aureis.
hic Nisus 'si tanta' inquit 'sunt praemia uictis,
et te lapsorum miseret, quae munera Nisus
digna dabis, primam merui qui laude coronam 355
ni me, quae Salius, fortuna inimica tulisset?'
et simul his dictis faciem ostentabat et udo
turpia membra fimo. risit pater optimus olli
et clipeum efferris iussit, Didymaonis artes,
Neptuni sacro Danais de poste refixum. 360
hoc iuuenem egregium praestanti munere donat.

onto the thick sand. Euryalus sped by and, darting
onwards to applause and the shouts of his
supporters, took first place, winning with his
friend's help. Helymus came in behind him, then
Dioces, now in third place. At this Salius filled the
whole vast amphitheatre, and the faces of the
foremost elders, with his loud clamour, demanding
to be given the prize stolen from him by a trick. His
popularity protects Euryalus, and fitting tears, and
ability is more pleasing in a beautiful body. Dioces
encourages him, and protests in a loud voice,
having reached the palm, but claiming the last prize
in vain, if the highest honour goes to Salius. Then
Aeneas the leader said, "Your prizes are still yours,
lads, and no one is altering the order of attainment:
but allow me to take pity on an unfortunate friend's
fate." So saying he gives Salius the huge pelt of a
Gaetolian lion, heavy with shaggy fur, its claws
gilded. At this Nisus comments: "If these are the
prizes for losing, and you pity the fallen, what
fitting gift will you grant to Nisus, who would have
earned first place through merit if ill luck had not
dogged me, as it did Salius?" And with that he
shows his face and limbs drenched with foul mud.
The best of leaders smiles at him, and orders a
shield to be brought, the work of Didymaon, once

Lines 362-484

Post, ubi confecti cursus et dona peregit,
'nunc, si cui uirtus animusque in pectore praesens,
adsit et euinctis attollat bracchia palmis':
sic ait, et geminum pugnae proponit honorem, 365
uictori uelatum auro uittisque iuuenum,
ensem atque insignem galeam solacia uicto.
nec mora; continuo uastis cum uiribus effert
ora Dares magnoque uirum se murmure tollit,
solus qui Paridem solitus contendere contra, 370
idemque ad tumulum quo maximus occubat Hector
uictorem Buten immani corpore, qui se
Bebrycia ueniens Amyci de gente ferebat,
perculit et fulua moribundum extendit harena.
talis prima Dares caput altum in proelia tollit, 375
ostenditque umeros latos alternaque iactat
bracchia protendens et uerberat ictibus auras.
quaeritur huic alius; nec quisquam ex agmine tanto
audet adire uirum manibusque inducere caestus.
ergo alacris cunctosque putans excedere palma 380
Aeneae stetit ante pedes, nec plura moratus
tum laeua taurum cornu tenet atque ita fatur:
'nate dea, si nemo audet se credere pugnae,

unpinned by the Greeks from Neptune's sacred threshold: this outstanding prize he gives to the noble youth.

The Boxing Contest

When the races were done and the gifts allotted, Aeneas cried: "Now, he who has skill and courage in his heart, let him stand here and raise his arms, his fists bound in hide." So saying he set out the double prize for the boxing, a bullock for the winner, dressed with gold and sacred ribbons, and a sword and a noble helmet to console the defeated. Without delay Dares, hugely strong, raised his face and rose, to a great murmur from the crowd, he who alone used to compete with Paris, and by that same mound where mighty Hector lies he struck the victorious Butes, borne of the Bebrycian race of Amycus, as he came forward, vast in bulk, and stretched him dying on the yellow sand. Such was Dares who lifted his head up for the bout at once, showed his broad shoulders, stretched his arms out, sparring to right and left, and threw punches at the air. A contestant was sought for him, but no one from all that crowd dared face the man, or pull the gloves on his hands. So, cheerfully thinking they had all conceded the prize, he stands before Aeneas, and without more delay holds the bullock's

quae finis standi? quo me decet usque teneri?
ducere dona iube.' cuncti simul ore fremebant 385
Dardanidae reddique uiro promissa iubebant.
Hic grauis Entellum dictis castigat Acestes,
proximus ut uiridante toro consederat herbae:
'Entelle, heroum quondam fortissime frustra,
tantane tam patiens nullo certamine tolli 390
dona sines? ubi nunc nobis deus ille, magister
nequiquam memoratus, Eryx? ubi fama per omnem
Trinacriam et spolia illa tuis pendentia tectis?'
ille sub haec: 'non laudis amor nec gloria cessit
pulsa metu; sed enim gelidus tardante senecta 395
sanguis hebet, frigentque effetae in corpore uires.
si mihi quae quondam fuerat quaque improbus iste
exultat fidens, si nunc foret illa iuuentas,
haud equidem pretio inductus pulchroque iuueno
uenissem, nec dona moror.' sic deinde locutus 400
in medium geminos immani pondere caestus
proiecit, quibus acer Eryx in proelia suetus
ferre manum duroque intendere bracchia tergo.
obstipuere animi: tantorum ingentia septem
terga bouum plumbo insuto ferroque rigebant. 405
ante omnis stupet ipse Dares longaque recusat,
magnanimusque Anchisiades et pondus et ipsa
huc illuc uinclorum immensa uolumina uersat.
tum senior talis referebat pectore uoces:

horn in his left hand and says: "Son of the goddess, if no one dare commit himself to fight, when will my standing here end? How long is it right for me to be kept waiting? Order me to lead your gift away." All the Trojans together shout their approval, and demand that what was promised be granted him. At this Entellus upbraids Acestes, sitting next to him on a stretch of green grass, with grave words: "Entellus, once the bravest of heroes, was it all in vain, will you let so great a prize be carried off without a struggle, and so tamely? Where's our divine master, Eryx, now, famous to no purpose? Where's your name throughout Sicily, and why are those spoils of battle hanging in your house?" To this Entellus replies: "It's not that quelled by fear, pride or love of fame has died: but my chill blood is dull with age's sluggishness, and the vigour in my body is lifeless and exhausted. If I had what I once had, which that boaster enjoys and relies on, if that youthfulness were mine now, then I'd certainly have stepped forward, but not seduced by prizes or handsome bullocks: I don't care about gifts." Having spoken he throws a pair of gloves of immense weight which fierce Eryx, binding the tough hide onto his hands, used to fight in, into the middle of the ring. Their minds are stunned: huge

'quid, si quis caestus ipsius et Herculis arma
uidisset 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 uiris 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 pugnans. Erycis tibi terga remitto
(solue metus), et tu Troianos exue caestus.' 420
haec fatus duplicem ex umeris reiecit amictum
et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa
lacertosque
exiit atque ingens media consistit harena.
tum satus Anchisa caestus pater extulit aequos
et paribus palmas amborum innexiit armis. 425
constitit in digitos extemplo arrectus uterque
bracchiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras.
abduxere retro longe capita ardua ab ictu
immiscentque manus manibus pugnamque
laccessunt,
ille pedum melior motu fretusque iuuenta, 430
hic membris et mole ualens; sed tarda trementi
genua labant, uastos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.

pieces of hide from seven massive oxen are stiff
with the iron and lead sewn into them. Above all
Dares himself is astonished, and declines the bout
from a distance, and Anchises's noble son turns the
huge volume and weight of the gloves backwards
and forwards. Then the older man speaks like this,
from his heart: "What if you'd seen the arms and
gloves of Hercules himself, and the fierce fight on
this very shore? Your brother Eryx once wore these
(you see that they're still stained with blood and
brain matter) He faced great Hercules in them: I
used to fight in them when more vigorous blood
granted me strength, and envious age had not yet
sprinkled my brow with snow. But if a Trojan,
Dares, shrinks from these gloves of ours, and good
Aeneas accepts it, and Acestes my sponsor agrees,
let's level the odds. I'll forgo the gloves of Eryx
(banish your fears): you, throw off your Trojan
ones." So speaking he flings his double-sided cloak
from his shoulders, baring the massive muscles of
his limbs, his thighs with their huge bones, and
stands, a giant, in the centre of the arena. Then our
ancestor, Anchises's son, lifts up a like pair of
gloves, and protects the hands of both contestants
equally. Immediately each takes up his stance,
poised on his toes, and fearlessly raises his arms

multa uiri nequiquam inter se uulnera iactant,
multa cauo lateri ingeminant et pectore uastos
dant sonitus, erratque auris et tempora circum 435
crebra manus, duro crepitant sub uulnere malae.
stat grauis Entellus nisuque immotus eodem
corpore tela modo atque oculis uigilantibus exit.
ille, uelut celsam oppugnat qui molibus urbem
aut montana sedet circum castella sub armis, 440
nunc hos, nunc illos aditus, omnemque pererrat
arte locum et uariis adsultibus inritus urget.
ostendit dextram insurgens Entellus et alte
extulit, ille ictum uenientem a uertice uelox
praeuidit celerique elapsus corpore cessit; 445
Entellus uiris in uentum effudit et ultro
ipse grauis grauiterque ad terram pondere uasto
concidit, ut quondam caua concidit aut Erymantho
aut Ida in magna radicibus eruta pinus.
consurgunt studiis Teucris et Trinacria pubes; 450
it clamor caelo primusque accurrit Acestes
aequaeuumque ab humo miserans attollit amicum.
at non tardatus casu neque territus heros
acrior ad pugnam redit ac uim suscitatur ira;
tum pudor incendit uiris et conscia uirtus, 455
praecipitemque Daren ardens agit aequore toto
nunc dextra ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistra.
nec mora nec requies: quam multa grandine nimbi

high in front of him. Keeping their heads up and well away from the blows they begin to spar, fist to fist, and provoke a battle, the one better at moving his feet, relying on his youth, the other powerful in limbs and bulk: but his slower legs quiver, his knees are unsteady, and painful gasps shake his huge body. They throw many hard punches at each other but in vain, they land many on their curved flanks, or their chests are thumped loudly, gloves often stray to ears and brows, and jaws rattle under the harsh blows. Entellus stands solidly, not moving, in the same stance, avoiding the blows with his watchful eyes and body alone. Dares, like someone who lays siege to a towering city, or surrounds a mountain fortress with weapons, tries this opening and that, seeking everywhere, with his art, and presses hard with varied but useless assaults. Then Entellus standing up to him, extends his raised right: the other, foreseeing the downward angle of the imminent blow, slides his nimble body aside, and retreats: Entellus wastes his effort on the air and the heavy man falls to the ground heavily, with his whole weight, as a hollow pine-tree, torn up by its roots, sometimes falls on Mount Erymanthus or mighty Mount Ida. The Trojans and the Sicilian youths leap up eagerly: a shout lifts to

culminibus crepitant, sic densis ictibus heros
creber utraque manu pulsat uersatque Dareta. 460
Tum pater Aeneas procedere longius iras
et saeuire animis Entellum haud passus acerbis,
sed finem imposuit pugnae fessumque Dareta
eripuit mulcens dictis ac talia fatur:
'infelix, quae tanta animum dementia cepit? 465
non uiris alias conuersaque numina sentis?
cede deo.' dixitque et proelia uoce diremit.
ast illum fidi aequales genua aegra trahentem
iactantemque utroque caput crassumque cruorem
ore eiectantem mixtosque in sanguine dentes 470
ducunt ad nauis; galeamque ensemque uocati
accipiunt, palmam Entello taurumque relinquunt.
hic uictor superans animis tauroque superbus
'nate dea, uosque haec' inquit 'cognoscite, Teucrici,
et mihi quae fuerint iuuenali in corpore uires 475
et qua seruetis reuocatum a morte Dareta.'
dixit, et aduersi contra stetit ora iuuenici
qui donum astabat pugnae, duosque reducta
librauit dextra media inter cornua caestus
arduus, effractoque inlisit in ossa cerebro: 480
sternitur exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos.
ille super talis effundit pectore uoces:
'hanc tibi, Eryx, meliorem animam pro morte
Daretis

the sky, and Acestes is the first to run forward and with sympathy raises his old friend from the ground. But that hero, not slowed or deterred by his fall, returns more eagerly to the fight, and generates power from anger. Then shame and knowledge of his own ability revive his strength, and he drives Dares in fury headlong across the whole arena, doubling his punches now, to right and left. No pause, or rest: like the storm clouds rattling their dense hailstones on the roof, as heavy are the blows from either hand, as the hero continually batters at Dares and destroys him. Then Aeneas, their leader, would not allow the wrath to continue longer, nor Entellus to rage with such bitterness of spirit, but put an end to the contest, and rescued the weary Dares, speaking gently to him with these words: "Unlucky man, why let such savagery depress your spirits? Don't you see another has the power: the gods have changed sides? Yield to the gods." He spoke and, speaking, broke up the fight. But Dare's loyal friends led him away to the ships, his weakened knees collapsing, his head swaying from side to side, spitting out clots of blood from his mouth, teeth amongst them. Called back they accept the helmet and sword, leaving the winner's palm and the bullock for Entellus. At this the victor

persoluo; hic uictor caestus artemque repono.'

Lines 485-544

Protinus Aeneas celeri certare sagitta 485
inuitat qui forte uelint et praemia dicit,
ingentique manu malum de naue Seresti
erigit et uolucrum traiecit in fune columbam,
quo tendant ferrum, malo suspendit ab alto.
conuenere uiri deiectamque aerea sortem 490
accepit galea, et primus clamore secundo
Hyrtacidae ante omnis exit locus Hippocoontis;
quem modo nauali Mnestheus certamine uictor
consequitur, uiridi Mnestheus euinctus oliua.
tertius Eurytion, tuus, o clarissime, frater, 495
Pandare, qui quondam iussus confundere foedus

exultant in spirit and glorying in the bullock, said:
"Son of the Goddess, and all you Trojans, know
now what physical strength I had in my youth, and
from what fate you've recalled and rescued Dares."
He spoke and planted himself opposite the bullock,
still standing there as prize for the bout, then,
drawing back his right fist, aimed the hard glove
between the horns and broke its skull scattering the
brains: the ox fell quivering to the ground, stretched
out lifeless. Standing over it he poured these words
from his chest: "Eryx, I offer you this, the better
animal, for Dares's life: the winner here, I
relinquish the gloves and my art."

The Archery Contest

Immediately Aeneas invites together all who might
wish to compete with their swift arrows, and sets
out the prizes. With a large company he raises a
mast from Serestus's ship, and ties a fluttering
dove, at which they can aim their shafts, to a cord
piercing the high mast. The men gather and a
bronze helmet receives the lots tossed into it: the
first of them all to be drawn, to cheers of support, is
Hippocoon son of Hyrtaces, followed by
Mnestheus, the winner of the boat race a while ago:
Mnestheus crowned with green olive. Eurytion's the
third, your brother, O famous Pandorus, who,

in medios telum torsisti primus Achiuos.
extremus galeaque ima subsedit Acestes,
ausus et ipse manu iuuenum temptare laborem.
tum ualidis flexos incuruant uiribus arcus 500
pro se quisque uiri et depromunt tela pharetris,
primaque per caelum neruo stridente sagitta
Hyrtaeidae iuuenis uolucris diuerberat auras,
et uenit aduersique infigitur arbore mali.
intremuit malus micuitque exterrita pennis 505
ales, et ingenti sonuerunt omnia plausu.
post acer Mnestheus adducto constitit arcu
alta petens, pariterque oculos telumque tetendit.
ast ipsam miserandus auem contingere ferro
non ualuit; nodos et uincola linea rupit 510
quis innexa pedem malo pendebat ab alto;
illa Notos atque atra uolans in nubila fugit.
tum rapidus, iamdudum arcu contenta parato
tela tenens, fratrem Eurytion in uota uocauit,
iam uacuo laetam caelo speculatus et alis 515
plaudentem nigra figit sub nube columbam.
decidit exanimis uitamque reliquit in astris
aetheriis fixamque refert delapsa sagittam.
Amissa solus palma superabat Acestes,
qui tamen aeras telum contendit in auras 520
ostentans artemque pater arcumque sonantem.
hic oculis subitum obicitur magnoque futurum

ordered to wreck the treaty, in the past, was the first to hurl his spear amongst the Greeks. Acestes is the last name out from the depths of the helmet, daring to try his own hand at the youthful contest. Then they take arrows from their quivers, and, each man for himself, with vigorous strength, bends the bow into an arc, and first through the air from the twanging string the son of Hyrcanus's shaft, cutting the swift breeze, reaches the mark, and strikes deep into the mast. The mast quivered, the bird fluttered its wings in fear, and there was loud applause from all sides. Then Mnestheus eagerly took his stand with bent bow, aiming high, his arrow notched level with his eyes. But to his dismay he was not able to hit the bird herself with the shaft, but broke the knots of hemp cord that tied her foot as it hung from the mast: she fled to the north wind and the dark clouds, in flight. Then Eurytion who had been holding his bow ready, with drawn arrow for some time, called on his brother to note his vow, quickly eyed the dove, enjoying the freedom of the skies, and transfixed her, as she beat her wings beneath a dark cloud. She dropped lifeless, leaving her spirit with the starry heavens, and, falling, brought back to earth the shaft that pierced her. Acestes alone remained: the prize was lost: yet he still shot his

augurio monstrum; docuit post exitus ingens
seraque terrifici cecinerunt omina uates.
namque uolans liquidis in nubibus arsit harundo
525

signauitque uiam flammis tenuisque recessit
consumpta in uentos, caelo ceu saepe refixa
transcurreunt crinemque uolantia sidera ducunt.
attonitis haesere animis superosque precati
Trinacrii Teucrique uiri, nec maximus omen 530
abnuat Aeneas, sed laetum amplexus Acesten
muneribus cumulat magnis ac talia fatur:
'sume, pater, nam te uoluit rex magnus Olympi
talibus auspiciis exsortem ducere honores.
ipsius Anchisae longaeui hoc munus habebis, 535
cratera impressum signis, quem Thracius olim
Anchisae genitori in magno munere Cisseus
ferre sui dederat monimentum et pignus amoris.'
sic fatus cingit uiridanti tempora lauro
et primum ante omnis uictorem appellat Acesten.
540

nec bonus Eurytion praelato inuidit honori,
quamuis solus auem caelo deiecit ab alto.
proximus ingreditur donis qui uincla rupit,
extremus uolucris qui fixit harundine malum.

arrow high into the air, showing an older man's skill, the bow twanging. Then a sudden wonder appeared before their eyes, destined to be of great meaning: the time to come unveiled its crucial outcome, and great seers of the future celebrated it as an omen. The arrow, flying through the passing clouds, caught fire marked out its path with flames, then vanished into thin air, as shooting stars, loosed from heaven often transit the sky, drawing their tresses after them. Astonished, the Trinacrians and Trojans stood rooted to the spot, praying to the gods: nor did their great leader Aeneas reject the sign, but embracing the joyful Acestes, loaded him with handsome gifts and spoke as follows: "Take these, old man: since the high king of Olympus shows, by these omens, that he wishes you to take extraordinary honours. You shall have this gift, owned by aged Anchises himself, a bowl engraved with figures, that Cisseus of Thrace once long ago gave Anchises my father as a memento of himself, and as a pledge of his friendship." So saying he wreathed his brow with green laurel and proclaimed Acestes the highest victor among them all. Nor did good Eurytion begrudge the special prize, though he alone brought the bird down from the sky. Next he who cut the cord stepped forward

Lines 545-603

At pater Aeneas nondum certamine misso 545
custodem ad sese comitemque impubis Iuli
Epytiden uocat, et fidam sic fatur ad aurem:
'uade age et Ascanio, si iam puerile paratum
agmen habet secum cursusque instruxit equorum,
ducat auo turmas et sese ostendat in armis 550
dic' ait. ipse omnem longo decedere circo
infusum populum et campos iubet esse patentis.
incedunt pueri pariterque ante ora parentum
frenatis lucent in equis, quos omnis euntis
Trinacriae mirata fremit Troiaequae iuuentus. 555
omnibus in morem tonsa coma pressa corona;
cornea bina ferunt praefixa hastilia ferro,
pars leuis umero pharetras; it pectore summo
flexilis obtorti per collum circulus auri.
tres equitum numero turmae ternique uagantur 560
ductores; pueri bis seni quemque secuti
agmine partito fulgent paribusque magistris.
una acies iuuenum, ducit quam paruus ouantem
nomen aui referens Priamus, tua clara, Polite,
progenies, auctura Italos; quem Thracius albis 565
portat equus bicolor maculis, uestigia primi
alba pedis frontemque ostentans arduus albam.

for his reward, and lastly he who's swift shaft had
transfixed the mast.

The Exhibition of Horsemanship

But before the match is complete Aeneas the leader
calls Epytides to him, companion and guardian of
young Iulus, and speaks into his loyal ear: "Off!
Go! Tell Ascanius, if he has his troop of boys ready
with him, and is prepared for the horse-riding to
show himself with his weapons, and lead them out
in honour of his grandfather." He himself orders the
whole crowd of people to leave the lengthy circuit,
emptying the field. The boys arrive, and glitter
together on their bridled horses under their fathers'
gaze, and the men of Troy and Sicily murmur in
admiration as they go by. They all have their hair
properly circled by a cut garland: they each carry
two cornel-wood spears tipped with steel, some
have shining quivers on their shoulders: a flexible
torque of twisted gold sits high on their chests
around the neck. The troops of horse are three in
number, and three leaders ride ahead: two groups of
six boys follow each, commanded alike and set out
in gleaming ranks. One line of youths is led
joyfully by little Priam, recalling his grandfather's
name, your noble child, Polites, seed of the Italians:
whom a piebald Thracian horse carries, showing

alter Atys, genus unde Atii duxere Latini,
paruus Atys pueroque puer dilectus Iulo.
extremus formaque ante omnis pulcher Iulus 570
Sidonio est inuectus 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, ueterumque agnoscunt ora parentum.
postquam omnem laeti consessum oculosque
suorum
lustrauere in equis, signum clamore paratis
Epytides longe dedit insonitque flagello.
olli discurrere pares atque agmina terni 580
diductis soluere choris, rursusque uocati
conuertere uias infestaque tela tulere.
inde alios ineunt cursus aliosque recursus
aduersi spatii, alternosque orbibus orbis
impediunt pugnaeque cient simulacra sub armis;
585
et nunc terga fuga nudant, nunc spicula uertunt
infensi, facta pariter nunc pace feruntur.
ut quondam Creta fertur Labyrinthus in alta
parietibus textum caecis iter ancipitemque
mille uiis habuisse dolum, qua signa sequendi 590
frangeret indeprensus et inremeabilis error;

white pasterns as it steps, and a high white
forehead. Next is Atys, from whom the Latin Atii
trace their line, little Atys, a boy loved by the boy
Iulus. Last, and most handsome of all in
appearance, Iulus himself rides a Sidonian horse,
that radiant Dido had given him as a remembrance
of herself, and a token of her love. The rest of the
youths ride the Sicilian horses of old Acestes. The
Trojans greet the shy lads with applause, and
delight in gazing at them, seeing their ancient
families in their faces. When they have ridden
happily round the whole assembly under the eyes
of their kin, Epytides with a prolonged cry gives
the agreed signal and cracks his whip. They gallop
apart in two equal detachments, the three groups
parting company, and dissolving their columns,
then, recalled, they wheel round, and charge with
level lances. Then they perform other figures and
counter-figures in opposing ranks, and weave in
circles inside counter-circles, and perform a
simulated battle with weapons. Now their backs are
exposed in flight, now they turn their spears to
charge, now ride side by side in peace. Like the
Labyrinth in mountainous Crete, they say, that
contained a path winding between blind walls,
wandering with guile through a thousand turnings,

haud alio Teucrum nati uestigia cursu
impediunt texuntque fugas et proelia ludo,
delphinum similes qui per maria umida nando
Carpathium Libycumque secant. 595
hunc morem cursus atque haec certamina primus
Ascanius, Longam muris cum cingeret Albam,
rettulit et priscos docuit celebrare Latinos,
quo puer ipse modo, secum quo Troia pubes;
Albani docuere suos; hinc maxima porro 600
accepit Roma et patrium seruauit honorem;
Troiaque nunc pueri, Troianum dicitur agmen.
hac celebrata tenus sancto certamina patri.

Lines 604-663

Hinc primum Fortuna fidem mutata nouauit.
dum uariis tumulo referunt sollemnia ludis, 605
Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Iuno
Iliacam ad classem uentosque aspirat eunti,
multa mouens necdum antiquum saturata dolorem.
illa uiam celerans per mille coloribus arcum
nulli uisa cito decurrit tramite uirgo. 610
conspicit ingentem concursum et litora lustrat
desertosque uidet portus classemque relictam.

so that undetected and irretraceable errors might foil any guidelines that might be followed: so the Trojan children twine their steps in just such a pattern, weaving battle and flight, in their display, like dolphins swimming through the ocean streams, cutting the Carpathian and Lybian waters, and playing among the waves. Ascanius first revived this kind of riding, and this contest, when he encircled Alba Longa with walls, and taught the Early Latins to celebrate it in the way he and the Trojan youth had done together: the Albans taught their children: mighty Rome received it from them in turn, and preserved the ancestral rite: and today the boys are called 'Troy' and their procession 'Trojan'. So the games are completed celebrating Aeneas's sacred father.

Juno Sends Iris to Fire the Trojan Ships

Here Fortune first alters, switching loyalties. While they, with their various games, are paying due honours to the tomb, Saturnian Juno sends Iris down from the sky to the Trojan fleet, breathing out a breeze for her passage, thinking deeply about her ancient grievance which is yet unsatisfied. Iris, hurrying on her way along a rainbow's thousand colours speeds swiftly down her track, a girl unseen. She views the great crowd, and scans the

at procul in sola secretae Troades acta
amissum Anchisen flebant, cunctaeque profundum
pontum aspectabant flentes. heu tot uada fessis 615
et tantum superesse maris, uox omnibus una;
urbem orant, taedet pelagi perferre laborem.
ergo inter medias sese haud ignara nocendi
conicit et faciemque deae uestemque reponit;
fit Beroe, Tmarii coniunx longaeua Dorycli, 620
cui genus et quondam nomen natique fuissent,
ac sic Dardanidum mediam se matribus infert.
'o miserae, quas non manus' inquit 'Achaica bello
traxerit ad letum patriae sub moenibus! o gens
infelix, cui te exitio Fortuna reseruat? 625
septima post Troiae excidium iam uertitur aestas,
cum freta, cum terras omnis, tot inhospita saxa
sideraque emensae ferimur, dum per mare magnum
Italiam sequimur fugientem et uoluimur undis.
hic Erycis fines fraterni atque hospes Acestes: 630
quis prohibet muros iacere et dare ciuibus urbem?
o patria et rapti nequiquam ex hoste penates,
nullane iam Troiae dicentur moenia? nusquam
Hectoreos amnis, Xanthum et Simoenta, uidebo?
quin agite et mecum infaustas exurite puppis. 635
nam mihi Cassandrae per somnum uatis imago
ardentis dare uisa faces: "hic quaerite Troiam;
hic domus est" inquit "uobis." iam tempus agi res,

shore, sees the harbour deserted, and the ships
abandoned. But far away on the lonely sands the
Trojan women are weeping Anchises's loss, and all,
weeping, gaze at the deep ocean. "Ah, what waves
and seas are still left for weary folk!" They are all
of one voice. They pray for a city: they tire of
enduring suffering on the waves. So Iris, not
ignorant of mischief, darts among them, setting
aside the appearance and robes of a goddess:
becoming Beroe, the old wife of Tmarian Doryclus,
who had once had family, sons, and a famous
name. and as such moves among the Trojan
mothers, saying: "O wretched ones, whom Greek
hands failed to drag to death in the war beneath our
native walls! O unhappy people what fate does
Fortune reserve for you? The seventh summer is on
the turn since Troy's destruction, and we endure the
crossing of every sea and shore, so many
inhospitable stones and stars, while we chase over
the vast sea after an Italy that flees from us, tossing
upon the waves. Here are the borders of our brother
Eryx and our host Acestes: what stops us building
walls and granting our citizens a city? O fatherland,
O gods of our houses, rescued from the enemy in
vain, will no city now be called Troy? Shall I see
nowhere a Xanthus or a Simois, Hector's rivers?

nec tantis mora prodigiis. en quattuor arae
Neptuno; deus ipse faces animumque ministrat.'
640

haec memorans prima infensum ui corripit ignem
sublataque procul dextra conixa coruscat
et iacit. arrectae mentes stupefactaque corda
Iliadum. hic una e multis, quae maxima natu,
Pyrgo, tot Priami natorum regia nutrix: 645
'non Beroe uobis, non haec Rhoeteia, matres,
est Dorycli coniunx; diuini signa decoris
ardentisque notate oculos, qui spiritus illi,
qui uultus uocisque sonus uel 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 uocantia regna,
cum dea se paribus per caelum sustulit alis
ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum.
tum uero attonitae monstris actaeque furore
conclamant, rapiuntque focus penetralibus ignem,
660

pars spoliant aras, frondem ac uirgulta facesque
coniciunt. furit immissis Uolcanus habenis

Come now, and burn these accursed ships with me. For the ghost of Cassandra, the prophetess, seemed to hand me burning torches in dream: 'Seek Troy here: here is your home' she said. Now is the time for deeds, not delay, given such portents. See, four altars to Neptune: the god himself lends us fire and the courage." So saying she first of all firmly seizes the dangerous flame and, straining to lift it high, brandishes it, and hurls it. The minds of the Trojan women are startled, and their wits stunned. Here, one of the crowd, Pyrgo, the eldest, the royal nurse of so many of Priam's sons, says: "This is not Beroe, you women, this is no wife of Rhoetitian Doryclus: look at the signs of divine beauty and the burning eyes, the spirit she possesses, her form, the sound of her voice, her footsteps as she moves. Just now I myself left Beroe, sick and unhappy, that she alone was missing so important a rite and could not pay Anchises the offerings due to him." So she speaks. At first the women gaze in uncertainty at the ships, with angry glances, torn between a wretched yearning for the land they have reached, and the kingdom fate calls them to, when the goddess, climbs the sky on soaring wings, cutting a giant rainbow in her flight through the clouds. Then truly amazed at the wonder, and driven by

transtra per et remos et pictas abiete puppis.

Lines 664-699

Nuntius Anchisae ad tumulum cuneosque theatri
incensas perfert nauis Eumelus, et ipsi 665

respiciunt atram in nimbo uolitare fauillam.

primus et Ascanius, cursus ut laetus equestris

ducebat, sic acer equo turbata petiuit

castra, nec exanimes possunt retinere magistri.

'quis furor iste nouus? quo nunc, quo tenditis' inquit
670

'heu miserae ciues? non hostem inimicaque castra

Argiium, uestras spes uritis. en, ego uester

Ascanius!'—galeam ante pedes proiecit inanem,

qua ludo indutus belli simulacra ciebat.

accelerat simul Aeneas, simul agmina Teucrum.

675

ast illae diuersa metu per litora passim

diffugiunt, siluasque et sicubi concaua furtim

saxa petunt; piget incepti lucisque, suosque

mutatae agnoscunt excussaque pectore Iuno est.

Sed non idcirco flamma atque incendia uiris 680

indomitas posuere; udo sub robore uiuit

madness, they cry out and some snatch fire from
the innermost hearths, others strip the altars, and
throw on leaves and twigs and burning brands. Fire
rages unchecked among the benches, and oars, and
the hulls of painted pine.

The Fleet Is Saved

Eumelus carries the news of the burning ships to
Anchises's tomb and the ranks of the amphitheatre,
and looking behind them they themselves see dark
ash floating upwards in a cloud. Ascanius is first to
turn his horse eagerly towards the troubled
encampment, as joyfully as he led his galloping
troop, and his breathless guardians cannot reign
him back. "What new madness is this? He cries.

"What now, what do you aim at, wretched women?
You're burning your own hopes not the enemy, nor
a hostile Greek camp. See I am your Ascanius!"

And he flung his empty helmet in front of his feet,
that he'd worn as he'd inspired his pretence of battle
in play. Aeneas hurries there too, and the Trojan
companies. But the women scatter in fear here and
there along the shore, and stealthily head for the
woods and any cavernous rocks: they hate what
they've done and the light, with sober minds they
recognise their kin, and Juno is driven from their
hearts. But the roaring flames don't lose their

stuppa uomens tardum fumum, lentusque carinas
est uapor et toto descendit corpore pestis,
nec uires heroum infusaque flumina prosunt.
tum pius Aeneas umeris abscindere uestem 685
auxilioque uocare deos et tendere palmas:
'Iuppiter omnipotens, si nondum exosus ad unum
Troianos, si quid pietas antiqua labores
respicit humanos, da flammam euadere classi
nunc, pater, et tenuis Teucrum res eripe leto. 690
uel tu, quod superest, infesto fulmine morti,
si mereor, demitte tuaque hic obrue dextra.'
uix 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, semusta madescunt
robora, restinctus donec uapor omnis et omnes
quattuor amissis seruatae a peste carinae.

Lines 700-745

At pater Aeneas casu concussus acerbo 700
nunc huc ingentis, nunc illuc pectore curas
mutabat uersans, Siculisme resideret aruis
oblitus fatorum, Italasne capesseret oras.

indomitable fury just for that: the pitch is alight
under the wet timbers, slowly belching smoke, the
keel is gradually burned, and the pestilence sinks
through a whole hull, nor are heroic strength or
floods of water any use. Then virtuous Aeneas tears
the clothes from his chest, and calls on the gods for
help, lifting his hands: "All-powerful Jupiter, if you
don't hate the Trojans to a man, if your former
affection has regard for human suffering, let the
fleet escape the flames now, Father, and save our
slender Trojan hopes from ruin: or if I deserve this,
send what is left of us to death with your angry
lightning-bolt, and overwhelm us with your hand."
He had barely spoken, when a dark storm with
pouring rain rages without check and the high hills
and plains quake with thunder: a murky downpour
falls from the whole sky, the blackest of heavy
southerlies, and the ships are brimming, the half-
burnt timbers soaked, until all the heat is quenched,
and all the hulls except four, are saved from the
pestilence.

Nautes' Advice and Anchises' Ghost

But Aeneas, the leader, stunned by the bitter blow,
pondered his great worries, turning them this way
and that in his mind. Should he settle in Sicily's
fields, forgetting his destiny, or strike out for Italian

tum senior Nautes, unum Tritonia Pallas
quem docuit multaue insignem reddidit arte— 705
haec responsa dabat, uel quae portenderet ira
magna deum uel quae fatorum posceret ordo;
isque his Aenean solatus uocibus inquit:
'nate dea, quo fata trahunt retrahuntque sequamur;
quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.
710
est tibi Dardanius diuinae stirpis Acestes:
hunc cape consiliis socium et coniunge uolentem,
huic trade amissis superant qui nauibus et quos
pertaesum magni incepti rerumque tuarum est.
longaeuosque senes ac fessas aequore matres 715
et quidquid tecum inualidum metuensque pericli est
delige, et his habeant terris sine moenia fessi;
urbem appellabunt permissio nomine Acestam.'
Talibus incensus dictis senioris amici
tum uero in curas animo diducitur omnis; 720
et Nox atra polum bigis subuecta tenebat.
uisa dehinc caelo facies delapsa parentis
Anchisae subito talis effundere uoces:
'nate, mihi uita quondam, dum uita manebat,
care magis, nate Iliacis exercite fati, 725
imperio Iouis huc uenio, qui classibus ignem
depulit, et caelo tandem miseratus ab alto est.
consiliis pare quae nunc pulcherrima Nautes

shores? Then old Nautes, whom alone Tritonian
Pallas had taught, and rendered famous for his great
skill (she gave him answers, telling what the great
gods' anger portended, or what the course of
destiny demanded), began to solace Aeneas with
these words: "Son of the Goddess, let us follow
wherever fate ebbs or flows, whatever comes, every
fortune may be conquered by endurance. You have
Trojan Acestes of the line of the gods: let him share
your decisions and be a willing partner, entrust to
him those who remain from the lost ships, and
those tired of your great venture and your affairs:
Select also aged men and women exhausted by the
sea, and anyone with you who is frail, or afraid of
danger, and let the weary have their city in this
land: and if agreed they will call it by Acestes's
name." Then roused by such words from an aged
friend, Aeneas's heart was truly torn between so
many cares. And now black Night in her chariot,
borne upwards, occupied the heavens: and the
likeness of his father Anchises seemed to glide
down from the sky, and speak so: "Son, dearer to
me than life, when life remained, my son, troubled
by Troy's fate, I come here at Jove's command, he
who drove the fire from the ships, and at last takes
pity on you from high heaven. Follow the

dat senior; lectos iuuenes, fortissima corda,
defer in Italiam. gens dura atque aspera cultu 730
debellanda tibi Latio est. Ditis tamen ante
infernus accede domos et Auerna per alta
congressus pete, nate, meos. non me impia namque
Tartara habent, tristes umbrae, sed amoena piorum
concordia Elysiumque colo. huc casta Sibylla 735
nigrarum multo pecudum te sanguine ducet.
tum genus omne tuum et quae dentur moenia
disces.

iamque uale; torquet medios Nox umida cursus
et me saeuus equis Oriens adfluit anhelis.'
dixerat et tenuis fugit ceu fumus in auras. 740
Aeneas 'quo deinde ruis? quo proripis?' inquit,
'quem fugis? aut quis te nostris complexibus arcet?'
haec memorans cinerem et sopitos suscitatur ignis,
Pergameumque Larem et canae penetralia Uestae
farre pio et plena supplex ueneratur acerra. 745

Lines 746-778

Extemplo socios primumque accersit Acesten
et Iouis imperium et cari praecepta parentis
edocet et quae nunc animo sententia constet.
haud mora consiliis, nec iussa recusat Acestes:
transcribunt urbi matres populumque uolentem 750

handsome advice that old Nautus gives: take
chosen youth, and the bravest hearts, to Italy. In
Latium you must subdue a tough race, harshly
trained. Yet, first, go to the infernal halls of Dis,
and in deep Avernus seek a meeting with me, my
son. For impious Tartarus, with its sad shades, does
not hold me, I live in Elysium, and the lovely
gatherings of the blessed. Here the chaste Sibyl will
bring you, with much blood of black sheep. Then
you'll learn all about your race, and the city granted
you. Now: farewell. Dew-wet Night turns mid-
course, and cruel Morning, with panting steeds,
breathes on me." He spoke and fled like smoke into
thin air. "Where are you rushing to? Aeneas cried,
"Where are you hurrying? Who do you flee? Who
bars you from my embrace?" So saying he revived
the embers of the slumbering fires, and paid
reverence, humbly, with sacred grain and a full
censer, to the Trojan Lar, and the inner shrine of
white-haired Vesta.

Departure from Sicily

Immediately he summoned his companions,
Acestes first of all, and told them of Jove's
command, and his dear father's counsel, and the
decision he had reached in his mind. There was
little delay in their discussions, and Acestes did not

deponunt, animos nil magnae laudis egentis.
ipsi transtra nouant flammisque ambesa reponunt
robora nauigiis, aptant remosque rudentisque,
exigui numero, sed bello uiuida uirtus.
interea Aeneas urbem designat aratro 755
sortiturque domos; hoc Ilium et haec loca Troiam
esse iubet. gaudet regno Troianus Acestes
indicitque forum et patribus dat iura uocatis.
tum uicina astris Erycino in uertice sedes
fundatur Ueneri Idaliae, tumuloque sacerdos 760
ac lucus late sacer additus Anchiseo.
Iamque dies epulata nouem gens omnis, et aris
factus honos: placidi strauerunt aequora uenti
creber et aspirans rursus uocat Auster in altum.
exoritur procurua ingens per litora fletus; 765
complexi inter se noctemque diemque morantur.
ipsae iam matres, ipsi, quibus aspera quondam
uisa maris facies et non tolerabile numen,
ire uolunt omnemque fugae perferre laborem.
quos bonus Aeneas dictis solatur amicis 770
et consanguineo lacrimans commendat Acestae.
tris Eryci uitulos et Tempestatibus agnam
caedere deinde iubet soluique ex ordine funem.
ipse caput tonsae foliis euinctus oliuae
stans procul in prora pateram tenet, extaque salsos
775

refuse to accept his orders. They transferred the women to the new city's roll, and settled there those who wished, spirits with no desire for great glory. They themselves, thinned in their numbers, but with manhood fully alive to war, renewed the rowing benches, and replaced the timbers of the ships burnt by fire, and fitted oars and rigging. Meanwhile Aeneas marked out the city limits with a plough and allocated houses: he declared that this was Ilium and this place Troy. Acestes the Trojan revelled in his kingdom, appointed a court, and gave out laws to the assembled senate. Then a shrine of Venus of Idalia was dedicated, close to the stars, on the tip of Eryx, and they added a stretch of sacred grove, and a priest, to Anchises's tomb. When all the people had feasted for nine days, and offerings had been made at the altars, gentle winds calmed the waves and a strong Southerly called them again to sea. A great weeping rose along the curving shore: a day and a night they clung together in delay. Now the women themselves, to whom the face of the ocean had once seemed cruel, and its name intolerable, wish to go and suffer all the toils of exile. Good Aeneas comforts them with kind words and commends them to his kinsman Acestes with tears. Then he

proicit in fluctus ac uina liquentia fundit.
certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora uerrunt;
prosequitur surgens a puppi uentus euntis.

Lines 779-834

At Uenus interea Neptunum exercita curis
adloquitur talisque effundit pectore questus: 780
'Iunonis grauis ira neque exsaturabile pectus
cogunt me, Neptune, preces descendere in omnis;
quam nec longa dies pietas nec mitigat ulla,
nec Iouis imperio fatisque infracta quiescit.
non media de gente Phrygum exedissee nefandis 785
urbem odiis satis est nec poenam traxe per omnem
reliquias Troiae: cineres atque ossa peremptae
insequitur. causas tanti sciat illa furoris.
ipse mihi nuper Libycis tu testis in undis
quam molem subito excierit: maria omnia caelo
790
miscuit Aeoliis nequiquam freta procellis,
in regnis hoc ausa tuis.
per scelus ecce etiam Troianis matribus actis
exussit foede puppis et classe subegit

orders three calves to be sacrificed to Eryx, a lamb to the Storm-gods, and for the hawsers to be duly freed. He himself, standing some way off on the prow, his brow wreathed with leaves of cut olive, holds a cup, throws the entrails into the salt waves, and pours out the clear wine. A wind, rising astern, follows their departure: his friends in rivalry, strike the waves, and sweep the waters.

Venus Seeks Neptune's Help

But meanwhile Venus, tormented by anxiety speaks to Neptune, and pours out her complaints in this manner: "O Neptune, Juno's heavy anger, and her implacable heart, force me to descend to every kind of prayer, she whom no length of time nor any piety can move, nor does she rest, unwearied by fate or Jove's commands. It's not enough that in her wicked hatred she's consumed a city, at the heart of Phrygia, and dragged the survivors of Troy through extremes of punishment: she pursues the bones and ashes of the slaughtered. She alone knows the reason for such fury. You yourself are witness to the trouble she stirred lately in Libyan waters: she confused the whole sea with the sky, daring to do this within your realm, relying vainly on Aeolus's violent storm-winds. See, how, rousing the Trojan women, in her wickedness, and disgracefully, she

amissa socios ignotae linquere terrae. 795
quod superest, oro, liceat dare tuta per undas
uela tibi, liceat Laurentem attingere Thybrim,
si concessa peto, si dant ea moenia Parcae.'
tum Saturnius haec domitor maris edidit alti:
'fas omne est, Cytherea, meis te fidere regnis, 800
unde genus ducis. merui quoque; saepe furores
compressi et rabiem tantam caelique marisque.
nec minor in terris, Xanthum Simoentaque testor,
Aeneae mihi cura tui. cum Troia Achilles
exanimata sequens impingeret agmina muris, 805
milia multa daret leto, gemerentque repleti
amnes nec reperire uiam atque euoluere posset
in mare se Xanthus, Pelidae tunc ego forti
congressum Aenean nec dis nec uiribus aequis
nube caua rapui, cuperem cum uertere ab imo 810
structa meis manibus periurae moenia Troiae.
nunc quoque mens eadem perstat mihi; pelle
timores.
tutus, quos optas, portus accedet Auerni.
unus erit tantum amissum quem gurgite quaeres;
unum pro multis dabitur caput.' 815
his ubi laeta deae permulsit pectora dictis,
iungit equos auro genitor, spumantiaque addit
frena feris manibusque omnis effundit habenas.
caeruleo per summa leuis uolat aequora curru;

has burnt their fleet, and, with ships lost, to leave
their friends behind on an unknown shore. I beg
you to let the rest sail safely through your seas, let
them reach Laurentine Tiber, if I ask what is
allowed, if the Fates grant them their city." Then
the son of Saturn, the master of the deep oceans,
said this: "You've every right to trust in my realms,
Cytherea, from which you draw your own origin.
Also I've earned it: I've often controlled the rage
and fury of sea and sky. Nor has my concern been
less for your Aeneas on land (I call Xanthus and
Simois as witnesses). When Achilles chased the
Trojan ranks, in their panic, forcing them to the
wall, and sent many thousands to death, and the
rivers choked and groaned, and Xanthus could not
find his course or roll down to the sea, then it was I
who caught up Aeneas in a thick mist, as he met
that brave son of Peleus, when neither the gods nor
his own strength favoured him, though I longed to
destroy the walls of lying Troy, that my hands had
built, from the ground up. Now also my mind
remains the same: dispel your fears. He will reach
the harbours of Avernus, safely, as you ask. There
will only be one, lost in the waves, whom you will
look for: one life that will be given for the many."
When he had soothed the goddess's heart, she

subsidunt undae tumidumque sub axe tonanti 820
sternitur aequor aquis, fugiunt uasto aethere nimbi.
tum uariae comitum facies, immania cete,
et senior Glauci chorus Inousque Palaemon
Tritonesque citi Phorcique exercitus omnis;
laeua tenet Thetis et Melite Panopeaque uirgo, 825
Nisaeae Spioque Thaliaque Cymodoceque.
Hic patris Aeneae suspensam blanda uicissim
gaudia pertemptant mentem; iubet ocius omnis
attolli malos, intendi bracchia uelis.
una omnes fecere pedem pariterque sinistros, 830
nunc dextros soluere sinus; una ardua torquent
cornua detorquentque; ferunt sua flamina classem.
princeps ante omnis densum Palinurus agebat
agmen; ad hunc alii cursum contendere iussi.

Lines 835-871

iamque fere mediam caeli Nox umida metam 835
contigerat, placida laxabant membra quiete
sub remis fusi per dura sedilia nautae,
cum leuis aetheriis delapsus Somnus ab astris

joying at his words, Father Neptune yoked his wild
horses with gold, set the bits in their foaming
mouths, and, with both hands, gave them free rein.
He sped lightly over the ocean in his sea-green
chariot, the waves subsided and the expanse of
swollen waters grew calm under the thunderous
axle: the storm-clouds vanished from the open sky.
Then came his multi-formed followers, great
whales, Glaucus's aged band, Palaemon Ino's son,
the swift Tritons, and all of Phorcus's host: the left
hand taken by Thetis, Melite and virgin Panopea,
Nesaea, and Spio, Thalia, and Cymodoce. At this,
soothing joy in turn pervaded father Aeneas's
anxious mind: he ordered all to raise their masts
quickly, and the sails to be unfurled from the yard-
arms. Together they hauled on the ropes and let out
the canvas as one, now to port and now to
starboard: together they swung the high yards
about: benign winds drove the fleet along.
Palinurus, first of them all, led the close convoy:
the rest were ordered to set their course by his.

The Loss of Palinurus

And now dew-wet Night had just reached her
zenith in the sky: the sailors relaxed their limbs in
quiet rest stretched out on the hard benches beneath
the oars: when Sleep, gliding lightly down from the

aera dimouit 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 uix attollens Palinurus lumina fatur:
'mene salis placidi uultum fluctusque quietos
ignorare iubes? mene huic confidere monstro?
Aenean credam (quid enim?) fallacibus auris 850
et caeli totiens deceptus fraude sereni?'
taliam dicta dabat, clauumque adfixus et haerens
nusquam amittebat oculosque sub astra tenebat.
ecce deus ramum Lethaeo rore madentem
uique soporatum Stygia super utraque quassat 855
tempora, cunctantique natantia lumina soluit.
uix primos inopina quies laxauerat artus,
et super incumbens cum puppis parte reuulsa
cumque gubernaculo liquidas proiecit in undas
praecipitem ac socios nequiquam saepe uocantem;
860
ipse uolans tenuis se sustulit ales ad auras.
currit iter tutum non setius aequore classis
promissisque patris Neptuni interrita fertur.

heavenly stars, parted the gloomy air, and scattered
the shadows, seeking you, bringing you dark
dreams, Palinurus, though you were innocent: the
god settled on the high stern, appearing as Phorbas,
and poured these words from his mouth:
"Palinurus, son of Iasus, the seas themselves steer
the fleet, the breezes blow steadily, this hour is
granted for rest. Lay down your head and rob your
weary eyes of labour. For a little while, I myself
will take on your duty for you." Palinurus, barely
lifting his gaze, spoke to him: "Do you tell me to
trust the sea's placid face, the calm waves? Shall I
set my faith on this monster? Why should I entrust
Aeneas to the deceptive breeze, I whom a clear sky
has deceived so often?" So he spoke and clinging
hard to the tiller never relaxed his hold, and held
his sight on the stars. Behold, despite his caution,
the god shook a branch, wet with Lethe's dew,
soporific with Styx's power, over his brow, and set
free his swimming eyes. The first sudden drowse
had barely relaxed his limbs, when Sleep leant
above him and threw him headlong into the clear
waters, tearing away the tiller and part of the stern,
he calling to his friends often, in vain: while the
god raised his wings in flight into the empty air.
The fleet sailed on its way over the sea, as safely as

iamque adeo scopulos Sirenum aduecta subibat,
difficilis quondam multorumque ossibus albos 865
(tum rauca adsiduo longe sale saxa sonabant),
cum pater amisso fluitantem errare magistro
sensit, et ipse ratem nocturnis rexit in undis
multa gemens casuque animum concussus amici:
'o nimium caelo et pelago confise sereno, 870
nudus in ignota, Palinure, iacebis harena.'

before, gliding on, unaware, as father Neptune had promised. And now drawn onwards it was close to the Sirens's cliffs, tricky of old, and white with the bones of many men, (now the rocks, far off, boomed loud with the unending breakers) when the leader realised his ship was wallowing adrift, her helmsman lost, and he himself steered her through the midnight waters, sighing deeply, and shocked at heart by his friend's fate: "Oh, far too trustful of the calm sea, and the sky, you'll lie naked, Palinurus, on an unknown shore."

BOOK VI

Lines 1-55

Sic fatur lacrimans, classique immittit habenas
et tandem Euboicis Cumarum adlabitur oris.
obuertunt pelago proras; tum dente tenaci
ancora fundabat nauis et litora curuae
praetexunt puppes. iuuenum manus emicat ardens 5
litus in Hesperium; quaerit pars semina flammae
abstrusa in uenis silicis, pars densa ferarum
tectata rapit siluas inuentaue flumina monstrat.
at pius Aeneas arces quibus altus Apollo
praesidet horrendaeque procul secreta Sibyllae, 10
antrum immane, petit, magnam cui mentem
animumque
Delius inspirat uates aperitque futura.
iam subeunt Triuiae lucos atque aurea tecta.
Daedalus, ut fama est, fugiens Minoia regna
praepetibus pennis ausus se credere caelo 15
insuetum per iter gelidas enauit ad Arctos,
Chalcidicaue leuis tandem super astitit arce.
redditus his primum terris tibi, Phoebe, sacrauit
remigium alarum posuitque immania templa.
in foribus letum Androgeo; tum pendere poenas 20

The Temple at Cumae

So Aeneas spoke, weeping, gave his fleet full rein,
and glided at last to the shores of Euboean Cumae.
They turned their prows to the sea, secured the
ships' anchors, by the grip of their flukes, and the
curved boats lined the beach. The youthful band
leapt eagerly to the Hesperian shore: some sought
the means of fire contained in veins of flint, some
raided the woods the dense coverts of game,
pointing out streams they found. But pious Aeneas
sought the summits, where Apollo rules on high,
and the vast cavern nearby, the secret place of the
terrifying Sibyl, in whom the Delian prophet
inspires greatness of mind and spirit, and reveals
the future. Soon they entered the grove of Diana,
and the golden house. Daedalus, so the story goes,
fleeing from Minos's kingdom, dared to trust
himself to the air on swift wings, and, gliding on
unknown paths to the frozen North, hovered lightly
at last above the Chalcidian hill. First returning to
earth here, he dedicated his oar-like wings to you
Phoebus, and built a gigantic temple. On the doors

Cecropidae iussi (miserum!) septena quotannis
corpora natorum; stat ductis sortibus urna.
contra elata mari respondet Cnosia tellus:
hic crudelis amor tauri suppostaque furto
Pasiphae mixtumque genus prolesque biformis 25
Minotaurus inest, Ueneris monimenta nefandae,
hic labor ille domus et inextricabilis error;
magnum reginae sed enim miseratus amorem
Daedalus ipse dolos tecti ambagesque resoluit,
caeca regens filo uestigia. tu quoque magnam 30
partem opere in tanto, sineret dolor, Icare, haberes.
bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro,
bis patriae cecidere manus. quin protinus omnia
perlegerent oculis, ni iam praemissus Achates
adforet atque una Phoebi Triuiaequae sacerdos, 35
Deiphobe Glauci, fatur quae talia regi:
'non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit;
nunc grege de intacto septem mactare iuuenos
praestiterit, totidem lectas ex more bidentis.'
talibus adfata Aeneas (nec sacra morantur 40
iussa uiri) Teucros uocat alta in templa sacerdos.
Excisum Euboicae latus ingens rupis in antrum,
quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum,
unde ruunt totidem uoces, responsa Sibyllae.
uentum erat ad limen, cum uirgo 'poscere fata 45
tempus' ait; 'deus ecce deus!' cui talia fanti

the Death of Androgeos: then the Athenians, Crecrops's descendants, commanded, sadly, to pay annual tribute of seven of their sons: there the urn stands with the lots drawn. Facing it, rising from the sea, the Cretan land is depicted: and here the bull's savage passion, Pasiphae's secret union, and the Minotaur, hybrid offspring, that mixture of species, proof of unnatural relations: the artwork here is that palace, and its inextricable maze: and yet Daedalus himself, pitying the noble princess Ariadne's love, unravelled the deceptive tangle of corridors, guiding Theseus's blind footsteps with the clue of thread. You'd have shared largely in such a work, Icarus, if grief had allowed, he'd twice attempted to fashion your fate in gold, twice your father's hands fell. Eyes would have read the whole continuously, if Achates had not arrived from his errand, with Deiphobe, Glaucus's daughter, the priestess of Phoebus and Diana, who spoke to the leader: 'This moment doesn't require your sightseeing: it would be better to sacrifice seven bullocks from a virgin herd, and as many carefully chosen two-year old sheep.' Having spoken to Aeneas in this way (without delay they sacrificed as ordered) the priestess called the Trojans to her high shrine. The vast flank of the Euboean cliff is

ante fores subito non uultus, non color unus,
non compta mansere comae; sed pectus anhelum,
et rabie fera corda tument, maiorque uideri
nec mortale sonans, adflata est numine quando 50
iam propiore dei. 'cessas in uota precesque,
Tros' ait 'Aenea? cessas? neque enim ante dehiscent
attonitae magna ora domus.' et talia fata
conticuit. gelidus Teucris per dura cucurrit
ossa tremor, funditque preces rex pectore ab imo:
55

Lines 56-97

'Phoebe, grauis Troiae semper miserate labores,
Dardana qui Paridis derexti tela manusque
corpus in Aeacidae, magnas obeuntia terras
tot maria intraui duce te penitusque repostas
Massylum gentis praetentaque Syrtibus arua: 60
iam tandem Italiae fugientis prendimus oras.
hac Troiana tenus fuerit fortuna secuta;
uos quoque Pergameae iam fas est parcere genti,
dique deaeque omnes, quibus obstitit Ilium et

pitted with caves, from which a hundred wide
tunnels, a hundred mouths lead, from which as
many voices rush: the Sibyl's replies. They had
come to the threshold, when the virgin cried out: 'It
is time to question the Oracle, behold, the god, the
god!' As she so spoke in front of the doors,
suddenly neither her face nor colour were the same,
nor did her hair remain bound, but her chest
heaved, her heart swelled with wild frenzy, she
seemed taller, and sounded not-human, for now the
power of the god is closer. 'Are you slow with your
vows and prayers, Aeneas of Troy, are you slow?'
she cried. 'The great lips of the House of Inspiration
will not open without.' And so saying she fell silent.
An icy shudder ran to the Trojans' very spines, and
their leader poured out heartfelt prayers:

The Sibyl's Prophecy

'Phoebus, you who always pitied Troy's intense
suffering, who guided the hand of Paris, and the
Dardan arrow, against Achilles's body, with you as
leader I entered all those seas, encircling vast lands,
and penetrated the remote Massilian tribes and the
fields edged by Syrtes: now at last we have the
coast of elusive Italy in our grasp: Troy's ill fortune
only followed us as far as here. You too with
justice can spare the Trojan race, and all you gods

ingens
gloria Dardaniae. tuque, o sanctissima uates, 65
praescia uenturi, da (non indebita posco
regna meis fatis) Latio considerare Teucros
errantisque deos agitataque numina Troiae.
tum Phoebos et Triuiam solido de marmore templum
instituiam festosque dies de nomine Phoebi. 70
te quoque magna manent regnis penetralia nostris:
hic ego namque tuas sortis arcanaque fata
dicta meae genti ponam, lectosque sacrabo,
alma, uiros. foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
ne turbata uolent rapidis ludibria uentis; 75
ipsa canas oro.' finem dedit ore loquendi.
At Phoebi nondum patiens immanis in antro
bacchatur uates, magnum si pectore possit
excussisse deum; tanto magis ille fatigat
os rabidum, fera corda domans, fingitque
premedo. 80
ostia iamque domus patuere ingentia centum
sponte sua uatisque ferunt responsa per auras:
'o tandem magnis pelagi defuncte periculis
(sed terrae grauiora manent), in regna Lauini
Dardanidae uenient (mitte hanc de pectore curam),
85
sed non et uenisse uolent. bella, horrida bella,
et Thybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.

and goddesses to whom the great glory of Ilium and
Dardania was an offence. O most sacred of
prophetesses, you who see the future, (I ask for no
lands not owed me by my destiny) grant that we
Trojans may settle Latium, with the exiled gods and
storm-tossed powers of Troy. Then I'll dedicate a
temple of solid marble to Phoebus and Diana
Trivia, and sacred days in Phoebus's name. A noble
inner shrine waits for you too in our kingdom.
There, gracious one, I will place your oracles, and
mystic utterances spoken to my people, and
consecrate picked men. Only do not write your
verses on the leaves, lest they fly, disordered
playthings of the rushing winds: chant them from
your own mouth.' He put an end to his mouth's
speaking. But the wild prophetess raged in her
cavern, not yet submitting to Phoebus, as if she
might shake the great god from her spirit: yet he
exhausted her raving mouth all the more, taming
her wild heart, shaping her by constraint. And now
the shrine's hundred mighty lips have opened of
themselves, and carry the seer's answer through the
air: 'Oh, you who are done with all the perils of the
sea, (yet greater await you on land) the Trojans will
come to the realm of Lavinium (put that care from
your heart): but will not enjoy their coming. War,

non Simois tibi nec Xanthus nec Dorica castra
defuerint; alius Latio iam partus Achilles,
natus et ipse dea; nec Teucris addita Iuno 90
usquam aberit, cum tu supplex in rebus egenis
quas gentis Italum aut quas non oraueris urbes!
causa mali tanti coniunx iterum hospita Teucris
externique iterum thalami.
tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito, 95
qua tua te Fortuna sinet. uia prima salutis
(quod minime reris) Graia pandetur ab urbe.'

Lines 98-155

Talibus ex adyto dictis Cumaea Sibylla
horrendas canit ambages antroque remugit,
obscuris uera inuoluens: ea frena furenti 100
concutit et stimulos sub pectore uertit Apollo.
ut primum cessit furor et rabida ora quierunt,
incipit Aeneas heros: 'non ulla laborum,
o uirgo, noua mi facies inopinatae 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.

fierce war, I see: and the Tiber foaming with much
blood. You will not lack a Simois, a Xanthus, a
Greek camp: even now another Achilles is born in
Latium, he too the son of a goddess: nor will Juno,
the Trojans' bane, be ever far away, while you,
humbled and destitute, what races and cities of Italy
will you not beg in! Once again a foreign bride is
the cause of all these Trojan ills, once more an alien
marriage. Do not give way to misfortunes, meet
them more bravely, as your destiny allows. The
path of safety will open up for you from where you
least imagine it, a Greek city.'

Aeneas Asks Entry to Hades

With such words, the Sibyl of Cumae chants fearful
enigmas, from her shrine, echoing from the cave,
tangling truths and mysteries: as she raves, Apollo
thrashes the reins, and twists the spur under her
breast. When the frenzy quietens, and the mad
mouth hushes, Aeneas, the Hero, begins: 'O Virgin,
no new, unexpected kind of suffering appears: I've
foreseen them all and travelled them before, in my
own spirit. One thing I ask: for they say the gate of
the King of Darkness is here, and the shadowy
marsh, Acheron's overflow: let me have sight of
my dear father, his face: show me the way, open
wide the sacred doors. I saved him, brought him out

illum ego per flammam et mille sequentia tela 110
eripui his umeris medioque ex hoste recepi;
ille meum comitatus iter maria omnia mecum
atque omnis pelagique minas caelique ferebat,
inualidus, uiris 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 Auernis),
si potuit manis accersere coniugis Orpheus
Threicia fretus cithara fidibusque canoris, 120
si fratrem Pollux alterna morte redemit
itque reditque uiam totiens. quid Thesea, magnum
quid memorem Alciden? et mi genus ab Ioue
summo.'
Talibus orabat dictis arasque tenebat,
cum sic orsa loqui uates: 'sate sanguine diuum, 125
Tros Anchisiade, facilis descensus Auerno:
noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis;
sed reuocare gradum superasque euadere ad auras,
hoc opus, hic labor est. pauci, quos aequus amauit
Iuppiter aut ardens euexit ad aethera uirtus, 130
dis geniti potuere. tenent media omnia siluae,
Cocytusque sinu labens circumuenit atro.
quod si tantus amor menti, si tanta cupido est

from the thick of the enemy, through the flames, on
these shoulders, with a thousand spears behind me:
companion on my journey, he endured with me all
the seas, all the threats of sky and ocean, weak,
beyond his power, and his allotted span of old age.
He ordered me, with prayers, to seek you out,
humbly, and approach your threshold: I ask you,
kindly one, pity both father and son: since you are
all power, not for nothing has Hecate set you to rule
the groves of Avernus. If Orpheus could summon
the shade of his wife, relying on his Thracian lyre,
its melodious strings: if Pollux, crossing that way,
and returning, so often, could redeem his brother by
dying in turn – and great Theseus, what of him, or
Hercules? – well, my race too is Jupiter's on high.'
With these words he prayed, and grasped the altar,
as the priestess began to speak: 'Trojan son of
Anchises, sprung from the blood of the gods, the
path to hell is easy: black Dis's door is open night
and day: but to retrace your steps, and go out to the
air above, that is work, that is the task. Some sons
of the gods have done it, whom favouring Jupiter
loved, or whom burning virtue lifted to heaven.
Woods cover all the middle part, and Cocytus is
round it, sliding in dark coils. But if such desire is
in your mind, such a longing to sail the Stygian

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

lake twice, and twice see Tartarus, and if it delights
you to indulge in insane effort, listen to what you
must first undertake. Hidden in a dark tree is a
golden bough, golden in leaves and pliant stem,
sacred to Persephone, the underworld's Juno, all
the groves shroud it, and shadows enclose the
secret valleys. But only one who's taken a gold-
leaved fruit from the tree is allowed to enter earth's
hidden places. This lovely Proserpine has
commanded to be brought to her as a gift: a second
fruit of gold never fails to appear when the first
one's picked, the twig's leafed with the same metal.
So look for it up high, and when you've found it
with your eyes, take it, of right, in your hand: since,
if the Fates have chosen you, it will come away
easily, freely of itself: otherwise you won't conquer
it by any force, or cut it with the sharpest steel. And
the inanimate body of your friend lies there (Ah!
You do not know) and taints your whole fleet with
death, while you seek advice and hang about our
threshold. Carry him first to his place and bury him
in the tomb. Lead black cattle there: let those be
your first offerings of atonement. Only then can
you look on the Stygian groves, and the realms
forbidden to the living.' She spoke and with closed
lips fell silent.

Lines 156-182

Aeneas maesto defixus lumina uultu
ingreditur linquens antrum, caecosque uolutat
euentus animo secum. cui fidus Achates
it comes et paribus curis uestigia figit.
multa inter sese uario sermone serebant, 160
quem socium exanimum uates, quod corpus
humandum
diceret. atque illi Misenum in litore sicco,
ut uenere, uident indigna morte peremptum,
Misenum Aeoliden, quo non praestantior alter
aere ciere uiros Martemque accendere cantu. 165
Hectoris hic magni fuerat comes, Hectora circum
et lituo pugnas insignis obibat et hasta.
postquam illum uita uictor spoliauit Achilles,
Dardanio Aeneae sese fortissimus heros
addiderat socium, non inferiora secutus. 170
sed tum, forte caua dum personat aequora concha,
demens, et cantu uocat in certamina diuos,
aemulus exceptum Triton, si credere dignum est,
inter saxa uirum spumosa immerserat unda.
ergo omnes magno circum clamore fremebant, 175
praecipue pius Aeneas. tum iussa Sibyllae,
haud mora, festinant flentes aramque sepulcri
congerere arboribus caeloque educere certant.
itur in antiquam siluam, stabula alta ferarum;

The Finding of Misenus's Body

Leaving the cave, Aeneas walked away, with sad face and downcast eyes, turning their dark fate over in his mind. Loyal Achates walked at his side and fashioned his steps with similar concern. They engaged in intricate discussion between them, as to who the dead friend, the body to be interred, was, whom the priestess spoke of. And as they passed along they saw Misenus, ruined by shameful death, on the dry sand, Misenus, son of Aeolus, than whom none was more outstanding in rousing men with the war-trumpet, kindling conflict with music. He was great Hector's friend: with Hector he went to battle, distinguished by his spear and trumpet. When victorious Achilles despoiled Hector of life, this most courageous hero joined the company of Trojan Aeneas, serving no lesser a man. But when, by chance, he foolishly made the ocean sound to a hollow conch-shell, and called gods to compete in playing, if the tale can be believed, Triton overheard him and drowned him in the foaming waves among the rocks. So, with pious Aeneas to the fore, they all mourned round the body with loud clamour. Then, without delay, weeping, they hurried to carry out the Sibyl's orders, and laboured to pile tree-trunks as a funeral pyre, raising it to the

procumbunt piceae, sonat icta securibus ilex 180
fraxinaeque trabes cuneis et fissile robur
scinditur, aduoluunt ingentis montibus ornos.

Lines 183-235

Nec non Aeneas opera inter talia primus
hortatur socios paribusque accingitur armis.
atque haec ipse suo tristi cum corde uolutat 185
aspectans siluam immensam, et sic forte precatur:
'si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus
ostendat nemore in tanto! quando omnia uere
heu nimium de te uates, Misene, locuta est.'
uix ea fatus erat, geminae cum forte columbae 190
ipsa sub ora uiri caelo uenere uolantes,
et uiridi sedere solo. tum maximus heros
maternas agnouit auis laetusque precatur:
'este duces, o, si qua uia est, cursumque per auras
derigite in lucos ubi pinguem diues opacat 195
ramus humum. tuque, o, dubiis ne defice rebus,
diua parens.' sic effatus uestigia pressit
obseruans quae signa ferant, quo tendere pergant.
pascentes illae tantum prodire uolando
quantum acie possent oculi seruare sequentum. 200
inde ubi uenere ad fauces graue olentis Auerni,
tollunt se celeres liquidumque per aera lapsae

heavens. They enter the ancient wood, the deep
coverts of wild creatures: the pine-trees fell, the
oaks rang to the blows of the axe, ash trunks and
fissile oak were split with wedges, and they rolled
large rowan trees down from the hills.

The Funeral Pyre

Aeneas was no less active in such efforts,
encouraging his companions, and employing
similar tools. And he turned things over in his own
saddened mind, gazing at the immense forest, and
by chance prayed so: 'If only that golden bough
would show itself to us now, on some such tree,
among the woods! For the prophetess spoke truly
of you Misenus, alas, only too truly.' He had barely
spoken when by chance a pair of doves came flying
down from the sky, beneath his very eyes, and
settled on the green grass. Then the great hero
knew they were his mother's birds, and prayed in
his joy: 'O be my guides, if there is some way, and
steer a course through the air, to that grove where
the rich branch casts its shadow on fertile soil. And
you mother, O goddess, don't fail me in time of
doubt.' So saying he halted his footsteps, observing
what signs the doves might give, and which
direction they might take. As they fed they went
forward in flight just as far as, following, his eyes

sedibus optatis gemina super arbore sidunt,
discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit.
quale solet siluis brumali frigore uiscum 205
fronde uirere noua, quod non sua seminat arbos,
et croceo fetu teretis circumdare truncos,
talibus erat species auri frondentis opaca
ilice, sic leni crepitabat brattea uento.
corripit Aeneas extemplo audisque refringit 210
cunctantem, et uatis portat sub tecta Sibyllae.
Nec minus interea Misenum in litore Teucri
flebant et cineri ingrato suprema ferebant.
principio pinguem taedis et robore secto
ingentem struxere pyram, cui frondibus atris 215
intexunt latera et feralis ante cupressos
constituunt, decorantque super fulgentibus armis.
pars calidos latices et aena undantia flammis
expediunt, corpusque lauunt frigentis et unguunt.
fit gemitus. tum membra toro defleta reponunt 220
purpureasque super uestis, uelamina nota,
coniciunt. pars ingenti subiere feretro,
triste ministerium, et subiectam more parentum
auersi tenuere facem. congesta cremantur
turea dona, dapes, fuso crateres oliuo. 225
postquam conlapsi cineres et flamma quieuit,
reliquias uino et bibulam lauere fauillam,
ossaque lecta cado texit Corynaeus aeno.

could keep them in sight. Then, when they reached the foul jaws of stinking Avernus, they quickly rose and, gliding through the clear air, perched on the longed-for dual-natured tree, from which the alien gleam of gold shone out, among the branches. Just as mistletoe, that does not form a tree of its own, grows in the woods in the cold of winter, with a foreign leaf, and surrounds a smooth trunk with yellow berries: such was the vision of this leafy gold in the dark oak-tree, so the foil tinkled in the light breeze. Aeneas immediately plucked it, eagerly breaking the tough bough, and carried it to the cave of the Sibylline prophetess. Meanwhile, on the shore, the Trojans were weeping bitterly for Misenus and paying their last respects to his senseless ashes. First they raised a huge pyre, heavy with cut oak and pine, weaving the sides with dark foliage, set funereal cypress in front, and decorated it above with shining weapons. Some heated water, making the cauldrons boil on the flames, and washed and anointed the chill corpse. They made lament. Then, having wept, they placed his limbs on the couch, and threw purple robes over them, his usual dress. Some raised the great bier, a sad duty, and, with averted faces, set a torch below, in ancestral fashion. Gifts were heaped on the

idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda
spargens rore leui et ramo felicis oliuae, 230
lustrauitque uiros dixitque nouissima uerba.
at pius Aeneas ingenti mole sepulcrum
imponit suaque arma uiro remumque tubamque
monte sub aereo, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
dicitur aeternumque tenet per saecula nomen. 235

Lines 236-263

His actis propere exsequitur praecepta Sibyllae.
spelunca alta fuit uastoque immanis hiatu,
scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris,
quam super haud ullae poterant impune uolantes
tendere iter pennis: talis sese halitus atris 240
faucibus effundens supera ad conuexa ferebat.
[unde locum Grai dixerunt nomine Aornum.]
quattuor hic primum nigrantis terga iuuenos
constituit frontique inuergit uina sacerdos,
et summas carpens media inter cornua saetas 245
ignibus imponit sacris, libamina prima,
uoce uocans Hecaten caeloque Ereboque potentem.

flames, of incense, foodstuffs, bowls brimming with olive-oil. When the ashes collapsed, and the blaze died, they washed the remains of the parched bones in wine, and Corynaeus, collecting the fragments, closed them in a bronze urn. Also he circled his comrades three times with pure water to purify them, sprinkling fine dew from a full olive branch, and spoke the words of parting. And virtuous Aeneas heaped up a great mound for his tomb, with the hero's own weapons, his trumpet and oar, beneath a high mountain which is called Misenus now after him, and preserves his ever-living name throughout the ages.

The Sacrifice to Hecate

This done, he quickly carried out the Sibyl's orders. There was a deep stony cave, huge and gaping wide, sheltered by a dark lake and shadowy woods, over which nothing could extend its wings in safe flight, since such a breath flowed from those black jaws, and was carried to the over-arching sky, that the Greeks called it by the name Aornos, that is Avernus, or the Bird-less. Here the priestess first of all tethered four black heifers, poured wine over their foreheads, and placed the topmost bristles that she plucked, growing between their horns, in the sacred fire, as a first offering, calling aloud to

supponunt alii cultros tepidumque cruorem
succipiunt pateris. ipse atri uelleris agnam
Aeneas matri Eumenidum magnaеque sorori 250
ense ferit, sterilemque tibi, Proserpina, uaccam;
tum Stygio regi nocturnas incohat aras
et solida imponit taurorum uiscera flammis,
pingue super oleum fundens ardentibus extis.
ecce autem primi sub limina solis et ortus 255
sub pedibus mugire solum et iuga coepta moueri
siluarum, uisaeque canes ululare per umbram
aduentante dea. 'procul, o procul este, profani,'
conclamat uates, 'totoque absistite luco;
tuque inuade uiam uaginaeque eripe ferrum: 260
nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo.'
tantum effata furens antro se immisit aperto;
ille ducem haud timidus uadentem passibus aequat.

Lines 264-294

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

Hecate, powerful in Heaven and Hell. Others slit the victim's throats and caught the warm blood in bowls. Aeneas himself sacrificed a black-fleeced lamb to Night, mother of the Furies, and Earth, her mighty sister, and a barren heifer to you, Persephone. Then he kindled the midnight altars for the Stygian King, and placed whole carcasses of bulls on the flames, pouring rich oil over the blazing entrails. See now, at the dawn light of the rising sun, the ground bellowed under their feet, the wooded hills began to move, and, at the coming of the Goddess, dogs seemed to howl in the shadows. 'Away, stand far away, O you profane ones,' the priestess cried, 'absent yourselves from all this grove: and you now, Aeneas, be on your way, and tear your sword from the sheathe: you need courage, and a firm mind, now.' So saying, she plunged wildly into the open cave: he, fearlessly, kept pace with his vanishing guide.

The Entrance to Hades

You gods, whose is the realm of spirits, and you, dumb shadows, and Chaos, Phlegethon, wide silent places of the night, let me tell what I have heard: by your power, let me reveal things buried in the deep earth, and the darkness. On they went, hidden in solitary night, through gloom, through Dis's empty

Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram
perque domos Ditis uacuas et inania regna:
quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna 270
est iter in siluis, ubi caelum condidit umbra
Iuppiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem.
uestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae,
pallentesque habitant Morbi tristisque Senectus,
275
et Metus et malesuada Fames ac turpis Egestas,
terribiles uisu formae, Letumque Labosque;
tum consanguineus Leti Sopor et mala mentis
Gaudia, mortiferumque aduerso in limine Bellum,
ferreique Eumenidum thalami et Discordia demens
280
uipereum crinem uittis innexa cruentis.
in medio ramos annosaque bracchia pandit
ulmus opaca, ingens, quam sedem Somnia uulgo
uana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus haerent.
multaque praeterea uariarum monstra ferarum, 285
Centauri in foribus stabulant Scyllaeque bifformes
et centumgeminus Briareus ac belua Lerna
horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimaera,
Gorgones Harpyiaequae et forma tricorporis umbrae.
corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum 290
Aeneas strictamque aciem uenientibus offert,

halls, and insubstantial kingdom, like a path
through a wood, in the faint light under a wavering
moon, when Jupiter has buried the sky in shadow,
and black night has stolen the colour from things.
Right before the entrance, in the very jaws of
Orcus, Grief and vengeful Care have made their
beds, and pallid Sickness lives there, and sad Old
Age, and Fear, and persuasive Hunger, and vile
Need, forms terrible to look on, and Death and
Pain: then Death's brother Sleep, and Evil Pleasure
of the mind, and, on the threshold opposite, death-
dealing War, and the steel chambers of the Furies,
and mad Discord, her snaky hair entwined with
blood-wet ribbons. In the centre a vast shadowy
elm spreads its aged trunks and branches: the seat,
they say, that false Dreams hold, thronging,
clinging beneath every leaf. And many other
monstrous shapes of varied creatures, are stabled
by the doors, Centaurs and bi-formed Scylla, and
hundred-armed Briareus, and the Lernean Hydra,
hissing fiercely, and the Chimaera armed with
flame, Gorgons, and Harpies, and the triple bodied
shade, Geryon. At this, trembling suddenly with
terror, Aeneas grasped his sword, and set the naked
blade against their approach: and, if his knowing
companion had not warned him that these were

et ni docta comes tenuis sine corpore uitas
admoneat uolitare caua sub imagine formae,
inruat et frustra ferro diuerberet umbras.

Lines 295-336

Hinc uia Tartarei quae fert Acherontis ad undas.
295

turbidus hic caeno uastaque uoragine gurges
aestuat atque omnem Cocyto eructat harenam.
portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina seruat
terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento
canities inculta iacet, stant lumina flamma, 300
sordidus ex umeris nodo dependet amictus.
ipse ratem conto subigit uelisque ministrat
et ferruginea subuectat corpora cumba,
iam senior, sed cruda deo uiridisque senectus.
huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat, 305
matres atque uiri defunctaque corpora uita
magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptaeque puellae,
impositique rogis iuuenes ante ora parentum:
quam multa in siluis autumnii frigore primo
lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto 310
quam multae glomerantur aues, ubi frigidus annus
trans pontum fugat et terris immittit apicis.
stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum
tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore.

tenuous bodiless lives flitting about with a hollow
semblance of form, he would have rushed at them,
and hacked at the shadows uselessly with his
sword.

The Shores of Acheron

From here there is a road that leads to the waters of
Tartarean Acheron. Here thick with mud a
whirlpool seethes in the vast depths, and spews all
its sands into Cocytus. A grim ferryman watches
over the rivers and streams, Charon, dreadful in his
squalor, with a mass of unkempt white hair
straggling from his chin: flames glow in his eyes, a
dirty garment hangs, knotted from his shoulders.
He poles the boat and trims the sails himself, and
ferries the dead in his dark skiff, old now, but a
god's old age is fresh and green. Here all the crowd
streams, hurrying to the shores, women and men,
the lifeless bodies of noble heroes, boys and
unmarried girls, sons laid on the pyre in front of
their father's eyes: as many as the leaves that fall in
the woods at the first frost of autumn, as many as
the birds that flock to land from ocean deeps, when
the cold of the year drives them abroad and
despatches them to sunnier countries. They stood
there, pleading to be first to make the crossing,
stretching out their hands in longing for the far

nauita sed tristis nunc hos nunc accipit illos, 315
ast alios longe summotos arcet harena.
Aeneas miratus enim motusque tumultu
'dic,' ait, 'o uirgo, quid uult concursus ad amnem?
quidue petunt animae? uel quo discrimine ripas
hae linquunt, illae remis uada liuida uerrunt?' 320
olli sic breuiter fata est longaeua sacerdos:
'Anchisa generate, deum certissima proles,
Cocytus stagna alta uides Stygiamque paludem,
di cuius iurare timent et fallere numen.
haec omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba
est; 325
portitor ille Charon; hi, quos uehit unda, sepulti.
nec ripas datur horrendas et rauca fluenta
transportare prius quam sedibus ossa quierunt.
centum errant annos uolitantque haec litora circum;
tum demum admissi stagna exoptata reuisunt.' 330
constitit Anchisa satus et uestigia pressit
multa putans sortemque animo miseratus iniquam.
cernit ibi maestos et mortis honore carentis
Leucaspim et Lyciae ductorem classis Orontem,
quos simul a Troia uentosa per aequora uectos 335
obruit Auster, aqua inuoluens nauemque uirosque.

shore. But the dismal boatman accepts now these, now those, but driving others away, keeps them far from the sand. Then Aeneas, stirred and astonished at the tumult, said: 'O virgin, tell me, what does this crowding to the river mean? What do the souls want? And by what criterion do these leave the bank, and those sweep off with the oars on the leaden stream? The ancient priestess spoke briefly to him, so: 'Son of Anchises, true child of the gods, you see the deep pools of Cocytus, and the Marsh of Styx, by whose name the gods fear to swear falsely. All this crowd, you see, were destitute and unburied: that ferryman is Charon: those the waves carry were buried: he may not carry them from the fearful shore on the harsh waters before their bones are at rest in the earth. They roam for a hundred years and flit around these shores: only then are they admitted, and revisit the pools they long for.' The son of Anchises halted, and checked his footsteps, thinking deeply, and pitying their sad fate in his heart. He saw Leucaspis and Orontes, captain of the Lycian fleet, there, grieving and lacking honour in death, whom a Southerly overwhelmed, as they sailed together from Troy on the windswept waters, engulfing both the ship and crew in the waves.

Lines 337-383

Ecce gubernator sese Palinurus agebat,
qui Libyco nuper cursu, dum sidera seruat,
exciderat puppi mediis effusus in undis.
hunc ubi uix multa maestum cognouit in umbra,
340
sic prior adloquitur: 'quis te, Palinure, deorum
eripuit nobis medioque sub aequore mersit?
dic age. namque mihi, fallax haud ante repertus,
hoc uno responso animum delusit Apollo,
qui fore te ponto incolumem finisque canebat 345
uenturum Ausonios. en haec promissa fides est?'
ille autem: 'neque te Phoebi cortina fefellit,
dux Anchisiade, nec me deus aequore mersit.
namque gubernaculum multa ui forte reuulsum,
cui datus haerebam custos cursusque regebam, 350
praecipitans traxi mecum. maria aspera iuro
non ullum pro me tantum cepisse timorem,
quam tua ne spoliata armis, excussa magistro,
deficeret tantis nauis surgentibus undis.
355
tris Notus hibernas immensa per aequora noctes
uexit me uiolentus aqua; uix lumine quarto
prospexi Italiam summa sublimis ab unda.
paulatim adnabam terrae; iam tuta tenebam,
ni gens crudelis madida cum ueste grauatum

The Shade of Palinurus

Behold, there came the helmsman, Palinurus, who
fell from the stern on the Libyan passage, flung into
the midst of the waves, as he watched the stars.
When Aeneas had recognised him with difficulty
sorrowing among the deep shadows, he spoke first,
saying: 'What god tore you from us, Palinurus, and
drowned you mid-ocean? For in this one prophecy
Apollo has misled me, he whom I never found false
before, he said that you would be safe at sea and
reach Ausonia's shores. Is this the truth of his
promise?' But he replied: 'Phoebus's tripod did not
fail you, Anchises, my captain, nor did a god drown
me in the deep. By chance the helm was torn from
me with violence, as I clung there, on duty as
ordered, steering our course, and I dragged it
headlong with me. I swear by the cruel sea that I
feared less for myself than for your ship, lest
robbed of its gear, and cleared of its helmsman, it
might founder among such surging waves. The
Southerly drove me violently through the vast seas
for three stormy nights: high on the crest of a wave,
in the fourth dawn, I could just make out Italy.
Gradually I swam to shore: grasped now at safety,
but as I caught at the sharp tips of the rocks,
weighed down by my water-soaked clothes, the

prensantemque uncis manibus capita aspera montis
360
ferro inuasisset praedamque ignara putasset.
nunc me fluctus habet uersantque in litore uenti.
quod te per caeli iucundum lumen et auras,
per genitorem oro, per spes surgentis Iuli,
eripe me his, inuicte, malis: aut tu mihi terram 365
inice, namque potes, portusque require Uelinos;
aut tu, si qua uia est, si quam tibi diua creatrix
ostendit (neque enim, credo, sine numine diuum
flumina tanta paras Stygiamque innare paludem),
da dextram misero et tecum me tolle per undas, 370
sedibus ut saltem placidis in morte quiescam.'
taliam fatus erat coepit cum talia uates:
'unde haec, o Palinure, tibi tam dira cupido?
tu Stygias inhumatus aquas amnemque seuerum
Eumenidum aspicias, ripamue iniussus adibis? 375
desine fata deum flecti sperare precando,
sed cape dicta memor, duri solacia casus.
nam tua finitimi, longe lateque per urbes
prodigiis acti caelestibus, ossa piabunt
et statuent tumulum et tumulo sollempnia mittent,
380
aeternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.'
his dictis curae emotae pulsusque parumper
corde dolor tristi; gaudet cognomine terra.

savage people attacked me with knives, ignorantly
thinking me a prize. Now the waves have me, and
the winds roll me along the shore. Unconquered
one, I beg you, by the sweet light and air of heaven,
by your father, and your hopes in Iulus to come,
save me from this evil: either find Velia's harbour
again (for you can) and sprinkle earth on me, or if
there is some way, if your divine mother shows you
one (since you'd not attempt to sail such waters,
and the Stygian marsh, without a god's will, I think)
then give this wretch your hand and take me with
you through the waves that at least I might rest in
some quiet place in death.' So he spoke, and the
priestess began to reply like this: 'Where does this
dire longing of yours come from, O Palinurus? Can
you see the Stygian waters, unburied, or the grim
river of the Furies, Cocytus, or come unasked to the
shore? Cease to hope that divine fate can be
tempered by prayer. But hold my words in your
memory, as a comfort in your hardship: the nearby
peoples, from cities far and wide, will be moved by
divine omens to worship your bones, and build a
tomb, and send offerings to the tomb, and the place
will have Palinurus as its everlasting name.' His
anxiety was quelled by her words, and, for a little
while, grief was banished from his sad heart: he

Lines 384-416

Ergo iter inceptum peragunt fluuioque propinquant.
nauita quos iam inde ut Stygia prospexit ab unda
385

per tacitum nemus ire pedemque aduertere ripae,
sic prior adgreditur dictis atque increpat ultro:
'quisquis es, armatus qui nostra ad flumina tendis,
fare age, quid uenias, iam istinc et comprime
gressum.

umbrarum hic locus est, somni noctisque soporae:
390

corpora uiua nefas Stygia uectare carina.
nec uero Alciden me sum laetatus euntem
accepisse lacu, nec Thesea Pirithoumque,
dis quamquam geniti atque inuicti uiribus essent.
Tartareum ille manu custodem in uincla petiuit 395
ipsius a solio regis traxitque trementem;
hi dominam Ditis thalamo deducere adorti.'
quae contra breuiter fata est Amphrysia uates:
'nullae hic insidiae tales (absiste moueri),
nec uim tela ferunt; licet ingens ianitor antro 400
aeternum latrans exsanguis terreat umbras,
casta licet patrui seruet Proserpina limen.
Troius Aeneas, pietate insignis et armis,
ad genitorem imas Erebi descendit ad umbras.

delighted in the land being so named.

Charon the Ferryman

So they pursued their former journey, and drew near the river. Now when the Boatman saw them from the Stygian wave walking through the silent wood, and directing their footsteps towards its bank, he attacked them verbally, first, and unprompted, rebuking them: 'Whoever you are, who come armed to my river, tell me, from over there, why you're here, and halt your steps. This is a place of shadows, of Sleep and drowsy Night: I'm not allowed to carry living bodies in the Stygian boat. Truly it was no pleasure for me to take Hercules on his journey over the lake, nor Theseus and Pirithous, though they may have been children of gods, unrivalled in strength. The first came for Cerberus the watchdog of Tartarus, and dragged him away quivering from under the king's throne: the others were after snatching our Queen from Dis's chamber.' To this the prophetess of Amphrysian Apollo briefly answered: 'There's no such trickery here (don't be disturbed), our weapons offer no affront: your huge guard-dog can terrify the bloodless shades with his eternal howling: chaste Proserpine can keep to her uncle's threshold. Aeneas the Trojan, renowned in piety and warfare,

si te nulla mouet tantae pietatis imago, 405
at ramum hunc' (aperit ramum qui ueste latebat)
'agnoscas.' tumida ex ira tum corda residunt;
nec plura his. ille admirans uenerabile donum
fatalis uirgae longo post tempore uisum
caeruleam aduertit puppim ripaeque propinquat.
410

inde alias animas, quae per iuga longa sedebant,
deturbat laxatque foros; simul accipit alueo
ingentem Aenean. gemuit sub pondere cumba
sutilis et multam accepit rimosa paludem.
tandem trans fluuium incolumis uatemque
uirumque 415
informi limo glaucaque exponit in ulua.

Lines 417-439

Cerberus haec ingens latratu regna trifauci
personat aduerso recubans immanis in antro.
cui uates horrere uidens iam colla colubris
melle soporatum et medicatis frugibus offam 420
obicit. ille fame rabida tria guttura pandens
corripit obiectam, atque immania terga resoluit
fusus humi totoque ingens extenditur antro.
occupat Aeneas aditum custode sepulto
euaditque celer ripam inremeabilis undae. 425
Continuo auditae uoces uagitus et ingens

goes down to the deepest shadows of Erebus, to his father. If the idea of such affection does not move you, still you must recognise this bough.' (She showed the branch, hidden in her robes.) Then the anger in his swollen breast subsided. No more was said. Marvelling at the revered offering, of fateful twigs, seen again after so long, he turned the stern of the dark skiff towards them and neared the bank. Then he turned off the other souls who sat on the long benches, cleared the gangways: and received mighty Aeneas on board. The seamed skiff groaned with the weight and let in quantities of marsh-water through the chinks. At last, the river crossed, he landed the prophetess and the hero safe, on the unstable mud, among the blue-grey sedge.

Beyond the Acheron

Huge Cerberus sets these regions echoing with his triple-throated howling, crouching monstrously in a cave opposite. Seeing the snakes rearing round his neck, the prophetess threw him a pellet, a soporific of honey and drugged wheat. Opening his three throats, in rabid hunger, he seized what she threw and, flexing his massive spine, sank to earth spreading his giant bulk over the whole cave-floor. With the guard unconscious Aeneas won to the entrance, and quickly escaped the bank of the river

infantumque animae flentes, in limine primo
quos dulcis uitae exsortis et ab ubere raptos
abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo;
hos iuxta falso damnati crimine mortis. 430
nec uero hae sine sorte datae, sine iudice, sedes:
quaesitor Minos urnam mouet; ille silentum
consiliumque uocat uitasque et crimina discit.
proxima deinde tenent maesti loca, qui sibi letum
insontes peperere manu lucemque perosi 435
proiecere animas. quam uellent aethere in alto
nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!
fas obstat, tristisque palus inamabilis undae
alligat et nouies Styx interfusa coerces.

Lines 440-476

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
silua tegit; curae non ipsa in morte relinquunt.
his Phaedram Procrinque locis maestamque
Eriphylen 445
crudelis nati monstrantem uulnera cernit,

of no return. Immediately a loud crying of voices was heard, the spirits of weeping infants, whom a dark day stole at the first threshold of this sweet life, those chosen to be torn from the breast, and drowned in bitter death. Nearby are those condemned to die on false charges. Yet their place is not ordained without the allotted jury: Minos, the judge, shakes the urn: he convenes the voiceless court, and hears their lives and sins. Then the next place is held by those gloomy spirits who, innocent of crime, died by their own hand, and, hating the light, threw away their lives. How willingly now they'd endure poverty and harsh suffering, in the air above! Divine Law prevents it, and the sad marsh and its hateful waters binds them, and nine-fold Styx confines them.

The Shade of Dido

Not far from there the Fields of Mourning are revealed, spread out on all sides: so they name them. There, those whom harsh love devours with cruel pining are concealed in secret walkways, encircled by a myrtle grove: even in death their troubles do not leave them. Here Aeneas saw Phaedra, and Procris, and sad Eriphyle, displaying the wounds made by her cruel son, Evadne, and Pasiphae: with them walked Laodamia, and

Euadnenque et Pasiphaen; his Laodamia
it comes et iuuenis quondam, nunc femina, Caeneus
rursus et in ueterem fato reuoluta figuram.
inter quas Phoenissa recens a uulnere Dido 450
errabat silua in magna; quam Troius heros
ut primum iuxta stetit agnouitque per umbras
obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense
aut uidet aut uidisse putat per nubila lunam,
demisit lacrimas dulcique adfatus amore est: 455
'infelix Dido, uerus mihi nuntius ergo
uenerat extinctam ferroque extrema secutam?
funeris heu tibi causa fui? per sidera iuro,
per superos et si qua fides tellure sub ima est,
inuitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi. 460
sed me iussa deum, quae nunc has ire per umbras,
per loca senta situ cogunt noctemque profundam,
imperiiis egere suis; nec credere quiui
hunc tantum tibi me discessu ferre dolorem.
siste gradum teque aspectu ne subtrahe nostro. 465
quem fugis? extremum fato quod te adloquor hoc
est.'
talibus Aeneas ardentem et torua tuentem
lenibat dictis animum lacrimasque ciebat.
illa solo fixos oculos auersa tenebat
nec magis incepto uultum sermone mouetur 470
quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes.

Caeneus, now a woman, once a young man,
returned by her fate to her own form again. Among
them Phoenician Dido wandered, in the great wood,
her wound still fresh. As soon as the Trojan hero
stood near her and knew her, shadowy among the
shadows, like a man who sees, or thinks he sees,
the new moon rising through a cloud, as its month
begins, he wept tears and spoke to her with tender
affection: 'Dido, unhappy spirit, was the news, that
came to me of your death, true then, taking your
life with a blade? Alas, was I the cause of your
dying? I swear by the stars, by the gods above, by
whatever truth may be in the depths of the earth, I
left your shores unwillingly, my queen. I was
commanded by gods, who drove me by their
decrees, that now force me to go among the shades,
through places thorny with neglect, and deepest
night: nor did I think my leaving there would ever
bring such grief to you. Halt your footsteps and do
not take yourself from my sight. What do you flee?
This is the last speech with you that fate allows.'
With such words Aeneas would have calmed her
fiery spirit and wild looks, and provoked her tears.
She turned away, her eyes fixed on the ground, no
more altered in expression by the speech he had
begun than if hard flint stood there, or a cliff of

tandem corripuit sese atque inimica refugit
in nemus umbriferum, coniunx ubi pristinus illi
respondet curis aequatque Sychaeus amorem.
nec minus Aeneas casu percussus iniquo 475
prosequitur lacrimis longe et miseratur euntem.

Lines 477-534

Inde datum molitur iter. iamque arua tenebant
ultima, quae bello clari secreta frequentant.
hic illi occurrit Tydeus, hic inclutus armis
Parthenopaeus et Adrasti pallentis imago, 480
hic multum fleti ad superos belloque caduci
Dardanidae, quos ille omnis longo ordine cernens
ingemuit, Glaucumque Medontaque
Thersilochumque,
tris Antenoridas Cererique sacrum Polyboeten,
Idaemumque etiam currus, etiam arma tenentem. 485
circumstant animae dextra laeuaque frequentes,
nec uidisse semel satis est; iuuat usque morari
et conferre gradum et ueniendi discere causas.
at Danaum proceres Agamemnoniaequae phalanges
ut uidere uirum fulgentiaequae arma per umbras, 490
ingenti trepidare metu; pars uertere terga,
ceu quondam petiere rates, pars tollere uocem
exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantis.

Parian marble. At the last she tore herself away,
and, hostile to him, fled to the shadowy grove
where Sychaeus, her husband in former times,
responded to her suffering, and gave her love for
love. Aeneas, no less shaken by the injustice of
fate, followed her, far off, with his tears, and pitied
her as she went.

The Shade of Deiphobus

From there he laboured on the way that was granted
them. And soon they reached the most distant
fields, the remote places where those famous in war
crowd together. Here Tydeus met him,
Parthenopaeus glorious in arms, and the pale form
of Adrastus: here were the Trojans, wept for deeply
above, fallen in war, whom, seeing them all in their
long ranks, he groaned at, Glaucus, Medon and
Thersilochus, the three sons of Antenor,
Polyboetes, the priest of Ceres, and Idaeus still with
his chariot, and his weapons. The spirits stand there
in crowds to left and right. They are not satisfied
with seeing him only once: they delight in lingering
on, walking beside him, and learning the reason for
his coming. But the Greek princes and
Agamemnon's phalanxes, trembled with great fear,
when they saw the hero, and his gleaming weapons,
among the shades: some turned to run, as they once

Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto
Deiphobum uidet et lacerum crudeliter ora, 495
ora manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis
auribus et truncas inhonesto uulnere naris.
uix adeo agnouit pauitantum ac dira tegentem
supplicia, et notis compellat uocibus ultro:
'Deiphobe armipotens, genus alto a sanguine
Teucris, 500
quis tam crudelis optauit sumere poenas?
cui tantum de te licuit? mihi fama suprema
nocte tulit fessum uasta te caede Pelasgum
procubuisse super confusae stragis acruum.
tunc egomet tumulum Rhoeteo in litore inanem 505
constitui et magna manis ter uoce uocauit.
nomen et arma locum seruant; te, amice, nequiu
conspicere et patria decedens ponere terra.'
ad quae Priamides: 'nihil o tibi, amice, relictum;
omnia Deiphobo soluisti 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 uenit 515
Pergama et armatum peditem grauis attulit aluo,
illa chorum simulans euhantis orgia circum
ducebat Phrygias; flammam media ipsa tenebat

sought their ships: some raised a faint cry, the noise
they made belying their gaping mouths. And he
saw Deiphobus there, Priam's son, his whole body
mutilated, his face brutally torn, his face and hands
both, the ears ripped from his ruined head, his
nostrils sheared by an ugly wound. Indeed Aeneas
barely recognised the quivering form, hiding its
dire punishment, even as he called to him,
unprompted, in familiar tones: 'Deiphobus,
powerful in war, born of Teucer's noble blood, who
chose to work such brutal punishment on you?
Who was allowed to treat you so? Rumour has it
that on that final night, wearied by endless killing
of Greeks, you sank down on a pile of the
slaughtered. Then I set up an empty tomb on the
Rhoetean shore, and called on your spirit three
times in a loud voice. Your name and weapons
watch over the site: I could not see you, friend, to
set you, as I left, in your native soil.' To this Priam's
son replied: 'O my friend, you've neglected nothing:
you've paid all that's due to Deiphobus and a dead
man's spirit. My own destiny, and that Spartan
woman's deadly crime, drowned me in these
sorrows: she left me these memorials. You know
how we passed that last night in illusory joy: and
you must remember it only too well. When the

ingentem et summa Danaos ex arce uocabat.
tum me confectum curis somnoque grauatum 520
infelix habuit thalamus, pressitque iacentem
dulcis et alta quies placidaeque simillima morti.
egregia interea coniunx arma omnia tectis
emouet, et fidum capiti subduxerat ensem:
intra tecta uocat Menelaum et limina pandit, 525
scilicet id magnum sperans fore munus amanti,
et famam exstingui ueterum sic posse malorum.
quid moror? inrumpunt thalamo, comes additus una
hortator scelerum Aeolides. di, talia Graias
instaurate, pio si poenas ore reposito. 530
sed te qui uiuum casus, age fare uicissim,
attulerint. pelagine uenis erroribus actus
an monitu diuum? an quae te fortuna fatigat,
ut tristis sine sole domos, loca turbida, adires?'

Lines 535-627

Hac uice sermonum roseis Aurora quadrigis 535

fateful Horse came leaping the walls of Troy,
pregnant with the armed warriors it carried in its
womb, she led the Trojan women about, wailing in
dance, aping the Bacchic rites: she held a huge
torch in their midst, signalling to the Greeks from
the heights of the citadel. I was then in our unlucky
marriage-chamber, worn out with care, and heavy
with sleep, a sweet deep slumber weighing on me
as I lay there, the very semblance of peaceful death.
Meanwhile that illustrious wife of mine removed
every weapon from the house, even stealing my
faithful sword from under my head: she calls
Menelaus into the house and throws open the doors,
hoping I suppose it would prove a great gift for her
lover, and in that way the infamy of her past sins
might be erased. Why drag out the tale? They burst
into the room, and with them Ulysses the Aeolid,
their co-inciter to wickedness. Gods, so repay the
Greeks, if these lips I pray for vengeance with are
virtuous. But you, in turn, tell what fate has brought
you here, living. Do you come here, driven by your
wandering on the sea, or exhorted by the gods? If
not, what misfortune torments you, that you enter
these sad sunless houses, this troubled place?'

The Sibyl Describes Tartarus

While they spoke Aurora and her rosy chariot had

iam medium aethereo cursu traiecerat axem;
et fors omne datum traherent per talia tempus,
sed comes admonuit breuiterque adfata Sibylla est:
'nox ruit, Aenea; nos flendo ducimus horas.
hic locus est, partis ubi se uia findit in ambas: 540
dextera quae Ditis magni sub moenia tendit,
hac iter Elysium nobis; at laeua malorum
exercet poenas et ad impia Tartara mittit.'
Deiphobus contra: 'ne saeui, magna sacerdos;
discedam, explebo numerum reddarque tenebris.
545
i decus, i, nostrum; melioribus utere fatis.'
tantum effatus, et in uerbo uestigia torsit.
Respicit Aeneas subito et sub rupe sinistra
moenia lata uidet triplici circumdata muro,
quae rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis, 550
Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque sonantia saxa.
porta aduersa ingens solidoque adamante
columnae,
uis ut nulla uirum, non ipsi excindere bello
caelicolae ualeant; stat ferrea turris ad auras,
Tisiphoneque sedens palla succincta cruenta 555
uestibulum exsomnia seruat noctesque diesque.
hinc exaudiri gemitus et saeua sonare
uerbera, tum stridor ferri tractaeque catenae.
constitit Aeneas strepitumque exterritus hausit.

passed the zenith of her ethereal path, and they
might perhaps have spent all the time allowed in
such talk, but the Sibyl, his companion, warned him
briefly saying: 'Night approaches, Aeneas: we
waste the hours with weeping. This is the place
where the path splits itself in two: there on the right
is our road to Elysium, that runs beneath the walls
of mighty Dis: but the left works punishment on the
wicked, and sends them on to godless Tartarus.'
Deiophobus replied: 'Do not be angry, great
priestess: I will leave: I will make up the numbers,
and return to the darkness. Go now glory of our
race: enjoy a better fate.' So he spoke, and in
speaking turned away. Aeneas suddenly looked
back, and, below the left hand cliff, he saw wide
battlements, surrounded by a triple wall, and
encircled by a swift river of red-hot flames, the
Tartarean Phlegethon, churning with echoing rocks.
A gate fronts it, vast, with pillars of solid steel, that
no human force, not the heavenly gods themselves,
can overturn by war: an iron tower rises into the air,
and seated before it, Tisiphone, clothed in a blood-
wet dress, keeps guard of the doorway, sleeplessly,
night and day. Groans came from there, and the
cruel sound of the lash, then the clank of iron, and
dragging chains. Aeneas halted, and stood rooted,

'quae scelerum facies? o uirgo, effare; quibusue 560
urgentur poenis? quis tantus plangor ad auras?'
tum uates sic orsa loqui: 'dux inclute Teucrum,
nulli fas casto sceleratum insistere limen;
sed me cum lucis Hecate praefecit Auernis,
ipsa deum poenas docuit perque omnia duxit. 565
Cnosius haec Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna
castigatque auditque dolos subigitque fateri
quae quis apud superos furto laetatus inani
distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.
continuo sontis ultrix accincta flagello 570
Tisiphone quatit insultans, toruosque sinistra
intentans anguis uocat agmina saeua sororum.
tum demum horrisono stridentes cardine sacrae
panduntur portae. cernis custodia qualis
uestibulo sedeat, facies quae limina seruet? 575
quingenta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra
saeuior intus habet sedem. tum Tartarus ipse
bis patet in praeceps tantum tenditque sub umbras
quantus ad aetherium caeli suspectus Olympum.
hic genus antiquum Terrae, Titania pubes, 580
fulmine deiecti fundo uoluuntur in imo.
hic et Aloidas geminos immania uidi
corpora, qui manibus magnum rescindere caelum
adgressi superisque Iouem detrudere regnis.
uidi et crudelis dantem Salmonea poenas, 585

terrified by the noise. 'What evil is practised here?
O Virgin, tell me: by what torments are they
oppressed? Why are there such sounds in the air?'
Then the prophetess began to speak as follows:
'Famous leader of the Trojans, it is forbidden for
the pure to cross the evil threshold: but when
Hecate appointed me to the wood of Avernus, she
taught me the divine torments, and guided me
through them all. Cretan Rhadamanthus rules this
harshes of kingdoms, and hears their guilt, extracts
confessions, and punishes whoever has deferred
atonement for their sins too long till death,
delighting in useless concealment, in the world
above. Tisiphone the avenger, armed with her
whip, leaps on the guilty immediately, lashes them,
and threatening them with the fierce snakes in her
left hand, calls to her savage troop of sisters. Then
at last the accursed doors open, screeching on
jarring hinges. You comprehend what guardian sits
at the door, what shape watches the threshold? Well
still fiercer is the monstrous Hydra inside, with her
fifty black gaping jaws. There Tartarus itself falls
sheer, and stretches down into the darkness: twice
as far as we gaze upwards to heavenly Olympus.
Here the Titanic race, the ancient sons of Earth,
hurled down by the lightning-bolt, writhe in the

dum flammās Iouis et sonitus imitatur Olympi.
quattuor hic inuectus equis et lampada quassans
per Graium populos mediaeque per Elidis urbem
ibat ouans, diuumque sibi poscebat honorem,
demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen 590
aere et cornipedum pulsu simularet equorum.
at pater omnipotens densa inter nubila telum
contorsit, non ille faces nec fumea taedis
lumina, praecipitemque immani turbine adegit.
nec non et Tityon, Terrae omniparentis alumnum,
595

cernere erat, per tota nouem cui iugera corpus
porrigitur, rostroque immanis uultur obunco
immortale iecur tondens fecundaque poenis
uiscera rimaturque epulis habitatque sub alto
pectore, nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis. 600
quid memorem Lapithas, Ixiona Pirithoumque?
quos super atra silex iam iam lapsura cadentique
imminet adsimilis; lucent genialibus altis
aurea fulcra toris, epulaeque ante ora paratae
regifico luxu; Furiarum maxima iuxta 605
accubat et manibus prohibet contingere mensas,
exurgitque facem attollens atque intonat ore.
hic, quibus inuisi fratres, dum uita manebat,
pulsatusue parens et fraus innexa clienti,
aut qui diuitiis soli incubuere repertis 610

depths. And here I saw the two sons of Aloeus,
giant forms, who tried to tear down the heavens
with their hands, and topple Jupiter from his high
kingdom. And I saw Salmoneus paying a savage
penalty for imitating Jove's lightning, and the
Olympian thunder. Brandishing a torch, and drawn
by four horses he rode in triumph among the
Greeks, through Elis's city, claiming the gods'
honours as his own, a fool, who mimicked the
storm-clouds and the inimitable thunderbolt with
bronze cymbals and the sound of horses' hoof-
beats. But the all-powerful father hurled his
lighting from dense cloud, not for him fiery
torches, or pine-branches' smoky light and drove
him headlong with the mighty whirlwind. And
Tityus was to be seen as well, the foster-child of
Earth, our universal mother, whose body stretches
over nine acres, and a great vulture with hooked
beak feeds on his indestructible liver, and his
entrails ripe for punishment, lodged deep inside the
chest, groping for his feast, no respite given to the
ever-renewing tissue. Shall I speak of the Lapiths,
Ixion, Pirithous, over whom hangs a dark crag that
seems to slip and fall? High couches for their feast
gleam with golden frames, and a banquet of royal
luxury is spread before their eyes: nearby the eldest

nec partem posuere suis (quae maxima turba est),
quique ob adulterium caesi, quique arma secuti
impia nec ueriti dominorum fallere dextras,
inclusi poenam exspectant. ne quaere doceri
quam poenam, aut quae forma uiros fortunaue
mersit. 615

saxum ingens uoluunt alii, radiisque rotarum
districti pendent; sedet aeternumque sedebit
infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnis
admonet et magna testatur uoce per umbras:
"discite iustitiam moniti et non temnere diuos." 620
uendidit hic auro patriam dominumque potentem
imposuit; fixit leges pretio atque refixit;
hic thalamum inuasit natae uetitosque hymenaeos:
ausi omnes immane nefas ausoque potiti.
non, mihi si linguae centum sint oraue centum,
625

ferrea uox, omnis scelerum comprehendere formas,
omnia poenarum percurrere nomina possim.'

Lines 628-678

Fury, crouching, prevents their fingers touching the
table: rising up, and brandishing her torch, with a
voice of thunder. Here are those who hated their
brothers, in life, or struck a parent, or contrived to
defraud a client, or who crouched alone over the
riches they'd made, without setting any aside for
their kin (their crowd is largest), those who were
killed for adultery, or pursued civil war, not fearing
to break their pledges to their masters: shut in they
see their punishment. Don't ask to know that
punishment, or what kind of suffering drowns
them. Some roll huge stones, or hang spread-eagled
on wheel-spokes: wretched Theseus sits still, and
will sit for eternity: Phlegyas, the most unfortunate,
warns them all and bears witness in a loud voice
among the shades: "Learn justice: be warned, and
don't despise the gods." Here's one who sold his
country for gold, and set up a despotic lord: this
one made law and remade it for a price: he entered
his daughter's bed and a forbidden marriage: all of
them dared monstrous sin, and did what they dared.
Not if I had a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths,
a voice of iron, could I tell all the forms of
wickedness or spell out the names of every
torment.'

The Fields of Elysium

Haec ubi dicta dedit Phoebi longaeua sacerdos,
'sed iam age, carpe uiam et susceptum perface
munus;
acceleremus' ait; 'Cyclopum educta caminis 630
moenia conspicio atque aduerso fornice portas,
haec ubi nos praecepta iubent deponere dona.'
dixerat et pariter gressi per opaca uiarum
corripiunt spatium medium foribusque propinquant.
occupat Aeneas aditum corpusque recenti 635
spargit aqua ramumque aduerso in limine figit.
His demum exactis, perfecto munere diuae,
deuenero locos laetos et amoena uirecta
fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.
largior hic campos aether et lumine uestit 640
purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.
pars in gramineis exercent membra palaestris,
contendunt ludo et fulua luctantur harena;
pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina dicunt.
nec non Threicius longa cum ueste sacerdos 645
obloquitur numeris septem discrimina uocum,
iamque eadem digitis, iam pectine pulsat eburno.
hic genus antiquum Teucris, pulcherrima proles,
magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis,
Ilusque Assaracusque et Troiae Dardanus auctor.
650
arma procul currusque uirum miratur inanis;

When she had spoken of this, the aged priestess of
Apollo said: 'But come now, travel the road, and
complete the task set for you: let us hurry, I see the
battlements that were forged in the Cyclopean fires,
and the gates in the arch opposite us where we are
told to set down the gifts as ordered.' She spoke and
keeping step they hastened along the dark path
crossing the space between and arriving near the
doors. Aeneas gained the entrance, sprinkled fresh
water over his body, and set up the branch on the
threshold before him. Having at last achieved this,
the goddess's task fulfilled, they came to the
pleasant places, the delightful grassy turf of the
Fortunate Groves, and the homes of the blessed.
Here freer air and radiant light clothe the plain, and
these have their own sun, and their own stars. Some
exercise their bodies in a grassy gymnasium,
compete in sports and wrestle on the yellow sand:
others tread out the steps of a dance, and sing
songs. There Orpheus too, the long-robed priest of
Thrace, accompanies their voices with the seven-
note scale, playing now with fingers, now with the
ivory quill. Here are Teucer's ancient people,
loveliest of children, great-hearted heroes, born in
happier years, Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus
founder of Troy. Aeneas marvels from a distance at

stant terra defixae hastae passimque soluti
per campum pascuntur equi. quae gratia currum
armorumque fuit uiuis, quae cura nitentis
pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos. 655
conspicit, ecce, alios dextra laeuaque per herbam
uescentis laetumque choro paeana canentis
inter odoratum lauris nemus, unde superne
plurimus Eridani per siluam uoluitur amnis.
hic manus ob patriam pugnando uulnera passi, 660
quique sacerdotes casti, dum uita manebat,
quique pii uates et Phoebos digna locuti,
inuentas aut qui uitam excoluere per artis
quique sui memores aliquos fecere merendo:
omnibus his niuea cinguntur tempora uitta. 665
quos circumfusos sic est adfata Sibylla,
Musaeum ante omnis (medium nam plurima turba
hunc habet atque umeris exstantem suspicit altis):
'dicite, felices animae tuque optime uates,
quae regio Anchisen, quis habet locus? illius ergo
670
uenimus et magnos Erebi tranauimus amnis.'
atque huic responsum paucis ita reddidit heros:
'nulli certa domus; lucis habitamus opacis,
riparumque toros et prata recentia riuis
incolimus. sed uos, si fert ita corde uoluntas, 675
hoc superate iugum, et facili iam tramite sistam.'

their idle chariots and their weapons: their spears
fixed in the ground, and their horses scattered
freely browsing over the plain: the pleasure they
took in chariots and armour while alive, the care in
tending shining horses, follows them below the
earth. Look, he sees others on the grass to right and
left, feasting, and singing a joyful paean in chorus,
among the fragrant groves of laurel, out of which
the Eridanus's broad river flows through the
woodlands to the world above. Here is the company
of those who suffered wounds fighting for their
country: and those who were pure priests, while
they lived, and those who were faithful poets,
singers worthy of Apollo, and those who improved
life, with discoveries in Art or Science, and those
who by merit caused others to remember them: the
brows of all these were bound with white
headbands. As they crowded round, the Sibyl
addressed them, Musaeus above all: since he holds
the centre of the vast crowd, all looking up to him,
his tall shoulders towering above: 'Blessed spirits,
and you, greatest of Poets, say what region or place
contains Anchises. We have come here, crossing
the great rivers of Erebus, for him.' And the hero
replied to her briefly in these words: 'None of us
have a fixed abode: we live in the shadowy woods,

dixit, et ante tulit gressum camposque nitentis
desuper ostentat; dehinc summa cacumina linquunt.

Lines 679-702

At pater Anchises penitus conualle uirenti
inclusas animas superumque ad lumen ituras 680
lustrabat studio recolens, omnemque suorum
forte recensebat numerum, carosque nepotes
fataque fortunasque uirum moresque manusque.
isque ubi tendentem aduersum per gramina uidit
Aenean, alacris palmas utrasque tetendit, 685
effusaeque genis lacrimae et uox excidit ore:
'uenisti tandem, tuaque expectata parenti
uicit iter durum pietas? datur ora tueri,
nate, tua et notas audire et reddere uoces?
sic equidem ducebam animo rebarque futurum 690
tempora dinumerans, nec me mea cura fefellit.
quas ego te terras et quanta per aequora uectum
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,

and make couches of river-banks, and inhabit fresh-
water meadows. But climb this ridge, if your
hearts-wish so inclines, and I will soon set you on
an easy path.' He spoke and went on before them,
and showed them the bright plains below: then they
left the mountain heights.

The Meeting with Anchises

But deep in a green valley his father Anchises was
surveying the spirits enclosed there, destined for
the light above, thinking carefully, and was
reviewing as it chanced the numbers of his own
folk, his dear grandsons, and their fate and fortunes
as men, and their ways and works. And when he
saw Aeneas heading towards him over the grass he
stretched out both his hands eagerly, his face
streaming with tears, and a cry issued from his lips:
'Have you come at last, and has the loyalty your
father expected conquered the harsh road? Is it
granted me to see your face, my son, and hear and
speak in familiar tones? I calculated it in my mind,
and thought it would be so, counting off the hours,
nor has my trouble failed me. From travel over
what lands and seas, do I receive you! What
dangers have hurled you about, my son! How I
feared the realms of Libya might harm you!' He
answered: 'Father, your image, yours, appearing to

da, genitor, teque amplexu ne subtrahe nostro.'
sic memorans largo fletu simul ora rigabat.
ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum; 700
ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,
par leuibus uentis uolucrique simillima somno.

Lines 703-723

Interea uidet Aeneas in ualle reducta
seclusum nemus et uirgulta sonantia siluae,
Lethaeumque domos placidas qui praeonat amnem.
705
hunc circum innumerae gentes populique uolabant:
ac ueluti in pratis ubi apes aestate serena
floribus insidunt uariis et candida circum
lilia funduntur, strepit omnis murmure campus.
horrescit uisu subito causasque requirit 710
inscius Aeneas, quae sint ea flumina porro,
quiue uiri tanto complerint agmine ripas.
tum pater Anchises: 'animae, quibus altera fato
corpora debentur, Lethaei ad fluminis undam
securas latices et longa obliuia potant. 715
has equidem memorare tibi atque ostendere coram
iam pridem, hanc prolem cupio enumerare meorum,
quo magis Italia mecum laetere reperta.'

me so often, drove me to reach this threshold: My ships ride the Etruscan waves. Father, let me clasp your hand, let me, and do not draw away from my embrace.' So speaking, his face was also drowned in a flood of tears. Three times he tries to throw his arms round his father's neck, three times, clasped in vain, that semblance slips through his hands, like the light breeze, most of all like a winged dream.

The Souls Due for Re-birth

And now Aeneas saw a secluded grove in a receding valley, with rustling woodland thickets, and the river of Lethe gliding past those peaceful places. Innumerable tribes and peoples hovered round it: just as, in the meadows, on a cloudless summer's day, the bees settle on the multifarious flowers, and stream round the bright lilies, and all the fields hum with their buzzing. Aeneas was thrilled by the sudden sight, and, in ignorance, asked the cause: what the river is in the distance, who the men are crowding the banks in such numbers. Then his father Anchises answered: 'They are spirits, owed a second body by destiny, and they drink the happy waters, and a last forgetting, at Lethe's stream. Indeed, for a long time I've wished to tell you of them, and show you them face to face, to enumerate my children's descendants, so you

'o pater, anne aliquas ad caelum hinc ire putandum
est
sublimis animas iterumque ad tarda reuerti 720
corpora? quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido?
'dicam equidem nec te suspensum, nate, tenebo'
suscipit Anchises atque ordine singula pandit.

Lines 724-751

'Principio caelum ac terras camposque liquentis
lucentemque globum lunae Titaniaque astra 725
spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.
inde hominum pecudumque genus uitaeque
uolantum
et quae marmoreo fert monstra sub aequore pontus.
igneus est ollis uigor et caelestis origo 730
seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant
terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra.
hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque, neque
auras
dispiciunt clausae tenebris et carcere caeco.
quin et supremo cum lumine uita reliquit, 735
non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus
omnes
corporeae excedunt pestes, penitusque necesse est
multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.
ergo exercentur poenis ueterumque malorum

might joy with me more at finding Italy.' 'O father,
is it to be thought that any spirits go from here to
the sky above, returning again to dull matter?'
'Indeed I'll tell you, son, not keep you in doubt,'
Anchises answered, and revealed each thing in
order.

The Transmigration of Souls

'Firstly, a spirit within them nourishes the sky and
earth, the watery plains, the shining orb of the
moon, and Titan's star, and Mind, flowing through
matter, vivifies the whole mass, and mingles with
its vast frame. From it come the species of man and
beast, and winged lives, and the monsters the sea
contains beneath its marbled waves. The power of
those seeds is fiery, and their origin divine, so long
as harmful matter doesn't impede them and
terrestrial bodies and mortal limbs don't dull them.
Through those they fear and desire, and grieve and
joy, and enclosed in night and a dark dungeon, can't
see the light. Why, when life leaves them at the
final hour, still all of the evil, all the plagues of the
flesh, alas, have not completely vanished, and
many things, long hardened deep within, must of
necessity be ingrained, in strange ways. So they are
scourged by torments, and pay the price for former
sins: some are hung, stretched out, to the hollow

supplicia expendunt: aliae panduntur inanes 740
suspensae ad uentos, aliis sub gurgite uasto
infectum eluitur scelus aut exuritur igni:
quisque suos patimur manis. exinde per amplum
mittimur Elysium et pauci laeta arua tenemus,
donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe 745
concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.
has omnis, ubi mille rotam uoluere per annos,
Lethaeum ad fluuium deus euocat agmine magno,
scilicet immemores supera ut conuexa reuisant 750
rursus, et incipiant in corpora uelle reuerti.'

Lines 752-776

Dixerat Anchises natumque unaque Sibyllam
conuentus trahit in medios turbamque sonantem,
et tumulum capit unde omnis longo ordine posset
aduersos legere et uenientum discere uultus. 755
'Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quae deinde sequatur
gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
inlustris animas nostrumque in nomen ituras,
expediam dictis, et te tua fata docebo.
ille, uides, pura iuuenis qui nititur hasta, 760
proxima sorte tenet lucis loca, primus ad auras
aetherias Italo commixtus sanguine surget,
Siluius, Albanum nomen, tua postuma proles,
quem tibi longaeuo serum Lauinia coniunx

winds, the taint of wickedness is cleansed for others
in vast gulfs, or burned away with fire: each spirit
suffers its own: then we are sent through wide
Elysium, and we few stay in the joyous fields, for a
length of days, till the cycle of time, complete,
removes the hardened stain, and leaves pure
ethereal thought, and the brightness of natural air.
All these others the god calls in a great crowd to the
river Lethe, after they have turned the wheel for a
thousand years, so that, truly forgetting, they can
revisit the vault above, and begin with a desire to
return to the flesh.'

The Future Race – The Alban Kings

Anchises had spoken, and he drew the Sibyl and his
son, both together, into the middle of the gathering
and the murmuring crowd, and chose a hill from
which he could see all the long ranks opposite, and
watch their faces as they came by him. 'Come, I
will now explain what glory will pursue the
children of Dardanus, what descendants await you
of the Italian race, illustrious spirits to march
onwards in our name, and I will teach you your
destiny. See that boy, who leans on a headless
spear, he is fated to hold a place nearest the light,
first to rise to the upper air, sharing Italian blood,
Siluius, of Alban name, your last-born son, who

educet siluis regem regumque parentem, 765
unde genus Longa nostrum dominabitur Alba.
proximus ille Procas, Troianae gloria gentis,
et Capys et Numitor et qui te nomine reddet
Siluius Aeneas, pariter pietate uel armis
egregius, si umquam regnandam acceperit Albam.
770

qui iuuenes! quantas ostentant, aspice, uiris
atque umbrata gerunt ciuili tempora quercu!
hi tibi Nomentum et Gabios urbemque Fidenam,
hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces,
Pometios Castrumque Inui Bolamque Coramque;
775

haec tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine
terrae.

Lines 777-807

quin et auo comitem sese Mauortius addet
Romulus, Assaraci quem sanguinis Ilia mater
educet. uiden, ut geminae stant uertice 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 uirum: qualis Berecynthia mater
inuehitur curru Phrygias turrata per urbes 785
laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,

your wife Lavinia, late in your old age, will give
birth to in the wood, a king and the father of kings,
through whom our race will rule in Alba Longa.
Next to him is Procas, glory of the Trojan people,
and Capys and Numitor, and he who'll revive your
name, Siluius Aeneas, outstanding like you in
virtue and arms, if he might at last achieve the
Alban throne. What men! See what authority they
display, their foreheads shaded by the civic oak-
leaf crown! They will build Nomentum, Gabii, and
Fidenae's city: Collatia's fortress in the hills,
Pometii and the Fort of Inus, and Bola, and Cora.
Those will be names that are now nameless land.

The Future Race – Romulus and the Caesars

Yes, and a child of Mars will join his grandfather to
accompany him, Romulus, whom his mother Ilia
will bear, of Assaracus's line. See how Mars's twin
plumes stand on his crest, and his father marks him
out for the world above with his own emblems?
Behold, my son, under his command glorious
Rome will match earth's power and heaven's will,
and encircle seven hills with a single wall, happy in
her race of men: as Cybele, the Berecynthian 'Great
Mother', crowned with turrets, rides through the

omnis caelicolas, omnis supera alta tenentis.
huc geminas nunc flecte acies, hanc aspice gentem
Romanosque tuos. hic Caesar et omnis Iuli
progenies magnum caeli uentura sub axem. 790
hic uir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis,
Augustus Caesar, diui genus, aurea condet
saecula qui rursus Latio regnata per arua
Saturno quondam, super et Garamantas et Indos
proferet imperium; iacet extra sidera tellus, 795
extra anni solisque uias, ubi caelifer Atlas
axem umero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.
huius in aduentum iam nunc et Caspia regna
responsis horrent diuum et Maeotia tellus,
et septemgemini turbant trepida ostia Nili. 800
nec uero Alcides tantum telluris obiuit,
fixerit aripedem ceruam licet, aut Erymanthi
pacarit nemora et Lernam tremefecerit arcu;
nec qui pampineis uictor iuga flectit habenis
Liber, agens celso Nysae de uertice tigris. 805
et dubitamus adhuc uirtutem extendere factis,
aut metus Ausonia prohibet consistere terra?

Phrygian cities, delighting in her divine children,
clasping a hundred descendants, all gods, all
dwelling in the heights above. Now direct your
eyes here, gaze at this people, your own Romans.
Here is Caesar, and all the offspring of Iulus
destined to live under the pole of heaven. This is
the man, this is him, whom you so often hear
promised you, Augustus Caesar, son of the Deified,
who will make a Golden Age again in the fields
where Saturn once reigned, and extend the empire
beyond the Libyans and the Indians (to a land that
lies outside the zodiac's belt, beyond the sun's
ecliptic and the year's, where sky-carrying Atlas
turns the sphere, inset with gleaming stars, on his
shoulders): Even now the Caspian realms, and
Maeotian earth, tremble at divine prophecies of his
coming, and the restless mouths of the seven-
branched Nile are troubled. Truly, Hercules never
crossed so much of the earth, though he shot the
bronze-footed Arcadian deer, brought peace to the
woods of Erymanthus, made Lerna tremble at his
bow: nor did Bacchus, who steers his chariot, in
triumph, with reins made of vines, guiding his
tigers down from Nysa's high peak. Do we really
hesitate still to extend our power by our actions,
and does fear prevent us settling the Italian lands?

Lines 808-853

quis procul ille autem ramis insignis oliuae
sacra ferens? nosco crinis incanaque menta
regis Romani primam qui legibus urbem 810
fundabit, Curibus paruis et paupere terra
missus in imperium magnum. cui deinde subibit
otia qui rumpet patriae residesque mouebit
Tullus in arma uiros et iam desueta triumphis
agmina. quem iuxta sequitur iactantior Ancus 815
nunc quoque iam nimium gaudens popularibus
auris.

uis et Tarquinius reges animamque superbam
ultoris Bruti, fascisque uidere receptos?
consulis imperium hic primus saeuasque securis
accipiet, natosque pater noua bella mouentis 820
ad poenam pulchra pro libertate uocabit,
infelix, utcumque ferent ea facta minores:
uincet amor patriae laudumque immensa cupido.
quin Decios Drususque procul saeuumque securi
aspice Torquatum et referentem signa Camillum.
825

illae autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
concordes animae nunc et dum nocte prementur,
heu quantum inter se bellum, si lumina uitae
attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebunt,
aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monoeci 830

The Future Race – The Republic and Beyond

Who is he, though, over there, distinguished by his olive branches, carrying offerings? I know the hair and the white-bearded chin of a king of Rome, Numa, called to supreme authority from little Cures's poverty-stricken earth, who will secure our first city under the rule of law. Then Tullus will succeed him who will shatter the country's peace, and call to arms sedentary men, ranks now unused to triumphs. The over-boastful Ancus follows him closely, delighting too much even now in the people's opinion. Will you look too at Tarquin's dynasty, and the proud spirit of Brutus the avenger, the rods of office reclaimed? He'll be the first to win a consul's powers and the savage axes, and when the sons foment a new civil war, the father will call them to account, for lovely freedom's sake: ah, to be pitied, whatever posterity says of his actions: his love of country will prevail, and great appetite for glory. Ah, see over there, the Decii and Drusi, and Torquatus brutal with the axe, and Camillus rescuing the standards. But those others, you can discern, shining in matching armour, souls in harmony now, while they are cloaked in darkness, ah, if they reach the light of the living, what civil war what battle and slaughter, they'll

descendens, gener aduersis instructus Eois!
ne, pueri, ne tanta animis adsuescite bella
neu patriae ualidas in uiscera uertite uiris;
tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
proice tela manu, sanguis meus!— 835
ille triumphata Capitolia ad alta Corintho
uictor aget currum caesis insignis Achius.
eruet ille Argos Agamemnoniasque Mycenae
ipsumque Aeaciden, genus armipotens Achilli,
ultus auos Troiae templa et temerata Mineruae. 840
quis te, magne Cato, tacitum aut te, Cosse,
relinquat?
quis Gracchi genus aut geminos, duo fulmina belli,
Scipiadas, cladem Libyae, paruoque potentem
Fabricium uel te sulco, Serrane, serentem?
quo fessum rapitis, Fabii? tu Maximus ille es, 845
unus qui nobis cunctando restituis rem.
excudent alii spirantia mollius aera
(credo equidem), uiuos ducent de marmore uultus,
orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent: 850
tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
(hae tibi erunt artes), pacique imponere morem,
parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.'

cause, Julius Caesar, the father-in-law, down from
the Alpine ramparts, from the fortress of
Monoecus: Pompey, the son-in-law, opposing with
Eastern forces. My sons, don't inure your spirits to
such wars, never turn the powerful forces of your
country on itself: You be the first to halt, you, who
derive your race from heaven: hurl the sword from
your hand, who are of my blood! There's
Mummius: triumphing over Corinth, he'll drive his
chariot, victorious, to the high Capitol, famed for
the Greeks he's killed: and Aemilius Paulus, who,
avenging his Trojan ancestors, and Minerva's
desecrated shrine, will destroy Agamemnon's
Mycenae, and Argos, and Perseus the Aeacid
himself, descendant of war-mighty Achilles. Who
would pass over you in silence, great Cato, or you
Cossus, or the Gracchus's race, or the two Scipios,
war's lightning bolts, the scourges of Libya, or you
Fabricius, powerful in poverty, or you, Regulus
Serranus, sowing your furrow with seed? Fabii,
where do you hurry my weary steps? You, Fabius
Maximus, the Delayer, are he who alone renew our
State. Others (I can well believe) will hammer out
bronze that breathes with more delicacy than us,
draw out living features from the marble: plead
their causes better, trace with instruments the

Lines 854-885

Sic pater Anchises, atque haec mirantibus addit:
'aspice, ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimis 855
ingreditur uictorque uiros supereminet omnis.
hic rem Romanam magno turbante tumultu
sistet eques, sernet Poenos Gallumque rebellem,
tertiaque arma patri suspendet capta Quirino.'
atque hic Aeneas (una namque ire uidebat 860
egregium forma iuuenem et fulgentibus armis,
sed frons laeta parum et deiecto lumina uultu)
'quis, pater, ille, uirum qui sic comitatur euntem?
filius, ane aliquis magna de stirpe nepotum?
qui strepitus circa comitum! quantum instar in ipso!
865
sed nox atra caput tristi circumuolat umbra.'
tum pater Anchises lacrimis ingressus obortis:
'o gnate, ingentem luctum ne quaere tuorum;
ostendent terris hunc tantum fata nec ultra
esse sinent. nimium uobis Romana propago 870
uisa potens, superi, propria haec si dona fuissent.
quantos ille uirum magnam Mauortis ad urbem

movement of the skies, and tell the rising of the constellations: remember, Roman, it is for you to rule the nations with your power, (that will be your skill) to crown peace with law, to spare the conquered, and subdue the proud.'

The Future Race – Marcellus

So father Anchises spoke, and while they marvelled, added: 'See, how Claudius Marcellus, distinguished by the Supreme Prize, comes forward, and towers, victorious, over other men. As a knight, he'll support the Roman State, turbulent with fierce confusion, strike the Cathaginians and rebellious Gauls, and dedicate captured weapons, a third time, to father Quirinus.' And, at this, Aeneas said (since he saw a youth of outstanding beauty with shining armour, walking with Marcellus, but his face lacking in joy, and his eyes downcast): 'Father, who is this who accompanies him on his way? His son: or another of his long line of descendants? What murmuring round them! What presence he has! But dark night, with its sad shadows, hovers round his head.' Then his father Aeneas, with welling tears, replied: 'O, do not ask about your people's great sorrow, my son. The Fates will only show him to the world, not allow him to stay longer. The Roman people would seem

campus aget gemitus! uel quae, Tiberine, uidebis
funera, cum tumulum praeterlabere recentem!
nec puer Iliaca quisquam de gente Latinos 875
in tantum spe tollet auos, nec Romula quondam
ullo se tantum tellus iactabit alumno.
heu pietas, heu prisca fides inuictaque bello
dextera! non illi se quisquam impune tulisset
obuius armato, seu cum pedes iret in hostem 880
seu spumantis equi foderet calcaribus armos.
heu, miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
tu Marcellus eris. manibus date lilia plenis
purpureos spargam flores animamque nepotis
his saltem accumullem donis, et fungar inani 885

Lines 886-901

munere.' sic tota passim regione uagantur
aeris in campis latis atque omnia lustrant.
quae postquam Anchises natum per singula duxit
incenditque animum famae uenientis amore,
exim bella uiro memorat quae deinde gerenda, 890
Laurentisque docet populos urbemque Latini,
et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem.
Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur

too powerful to you gods, if this gift were lasting.
What mourning from mankind that Field of Mars
will deliver to the mighty city! And what funeral
processions you, Tiber, will see, as you glide past
his new-made tomb! No boy of the line of Ilius
shall so exalt his Latin ancestors by his show of
promise, nor will Romulus's land ever take more
pride in one of its sons. Alas for virtue, alas for the
honour of ancient times, and a hand invincible in
war! No one might have attacked him safely when
armed, whether he met the enemy on foot, or dug
his spurs into the flank of his foaming charger. Ah,
boy to be pitied, if only you may shatter harsh fate,
you'll be a Marcellus! Give me handfuls of white
lilies, let me scatter radiant flowers, let me load my
scion's spirit with those gifts at least, in discharging
that poor duty.'

The Gates of Sleep

So they wander here and there through the whole
region, over the wide airy plain, and gaze at
everything. And when Anchises has led his son
through each place, and inflamed his spirit with
love of the glory that is to come, he tells him then
of the wars he must soon fight, and teaches him
about the Laurentine peoples, and the city of
Latinus, and how to avoid or face each trial. There

cornea, qua ueris facilis datur exitus umbris,
altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto, 895
sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia Manes.
his ibi tum natum Anchises unaque Sibyllam
prosequitur dictis portaque emittit eburna,
ille uiam secat ad nauis sociosque reuisit.
Tum se ad Caietae recto fert limite portum. 900
ancora de prora iacitur; stant litore puppes.

are two gates of Sleep: one of which is said to be of horn, through which an easy passage is given to true shades, the other gleams with the whiteness of polished ivory, but through it the Gods of the Dead send false dreams to the world above. After his words, Anchises accompanies his son there, and, frees him, together with the Sibyl, through the ivory gate. Aeneas makes his way to the ships and rejoins his friends: then coasts straight to Caieta's harbour along the shore. The anchors are thrown from the prows: on the shore the sterns rest.

BOOK VII

Lines 1-36

Tu quoque litoribus nostris, Aeneia nutrix,
aeternam moriens famam, Caieta, dedisti;
et nunc seruat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
Hesperia in magna, si qua est ea gloria, signat.
At pius exsequiis Aeneas rite solutis, 5
aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quierunt
aequora, tendit iter uelis portumque relinquit.
aspirant aerae in noctem nec candida cursus
luna negat, splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.
proxima Circaeae raduntur litora terrae, 10
diues inaccessos ubi Solis filia lucos
adsiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum
arguto tenuis percurrans pectine telas.
hinc exaudiri gemitus iraeque leonum 15
uincla recusantum et sera sub nocte rudentum,
saetigerique sues atque in praesepebus ursi
saeuire ac formae magnorum ululare luporum,
quos hominum ex facie dea saeua potentibus herbis
induerat Circe in uultus ac terga ferarum. 20
quae ne monstra pii paterentur talia Troes

The Trojans Reach the Tiber

Caieta, Aeneas's nurse, you too have granted eternal fame to our shores in dying: tributes still protect your grave, and your name marks your bones in great Hesperia, if that is glory. Now, as soon as the open sea was calm, having paid the last rites due to custom, and raised a funeral mound, Aeneas the good left the harbour and sailed on his way. The breezes blew through the night, and a radiant moon was no inhibitor to their voyage, the sea gleaming in the tremulous light. The next shores they touched were Circe's lands, where that rich daughter of the sun makes the hidden groves echo with continual chanting, and burns fragrant cedar for nocturnal light in her proud palace, as she sets her melodious shuttle running through the fine warp. From there the angry roar of lions could be heard, chafing at their ropes, and sounding late into the night, and the rage of bristling wild-boars, and caged bears, and the howling shapes of huge wolves, whom Circe, cruel goddess, had altered from human appearance to the features and forms

delati in portus neu litora dira subirent,
Neptunus uentis impleuit uela secundis,
atque fugam dedit et praeter uada feruida uexit.
Iamque rubescebat radiis mare et aethere ab alto 25
Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis,
cum uenti posuere omnisque repente resedit
flatus, et in lento luctantur marmore tonsae.
atque hic Aeneas ingentem ex aequore lucum
prospicit. hunc inter fluuio Tiberinus amoeno 30
uerticibus rapidis et multa flauus harena
in mare prorumpit. uariae circumque supraque
adsuetae ripis uolucres et fluminis alueo
aethera mulcebant cantu lucoque uolabant.
flectere iter sociis terraeque aduertere proras 35
imperat et laetus fluuio succedit opaco.

Lines 37-106

Nunc age, qui reges, Erato, quae tempora, rerum
quis Latio antiquo fuerit status, aduena classem
cum primum Ausoniis exercitus appulit oris,
expediam, et primae reuocabo exordia pugnae. 40
tu uatem, tu, diua, mone. dicam horrida bella,
dicam acies actosque animis in funera reges,

of creatures, using powerful herbs. But Neptune filled their sails with following winds, so that Troy's virtuous race should not suffer so monstrous a fate entering the harbour, and disembarking on that fatal shore, and carried them past the boiling shallows, granting them escape. Now the sea was reddening with the sun's rays, and saffron Aurora in her rose-coloured chariot, shone from the heights of heaven, when the winds dropped and every breeze suddenly fell away, and the oars laboured slowly in the water. At this moment, gazing from the sea, Aeneas saw a vast forest. Through it the Tiber's lovely river, with swirling eddies full of golden sand, bursts to the ocean. Countless birds, around and above, that haunt the banks and streams, were delighting the heavens with their song and flying through the groves. He ordered his friends to change course and turn their prows towards land, and joyfully entered the shaded river.

King Latinus and the Oracle

Come now, Erato, and I'll tell of the kings, the times, the state of ancient Latium, when that foreign troop first landed on Ausonia's shores, and I'll recall the first fighting from its very beginning. You goddess, you must prompt your poet. I'll tell of brutal war, I'll tell of battle action, and princes

Tyrrhenamque manum totamque sub arma coactam
Hesperiam. maior rerum mihi nascitur ordo,
maius opus moueo. 45
Rex arua Latinus et urbes
iam senior longa placidas in pace regebat.
hunc Fauno et nympha genitum Laurente Marica
accipimus; Fauno Picus pater, isque parentem
te, Saturne, refert, tu sanguinis ultimus auctor.
filius huic fato diuum prolesque uirilis 50
nulla fuit, primaque oriens erepta iuuenta est.
sola domum et tantas seruabat filia sedes
iam matura uiro, iam plenis nubilis annis.
multi illam magno e Latio totaque petebant
Ausonia; petit ante alios pulcherrimus omnis 55
Turnus, auis atausque potens, quem regia coniunx
adiungi generum miro properabat amore;
sed uariis portenta deum terroribus obstant.
laurus erat tecti medio in penetralibus altis
sacra comam multosque metu seruata per annos, 60
quam pater inuentam, primas cum conderet arces,
ipse ferebatur Phoebosacrassae Latinus,
Laurentisque ab ea nomen posuisse colonis.
huius apes summum densae (mirabile dictu)
stridore ingenti liquidum trans aethera uectae 65
obsedere apicem, et pedibus per mutua nexis
examen subitum ramo frondente pendit.

driven to death by their courage, of Trojan armies,
and all of Hesperia forced to take up arms. A
greater order of things is being born, greater is the
work that I attempt. King Latinus, now old in years,
ruled fields and towns, in the tranquillity of lasting
peace. We hear he was the child of Faunus and the
Laurentine nymph, Marica. Faunus's father was
Pictus, and he boasts you, Saturn, as his, you the
first founder of the line. By divine decree, Latinus
had no male heir, his son having been snatched
from him in the dawn of first youth. There was only
a daughter to keep house in so noble a palace, now
ready for a husband, now old enough to be a bride.
Many sought her hand, from wide Latium and all
Ausonia, Turnus above all, the most handsome, of
powerful ancestry, whom the queen hastened to
link to her as her son-in-law with wonderful
affection. But divine omens, with their many
terrors, prevented it. There was a laurel, with sacred
leaves, in the high inner court in the middle of the
palace, that had been guarded with reverence for
many years. It was said that Lord Latinus himself
had discovered it, when he first built his fortress,
and dedicated it to Apollo, and from it had named
the settlers Laurentines. A dense cloud of bees
(marvellous to tell) borne through the clear air, with

continuo uates 'externum cernimus' inquit
'aduentare uirum et partis petere agmen eadem
partibus ex isdem et summa dominarier arce.' 70
praeterea, castis adolet dum altaria taedis,
et iuxta genitorem astat Lauinia uirgo,
uisa (nefas) longis comprehendere crinibus ignem
atque omnem ornatum flamma crepitante cremari,
regalisque accensa comas, accensa coronam 75
insignem gemmis; tum fumida lumine fuluo
inuolui ac totis Volcanum spargere tectis.
id uero horrendum ac uisu mirabile ferri:
namque fore inlustrem fama fatisque canebant
ipsam, sed populo magnum portendere bellum. 80
At rex sollicitus monstris oracula Fauni,
fatidici genitoris, adit lucosque sub alta
consulit Albunea, nemorum quae maxima sacro
fonte sonat saeuamque exhalat opaca mephitim.
hinc Italae gentes omnisque Oenotria tellus 85
in dubiis responsa petunt; huc dona sacerdos
cum tulit et caesarum ouium sub nocte silenti
pellibus incubuit stratis somnosque petiuit,
multa modis simulacra uidet uolitantia miris
et uarias audit uoces fruiturque deorum 90
conloquio atque imis Acheronta adfatur Auernis.
hic et tum pater ipse petens responsa Latinus
centum lanigeras mactabat rite bidentis,

a mighty humming, settled in the very top of the
tree, and hung there, their feet all tangled together,
in a sudden swarm. Immediately the prophet cried:
'I see a foreign hero, approaching, and, from a like
direction, an army seeks this same place, to rule
from the high citadel.' Then as he lit the altars with
fresh pine torches, as virgin Lavinia stood there
next to her father she seemed (horror!) to catch the
fire in her long tresses, and all her finery to burn in
crackling flame, her royally dressed tresses set
alight, her crown alight, remarkable for its jewels:
then wreathed in smoke and yellow light, she
seemed to scatter sparks through all the palace.
Truly it was talked of as a shocking and miraculous
sight: for they foretold she would be bright with
fame and fortune, but it signified a great war for her
people. Then the king, troubled by the wonder,
visited the oracle of Faunus, his far-speaking father,
and consulted the groves below high Albunea,
mightiest of forests, that echoed with the sacred
fountain, and breathed a deadly vapour from the
dark. The people of Italy, and all the Oenotrian
lands, sought answers to their doubts, from that
place: when the priest brought offerings there, and,
found sleep, in the silent night, lying on spread
fleeces of sacrificed sheep, he saw there many

atque harum effultus tergo stratisque iacebat
uelleribus: subita ex alto uox reddita luco est: 95
'ne pete conubiis natam sociare Latinis,
o mea progenies, thalamis neu crede paratis;
externi uenient generi, qui sanguine nostrum
nomen in astra ferant, quorumque a stirpe nepotes
omnia sub pedibus, qua sol utrumque recurrens 100
aspicit Oceanum, uertique regique uidebunt.'
haec responsa patris Fauni monitusque silenti
nocte datos non ipse suo premit ore Latinus,
sed circum late uolitans iam Fama per urbes
Ausonias tulerat, cum Laomedontia pubes 105
gramineo ripae religauit ab aggere classem.

Lines 107-147

Aeneas primique duces et pulcher Iulus
corpora sub ramis deponunt arboris altae,
instituantque dapes et adorea liba per herbam
subiciunt epulis (sic Iuppiter ipse monebat) 110
et Cereale solum pomis agrestibus augent.
consumptis hic forte aliis, ut uertere morsus

ghosts flitting in marvellous forms, and heard
various voices, had speech with the gods, and
talked with Acheron, in the depths of Avernus. And
here the king, Latinus, himself seeking an answer,
slaughtered a hundred woolly sheep according to
the rite, and lay there supported by their skins and
woolly fleeces: Suddenly a voice emerged from the
deep wood: 'O my son, don't try to ally your
daughter in a Latin marriage, don't place your faith
in the intended wedding: strangers will come to be
your kin, who'll lift our name to the stars by their
blood, and the children of whose race shall see all,
where the circling sun views both oceans, turning
obediently beneath their feet.' Latinus failed to keep
this reply of his Father's quiet, this warning given
in the silent night, and already Rumour flying far
and wide had carried it through the Ausonian cities,
when the children of Laomedon came to moor their
ships by the river's grassy banks.

Fulfilment of A Prophecy

Aeneas, handsome Iulus, and the foremost leaders,
settled their limbs under the branches of a tall tree,
and spread a meal: they set wheat cakes for a base
under the food (as Jupiter himself inspired them)
and added wild fruits to these tables of Ceres.
When the poor fare drove them to set their teeth

exiguam in Cererem penuria adegit edendi,
et uiolare manu malisque audacibus orbem
fatalis crusti patulis nec parcere quadris: 115
'heus, etiam mensas consumimus?' inquit Iulus,
nec plura, adludens. ea uox audita laborum
prima tulit finem, primamque loquentis ab ore
eripuit pater ac stupefactus numine pressit.
continuo 'salue fatis mihi debita tellus 120
uosque' ait 'o fidi Troiae saluete penates:
hic domus, haec patria est. genitor mihi talia
namque
(nunc repeto) Anchises fatorum arcana reliquit:
"cum te, nate, fames ignota ad litora uectum
accisis coget dapibus consumere mensas, 125
tum sperare domos defessus, ibique memento
prima locare manu molirique aggere tecta."
haec erat illa fames, haec nos suprema manebat
exitii positura modum.
quare agite et primo laeti cum lumine solis 130
quae loca, quique habeant homines, ubi moenia
gentis,
uestigemus et a portu diuersa petamus.
nunc pateras libate Ioui precibusque uocate
Anchisen genitorem, et uina reponite mensis.'
Sic deinde effatus frondenti tempora ramo 135
implicat et geniumque loci primamque deorum

into the thin discs, the rest being eaten, and to break
the fateful circles of bread boldly with hands and
jaws, not sparing the quartered cakes, Iulus,
jokingly, said no more than: 'Ha! Are we eating the
tables too?' That voice on first being heard brought
them to the end of their labours, and his father, as
the words fell from the speaker's lips, caught them
up and stopped him, awestruck at the divine will.
Immediately he said: 'Hail, land destined to me by
fate, and hail to you, O faithful gods of Troy: here
is our home, here is our country. For my father
Anchises (now I remember) left this secret of fate
with me: 'Son, when you're carried to an unknown
shore, food is lacking, and you're forced to eat the
tables, then look for a home in your weariness: and
remember first thing to set your hand on a site
there, and build your houses behind a rampart.' This
was the hunger he prophesied, the last thing
remaining, to set a limit to our ruin...come then,
and with the sun's dawn light let's cheerfully
discover what place this is, what men live here,
where this people's city is, and let's explore from
the harbour in all directions. Now pour libations to
Jove and call, with prayer, on my father Anchises,
then set out the wine once more. So saying he
wreathed his forehead with a leafy spray, and

Tellurem Nymphasque et adhuc ignota precatur
flumina, tum Noctem Noctisque orientia signa
Idaeumque Iouem Phrygiamque ex ordine matrem
inuocat, et duplicis caeloque Ereboque parentis.
140

hic pater omnipotens ter caelo clarus ab alto
intonuit, radiisque ardentem lucis et auro
ipse manu quatiens ostendit ab aethere nubem.
diditur hic subito Troiana per agmina rumor
aduenisse diem quo debita moenia condant. 145
certatim instaurant epulas atque omine magno
crateras laeti statuunt et uina coronant.

Lines 148-191

Postera cum prima lustrabat lampade terras
orta dies, urbem et finis et litora gentis
diuersi explorant: haec fontis stagna Numici, 150
hunc Thybrim fluuium, hic fortis habitare Latinos.
tum satus Anchisa delectos ordine ab omni
centum oratores augusta ad moenia regis
ire iubet, ramis uelatos Palladis omnis,
donaque ferre uiro pacemque exposcere Teucris.
155

haud mora, festinant iussi rapidisque feruntur
passibus. ipse humili designat moenia fossa

prayed to the spirit of the place, and to Earth the
oldest of goddesses, and to the Nymphs, and the yet
unknown rivers: then he invoked Night and Night's
rising constellations, and Idaean Jove, and the
Phrygian Mother, in order, and his two parents, one
in heaven, one in Erebus. At this the all-powerful
Father thundered three times from the clear sky,
and revealed a cloud in the ether, bright with rays
of golden light, shaking it with his own hand. Then
the word ran suddenly through the Trojan lines that
the day had come to found their destined city. They
rivalled each other in celebration of the feast, and
delighted by the fine omen, set out the bowls and
crowned the wine-cups.

The Palace of Latinus

Next day when sunrise lit the earth with her first
flames, they variously discovered the city, shores
and limits of this nation: here was the pool of
Numicius's fountain, this was the River Tiber, here
the brave Latins lived. Then Anchises's son ordered
a hundred envoys, chosen from every rank, all
veiled in Pallas's olive leaves to go to the king's
noble fortress, carrying gifts for a hero, and
requesting peace towards the Trojans. Without
delay, they hastened as ordered, travelling at a swift
pace. He himself marked out walls with a shallow

moliturque locum, primasque in litore sedes
castrorum in morem pinnis atque aggere cingit.
iamque iter emensi turris ac tecta Latinorum 160
ardua cernebant iuuenes muroque subibant.
ante urbem pueri et primaevae flore iuventus
exercentur equis domitantque in pulvere currus,
aut acris tendunt arcus aut lenta lacertis
spicula contorquent, cursuque ictuque lacessunt:
165

cum praeuectus equo longaeui regis ad auris
nuntius ingentis ignota in ueste reportat
aduenisse uiros. ille intra tecta uocari
imperat et solio medius consedit auito.
Tectum augustum, ingens, centum sublime
columnis 170

urbe fuit summa, Laurentis regia Pici,
horrendum siluis et religione parentum.
hic sceptrum accipere et primos attollere fascis
regibus omen erat; hoc illis curia templum,
hae sacris sedes epulis; hic ariete caeso 175
perpetuis soliti patres considerare mensis.
quin etiam ueterum effigies ex ordine auorum
antiqua e cedro, Italusque paterque Sabinus
uitisator curuam seruans sub imagine falcem,
Saturnusque senex Ianique bifrontis imago 180
uestibulo astabant, aliique ab origine reges,

ditch, toiled at the site, and surrounded the first
settlement on those shores with a rampart and
battlement, in the style of a fortified camp. And
now his men had pursued their journey and they
saw Latinus's turrets and high roofs, and arrived
beneath the walls. Boys, and men in the flower of
youth, were practising horsemanship outside the
city, breaking in their mounts in clouds of dust, or
bending taut bows, or hurling firm spears with their
arms, challenging each other to race or box: when a
messenger, racing ahead on his horse, reported to
the ears of the aged king that powerful warriors in
unknown dress had arrived. The king ordered them
to be summoned to the palace, and took his seat, in
the centre, on his ancestral throne. Huge and
magnificent, raised on a hundred columns, his roof
was the city's summit, the palace of Laurentian
Picus, sanctified by its grove and the worship of
generations. It was auspicious for a king to receive
the sceptre here and first lift the fasces, the rods of
office: this shrine was their curia, their senate
house, the place of their sacred feasts, here the
elders, after lambs were sacrificed, sat down at an
endless line of tables. There standing in ranks at the
entrance were the statues of ancestors of old, in
ancient cedar-wood, Italus, and father Sabinus, the

Martiaque ob patriam pugnando uulnera passi.
multaque praeterea sacris in postibus arma,
captiui pendent currus curuaeque secures
et cristae capitum et portarum ingentia claustra 185
spiculaque clipeique ereptaue rostra carinis.
ipse Quirinali lituo paruaque sedebat
succinctus trabea laeuaque ancile gerebat
Picus, equum domitor, quem capta cupidine
coniunx
aurea percussum uirga uersumque uenenis 190
fecit auem Circe sparsitque coloribus alas.

Lines 192-248

Tali intus templo diuum patriaue Latinus
sede sedens Teucros ad sese in tecta uocauit,
atque haec ingressis placido prior edidit ore:
'dicite, Dardanidae (neque enim nescimus et urbem
195
et genus, auditique aduertitis aequore cursum),
quid petitis? quae causa rates aut cuius egentis
litus ad Ausonium tot per uada caerulea uexit?
siue errore uiae seu tempestatibus acti,
qualia multa mari nautae patiuntur in alto, 200

vine-grower, depicted guarding a curved pruning-hook, and aged Saturn, and the image of Janus bi-face, and other kings from the beginning, and heroes wounded in battle, fighting for their country. Many weapons too hung on the sacred doorposts, captive chariots, curved axes, helmet crests, the massive bars of city gates, spears, shields and the ends of prows torn from ships. There Picus, the Horse-Tamer, sat, holding the lituus, the augur's Quirinal staff, and clothed in the trabea, the purple-striped toga, and carrying the ancile, the sacred shield, in his left hand, he, whom his lover, Circe, captivated by desire, struck with her golden rod: changed him with magic drugs to a woodpecker, and speckled his wings with colour.

The Trojans Seek Alliance With Latinus

Such was the temple of the gods in which Latinus, seated on the ancestral throne, called the Trojans to him in the palace, and as they entered spoke first, with a calm expression: 'Sons of Dardanus (for your city and people are not unknown to us, and we heard of your journey towards us on the seas), what do you wish? What reason, what need has brought your ships to Ausonian shores, over so many azure waves? Whether you have entered the river mouth, and lie in harbour, after straying from your course,

fluminis intrastis ripas portuque sedetis,
ne fugite hospitium, neque ignoretis Latinos
Saturni gentem haud uinclo nec legibus aequam,
sponte sua ueterisque dei se more tenentem.
atque equidem memini (fama est obscurior annis)
205

Auruncos ita ferre senes, his ortus ut agris
Dardanus Idaeos Phrygiae penetrarit ad urbes
Threiciamque Samum, quae nunc Samothracia
fertur.

hinc illum Corythi Tyrrhena ab sede profectum
aurea nunc solio stellantis regia caeli 210
accipit et numerum diuorum altaribus auget.'
Dixerat, et dicta Ilioneus sic uoce secutus:
'rex, genus egregium Fauni, nec fluctibus actos
atra subegit hiems uestris succedere terris,
nec sidus regione uiae litusue fefellit: 215
consilio hanc omnes animisque uolentibus urbem
adferimur pulsus regnis, quae maxima quondam
extremo ueniens sol aspiciebat Olympo.
ab Ioue principium generis, Ioue Dardana pubes
gaudet auo, rex ipse Iouis de gente suprema: 220
Troius Aeneas tua nos ad limina misit.
quanta per Idaeos saeuis effusa Mycenis
tempestas ierit campos, quibus actus uterque
Europae atque Asiae fatis concurrerit orbis,

or driven here by storms, such things as sailors
endure on the deep ocean, don't shun our
hospitality, and don't neglect the fact that the Latins
are Saturn's people, just, not through constraint or
law, but of our own free will, holding to the ways
of the ancient god. And I remember in truth
(though the tale is obscured by time) that the
Auruncan elders told how Dardanus, sprung from
these shores, penetrated the cities of Phrygian Ida,
and Thracian Samos, that is now called
Samothrace. Setting out from here, from his
Etruscan home, Corythus, now the golden palace of
the starlit sky grants him a throne, and he increases
the number of divine altars.' He finished speaking,
and Ilioneus, following, answered so: 'King,
illustrious son of Faunus, no dark tempest, driving
us though the waves, forced us onto your shores, no
star or coastline deceived us in our course: we
travelled to this city by design, and with willing
hearts, exiled from our kingdom, that was once the
greatest that the sun gazed on, as he travelled from
the edge of heaven. The founder of our race is Jove,
the sons of Dardanus enjoy Jove as their ancestor,
our king himself is of Jove's high race: Trojan,
Aeneas, sends us to your threshold. The fury of the
storm that poured from fierce Mycenae, and

audiit et si quem tellus extrema refuso 225
summouet Oceano et si quem extenta plagarum
quattuor in medio dirimit plaga solis iniqui.
diluuiio ex illo tot uasta per aequora uecti
dis sedem exigua patriis litusque rogamus
innocuum et cunctis undamque auramque
patentem. 230
non erimus regno indecores, nec uestra feretur
fama leuis tantique abolescet gratia facti,
nec Troiam Ausonios gremio excepisse pigebit.
fata per Aeneae iuro dextramque potentem,
siue fide seu quis bello est expertus et armis: 235
multi nos populi, multae (ne temne, quod ultro
praeferimus manibus uitae ac uerba precantia)
et petiere sibi et uoluerunt adiungere gentes;
sed nos fata deum uestras exquirere terras
imperii egere suis. hinc Dardanus ortus, 240
huc repetit iussisque ingentibus urget Apollo
Tyrrhenum ad Thybrim et fontis uada sacra
Numici.
dat tibi praeterea fortunae parua prioris
munera, reliquias Troia ex ardente receptas.
hoc pater Anchises auro libabat ad aras, 245
hoc Priami gestamen erat cum iura uocatis
more daret populis, sceptrumque sacerque tiaras
Iliadumque labor uestes.'

crossed the plains of Ida, and how the two worlds
of Europe and Asia clashed, driven by fate, has
been heard by those whom the most distant lands
banish to where Ocean circles back, and those
whom the zone of excessive heat, stretched
between the other four, separates from us. Sailing
out of that deluge, over many wastes of sea, we ask
a humble home for our country's gods, and a
harmless stretch of shore, and air and water
accessible to all. We'll be no disgrace to the
kingdom, nor will your reputation be spoken of
lightly, nor gratitude for such an action fade, nor
Ausonia regret taking Troy to her breast. I swear by
the destiny of Aeneas, and the power of his right
hand, whether proven by any man in loyalty, or war
and weapons, many are the peoples, many are the
nations (do not scorn us because we offer peace-
ribbons, and words of prayer, unasked) who
themselves sought us and wished to join with us:
but through divine destiny we sought out your
shores to carry out its commands. Dardanus sprang
from here, Apollo recalls us to this place, and, with
weighty orders, drives us to Tuscan Tiber, and the
sacred waters of the Numician fount. Moreover our
king offers you these small tokens of his former
fortune, relics snatched from burning Troy. His

Lines 249-285

Talibus Ilionei dictis defixa Latinus
obtutu tenet ora soloque immobilis haeret, 250
intentos uoluens oculos. nec purpura regem
picta mouet nec sceptrum mouent Priameia tantum
quantum in conubio natae thalamoque moratur,
et ueteris Fauni uoluit sub pectore sortem:
hunc illum fati externa ab sede profectum 255
portendi generum paribusque in regna uocari
auspiciis, huic progeniem uirtute futuram
egregiam et totum quae uiribus occupet orbem.
tandem laetus ait: 'di nostra incepta secudent
auguriumque suum! dabitur, Troiane, quod optas.
260
munera nec sperno: non uobis rege Latino
diuitis uber agri Troiaeue opulentia deerit.
ipse modo Aeneas, nostri si tanta cupido est,
si iungi hospitio properat sociusque uocari,
adueniat, uultus neue exhorrescat amicos: 265
pars mihi pacis erit dextram tetigisse tyranni.
uos contra regi mea nunc mandata referte:

father Anchises poured libations at the altar from this gold, this was Priam's burden when by custom he made laws for the assembled people, the sceptre, and sacred turban, and the clothes, laboured on by the daughters of Ilium.'

Latinus Offers Peace

At Ilioneus's words Latinus kept his face set firmly downward, fixed motionless towards the ground, moving his eyes alone intently. It is not the embroidered purple that moves the king nor Priam's sceptre, so much as his dwelling on his daughter's marriage and her bridal-bed, and he turns over in his mind old Faunus's oracle: this must be the man, from a foreign house, prophesied by the fates as my son-in-law, and summoned to reign with equal powers, whose descendants will be illustrious in virtue, and whose might will take possession of all the world. At last he spoke, joyfully: 'May the gods favour this beginning, and their prophecy. Trojan, what you wish shall be granted. I do not reject your gifts: you will not lack the wealth of fertile fields, or Troy's wealth, while Latinus is king. Only, if Aeneas has such longing for us, if he is eager to join us in friendship and be called our ally, let him come himself and not be afraid of a friendly face: it will be part of the pact, to me, to have touched your

est mihi nata, uiro gentis quam iungere nostrae
non patrio ex adyto sortes, non plurima caelo
monstra sinunt; generos externis adfore ab oris, 270
hoc Latio restare canunt, qui sanguine nostrum
nomen in astra ferant. hunc illum poscere fata
et reor et, si quid ueri mens augurat, opto.'
haec effatus equos numero pater eligit omni
(stabant ter centum nitidi in praeseptibus altis); 275
omnibus extemplo Teucris iubet ordine duci
instratos ostro alipedes pictisque tapetis
(aurea pectoribus demissa monilia pendent,
tecti auro fuluum mandunt sub dentibus aurum),
absenti Aeneae currum geminosque iugalis 280
semine ab aethereo spirantis naribus ignem,
illorum de gente patri quos daedala Circe
supposita de matre nothos furata creauit.
talibus Aeneadae donis dictisque Latini
sublimes in equis redeunt pacemque reportant. 285

Lines 286-340

Ecce autem Inachiis sese referebat ab Argis
saeua Iouis coniunx aurasque inuecta tenebat,

leader's hand. Now you in turn take my reply to the
king: I have a daughter whom the oracles from my
father's shrine, and many omens from heaven, will
not allow to unite with a husband of our race: sons
will come from foreign shores, whose blood will
raise our name to the stars: this they prophesy is in
store for Latium,. I both think and, if my mind
foresees the truth, I hope that this is the man
destiny demands.' So saying the king selected
stallions from his whole stable (three hundred stood
there sleekly in their high stalls): immediately he
ordered one to be led to each Trojan by rank,
caparisoned in purple, swift-footed, with
embroidered housings (gold collars hung low over
their chests, covered in gold, they even champed
bits of yellow gold between their teeth), and for the
absent Aeneas there was a chariot, with twin
horses, of heaven's line, blowing fire from their
nostrils, bastards of that breed of her father's, the
Sun, that cunning Circe had produced, by mating
them with a mortal mare. The sons of Aeneas,
mounting the horses, rode back with these words
and gifts of Latinus, bearing peace.

Juno Summons Allecto

But behold, the ferocious wife of Jove returning
from Inachus's Argos, winging her airy way, saw

et laetum Aenean classemque ex aethere longe
Dardanium Siculo prospexit ab usque Pachyno.
moliri iam tecta uidet, iam fidere terrae, 290
deseruisse rates: stetit acri fixa dolore.
tum quassans caput haec effundit pectore dicta:
'heu stirpem inuisam et fatis contraria nostris
fata Phrygum! num Sigeis occumbere campis,
num capti potuere capi? num incensa cremauit 295
Troia uiros? medias acies mediosque per ignis
inuenere uiam. at, credo, mea numina tandem
fessa iacent, odiis aut exsaturata quieui.
quin etiam patria excussos infesta per undas
ausa sequi et profugis toto me opponere ponto. 300
absumptae in Teucros uires caelique marisque.
quid Syrtes aut Scylla mihi, quid uasta Charybdis
profuit? optato conduntur Thybridis alueo
securi pelagi atque mei. Mars perdere gentem
immanem Lapithum ualuit, concessit in iras 305
ipse deum antiquam genitor Calydonia Dianae,
quod scelus aut Lapithas tantum aut Calydonia
merentem?
ast ego, magna Iouis coniunx, nil linquere inausum
quae potui infelix, quae memet in omnia uerti,
uincor ab Aenea. quod si mea numina non sunt 310
magna satis, dubitem haud equidem implorare quod
usquam est:

the delighted Aeneas and his Trojan fleet, from the
distant sky, beyond Sicilian Pachynus. She gazed at
them, already building houses, already confident in
their land, the ships deserted: she halted pierced by
a bitter pang. Then shaking her head, she poured
these words from her breast: 'Ah loathsome tribe,
and Trojan destiny, opposed to my own destiny!
Could they not have fallen on the Sigeian plains,
could they not have been held as captives? Could
burning Troy not have consumed these men? They
find a way through the heart of armies and flames.
And I think my powers must be exhausted at last,
or I have come to rest, my anger sated. Why, when
they were thrown out of their country I ventured to
follow hotly through the waves, and challenge them
on every ocean. The forces of sea and sky have
been wasted on these Trojans. What use have the
Syrtes been to me, or Scylla, or gaping Charybdis?
They take refuge in their longed-for Tiber's
channel, indifferent to the sea and to me. Mars had
the power to destroy the Lapiths' vast race, the
father of the gods himself conceded ancient
Calydon, given Diana's anger, and for what sin did
the Lapiths or Calydon, deserve all that? But I,
Jove's great Queen, who in my wretchedness had
the power to leave nothing untried, who have

flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta mouebo.
non dabitur regnis, esto, prohibere Latinis,
atque immota manet fati Lavinia coniunx: 315
at trahere atque moras tantis licet addere rebus,
at licet amborum populos excindere regum.
hac gener atque socer coeant mercede suorum:
sanguine Troiano et Rutulo dotabere, uirgo,
et Bellona manet te pronuba. nec face tantum 320
Cisseis praegnas ignis enixa iugalis;
quin idem Veneri partus suus et Paris alter,
funestaeque iterum recidiua in Pergama taedae.'
Haec ubi dicta dedit, terras horrenda petiuit;
luctificam Allecto dirarum ab sede dearum 325
infernisque ciet tenebris, cui tristia bella
iraeque insidiaeque et crimina noxia cordi.
odit et ipse pater Pluton, odere sorores
Tartareae monstrum: tot sese uertit in ora,
tam saeuae facies, tot pullulat atra colubris. 330
quam Iuno his acuit uerbis ac talia fatur:
'hunc mihi da proprium, uirgo sata Nocte, laborem,
hanc operam, ne noster honos infractae cedat
fama loco, neu conubiis ambire Latinum
Aeneadae possint Italosue obsidere finis. 335
tu potes unanimos armare in proelia fratres
atque odiis uersare domos, tu uerbera tectis
funereasque inferre faces, tibi nomina mille,

turned myself to every means, am conquered by
Aeneas. But if my divine strength is not enough, I
won't hesitate to seek help wherever it might be: if I
cannot sway the gods, I'll stir the Acheron. I accept
it's not granted to me to withhold the Latin
kingdom, and by destiny Lavinia will still,
unalterably, be his bride: but I can draw such things
out and add delays, and I can destroy the people of
these two kings. Let father and son-in-law unite at
the cost of their nations' lives: virgin, your dowry
will be Rutulian and Trojan blood, and Bellona, the
goddess of war, waits to attend your marriage. Nor
was it Hecuba, Cisseus's daughter, alone who was
pregnant with a fire-brand, or gave birth to nuptial
flames. Why, Venus is alike in her child, another
Paris, another funeral torch for a resurrected Troy.'
When she had spoken these words, fearsome, she
sought the earth: and summoned Allecto, the grief-
bringer, from the house of the Fatal Furies, from
the infernal shadows: in whose mind are sad wars,
angers and deceits, and guilty crimes. A monster,
hated by her own father Pluto, hateful to her
Tartarean sisters: she assumes so many forms, her
features are so savage, she sports so many black
vipers. Juno roused her with these words, saying:
'Grant me a favour of my own, virgin daughter of

mille nocendi artes. fecundum concute pectus,
dissice compositam pacem, sere crimina belli; 340
arma uelit poscatque simul rapiatque iuuentus.'

Lines 341-405

Exim Gorgoneis Allecto infecta uenenis
principio Latium et Laurentis tecta tyranni
celsa petit, tacitumque obsedit limen Amatae,
quam super aduentu Teucrum Turnique hymenaeis
femineae ardentem curaeque iraeque coquebant.

345

huic dea caeruleis unum de crinibus anguem
conicit, inque sinum praecordia ad intima subdit,
quo furibunda domum monstro permisceat omnem.
ille inter uestis et leuia pectora lapsus
uoluitur attacktu nullo, fallitque furentem 350
uipeream inspirans animam; fit tortile collo
aurum ingens coluber, fit longae taenia uitae
innectitque comas et membris lubricus errat.

Night, this service, so that my honour and glory are
not weakened, and give way, and the people of
Aeneas cannot woo Latinus with intermarriage, or
fill the bounds of Italy. You've the power to rouse
brothers, who are one, to conflict, and overturn
homes with hatred: you bring the scourge and the
funeral torch into the house: you've a thousand
names, and a thousand noxious arts. Search your
fertile breast, shatter the peace accord, sow
accusations of war: let men in a moment need,
demand and seize their weapons.'

Allecto Maddens Queen Amata

So Allecto, steeped in the Gorgon's poison, first
searches out Latium and the high halls of the
Laurentine king, and sits at the silent threshold of
Queen Amata, whom concerns and angers have
troubled, with a woman's passion, concerning the
Trojan's arrival, and Turnus's marriage. The
goddess flings a snake at her from her dark locks,
and plunges it into the breast, to her innermost
heart, so that maddened by the creature, she might
trouble the whole palace. Sliding between her
clothing, and her polished breast, it winds itself
unfelt and unknown to the frenzied woman,
breathing its viperous breath: the powerful snake
becomes her twisted necklace of gold, becomes the

ac dum prima lues udo sublapsa ueneno
pertemptat sensus atque ossibus implicat ignem 355
necdum animus toto percepit pectore flammam,
mollius et solito matrum de more locuta est,
multa super natae lacrimans Phrygiisque
hymenaeis:
'exsulibusne datur ducenda Lauinia Teucris,
o genitor, nec te miseret nataeque tuique? 360
nec matris miseret, quam primo Aquilone relinquet
perfidus alta petens abducta uirgine praedo?
at non sic Phrygius penetrat Lacedaemona pastor,
Ledaemque Helenam Troianas uexit ad urbes?
quid tua sancta fides? quid cura antiqua tuorum 365
et consanguineo totiens data dextera Turno?
si gener externa petitur de gente Latinis,
idque sedet, Faunisque premunt te iussa parentis,
omnem equidem sceptris terram quae libera nostris
dissidet externam reor et sic dicere diuos. 370
et Turno, si prima domus repetatur origo,
Inachus Acrisiusque patres mediaeque Mycenae.'
His ubi nequiquam dictis experta Latinum
contra stare uidet, penitusque in uiscera lapsum
serpentis furiale malum totamque pererrat, 375
tum uero infelix ingentibus excita monstris
immensam sine more furit lymphata per urbem.
ceu quondam torto uolitans sub uerbere turbo,

loop of her long ribbon, knots itself in her hair, and
roves slithering down her limbs. And while at first
the sickness, sinking within as liquid venom,
pervades her senses, and clasps her bones with fire,
and before her mind has felt the flame through all
its thoughts, she speaks, softly, and in a mother's
usual manner, weeping greatly over the marriage of
her daughter to the Trojan: 'O, have you her father
no pity for your daughter or yourself? Have you no
pity for her mother, when the faithless seducer will
leave with the first north-wind, seeking the deep,
with the girl as prize? Wasn't it so when Paris, that
Phrygian shepherd, entered Sparta, and snatched
Leda's Helen off to the Trojan cities? What of your
sacred pledge? What of your former care for your
own people, and your right hand given so often to
your kinsman Turnus? If a son-in-law from a
foreign tribe is sought for the Latins, and it's
settled, and your father Faunus's command weighs
on you, then I myself think that every land free of
our rule that is distant, is foreign: and so the gods
declare. And if the first origins of his house are
traced, Inachus and Acrisius are ancestors of
Turnus, and Mycenae his heartland.' When, though
trying in vain with words, she sees Latinus stand
firm against her, and when the snake's maddening

quem pueri magno in gyro uacua atria circum
intenti ludo exercent—ille actus habena 380
curuatis fertur spatiis; stupet inscia supra
impubesque manus mirata uolubile buxum;
dant animos plagae: non cursu segnior illo
per medias urbes agitur populosque ferocis.
quin etiam in siluas simulato numine Bacchi 385
maius adorta nefas maioremque orsa furorem
euolat et natam frondosis montibus abdit,
quo thalamum eripiat Teucris taedasque moretur,
euhoe Bacche fremens, solum te uirgine dignum
uociferans: etenim mollis tibi sumere thyrsos, 390
te lustrare choro, sacrum tibi pascere crinem.
fama uolat, furiisque accensas pectore matres
idem omnis simul ardor agit noua quaerere tecta.
deseruere domos, uentis dant colla comasque;
ast aliae tremulis ululatibus aethera complent 395
pampineasque gerunt incinctae pellibus hastas.
ipsa inter medias flagrantem feruida pinum
sustinet ac natae Turnique canit hymenaeos
sanguineam torquens aciem, toruumque repente
clamat: 'io matres, audite, ubi quaeque, Latinae:
400
si qua piis animis manet infelicis Amatae
gratia, si iuris materni cura remordet,
soluite crinalis uittas, capite orgia mecum.'

venom has seeped deep into her flesh, and
permeated throughout, then, truly, the unhappy
queen, goaded by monstrous horrors, rages madly
unrestrainedly through the vast city. As a spinning-
top, sometimes, that boys intent on play thrash in a
circle round an empty courtyard, turns under the
whirling lash, -driven with the whip it moves in
curving tracks: and the childish crowd marvel over
it in innocence, gazing at the twirling boxwood:
and the blows grant it life: so she is driven through
the heart of cities and proud peoples, on a course
that is no less swift. Moreover, she runs to the
woods, pretending Bacchic possession, setting out
on a greater sin, and creating a wider frenzy, and
hides her daughter among the leafy mountains, to
rob the Trojans of their wedding and delay the
nuptials, shrieking 'Euhoe' to Bacchus, crying 'You
alone are worthy of this virgin: it's for you in truth
she lifts the soft thyrsus, you she circles in the
dance, for you she grows her sacred hair.' Rumour
travels: and the same frenzy drives all the women,
inflamed, with madness in their hearts, to seek
strange shelter. They leave their homes, and bare
their head and neck to the winds: while others are
already filling the air with vibrant howling carrying
vine-wrapped spears, and clothed in fawn-skins.

talem inter siluas, inter deserta ferarum
reginam Allecto stimulis agit undique Bacchi. 405

Lines 406-474

Postquam uisa satis primos acuisse furores
consiliumque omnemque domum uertisse Latini,
protinus hinc fuscis tristis dea tollitur alis
audacis Rutuli ad muros, quam dicitur urbem
Acrisioneis Danae fundasse colonis 410
praecipiti delata Noto. locus Ardea quondam
dictus auis, et nunc magnum manet Ardea nomen,
sed fortuna fuit. tectis hic Turnus in altis
iam mediam nigra carpebat nocte quietem.
Allecto toruam faciem et furialia membra 415
exiit, in uultus sese transformat anilis
et frontem obscenam rugis arat, induit albos
cum uitta crinis, tum ramum innectit oliuae;
fit Calybe Iunonis anus templique sacerdos,

The wild Queen herself brandishes a blazing pine-branch in their midst, turning her bloodshot gaze on them, and sings the wedding-song for Turnus and her daughter, and, suddenly fierce, cries out: 'O, women of Latium, wherever you are, hear me: if you still have regard for unhappy Amata in your pious hearts, if you're stung with concern for a mother's rights, loose the ties from your hair, join the rites with me.' So Allecto drives the Queen with Bacchic goad, far and wide, through the woods, among the wild creatures' lairs.

Allecto Rouses Turnus

When she saw she had stirred these first frenzies enough, and had disturbed Latinus's plans, and his whole household, the grim goddess was carried from there, at once, on dark wings, to the walls of Turnus, the brave Rutulian, the city they say that Danae, blown there by a violent southerly, built with her Acrisian colonists. The place was once called Ardea by our ancestors, and Ardea still remains as a great name, its good-fortune past. Here, in the dark of night, Turnus was now in a deep sleep, in his high palace. Allecto changed her fierce appearance and fearful shape, transformed her looks into those of an old woman, furrowed her ominous brow with wrinkles, assumed white hair

et iuueni ante oculos his se cum uocibus offert: 420
'Turne, tot incassum fusos patiere labores,
et tua Dardaniis transcribi scepra colonis?
rex tibi coniugium et quaesitas sanguine dotes
abnegat, externusque in regnum quaeritur heres.
i nunc, ingratis offer te, inrise, periclis; 425
Tyrrhenas, i, sterne acies, tege pace Latinos.
haec adeo tibi me, placida cum nocte iaceres,
ipsa palam fari omnipotens Saturnia iussit.
quare age et armari pubem portisque moueri
laetus in arua para, et Phrygios qui flumine pulchro
430
consedere duces pictasque exure carinas.
caelestum uis magna iubet. rex ipse Latinus,
ni dare coniugium et dicto parere fatetur,
sentiat et tandem Turnum experiatur in armis.'
Hic iuuenis uatem inridens sic orsa uicissim 435
ore refert: 'classis inuectas Thybridis undam
non, ut rere, meas effugit nuntius auris;
ne tantos mihi finge metus. nec regia Iuno
immemor est nostri. 440
sed te uicta situ uerique effeta senectus,
o mater, curis nequiquam exercet, et arma
regum inter falsa uatem formidine ludit.
cura tibi diuum effigies et templa tueri;
bella uiri pacemque gerent quis bella gerenda.'

and sacred ribbon, then twined an olive spray there:
she became Calybe, Juno's old servant, and
priestess of her temple, and offered herself to the
young man's eyes with these words: 'Turnus, will
you see all your efforts wasted in vain, and your
sceptre handed over to Trojan settlers? The king
denies you your bride and the dowry looked for by
your race, and a stranger is sought as heir to the
throne. Go then, be despised, offer yourself, un-
thanked, to danger: go, cut down the Tuscan ranks,
protect the Latins with peace! This that I now say
to you, as you lie there in the calm of night,
Saturn's all-powerful daughter herself ordered me
to speak openly. So rise, and ready your men,
gladly, to arm and march from the gates to the
fields, and set fire to the painted ships anchored in
our noble river, and the Trojan leaders with them.
The vast power of the gods demands it. Let King
Latinus himself feel it, unless he agrees to keep his
word and give you your bride, and let him at last
experience Turnus armed.' At this the warrior,
mocking the priestess, opened his mouth in turn:
'The news that a fleet has entered Tiber's waters has
not escaped my notice, as you think: don't imagine
it's so great a fear to me. Nor is Queen Juno
unmindful of me. But you, O mother, old age,

Talibus Allecto dictis exarsit in iras. 445
at iuueni oranti subitus tremor occupat artus,
deriguere oculi: tot Erinys sibilat hydrys
tantaque se facies aperit; tum flammea torquens
lumina cunctantem et quaerentem dicere plura
reppulit, et geminos erexit crinibus anguis, 450
uerberaque insonuit rabidoque haec addidit ore:
'en ego uicta situ, quam ueri effeta senectus
arma inter regum falsa formidine ludit.
respice ad haec: adsum dirarum ab sede sororum,
bella manu letumque gero.' 455
sic effata facem iuueni coniecit et atro
lumine fumantis fixit sub pectore taedas.
olli somnum ingens rumpit pauor, ossaque et artus
perfundit toto proruptus corpore sudor.
arma amens fremit, arma toro tectisque requirit;
460
saeuit amor ferri et scelerata insania belli,
ira super: magno ueluti cum flamma sonore
uirgea suggeritur costis undantis aeni
exsultantque aestu latices, furit intus aquai
fumidus atque alte spumis exuberat amnis, 465
nec iam se capit unda, uolat uapor ater ad auras.
ergo iter ad regem polluta pace Latinum
indicit primis iuuenum et iubet arma parari,
tutari Italiam, detrudere finibus hostem;

conquered by weakness and devoid of truth,
troubles with idle cares, and mocks a prophetess,
amidst the wars of kings, with imaginary terrors.
Your duty's to guard the gods' statues and their
temples: men will make war and peace, by whom
war's to be made.' Allecto blazed with anger at
these words. And, as the young man spoke, a
sudden tremor seized his body, and his eyes
became fixed, the Fury hissed with so many snakes,
such a form revealed itself: then turning her fiery
gaze on him, she pushed him away as he hesitated,
trying to say more, and raised up a pair of serpents
amidst her hair, and cracked her whip, and added
this through rabid lips: 'See me, conquered by
weakness, whom old age, devoid of truth, mocks
with imaginary terrors amongst the wars of kings.
Look on this: I am here from the house of the Fatal
Sisters, and I bring war and death in my hand.' So
saying, she flung a burning branch at the youth, and
planted the brand, smoking with murky light, in his
chest. An immense terror shattered his sleep, and
sweat, pouring from his whole body drenched flesh
and bone. Frantic, he shouted for weapons, looked
for weapons by the bedside, and through the palace:
desire for the sword raged in him, and the accursed
madness of war, anger above all: as when burning

se satis ambobus Teucrisque uenire Latinisque. 470
haec ubi dicta dedit diuosque in uota uocauit,
certatim sese Rutuli exhortantur in arma.
hunc decus egregium formae mouet atque iuuentae,
hunc atau reges, hunc claris dextera factis.

Lines 475-539

Dum Turnus Rutulos animis audacibus implet, 475
Allecto in Teucros Stygiis se concitat alis,
arte noua, speculata locum, quo litore pulcher
insidiis cursuque feras agitabat Iulus.
hic subitam canibus rabiem Cocytia uirgo
obicit et noto naris contingit odore, 480
ut ceruum ardentem agerent; quae prima laborum
causa fuit belloque animos accendit agrestis.
ceruus erat forma praestanti et cornibus ingens,
Tyrrhidae pueri quem matris ab ubere raptum

sticks are heaped, with a fierce crackling, under the
belly of a raging cauldron, and the depths dance
with the heat, the smoking mixture seethes inside,
the water bubbles high with foam, the liquid can no
longer contain itself, and dark vapour rises into the
air. So, violating the peace, he commanded his
young leaders to march against King Latinus, and
ordered the troops to be readied, to defend Italy, to
drive the enemy from her borders: his approach
itself would be enough for both Trojans and Latins.
When he gave the word, and called the gods to
witness his vows, the Rutuli vied in urging each
other to arm. This man is moved by Turnus's youth
and outstanding nobility of form, that by his royal
line, this one again by his glorious deeds.

Allecto Among the Trojans

While Turnus was rousing the Rutulians with fiery
courage, Allecto hurled herself towards the
Trojans, on Stygian wings, spying out, with fresh
cunning, the place on the shore where handsome
Iulus was hunting wild beasts on foot with nets.
Hades's Virgin drove his hounds to sudden frenzy,
touching their muzzles with a familiar scent, so that
they eagerly chased down a stag: this was a prime
cause of trouble, rousing the spirits of the
countrymen to war. There was a stag of outstanding

nutribant Tyrrhusque pater, cui regia parent 485
armenta et late custodia credita campi.
adsuetum imperiis soror omni Siluia cura
mollibus intexens ornabat cornua sertis,
pectebatque ferum puroque in fonte lauabat.
ille manum patiens mensaeque adsuetus erili 490
errabat siluis rursusque ad limina nota
ipse domum sera quamuis se nocte ferebat.
hunc procul errantem rabidae uenantis Iuli
commouere canes, fluuio cum forte secundo
deflueret ripaque aestus uiridante leuaret. 495
ipse etiam eximiae laudis succensus amore
Ascanius curuo derexit spicula cornu;
nec dextrae erranti deus afuit, actaque multo
perque uterum sonitu perque ilia uenit harundo.
saucius at quadripes nota intra tecta refugit 500
successitque gemens stabulis, questuque cruentus
atque imploranti similis tectum omne replebat.
Siluia prima soror palmis percussa lacertos
auxilium uocat et duros conclamat agrestis.
olli (pestis enim tacitis latet aspera siluis) 505
improvisi adsunt, hic torre armatus obusto,
stipitis hic grauidi nodis; quod cuique repertum
rimanti telum ira facit. uocat agmina Tyrrhus,
quadrifidam quercum cuneis ut forte coactis
scindebat rapta spirans immane securi. 510

beauty, with huge antlers, that, torn from its mother's teats, Tyrrhus and his sons had raised, the father being the man to whom the king's herds submitted, and who was trusted with managing his lands far and wide. Silvia, their sister, training it to her commands with great care, adorned its antlers, twining them with soft garlands, grooming the wild creature, and bathing it in a clear spring. Tame to the hand, and used to food from the master's table, it wandered the woods, and returned to the familiar threshold, by itself, however late at night. Now while it strayed far a-field, Iulus the huntsman's frenzied hounds started it, by chance, as it moved downstream, escaping the heat by the grassy banks. Iulus himself inflamed also with desire for high honours, aimed an arrow from his curved bow, the goddess unfailingly guiding his errant hand, and the shaft, flying with a loud hiss, pierced flank and belly. But the wounded creature fleeing to its familiar home, dragged itself groaning to its stall, and, bleeding, filled the house with its cries, like a person begging for help. Silvia, the sister, beating her arms with her hands in distress, was the first to call for help, summoning the tough countrymen. They arrived quickly (since a savage beast haunted the silent woods) one with a fire-hardened stake,

At saeua e speculis tempus dea nacta nocendi
ardua tecta petit stabuli et de culmine summo
pastorale canit signum cornuque recuruo
Tartaream intendit uocem, qua protinus omne
contremuit nemus et siluae insonuere profundae;
515

audiit et Triuiaae longe lacus, audiit amnis
sulpurea Nar albus aqua fontesque Velini,
et trepidae matres pressere ad pectora natos.
tum uero ad uocem celeres, qua bucina signum
dira dedit, raptis concurrunt undique telis 520
indomiti agricolae, nec non et Troia pubes
Ascanio auxilium castris effundit apertis.
derexere acies. non iam certamine agresti
stipitibus duris agitur sudibusue praeustis,
sed ferro ancipiti decernunt atraque late 525
horrescit strictis seges ensibus, aeraque fulgent
sole lacessita et lucem sub nubila iactant:
fluctus uti primo coepit cum albescere uento,
paulatim sese tollit mare et altius undas
erigit, inde imo consurgit ad aethera fundo. 530
hic iuuenis primam ante aciem stridente sagitta,
natorum Tyrrhi fuerat qui maximus, Almo,
sternitur; haesit enim sub gutture uulnus et udae
uocis iter tenuemque inclusit sanguine uitam.
corpora multa uirum circa seniorque Galaesus, 535

one with a heavy knotted staff: anger made a
weapon of whatever each man found as he searched
around. Tyrrhus called out his men: since by
chance he was quartering an oak by driving
wedges, he seized his axe, breathing savagely.
Then the cruel goddess, seeing the moment to do
harm, found the stable's steep roof, and sounded the
herdsmen's call, sending a voice from Tartarus
through the twisted horn, so that each grove
shivered, and the deep woods echoed: Diana's
distant lake at Nemi heard it: white Nar's river, with
its sulphurous waters, heard: and the fountains of
Velinus: while anxious mothers clasped their
children to their breasts. Then the rough
countrymen snatching up their weapons, gathered
more quickly, and from every side, to the noise
with which that dread trumpet sounded the call, nor
were the Trojan youth slow to open their camp, and
send out help to Ascanius. The lines were
deployed. They no longer competed with solid
staves, and fire-hardened stakes, in a rustic quarrel,
but fought it out with double-edged blades, and a
dark crop of naked swords bristled far and wide:
bronze shone struck by the sun, and hurled its light
up to the clouds: as when a wave begins to whiten
at the wind's first breath, and the sea swells little by

dum paci medium se offert, iustissimus unus
qui fuit Ausoniisque olim ditissimus aruis:
quinque greges illi balantum, quina redibant
armenta, et terram centum uertebat aratris.

Lines 540-571

Atque ea per campos aequo dum Marte geruntur,
540
promissi dea facta potens, ubi sanguine bellum
imbuit et primae commisit funera pugnae,
deserit Hesperiam et caeli conuersa per auras
Iunonem uictrix adfatur uoce superba:
'en, perfecta tibi bello discordia tristi; 545
dic in amicitiam coeant et foedera iungant.
quandoquidem Ausonio respersi sanguine Teucros,
hoc etiam his addam, tua si mihi certa uoluntas:
finitimas in bella feram rumoribus urbes,
accendamque animos insani Martis amore 550
undique ut auxilio ueniant; spargam arma per

little, and raises higher waves, then surges to
heaven out of its profoundest depths. Here young
Almo, in the front ranks, the eldest of Tyrrhus's
sons, was downed by a hissing arrow: the wound
opened beneath his throat, choking the passage of
liquid speech, and failing breath, with blood. The
bodies of many men were round him, old Galaesus
among them, killed in the midst of offering peace,
who was one of the most just of men, and the
wealthiest in Ausonian land: five flocks bleated for
him, five herds returned from his fields, and a
hundred ploughs furrowed the soil.

Allecto Returns to Hades

While they fought over the plain, in an equally-
matched contest, the goddess, having, by her
actions, succeeded in what she'd promised, having
steeped the battle in blood, and brought death in the
first skirmish, left Hesperia, and wheeling through
the air of heaven spoke to Juno, in victory, in a
proud voice: 'Behold, for you, discord is completed
with sad war: tell them now to unite as friends, or
join in alliance. Since I've sprinkled the Trojans
with Ausonian blood, I'll even add this to it, if I'm
assured that it's your wish I'll bring neighbouring
cities into the war, with rumour, inflaming their
minds with love of war's madness, so that they

agros.'

tum contra Iuno: 'terrorum et fraudis abunde est:
stant belli causae, pugnatur cominus armis,
quae fors prima dedit sanguis nouus imbuat arma.
talibus coniugia et talis celebrent hymenaeos 555
egregium Veneris genus et rex ipse Latinus.
te super aethera errare licentius auras
haud pater ille uelit, summi regnator Olympi.
cede locis. ego, si qua super fortuna laborum est,
ipsa regam.' talis dederat Saturnia uoces; 560
illa autem attollit stridentis anguibus alas
Cocytique petit sedem supera ardua linquens.
est locus Italiae medio sub montibus altis,
nobilis et fama multis memoratus in oris,
Amsancti ualles; densis hunc frondibus atrum 565
urget utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragorus
dat sonitum saxi et torto uertice torrens.
hic specus horrendum et saeui spiracula Ditis
monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte uorago
pestiferas aperit fauces, quis condita Erinys, 570
inuisum numen, terras caelumque leuabat.

Lines 572-600

Nec minus interea extremam Saturnia bello

come with aid from every side: I'll sow the fields with weapons.' Then Juno answered: 'That's more than enough terror and treachery: the reasons for war are there: armed, they fight hand to hand, and the weapons that chance first offered are stained with fresh blood. Such be the marriage, such be the wedding-rites that this illustrious son of Venus, and King Latinus himself, celebrate. The Father, the ruler of high Olympus, does not wish you to wander too freely in the ethereal heavens. Leave this place. Whatever chance for trouble remains I will handle.' So spoke Saturn's daughter: Now, the Fury raised her wings, hissing with serpents, and sought her home in Cocytus, leaving the heights above. There's a place in Italy, at the foot of high mountains, famous, and mentioned by tradition, in many lands, the valley of Amsanctus: woods thick with leaves hem it in, darkly, on both sides, and in the centre a roaring torrent makes the rocks echo, and coils in whirlpools. There a fearful cavern, a breathing-hole for cruel Dis, is shown, and a vast abyss, out of which Acheron bursts, holds open its baleful jaws, into which the Fury, that hated goddess, plunged, freeing earth and sky.

Latinus Abdicates

Meanwhile Saturn's royal daughter was no less

imponit regina manum. ruit omnis in urbem
pastorum ex acie numerus, caesosque reportant
Almonem puerum foedatique ora Galaesi, 575
implorantque deos obtestanturque Latinum.
Turnus adest medioque in crimine caedis et igni
terrorem ingeminat: Teucros in regna uocari,
stirpem admisceri Phrygiam, se limine pelli.
tum quorum attonitae Baccho nemora auia matres
580
insultant thiasis (neque enim leue nomen Amatae)
undique collecti coeunt Martemque fatigant.
ilicet infandum cuncti contra omina bellum,
contra fata deum peruerso numine poscunt.
certatim regis circumstant tecta Latini; 585
ille uelut pelago rupes immota resistit,
ut pelagi rupes magno ueniente fragore,
quae sese multis circum latrantibus undis
mole tenet; scopuli nequiquam et spumea circum
saxa fremunt laterique inlisa refunditur alga. 590
uerum ubi nulla datur caecum exsuperare potestas
consilium, et saeuae nutu Iunonis eunt res,
multa deos aurasque pater testatus inanis
'frangimur heu fatis' inquit 'ferimurque procella!
ipsi has sacrilego pendetis sanguine poenas, 595
o miseri. te, Turne, nefas, te triste manebit
supplicium, uotisque deos uenerabere seris.

active, setting a final touch to the war. The whole
band of herdsmen rushed into the city from the
battle, bringing back the dead, the boy Almo, and
Galaesus, with a mangled face, and invoking the
gods, and entreating Latinus. Turnus was there, and
, at the heart of the outcry, he redoubled their terror
of fire and slaughter: 'Trojans are called upon to
reign: Phrygian stock mixes with ours: I am thrust
from the door.' Then those whose women, inspired
by Bacchus, pranced about in the pathless woods,
in the god's dance (for Amata's name is not trivial),
drawing together from every side, gathered to make
their appeal to Mars. Immediately, with perverse
wills, all clamoured for war's atrocities, despite the
omens, despite the god's decrees,. They vied
together in surrounding King Latinus's palace: like
an immoveable rock in the ocean, he stood firm,
like a rock in the ocean, when a huge breaker falls,
holding solid amongst a multitude of howling
waves, while round about the cliffs and foaming
reefs roar, in vain, and seaweed, hurled against its
sides, is washed back again. As no power was
really granted him to conquer their blind will, and
events moved to cruel Juno's orders, with many
appeals to the gods and the helpless winds, the old
man cried: 'Alas, we are broken by fate, and swept

nam mihi parta quies, omnisque in limine portus
funere felici spoliior.' nec plura locutus
saepsit se tectis rerumque reliquit habenas. 600

Lines 601-640

Mos erat Hesperio in Latio, quem protinus urbes
Albanae coluere sacrum, nunc maxima rerum
Roma colit, cum prima mouent in proelia Martem,
siue Getis inferre manu lacrimabile bellum
Hyrcanisue Arabisue parant, seu tendere ad Indos
605

Auroramque sequi Parthosque reposcere signa:
sunt geminae Belli portae (sic nomine dicunt)
religione sacrae et saeui formidine Martis;
centum aerei claudunt uectes aeternaque ferri
robora, nec custos absistit limine Ianus. 610
has, ubi certa sedet patribus sententia pugnae,
ipse Quirinali trabea cinctuque Gabino
insignis reserat stridentia limina consul,
ipse uocat pugnas; sequitur tum cetera pubes,
aereaue adsensu conspirant cornua rauco. 615
hoc et tum Aeneadis indicere bella Latinus

away by the storm! Oh, wretched people, you'll pay
the price yourselves for this, with sacrilegious
blood. You, Turnus, your crime and its punishment
await you, and too late you'll entreat the gods with
prayers. My share is rest, yet at the entrance to the
harbour I'm robbed of all contentment in dying.'
Speaking no more he shut himself in the palace,
and let fall the reins of power.

Latium Prepares for War

There was a custom in Hesperian Latium, which
the Alban cities always held sacred, as great Rome
does now, when they first rouse Mars to battle,
whether they prepare to take sad war in their hands
to the Getae, the Hyrcanians, or the Arabs, or to
head East pursuing the Dawn, to reclaim their
standards from Parthia: there are twin gates of War
(so they are named), sanctified by religion, and by
dread of fierce Mars: a hundred bars of bronze, and
iron's eternal strength, lock them, and Janus the
guardian never leaves the threshold. When the final
decision of the city fathers is for battle, the Consul
himself, dressed in the Quirine toga, folded in the
Gabine manner, unbars these groaning doors,
himself, and himself invokes the battle: then the
rest of the men do so too, and bronze horns breathe
their hoarse assent. Latinus was also commanded to

more iubebatur tristisque recludere portas.
abstinuit tactu pater auersusque refugit
foeda ministeria, et caecis se condidit umbris.
tum regina deum caelo delapsa morantis 620
impulit ipsa manu portas, et cardine uerso
Belli ferratos rumpit Saturnia postis.
ardet inexcita Ausonia atque immobilis ante;
pars pedes ire parat campis, pars arduus altis
puluerulentus equis furit; omnes arma requirunt.
625

pars leuis clipeos et spicula lucida tergent
aruina pingui subiguntque in cote securis;
signaque ferre iuuat sonitusque audire tubarum.
quinque adeo magnae positis incudibus urbes
tela nouant, Atina potens Tiburque superbum, 630
Ardea Crustumerique et turrigerae Antemnae.
tegmina tuta cauant capitum flectuntque salignas
umbonum cratis; alii thoracas aenos
aut leuis ocreas lento ducunt argento;
uomeris huc et falcis honos, huc omnis aratri 635
cessit amor; recoquunt patrios fornacibus ensis.
classica iamque sonant, it bello tessera signum;
hic galeam tectis trepidus rapit, ille tremantis
ad iuga cogit equos, clipeumque auroque trilicem
loricam induitur fidoque accingitur ense. 640

declare war in this way on Aeneas's people, and unbolt the sad gates, but the old man held back his hand, and shrank from the vile duty, hiding himself in dark shadows. Then the Queen of the gods, gliding from the sky, set the reluctant doors in motion, with her own hand: Saturn's daughter forced open the iron gates of War on their hinges. Italy, once peaceful and immoveable, was alight. Some prepared to cross the plains on foot, others stirred the deep dust on noble horses: all demanded weapons. Others polished smooth shields, and bright javelins, with thick grease, and sharpened axes on grindstones: they delighted in carrying standards and hearing the trumpet call. So five great cities set up anvils and forged new weapons: powerful Atina, proud Tibur, Ardea, Crustumeri, and towered Antemnae. They beat out helmets to protect their heads, and wove wickerwork frames for shields: others hammered breastplates of bronze, and shiny greaves of malleable silver: to this they yielded pride in the share's blade and the sickle, all their passion for the plough: they recast their father's swords in the furnace. And now the trumpets began to sound, the word that signalled war went round: this man, in alarm, snatched his helmet from his home, another harnessed quivering

Lines 641-782

Pandite nunc Helicon, deae, cantusque mouete,
qui bello exciti reges, quae quemque secutae
complerint campos acies, quibus Itala iam tum
floruerit terra alma uiris, quibus arserit armis;
et meministis enim, diuae, et memorare potestis;
645

ad nos uix tenuis famae perlabitur aura.
Primus init bellum Tyrrhenis asper ab oris
contemptor diuum Mezentius agminaque armat.
filius huic iuxta Lausus, quo pulchrior alter
non fuit excepto Laurentis corpore Turni; 650
Lausus, equum domitor debellatorque ferarum,
ducit Agyllina nequiquam ex urbe secutos
mille uiros, dignus patriis qui laetior esset
imperiiis et cui pater haud Mezentius esset.
Post hos insignem palma per gramina currum 655
uictoresque ostentat equos Hercule pulchro
pulcher Auentinus, clipeoque insigne paternum
centum anguis cinctamque gerit serpentibus
Hydrum;
collis Auentini silua quem Rhea sacerdos
furtiuum partu sub luminis edidit oras, 660

horses to the yoke, took up his shield, and triple-linked coat of mail, and fastened on his faithful sword.

The Battle-List

Now Muses, open wide Helicon, and begin a song of kings who were roused to war: what ranks of followers each one had, filling the plain: with what men even then Italy's rich earth flowered: with what armies she shone: since, goddesses, you remember, and have the power to tell: while a faint breath of their fame has barely reached us. First fierce Mezentius enters the war, that scorner of gods, from the Tuscan shore, and rouses his troops to arms. His son, Lausus, is beside him, than whom no other is more handsome in form, except Laurentine Turnus. Lausus, the tamer of horses, who subdues wild beasts, leads a thousand men from Agylla's town, who follow him in vain, deserving to be happier than under his father's rule, a father who might perhaps not be a Mezentius. Aventinus follows them, the handsome son of handsome Hercules, displaying his palm-crowned chariot and victorious horses, over the turf, and carries his father's emblem on his shield: a hundred snakes, and the Hydra wreathed with serpents: the priestess Rhea brought him to the shores of light, in

mixta deo mulier, postquam Laurentia uictor
Geryone exstincto Tiryntius attigit arua,
Tyrrhenoque boues in flumine lauit Hiberas.
pila manu saeuosque gerunt in bella dolones,
et tereti pugnant mucrone uerunque Sabello. 665
ipse pedes, tegimen torquens immane leonis,
terribili impexum saeta cum dentibus albis
indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat,
horridus Herculeoque umeros innexus amictu.
Tum gemini fratres Tiburtia moenia linquunt, 670
fratris Tiburti dictam cognomine gentem,
Catillusque acerque Coras, Argiua iuuentus,
et primam ante aciem densa inter tela feruntur:
ceu duo nubigenae cum uertice montis ab alto
descendunt Centauri Homolen Othrymque niualem
675

linquentes cursu rapido; dat euntibus ingens
silua locum et magno cedunt uirgulta fragore.
Nec Praenestinae fundator defuit urbis,
Volcano genitum pecora inter agrestia regem
inuentumque focus omnis quem credidit aetas, 680
Caeculus. hunc legio late comitatur agrestis:
quique altum Praeneste uiri quique arua Gabinae
Iunonis gelidumque Anienem et roscida riuis
Hernica saxa colunt, quos diues Anagnia pascis,
quos Amasene pater. non illis omnibus arma 685

a secret birth, in the woods, on the Aventine Hill, a
woman mated to a god when Tyrrinthian Hercules,
the conqueror who slew Geryon, came to the
Laurentine fields, and bathed his Spanish cattle in
the Tuscan stream. His men carry javelins and grim
pikes, in their hands, to war, and fight with
polished swords and Sabellian spears. He himself,
on foot, a huge lion skin swinging, with terrifying
unkempt mane, and with its white teeth crowning
his head, enters the royal palace, just like that, a
savage, with Hercules's clothing fastened round his
shoulders. Then twin-brothers, Catillus, and brave
Coras, Argive youths, leaving the walls of Tibur,
and a people named after their brother Tiburtus,
borne into the forefront of the army, among the
dense spears, like cloud-born Centaurs descending
from a high peak in the mountains, leaving Homole
and snow-covered Othrys in their swift course: the
vast woods give way as they go, and, with a loud
crash, the thickets yield to them. Nor is Caeculus
the founder of Praeneste's city missing, who as
every age has believed was born a king, to Vulcan,
among the wild cattle, and discovered on the
hearth, he's followed by a rustic army drawn from
far and wide, men who live in steep Praeneste, and
the fields of Juno of Gabii, and beside cool Anio,

nec clipei currusue sonant; pars maxima glandes
liuentis plumbi spargit, pars spicula gestat
bina manu, fuluosque lupi de pelle galeros
tegmen habent capiti; uestigia nuda sinistri
instituere pedis, crudus tegit altera pero. 690
At Messapus, equum domitor, Neptunia proles,
quem neque fas igni cuiquam nec sternere ferro,
iam pridem resides populos desuetaque bello
agmina in arma uocat subito ferrumque retractat.
hi Fescenninas acies Aequosque Faliscos, 695
hi Soractis habent arces Flauiniaque arua
et Cimini cum monte lacum lucosque Capenos.
ibant aequati numero regemque canebant:
ceu quondam niuei liquida inter nubila cycni
cum sese e pastu referunt et longa canoros 700
dant per colla modos, sonat amnis et Asia longe
pulsa palus.
nec quisquam aeratas acies examine tanto
misceri putet, aeriam sed gurgite ab alto
urgeri uolucrum raucarum ad litora nubem. 705
Ecce Sabinorum prisco de sanguine magnum
agmen agens Clausus magnique ipse agminis instar,
Claudia nunc a quo diffunditur et tribus et gens
per Latium, postquam in partem data Roma
Sabinis.
una ingens Amiterna cohors priscique Quirites, 710

and among the Hernican rocks dew-wet from the
streams: those you nurture, rich Anagnia, and you
father Amasenus. They don't all have weapons or
shields, or rumbling chariots: most fling pellets of
blue lead, some carry twin darts in their hand, and
have reddish caps of wolf-skin for headgear: the
left foot is bare as they walk, a boot of raw hide
protects the other. And Messapus, Neptune's son,
tamer of horses, whom no one's permitted to fell
with fire or steel, now suddenly calls to arms his
settled tribes, and troops unused to war, and grasps
the sword again. These hold Fescennium's lines and
Aequi Falisci's, those Soracte's heights and
Flavinium's fields, and Ciminus's lake and hill, and
Capena's groves. They march to a steady beat, and
sing of their king: as the river Cayster and the
Asian meadows, struck from afar, echo sometimes,
when the snowy swans, among the flowing clouds,
return from pasture, and make melodious music
from their long throats. No one would think that
bronze-clad ranks were joined in such a crowd, but
an airy cloud of strident birds driving shore-wards
from the deep gulf. Behold, Clausus, of ancient
Sabine blood, leading a great army, and worth a
great army in his own right. Now the Claudian tribe
and race has spread, from him, through Latium,

Ereti manus omnis oliuiferaeque Mutuscae;
qui Nomentum urbem, qui Rosea rura Velini,
qui Tetricae horrentis rupes montemque Seuerum
Casperiamque colunt Forulosque et flumen
Himellae,
qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt, quos frigida misit
715

Nursia, et Ortinae classes populique Latini,
quosque secans infaustum interluit Allia nomen:
quam multi Libyco uoluuntur marmore fluctus
saeuus ubi Orion hibernis conditur undis,
uel cum sole nouo densae torrentur aristae 720
aut Hermi campo aut Lyciae flauentibus aruis.
scuta sonant pulsuque pedum conterrita tellus.
Hinc Agamemnonius, Troiani nominis hostis,
curru iungit Halaesus equos Turnoque ferocis
mille rapit populos, uertunt felicia Baccho 725
Massica qui rastris, et quos de collibus altis
Aurunci misere patres Sidicinaque iuxta
aequora, quique Cales linquunt amnisque uadosi
accola Volturni, pariterque Saticulus asper
Oscorumque manus. teretes sunt aclydes illis 730
tela, sed haec lento mos est aptare flagello.
laeuas caetra tegit, falcati comminus enses.
Nec tu carminibus nostris indictus abibis,
Oebale, quem generasse Telon Sebethide nymphae

since Rome was shared with the Sabines. With him,
a vast company from Amiternum, and ancient
Quirites from Cures, all the forces of Eretum, and
olive-clad Mutusca: those who live in Nomentum
town, and the Rosean fields, by Lake Velinus, those
from Tetrica's bristling cliffs, and from Mount
Severus, and Casperia and Foruli, and from beside
Himella's stream, those who drink the Tiber and
Fabaris, those cold Nursia sent, and the armies of
Horta and the Latin peoples, and those whom Allia,
unlucky name, flows between and divides: as many
as the waves that swell in Libya's seas, when fierce
Orion's buried by the wintry waters, or thick as the
ears of corn scorched by the early sun, in the plain
of Hermus, or Lycia's yellow fields. The shields
clang, and the earth is terrified by the tramp of feet.
Next Halaesus, Agamemnon's son, hostile to the
Trojan name, harnesses his horses to his chariot,
and hastens a thousand warlike tribes to Turnus,
men who turn the fertile Massic soil for Bacchus,
and those the Auruncan elders have sent from the
high hills, and the Sidicine levels nearby, those
who have left Cales behind, and those who live by
Volturnus's shallow river, and by their side the
rough Saticulan and the Oscan men. Polished
javelins are their weapons, but their custom is to

fertur, Teleboum Capreas cum regna teneret, 735
iam senior; patriis sed non et filius aruis
contentus late iam tum dicione premebat
Sarrastis populos et quae rigat aequora Sarnus,
quique Rufras Batulumque tenent atque arua
Celemnae,
et quos maliferae despectant moenia Abellae, 740
Teutonico ritu soliti torquere cateias;
tegmina quis capitem raptus de subere cortex
aerataeque micant peltae, micat aereus ensis.
Et te montosae misere in proelia Nersae,
Ufens, insignem fama et felicibus armis, 745
horrida praecipue cui gens adsuetaque multo
uenatu nemorum, duris Aequicula glaebis.
armati terram exercent semperque recentis
conuectare iuuat praedas et uiuere rapto.
Quin et Marruua uenit de gente sacerdos 750
fronde super galeam et felici comptus oliua
Archippi regis missu, fortissimus Umbro,
uipereo generi et grauiter spirantibus hydris
spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat,
mulcebatque iras et morsus arte leuabat. 755
sed non Dardaniae medicari cuspidis ictum
eualuit neque eum iuuere in uulnera cantus
somniaferi et Marsis quaesitae montibus herbae.
te nemus Angitia, uitrea te Fucinus unda,

attach a flexible leash. A shield protects their left,
with curved swords for close fighting. Nor shall
you, Oebalus, go un-sung in our verses, you whom
they say the nymph Sebethis bore to Telon, who is
old now, when he held the throne of Teleboan
Capreae: but not content with his father's fields,
even then the son exercised his power over the
Sarrastrian peoples, and the plains that Sarnus
waters, and those who hold Rufrae and Batulum
and Celemna's fields, who are used to throwing
their spears in the Teuton fashion: and those apple-
growers that the ramparts of Abella look down on,
whose head-cover is bark stripped from a cork-tree:
and their bronze shields gleam, their swords gleam
with bronze. And you too Ufens, sent to battle from
mountainous Nersae, well known to fame, and
fortunate in arms, whose people of the hard
Aequian earth, are especially tough, and hunt
extensively in the forests. They plough the earth
while armed, and always delight in carrying off
fresh spoils, and living on plunder. There came a
priest as well, of the Marruvian race, sent by King
Archippus, sporting a frond of fruitful olive above
his helmet, Umbro the most-valiant, who, by
incantation and touch, was able to shed sleep on the
race of vipers and water-snakes with poisonous

te liquidi fleure lacus. 760
Ibat et Hippolyti proles pulcherrima bello,
Virbius, insignem quem mater Aricia misit,
eductum Egeriae lucis umentia circum
litora, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Dianae.
namque ferunt fama Hippolytum, postquam arte
nouercae 765
occiderit patriasque explerit sanguine poenas
turbatis distractus equis, ad sidera rursus
aetheria et superas caeli uenisse sub auras,
Paeoniis reuocatum herbis et amore Dianae. tum
pater omnipotens aliquem indignatus ab umbris 770
mortalem infernis ad lumina surgere uitae,
ipse repertorem medicinae talis et artis
fulmine Phoebigenam Stygias detrusit ad undas.
at Triuia Hippolytum secretis alma recondit
sedibus et nymphae Egeriae nemorique relegat, 775
solus ubi in siluis Italis ignobilis aeuum
exigeret uersoque ubi nomine Virbius esset.
unde etiam templo Triuiae lucisque sacratis
cornipedes arcentur equi, quod litore currum
et iuuenem monstris pauidi effudere marinis. 780
filius ardentis haud setius aequore campi
exercebat equos curruque in bella ruebat.

breath, soothing their anger, and curing their bites,
by his arts. But he had no power to heal a blow
from a Trojan spear-point, nor did sleep-inducing
charms, or herbs found on Marsian hills, help him
against wounds. For you, Angitia's grove wept:
Fucinus's glassy wave, for you: for you, the crystal
lakes. And Virbius, Hippolytus's son, most
handsome, went to the war, whom his mother
Aricia sent in all his glory, He was reared in
Egeria's groves, round the marshy shores, where
Diana's altar stands, rich and forgiving. For they
tell in story that Hippolytus, after he had fallen prey
to his stepmother Phaedra's cunning, and, torn apart
by stampeding horses, had paid the debt due to his
father with his blood, came again to the heavenly
stars, and the upper air beneath the sky, recalled by
Apollo's herbs and Diana's love. Then the all-
powerful father, indignant that any mortal should
rise from the shadows to the light of life, hurled
Aesculapius, Apollo's son, the discoverer of such
skill and healing, down to the Stygian waves. But
kindly Diana hid Hippolytus in a secret place, and
sent him to the nymph Egeria, to her grove, where
he might spend his life alone, unknown, in the
Italian woods, his name altered to Virbius. So too
horses are kept away from the temple of Diana

Lines 783-817

Ipsē inter primos praestanti corpore Turnus
uertitur arma tenens et toto uertice supra est.
cui triplici crinita iuba galea alta Chimaeram 785
sustinet Aetnaeos efflantem faucibus ignis;
tam magis illa fremens et tristibus effera flammis
quam magis effuso crudescunt sanguine pugnae.
at leuem clipeum sublatis cornibus Io
auro insignibat, iam saetis obsita, iam bos, 790
argumentum ingens, et custos uirginis Argus,
caelataque amnem fundens pater Inachus urna.
insequitur nimbus peditum clipeataque totis
agmina densentur campis, Argiuaque pubes
Auruncaeque manus, Rutuli ueteresque Sicani, 795
et Sacrae acies et picti scuta Labici;
qui saltus, Tiberine, tuos sacrumque Numici
litus arant Rutulosque exercent uomere collis
Circaeumque iugum, quis Iuppiter Anxurus aruis
praesidet et uiridi gaudens Feronia luco; 800
qua Saturae iacet atra palus gelidusque per imas
quaerit iter uallis atque in mare conditur Vfers.
Hos super aduenit Volsca de gente Camilla
agmen agens equitum et florentis aere cateruas,

Trivia, and the sacred groves, they who, frightened
by sea-monsters, spilt chariot and youth across the
shore.

Turnus and Camilla Complete the Array

Turnus himself went to and from, among the front
ranks, grasping his weapons, pre-eminent in form,
overtopping the rest by a head. His tall helmet was
crowned with a triple plume, holding up a
Chimaera, breathing the fires of Etna from its jaws,
snarling the more, and the more savage with
sombre flames the more violent the battle becomes,
the more blood is shed. But on his polished shield
was Io, with uplifted horns, fashioned in gold,
already covered with hair, already a heifer, a
powerful emblem, and Argus, that virgin's watcher,
and old Inachus pouring his river out of an
engraved urn. A cloud of infantry followed, and the
ranks with shields were thick along the plain,
Argive men and Auruncan troops, Rutulians and
old Sicanians, and the Sacranian lines, and
Labicians, their shields painted: and those who
farmed your woodland pastures, Tiber, and
Numicius's holy shore, and those whose
ploughshare turns Rutulian hills or Circe's
headland, those whose fields Jupiter of Anxur
guards, or Feronia, pleased with her green groves:

bellatrix, non illa colo calathisque Mineruae 805
femineas adsueta manus, sed proelia uirgo
dura pati cursuque pedum praeuertere uentos.
illa uel intactae segetis per summa uolaret
gramina nec teneras cursu laessisset aristas,
uel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentis 810
ferret iter celeris nec tingeret aequore plantas.
illam omnis tectis agrisque effusa iuuentus
turbaque miratur matrum et prospectat euntem,
attonitis inhians animis ut regius ostro
uelet honos leuis umeros, ut fibula crinem 815
auro internectat, Lyciam ut gerat ipsa pharetram
et pastorem praefixa cuspidis myrtum.

those from where Satura's black marsh lies, and
from where chill Ufens finds his valley's course,
and is buried in the sea. Besides all these came
Camilla, of the Volscian race, leading her line of
horse, and troops gleaming with bronze, a warrior
girl, her hands not trained to Minerva's distaff, and
basket of wool, but toughened to endure a fight,
and, with her quickness of foot, out-strip the winds.
She might have skimmed the tips of the stalks of
uncut corn, and not bruised their delicate ears with
her running: or, hanging above the swelling waves,
taken her path through the heart of the deep, and
not dipped her quick feet in the sea. All of the
young men flooding from houses and fields, and
the crowds of women marvelled, and gazed, at her
as she went by, in open-mouthed wonder at how
the splendour of royal purple draped her smooth
shoulders, how her brooch clasped her hair with
gold, how she herself carried her Lycian quiver,
and a shepherd's myrtle staff, tipped with the point
of a spear.

BOOK VIII

Lines 1-25

Ut belli signum Laurenti Turnus ab arce
extulit et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu,
utque acris concussit equos utque impulit arma,
extemplo turbati animi, simul omne tumultu
coniurat trepido Latium saeuitque iuuentus 5
effera. ductores primi Messapus et Ufens
contemptorque deum Mezentius undique cogunt
auxilia et latos uastant cultoribus agros.
mittitur et magni Uenulus Diomedis ad urbem
qui petat auxilium, et Latio consistere Teucros, 10
aduectum Aenean classi uictosque penatis
inferre et fatis regem se dicere posci
edoceat, multasque uiro se adiungere gentis
Dardanio et late Latio increbrescere nomen:
quid struat his coeptis, quem, si fortuna sequatur,
15
euentum pugnae cupiat, manifestius ipsi
quam Turno regi aut regi apparere Latino.
Talia per Latium. quae Laomedontius heros
cuncta uidens magno curarum fluctuat aestu,
atque animum nunc huc celerem nunc diuidit illuc

The Situation in Latium

When Turnus raised the war-banner on the
Laentine citadel, and the trumpets blared out their
harsh music, when he roused his fiery horses and
clashed his weapons, hearts were promptly stirred,
all Latium together swore allegiance in restless
commotion, and young men raged wildly. The main
leaders, Messapus, Ufens and Mezentius, scorner of
gods, gathered their forces from every side,
stripping the broad acres of farmers. And Venulus
was sent to great Diomedes's city, Arpi, to seek
help, and explain that the Trojans were planted in
Latium, Aeneas had arrived with his fleet, carrying
his vanquished gods, and pronouncing himself a
king summoned by destiny, that many tribes were
joining the Trojan hero, and his name was
spreading far and wide in Latium. What Aeneas
was intending given these beginnings, what
outcome he desired from the war, if fortune
followed him, might be seen more clearly by
Diomedes, himself, than by King Turnus or King
Latinus. So it was in Latium. Meanwhile the Trojan

20

in partisque rapit uarias perque omnia uersat,
sicut aquae tremulum labris ubi lumen aenis
sole repercussum aut radiantis imagine lunae
omnia peruolitat late loca, iamque sub auras
erigitur summique ferit laquearia tecti. 25

Lines 26-65

nox erat et terras animalia fessa per omnis
alituum pecudumque genus sopor altus habebat,
cum pater in ripa gelidique sub aetheris axe
Aeneas, tristi turbatus pectora bello,
procubuit seramque dedit per membra quietem. 30
huic deus ipse loci fluuio Tiberinus amoeno
populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
uisus (eum tenuis glauco uelabat amictu
carbasus, et crinis umbrosa tegebat harundo),
tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis: 35
'O sate gente deum, Troianam ex hostibus urbem
qui reuehis nobis aeternaque Pergama seruas,
exspectate solo Laurenti aruisque Latinis,
hic tibi certa domus, certi (ne absiste) penates.
neu belli terrere minis; tumor omnis et irae 40
concessere deum.
iamque tibi, ne uana putes haec fingere somnum,

hero of Laomedon's line, seeing all this, tosses on a vast sea of cares, and swiftly casts his mind this way and that, seizing on various ideas, turning everything over: as when tremulous light from the water in a bronze bowl, thrown back by sunshine, or the moon's radiant image, flickers far and wide over everything, then angles upwards, and strikes the panelled ceiling overhead.

Aeneas's Dream of Tiberinus

It was night, and through all the land, deep sleep gripped weary creatures, bird and beast, when Aeneas, the leader, lay down on the river-bank, under the cold arch of the heavens, his heart troubled by war's sadness, and at last allowed his body to rest. Old Tiberinus himself, the god of the place, appeared to him, rising from his lovely stream, among the poplar leaves (fine linen cloaked him in a blue-grey mantle, and shadowy reeds hid his hair), Then he spoke, and with his words removed all cares: 'O seed of the race of gods, who bring our Trojan city back from the enemy, and guard the eternal fortress, long looked-for on Laurentine soil, and in Latin fields, here is your house, and your house's gods, for sure (do not desist), don't fear the threat of war, the gods' swollen anger has died away. And now, lest you

litoreis ingens inuenta sub ilicibus sus
triginta capitum fetus enixa iacebit,
alba solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati. 45
[hic locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum,]
ex quo ter denis urbem redeuntibus annis
Ascanius clari condet cognominis Albam.
haud incerta cano. nunc qua ratione quod instat
expedias uictor, paucis (aduerte) docebo. 50
Arcades his oris, genus a Pallante profectum,
qui regem Euandrum comites, qui signa secuti,
delegere locum et posuere in montibus urbem
Pallantis proauis de nomine Pallanteum.
hi bellum adsidue ducunt cum gente Latina; 55
hos castris adhibe socios et foedera iunge.
ipse ego te ripas et recto flumine ducam,
aduersum remis superes subuectus ut amnem.
surge age, nate dea, primisque cadentibus astris
Iunoni fer rite preces, iramque minasque 60
supplicibus supera uotis. mihi uictor honorem
persolues. ego sum pleno quem flumine cernis
stringentem ripas et pinguis culta secantem,
caeruleus Thybris, caelo gratissimus amnis.
hic mihi magna domus, celsis caput urbibus exit.'

65

think this sleep's idle fancy, you'll find a huge sow
lying on the shore, under the oak trees, that has
farrowed a litter of thirty young, a white sow, lying
on the ground, with white piglets round her teats,
That place shall be your city, there's true rest from
your labours. By this in a space of thirty years
Ascanius will found the city of Alba, bright name. I
do not prophesy unsurely. Now (attend), in a few
words I'll explain how you can emerge the victor
from what will come. Arcadians have chosen a site
on this coast, a race descended from Pallas, friends
of King Evander, who followed his banner, and
located their city in the hills, named, from their
ancestor Pallas, Pallantium. They wage war
endlessly with the Latin race: summon them as
allies to your camp, and join in league with them.
I'll guide you myself along the banks by the right
channels, so you can defeat the opposing current
with your oars. Rise, now, son of the goddess, and,
as the first stars set, offer the prayers due to Juno,
and with humble vows overcome her anger and her
threats. Pay me honour as victor. I am him whom
you see scouring the banks, with my full stream,
and cutting through rich farmlands, blue Tiber, the
river most dear to heaven. Here is my noble house,
my fount flows through noble cities.'

Lines 66-101

Dixit, deinde lacu fluuius se condidit alto
ima petens; nox Aenean somnusque reliquit.
surgit et aetherii spectans orientia solis
lumina rite cauis undam de flumine palmis
sustinet ac talis effundit ad aethera uoces: 70
'Nymphae, Laurentes Nymphae, genus amnibus
unde est,
tuque, o Thybri tuo genitor cum flumine sancto,
accipite Aenean et tandem arcete periclis.
quo te cumque lacus miserantem incommoda nostra
fonte tenent, quocumque solo pulcherrimus exis, 75
semper honore meo, semper celebrabere donis
corniger Hesperidum fluuius regnator aquarum.
adsis o tantum et propius tua numina firmes.'
sic memorat, geminasque legit de classe biremis
remigioque aptat, socios simul instruit armis. 80
Ecce autem subitum atque oculis mirabile
monstrum,
candida per siluam cum fetu concolor albo
procubuit uiridique in litore conspicitur sus;
quam pius Aeneas tibi enim, tibi, maxima Iuno,
mactat sacra ferens et cum grege sistit ad aram. 85
Thybris ea fluuium, quam longa est, nocte
tumentem
leniit, et tacita refluens ita substitit unda,

Aeneas Sails to Pallanteum

He spoke: then the river plunged into a deep pool,
seeking its floor: night and sleep left Aeneas. He
rose and, looking towards the heavenly sun's
eastern light, raised water from the stream in his
cupped hands, and poured out this prayer to
heaven: 'Nymphs, Laurentine Nymphs, from whom
come the tribe of rivers, and you, O Father Tiber,
and your sacred stream, receive Aeneas, and shield
him at last from danger. In whatever fountain the
water holds you, pitying our trials, from whatever
soil you flow in your supreme beauty, you will
always be honoured by my tributes, by my gifts,
horned river, ruler of the Hesperian waters. O, only
be with me and prove your will by your presence.'
So he spoke, and chose two galleys from his fleet,
manned them with oarsmen, and also equipped his
men with weapons. But behold a sudden wonder,
marvellous to the sight, gleaming white through the
trees, a sow the same colour as her white litter, seen
lying on the green bank: dutiful Aeneas, carrying
the sacred vessel, sets her with her young before
the altar and sacrifices her to you, to you indeed,
most powerful Juno. Tiber calmed his swelling
flood all that night long, and flowing backwards
stilled his silent wave, so that he spread his watery

mitis ut in morem stagni placidaeque paludis
sterneret aequor aquis, remo ut luctamen abesset.
ergo iter inceptum celerant rumore secundo: 90
labitur uncta uadis abies; mirantur et undae,
miratur nemus insuetum fulgentia longe
scuta uirum fluuio pictasque innare carinas.
olli remigio noctemque diemque fatigant
et longos superant flexus, uariisque teguntur 95
arboribus, uiridisque secant placido aequore siluas.
sol medium caeli conscenderat igneus orbem
cum muros arcemque procul ac rara domorum
tectata uident, quae nunc Romana potentia caelo
aequauit, tum res inopes Euandrus habebat. 100
ocius aduertunt proras urbi que propinquant.

Lines 102-151

Forte die sollemnem illo rex Arcas honorem
Amphitryoniadae magno diuisque ferebat
ante urbem in luco. Pallas huic filius una,
una omnes iuuenum primi pauperque senatus 105
tura dabant, tepidusque cruor fumabat ad aras.
ut celsas uidere rates atque inter opacum
adlabi nemus et tacitos incumbere remis,
terrentur uisu subito cunctique relictis
consurgunt mensis. audax quos rumpere Pallas 110

levels as in a gentle pool, or placid swamp, so it
would be effortless for the oars. Therefore they
sped on the course begun, with happy murmurs, the
oiled pine slipped through the shallows: the waves
 marvelled, the woods marvelled, unused to the far-
gleaming shields of heroes, and the painted ships
floating in the river. They wore out a night and a
day with their rowing navigated long bends, were
shaded by many kinds of trees, and cut through the
green woods, over the calm levels. The fiery sun
had climbed to the mid-point of the sky's arc, when
they saw walls and a fort in the distance, and the
scattered roofs of houses, which Roman power has
now raised heavenwards: then Evander owned a
poor affair. They turned the prows quickly towards
land, and approached the town.

Aeneas Meets Evander

By chance that day the Arcadian king was making
solemn offering to Hercules, Amphitryon's mighty
son, and other gods in a grove in front of the city.
His son Pallas was with him, and with him were all
the leading young men, and his impoverished
senate offering incense, and the warm blood
smoked on the altars. When they saw the noble
ships: that they were gliding through the shadowy
woods, rowing with silent oars: they were alarmed

sacra uetat raptoque uolat telo obuius ipse,
et procul e tumulo: 'iuuenes, quae causa subegit
ignotas temptare uias? quo tenditis?' inquit.
'qui genus? unde domo? pacemne huc fertis an
arma?'

tum pater Aeneas puppi sic fatur ab alta 115
paciferaeque manu ramum praetendit oliuae:
'Troiuogenas ac tela uides inimica Latinis,
quos illi bello profugos egere superbo.
Euandrum petimus. ferte haec et dicite lectos
Dardaniae uenisse duces socia arma rogantis.' 120
obstipuit tanto percussus nomine Pallas:
'egredere o quicumque es' ait 'coramque parentem
adloquere ac nostris succede penatibus hospes.'
excepitque manu dextramque amplexus inhaesit;
progressi subeunt luco fluuiumque relinquunt. 125
Tum regem Aeneas dictis adfatur amicis:
'optime Graiugenum, cui me Fortuna precari
et uitta comptos uoluit praetendere ramos,
non equidem extimui Danaum quod ductor et Arcas
quodque a stirpe fores geminis coniunctus Atridis;
130
sed mea me uirtus et sancta oracula diuum
cognatique patres, tua terris didita fama,
coniunxere tibi et fatis egere uolentem.
Dardanus, Iliacae primus pater urbis et auctor,

at the sudden sight and rose together, leaving the
tables. But proud Pallas ordered them not to break
off the rites, and seizing his spear flew off to meet
the strangers himself, and at some distance shouted
from a hillock: 'Warriors what motive drives you to
try unknown paths? Where are you heading? What
people are you? Where from? Do you bring peace
or war?' Then Aeneas the leader spoke from the
high stern, holding out a branch of olive in peace:
'You are looking at men of Trojan birth, and spears
hostile to the Latins, men whom they force to flee
through arrogant warfare. We seek Evander. Take
my message and say that the chosen leaders of Troy
have come, asking for armed alliance.' Pallas was
amazed, awestruck by that great name: 'O whoever
you may be, disembark, and speak to my father
face to face, and come beneath our roof as a guest.'
And he took his hand and gripped it tight in
welcome: they left the river, and went on into the
grove. Then Aeneas spoke to King Evander, in
words of friendship: 'Noblest of the sons of Greece,
whom Fortune determines me to make request of,
offering branches decked with sacred ribbons:
indeed I did not fear your being a leader of Greeks,
an Arcadian, and joined to the race of the twin sons
of Atreus, since my own worth, and the god's holy

Electra, ut Grai perhibent, Atlantide cretus, 135
aduehitur Teucros; Electram maximus Atlas
edidit, aetherios umero qui sustinet orbis.
uobis Mercurius pater est, quem candida Maia
Cyllenae gelido conceptum uertice fudit;
at Maiam, auditis si quicquam credimus, Atlas, 140
idem Atlas generat caeli qui sidera tollit.
sic genus amborum scindit se sanguine ab uno.
his fretus non legatos neque prima per artem
temptamenta tui pepigi; me, me ipse meumque
obieci caput et supplex ad limina ueni. 145
gens eadem, quae te, crudeli Daunia bello
insequitur; nos si pellant nihil afore credunt
quin omnem Hesperiam penitus sua sub iuga
mittant,
et mare quod supra teneant quodque adluit infra.
accipe daque fidem. sunt nobis fortia bello 150
pectora, sunt animi et rebus spectata iuuentus.'

Lines 152-183

Dixerat Aeneas. ille os oculosque loquentis
iamdudum et totum lustrabat lumine corpus.

oracles, our fathers being related, your fame known
throughout the world, connect me to you, and bring
me here willingly, through destiny. Dardanus, our
early ancestor, and leader of Troy's city, born of
Atlantean Electra, as the Greeks assert, voyaged to
Troy's Teucrian people: and mightiest Atlas begot
Electra, he who supports the heavenly spheres on
his shoulders. Your ancestor is Mercury, whom
lovely Maia conceived, and gave birth to on
Cyllene's cold heights: and Atlas, if we credit what
we hear, begot Maia, that same Atlas who lifts the
starry sky. So both our races branch from the one
root. Relying on this, I decided on no envoys, no
prior attempts through diplomacy: myself, I set
before you, myself and my own life, and come
humbly to your threshold. The same Daunian race
pursues us with war, as you yourself, indeed they
think if they drive us out, nothing will stop them
bringing all Hesperia completely under their yoke,
and owning the seas that wash the eastern and
western shores. Accept and offer friendship. We
have brave hearts in battle, soldiers and spirits
proven in action.'

Evander Offers Alliance

Aeneas spoke. Evander scanned his face, eyes and
form, for a long time with his gaze, as he was

tum sic pauca refert: 'ut te, fortissime Teucrum,
accipio agnoscoque libens! ut uerba parentis 155
et uocem Anchisae magni uultumque recordor!
nam memini Hesione uisentem regna sororis
Laomedontiaden Priamum Salamina petentem
protinus Arcadiae gelidos inuisere finis.
tum mihi prima genas uestibat flore iuuentas, 160
mirabarque duces Teucros, mirabar et ipsum
Laomedontiaden; sed cunctis altior ibat
Anchises. mihi mens iuuenali ardebat amore
compellare uirum et dextrae coniungere dextram;
accessi et cupidus Phenei sub moenia duxi. 165
ille mihi insignem pharetram Lyciasque sagittas
discedens chlamydemque auro dedit intertextam,
frenaque bina meae quae nunc habet aurea Pallas.
ergo et quam petitis iuncta est mihi foedere dextra,
et lux cum primum terris se crastina reddet, 170
auxilio laetos dimittam opibusque iuuabo.
interea sacra haec, quando huc uenistis amici,
annua, quae differre nefas, celebrate fauentes
nobiscum, et iam nunc sociorum adsuescite
mensis.'
Haec ubi dicta, dapes iubet et sublata reponi 175
pocula gramineoque uiros locat ipse sedili,
praecipuumque toro et uillosi pelle leonis
accipit Aenean solioque inuitat acerno.

speaking. Then he replied briefly, so: 'How gladly I know, and welcome you, bravest of Trojans! How it brings back your father's speech, the voice and features of noble Anchises! For I recall how Priam, son of Laomedon, visiting the realms of his sister, Hesione, and seeking Salamis, came on further to see the chill territories of Arcadia. In those days first youth clothed my cheeks with bloom, and I marvelled at the Trojan leaders, and marvelled at the son of Laomedon himself: but Anchises as he walked was taller than all. My mind burned with youthful desire to address the hero, and clasp his hand in mine: I approached and led him eagerly inside the walls of Pheneus. On leaving he gave me a noble quiver of Lycian arrows, a cloak woven with gold, and a pair of golden bits, that my Pallas now owns. So the hand of mine you look for is joined in alliance, and when tomorrow's dawn returns to the earth, I'll send you off cheered by my help, and aid you with stores. Meanwhile, since you come to us as friends, favour us by celebrating this annual festival, which it is wrong to delay, and become accustomed to your friends' table.' When he had spoken he ordered the food and drink that had been removed to be replaced, and seated the warriors himself on the turf benches. He welcomed

tum lecti iuuenes certatim araeque sacerdos
uiscera tosta ferunt taurorum, onerantque canistris
180
dona laboratae Cereris, Bacchumque ministrant.
uescitur Aeneas simul et Troiana iuuentus
perpetui tergo bouis et lustralibus extis.

Lines 184-305

Postquam exempta fames et amor compressus
edendi,
rex Euandrus ait: 'non haec sollemnia nobis, 185
has ex more dapes, hanc tanti numinis aram
uana superstitio ueterumque ignara deorum
imposuit: saeuus, hospes Troiane, periclis
seruati facimus meritosque nouamus honores.
iam primum saxis suspensam hanc aspice rupem,
190
disiectae procul ut moles desertaque montis
stat domus et scopuli ingentem traxere ruinam.
hic spelunca fuit uasto summota recessu,
semihominis Caci facies quam dira tenebat
solis inaccessam radiis; semperque recenti 195
caede tepebat humus, foribusque adfixa superbis
ora uirum tristi pendebant pallida tabo.
huic monstro Uolcanus erat pater: illius atros
ore uomens ignis magna se mole ferebat.

Aeneas as the principal guest, and invited him to a maple-wood throne covered by a shaggy lion's pelt. Then the altar priest with young men he had chosen competed to bring on the roast meat from the bulls, pile the baked bread in baskets, and serve the wine. Aeneas and the men of Troy feasted on an entire chine of beef, and the sacrificial organs.

The Tale of Hercules and Cacus

When hunger had been banished, and desire for food sated, King Evander said: 'No idle superstition, or ignorance of the ancient gods, forced these solemn rites of ours, this ritual banquet, this altar to so great a divinity, upon us. We perform them, and repeat the honours due, Trojan guest, because we were saved from cruel perils. Now look first at this rocky overhanging cliff, how its bulk is widely shattered, and the mountain lair stands deserted, and the crags have been pulled down in mighty ruin. There was a cave here, receding to vast depths, untouched by the sun's rays, inhabited by the fell shape of Cacus, the half-human, and the ground was always warm with fresh blood, and the heads of men, insolently nailed to the doors, hung there pallid with sad decay. Vulcan was father to this monster: and, as he moved his massive bulk, he belched out his dark

attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus aetas 200
auxilium aduentumque dei. nam maximus ultor
tergemini nece Geryonae spoliisque superbus
Alcides aderat taurosque hac uictor agebat
ingentis, uallemque boues amnemque tenebant.
at furis Caci mens effera, ne quid inausum 205
aut intractatum scelerisue doliue fuisset,
quattuor a stabulis praestanti corpore tauros
auertit, totidem forma superante iuuenas.
atque hos, ne qua forent pedibus uestigia rectis,
cauda in speluncam tractos uersisque uiarum 210
indiciis raptor saxo occultabat opaco;
quaerenti nulla ad speluncam signa ferebant.
interea, cum iam stabulis saturata moueret
Amphitryoniades armenta abitumque pararet,
discessu mugire boues atque omne querelis 215
impleri nemus et colles clamore relinqui.
reddidit una bouum uocem uastoque sub antro
mugit et Caci spem custodita fefellit.
hic uero Alcidae furiis exarserat atro
felle dolor: rapit arma manu nodisque grauatum
220
robur, et aërii cursu petit ardua montis.
tum primum nostri Cacus uidere timentem
turbatumque oculis; fugit illicet ocior Euro
speluncamque petit, pedibus timor addidit alas.

fires. Now at last time brought what we wished, the presence and assistance of a god. Hercules, the greatest of avengers, appeared, proud of the killing and the spoils of three-fold Geryon, driving his great bulls along as victor, and his cattle occupied the valley and the river. And Cacus, his mind mad with frenzy, lest any wickedness or cunning be left un-dared or un-tried drove off four bulls of outstanding quality, and as many heifers of exceptional beauty, from their stalls. and, so there might be no forward-pointing spoor, the thief dragged them into his cave by the tail, and, reversing the signs of their tracks, hid them in the stony dark: no one seeking them would find a trail to the cave. Meanwhile, as Hercules, Amphitryon's son, was moving the well-fed herd from their stalls, and preparing to leave, the cattle lowed as they went out, all the woods were filled with their complaining, and the sound echoed from the hills. One heifer returned their call, and lowed from the deep cave, and foiled Cacus's hopes from her prison. At this Hercules's indignation truly blazed, with a venomous dark rage: he seized weapons in his hand, and his heavy knotted club, and quickly sought the slopes of the high mountain. Then for the first time my people saw Cacus afraid,

ut sese inclusit ruptisque immane catenis 225
deiecit saxum, ferro quod et arte paterna
pendebat, fultosque emuniit obice postis,
ecce furens animis aderat Tirynthius omnemque
accessum lustrans huc ora ferebat et illuc,
dentibus infrendens. ter totum feruidus ira 230
lustrat Auentini montem, ter saxea temptat
limina nequiquam, ter fessus ualle resedit.
stabat acuta silex praecisis undique saxis
speluncae dorso insurgens, altissima uisu,
dirarum nidis domus opportuna uolucrum. 235
hanc, ut prona iugo laeuum incumbebat ad amnem,
dexter in aduersum nitens concussit et imis
auulsam soluit radicibus, inde repente
impulit; impulsu quo maximus intonat aether,
dissultant ripae refluitque exterritus amnis. 240
at specus et Caci detecta apparuit ingens
regia, et umbrosae penitus patuere cauernae,
non secus ac si qua penitus ui terra dehiscens
infernus reseret sedes et regna recludat
pallida, dis inuisa, superque immane barathrum 245
cernatur, trepidant immisso lumine Manes.
ergo insperata deprensus luce repente
inclusumque cauo saxo atque insueta rudentem
desuper Alcides telis premit, omniaque arma
aduocat et ramis uastisque molaribus instat. 250

confusion in his eyes: he fled at once, swifter than
the East Wind, heading for his cave: fear lent wings
to his feet. As he shut himself in, and blocked the
entrance securely, throwing against it a giant rock,
hung there in chains by his father's craft, by
shattering the links, behold Hercules arrived in a
tearing passion, turning his head this way and that,
scanning every approach, and gnashing his teeth.
Hot with rage, three times he circled the whole
Aventine Hill, three times he tried the stony
doorway in vain, three times he sank down,
exhausted, in the valley. A sharp pinnacle of flint,
the rock shorn away on every side, stood, tall to
see, rising behind the cave, a suitable place for vile
birds to nest. He shook it, where it lay, its ridge
sloping towards the river on the left, straining at it
from the right, loosening its deepest roots, and
tearing it out, then suddenly hurling it away, the
highest heavens thundered with the blow, the banks
broke apart, and the terrified river recoiled. But
Cacus's den and his vast realm stood revealed, and
the shadowy caverns within lay open, no differently
than if earth, gaping deep within, were to unlock
the infernal regions by force, and disclose the pallid
realms, hated by the gods, and the vast abyss be
seen from above, and the spirits tremble at

ille autem, neque enim fuga iam super ulla pericli,
faucibus ingentem fumum (mirabile dictu)
euomit inuoluitque domum caligine caeca
prospectum eripiens oculis, glomeratque sub antro
fumiferam noctem commixtis igne tenebris. 255
non tulit Alcides animis, seque ipse per ignem
praecipiti iecit saltu, qua plurimus undam
fumus agit nebulaque ingens specus aestuat atra.
hic Cacus in tenebris incendia uana uomentem
corripit in nodum complexus, et angit inhaerens
260

elisos oculos et siccum sanguine guttur.
panditur extemplo foribus domus atra reuulsis
abstractaeque boues abiurataeque rapinae
caelo ostenduntur, pedibusque informe cadauer
protrahitur. nequeunt expleri corda tuendo 265
terribilis oculos, uultum uillosaque saetis
pectora semiferi atque exstinctos faucibus ignis.
ex illo celebratus honos laetique minores
seruauere diem, primusque Potitius auctor
et domus Herculei custos Pinaria sacri 270
hanc aram luco statuit, quae maxima semper
dicetur nobis et erit quae maxima semper.
quare agite, o iuuenes, tantarum in munere laudum
cingite fronde comas et pocula porgite dextris,
communemque uocate deum et date uina uolentes.'

incoming light. So Hercules, calling upon all his weapons, hurled missiles at Cacus from above, caught suddenly in unexpected daylight, penned in the hollow rock, with unaccustomed howling, and rained boughs and giant blocks of stone on him. He on the other hand, since there was no escape now from the danger, belched thick smoke from his throat (marvellous to tell) and enveloped the place in blind darkness, blotting the view from sight, and gathering smoke-laden night in the cave, a darkness mixed with fire. Hercules in his pride could not endure it, and he threw himself, with a headlong leap, through the flames, where the smoke gave out its densest billows, and black mist heaved in the great cavern. Here, as Cacus belched out useless flame in the darkness, Hercules seized him in a knot-like clasp, and, clinging, choked him the eyes squeezed, and the throat drained of blood. Immediately the doors were ripped out, and the dark den exposed, the stolen cattle, and the theft Cacus denied, were revealed to the heavens, and the shapeless carcass dragged out by the feet. The people could not get their fill of gazing at the hideous eyes, the face, and shaggy bristling chest of the half-man, and the ashes of the jaw's flames. Because of that this rite is celebrated, and happy

275

dixerat, Herculea bicolor cum populus umbra
uelautique comas foliisque innexa pependit,
et sacer impleuit dextram scyphus. ocius omnes
in mensam laeti libant diuosque precantur.
Deuxo interea propior fit Uesper Olympo. 280
iamque sacerdotes primusque Potitius ibant
pellibus in morem cincti, flammasque ferebant.
instaurant epulas et mensae grata secundae
dona ferunt cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras.
tum Salii ad cantus incensa altaria circum 285
populeis adsunt euincti tempora ramis,
hic iuuenum chorus, ille senum, qui carmine laudes
Herculeas et facta ferunt: ut prima nouercae
monstra manu geminosque premens eliserit anguis,
ut bello egregias idem disiecerit urbes, 290
Troiamque Oechaliamque, ut duros mille labores
rege sub Eurystheo fatis Iunonis iniquae
pertulerit. 'tu nubigenas, inuicte, bimembris
Hylaeumque Pholumque manu, tu Cresia mactas
prodigia et uastum Nemeae sub rupe leonem. 295
te Stygii tremuere lacus, te ianitor Orci
ossa super recubans antro semesa cruento;
nec te ullae facies, non terruit ipse Typhoeus
arduus arma tenens; non te rationis egentem
Lernaes turba capitum circumstetit anguis. 300

posterity remembers the day: and Potitius, the first,
the founder, with the Pinarian House as guardians
of the worship of Hercules, set up this altar in the
grove, which shall be spoken of for ever by us as
'The Mightiest', and the mightiest it shall be for
ever. Come now, O you young men, wreath your
hair with leaves, hold out wine-cups in your right
hands, in honour of such great glory, and call on
the god we know, and pour out the wine with a
will.' He spoke, while grey-green poplar veiled his
hair with Hercules's own shade, hanging down in a
knot of leaves, and the sacred cup filled his hand.
Quickly they all poured a joyful libation on the
table, and prayed to the gods. Meanwhile, evening
drew nearer in the heavens, and now the priests
went out, Potitius leading, clothed in pelts as
customary, and carrying torches. They restarted the
feast, bringing welcome offerings as a second
course, and piled the altars with heaped plates.
Then the Salii, the dancing priests, came to sing
round the lighted altars, their foreheads wreathed
with sprays of poplar, one band of youths, another
of old men, who praised the glories and deeds of
Hercules in song: how as an infant he strangled the
twin snakes in his grip, monsters sent by Juno his
stepmother: how too he destroyed cities

salve, uera Iouis proles, decus addite diuis,
et nos et tua dexter adi pede sacra secundo.'
taliam carminibus celebrant; super omnia Caci
speluncam adiciunt spirantemque ignibus ipsum.
consonat omne nemus strepitu collesque resultant.
305

Lines 306-369

Exim se cuncti diuinis rebus ad urbem
perfectis referunt. ibat rex obsitus aevo,
et comitem Aenean iuxta natumque tenebat
ingrediens uarioque uiam sermone leuabat.
miratur facilisque oculos fert omnia circum 310
Aeneas, capiturque locis et singula laetus
exquiratque auditque uirum monimenta priorum.

incomparable in war, Troy and Oechalia: how he endured a thousand hard labours destined for him by cruel Juno, through King Eurystheus: 'You, unconquerable one, you slew the cloud-born Centaurs, bi-formed Hylaeus and Pholus, with your hand: the monstrous Cretan Bull: and the huge lion below the cliffs of Nemea. The Stygian Lake trembled before you: Cerberus, Hell's guardian, lying on half-eaten bones in his blood-drenched cave: No shape, not Typhoeus himself, armed and towering upwards, daunted you: your brains were not lacking when Lerna's Hydra surrounded you with its swarm of heads. Hail, true child of Jove, a glory added to the gods, visit us and your rites with grace and favouring feet.' Such things they celebrated in song, adding to all this Cacus's cave, and the fire-breather himself. All the grove rang with sound, and the hills echoed.

Pallanteum – The Site of Rome

Then they all returned to the city, the sacred rites complete. The king walked clothed with years, and kept Aeneas and his son near him for company, lightening the road with various talk. Aeneas marvelled, and scanned his eyes about eagerly, captivated by the place, and delighted to enquire about and learn each tale of the men of old. So

tum rex Euandrus Romanae conditor arcis:
'haec nemora indigenae Fauni Nymphaeque
tenebant
gensque uirum truncis et duro robore nata, 315
quis neque mos neque cultus erat, nec iungere
tauros
aut componere opes norant aut parcere parto,
sed rami atque asper uictu uenatus alebat.
primus ab aetherio uenit Saturnus Olympo
arma Iouis fugiens et regnis exsul adeptis. 320
is genus indocile ac dispersum montibus altis
composuit legesque dedit, Latiumque uocari
maluit, his quoniam latuisset tutus in oris.
aurea quae perhibent illo sub rege fuere
saecula: sic placida populos in pace regebat, 325
deterior donec paulatim ac decolor aetas
et belli rabies et amor successit habendi.
tum manus Ausonia et gentes uenere Sicanae,
saepius et nomen posuit Saturnia tellus;
tum reges asperque immani corpore Thybris, 330
a quo post Itali fluuium cognomine Thybrim
diximus; amisit uerum uetus Albula nomen.
me pulsum patria pelagique extrema sequentem
Fortuna omnipotens et ineluctabile fatum
his posuere locis, matrisque egere tremenda 335
Carmentis nymphae monita et deus auctor Apollo.'

King Evander, founder of Rome's citadel, said: 'The local Nymphs and Fauns once lived in these groves, and a race of men born of trees with tough timber, who had no laws or culture, and didn't know how to yoke oxen or gather wealth, or lay aside a store, but the branches fed them, and the hunter's wild fare. Saturn was the first to come down from heavenly Olympus, fleeing Jove's weapons, and exiled from his lost realm. He gathered together the untaught race, scattered among the hills, and gave them laws, and chose to call it Latium, from *latere*, 'to hide', since he had hidden in safety on these shores. Under his reign was the Golden Age men speak of: in such tranquil peace did he rule the nations, until little by little an inferior, tarnished age succeeded, with war's madness, and desire for possessions. Then the Ausonian bands came, and the Siconian tribes, while Saturn's land of Latium often laid aside her name: then the kings, and savage Thybris, of vast bulk, after whom we Italians call our river by the name of Tiber: the ancient Albula has lost her true name. As for me, exiled from my country and seeking the limits of the ocean, all-powerful Chance, and inescapable fate, settled me in this place, driven on by my mother the Nymph Carmentis's dire warnings, and my guardian god

Uix ea dicta, dehinc progressus monstrat et aram
et Carmentalem Romani nomine portam
quam memorant, nymphae priscum Carmentis
honorem,
uatis fatidicae, cecinit quae prima futuros 340
Aeneadas magnos et nobile Pallanteum.
hinc lucum ingentem, quem Romulus acer asylum
rettulit, et gelida monstrat sub rupe Lupercal
Parrhasio dictum Panos de more Lycae.
nec non et sacri monstrat nemus Argileti 345
testaturque locum et letum docet hospitis Argi.
hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit
aurea nunc, olim siluestribus horrida dumis.
iam tum religio pauidos terrebat agrestis
dira loci, iam tum siluam saxumque tremebant. 350
'hoc nemus, hunc' inquit 'frondoso uertice collem
(quis deus incertum est) habitat deus; Arcades
ipsum
credunt se uidisse Iouem, cum saepe nigrantem
aegida concuteret dextra nimbosque cieret.
haec duo praeterea disiectis oppida muris, 355
reliquias ueterumque uides monumenta uirorum.
hanc Ianus pater, hanc Saturnus condidit arcem;
Ianiculum huic, illi fuerat Saturnia nomen.'
talibus inter se dictis ad tecta subibant
pauperis Euandri, passimque armenta uidebant 360

Apollo.' He had scarcely spoken when advancing
he pointed out the altar and what the Romans call
the Carmental Gate, in ancient tribute to the Nymph
Carmentis, the far-seeing prophethess, who first
foretold the greatness of Aeneas's sons, the glory of
Pallanteum. Next he pointed to a vast grove, which
brave Romulus would restore as a sanctuary, and
the Lupercal, the Wolf's Cave, under a cold cliff,
named in the Arcadian way for the wolf-god,
Lycaean Pan. And he also pointed out the grove of
sacred Argiletum calling the place to witness,
relating the death of Argus his guest. He leads him
from here to the Tarpeian Rock and the Capitol,
now all gold, once bristling with wild thorns. Even
then the dreadful holiness of the place awed the
fearful country folk, even then they trembled at the
wood and the rock. 'A god inhabits this grove,' he
said, ' and this hill with its leafy summit, (which
god is unknown): my Arcadians believe they have
seen Jove himself, as his right hand has often
shaken his darkening shield, and called up the
storm clouds. Moreover you can see in these two
townships with broken walls, the memorials and
relics of men of old. Father Janus built this fort,
Saturn that: this was named the Janiculum, that the
Saturnia.' Talking among themselves they came to

Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis.
ut uentum ad sedes, 'haec' inquit 'limina uictor
Alcides subiit, haec illum regia cepit.
aude, hospes, contemnere opes et te quoque dignum
finge deo, rebusque ueni non asper egenis.' 365
dixit, et angusti subter fastigia tecti
ingentem Aenean duxit stratisque locauit
effultum foliis et pelle Libystidis ursae:
nox ruit et fuscis tellurem amplectitur alis.

Lines 370-406

At Uenus haud animo nequiquam exterrita mater
370
Laurentumque minis et duro mota tumultu
Uolcanum adloquitur, thalamoque haec coniugis
aureo
incipit et dictis diuinum aspirat amorem:
'dum bello Argolici uastabant Pergama reges
debita casurasque inimicis ignibus arces, 375
non ullum auxilium miseris, non arma rogau
artis opisque tuae, nec te, carissime coniunx,
incassumue tuos uolui exercere labores,
quamuis et Priami deberem plurima natis,

the house of the impoverished Evander, and saw
cattle here and there, lowing where the Roman
Forum and the fashionable Carinae would be.
When they reached the house, Evander said:
'Victorious Hercules stooped to entering this
doorway, this palace charmed him. My guest, dare
to scorn wealth, and make yourself worthy too to
be a god: don't be scathing about the lack of
possessions.' He spoke, and led mighty Aeneas
beneath the confines of his sloping roof, and
allotted him a mattress stuffed with leaves, and the
pelt of a Libyan bear: Night fell, and embraced the
earth with her darkening wings.

Venus Seeks Weapons from Vulcan

Now Venus, a mother fearful, and not without
reason, in her mind, troubled by the Laurentine
threats, and fierce uprising, spoke to Vulcan, her
husband, in their golden bridal chamber, beginning
this way, breathing divine passion into her words: 'I
didn't ask weapons of your skill or power, dearest
husband, nor any help for my poor people, while
the Argive kings destroyed doomed Troy in the
war, her citadel fated to fall to hostile flames: no, I
didn't want to exercise you or your skills in vain,
though I owed much indeed to Priam's sons, and
often wept at Aeneas's cruel suffering. Now at

et durum Aeneae fleuissem saepe laborem. 380
nunc Iouis imperiis Rutulorum constitit oris:
ergo eadem supplex uenio et sanctum mihi numen
arma rogo, genetrix nato. te filia Nerei,
te potuit lacrimis Tithonia flectere coniunx.
aspice qui coeant populi, quae moenia clausis 385
ferrum acuunt portis in me excidiumque meorum.'
dixerat et niueis hinc atque hinc diua lacertis
cunctantem amplexu molli fouet. ille repente
accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas
intrauit calor et labefacta per ossa cucurrit, 390
non secus atque olim tonitru cum rupta corusco
igne rima micans percurrat lumine nimbos;
sensit laeta dolis et formae conscia coniunx.
tum pater aeterno fatur deuinctus amore:
'quid causas petis ex alto? fiducia cessit 395
quo tibi, diua, mei? similis si cura fuisset,
tum quoque fas nobis Teucros armare fuisset;
nec pater omnipotens Troiam nec fata uetabant
stare decemque alios Priamum superesse per annos.
et nunc, si bellare paras atque haec tibi mens est,
400
quidquid in arte mea possum promittere curae,
quod fieri ferro liquidoue potest electro,
quantum ignes animaeque ualent, absiste precando
uiribus indubitare tuis.' ea uerba locutus

Jove's command he has set foot on Rutulian shores,
so I come likewise as a suppliant and ask arms of
the power sacred to me, a mother on behalf of her
son. Thetis, Nereus's daughter, and Aurora,
Tithonus's wife, could move you with tears. See
what nations gather, what cities, closing their gates,
are sharpening their swords against me, to destroy
my people.' She had spoken, and as he hesitated,
the goddess caressed him in a tender embrace, on
this side and on that, in her snowy arms. At once he
felt the familiar flame, and that warmth he knew
penetrated him to the marrow, and ran through his
melting bones, no differently than when, with a
peal of thunder, a forked streak of fire tears through
the storm-clouds with dazzling light: his partner felt
it, delighted with her cleverness and conscious of
her beauty. Then old Vulcan spoke, chained by
immortal love: 'Why do you seek instances from
the past? Goddess, where has your faith in me
gone? If your anxiety then was the same, it would
have been right for me too to arm the Trojans then:
neither fate nor the almighty Father refused to let
Troy stand, or Priam live, ten years more. And so
now, if war is your intent, and your mind is set on
it, cease to doubt your powers, entreating whatever
care I can promise in my craft, whatever can be

optatos dedit amplexus placidumque petiuit 405
coniugis infusus gremio per membra soporem.

Lines 407-453

Inde ubi prima quies medio iam noctis abactae
curriculo expulerat somnum, cum femina primum,
cui tolerare colo uitam tenuique Minerua
impositum, cinerem et sopitos suscitatur ignis 410
noctem addens operi, famulasque ad lumina longo
exercet penso, castum ut seruare cubile
coniugis et possit paruos educere natos:
haud secus ignipotens nec tempore segnior illo
mollibus e stratis opera ad fabrilia surgit. 415
insula Sicanium iuxta latus Aeoliamque
erigitur Liparen fumantibus ardua saxis,
quam subter specus et Cyclopaum exesa caminis
antra Aetnaea tonant, ualidique incudibus ictus
auditi referunt gemitus, striduntque cauernis 420
stricturae Chalybum et fornacibus ignis anhelat,
Uolcani domus et Uolcania nomine tellus.
hoc tunc ignipotens caelo descendit ab alto.
ferrum exercebant uasto Cyclopes in antro,
Brontesque Steropesque et nudus membra
Pyragmon. 425
his informatum manibus iam parte polita

made of iron and molten electrum, whatever fire
and air can do.' Saying these words he gave her a
desired embrace, and sinking onto his wife's breast,
sought gentle sleep in every limb.

Vulcan's Smithy

When, in vanishing night's mid-course, first rest has
conquered the need for sleep: when a woman, who
supports life with distaff and the humble work
Minerva imposes, first wakes the ashes, and
slumbering flames, adding night hours to her toil,
and maintains her servants at their endless task, by
lamplight, to keep her husband's bed pure, and raise
her young sons: just so, the god, with the power of
fire, rose now from his soft bed, no idler at that
hour, to labour at the forge. An island, its rocks
smoking, rises steeply by the Sicilian coast, near
the flanks of Aeolian Lipare. Beneath it a cave, and
the galleries of Etna, eaten at by the Cyclopean
furnaces, resound, and the groans from the anvils
are heard echoing the heavy blows, and masses of
Chalybean steel hiss in the caverns, and fire
breathes through the furnaces. It is Vulcan's home
and called Vulcania. Here then the god with the
power of fire descended from the heavens. In the
huge cave the Cyclopes, Brontes, Steropes, and
bare-limbed Pyrcamon, were forging iron. They

fulmen erat, toto genitor quae plurima caelo
deicit in terras, pars imperfecta manebat.
tris imbris torti radios, tris nubis aquosae
addiderant, rutuli tris ignis et alitis Austri. 430
fulgores nunc terrificos sonitumque metumque
miscabant operi flammisque sequacibus iras.
parte alia Marti currumque rotasque uolucris
instabant, quibus ille uiros, quibus excitat urbes;
aegidaque horrifera, turbatae Palladis arma, 435
certatim squamis serpentum auroque polibant
conexosque anguis ipsamque in pectore diuae
Gorgona desecto uertentem lumina collo.
'tollite cuncta' inquit 'coeptosque auferte labores,
Aetnaei Cyclopes, et huc aduertite mentem: 440
arma acri facienda uiro. nunc uiribus usus,
nunc manibus rapidis, omni nunc arte magistra.
praecipitate moras.' nec plura effatus, at illi
ocius incubuere omnes pariterque laborem
sortiti. fluit aes riuis aurique metallum 445
uulnificusque chalybs uasta fornace liquescit.
ingentem clipeum informant, unum omnia contra
tela Latinorum, septenosque orbibus orbis
impediunt. alii uentosis follibus auras
accipiunt redduntque, alii stridentia tingunt 450
aera lacu; gemit impositis incudibus antrum;
illi inter sese multa ui brachia tollunt

held a lightning-bolt, shaped with their hands, like
many of those the Father hurls from all over the
sky, part of it polished, part still left to do. They'd
added three shafts of spiralling rain, three of watery
cloud, three of reddening fire, and the winged south
wind. now they were blending terrifying flashes,
into the work, sounds and fears, and fury with
following flames. Elsewhere they pressed on with a
chariot for Mars, with winged wheels, with which
he rouses men, with which he rouses cities: and a
chilling aegis, the breastplate of Pallas, competing
to burnish its serpent scales of gold, its interwoven
snakes, and the Gorgon herself on the goddess's
breast, with severed neck and rolling eyes: 'Away
with all this,' he shouts, 'remove the work you've
started, Cyclopes of Etna, and turn your minds to
this: you're to make arms for a brave hero. Now
you need strength, swift hands now, all the art now
of a master. An end to delay.' He said no more, but
they all bent quickly to the toil, and shared the
labour equally. Bronze and golden ore flowed in
streams, and steel, that deals wounds, melted in a
vast furnace. They shaped a giant shield, one to
stand against all the weapons of Latium, layering it
seven times, disc on disc. Some sucked in air and
blew it out again with panting bellows, others

in numerum, uersantque tenaci forcipe massam.

Lines 454-519

Haec pater Aeoliis properat dum Lemnius oris,
Euandrum ex humili tecto lux suscitāt alma 455
et matutini uolucrum sub culmine cantus.
consurgit senior tunicaque inducitur artus
et Tyrrhena pedum circumdat uincula plantis.
tum lateri atque umeris Tegeaeum subligat ensem
demissa ab laeua pantherae terga retorquens. 460
nec non et gemini custodes limine ab alto
praecedunt gressumque canes comitantur erilem.
hospitis Aeneae sedem et secreta petebat
sermonum memor et promissi muneris heros.
nec minus Aeneas se matutinus agebat; 465
filius huic Pallas, illi comes ibat Achates.
congressi iungunt dextras mediisque residunt
aedibus et licito tandem sermone fruuntur.
rex prior haec:
'maxime Teucrorum ductor, quo sospite numquam
470
res equidem Troiae uictas aut regna fatebor,
nobis ad belli auxilium pro nomine tanto
exiguae uires; hinc Tusco claudimur amni,

dipped the hissing bronze in the lake: the cavern
groaned beneath the weight of anvils. With mighty
force they lifted their arms together in rhythm, and
turned the mass of metal, gripping it with pincers.

Evander Proposes Assistance

While the lord of Lemnos hastened the work on the
Aeolian shore, the kindly light, and the dawn song
of the birds beneath the eaves, called Evander from
his humble house. The old man rose, clothed his
body in a tunic and strapped Tyrrhenian sandals to
the soles of his feet. Then he fastened his Tegaeon
sword over his shoulder and to his side, flinging
back a panther's hide on the left. Two guard dogs
besides ran ahead from the high threshold, and
accompanied their master's steps. The hero made
his way to his guest Aeneas's secluded lodging,
thinking of his words, and the help he had
promised. Aeneas was no less early to rise: his son
Pallas walked with the one, Achates with the other.
They clasped hands as they met, sat down among
the houses, and finally enjoyed open conversation.
The king was the first to begin, so: 'Greatest leader
of the Teucrians, for my part while you're safe and
sound I'll never accept that the kingdom and power
of Troy have been overthrown, our strength in war
is inadequate to such a name: on this side we are

hinc Rutulus premit et murum circumsonat armis.
sed tibi ego ingentis populos opulentaque regnis
475

iungere castra paro, quam fors inopina salutem
ostentat: fatis huc te poscentibus adfers.
haud procul hinc saxo incolitur fundata uetusto
urbis Agyllinae sedes, ubi Lydia quondam
gens, bello praeclara, iugis insedit Etruscis. 480
hanc multos florentem annos rex deinde superbo
imperio et saeuis tenuit Mezentius armis.
quid memorem infandas caedes, quid facta tyranni
effera? di capiti ipsius generique reseruent!
mortua quin etiam iungebat corpora uiuis 485
componens manibusque manus atque oribus ora,
tormenti genus, et sanie taboque fluentis
complexu in misero longa sic morte necabat.
at fessi tandem ciues infanda furentem
armati circumstant ipsumque domumque, 490
obtruncant socios, ignem ad fastigia iactant.
ille inter caedem Rutulorum elapsus in agros
confugere et Turni defendier hospitis armis.
ergo omnis furiis surrexit Etruria iustis,
regem ad supplicium praesenti Marte reposcunt.
495

his ego te, Aenea, ductorem milibus addam.
toto namque fremunt condensae litore puppes

shut in by the Tuscan river, while on that the
Rutulian presses us, and thunders in arms round our
walls. But I propose to affiliate mighty peoples to
you, and a war-camp rich in kingships, help that
chance unpredictably reveals. You arrive at fate's
command. Not far from here is the site of Argylla's
city, built of ancient stone, where the Lydian race,
famous in war, once settled the Etruscan heights.
For many years it flourished, until King Mezentius
ruled it with arrogant power, and savage weaponry.
Why recount the tyrant's wicked murders and
vicious acts? May the gods reserve such for his life
and race! He even tied corpses to living bodies, as a
means of torture, placing hand on hand and face
against face, so killing by a lingering death, in that
wretched embrace, that ooze of disease and
decomposition. But the weary citizens at last armed
themselves surrounded the atrocious madman in his
palace, mowed down his supporters, and fired the
roof. Amongst the carnage he escaped and fled to
Rutulian soil, protected by Turnus's allied army. So
all Etruria has risen in rightful anger, demanding
the king for punishment, with the threat of
immediate war. Aeneas, I'll make you leader of
those thousands. For their ships clamour densely on
the shore, and they order the banners to advance,

signaque ferre iubent, retinet longaeuus haruspex
fata canens: "o Maeoniae delecta iuuentus,
flos ueterum uirtusque uirum, quos iustus in hostem
500

fert dolor et merita accendit Mezentius ira,
nulli fas Italo tantam subiungere gentem:
externos optate duces." tum Etrusca resedit
hoc acies campo monitis exterrita diuum.
ipse oratores ad me regnique coronam 505
cum sceptro misit mandatque insignia Tarchon,
succedam castris Tyrrhenaque regna capessam.
sed mihi tarda gelu saeclisque effeta senectus
inuidet imperium seraeque ad fortia uires.
natum exhortarer, ni mixtus matre Sabella 510
hinc partem patriae traheret. tu, cuius et annis
et generi fatum indulget, quem numina poscunt,
ingredere, o Teucrum atque Italum fortissime
ductor.

hunc tibi praeterea, spes et solacia nostri,
Pallanta adiungam; sub te tolerare magistro 515
militiam et graue Martis opus, tua cernere facta
adsuescat, primis et te miretur ab annis.
Arcadas huic equites bis centum, robora pubis
lecta dabo, totidemque suo tibi nomine Pallas.'

but an aged soothsayer holds them back, singing of
destiny: 'O chosen warriors of Maeonia, the flower,
the honour of our ancient race, whom just
resentment sends against the enemy, and whom
Mezentius fires with rightful anger, no man of Italy
may control such a people as you: choose
foreigners as leaders.' So the Etruscan ranks
camped on that plain, fearful of this warning from
the gods. Tarchon himself has sent ambassadors to
me, with the royal sceptre and crown, entrusting me
with the insignia: I to come to the camp, and take
the Tuscan throne. But the slow frost of old age
wearied by the years, and strength now beyond acts
of valour, begrudge me the command. I would urge
my son to it, except that of mixed blood with a
Sabine mother, he takes part of his nationality from
her. You, O bravest leader of Trojans and Italians,
to whose race and years destiny is favourable,
whom the divine will calls, accept. Moreover I'll
add Pallas here, our hope and comfort: let him
become accustomed under your guidance to endure
military service, and the grave work of war, witness
your actions, and admire you from his early years.
I'll grant him two hundred Arcadian horsemen, the
choice flower of our manhood, and Pallas will grant
the same to you himself.'

Lines 520-584

Uix ea fatus erat, defixique ora tenebant 520
Aeneas Anchisiades et fidus Achates,
multaque dura suo tristi cum corde putabant,
ni signum caelo Cytherea dedisset aperto.
namque improuiso uibratus ab aethere fulgor
cum sonitu uenit et ruere omnia uisa repente, 525
Tyrrhenusque tubae mugire per aethera clangor.
suspiciunt, iterum atque iterum fragor increpat
ingens.
arma inter nubem caeli in regione serena
per sudum rutilare uident et pulsa tonare.
obstipuerunt animis alii, sed Troius heros 530
agnouit sonitum et diuae promissa parentis.
tum memorat: 'ne uero, hospes, ne quaere profecto
quem casum portenta ferant: ego poscor Olympo.
hoc signum cecinit missuram diua creatrix,
si bellum ingrueret, Uolcaniaque arma per auras
535
laturam auxilio.
heu quanta miseri caedes Laurentibus instant!
quas poenas mihi, Turne, dabis! quam multa sub
undas
scuta uirum galeasque et fortia corpora uolues,
Thybride pater! poscant acies et foedera rumpant.'
540

The Preliminary Alarms

He had scarcely finished, and Aeneas, Anchises's son, and loyal Achates, with eyes downcast, were thinking of many a difficulty, in their own sombre minds, when Cytherea sent a sign from a cloudless sky. For lightning came flashing unexpectedly from heaven, with thunder, and suddenly all seemed to quake, and, through the air, a Tyrrhenian trumpet blast seemed to bray. They looked upwards, a great crash sounded again and again. In a calm region of the sky among the clouds they saw weapons reddening in the bright air, and heard the noise of blows. The others were astounded but the Trojan hero knew the sounds as those of things which his mother had promised. Then he cried: 'My friend, indeed, do not wonder I beg you as to what these marvels might prophesy: I am called by Olympus. The goddess who bore me foretold she would send this sign if war was near, and bring weapons from Vulcan through the air to aid me. Alas what slaughter awaits the wretched Laurentines! What a price you'll pay me, Turnus! What shields and helmets and bodies of the brave you'll roll beneath your waves, father Tiber! Let them ask for battle and break their treaties.' Having spoken, he raised himself from his high throne, and firstly revived the

Haec ubi dicta dedit, solio se tollit ab alto
et primum Herculeis sopitas ignibus aras
excitat, hesternumque larem paruosque penatis
laetus adit; mactat lectas de more bidentis
Euandrus pariter, pariter Troiana iuventus. 545
post hinc ad nauis graditur sociosque reuisit,
quorum de numero qui sese in bella sequantur
praestantis uirtute legit; pars cetera prona
fertur aqua segnisque secundo defluit amni,
nuntia uentura Ascanio rerumque patrisque. 550
dantur equi Teucris Tyrrhena petentibus arua;
ducunt exsortem Aeneae, quem fulua leonis
pellis obit totum praefulgens unguibus aureis.
Fama uolat paruam subito uulgata per urbem
ocius ire equites Tyrrheni ad limina regis. 555
uota metu duplicant matres, propiusque periclo
it timor et maior Martis iam apparet imago.
tum pater Euandrus dextram complexus euntis
haeret inexplētus lacrimans ac talia fatur:
'o mihi praeteritos referat si Iuppiter annos, 560
qualis eram cum primam aciem Praeneste sub ipsa
strauī scutorumque incendi uictor acruos
et regem hac Erulum dextra sub Tartara misi,
nascenti cui tris animas Feronia mater
(horrendum dictu) dederat, terna arma mouenda—
565

dormant altars with Herculean fire, then gladly
visited yesterday's Lar and the humble household
gods. Evander and the Trojan warriors equally
sacrificed chosen ewes according to the rite. Next
he went to the ships and met again with his
comrades, choosing the most outstanding in
courage to follow him to war: the others slipped
downstream, floating effortlessly on the helpful
current, carrying news to Ascanius of his father and
his fortunes. Horses were granted to the Trojans
who were to take the Tyrrhenian field: They lead
out a choice mount for Aeneas, clothed in a tawny
lion's pelt with gleaming gilded claws. A rumour
suddenly flew through the little town, proclaiming
that horsemen were riding fast to the Tyrrhene
king's shores. Mothers, in alarm, redoubled their
prayers, and fear drew near with danger, and now
the war god's image loomed larger. Then old
Evander, clasping his son's hand as he departed,
clung to him weeping incessantly and spoke as
follows: 'O, if Jupiter would bring back the years
that have vanished, I to be as I was when I felled
the foremost ranks under Praeneste's very walls,
and as victor heaped up the shields, and sent King
Erulus down to Tartarus, by this right hand, he to
whom at his birth his mother Feronia (strange to

ter leto sternendus erat; cui tunc tamen omnis
abstulit haec animas dextra et totidem exuit armis:
non ego nunc dulci amplexu diuellerer usquam,
nate, tuo, neque finitimo Mezentius umquam
huic capiti insultans tot ferro saeua dedisset 570
funera, tam multis uiduasset ciuibus urbem.
at uos, o superi, et diuum tu maxime rector
Iuppiter, Arcadii, quaeso, miserescite regis
et patrias audite preces. si numina uestra
incolumem Pallanta mihi, si fata reseruant, 575
si uisurus eum uiuo et uenturus in unum,
uitam oro, patior quemuis durare laborem.
sin aliquem infandum casum, Fortuna, minaris,
nunc, nunc o liceat crudelem abrumpere uitam,
dum curae ambiguae, dum spes incerta futuri, 580
dum te, care puer, mea sola et sera uoluptas,
complexu teneo, grauior neu nuntius auris
uulneret.' haec genitor digressu dicta supremo
fundebat; famuli conlapsum in tecta ferebant.

Lines 585-625

Iamque adeo exierat portis equitatus apertis 585
Aeneas inter primos et fidus Achates,
inde alii Troiae proceres; ipse agmine Pallas

tell) gave three lives, triple weapons to wield – to
be three times brought low in death: who at last in a
moment this right hand stripped of all his lives, and
equally of all his weapons: I would never be torn as
now from your sweet embrace, my son, never
would Mezentius have poured insults on this
neighbour's head, caused so many cruel deaths with
the sword, or widowed the city of so many of her
sons. But you, powers above, and you, Jupiter,
mighty ruler of the gods, take pity I beg you on this
Arcadian king, and hear a father's prayer. If your
will, and fate, keep my Pallas safe, if I live to see
him and be together with him, I ask for life: I have
the patience to endure any hardship. But if you
threaten any unbearable disaster, Fortune, now, oh
now, let me break the thread of cruel existence,
while fear hangs in doubt, while hope's uncertain of
the future. while you, beloved boy, my late and
only joy, are held in my embrace, and let no evil
news wound my ears.' These were the words the
father poured out at their last parting: then his
servants carried him, overcome, into the palace.

Venus's Gift of Armour

And now the horsemen had ridden from the opened
gates, Aeneas, and loyal Achates, among the first:
then the other princes of Troy, Pallas himself

it medio chlamyde et pictis conspectus in armis,
qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer unda,
quem Uenus ante alios astrorum diligit ignis, 590
extulit os sacrum caelo tenebrasque resoluit.
stant pauidae in muris matres oculisque sequuntur
pulueream nubem et fulgentis aere cateruas.
olli per dumos, qua proxima meta uiarum,
armati tendunt; it clamor, et agmine facto 595
quadripedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula
campum.
est ingens gelidum lucus prope Caeritis amnem,
religione patrum late sacer; undique colles
inclusere caui et nigra nemus abiete cingunt.
Siluano fama est ueteres sacrasse Pelasgos, 600
aruorum pecorisque deo, lucumque diemque,
qui primi finis aliquando habuere Latinos.
haud procul hinc Tarcho et Tyrrheni tuta tenebant
castra locis, celsoque omnis de colle uideri
iam poterat legio et latis tendebat in aruis. 605
huc pater Aeneas et bello lecta iuuentus
succedunt, fessique et equos et corpora curant.
At Uenus aetherios inter dea candida nimbos
dona ferens aderat; natumque in ualle reducta
ut procul e gelido secretum flumine uidit, 610
talibus adfata est dictis seque obtulit ultro:
'en perfecta mei promissa coniugis arte

travelling mid-column, notable in his cloak and engraved armour, like the Morning-Star, whom Venus loves above all the other starry fires, when, having bathed in Ocean's wave, he raises his sacred head in heaven, and melts the dark. Mothers stand fearfully on the battlements, and with their eyes follow the cloud of dust, the squadrons bright with bronze. The armed men pass through the undergrowth where the route is most direct: a shout rises, and they form column, and with the thunder of their hooves shake the broken ground. There's a large grove by the chilly stream of Caere, held sacred far and wide, in ancestral reverence: the hollow hills enclose it on all sides, and surround the wood with dark fir trees. The tale is that the ancient Pelasgians, who once held the Latin borders, dedicated this wood and a festive day to Silvanus, god of the fields and the herds. Not far from here, Tarchon and the Tyrrhenians were camped in a safe place, and now all their troops could be seen, from the high ground, scattered widely over the fields. Aeneas, the leader, and the young men chosen for war, arrived, and refreshed their horses and their weary bodies. Then Venus, bright goddess, came bearing gifts through the ethereal clouds: and when she saw her son from far away who had retired in

munera. ne mox aut Laurentis, nate, superbos
aut acrem dubites in proelia poscere Turnum.'
dixit, et amplexus nati Cytherea petiuit, 615
arma sub aduersa posuit radiantia quercu.
ille deae donis et tanto laetus honore
expleri nequit atque oculos per singula uoluit,
miraturque interque manus et bracchia uersat
terribilem cristis galeam flammisque uomentem,
620
fatiferumque ensem, lorica ex aere rigentem,
sanguineam, ingentem, qualis cum caerulea nubes
solis inardescit radiis longaeque refulget;
tum leuis ocreas electro auroque recocto,
hastamque et clipei non enarrabile textum. 625

Lines 626-670

illic res Italas Romanorumque triumphos
haud uatum ignarus uenturique inscius aevi
fecerat ignipotens, illic genus omne futurae
stirpis ab Ascanio pugnataque in ordine bella.
fecerat et uiridi fetam Mauortis in antro 630
procubuisse lupam, geminos huic ubera circum
ludere pendentis pueros et lambere matrem

secret to the valley by the cool stream, she went to him herself, unasked, and spoke these words: 'See the gifts brought to perfection by my husband's skill, as promised. You need not hesitate, my son, to quickly challenge the proud Laurentines, or fierce Turnus, to battle.' Cytherea spoke, and invited her son's embrace, and placed the shining weapons under an oak tree opposite. He cannot have enough of turning his gaze over each item, delighting in the goddess's gift and so high an honour, admiring, and turning the helmet over with hands and arms, with its fearsome crest and spouting flames, and the fateful sword, the stiff breastplate of bronze, dark-red and huge, like a bluish cloud when it's lit by the rays of the sun, and glows from afar: then the smooth greaves, of electrum and refined gold, the spear, and the shield's indescribable detail.

Vulcan's Shield: Scenes of Early Rome

There the lord with the power of fire, not unversed in prophecy, and knowledge of the centuries to come, had fashioned the history of Italy, and Rome's triumphs: there was every future generation of Ascanius's stock, and the sequence of battles they were to fight. He had also shown the she-wolf, having just littered, lying on the ground, in the

impavidos, illam tereti ceruice reflexa
mulcere alternos et corpora fingere lingua.
nec procul hinc Romam et raptas sine more Sabinas
635
consessu caeuae, magnis Circensibus actis,
addiderat, subitoque nouum consurgere bellum
Romulidis Tatioque seni Curibusque seueris.
post idem inter se posito certamine reges
armati Iouis ante aram paterasque tenentes 640
stabant et caesa iungebant foedera porca.
haud procul inde citae Mettum in diuersa quadrigae
distulerant (at tu dictis, Albane, maneres!),
raptabatque uiri mendacis uiscera Tullus
per siluam, et sparsi rorabant sanguine uepres. 645
nec non Tarquinius eiectum Porsenna iubebat
accipere ingentique urbem obsidione premebat;
Aeneadae in ferrum pro libertate ruebant.
illum indignanti similem similemque minanti
aspiceres, pontem auderet quia uellere Cocles 650
et fluuium uinclis innaret Cloelia ruptis.
in summo custos Tarpeiae Manlius arcis
stabat pro templo et Capitolia celsa tenebat,
Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.
atque hic auratis uolitans argenteus anser 655
porticibus Gallos in limine adesse canebat;
Galli per dumos aderant arcemque tenebant

green cave of Mars, the twin brothers, Romulus and Remus, playing, hanging on her teats, and fearlessly sucking at their foster-mother. Bending her neck back smoothly she caressed them in turn, and licked their limbs with her tongue. Not far from that he had placed Rome, the Sabine women, lawlessly snatched from the seated crowd, when the great games were held in the Circus: and the sudden surge of fresh warfare between Romulus's men, and the aged Tattius and his austere Cures. Next, the same two kings stood armed in front of Jove's altar, holding the wine-cups and joined in league, sacrificing a sow, the new-built palace bristling with Romulus's thatch. Then, not far from that, four-horse chariots driven in different directions tore Mettus apart (Alban, you should have kept your word, though!), and Tullus dragged the liar's entrails through the woods, the briars wet with sprinkled blood. There was Porsenna too, ordering Rome to admit the banished Tarquin, and gripping the city in a mighty siege: the scions of Aeneas running on the sword for freedom's sake. You could see Porsenna in angry, and in threatening, posture, because Cocles dared to tear down the bridge, because Cloelia broke her restraints and swam the river. At the top Manlius,

defensi tenebris et dono noctis opacae.
aurea caesaries ollis atque aurea uestis,
uirgatis lucent sagulis, tum lactea colla 660
auro innectuntur, duo quisque Alpina coruscant
gaesa manu, scutis protecti corpora longis.
hic exsultantis Salios nudosque Lupercos
lanigerosque apices et lapsa ancilia caelo
extuderat, castae ducebant sacra per urbem 665
pilentis matres in mollibus. hinc procul addit
Tartareas etiam sedes, alta ostia Ditis,
et scelerum poenas, et te, Catilina, minaci
pendentem scopulo Furiarumque ora trementem,
secretosque pios, his dantem iura Catonem. 670

Lines 671-713

haec inter tumidi late maris ibat imago
aurea, sed fluctu spumabant caerulea cano,
et circum argento clari delphines in orbem
aequora uerberant caudis aestumque secabant.
in medio classis aeratas, Actia bella, 675

guardian of the Tarpeian Citadel, stood before the temple, defending the high Capitol. And there the silvery goose, flying through the gilded colonnades, cackled that the Gauls were at the gate. The Gauls were there in the gorse, taking the Citadel, protected by the dark, the gift of shadowy night. Their hair was gold, and their clothes were gold, they shone in striped cloaks, their white necks torqued with gold, each waving two Alpine javelins in his hand, long shields defending their bodies. Here he had beaten out the leaping Salii and naked Luperci, the woolly priest's caps, and the oval shields that fell from heaven, chaste mothers in cushioned carriages leading sacred images through the city. Far from these he had added the regions of Tartarus, the high gates of Dis, the punishment for wickedness, and you Catiline, hanging from a threatening cliff, trembling at the sight of the Furies: and the good, at a distance, Cato handing out justice.

Vulcan's Shield: The Battle of Actium

The likeness of the swollen sea flowed everywhere among these, in gold, though the flood foamed with white billows, and dolphins in bright silver swept the waters round about with arching tails, and cut through the surge. In the centre bronze ships could

cernere erat, totumque instructo Marte uideres
feruere Leucaten auroque effulgere fluctus.
hinc Augustus agens Italos in proelia Caesar
cum patribus populoque, penatibus et magnis dis,
stans celsa in puppi, geminas cui tempora flammas
680
laeta uomunt patriumque aperitur uertice sidus.
parte alia uentis et dis Agrippa secundis
arduus agmen agens, cui, belli insigne superbum,
tempora nauali fulgent rostrata corona.
hinc ope barbarica uariisque Antonius armis, 685
uictor ab Aurorae populis et litore rubro,
Aegyptum uirisque Orientis et ultima secum
Bactra uehit, sequiturque (nefas) Aegyptia coniunx.
una omnes ruere ac totum spumare reductis
conuulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor. 690
alta petunt; pelago credas innare reuulsas
Cycladas aut montis concurrere montibus altos,
tanta mole uiri turrilis puppibus instant.
stuppea flamma manu telisque uolatile ferrum
spargitur, arua noua Neptunia caede rubescunt. 695
regina in mediis patrio uocat agmina sistro,
necdum etiam geminos a tergo respicit anguis.
omnigenumque deum monstra et latrator Anubis
contra Neptunum et Uenerem contraque Mineruam
tela tenent. saeuit medio in certamine Mauors 700

be seen, the Battle of Actium, and you could make out all Leucate in feverish preparation for war, the waves gleaming with gold. On one side Augustus Caesar stands on the high stern, leading the Italians to the conflict, with him the Senate, the People, the household gods, the great gods, his happy brow shoots out twin flames, and his father's star is shown on his head. Elsewhere Agrippa, favoured by the winds and the gods leads his towering column of ships, his brow shines with the beaks of the naval crown, his proud battle distinction. On the other side Antony, with barbarous wealth and strange weapons, conqueror of eastern peoples and the Indian shores, bringing Egypt, and the might of the Orient, with him, and furthest Bactria: and his Egyptian consort follows him (the shame). All press forward together, and the whole sea foams, churned by the sweeping oars and the trident rams. They seek deep water: you'd think the Cycladic islands were uprooted and afloat on the flood, or high mountains clashed with mountains, so huge the mass with which the men attack the towering sterns. Blazing tow and missiles of winged steel shower from their hands, Neptune's fields grow red with fresh slaughter. The queen in the centre signals to her columns with the native sistrum, not

caelatus ferro, tristesque ex aethere Dirae,
et scissa gaudens uadit Discordia palla,
quam cum sanguineo sequitur Bellona flagello.
Actius haec cernens arcum intendebat Apollo
desuper; omnis eo terrore Aegyptus et Indi, 705
omnis Arabs, omnes uertebant terga Sabaei.
ipsa uidebatur uentis regina uocatis
uela dare et laxos iam iamque immittere funis.
illam inter caedes pallentem morte futura
fecerat ignipotens undis et Iapyge ferri, 710
contra autem magno maerentem corpore Nilum
pandentemque sinus et tota ueste uocantem
caeruleum in gremium latebrosaue flumina uictos.

Lines 714-731

at Caesar, triplici inuectus Romana triumpho
moenia, dis Italis uotum immortale sacrabat, 715
maxima ter centum totam delubra per urbem.
laetitia ludisque uiae plausuque fremebant;
omnibus in templis matrum chorus, omnibus arae;
ante aras terram caesi strauere iuuenti.

yet turning to look at the twin snakes at her back.
Barking Anubis, and monstrous gods of every kind
brandish weapons against Neptune, Venus, and
Minerva. Mars rages in the centre of the contest,
engraved in steel, and the grim Furies in the sky,
and Discord in a torn robe strides joyously, while
Bellona follows with her blood-drenched whip.
Apollo of Actium sees from above and bends his
bow: at this all Egypt, and India, all the Arabs and
Sabaeans turn and flee. The queen herself is seen to
call upon the winds, set sail, and now, even now,
spread the slackened canvas. The lord with the
power of fire has fashioned her pallid with the
coming of death, amidst the slaughter, carried
onwards by the waves and wind of Iapyx, while
before her is Nile, mourning with his vast extent,
opening wide his bays, and, with his whole
tapestry, calling the vanquished to his dark green
breast, and sheltering streams.

Vulcan's Shield: Augustus's Triple Triumph

Next Augustus, entering the walls of Rome in triple
triumph, is dedicating his immortal offering to
Italy's gods, three hundred great shrines throughout
the city. The streets are ringing with joy,
playfulness, applause: a band of women in every
temple, altars in every one: before the altars

ipse sedens niueo candentis limine Phoebi 720
dona recognoscit populorum aptatque superbis
postibus; incedunt uictae longo ordine gentes,
quam uariae linguis, habitu tam uestis et armis.
hic Nomadum genus et discinctos Mulciber Afros,
hic Lelegas Carasque sagittiferosque Gelonos 725
finxerat; Euphrates ibat iam mollior undis,
extremique hominum Morini, Rhenusque bicornis,
indomitique Dahae, et pontem indignatus Araxes.
Talia per clipeum Uolcani, dona parentis,
miratur rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet 730
attollens umero famamque et fata nepotum.

sacrificial steers cover the ground. He himself sits
at the snow-white threshold of shining Apollo,
examines the gifts of nations, and hangs them on
the proud gates. The conquered peoples walk past
in a long line, as diverse in language as in weapons,
or the fashion of their clothes. Here Vulcan has
shown the Nomad race and loose-robed Africans,
there the Leleges and Carians and Gelonians with
their quivers: Euphrates runs with quieter waves,
and the Morini, remotest of mankind, the double-
horned Rhine, the untamed Dahae, and Araxes,
resenting its restored bridge. Aeneas marvels at
such things on Vulcan's shield, his mother's gift,
and delights in the images, not recognising the
future events, lifting to his shoulder the glory and
the destiny of his heirs.

BOOK IX

Lines 1-24

Atque ea diuersa penitus dum parte geruntur,
Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Iuno
audacem ad Turnum. luco tum forte parentis
Pilumni Turnus sacrata ualle sedebat.
ad quem sic roseo Thaumantias ore locuta est: 5
'Turne, quod optanti diuum promittere nemo
auderet, uoluenda dies en attulit ultro.
Aeneas urbe et sociis et classe relicta
scepra Palatini sedemque petit Euandri.
nec satis: extremas Corythi penetrauit ad urbes 10
Lydorumque manum, collectos armat agrestis.
quid dubitas? nunc tempus equos, nunc poscere
currus.
rumpe moras omnis et turbata arripe castra.'
dixit, et in caelum paribus se sustulit alis
ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum. 15
agnouit iuuenis duplicisque ad sidera palmas
sustulit ac tali fugientem est uoce secutus:
'Iri, decus caeli, quis te mihi nubibus actam
detulit in terras? unde haec tam clara repente
tempestatas? medium uideo discedere caelum 20

Iris Urges Turnus to War

While all these things were happening in various places, Saturnian Juno sent Iris from heaven to brave Turnus, who chanced to be sitting in a sacred valley, a grove to Pilumnus his father. To him Thaumasia's daughter spoke, from her rosy lips: 'Turnus, see, the circling days, unasked, have brought what you wished, but what no god dared to promise. Aeneas leaving the city, his friends and ships, seeks the Palatine kingdom, and Evander's house. Unsatisfied he has reached Corythus's furthest cities, and, gathering men from the country, arms Lydian troops. Why wait? Now is the time to call on horse and chariot. End all delays: seize their camp, in its confusion.' She spoke, and rose into the sky on level wings, tracing a vast arc against the clouds in her flight. The youth knew her, raised both his hands to the heavens, and sent these words after her as she flew: 'Iris, glory of the sky, who sent you down through the clouds, to me, on earth? Where does this sudden bright moment spring from? I see the sky split apart at its zenith,

palantisque polo stellas. sequor omina tanta,
quisquis in arma uocas.' et sic effatus ad undam
processit summoque hausit de gurgite lymphas
multa deos orans, oneravitque aethera uotis.

Lines 25-76

Iamque omnis campis exercitus ibat apertis 25
diues equum, diues pictai uestis et auri;
Messapus primas acies, postrema coercent
Tyrrhidae iuuenes, medio dux agmine Turnus:
ceu septem surgens sedatis amnibus altus 30
per tacitum Ganges aut pingui flumine Nilus
cum refluit campis et iam se condidit alueo.
hic subitam nigro glomerari puluere nubem
prospiciunt Teucri ac tenebras insurgere campis.
primus ab aduersa conclamat mole Caicus: 35
'quis globus, o ciues, caligine uoluitur atra?
ferre citi ferrum, date tela, ascendite muros,
hostis adest, heia!' ingenti clamore per omnis
condunt se Teucri portas et moenia complent.
namque ita discedens praeceperat optimus armis 40
Aeneas: si qua interea fortuna fuisset,
neu struere auderent aciem neu credere campo;
castra modo et tutos seruarent aggere muros.
ergo etsi conferre manum pudor iraque monstrat,
obiciunt portas tamen et praecepta facessunt, 45

and the stars that roam the pole. I follow so mighty
an omen, whoever calls me to arms.' Saying this he
went to the river and scooped water from the
surface of the stream, calling often to the gods, and
weighting the air with prayers.

Turnus Attacks the Trojan Fleet

Now the whole army, rich in horses, rich in ornate
clothes, and gold, was engaged in moving over the
open fields: Messapus controlling the front ranks,
Tyrrhus's sons the rear, Turnus, the leader, in the
centre of the line: like the deep Ganges, swelling in
silence, through his seven placid streams, or Nile
when his rich stream inundates the fields, soon
sinking down into his course. The Trojans suddenly
see a black dust cloud gathering there, and darkness
rising over the plain. Caicus shouted first from the
forward rampart: 'What's that rolling mass of black
fog, countrymen? Bring your swords, quickly: hand
out spears: mount the walls: ah, the enemy is here!'
With a great clamour the Trojans retreated through
the gates, and filled the ramparts. For Aeneas,
wisest in warfare, had commanded, on leaving, if
anything chanced in the meantime, they were not to
dare to form ranks or trust themselves to the open
field: they were only to guard the camp and walls,
safe behind the ramparts. So, though anger and

armatique cauis exspectant turribus hostem.

Turnus, ut ante uolans tardum praecesserat agmen
uiginti lectis equitum comitatus et urbi
improuisus adest, maculis quem Thracius albis
portat equus cristaque tegit galea aurea rubra, 50
'ecquis erit mecum, iuuenes, qui primus in
hostem—?

en,' ait et iaculum attorquens emittit in auras,
principium pugnae, et campo sese arduus infert.
clamorem excipiunt socii fremituque sequuntur
horrisono; Teucrum mirantur inertia corda, 55
non aequo dare se campo, non obuia ferre
arma uiros, sed castra fouere. huc turbidus atque
huc

lustrat equo muros aditumque per auia quaerit.
ac ueluti pleno lupus insidiatus ouili
cum fremit ad caulas uentos perpessus et imbris 60
nocte super media; tuti sub matribus agni
balatum exercent, ille asper et improbus ira
saeuit in absentis; collecta fatigat edendi
ex longo rabies et siccae sanguine fauces:
haud aliter Rutulo muros et castra tuenti 65
ignescunt irae, duris dolor ossibus ardet.
qua temptet ratione aditus, et quae uia clausos
excutiat Teucros uallo atque effundat in aequum?
classem, quae lateri castrorum adiuncta latebat,

shame counselled the troops to fight, still they shut
the gates and followed his orders, awaiting the
enemy, armed, within their hollow turrets. But
Turnus had galloped forward ahead of his slow
column, accompanied by twenty chosen horsemen,
and reached the city unexpectedly: a piebald
Thracian horse carried him, a golden helmet with a
crimson crest protected his head. 'Men,' he shouted,
'is there anyone who'll be first with me among the
enemy – ? Look,' and twirling a javelin sent it
skyward to start the fight, and rode proudly over
the field. His friends welcomed him with a shout,
and followed with fearful battle-cries: marvelling at
the Trojan's dull souls, not trusting themselves to a
level field, nor facing men carrying weapons, but
hugging the camp. He rode to and fro wildly round
the walls, seeking a way in where there was none.
Like a wolf, lying in wait by a full sheepfold, that
snarls by the pens at midnight, enduring the wind
and rain, the lambs bleating safe beneath their
mothers, and rages against the prey out of reach,
fierce and persistent in its anger, tormented by its
dry, bloodless jaws, and the fierceness of its long-
increasing hunger: so as Turnus scanned the wall
and camp, the Rutulian's anger was alight, and
indignation burned in his harsh marrow. How could

aggeribus saeptam circum et fluuialibus undis, 70
inuadit sociosque incendia poscit ouantis
atque manum pinu flagranti feruidus implet.
tum uero incumbunt (urget praesentia Turni),
atque omnis facibus pubes accingitur atris.
diripuere focos: piceum fert fumida lumen 75
taeda et commixtam Uolcanus ad astra fauillam

Lines 77-106

Quis deus, o Musae, tam saeua incendia Teucris
auertit? tantos ratibus quis depulit ignis?
dicite: prisca fides facta, sed fama perennis.
tempore quo primum Phrygia formabat in Ida 80
Aeneas classem et pelagi petere alta parabat,
ipsa deum fertur genetrix Berecynthia magnum
uocibus his adfata Iouem: 'da, nate, petenti,
quod tua cara parens domito te poscit Olympo.
pinea silua mihi multos dilecta per annos, 85
lucus in arce fuit summa, quo sacra ferebant,
nigranti picea trabibusque obscurus acernis.
has ego Dardanio iuueni, cum classis egeret,
laeta dedi; nunc sollicitam timor anxius angit.
solue metus atque hoc precibus sine posse

he try and enter, and hurl the penned-up Trojans
from their rampart, and scatter them over the plain?
He attacked the ships, that lay close to a flank of
the camp, defended by earthworks, and the flowing
river, calling out to his exultant friends for fire, and
fervently grasped a blazing pine-brand in his hand.
Then they set to (urged on by Turnus's presence)
and all the men armed themselves with dark
torches. They stripped the hearths: the smoking
branches threw a pitchy glow, and Vulcan hurled
the cloud of ashes to heaven.

Cybele Makes a Plea to Jove

O Muse, what god, turned away such fierce flames
from the Trojans? Who drove such savage fires
from the ships? Tell me: belief in the story's
ancient, its fame is eternal. In the days when
Aeneas first built his fleet on Phrygian Ida and
prepared to set out over the deep ocean, they say
the Mother of the gods herself, Berecynthia Cybele,
spoke so to great Jupiter: 'My son, lord of Olympus,
grant what your dear mother asks of you in request.
There was a pine-forest a delight to me for many
years a grove on the summit of the mountain,
where they brought offerings, dark with blackened
firs and maple trunks. I gave these gladly to the
Trojan youth, since he lacked a fleet: now,

parentem, 90
ne cursu quassatae ullo neu turbine uenti
uincantur: prosit nostris in montibus ortas.'
filius huic contra, torquet qui sidera mundi:
'o genetrix, quo fata uocas? aut quid petis istis?
mortaline manu factae immortale carinae 95
fas habeant? certusque incerta pericula lustret
Aeneas? cui tanta deo permissa potestas?
immo, ubi defunctae finem portusque tenebunt
Ausonios olim, quaecumque euaserit undis
Dardaniumque ducem Laurentia uexerit arua, 100
mortalem eripiam formam magnique iubebo
aequoris esse deas, qualis Nereia Doto
et Galatea secant spumantem pectore pontum.'
dixerat idque ratum Stygii per flumina fratris,
per pice torrentis atraque uoragine ripas 105
adnuat, et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

Lines 107-121

Ergo aderat promissa dies et tempora Parcae
debita complerant, cum Turni iniuria Matrem
admonuit ratibus sacris depellere taedas.
hic primum noua lux oculis offulsit et ingens 110
uisus ab Aurora caelum transcurrere nimbus

troubled, anxious fear torments me. Relieve my
fears, and let your mother by her prayers ensure
they are not destroyed, shattered by voyaging or
violent storm: let their origin on our mountain be of
aid to them.' Her son, who turns the starry globe,
replied: 'O, my mother, to what do you summon
fate? What do you seek for them? Should keels
made by mortal hands have eternal rights? Should
Aeneas travel in certainty through uncertain
dangers? To what god are such powers permitted?
No, one day when they've served their purpose, and
reached an Italian haven, I'll take away, from those
that escape the waves, and bear the Trojan chief to
Laurentine fields, their mortal shape, and command
them to be goddesses of the vast ocean, like Doto,
Nereus's child, and Galatea, who part the foaming
sea with their breasts.' He spoke, and swore his
assent, by his Stygian brother's rivers, by the banks
that seethe with pitch on the black abyss, and with
his nod shook all Olympus.

Cybele Transforms the Ships

So the day he had promised came, and the Fates
fulfilled their appointed hour, when Turnus's injury
to the sacred fleet prompted the Mother to defend
them from the flames. At first a strange light flared
to the watchers, and a huge cloud was seen to travel

Idaeique chori; tum uox horrenda per auras
excidit et Troum Rutulorumque agmina complet:
'ne trepitate meas, Teucrici, defendere naui
neue armate manus; maria ante exurere Turno 115
quam sacras dabitur pinus. uos ite solutae,
ite deae pelagi; genetrix iubet.' et sua quaeque
continuo puppes abrumpunt uincula ripis
delphinumque modo demersis aequora rostris
ima petunt. hinc uirgineae (mirabile monstrum) 120
quot prius aeratae steterant ad litora prorae
reddunt se totidem facies pontoque feruntur.

Lines 123-167

Obstipuere animis Rutuli, conterritus ipse
turbatis Messapus equis, cunctatur et amnis
rauca sonans reuocatque pedem Tiberinus ab alto.
125
at non audaci Turno fiducia cessit;
ultro animos tollit dictis atque increpat ultro:
'Troianos haec monstra petunt, his Iuppiter ipse
auxilium solitum eripuit: non tela neque ignis
exspectant Rutulos. ergo maria inuia Teucris, 130
nec spes ulla fugae: rerum pars altera adempta est,
terra autem in nostris manibus, tot milia gentes
arma ferunt Italiae. nil me fatalia terrent,
si qua Phryges prae se iactant, responsa deorum;

across the sky from the east, with bands of her
Idaeian attendants: then a terrible voice rang
through the air, echoing among the Trojan and
Rutulian lines: 'Trojans, don't rush to defend the
ships, or take up arms. Turnus can burn the ocean,
sooner than my sacred pines. Go free, you
Goddesses of the sea: your mother commands it.'
And at once each ship tore her cable loose from the
bank: they dipped their noses like dolphins, and
sought the watery deep. Then (strange wonder) as
many virgin shapes re-surfaced, and swam about
the sea.

Turnus Lays Siege to the Camp

The Rutulians were amazed in mind, Messapus
himself was awe-struck, his horses panicked: and
even the noisy flow of the river halted, as Tiber
retreated from the deep. But brave Turnus's
confidence never wavered: and he raised their
spirits as well, and chided them: 'These marvels are
aimed at the Trojans, Jupiter himself has deprived
them of their usual allies: those didn't wait for
Rutulian missiles and fires. So the seas are
impassable for the Trojans, and they have no hope
of flight: other regions are lost to them, and this
land is in our hands, so many thousands of Italy's
peoples are in arms. I'm not afraid of all the fateful

sat fatis Uenerique datum, tetigere quod arua 135
fertilis Ausoniae Troes. sunt et mea contra
fata mihi, ferro sceleratam excindere gentem
coniuge praerepta; nec solos tangit Atridas
iste dolor, solisque licet capere arma Mycenis.
"sed periisse semel satis est": peccare fuisset 140
ante satis, penitus modo non genus omne perosos
femineum. quibus haec medii fiducia ualli
fossarumque morae, leti discrimina parua,
dant animos; at non uiderunt moenia Troiae
Neptuni fabricata manu considerare in ignis? 145
sed uos, o lecti, ferro qui scindere uallum
apparat et mecum inuadit trepidantia castra?
non armis mihi Uolcani, non mille carinis
est opus in Teucros. addant se protinus omnes
Etrusci socios. tenebras et inertia furta 150
Palladii caesis late custodibus arcis
ne timeant, nec equi caeca condemur in aluo:
luce palam certum est igni circumdare muros.
haud sibi cum Danais rem faxo et pube Pelasga
esse ferant, decimum quos distulit Hector in
annum. 155
nunc adeo, melior quoniam pars acta diei,
quod superest, laeti bene gestis corpora rebus
procurate, uiri, et pugnam sperate parari.'
interea uigilum excubiis obsidere portas

omens from the gods these Phrygians openly boast
of: enough has been granted to Venus and the
Fates, since the Trojans have reached Ausonia's
fertile fields. I have my own counter destiny, to
root out the guilty race, that has snatched my bride,
with the sword. That's a sorrow that doesn't touch
Atrides alone, nor is Mycenae alone allowed to take
up arms. 'But to die once is enough.'? To have
sinned before should be enough for these men, to
whom confidence in a dividing wall, and slight
obstacles to death, defensive moats, grant courage,
to utterly detest well-nigh the whole tribe of
women. Did they not witness the work of Neptune's
hands, the battlements of Troy, sink in flames? But
you, O chosen ones, which of you is ready to
uproot the ramparts with your steel, and invade
their terrified camp with me? I don't need Vulcan's
arms, or a thousand ships, against Trojans. Let all
Etruria join them now in alliance. They need not
fear darkness, or cowardly theft 'of their Palladium,
killing guards on the citadel's heights', we won't
hide in the dark belly of a horse: I intend to circle
their walls in broad daylight with fire. I'll make
them concede its not Greeks, Pelasgic youth,
they're dealing with, whom Hector held till the
tenth year. Now, since the best part of the day's

cura datur Messapo et moenia cingere flammis. 160
bis septem Rutuli muros qui milite seruent
delecti, ast illos centeni quemque sequuntur
purpurei cristis iuuenes auroque corusci.
discurrunt uariantque uices, fusique per herbam
indulgent uino et uertunt crateras aenos. 165
conluent ignes, noctem custodia ducit
insomnem ludo.

Lines 168-223

Haec super e uallo prospectant Troes et armis
alta tenent, nec non trepidi formidine portas
explorant pontisque et propugnacula iungunt, 170
tela gerunt. instat Mnestheus acerque Serestus,
quos pater Aeneas, si quando aduersa uocarent,
rectores iuuenum et rerum dedit esse magistros.
omnis per muros legio sortita periculum
excubat exercetque uices, quod cuique tuendum est.
175

Nisus erat portae custos, acerrimus armis,
Hyrtacides, comitem Aeneae quem miserat Ida
uenatrix iaculo celerem leuibisque sagittis,
et iuxta comes Euryalus, quo pulchrior alter

gone, men, refresh yourselves with what's left,
pleased with work well done, and look forward to
starting the battle. Meanwhile the order was given
to Messapus to picket the gates alertly with sentries
and ring the ramparts with flames. Fourteen
Rutulians were chosen to guard the walls with their
men, each with a hundred soldiers under them,
purple-plumed and glittering with gold. They ran
about, took turns on watch, or lifted the bronze
bowls and enjoyed their wine, stretched out on the
grass. The fires shone, while the guards spent the
watchful night in games.

Nisus and Euryalus: A Mission Proposed

The armed Trojans held the heights, looking down
on this from above, and also with anxious fears,
checked the gates, built bulwarks and bridges, and
disposed their weapons. Mnestheus and brave
Serestus, whom Aeneas their leader appointed to
command the army and state, if adversity ever
required it, urged them on. Sharing the risk, the
whole company kept watch and served in turn, at
whatever point was to be guarded by each. Nisus,
bravest of warriors, son of Hyrtacus, was a guard at
the gates, he whom Ida the huntress had sent to
accompany Aeneas, agile with javelin and light
darts, and Euryalus was with him, than whom none

non fuit Aeneadum Troiana neque induit arma, 180
ora puer prima signans intonsa iuuenta.
his amor unus erat pariterque in bella ruebant;
tum quoque communi portam statione tenebant.
Nisus ait: 'dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale, an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido? 185
aut pugnam aut aliquid iamdudum inuadere
magnum
mens agitat mihi, nec placida contenta quiete est.
cernis quae Rutulos habeat fiducia rerum:
lumina rara micant, somno uinoque soluti
procubuere, silent late loca. percipe porro 190
quid dubitem et quae nunc animo sententia surgat.
Aenean acciri omnes, populusque patresque,
exposcunt, mittique uiros qui certa reportent.
si tibi quae posco promittunt (nam mihi facti
fama sat est), tumulo uideor reperire sub illo 195
posse uiam ad muros et moenia Pallantea.'
obstipuit magno laudum percussus amore
Euryalus, simul his ardentem adfatur amicum:
'mene igitur socium summis adiungere rebus,
Nise, fugis? solum te in tanta pericula mittam? 200
non ita me genitor, bellis adsuetus Opheltes,
Argolicum terrorem inter Troiaeque labores
sublatum erudiit, nec tecum talia gessi
magnanimum Aenean et fata extrema secutus:

was more beautiful among the Aenedae, or wearing
Trojan armour, a boy, whose unshaven face,
showed the first bloom of youth. One love was
theirs, and they charged side by side into battle:
now they were also guarding the gate at the same
sentry-post. Nisus said: 'Euryalus, do the gods set
this fire in our hearts, or does each man's fatal
desire become godlike to him? My mind has long
urged me to rush to battle, or high adventure, and is
not content with peace and quiet. You see what
confidence the Rutulians have in events: their lights
shine far apart, and they lie drowned in sleep and
wine, everywhere is quiet. Listen to what I'm now
thinking, and what purpose comes to mind. The
army and the council all demand Aeneas be
recalled, and men be sent to report the facts to him.
If they were to grant what I suggest to you (the
glory of doing it is enough for me) I think I could
find a way, beyond that hill, to the walls and
ramparts of Pallanteum.' Euryalus was dazzled,
struck by a great desire for glory, and replied to his
ardent friend at once, like this: 'Nisus, do you shun
my joining in this great deed, then? Shall I send
you into such danger alone? That's not how my
father Opheltes, seasoned in war, educated me,
raising me among Greek terrors and Troy's ordeals,

est hic, est animus lucis contemptor et istum 205
qui uita bene credat emi, quo tendis, honorem.'
Nisus ad haec: 'equidem de te nil tale uerebar,
nec fas; non ita me referat tibi magnus ouantem
Iuppiter aut quicumque oculis haec aspicit aequis.
sed si quis (quae multa uides discrimine tali) 210
si quis in aduersum rapiat casusue deusue,
te superesse uelim, tua uita dignior aetas.
sit qui me raptum pugna pretioe redemptum
mandet humo, solita aut si qua id Fortuna uetabit,
absenti ferat inferias decoretque sepulcro. 215
neu matri miserae tanti sim causa doloris,
quae te sola, puer, multis e matribus ausa
persequitur, magni nec moenia curat Acestae.'
ille autem: 'causas nequiquam nectis inanis
nec mea iam mutata loco sententia cedit. 220
acceleremus' ait, uigiles simul excitat. illi
succedunt seruantque uices; statione relicta
ipse comes Niso graditur regemque requirunt.

Lines 224-313

Cetera per terras omnis animalia somno
laxabant curas et corda oblita laborum: 225

nor have I conducted myself so with you, following
noble Aeneas and the ends of fate. This is my spirit,
one scornful of the day, that thinks the honour you
aim at well bought with life itself.' Nisus replied:
'Indeed I had no such doubts of you, that would be
wrong: not so will great Jupiter, or whoever looks
at this action with favourable gaze, bring me back
to you in triumph: but if (as you often see in such
crises) if chance or some god sweeps me to
disaster, I want you to survive: your youth is more
deserving of life. Let there be someone to entrust
me to earth, my body rescued from conflict, or
ransomed for a price, or if Fortune denies the
customary rites, to perform them in my absence,
and honour me with a stone. And don't let me be a
cause of grief to your poor mother, my boy, who
alone among many mothers dared to follow you,
without thought of staying in great Acestes's city.'
But the lad said: 'You weave your excuses in vain,
my purpose won't change or yield to yours. Let's
hurry', and he roused guards, who came up to take
their place: leaving his post he walked by Nisus's
side to seek the prince.

Nisus and Euryalus: Aletes Consents

Every other creature, throughout the land, was
easing its cares with sleep, its heart forgetful of toil:

ductores Teucrum primi, delecta iuuentus,
consilium summis regni de rebus habebant,
quid facerent quisue Aeneae iam nuntius esset.
stant longis adnixa hastis et scuta tenentes
castrorum et campi medio. tum Nisus et una 230
Euryalus confestim alacres admittier orant:
rem magnam pretiumque morae fore. primus Iulus
accepit trepidos ac Nisum dicere iussit.
tum sic Hyrtacides: 'audite o mentibus aequis
Aeneadae, neue haec nostris spectentur ab annis
235
quae ferimus. Rutuli somno uinoque soluti
conticuere. locum insidiis conspeximus ipsi,
qui patet in biuio portae quae proxima ponto.
interrupti ignes aterque ad sidera fumus
erigitur. si fortuna permittitis uti 240
quaesitum Aenean et moenia Pallantea,
mox hic cum spoliis ingenti caede peracta
adfore cernetis. nec nos uia fallit euntis:
uidimus obscuris primam sub uallibus urbem
uenatu adsiduo et totum cognouimus amnem.' 245
hic annis grauis atque animi maturus Aletes:
'di patrii, quorum semper sub numine Troia est,
non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
cum talis animos iuuenum et tam certa tulistis
pectora.' sic memorans umeros dextrasque tenebat

the Trojans' chief captains, the pick of their
manhood, were holding council on the most serious
affairs of state, what to do, and who should go now
as messenger to Aeneas. They stood, between the
camp and the plain, leaning on their long spears,
holding their shields. Nisus and Euryalus, together,
begged eagerly to be admitted at once: the matter
being important, and worth the delay. Iulus was
first to welcome the impatient pair, and ordered
Nisus to speak. So the son of Hyrtacus said:
'Followers of Aeneas, listen with fair minds, and
don't judge my words by our years. The Rutulians
are quiet, drowned in sleep and wine. We ourselves
have seen a place for a sortie: it opens in a fork of
the road by the nearest gate to the sea. There's a gap
between the fires, and black smoke rises to the
stars. If you allow us to seize the chance, you'll
soon see us back again burdened with spoils after
carrying out vast slaughter. The road will not
deceive us as we seek Aeneas and Pallanteum's
walls. In our frequent hunting through the secret
valleys we've seen the outskirts of the city, and
know the whole river.' To this Aletes, heavy with
years and wise in mind, replied: 'Gods of our
fathers, under whose power Troy lies, you do not
intend to obliterate the Trojan race as yet since you

250

amborum et uultum lacrimis atque ora rigabat.
'quae uobis, quae digna, uiri, pro laudibus istis
praemia posse rear solui? pulcherrima primum
di moresque dabunt uestri: tum cetera reddet
actutum pius Aeneas atque integer aevi 255
Ascanius meriti tanti non immemor umquam.'
'immo ego uos, cui sola salus genitore reducto,'
excipit Ascanius 'per magnos, Nise, penatis
Assaracique larem et canae penetralia Uestae
obtestor, quaecumque mihi fortuna fidesque est,
260

in uestris pono gremiis. reuocate parentem,
reddite conspectum; nihil illo triste recepto.
bina dabo argento perfecta atque aspera signis
pocula, deuicta genitor quae cepit Arisba,
et tripodas geminos, auri duo magna talenta, 265
cratera antiquum quem dat Sidonia Dido.
si uero capere Italiam sceptrisque potiri
contigerit uictori et praedae dicere sortem,
uidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
aureus; ipsum illum, clipeum cristasque rubentis
270

excipiam sorti, iam nunc tua praemia, Nise.
praeterea bis sex genitor lectissima matrum
corpora captiuosque dabit suaque omnibus arma,

bring us such courage in our young men and such
firm hearts.' So saying, he took them both by the
shoulder and hand while tears flooded his cheeks
and lips. 'What possible prize could I consider
worthy to be granted you men for such a glorious
action? The gods and tradition will give you the
first and most beautiful one: then good Aeneas, and
Ascanius, who's untouched by the years and never
unmindful of such service, will immediately award
the rest.' Ascanius interrupted: 'Rather I entreat you
both, Nisus, since my well-being depends on my
father's return, by the great gods of our house, by
the Lar of Assaracus, and by grey-haired Vesta's
innermost shrine, I lay all my fortune and my
promise in your lap, call my father back, give me a
sight of him: there's no sorrow if he's restored. I'll
give you a pair of wine-cups, all of silver, with
figures in relief, that my father captured when
Arisba was taken, and twin tripods, two large
talents of gold, and an antique bowl Sidonian Dido
gave me. If we truly manage to capture Italy, and
take the sceptre, and assign the spoils by lot, you
have seen the horse golden Turnus rode, and the
armour he wore, I'll separate from this moment,
from the lots, that same horse, the shield, and the
crimson plumes as your reward, Nisus. Moreover

insuper his campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus.
te uero, mea quem spatiis propioribus aetas 275
insequitur, uenerande puer, iam pectore toto
accipio et comitem casus complector in omnis.
nulla meis sine te quaeretur gloria rebus:
seu pacem seu bella geram, tibi maxima rerum
uerborumque fides.' contra quem talia fatur 280
Euryalus: 'me nulla dies tam fortibus ausis
dissimilem arguerit; tantum fortuna secunda
haud aduersa cadat. sed te super omnia dona
unum oro: genetrix Priami de gente uetusta
est mihi, quam miseram tenuit non Ilia tellus 285
mecum excedentem, non moenia regis Acestae.
hanc ego nunc ignaram huius quodcumque pericli
inque salutatam linquo (nox et tua testis
dextera), quod nequeam lacrimas perferre parentis.
at tu, oro, solare inopem et succurre relictas. 290
hanc sine me spem ferre tui, audentior ibo
in casus omnis.' percussa mente dedere
Dardanidae lacrimas, ante omnis pulcher Iulus,
atque animum patriae strinxit pietatis imago.
tum sic effatur: 295
'sponde digna tuis ingentibus omnia coeptis.
namque erit ista mihi genetrix nomenque Creusae
solum defuerit, nec partum gratia talem
parua manet. casus factum quicumque sequentur,

my father will give you twelve women of choicest
person, and male captives all with their own
armour, and, beyond that, whatever land King
Latinus owns himself. But now I truly welcome
you wholly to my heart, Euryalus, a boy to be
revered, whose age I come closer to in time, and
embrace you as a friend for every occasion. I'll
never seek glory in my campaigns without you:
whether I enjoy peace or war, you'll have my
firmest trust in word and action.' Euryalus spoke
like this in reply: 'No day will ever find me
separated from such bold action: inasmuch as
fortune proves kind and not cruel. But I ask one gift
above all from you: I have a mother, of Priam's
ancient race, unhappy woman, whom neither the
land of Troy, nor King Acestes's city could keep
from accompanying me. I leave her now, ignorant
of whatever risk to me there might be, and of my
farewell, since (this night and your right hand bear
witness) I could not bear a mother's tears. But I beg
you, comfort her helplessness and aid her loss. Let
me carry this hope I place in you with me, I will
meet all dangers more boldly.' Their spirits
affected, the Trojans shed tears, noble Iulus above
all, and this image of filial love touched his heart.
Then he said: 'Be sure I'll do everything worthy of

per caput hoc iuro, per quod pater ante solebat: 300
quae tibi polliceor reduci rebusque secundis,
haec eadem matrique tuae generique manebunt.'
sic ait inlacrimans; umero simul exuit ensem
auratum, mira quem fecerat arte Lycaon
Cnosius atque habilem uagina aptarat eburna. 305
dat Niso Mnestheus pellem horrentisque leonis
exuuias, galeam fidus permutat Aletes.
protinus armati incedunt; quos omnis euntis
primorum manus ad portas, iuuenumque senumque,
prosequitur uotis. nec non et pulcher Iulus, 310
ante annos animumque gerens curamque uirilem,
multa patri mandata dabat portanda; sed aurae
omnia discerpunt et nubibus inrita donant.

Lines 314-366

Egressi superant fossas noctisque per umbram
castra inimica petunt, multis tamen ante futuri 315
exitio. passim somno uinoque per herbam
corpora fusa uident, arrectos litore currus,
inter lora rotasque uiros, simul arma iacere,

your great venture. She'll be as my mother to me,
only lacking her name Creusa: no small gratitude's
due to her for bearing such a son. Whatever the
outcome of your action, I swear by this life, by
which my father used once to swear: what I
promised to you when you return, your campaign
successful, that same will accrue to your mother
and your house.' So he spoke, in tears: and at the
same time stripped the gilded sword from his
shoulder, that Lycaon of Cnossos had made with
marvellous art, and equipped for use with an ivory
sheath. Mnestheus gave Nisus a pelt, taken from a
shaggy lion, loyal Aletes exchanged helmets. They
armed, and left immediately: and the whole band of
leaders, young and old, escorted them to the gate as
they went, with prayers. And noble Iulus too, with
mature mind and duties beyond his years, gave
them many commissions to carry to his father: but
the winds were to scatter them all, and blow them
vainly to the clouds.

Nisus and Euryalus: The Raid

Leaving, they crossed the ditches, seeking the
enemy camp in the shadow of night, destined yet to
first bring many deaths. They saw bodies in
drunken sleep, stretched here and there on the
grass, chariots tilted upwards on the shore, men,

uina simul. prior Hyrtacides sic ore locutus:
'Euryale, audendum dextra: nunc ipsa uocat res.
320

hac iter est. tu, ne qua manus se attollere nobis
a tergo possit, custodi et consule longe;
haec ego uasta dabo et lato te limite ducam.'
sic memorat uocemque premit, simul ense
superbum

Rhamnetem adgreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis 325
exstructus toto proflabat pectore somnum,
rex idem et regi Turno gratissimus augur,
sed non augurio potuit depellere pestem.
tris iuxta famulos temere inter tela iacentis
armigerumque Remi premit aurigamque sub ipsis
330

nactus equis ferroque secat pendentia colla.
tum caput ipsi aufert domino truncumque relinquit
sanguine singultantem; atro tepefacta cruore
terra torique madent. nec non Lamyrumque
Lamumque
et iuuenem Serranum, illa qui plurima nocte 335
luserat, insignis facie, multoque iacebat
membra deo uictus—felix, si protinus illum
aequasset nocti ludum in lucemque tulisset:
impastus ceu plena leo per ouilia turbans
(suadet enim uesana fames) manditque trahitque

among wheels and harness, and weapons and wine-
cups lying about. Nisus, Hyrtacus's son, spoke first,
saying: 'Euryalus, now the occasion truly calls for a
daring right hand. This is our road. You must see
that no arm's raised against us at our back, and keep
watch carefully: I'll deal destruction here, and cut
you a wide path.' So he spoke, and checked his
speech, and at once drove his sword at proud
Rhamnes, who chanced to be breathing deeply in
sleep, piled with thick coverlets, He was King
Turnus's best-beloved augur, and a king himself,
but he could not avert destruction with augury.
Nisus killed three of his servants nearby, lying
careless among their weapons, and Remus's armour
bearer, and his charioteer, found at the horses' feet:
he severed lolling necks with his sword. Then he
struck off the head of their lord himself, and left the
trunk spurting blood, the ground and the bed
drenched with dark warm blood. And Lamyrus too,
and Lamum, and young Serranus, noted for his
beauty, who had sported much that night, and lay
there limbs drowned by much wine – happy if he'd
carried on his game all night till dawn: So a
starving lion churning through a full sheepfold,
(driven by its raging hunger) gnaws and tears at the
feeble flock mute with fear, and roars from its

340

molle pecus mutumque metu, fremit ore cruento.
nec minor Euryali caedes; incensus et ipse
perfurit ac multam in medio sine nomine plebem,
Fadumque Herbesumque subit Rhoetumque
Abarimque

ignaros; Rhoetum uigilantem et cuncta uidentem,
345

sed magnum metuens se post cratera tegebat.
pectore in aduerso totum cui comminus ensem
condidit adsurgenti et multa morte recepit.
purpuream uomit ille animam et cum sanguine
mixta

uina refert moriens, hic furto feruidus instat. 350
iamque ad Messapi socios tendebat; ibi ignem
deficere extremum et religatos rite uidebat
carpere gramen equos, breuiter cum talia Nisus
(sensit enim nimia caede atque cupidine ferri)
'absistamus' ait, 'nam lux inimica propinquat. 355
poenarum exhaustum satis est, uia facta per hostis.'
multa uirum solido argento perfecta relinquunt
armaque craterasque simul pulchrosque tapetas.
Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis et aurea bullis
cingula, Tiburti Remulo ditissimus olim 360
quae mittit dona, hospitio cum iungeret absens,
Caedicus; ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti;

bloodstained mouth. Nor was Euryalus's slaughter any less: he too raged, ablaze, and among the nameless crowd he attacked Fadus, and Herbesus, and Abaris, while they were unconscious: and Rhoetus, but Rhoetus was awake and saw it all, but crouched in fear behind a huge wine-bowl. As he rose, in close encounter, Euryalus plunged his whole blade into Rhoetus's chest, and withdrew it red with death. Rhoetus choked out his life in dark blood, and, dying, brought up wine mixed with gore: the other pressed on fervently and stealthily. Now he approached Messapus's followers: there he saw the outermost fires flickering, and the horses, duly tethered, cropping the grass: Nisus (seeing him carried away by slaughter and love of the sword's power) said briefly: 'Let's go, since unhelpful dawn is near. Enough: vengeance has been satisfied: a path has been made through the enemy.' They left behind many of the men's weapons fashioned from solid silver, and wine-bowls and splendid hangings. Euryalus snatched Rhamnes's trappings, and gold-studded sword-belt, gifts that wealthy Caedicus had once sent to Remulus of Tibur, expressing friendship in absence: he when dying gave them to his grandson as his own, and after his death in turn the Rutulians

post mortem bello Rutuli pugnaque potiti:
haec rapit atque umeris nequiquam fortibus aptat.
tum galeam Messapi habilem cristisque decoram
365
induit. excedunt castris et tuta capessunt.

Lines 367-458

Interea praemissi equites ex urbe Latina,
cetera dum legio campis instructa moratur,
ibant et Turno regi responsa ferebant,
ter centum, scutati omnes, Uolcente magistro. 370
iamque propinquabant castris murosque subibant
cum procul hos laeue flectentis limite cernunt,
et galea Euryalum sublustri noctis in umbra
prodidit immemorem radiisque aduersa refulsit.
haud temere est uisum. conclamat ab agmine
Uolcens: 375
'state, uiri. quae causa uiae? quiue estis in armis?
quoue tenetis iter?' nihil illi tendere contra,
sed celerare fugam in siluas et fidere nocti.
obiciunt equites sese ad diuortia nota
hinc atque hinc, omnemque aditum custode
coronant. 380
silua fuit late dumis atque ilice nigra
horrida, quam densi complerant undique sentes;
rara per occultos lucebat semita callis.
Euryalum tenebrae ramorum onerosaque praeda

captured them during the war in battle: now
Euryalus fitted them over his brave shoulders,
though in vain. Then he put on Messapus's
excellent helmet with its handsome plumes. The
left the camp and headed for safety.

The Death of Euryalus and Nisus

Meanwhile riders arrived, sent out from the Latin
city, while the rest of the army waited in readiness,
on the plain, bringing a reply for King Turnus:
three hundred, carrying shields, led by Volcens.
They were already near the camp, and below the
walls, when they saw the two men turning down a
path on the left: his helmet, gleaming in the shadow
of night, betrayed the unthinking Euryalus, and
reflected back the rays. It was not seen in vain.
Volcens shouted from his column: 'You men, halt,
what's the reason for your journey? Who are you,
you're armed? Where are you off to?' They offered
no response, but hastened their flight to the woods,
trusting to the dark. The riders closed off the
known junctions, on every side, and surrounded
each exit route with guards. The forest spread out
widely, thick with brambles and holm-oaks, the
dense thorns filling it on every side: there the path
glinted through the secret glades. Euryalus was
hampered by shadowy branches, and the weight of

impediunt, fallitque timor regione uiarum. 385
Nisus abit; iamque imprudens euaserat hostis
atque locos qui post Albae de nomine dicti
Albani (tum rex stabula alta Latinus habebat),
ut stetit et frustra absentem respexit amicum:
'Euryale infelix, qua te regione reliqui? 390
quaue sequar?' rursus perplexum iter omne
reuoluens
fallacis siluae simul et uestigia retro
obseruata legit dumisque silentibus errat.
audit equos, audit strepitus et signa sequentum;
nec longum in medio tempus, cum clamor ad auris
395
peruenit ac uidet Euryalum, quem iam manus
omnis
fraude loci et noctis, subito turbante tumultu,
oppressum rapit et conantem plurima frustra.
quid faciat? qua ui iuuenem, quibus audeat armis
eripere? an sese medios moriturus in enses 400
inferat et pulchram properet per uulnera mortem?
ocius adducto torquet hastile lacerto
suspiciens altam Lunam et sic uoce precatur:
'tu, dea, tu praesens nostro succurre labori,
astrorum decus et nemorum Latonia custos. 405
si qua tuis umquam pro me pater Hyrtacus aris
dona tulit, si qua ipse meis uenatibus auxi

his plunder, and his fear confused the path's
direction. Nisus was clear: and already unaware
had escaped the enemy, and was at the place later
called Alba from Alba Longa (at that time King
Latinus had his noble stalls there) when he stopped,
and looked back vainly for his missing friend.
'Euryalus, unhappy boy, where did I separate from
you? Which way shall I go?' he said, considering
all the tangled tracks of the deceptive wood, and at
the same time scanning the backward traces he
could see, criss-crossing the silent thickets. He
heard horses, heard the cries and signals of pursuit:
and it was no great time before a shout reached his
ears and he saw Euryalus, betrayed by the ground
and the night, confused by the sudden tumult,
whom the whole troop were dragging away,
overpowered, struggling violently in vain. What
can he do? With what force, or weapons, can he
dare to rescue the youth? Should he hurl himself to
his death among the swords, and by his wounds
hasten to a glorious end? He swiftly drew back his
spear arm and gazing upwards at the moon above,
prayed, with these words: 'O you, goddess, O you,
Latona's daughter, glory of the stars, and keeper of
the woods, be here and help us in our trouble. If
ever my father, Hyrtacus, brought offerings on my

suspendiue tholo aut sacra ad fastigia fixi,
hunc sine me turbare globum et rege tela per auras.'
dixerat et toto conixus corpore ferrum 410
conicit. hasta uolans noctis diuerberat umbras
et uenit auersi in tergum Sulmonis ibique
frangitur, ac fesso transit praecordia ligno.
uoluitur ille uomens calidum de pectore flumen
frigidus et longis singultibus ilia pulsat. 415
diuersi circumspiciunt. hoc acrior idem
ecce aliud summa telum librabat ab aure.
dum trepidant, it hasta Tago per tempus utrumque
stridens traiectoque haesit tepefacta cerebro.
saeuit atrox Uolcens nec teli conspicit usquam 420
auctorem nec quo se ardens immittere possit.
'tu tamen interea calido mihi sanguine poenas
persolues amborum' inquit; simul ense recluso
ibat in Euryalum. tum uero exterritus, amens,
conclamat Nisus nec se celare tenebris 425
amplius aut tantum potuit perferre dolorem:
'me, me, adsum qui feci, in me conuertite ferrum,
o Rutuli! mea fraus omnis, nihil iste nec ausus
nec potuit; caelum hoc et conscia sidera testor;
tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.' 430
talia dicta dabat, sed uiribus ensis adactus
transadigit costas et candida pectora rumpit.
uoluitur Euryalus leto, pulchrosque per artus

behalf to your altars, if ever I added to them from
my own hunting, hung them beneath your dome, or
fixed them to the sacred eaves, let me throw their
troop into confusion, guide my spear through the
air.' He spoke and flung the steel, straining with his
whole body. The flying javelin divided the
shadows, struck Sulmo's back, as he turned, and
snapped, the broken shaft piercing the heart. He
rolled over, a hot stream pouring from his chest,
and deep gasps shook his sides, as he grew cold.
They gazed round them, in every direction. See,
Nisus, all the more eager, levelled another spear
against his ear. While they hesitated, the javelin
hissed through both of Tagus's temples, and fixed
itself still warm in the pierced brain. Fierce Volcens
raged, but could not spy out the author of the act,
nor any place that he could vent his fire. He rushed
at Euryalus with his naked sword, as he cried out:
'In the mean time you'll pay in hot blood and give
me revenge for both your crimes.' Then, truly
maddened with fear, Nisus shouted aloud, unable to
hide himself in the dark any longer, or endure such
agony: On me, Rutulians, turn your steel on me, me
who did the deed! The guilt is all mine, he neither
dared nor had the power: the sky and the all-
knowing stars be witnesses: he only loved his

it cruor inque umeros ceruix conlapsa recumbit:
purpureus ueluti cum flos succisus aratro 435
languescit moriens, lassoue papauera collo
demisere caput pluuiam cum forte grauantur.
at Nisus ruit in medios solumque per omnis
Uolcentem petit, in solo Uolcente moratur.
quem circum glomerati hostes hinc comminus
atque hinc 440
proturbant. instat non setius ac rotat ensem
fulmineum, donec Rutuli clamantis in ore
condidit aduerso et moriens animam abstulit hosti.
tum super exanimum sese proiecit amicum
confossus, placidaque ibi demum morte quieuit.
445
Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
nulla dies umquam memori uos eximet aeuo,
dum domus Aeneae Capitoli immobile saxum
accolet imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.
Victores praeda Rutuli spoliisque potiti 450
Uolcentem exanimum flentes in castra ferebant.
nec minor in castris luctus Rhamnete reperto
exsanguis et primis una tot caede peremptis,
Serranoque Numaque. ingens concursus ad ipsa
corpora seminecisque uiros, tepidaque recentem
455
caede locum et pleno spumantis sanguine riuos.

unfortunate friend too much.' He was still speaking,
but the sword, powerfully driven, passed through
the ribs and tore the white breast. Euryalus rolled
over in death, and the blood flowed down his
lovely limbs, and his neck, drooping, sank on his
shoulder, like a bright flower scythed by the
plough, bowing as it dies, or a poppy weighed
down by a chance shower, bending its weary head.
But Nisus rushed at them, seeking Volcens above
all, intent on Volcens alone. The enemy gathered
round him, to drive him off, in hand to hand
conflict. He attacked none the less, whirling his
sword like lightning, until he buried it full in the
face of the shrieking Rutulian, and, dying, robbed
his enemy of life. Then, pierced through, he threw
himself on the lifeless body of his friend, and found
peace at last in the calm of death. Happy pair! If
my poetry has the power, while the House of
Aeneas lives beside the Capitol's immobile stone,
and a Roman leader rules the Empire, no day will
raze you from time's memory. The victorious
Rutulians, gaining new plunder, and the spoils,
weeping carried the lifeless Volcens to the camp.
Nor was there less grief in that camp when
Rhamnes was discovered, drained of blood, and so
many other leaders, killed in a single slaughter,

agnoscunt spolia inter se galeamque nitentem
Messapi et multo phaleras sudore receptas.

Lines 459-524

Et iam prima nouo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile. 460
iam sole infuso, iam rebus luce relectis
Turnus in arma uiros armis circumdatus ipse
suscitat: aeratasque acies in proelia cogunt,
quisque suos, uariisque acuunt rumoribus iras.
quin ipsa arrectis (uisu miserabile) in hastis 465
praefigunt capita et multo clamore sequuntur
Euryali et Nisi.

Aeneadae duri murorum in parte sinistra
opposuere aciem (nam dextera cingitur amni),
ingentisque tenent fossas et turribus altis 470
stant maesti; simul ora uirum praefixa mouebant
nota nimis miseris atroque fluentia tabo.
Interea pauidam uolitans pennata per urbem
nuntia Fama ruit matrisque adlabitur auris
Euryali. at subitus miserae calor ossa reliquit, 475
excussi manibus radii reuolutaque pensa.
euolat infelix et femineo ululatu

with Serranus and Numa. A huge crowd rushed towards the corpses and the dying, and the place fresh with hot killing, and foaming streams full of blood. Between them they identified the spoils, Messapus's gleaming helmet, and his trappings re-won with such sweat.

Euryalus's Mother Laments

And now Aurora, early, leaving Tithonus's saffron bed, sprinkled her fresh rays onto the earth. And now as the sun streamed down, now as day revealed all things, Turnus armed himself, and roused his heroes to arms: they gathered their bronze-clad troops for the battle, each his own, and whetted their anger with various tales. They even fixed the heads of Euryalus and Nisus on raised spears (wretched sight), and followed behind them, making a great clamour. The tough sons of Aeneas had fixed their opposing lines on the left side of the ramparts (the right bordered on the river) and they held the wide ditches and stood grieving on the high turrets: moved as one, made wretched by seeing the heads of men they know only too well transfixed and streaming dark blood. Meanwhile winged Rumour, flying through the anxious town, sped the news, and stole to the ears of Euryalus's mother. And suddenly all warmth left her helpless

scissa comam muros amens atque agmina cursu
prima petit, non illa uirum, non illa pericli
telorumque memor, caelum dehinc questibus
implet: 480

'hunc ego te, Euryale, aspicio? tune ille senectae
sera meae requies, potuisti linquere solam,
crudelis? nec te sub tanta pericula missum
adfari extremum miserae data copia matri?
heu, terra ignota canibus data praeda Latinis 485
alitisque iaces! nec te tua funere mater
produxi pressius oculos aut uulnera laui,
ueste tegens tibi quam noctes festina diesque
urgebam, et tela curas solabar anilis.
quo sequar? aut quae nunc artus auulsaque membra 490

et funus lacerum tellus habet? hoc mihi de te,
nate, refers? hoc sum terraque marique secuta?
figite me, si qua est pietas, in me omnia tela
conicite, o Rutuli, me primam absumite ferro;
aut tu, magne pater diuum, miserere, tuoque 495
inuisum hoc detrude caput sub Tartara telo,
quando aliter nequeo crudelem abrumpere uitam.'
hoc fletu concussi animi, maestusque per omnis
it gemitus, torpent infractae ad proelia uires.
illam incendentes luctus Idaeus et Actor 500
Ilionei monitu et multum lacrimantis Iuli

bones, the shuttle was hurled from her hands, the
thread unwound. The wretched woman rushed out
and sought the ramparts and the front line,
shrieking madly, her hair dishevelled: she ignored
the soldiers, the danger, the weapons, then she
filled the heavens with her lament: 'Is it you I see,
Euryalus? You who brought peace at last to my old
age, how could you bring yourself to leave me
alone, cruel child? Why did you not give your poor
mother the chance for a final goodbye when you
were being sent into so much danger? Ah, you lie
here in a strange land, given as prey to the carrion
birds and dogs of Latium! I, your mother, did not
escort you in funeral procession, or close your eyes,
or bathe your wounds, or shroud you with the robes
I laboured at night and day for you, soothing the
cares of old age at the loom. Where shall I go?
What earth now holds your body, your torn limbs,
your mangled corpse? My son, is this what you
bring home to me? Is this why I followed you by
land and sea? O Rutulians, if you have feelings,
pierce me: hurl all your spears at me: destroy me
above all with your steel: or you, great father of the
gods, pity me, and with your lightning bolt, hurl
this hated being down to Tartarus, since I can
shatter this cruel life no other way.' This wailing

corripiunt interque manus sub tecta reponunt.
At tuba terribilem sonitum procul aere canoro
increpuit, sequitur clamor caelumque remugit.
accelerant acta pariter testudine Uolsci 505
et fossas implere parant ac uellere uallum;
quaerunt pars aditum et scalis ascendere muros,
qua rara est acies interlucetque corona
non tam spissa uiris. telorum effundere contra
omne genus Teucris ac duris detrudere contis, 510
adsueti longo muros defendere bello.
saxa quoque infesto uoluebant pondere, si qua
possent tectam aciem perrumpere, cum tamen
omnis
ferre iuuat subter densa testudine casus.
nec iam sufficiunt. nam qua globus imminet ingens,
515
immanem Teucris molem uoluuntque ruuntque,
quae strauit Rutulos late armorumque resoluit
tegmina. nec curant caeco contendere Marte
amplius audaces Rutuli, sed pellere uallo
missilibus certant. 520
parte alia horrendus uisu quassabat Etruscum
pinum et fumiferos infert Mezentius ignis;
at Messapus equum domitor, Neptunia proles,
rescindit uallum et scalas in moenia poscit.

shook their hearts, and a groan of sorrow swept them all: their strength for battle was numbed and weakened. She was igniting grief and Idaeus and Actor, at Ilioneus's order, with Iulus weeping bitterly, caught her up, and carried her inside in their arms. But the war-trumpet, with its bronze singing, rang out its terrible sound, a clamour followed, that the sky re-echoed. The Volscians, raising their shields in line, ran forward, ready to fill in the ditches, and tear down the ramparts: Some tried for an entrance, and to scale the wall with ladders, where the ranks were thin, and a less dense cordon of men allowed the light through. The Trojans accustomed to defending their walls by endless warfare, hurled missiles at them of every sort, and fended them off with sturdy poles. They rolled down stones too, deadly weights, in the hope of breaking through the well-protected ranks, which under their solid shields, however, rejoiced in enduring every danger. But soon even they were inadequate since the Trojans rolled a vast rock to where a large formation threatened, and hurled it down, felling the Rutulians far and wide, and breaking their armoured shell. The brave Rutulians no longer cared to fight blindly, but tried to clear the ramparts with missiles. Elsewhere, Mezentius,

Lines 525-589

Uos, o Calliope, precor, aspirate canenti 525
quas ibi tum ferro strages, quae funera Turnus
ediderit, quem quisque uirum demiserit Orco,
et mecum ingentis oras euoluite belli.
Turris erat uasto suspectu et pontibus altis, 530
opportuna loco, summis quam uiribus omnes
expugnare Itali summaque euertere opum ui
certabant, Troes contra defendere saxis
perque cauas densi tela intorquere fenestras.
princeps ardentem coniecit lampada Turnus 535
et flammam adfixit lateri, quae plurima uento
corripuit tabulas et postibus haesit adesis.
turbati trepidare intus frustra que malorum
uelle fugam. dum se glomerant retroque resident
in partem quae peste caret, tum pondere turris 540
procubuit subito et caelum tonat omne fragore.
semineces ad terram immani mole secuta
confixique suis telis et pectora duro
transfossi ligno ueniunt. uix unus Helenor
et Lycus elapsi; quorum primaueus Helenor, 545
Maeonio regi quem serua Licymnia furtim

deadly to behold, brandished Tuscan pine, and
hurled smoking firebrands: while Messapus, tamer
of horses, scion of Neptune, tore at the rampart, and
called for scaling ladders.

Turnus in Battle

I pray to you, O Calliope, Muses, inspire my
singing of the slaughter, the deaths Turnus dealt
with his sword that day, and who each warrior was,
that he sent down to Orcus, and open the lips of
mighty war with me, since, goddesses, you
remember, and have the power to tell: There was a
turret, tall to look at, with high access-ways, and a
good position, that all the Italians tried with utmost
power to storm, and to dislodge with the utmost
power of their efforts: the Trojans in turn defended
themselves with stones and hurled showers of
missiles through the open loopholes. Turnus was
first to throw a blazing torch and root the flames in
its flank, that, fanned by a strong wind, seized the
planking, and clung to the entrances they devoured.
The anxious men inside were afraid, and tried in
vain to escape disaster. While they clung together
and retreated to the side free from damage, the
turret suddenly collapsed, and the whole sky
echoed to the crash. Half-dead they fell to earth, the
huge mass following, pierced by their own

sustulerat uetitisque ad Troiam miserat armis,
ense leuis nudo parmaque inglorius alba.
isque ubi se Turni media inter milia uidit,
hinc acies atque hinc acies astare Latinas, 550
ut fera, quae densa uenantum saepta corona
contra tela furit seseque haud nescia morti
inicit et saltu supra uenabula fertur—
haud aliter iuuenis medios moriturus in hostis
inruit et qua tela uidet densissima tendit. 555
at pedibus longe melior Lycus inter et hostis
inter et arma fuga muros tenet, altaque certat
prendere tecta manu sociumque attingere dextras.
quem Turnus pariter cursu teloque secutus
inrepat his uictor: 'nostrasne euadere, demens, 560
sperasti te posse manus?' simul arripit ipsum
pendentem et magna muri cum parte reuellit:
qualis ubi aut leporem aut candenti corpore cycnum
sustulit alta petens pedibus Iouis armiger uncis,
quaesitum aut matri multis balatibus agnum 565
Martius a stabulis rapuit lupo. undique clamor
tollitur: inuadunt et fossas aggere complent,
ardentis taedas alii ad fastigia iactant.
Ilioneus saxo atque ingenti fragmine montis
Lucetium portae subeuntem ignisque ferentem, 570
Emathiona Liger, Corynaeum sternit Asilas,
hic iaculo bonus, hic longe fallente sagitta,

weapons, and their chests impaled on the harsh
wood. Only Helenor and Lycus managed to escape:
Helenor being in the prime of youth, one whom a
Licymnian slave had secretly borne to the
Maeonian king, and sent to Troy, with weapons
he'd been forbidden, lightly armed with naked
blade, and anonymous white shield. When he found
himself in the midst of Turnus's thousands, Latin
ranks standing to right and left of him, as a wild
creature, hedged in by a close circle of hunters,
rages against their weapons, and hurls itself,
consciously, to death, and is carried by its leap on
to the hunting spears, so the youth rushed to his
death among the enemy, and headed for where the
weapons appeared thickest. But Lycus, quicker of
foot, darting among the enemy and their arms
reached the wall, and tried to grasp the high parapet
with his hands, to reach his comrades' grasp.
Turnus following him closely on foot, with his
spear, taunted in triumph: 'Madman, did you hope
to escape my reach?' He seized him, there and then,
as he hung, and pulled him down, with a large
piece of the wall, like an eagle, carrier of Jove's
lightning bolt, soaring high, lifting a hare or the
snow-white body of a swan in its talons, or a wolf,
Mars's creature, snatching a lamb from the fold,

Ortygium Caeneus, uictorem Caenea Turnus,
Turnus Ityn Cloniumque, Dioxippum
Promolumque
et Sagarim et summis stantem pro turribus Idan,
575

Priuernum Capys. hunc primo leuis hasta Themillae
strinxerat, ille manum proiecto tegmine demens
ad uulnus tulit; ergo alis adlapsa sagitta
et laeuo infixata est alte lateri, abditaque intus
spiramenta animae letali uulnere rupit. 580
stabat in egregiis Arcentis filius armis
pictus acu chlamydem et ferrugine clarus Hibera,
insignis facie, genitor quem miserat Arcens
eductum Martis luco Symaethia circum
flumina, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Palici: 585
stridentem fundam positus Mezentius hastis
ipse ter adducta circum caput egit habena
et media aduersi liquefacto tempora plumbo
diffidit ac multa porrectum extendit harena.

that its mother searches for endlessly bleating. A shout rose on all sides: the Rutulians drove forwards, some filling the ditches with mounds of earth, others throwing burning brands onto the roofs. Ilioneus felled Lucetius with a rock, a vast fragment of the hillside, as he neared the gate, carrying fire, Liger killed Emathion, Asilas killed Corynaeus, the first skilled with the javelin, the other with deceptive long-range arrows: Caenus felled Ortygius, Turnus victorious Caeneus, and Itys and Clonius, Dioxippus and Promolus, and Sagaris, and Idas as he stood on the highest tower, and Capys killed Privernus. Themillas had grazed him slightly first with his spear, foolishly he threw his shield down, and placed his hand on the wound: so the arrow winged silently, fixed itself deep in his left side, and, burying itself within, tore the breathing passages with a lethal wound. Arcens son stood there too in glorious armour, his cloak embroidered with scenes, bright with Spanish blue, a youth of noble features, whom his father Arcens had sent, reared in Mars's grove by Symaethus's streams, where the rich and gracious altars of Palicus stand: Mezentius, dropping his spears, whirled a whistling sling on its tight thong, three times round his head, and split his adversary's

Lines 590-637

Tum primum bello celerem intendisse sagittam 590
dicitur ante feras solitus terrere fugacis
Ascanius, fortemque manu fudisse Numanum,
cui Remulo cognomen erat, Turnique minorem
germanam nuper thalamo sociatus habebat.
is primam ante aciem digna atque indigna relatu
595
uociferans tumidusque nouo praecordia regno
ibat et ingentem sese clamore ferebat:
'non pudet obsidione iterum ualloque teneri,
bis capti Phryges, et morti praetendere muros?
en qui nostra sibi bello conubia poscunt! 600
quis deus Italiam, quae uos dementia adegit?
non hic Atridae nec fandi factor Ulixes:
durum a stirpe genus natos ad flumina primum
deferimus saeuoque gelu duramus et undis;
uenatu inuigilant pueri siluasque fatigant, 605
flectere ludus equos et spicula tendere cornu.
at patiens operum paruoque adsueta iuuentus
aut rastris terram domat aut quatit oppida bello.
omne aeuum ferro teritur, uersaque iuuentum
terga fatigamus hasta, nec tarda senectus 610
debilitat uiris animi mutatque uigorem:

forehead open in the middle, with the now-molten
lead, stretching him full length in the deep sand.

Ascanius (Iulus) in Battle

Then they say Ascanius first aimed his swift arrows
in war, used till now to terrify wild creatures in
flight, and with his hand he felled brave Numanus,
who was surnamed Remulus, and had lately won
Turnus's sister as his wife. Numanus marched
ahead of the front rank, shouting words that were
fitting and unfitting to repeat, his heart swollen
with new-won royalty and boasting loudly of his
greatness: 'Twice conquered Trojans aren't you
ashamed to be besieged and shut behind ramparts
again, fending off death with walls? Behold, these
are the men who'd demand our brides through war!
What god, what madness has driven you to Italy?
Here are no Atrides, no Ulysses, maker of fictions:
a race from hardy stock, we first bring our newborn
sons to the river, and toughen them with the water's
fierce chill: as children they keep watch in the
chase, and weary the forest, their play is to wheel
their horses and shoot arrows from the bow: but
patient at work, and used to little, our young men
tame the earth with the hoe, or shake cities in
battle. All our life we're abraded by iron: we goad
our bullocks' flanks with a reversed spear, and slow

canitiem galea premimus, semperque recentis
comportare iuuat praedas et uiuere raptō.
uobis picta croco et fulgenti murice uestis,
desidiaē cordi, iuuat indulgere choreis, 615
et tunicae manicas et habent redimicula mitrae.
o uere Phrygiae, neque enim Phryges, ite per alta
Dindyma, ubi adsuetis biforem dat tibia cantum.
tympana uos buxusque uocat Berecynthia Matris
Idaē; sinite arma uiris et cedite ferro.' 620
Talia iactantem dictis ac dira canentem
non tulit Ascanius, neruoque obuersus equino
contendit telum diuersaque brachia ducens
constitit, ante Iouem supplex per uota precatus:
'Iuppiter omnipotens, audacibus adnue coeptis. 625
ipse tibi ad tua templa feram sollemnia dona,
et statuam ante aras aurata fronte iuuenicum
candentem pariterque caput cum matre ferentem,
iam cornu petat et pedibus qui spargat harenam.'
audiit et caeli genitor de parte serena 630
intonuit laeuum, sonat una fatifer arcus.
effugit horrendum stridens adducta sagitta
perque caput Remuli uenit et caua tempora ferro
traicit. 'i, uerbis uirtutem inlude superbis!
bis capti Phryges haec Rutulis responsa remittunt':
635
hoc tantum Ascanius. Teucri clamore sequuntur

age doesn't weaken our strength of spirit, or alter
our vigour: we set a helmet on our white hairs, and
delight in collecting fresh spoils, and living on
plunder. You wear embroidered saffron and
gleaming purple, idleness pleases you, you delight
in the enjoyment of dance, and your tunics have
sleeves, and your hats have ribbons. O truly you
Phrygian women, as you're not Phrygian men, run
over the heights of Dindymus, where a double-reed
makes music for accustomed ears. The timbrels call
to you, and the Berecynthian boxwood flute of the
Mother of Ida: leave weapons to men and abandon
the sword.' Ascanius did not tolerate such boastful
words and dire warnings, but facing him, fitted an
arrow to the horsehair string, and, straining his
arms apart, paused, and first prayed humbly to Jove
making these vows: 'All-powerful Jupiter, assent to
my bold attempt. I myself will bring gifts each year
to your temple, and I'll place before your altar a
snow-white bullock with gilded forehead, carrying
his head as high as his mother, already butting with
his horns, and scattering sand with his hooves.' The
Father heard, and thundered on the left from a clear
sky, as one the fatal bow twanged. The taut arrow
sped onwards with a dreadful hiss, and passed
through Remulus's brow, and split the hollow

laetitiaque fremunt animosque ad sidera tollunt.

Lines 638-671

Aetheria tum forte plaga crinitus Apollo
desuper Ausonias acies urbemque uidebat
nube sedens, atque his uictorem adfatur Iulum: 640
'macte noua uirtute, puer, sic itur ad astra,
dis genite et geniture deos. iure omnia bella
gente sub Assaraci fato uentura resident,
nec te Troia capit.' simul haec effatus ab alto
aethere se mittit, spirantis dimouet auras 645
Ascaniumque petit; forma tum uertitur oris
antiquum in Buten. hic Dardanio Anchisae
armiger ante fuit fidusque ad limina custos;
tum comitem Ascanio pater addidit. ibat Apollo
omnia longaeuo similis uocemque coloremque 650
et crinis albos et saeua sonoribus arma,
atque his ardentem dictis adfatur Iulum:
'sit satis, Aenide, telis impune Numanum
oppetiisse tuis. primam hanc tibi magnus Apollo
concedit laudem et paribus non inuidet armis; 655
cetera parce, puer, bello.' sic orsus Apollo

temples with its steel. 'Go on, mock at virtue with proud words! This is the reply the twice-conquered Phrygians send the Rutulians': Ascanius said nothing more. The Trojans followed this with cheers, shouted for joy, and raised their spirits to the skies.

Apollo Speaks to Iulus

Now, by chance, long-haired Apollo, seated in the cloudy skies, looked down on the Italian ranks and the town, and spoke to the victorious Iulus as follows: 'Blessings on your fresh courage, boy, scion of gods and ancestor of gods yet to be, so it is man rises to the stars. All the wars that destiny might bring will rightly cease under the rule of Assaracus's house, Troy does not limit you.' With this he launched himself from high heaven, parted the living air, and found Ascanius: then changed the form of his features to old Butes. He was once armour-bearer to Trojan Anchises, and faithful guardian of the threshold: then Ascanius's father made him the boy's companion. As he walked Apollo was like the old man in every way, in voice and colouring, white hair, and clanging of harsh weapons, and he spoke these words to the ardent Iulus: 'Enough, son of Aeneas, that Numanus has fallen to your bow and is un-avenged. Mighty

mortalis medio aspectus sermone reliquit
et procul in tenuem ex oculis euanuit auram.
agnouere deum proceres diuinaque tela
Dardanidae pharetramque fuga sensere sonantem.
660

ergo audum pugnae dictis ac numine Phoebi
Ascanium prohibent, ipsi in certamina rursus
succedunt animasque in aperta pericula mittunt.
it clamor totis per propugnacula muris,
intendunt acris arcus amentaque torquent. 665
sternitur omne solum telis, tum scuta cauaeque
dant sonitum flictu galeae, pugna aspera surgit:
quantus ab occasu ueniens pluuiialibus Haedis
uerberat imber humum, quam multa grandine nimbi
in uada praecipitant, cum Iuppiter horridus Austris
670

torquet aquosam hiemem et caelo caua nubila
rumpit.

Lines 672-716

Pandarus et Bitias, Idaeo Alcanore creti,
quos Iouis eduxit luco siluestris Iaera
abietibus iuuenes patriis et montibus aequos,
portam, quae ducis imperio commissa, recludunt
675

Apollo grants you this first glory, and does not begrudge you your like weapons: but avoid the rest of the battle, boy.' So Apollo spoke and in mid-speech left mortal sight and vanished far from men's eyes into clear air. The Trojan princes recognised the god and his celestial weapons, and heard his quiver rattling as he flew. So, given the god's words and his divine will, they stopped Ascanius, eager for the fight, while themselves returning to the battle, and openly putting their lives at risk. The clamour rang through the towers along the whole wall, they bent their bows quickly and whirled their slings. The whole earth was strewn with spears: shields and hollow helmets clanged as they clashed together, the battle grew fierce: vast as a rainstorm from the west, lashing the ground beneath watery Auriga, and dense as the hail the clouds hurl into the waves, when Jupiter, bristling with southerlies, twirls the watery tempest, and bursts the sky's cavernous vapours.

Turnus at the Trojan Gates

Pandarus and Bitias, sons of Alcanor from Ida, whom Iaera the wood-nymph bore in Jupiter's grove, youths tall as the pine-trees on their native hills, threw open the gate entrusted to them by their leader's command, and, relying on their weapons,

freti armis, ultroque inuitant moenibus hostem.
ipsi intus dextra ac laeua pro turribus astant
armati ferro et cristis capita alta corusci:
quales aerae liquentia flumina circum
siue Padi ripis Athesim seu propter amoenum 680
consurgunt geminae quercus intonsaque caelo
attollunt capita et sublimes uertice nutant.
inrumpunt aditus Rutuli ut uidere patentis:
continuo Quercens et pulcher Aquiculus armis
et praiceps animi Tmarus et Mauortius Haemon
685

agminibus totis aut uersi terga dedere
aut ipso portae posuere in limine uitam.
tum magis increscunt animis discordibus irae,
et iam collecti Troes glomerantur eodem
et conferre manum et procurrere longius audent.
690

Ductori Turno diuersa in parte furenti
turbantique uiros perfertur nuntius, hostem
feruere caede noua et portas praebere patentis.
deserit inceptum atque immani concitus ira
Dardaniam ruit ad portam fratresque superbos. 695
et primum Antiphaten (is enim se primus agebat),
Thebana de matre nothum Sarpedonis alti,
coniecto sternit iaculo: uolat Itala cornus
aera per tenerum stomachoque infixam sub altum

drew the Rutulian enemy within the walls. They
themselves stood in the gate, in front of the towers
to right and left, steel armoured, with plumes
waving on their noble heads: just as twin oaks rise
up into the air, by flowing rivers, on the banks of
the Po, or by delightful Athesis, lifting their shaggy
heads to the sky, and nodding their tall crowns.
When they saw the entrance clear the Rutulians
rushed through. At once Quercens and Aquicolus,
handsome in his armour, Tmarus, impulsive at
heart, and Haemon, a son of Mars, were routed
with all their Rutulian ranks, and took to their
heels, or laid down their lives on the very threshold
of the gate. Then the anger grew fiercer in their
fighting spirits, and soon the Trojans gathering
massed in the same place, and dared to fight hand
to hand, and advance further outside. The news
reached Turnus, the Rutulian leader, as he raged
and troubled the lines in a distant part of the field,
that the enemy, hot with fresh slaughter, were
laying their doors wide open. He left what he had
begun, and, roused to savage fury, he ran towards
the Trojan gate, and the proud brothers. And first
he brought Antiphates down with a spear throw,
(since he was first to advance), bastard son of noble
Sarpedon by a Theban mother: the Italian cornel-

pectus abit; reddit specus atri uulneris undam 700
spumantem, et fixo ferrum in pulmone tepescit.
tum Meropem atque Erymanta manu, tum sternit
Aphidnum,
tum Bitian ardentem oculis animisque frementem,
non iaculo (neque enim iaculo uitam ille dedisset),
sed magnum stridens contorta phalarica uenit 705
fulminis acta modo, quam nec duo taurea terga
nec duplici squama lorica fidelis et auro
sustinuit; conlapsa ruunt immania membra,
dat tellus gemitum et clipeum super intonat ingens.
talis in Euboico Baiarum litore quondam 710
saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante
constructam ponto iaciunt, sic illa ruinam
prona trahit penitusque uadis inlisa recumbit;
miscent se maria et nigrae attolluntur harenae,
tum sonitu Prochyta alta tremit durumque cubile
715
Inarime Iouis imperiis imposta Typhoeo.

Lines 717-755

Hic Mars armipotens animum uirisque Latinis
addidit et stimulos acris sub pectore uertit,
immisitque Fugam Teucris atrumque Timorem.
undique conueniunt, quoniam data copia pugnae,

wood shaft flew through the clear air and, fixing in
his belly, ran deep up into his chest: the hollow of
the dark wound released a foaming flow, and the
metal became warm in the pierced lung. Then he
overthrew Meropes and Erymas with his hand, and
then Aphidnus, then Bitias, fire in his eyes, clamour
in his heart, not to a spear (he would never have
lost his life to a spear) but a javelin arrived with a
great hiss, hurled and driven like a thunderbolt, that
neither two bulls' hides nor the faithful breastplate
with double scales of gold could resist: the mighty
limbs collapsed and fell, earth groaned and the
huge shield clanged above him. So a rock pile
sometimes falls on Baiae's Euboic shore, first
constructed of huge blocks, then toppled into the
sea: as it falls it trails havoc behind, tumbles into
the shallows and settles in the depths: the sea swirls
in confusion, and the dark sand rises upwards, then
Procida's lofty island trembles at the sound and
Ischia's isle's harsh floor, laid down over Typhoeus,
at Jove's command.

The Death of Pandarus

At this Mars, powerful in war, gave the Latins
strength and courage, and twisted his sharp goad in
their hearts, and sent Rout and dark Fear against the
Trojans. Given the chance for action, the Latins

720

bellatorque animo deus incidit.

Pandarus, ut fuso germanum corpore cernit
et quo sit fortuna loco, qui casus agat res,
portam ui multa conuerso cardine torquet
obnixus latis umeris, multosque suorum 725
moenibus exclusos duro in certamine linquit;
ast alios secum includit recipitque ruentis,
demens, qui Rutulum in medio non agmine regem
uiderit inrumpentem ultroque incluserit urbi,
immanem ueluti pecora inter inertia tigrim. 730
continuo noua lux oculis effulsit et arma
horrendum sonuere, tremunt in uertice cristae
sanguineae clipeoque micantia fulmina mittit.
agnoscunt faciem inuisam atque immania membra
turbati subito Aeneadae. tum Pandarus ingens 735
emicat et mortis fraternae feruidus ira
effatur: 'non haec dotalis regia Amatae,
nec muris cohibet patriis media Ardea Turnum.
castra inimica uides, nulla hinc exire potestas.'
olli subridens sedato pectore Turnus: 740
'incipere, si qua animo uirtus, et consere dextram,
hic etiam inuentum Priamo narrabis Achillem.'
dixerat. ille rudem nodis et cortice crudo
intorquet summis adnixus uiribus hastam;
excepere aurae, uulnus Saturnia Iuno 745

came together from every side, and the god of battle possessed their souls. Pandarus, seeing his brother's fallen corpse, and which side fortune was on, and what fate was driving events, pushed with a mighty heave of his broad shoulders and swung the gate on its hinges, leaving many a comrade locked outside the wall in the cruel conflict: but the rest he greeted as they rushed in and shut in there, with himself, foolishly, not seeing the Rutulian king bursting through among the mass, freely closing him inside the town, like a huge tiger among a helpless herd. At once fresh fire flashed from Turnus's eyes his weapons clashed fearfully, the blood-red plumes on his helmet quivered, and lightning glittered from his shield. In sudden turmoil the sons of Aeneas recognised that hated form and those huge limbs. Then great Pandarus sprang forward, blazing with anger at his brother's death, shouting: This is not Queen Amata's palace, given in dowry, or the heart of Ardea, surrounding Turnus with his native walls. You see an enemy camp: you can't escape from here.' Turnus, smiling, his thoughts calm, replied to him: 'Come then, if there's courage in your heart, close with me: you can go tell Priam that, here too, you found an Achilles.' He spoke. Pandarus, straining with all his

detorsit ueniens, portaeque infigitur hasta.
'at non hoc telum, mea quod ui dextera uersat,
effugies, neque enim is teli nec uulneris auctor':
sic ait, et sublatum alte consurgit in ensem
et mediam ferro gemina inter tempora frontem 750
diuidit impubisque immani uulnere malas.
fit sonus, ingenti concussa est pondere tellus;
conlapsos artus atque arma cruenta cerebro
sternit humi moriens, atque illi partibus aequis
huc caput atque illuc umero ex utroque pependit.
755

Lines 756-787

Diffugiunt uersi trepida formidine Troes,
et si continuo uictorem ea cura subisset,
rumpere claustra manu sociosque immittere portis,
ultimus ille dies bello gentique fuisset.
sed furor ardentem caedisque insana cupido 760
egit in aduersos.
principio Phalerim et succiso poplite Gygen
excipit, hinc raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas
in tergis, Iuno uiris animumque ministrat.
addit Halyn comitem et confixa Phegea parma, 765
ignaros deinde in muris Martemque cientis

force, hurled his spear rough with knots and unstripped bark: the wind took it, Saturnian Juno deflected the imminent blow, and the spear stuck fast in the gate. Turnus cried: 'But you'll not escape this weapon my right arm wields with power, the source of this weapon and wound is not such as you.': and he towered up, his sword lifted, and, with the blade, cleft the forehead in two between the temples, down to the beardless jaw, in an evil wound. There was a crash: the ground shook under the vast weight. Pandarus, dying, lowered his failing limbs and brain-spattered weapons to the ground, and his skull split in half hung down on either side over both his shoulders.

Turnus Slaughters the Trojans

The Trojans turned and fled in sudden terror, and if Turnus had thought at once to burst the bolts by force, and let in his comrades through the gates, that would have been the end of the war and the nation. But rage and insane desire for slaughter drove him, passionate, against the enemy. First he caught Phaleris and Gyges whom he hamstrung, then flung their spears, which he seized, at the backs of the fleeing crowd. Juno aided him in strength and spirit. He sent Halys and Phegeus, his shield pierced, to join them, then Alcander and

Alcandrumque Haliumque Noemonaque
Prytanimque.

Lyncea tendentem contra sociosque uocantem
uibranti gladio conixus ab aggere dexter
occupat, huic uno deiectum cominus ictu 770
cum galea longe iacuit caput. inde ferarum
uastatorem Amycum, quo non felicius alter
unguere tela manu ferrumque armare ueneno,
et Clytium Aeoliden et amicum Crethea Musis,
Crethea Musarum comitem, cui carmina semper
775

et citharae cordi numerosque intendere neruis,
semper equos atque arma uirum pugnasque
canebat.

Tandem ductores audita caede suorum
conueniunt Teucri, Mnestheus acerque Serestus,
palantisque uident socios hostemque receptum. 780
et Mnestheus: 'quo deinde fugam, quo tenditis?'
inquit.

'quos alios muros, quaeue ultra moenia habetis?
unus homo et uestris, o ciues, undique saeptus
aggeribus tantas strages impune per urbem
ediderit? iuuenum primos tot miserit Orco? 785
non infelicis patriae ueterumque deorum
et magni Aeneae, segnes, miseretque pudetque?'

Halius, Noemon and Prytanis unawares, as they
roused those on the walls to battle. As Lynceus
calling to his comrades moved towards him, he
anticipated him with a stroke of his glittering sword
from the right-hand rampart, Lynceus's head,
severed by the single blow at close quarters, fell to
the ground with the helmet some distance away.

Then Amycus, that threat to wild creatures, than
whom none was better at coating spears and arming
steel with poison, and Clytius, son of Aeolus, and
Cretheus, friend to the Muses, Cretheus the Muses'
follower, to whom song and lyre and striking
measures on the strings were always a delight,
always he sang of horses, of soldiers' weapons and
battles. At last the Trojan leaders, Mnestheus and
brave Serestus, hearing of this slaughter of their
men, arrived to see their troops scattered and the
enemy within. Mnestheus shouted: 'Where are you
running to, off where? What other walls or
battlements do you have, but these? O citizens,
shall one man, hemmed in on all sides by ramparts,
cause such carnage through this our city, and go
unpunished? Shall he send so many of our noblest
youths to Orcus? Cowards, have you no pity, no
shame, for your wretched country, for your ancient
gods, for great Aeneas?'

Lines 788-818

talibus accensi firmantur et agmine denso
consistunt. Turnus paulatim excedere pugna
et fluuium petere ac partem quae cingitur unda. 790
acrius hoc Teucris clamore incumbere magno
et glomerare manum, ceu saeuum turba leonem
cum telis premit infensis; at territus ille,
asper, acerba tuens, retro redit et neque terga
ira dare aut uirtus patitur, nec tendere contra 795
ille quidem hoc cupiens potis est per tela uirosque.
haud aliter retro dubius uestigia Turnus
improperata refert et mens exaestuat ira.
quin etiam bis tum medios inuaserat hostis,
bis confusa fuga per muros agmina uertit; 800
sed manus e castris prope coit omnis in unum
nec contra uiris audet Saturnia Iuno
sufficere; aeriam caelo nam Iuppiter Irim
demisit germanae haud mollia iussa ferentem,
ni Turnus cedat Teucrorum moenibus altis. 805
ergo nec clipeo iuuenis subsistere tantum
nec dextra ualet, iniectis sic undique telis
obruitur. strepit adsiduo caua tempora circum
tinnitu galea et saxis solida aera fatiscunt
discussaeque iubae, capiti nec sufficit umbo 810
ictibus; ingeminant hastis et Troes et ipse
fulmineus Mnestheus. tum toto corpore sudor

Turnus Is Driven Off

Inflamed by such words they were strengthened,
and they halted, densely packed. Turnus little by
little retreated from the fight, heading for the river,
and a place embraced by the waves. The Trojans
pressed towards him more fiercely, with a great
clamour, and massed together, as a crowd of
hunters with levelled spears close in on a savage
lion: that, fearful but fierce, glaring in anger, gives
ground, though fury and courage won't let it turn its
back, nor will men and spears allow it to attack,
despite its wish. So Turnus wavering retraced his
steps cautiously, his mind seething with rage. Even
then he charged amongst the enemy twice, and
twice sent them flying a confused rabble along the
walls: but the whole army quickly gathered en
masse from the camp, and Saturnian Juno didn't
dare empower him against them, since Jupiter sent
Iris down through the air from heaven, carrying no
gentle commands for his sister, if Turnus did not
leave the high Trojan ramparts. Therefore the
warrior, overwhelmed by so many missiles hurled
from every side, couldn't so much as hold his own
with shield and sword-arm. The helmet protecting
his hollow temples rang with endless noise, the
solid bronze gaped from the hail of stones, his crest

liquitur et piceum (nec respirare potestas)
flumen agit, fessos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.
tum demum praeceps saltu sese omnibus armis 815
in fluuium dedit. ille suo cum gurgite flauo
accepit uenientem ac mollibus extulit undis
et laetum sociis abluta caede remisit.

was torn off, and his shield-boss couldn't withstand the blows: the Trojans, with deadly Mnestheus himself, redoubled their rain of javelins. Then the sweat ran all over Turnus's body, and flowed in a dark stream (he'd no time to breathe) and an agonised panting shook his exhausted body. Then, finally, leaping headlong, he plunged down into the river in full armour. The Tiber welcomed him to its yellow flood as he fell, lifted him on its gentle waves, and, washing away the blood, returned him, overjoyed, to his friends.

BOOK X

Lines 1-95

Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi
conciliumque uocat diuum pater atque hominum
rex
sideream in sedem, terras unde arduus omnis
castraque Dardanidum aspectat populosque
Latinos.
considunt tectis bipatentibus, incipit ipse: 5
'caelicolae magni, quianam sententia uobis
uersa retro tantumque animis certatis iniquis?
abnueram bello Italiam concurrere Teucris.
quae contra uetitum discordia? quis metus aut hos
aut hos arma sequi ferrumque lacesere suasit? 10
adueniet iustum pugnae (ne arcessite) tempus,
cum fera Karthago Romanis arcibus olim
exitium magnum atque Alpīs immittet apertas:
tum certare odiis, tum res rapuisse licebit.
nunc sinite et placitum laeti componite foedus.' 15
Iuppiter haec paucis; at non Uenus aurea contra
pauca refert:
'o pater, o hominum rerumque aeterna potestas
(namque aliud quid sit quod iam implorare

The Council of the Gods

Meanwhile the palace of all-powerful Olympus was
opened wide, and the father of the gods, and king
of men, called a council in his starry house, from
whose heights he gazed at every land, at Trojan
camp, and Latin people. They took their seats in the
hall with doors at east and west, and he began:
'Great sky-dwellers, why have you changed your
decision, competing now, with such opposing
wills? I commanded Italy not to make war on the
Trojans. Why this conflict, against my orders?
What fear has driven them both to take up arms and
incite violence? The right time for fighting will
arrive (don't bring it on) when fierce Carthage,
piercing the Alps, will launch great destruction on
the Roman strongholds: then it will be fine to
compete in hatred, and ravage things. Now let it
alone, and construct a treaty, gladly, as agreed.'
Jupiter's speech was brief as this: but golden
Venus's reply was not: 'O father, eternal judge of
men and things (for who else is there I can make
my appeal to now?) you see how the Rutulians

queamus?),
cernis ut insultent Rutuli, Turnusque feratur 20
per medios insignis equis tumidusque secundo
Marte ruat? non clausa tegunt iam moenia Teucros;
quin intra portas atque ipsis proelia miscent
aggeribus murorum et inundant sanguine fossae.
Aeneas ignarus abest. numquamne leuari 25
obsidione sines? muris iterum imminet hostis
nascentis Troiae nec non exercitus alter,
atque iterum in Teucros Aetolis surgit ab Arpi
Tydides. equidem credo, mea uulnera restant
et tua progenies mortalia demoror arma. 30
si sine pace tua atque inuito numine Troes
Italiam petiere, luant peccata neque illos
iuueris auxilio; sin tot responsa secuti
quae superi manesque dabant, cur nunc tua
quisquam
uertere iussa potest aut cur noua condere fata? 35
quid repetam exustas Erycino in litore classis,
quid tempestatum regem uentosque furentis
Aeolia excitos aut actam nubibus Irim?
nunc etiam manis (haec intemptata manebat
sors rerum) mouet et superis immissa repente 40
Allecto medias Italum bacchata per urbes.
nil super imperio moueor. sperauimus ista,
dum fortuna fuit. uincant, quos uincere mauis.

exult, how Turnus is drawn by noble horses
through the crowd, and, fortunate in war, rushes on
proudly. Barred defences no longer protect the
Trojans: rather they join battle within the gates, and
on the rampart walls themselves, and the ditches
are filled with blood. Aeneas is absent, unaware of
this. Will you never let the siege be raised? A
second enemy once again menaces and harasses
new-born Troy, and again, from Aetolian Arpi, a
Diomede rises. I almost think the wound I had from
him still awaits me: your child merely delays the
thrust of that mortal's weapon. If the Trojans sought
Italy without your consent, and despite your divine
will, let them expiate the sin: don't grant them help.
But if they've followed the oracles of powers above
and below, why should anyone change your orders
now, and forge new destinies? Shall I remind you
of their fleet, burned on the shores of Eryx? Or the
king of the storms and his furious winds roused
from Aeolia, or Iris sent down from the clouds?
Now Juno even stirs the dead (the only lot still left
to use) and Allecto too, suddenly loosed on the
upper world, runs wild through all the Italian cities.
I no longer care about Empire. Though that was my
hope while fortune was kind. Let those you wish to
win prevail. Father, if there's no land your

si nulla est regio Teucris quam det tua coniunx
dura, per euersae, genitor, fumantia Troiae 45
excidia obtestor: liceat dimittere ab armis
incolumem Ascanium, liceat superesse nepotem.
Aeneas sane ignotis iactetur in undis
et quacumque uiam dederit Fortuna sequatur:
hunc tegere et dirae ualeam subducere pugnae. 50
est Amathus, est celsa mihi Paphus atque Cythera
Idaliaeque domus: positis inglorius armis
exigat hic aeuum. magna dicione iubeto
Karthago premat Ausoniam; nihil urbibus inde
obstabit Tyriis. quid pestem euadere belli 55
iuuit et Argolicos medium fugisse per ignis
totque maris uastaeque exhausta pericula terrae,
dum Latium Teucris reciduaque Pergama quaerunt?
non satius cineres patriae insedissem supremos
atque solum quo Troia fuit? Xanthum et Simoenta
60
redde, oro, miseris iterumque reuoluere casus
da, pater, Iliacos Teucris.' tum regia Iuno
acta furore graui: 'quid me alta silentia cogis
rumpere et obductum uerbis uulgare dolorem?
Aenean hominum quisquam diuumque subegit 65
bella sequi aut hostem regi se inferre Latino?
Italiam petiit fatis auctoribus (esto)
Cassandrae impulsus furiis: num linquere castra

relentless queen will grant the Trojans, I beg, by the
smoking ruins of shattered Troy, let me bring
Ascanius, untouched, from among the weapons: let
my grandson live. Aeneas, yes, may be tossed on
unknown seas, and go wherever Fortune grants a
road: but let me have the power to protect the child
and remove him from the fatal battle. Amathus is
mine, high Paphos and Cythera are mine, and
Idalia's temple: let him ground his weapons there,
and live out inglorious years. Command that
Carthage, with her great power, crush Italy: then
there'll be no obstacle to the Tyrian cities. What
was the use in their escaping the plague of war,
fleeing through the heart of Argive flames,
enduring the dangers at sea, and in desolate lands,
as long as the Trojans seek Latium and Troy re-
born? Wouldn't it have been better to build on those
last embers of their country, on the soil where Troy
once stood? Give Xanthus and Simois back to these
unfortunates, father, I beg you, and let the Trojans
re-live the course of Ilium.' Then royal Juno goaded
to savage frenzy, cried out: 'Why do you make me
shatter my profound silence, and utter words of
suffering to the world? Did any god or man force
Aeneas to make war and attack King Latinus as an
enemy? He sought Italy prompted by the Fates (so

hortati sumus aut uitam committere uentis?
num puero summam belli, num credere muros, 70
Tyrrhenamque fidem aut gentis agitare quietas?
quis deus in fraudem, quae dura potentia nostra
egit? ubi hic Iuno demissaue nubibus Iris?
indignum est Italos Troiam circumdare flammis
nascentem et patria Turnum consistere terra, 75
cui Pilumnus auus, cui diua Uenilia mater:
quid face Troianos atra uim ferre Latinis,
arua aliena iugo premere atque auertere praedas?
quid soceros legere et gremiis abducere pactas,
pacem orare manu, praefigere puppibus arma? 80
tu potes Aenean manibus subducere Graium
proque uiro nebulam et uentos obtendere inanis,
et potes in totidem classem conuertere nymphas:
nos aliquid Rutulos contra iuuisse nefandum est?
"Aeneas ignarus abest": ignarus et absit. 85
est Paphus Idaliumque tibi, sunt alta Cythera:
quid grauidam bellis urbem et corda aspera
temptas?
nosne tibi fluxas Phrygiae res uertere fundo
conamur? nos? an miseros qui Troas Achiuis
obiecit? quae causa fuit consurgere in arma 90
Europamque Asiamque et foedera soluere furto?
me duce Dardanius Spartam expugnauit adulter,
aut ego tela dedi fouiue Cupidine bella?

be it) impelled by Cassandra's ravings: was he urged by me to leave the camp, and trust his life to the winds? To leave the outcome of war, and their defences to a child: to disturb Tuscan good faith, and peaceful tribes? What goddess, what harsh powers of mine drove him to harm? Where is Juno in this, or Iris sent from the clouds? If it's shameful that the Italians surround new-born Troy with flames, and Turnus make a stand on his native soil, he whose ancestor is Pilumnus, divine Venilia his mother: what of the Trojans with smoking brands using force against the Latins, planting their yoke on others' fields and driving off their plunder? Deciding whose daughters to marry, and dragging betrothed girls from their lover's arms, offering peace with one hand, but decking their ships with weapons? You can steal Aeneas away from Greek hands and grant them fog and empty air instead of a man, and turn their fleet of ships into as many nymphs: is it wrong then for me to have given some help to the Rutulians? "Aeneas is absent, unaware of this." Let him be absent and unaware. Paphos, Idalium, and high Cythera are yours? Why meddle then with a city pregnant with wars and fierce hearts? Is it I who try to uproot Troy's fragile state from its base? Is it I? Or he who exposed the

tum decuit metuisse tuis: nunc sera querelis
haud iustis adsurgis et inrita iurgia iactas.' 95

Lines 96-117

Talibus orabat Iuno, cunctique fremebant
caelicolae adsensu uario, ceu flamina prima
cum deprensa fremunt siluis et caeca uolutant
murmura uenturos nautis prodentia uentos.
tum pater omnipotens, rerum cui prima potestas,
100
infit (eo dicente deum domus alta silescit
et tremefacta solo tellus, silet arduus aether,
tum Zephyri posuere, premit placida aequora
pontus):
'accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta.
quandoquidem Ausonios coniungi foedere Teucris
105
haud licitum, nec uestra capit discordia finem,
quae cuique est fortuna hodie, quam quisque secat
spem,
Tros Rutulusne fuat, nullo discrimine habebo,

wretched Trojans to the Greeks? What reason was there for Europe and Asia to rise up in arms, and dissolve their alliance, through treachery? Did I lead the Trojan adulterer to conquer Sparta? Did I give him weapons, or foment a war because of his lust? Then, you should have feared for your own: now, too late, you raise complaints without justice, and provoke useless quarrels.'

Jupiter Leaves the Outcome to Fate

So Juno argued, and all the divinities of heaven murmured their diverse opinions, as when rising gales murmur in the woods and roll out their secret humming, warning sailors of coming storms. Then the all-powerful father, who has prime authority over things, began (the noble hall of the gods fell silent as he spoke, earth trembled underground, high heaven fell silent, the Zephyrs too were stilled, the sea calmed its placid waters). 'Take my words to heart and fix them there. Since Italians and Trojans are not allowed to join in alliance, and your disagreement has no end, I will draw no distinction between them, Trojan or Rutulian, whatever luck each has today, whatever hopes they pursue, whether the camp's under siege, because of Italy's fortunes, or Troy's evil wanderings and unhappy prophecies. Nor will I absolve the Rutulians. What

seu fatis Italum castra obsidione tenentur
siue errore malo Troiae monitisque sinistris. 110
nec Rutulos soluo. sua cuique exorsa laborem
fortunamque ferent. rex Iuppiter omnibus idem.
fata uiam inuenient.' Stygii per flumina fratris,
per pice torrentis atraque uoragine ripas
adnuat et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum. 115
hic finis fandi. solio tum Iuppiter aureo
surgit, caelicolae medium quem ad limina ducunt.

Lines 118-162

Interea Rutuli portis circum omnibus instant
sternere caede uiros et moenia cingere flammis.
at legio Aeneadum uallis obsessa tenetur 120
nec spes ulla fugae. miseri stant turribus altis
nequiquam et rara muros cinxere corona
Asius Imbrasides Hicetaoniusque Thymoetes
Assaracique duo et senior cum Castore Thymbris,
prima acies; hos germani Sarpedonis ambo 125
et Clarus et Thaemon Lycia comitantur ab alta.
fert ingens toto conixus corpore saxum,
haud partem exigua montis, Lyrnesius Acmon,
nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre Menestheo.
hi iaculis, illi certant defendere saxis 130
molirique ignem neruoque aptare sagittas.
ipse inter medios, Ueneris iustissima cura,
Dardanius caput, ecce, puer detectus honestum,

each has instigated shall bring its own suffering and success. Jupiter is king of all, equally: the fates will determine the way.' He nodded, swearing it by the waters of his Stygian brother, by the banks that seethe with pitch, and the black chasm and made all Olympus tremble at his nod. So the speaking ended. Jupiter rose from his golden throne, and the divinities led him to the threshold, among them.

Aeneas Returns From Pallantium

Meanwhile the Rutulians gathered round every gate, to slaughter the men, and circle the walls with flames, while Aeneas's army was held inside their stockade, imprisoned, with no hope of escape. Wretchedly they stood there on the high turrets, and circling the walls, a sparse ring. Asius, son of Imbrasus, Thymoetes, son of Hicetaon, the two Assaraci, and Castor with old Thymbris were the front rank: Sarpedon's two brothers, Clarus and Thaemon, from noble Lycia, were at their side. Acmon of Lyrnesus, no less huge than his father Clytius, or his brother Mnestheus, lifted a giant rock, no small fragment of a hillside, straining his whole body. Some tried to defend with javelins, some with stones, hurling fire and fitting arrows to the bow. See, the Trojan boy, himself, in their

qualis gemma micat fuluum quae diuidit aurum,
aut collo decus aut capiti, uel quale per artem 135
inclusum buxo aut Oricia terebintho
lucet ebur; fusos ceruix cui lactea crinis
accipit et molli subnectens circulus auro.
te quoque magnanimae uiderunt, Ismare, gentes
uulnera derigere et calamos armare ueneno, 140
Maeonia generose domo, ubi pinguia culta
exercentque uiri Pactolusque inrigat auro.
adfuit et Mnestheus, quem pulsi pristina Turni
aggere murorum sublimem gloria tollit,
et Capys: hinc nomen Campanae ducitur urbi. 145
Illi inter sese duri certamina belli
contulerant: media Aeneas freta nocte secabat.
namque ut ab Euandro castris ingressus Etruscis
regem adit et regi memorat nomenque genusque
quidue petat quidue ipse ferat, Mezentius arma 150
quae sibi conciliet, uiolentaque pectora Turni
edocet, humanis quae sit fiducia rebus
admonet immiscetque preces, haud fit mora,
Tarchon
iungit opes foedusque ferit; tum libera fati
classem conscendit iussis gens Lydia diuum 155
externo commissa duci. Aeneia puppis
prima tenet rostro Phrygios subiuncta leones,
imminet Ida super, profugis gratissima Teucris.

midst, Venus's special care, his handsome head
uncovered, sparkling like a jewel set in yellow gold
adorning neck or forehead, gleaming like ivory,
inlaid skilfully in boxwood or Orician terebinth: his
milk-white neck, and the circle of soft gold
clasping it, received his flowing hair. Your great-
hearted people saw you too Ismarus, dipping reed-
shafts in venom, and aiming them to wound, from a
noble Lydian house, there where men till rich
fields, that the Pactolus waters with gold. There
was Mnestheus as well, whom yesterday's glory, of
beating Turnus back from the wall's embankment,
exalted highly, and Capys: from him the name of
the Campanian city comes. Men were fighting each
other in the conflict of bitter war: while Aeneas, by
night, was cutting through the waves. When, on
leaving Evander and entering the Tuscan camp, he
had met the king, announced his name and race, the
help he sought, and that he himself offered, what
forces Mezentius was gathering to him, and the
violence in Turnus's heart, and then had warned
how little faith can be placed in human powers, and
had added his entreaties, Tarchon, joined forces
with him without delay, and agreed a treaty: then
fulfilling their fate the Lydian people took to their
ships by divine command, trusting to a 'foreign'

hic magnus sedet Aeneas secumque uolutat
euentus belli uarios, Pallasque sinistro 160
adfixus lateri iam quaerit sidera, opacae
noctis iter, iam quae passus terraque marique.

Lines 163-214

Pandite nunc Helicon, deae, cantusque mouete,
quae manus interea Tuscis comitetur ab oris
Aenean armetque rates pelagoque uehatur. 165
Massicus aerata princeps secat aequora Tigri,
sub quo mille manus iuuenum, qui moenia Clusi
quique urbem liquere Cosas, quis tela sagittae
gorytique leues umeris et letifer arcus.
una toruus Abas: huic totum insignibus armis 170
agmen et aurato fulgebat Apolline puppis.
sescentos illi dederat Populonia mater
expertos belli iuuenes, ast Ilua trecentos
insula inexhaustis Chalybum generosa metallis.
tertius ille hominum diuumque interpret Asilas,
175
cui pecudum fibrae, caeli cui sidera parent
et linguae uolucrum et praesagi fulminis ignes,
mille rapit densos acie atque horrentibus hastis.

leader. Aeneas's vessel took the van, adorned with Phrygian lions below her beak, Mount Ida towering above them, a delight to the exiled Trojans. There great Aeneas sat and pondered the varying issues of the war, and Pallas sticking close to his left side, asked him now about the stars, their path through the dark night, and now about his adventures on land and sea.

The Leaders of the Tuscan Fleet

Now, goddesses, throw Helicon wide open: begin your song of the company that followed Aeneas from Tuscan shores, arming the ships and riding over the seas. Massicus cut the waters at their head, in the bronze-armoured Tiger, a band of a thousand warriors under him, leaving the walls of Clusium, and the city of Cosae, whose weapons are arrows, held in light quivers over their shoulders, and deadly bows. Grim Abas was with him: whose ranks were all splendidly armoured, his ship aglow with a gilded figure of Apollo. Populonia, the mother-city, had given him six hundred of her offspring, all expert in war, and the island of Ilva, rich with the Chalybes' inexhaustible mines, three hundred. Asilas was third, that interpreter of gods and men, to whom the entrails of beasts were an open book, the stars in the sky, the tongues of birds,

hos parere iubent Alpheae ab origine Pisae,
urbs Etrusca solo. sequitur pulcherrimus Astyr, 180
Astyr equo fidens et uersicoloribus armis.
ter centum adiciunt (mens omnibus una sequendi)
qui Caerete domo, qui sunt Minionis in aruis,
et Pyrgi ueteres intempestaeque Grauiscae.
Non ego te, Ligurum ductor fortissime bello, 185
transierim, Cunare, et paucis comitate Cupauo,
cuius olorinae surgunt de uertice pennae
(crimen, Amor, uestrum) formaeque insigne
paternae.
namque ferunt luctu Cycnum Phaethontis amati,
populeas inter frondes umbramque sororum 190
dum canit et maestum Musa solatur amorem,
canentem molli pluma duxisse senectam
linquentem terras et sidera uoce sequentem.
filius aequalis comitatus classe cateruas
ingentem remis Centaurum promouet: ille 195
instat aquae saxumque undis immane minatur
arduus, et longa sulcat maria alta carina.
Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus ab oris,
fatidicae Mantus et Tusci filius amnis,
qui muros matrisque dedit tibi, Mantua, nomen,
200
Mantua diues auis, sed non genus omnibus unum:
gens illi triplex, populi sub gente quaterni,

the prophetic bolts of lightning. He hurried his
thousand men to war, dense ranks bristling with
spears. Pisa ordered them to obey, city of Alphean
foundation, set on Etruscan soil. Then the most
handsome Astur followed, Astur relying on horse
and iridescent armour. Three hundred more
(minded to follow as one) were added by those with
their home in Caere, the fields by the Minio,
ancient Pyrgi, unhealthy Grauiscae. I would not
forget you, Cunerus, in war the bravest Ligurian
leader, or you with your small company, Cupavo,
on whose crest the swan plumes rose, a sign of your
father's transformation (Cupid, your and your
mother's crime). For they say that Cycnus wept for
his beloved Phaethon, singing amongst the poplar
leaves, those shades of Phaethon's sisters, consoling
his sorrowful passion with the Muse, and drew
white age over himself, in soft plumage,
relinquishing earth, and seeking the stars with song.
His son, Cupavo, drove on the mighty Centaur,
following the fleet, with troops of his own age: the
figurehead towered over the water, threatening
from above to hurl a huge rock into the waves, the
long keel ploughing through the deep ocean.
Ocnus, also, called up troops from his native
shores, he, the son of Manto the prophetess and the

ipsa caput populis, Tusco de sanguine uires.
hinc quoque quingentos in se Mezentius armat,
quos patre Benaco uelatus harundine glauca 205
Mincius infesta ducebat in aequora pinu.
it grauis Aulestes centenaque arbore fluctum
uerberat adsurgens, spumant uada marmore uerso.
hunc uehit immanis Triton et caerula concha
exterrens freta, cui laterum tenuis hispida nanti 210
frons hominem praefert, in pristim desinit aluus,
spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda.
Tot lecti proceres ter denis nauibus ibant
subsidio Troiae et campos salis aere secabant.

Lines 215-259

Iamque dies caelo concesserat almaque curru 215
noctiuago Phoebe medium pulsabat Olympum:
Aeneas (neque enim membris dat cura quietem)
ipse sedens clauumque regit uelisque ministrat.
atque illi medio in spatio chorus, ecce, suarum

Tuscan river, who gave you your walls, Mantua,
and his mother's name, Mantua rich in ancestors,
but not all of one race: there were three races there,
under each race four tribes, herself the head of the
tribes, her strength from Tuscan blood. From there
too Mezentius drove five hundred to arm against
him, lead in pine warships through the sea by a
figure, the River Mincius, the child of Lake
Benacus, crowned with grey-green reeds. Aulestes
ploughed on weightily, lashing the waves as he
surged to the stroke of a hundred oars: the waters
foamed as the surface churned. He sailed the huge
Triton, whose conch shell alarmed the blue waves,
it's carved prow displayed a man's form down to
the waist, as it sailed on, its belly ending in a sea-
creature's, while under the half-man's chest the
waves murmured with foam. Such was the count of
princes chosen to sail in the thirty ships to the aid
of Troy, and plough the salt plains with their
bronze rams.

The Nymphs of Cybele

Now daylight had vanished from the sky and kindly
Phoebe was treading mid-heaven with her
nocturnal team: Aeneas (since care allowed his
limbs no rest) sat there controlling the helm
himself, and tending the sails. And see, in mid-

occurrit comitum: nymphae, quas alma Cybebe 220
numen habere maris nymphasque e nauibus esse
iusserat, innabant pariter fluctusque secabant,
quot prius aeratae steterant ad litora prorae.
agnoscunt longe regem lustrantque choreis;
quarum quae fandi doctissima Cymodocea 225
pone sequens dextra puppim tenet ipsaque dorso
eminet ac laeua tacitis subremigat undis.
tum sic ignarum adloquitur: 'uigilasne, deum gens,
Aenea? uigila et uelis immitte rudentis.
nos sumus, Idaeae sacro de uertice pinus, 230
nunc pelagi nymphae, classis tua. perfidus ut nos
praecipitis ferro Rutulus flammaque premebat,
rupimus inuitae tua uincula teque per aequor
quaerimus. hanc genetrix faciem miserata refecit
et dedit esse deas aeuumque agitare sub undis. 235
at puer Ascanius muro fossisque tenetur
tela inter media atque horrentis Marte Latinos.
iam loca iussa tenent forti permixtus Etrusco
Arcas eques; medias illis opponere turmas,
ne castris iungant, certa est sententia Turno. 240
surge age et Aurora socios ueniente uocari
primus in arma iube, et clipeum cape quem dedit
ipse
inuictum ignipotens atque oras ambiit auro.
crastina lux, mea si non irrita dicta putaris,

course, a troop of his own friends appeared: the
nymphs, whom gracious Cybele had commanded to
be goddesses of the sea, to be nymphs not ships,
swam beside him and cut the flood, as many as the
bronze prows that once lay by the shore. They
knew the king from far off, and circled him
dancing: and Cymodocea, following, most skilful
of them in speech, caught at the stern with her right
hand, lifted her length herself, and paddled along
with her left arm under the silent water. Then she
spoke to the bemused man, so: 'Are you awake,
Aeneas, child of the gods? Be awake: loose the
sheets: make full sail. We are your fleet, now
nymphs of the sea, once pines of Ida, from her
sacred peak. Against our will we broke our bonds
when the treacherous Rutulian was pressing us
hard, with fire and sword, and we have sought you
over the waves. Cybele, the Mother, refashioned us
in this form, from pity, granting that we became
goddesses, spending life under the waves. Now,
your son Ascanius is penned behind walls and
ditches, among weapons, and Latins bristling for a
fight. The Arcadian Horse, mixed with brave
Etruscans already hold the positions commanded:
while Turnus's certain purpose is to send his central
squadrons against them, lest they reach the camp.

ingentis Rutulae spectabit caedis aceruos.' 245
dixerat et dextra discedens impulit altam
haud ignara modi puppim: fugit illa per undas
ocior et iaculo et uentos aequante sagitta.
inde aliae celerant cursus. stupet inscius ipse
Tros Anchisiades, animos tamen omine tollit. 250
tum breuiter supera aspectans conuexa precatur:
'alma parens Idaea deum, cui Dindyma cordi
turrigeraeque urbes biiugique ad frena leones,
tu mihi nunc pugnae princeps, tu rite propinques
augurium Phrygibusque adsis pede, diua, secundo.'
255

tantum effatus, et interea reuoluta ruebat
matura iam luce dies noctemque fugarat;
principio sociis edicit signa sequantur
atque animos aptent armis pugnaeque parent se.

Lines 260-307

Iamque in conspectu Teucros habet et sua castra
260
stans celsa in puppi, clipeum cum deinde sinistra

Up then, in the rising dawn, call your friends with
an order to arm, and take your invincible shield that
the lord of fire gave you himself, that he circled
with a golden rim. If you don't think my words idle,
tomorrow's light will gaze on a mighty heap of
Rutulian dead.' She spoke, and, knowing how, with
her right hand, thrust the high stern on, as she left:
it sped through the waves faster than a javelin, or
an arrow equalling the wind. Then the others
quicken speed. Amazed, the Trojan son of
Anchises marvelled, yet his spirits lifted at the
omen. Then looking up to the arching heavens he
briefly prayed: 'Kind Cybele, Mother of the gods,
to whom Dindymus, tower-crowned cities, and
harnessed lions are dear, be my leader now in
battle, duly further this omen, and be with your
Trojans, goddess, with your favouring step.' He
prayed like this, and meanwhile the wheeling day
rushed in with a flood of light, chasing away the
night: first he ordered his comrades to obey his
signals, prepare their spirits for fighting, and ready
themselves for battle.

Aeneas Reaches Land

Now, he stood on the high stern, with the Trojans
and his fort in view, and at once lifted high the
blazing shield, in his left hand. The Trojans on the

extulit ardentem. clamorem ad sidera tollunt
Dardanidae e muris, spes addita suscitatur iras,
tela manu iaciunt, quales sub nubibus atris
Strymoniae dant signa grues atque aethera tranant
265

cum sonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore secundo.
at Rutulo regi ducibusque ea mira uideri
Ausoniis, donec uersas ad litora puppis
respiciunt totumque adlabi classibus aequor.
ardet apex capiti cristisque a uertice flamma 270
funditur et uastos umbo uomit aureus ignis:
non secus ac liquida si quando nocte cometae
sanguinei lugubre rubent, aut Sirius ardor
ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus aegris
nascitur et laeua contristat lumine caelum. 275
Haud tamen audaci Turno fiducia cessit
litora praecipere et uenientis pellere terra.
[ultra animos tollit dictis atque increpat ultra:]
'quod uotis optastis adest, perfringere dextra.
in manibus Mars ipse uiris. nunc coniugis esto 280
quisque suae tectique memor, nunc magna referto
facta, patrum laudes. ultra occurramus ad undam
dum trepidi egressisque labant uestigia prima.
audentis Fortuna iuuat.'
haec ait, et secum uersat quos ducere contra 285
uel quibus obsessos possit concredere muros.

walls raised a shout to the sky, new hope freshened
their fury, they hurled their spears, just as
Strymonian cranes under dark clouds, flying
through the air, give noisy cries, and fleeing the
south wind, trail their clamour. This seemed strange
to the Rutulian king and the Italian leaders, until
looking behind them they saw the fleet turned
towards shore, and the whole sea alive with ships.
Aeneas's crest blazed, and a dark flame streamed
from the top, and the shield's gold boss spouted
floods of fire: just as when comets glow, blood-red
and ominous in the clear night, or when fiery
Sirius, bringer of drought and plague to frail
mortals, rises and saddens the sky with sinister
light. Still, brave Turnus did not lose hope of
seizing the shore first, and driving the approaching
enemy away from land. And he raised his men's
spirits as well, and chided them: 'What you asked
for in prayer is here, to break through with the
sword. Mars himself empowers your hands, men!
Now let each remember his wife and home, now
recall the great actions, the glories of our fathers.
And let's meet them in the waves, while they're
unsure and their first steps falter as they land.
Fortune favours the brave.' So he spoke, and asked
himself whom to lead in attack and whom he could

Interea Aeneas socios de puppibus altis
pontibus exponit. multi seruare recursus
languentis pelagi et breuibus se credere saltu,
per remos alii. speculatus litora Tarchon, 290
qua uada non sperat nec fracta remurmurat unda,
sed mare inoffensum crescenti adlabitur aestu,
aduertit subito proras sociosque precatur:
'nunc, o lecta manus, ualidis incumbite remis;
tollite, ferte rates, inimicam findite rostris 295
hanc terram, sulcumque sibi premat ipsa carina.
frangere nec tali puppim statione recuso
arrepta tellure semel.' quae talia postquam
effatus Tarchon, socii consurgere tonsis
spumantisque rates aruis inferre Latinis, 300
donec rostra tenent siccum et sedere carinae
omnes innocuae. sed non puppis tua, Tarchon:
namque inflictis uadis, dorso dum pendet iniquo
anceps sustentata diu fluctusque fatigat,
soluitur atque uiros mediis exponit in undis, 305
fragmina remorum quos et fluitantia transtra
impediunt retrahitque pedes simul unda relabens.

Lines 308-425

Nec Turnum segnis retinet mora, sed rapit acer
totam aciem in Teucros et contra in litore sistit.

trust the siege of the walls. Meanwhile Aeneas
landed his allies from the tall ships using
gangways. Many waited for the spent wave to ebb
and trusted themselves to the shallow water: others
rowed. Tarchon, noting a strand where no waves
heaved and no breaking waters roared, but the sea
swept in smoothly with the rising tide, suddenly
turned his prow towards it, exhorting his men:
'Now, O chosen band, bend to your sturdy oars: lift,
drive your boats, split this enemy shore with your
beaks, let the keel itself plough a furrow. I don't
shrink from wrecking the ship in such a harbour
once I've seized the land.' When Tarchon had
finished speaking so, his comrades rose to the oars
and drove their foam-wet ships onto the Latin
fields, till the rams gained dry ground and all the
hulls came to rest unharmed. But not yours,
Tarchon, since, striking the shallows, she hung on
an uneven ridge poised for a while, unbalanced,
and, tiring the waves, broke and pitched her crew
into the water, broken oars and floating benches
obstructed them and at the same time the ebbing
waves sucked at their feet.

The Pitched Battle

But the long delay didn't keep Turnus back: swiftly
he moved his whole front against the Trojans, and

signa canunt. primus turmas inuasit agrestis 310
Aeneas, omen pugnae, strauitque Latinos
occiso Therone, uirum qui maximus ultro
Aenean petit. huic gladio perque aerea suta,
per tunicam squalentem auro latus haurit apertum.
inde Lichan ferit exsectum iam matre perempta 315
et tibi, Phoebus, sacrum: casus euadere ferri
quo licuit paruo? nec longe Cissea durum
immanemque Gyan sternentis agmina claua
deiecit leto; nihil illos Herculis arma
nec ualidae iuuere manus genitorque Melampus,
320

Alcidae comes usque grauis dum terra labores
praebuit. ecce Pharo, uoces dum iactat inertis,
intorquens iaculum clamanti sistit in ore.
tu quoque, flauentem prima lanugine malas
dum sequeris Clytium infelix, noua gaudia, Cydon,
325

Dardania stratus dextra, securus amorum
qui iuuenum tibi semper erant, miserande iaceres,
ni fratrum stipata cohors foret obuia, Phorci
progenies, septem numero, septenaque tela
coniciunt; partim galea clipeoque resultant 330
inrita, deflexit partim stringentia corpus
alma Uenus. fidum Aeneas adfatur Achaten:
'suggere tela mihi, non ullum dextera frustra

stood against them on the shore. The trumpets
sounded. Aeneas, first, attacked the ranks of
farmers, as a sign of battle, and toppled the Latins,
killing Theron, noblest of men, who unprompted
sought out Aeneas. The sword drank from his side,
pierced through the bronze joints, and the tunic
scaled with gold. Then he struck Lichas, who had
been cut from the womb of his dead mother and
consecrated to you, Phoebus: why was he allowed
to evade the blade at birth? Soon after, he toppled
in death tough Cisseus, and huge Gyas, as they laid
men low with their clubs: Hercules's weapons were
no help, nor their stout hands nor Melampus their
father, Hercules's friend, while earth granted him
heavy labours. See, Aeneas hurled his javelin as
Pharus uttered words in vain, and planted it in his
noisy gullet. You too, unhappy Cydon, as you
followed Clytius, your new delight, his cheeks
golden with youthful down, you too would have
fallen beneath the Trojan hand, and lain there,
wretched, free of that love of youth that was ever
yours, had the massed ranks of your brothers, not
opposed him, the children of Phorcus, seven in
number, seven the spears they threw: some glanced
idly from helmet and shield, some gentle Venus
deflected, so they only grazed his body. Aeneas

torserit in Rutulos, steterunt quae in corpore
Graium
Iliacis campis.' tum magnam corripit hastam 335
et iacit: illa uolans clipei transuerberat aera
Maeonis et thoraca simul cum pectore rumpit.
huic frater subit Alcanor fratremque ruentem
sustentat dextra: traiecto missa lacerto
protinus hasta fugit seruatque cruenta tenorem, 340
dexteraque ex umero neruis moribunda pependit.
tum Numitor iaculo fratris de corpore raptio
Aenean petiit: sed non et figere contra
est licitum, magnique femur perstrinxit Achatae.
Hic Curibus fidens primaefo corpore Clausus 345
aduenit et rigida Dryopem ferit eminus hasta
sub mentum grauiter pressa, pariterque loquentis
uocem animamque rapit traiecto gutture; at ille
fronte ferit terram et crassum uomit ore cruorem.
tris quoque Threicios Boreae de gente suprema 350
et tris quos Idas pater et patria Ismara mittit,
per uarios sternit casus. accurrit Halaesus
Auruncaeque manus, subit et Neptunia proles,
insignis Messapus equis. expellere tendunt
nunc hi, nunc illi: certatur limine in ipso 355
Ausoniae. magno discordes aethere uenti
proelia ceu tollunt animis et uiribus aequis;
non ipsi inter se, non nubila, non mare cedit;

spoke to faithful Achates: 'Supply me with spears,
those that lodged in the bodies of Greeks on Ilium's
plain: my right hand won't hurl any at these
Rutulians in vain.' Then he grasped a great javelin
and threw it: flying on, it crashed through the
bronze of Maeon's shield, smashing breastplate and
breast in one go. His brother Alcanor was there,
supporting his brother with his right arm as he fell:
piercing the arm, the spear flew straight on,
keeping its blood-wet course, and the lifeless arm
hung by the shoulder tendons. Then Numitor,
ripping the javelin from his brother's body, aimed at
Aeneas: but he could not strike at him in return, and
grazed great Achates's thigh. Now Clausus of Cures
approached, relying on his youthful strength, and
hit Dryopes under the chin from a distance away,
with his rigid spear, driven with force, and, piercing
his throat as he spoke, took his voice and life
together: he hit the ground with his forehead, and
spewed thick blood from his mouth. Clausus
toppled, in various ways, three Thracians too, of
Boreas's exalted race, and three whom Idas their
father and their native Ismarus sent out. Halaesus
ran to join him, and the Auruncan Band, and
Messapus, Neptune's scion, with his glorious
horses. Now one side, now the other strained to

anceps pugna diu, stant obnixa omnia contra:
haud aliter Troianae acies aciesque Latinae 360
concurrunt, haeret pede pes densusque uiro uir.
At parte ex alia, qua saxa rotantia late
intulerat torrens arbustaque diruta ripis,
Arcadas insuetos acies inferre pedestris
ut uidit Pallas Latio dare terga sequaci, 365
aspera aquis natura loci dimittere quando
suasit equos, unum quod rebus restat egenis,
nunc prece, nunc dictis uirtutem accendit amaris;
'quo fugitis, socii? per uos et fortia facta,
per ducis Euandri nomen deuictaque bella 370
spemque meam, patriae quae nunc subit aemula
laudi,
fidite ne pedibus. ferro rumpenda per hostis
est uia. qua globus ille uirum densissimus urget,
hac uos et Pallanta ducem patria alta reposit.
numina nulla premunt, mortali urgemur ab hoste
375
mortales; totidem nobis animaeque manusque.
ecce maris magna claudit nos obice pontus,
deest iam terra fugae: pelagus Troiamne petamus?'
haec ait, et medius densos prorumpit in hostis.
Obuius huic primum fati adductus iniquis 380
fit Lagus. hunc, uellit magno dum pondere saxum,
intorto figit telo, discrimina costis

push back the enemy: the struggle was at the very
threshold of Italy. As warring winds, equal in force
and purpose, rise to do battle in the vast heavens
and between them neither yield either clouds or
sea: the battle is long in doubt, all things stand
locked in conflict: so the ranks of Troy clashed
with the Latin ranks, foot against foot, man pressed
hard against man. But in another place, where a
torrent had rolled and scattered boulders, with
bushes torn from the banks, far and wide, Pallas,
seeing his Arcadians unused to charging in ranks
on foot turning to run from the pursuing Latins,
because the nature of the ground, churned by water,
had persuaded them to leave their horses for once,
now with prayers, and now with bitter words, the
sole recourse in time of need, fired their courage:
'Friends, where are you running to? Don't trust to
flight, by your brave deeds, by King Evander's
name, and the wars you've won, and my hopes,
now seeking to emulate my father's glory. We must
hack a way through the enemy with our swords.
Your noble country calls you and your leader
Pallas, to where the ranks of men are densest. No
gods attack us. We are mortals driven before a
mortal foe: we have as many lives, as many hands
as they do. Look, the ocean closes us in with a vast

per medium qua spina dabat, hastamque receptat
ossibus haerentem. quem non super occupat Hisbo,
ille quidem hoc sperans; nam Pallas ante ruentem,
385

dum furit, incautum crudeli morte sodalis
excipit atque ensem tumido in pulmone recondit.
hinc Sthenium petit et Rhoeti de gente uetusta
Anchemolum thalamos ausum incestare nouercae.
uos etiam, gemini, Rutulis cecidistis in aruis, 390
Daucia, Laride Thymerque, simillima proles,
indiscreta suis gratusque parentibus error;
at nunc dura dedit uobis discrimina Pallas.
nam tibi, Thymbre, caput Euandrius abstulit ensis;
te decisa suum, Laride, dextera quaerit 395
semianimesque micant digiti ferrumque retractant.
Arcadas accensos monitu et praeclara tuentis
facta uiri mixtus dolor et pudor armat in hostis.
Tum Pallas biiugis fugientem Rhoetea praeter
traicit. hoc spatium tantumque morae fuit Ilo; 400
Ilo namque procul ualidam derexerat hastam,
quam medius Rhoeteus intercipit, optime Teuthra,
te fugiens fratremque Tyren, curruque uolutus
caedit semianimis Rutulorum calcibus arua.
ac uelut optato uentis aestate coortis 405
dispersa immittit siluis incendia pastor,
correptis subito mediis extenditur una

barrier of water, there's no land left to flee to: shall
we seek the seas or Troy?' He spoke, and rushed
into the midst of the close-packed enemy. Lagus
met him first, drawn there by a hostile fate. As he
tore at a huge weight of stone, Pallas pierced him
where the spine parts the ribs in two, with the spear
he hurled, and plucked out the spear again as it
lodged in the bone. Nor did Hisbo surprise him
from above, hopeful though he was, since, as he
rushed in, raging recklessly at his friend's cruel
death, Pallas intercepted him first, and buried his
sword in his swollen chest. Next Pallas attacked
Sthenius, and Anchemolus, of Rhoetus's ancient
line, who had dared to violate his step-mother's
bed. You, twin brothers, also fell in the Rutulian
fields, Laridus and Thymer, the sons of Daucus,
so alike you were indistinguishable to kin, and a
dear confusion to your parents: but now Pallas has
given you a cruel separateness. For Evander's
sword swept off your head, Thymer: while your
right hand, Laridus, sought its owner, and the dying
fingers twitched and clutched again at the sword.
Fired by his rebuke and seeing his glorious deeds, a
mixture of remorse and pain roused the Arcadians
against their enemy. Then Pallas pierced Rhoetus
as he shot past in his chariot. Ilus gained that much

horrida per latos acies Uolcania campos,
ille sedens uictor flammas despectat ouantis:
non aliter socium uirtus coit omnis in unum 410
teque iuuat, Palla. sed bellis acer Halaesus
tendit in aduersos seque in sua colligit arma.
hic mactat Ladona Pheretaque Demodocumque,
Strymonio dextram fulgenti deripit ense
elatum in iugulum, saxo ferit ora Thoantis 415
ossaque dispersit cerebro permixta cruento.
fata canens siluis genitor celarat Halaesum;
ut senior leto canentia lumina soluit,
iniecere manum Parcae telisque sacrarunt
Euandri. quem sic Pallas petit ante precatus: 420
'da nunc, Thybri pater, ferro, quod missile libro,
fortunam atque uiam duri per pectus Halaesi.
haec arma exuuiasque uiri tua quercus habebit.'
audiit illa deus; dum textit Imaona Halaesus,
Arcadio infelix telo dat pectus inermum. 425

time and that much respite, since he had launched his solid spear at Ilus from far off, which Rhoetus received, as he fled from you, noble Teuthras and your brother Tyres, and rolling from the chariot he struck the Rutulian fields with his heels as he died. As in summer, when a hoped-for wind has risen, the shepherd sets scattered fires in the woods, the spaces between catch light, and Vulcan's bristling ranks extend over the broad fields, while the shepherd sits and gazes down in triumph over the joyful flames: so all your comrades' courage united as one to aid you Pallas. But Halaesus, fierce in war, advanced against them and gathered himself behind his shield. He killed Ladon, Pheres and Demodocus, struck off Strymonius's right hand, raised towards his throat, with his shining sword, and smashed Thoas in the face with a stone, scattering bone mixed with blood and brain. Halaesus's father, prescient of fate, had hidden him in the woods: but when, in white-haired old age, the father closed his eyes in death, the Fates laid their hands on Halaesus and doomed him to Evander's spear. Pallas attacked him first praying: 'Grant luck to the spear I aim to throw, father Tiber, and a path through sturdy Halaesus's chest. Your oak shall have the these weapons and the soldier's spoils.'

Lines 426-509

At non caede uiri tanta perterrita Lausus,
pars ingens belli, sinit agmina: primus Abantem
oppositum interimit, pugnae nodumque moramque.
sternitur Arcadiae proles, sternuntur Etrusci
et uos, o Grai imperdita corpora, Teucri. 430
agmina concurrunt ducibusque et uiribus aequis;
extremi addensent acies nec turba moueri
tela manusque sinit. hinc Pallas instat et urget,
hinc contra Lausus, nec multum discrepat aetas,
egregii forma, sed quis Fortuna negarat 435
in patriam reditus. ipsos concurrere passus
haud tamen inter se magni regnator Olympi;
mox illos sua fata manent maiore sub hoste.
Interea soror alma monet succedere Lauso
Turnum, qui uolucris curru medium secat agmen.
440
ut uidit socios: 'tempus desistere pugnae;
solus ego in Pallanta feror, soli mihi Pallas
debetur; cuperem ipse parens spectator adesset.'
haec ait, et socii cesserunt aequore iusso.
at Rutulum abscessu iuuenis tum iussa superba 445
miratus stupet in Turno corpusque per ingens

The god heard his prayer: while Halaesus covered
Imaon he sadly exposed his unshielded chest to the
Arcadian spear.

The Death of Pallas

But Lausus, a powerful force in the war, would not
allow his troops to be dismayed by the hero's great
slaughter: first he killed Abas opposite, a knotty
obstacle in the battle. The youth of Arcadia fell, the
Etruscans fell, and you, O Trojans, men not even
destroyed by the Greeks. The armies met, equal in
leadership and strength: the rear and front closed
ranks, and the crush prevented weapons or hands
from moving. Here, Pallas pressed and urged, there
Lausus opposed him, not many years between
them, both of outstanding presence, but Fortune
had denied them a return to their country. Yet the
king of great Olympos did not allow them to meet
face to face: their fate was waiting for them soon, at
the hand of a greater opponent. Meanwhile
Turnus's gentle sister Juturna adjured him to help
Lausus, and he parted the ranks between in his
swift chariot. When he saw his comrades he cried:
'It's time to hold back from the fight: it's for me
alone to attack Pallas, Pallas is mine alone: I wish
his father were here to see it.' And his comrades
drew back from the field as ordered. When the

lumina uoluit obitque truci procul omnia uisu,
talibus et dictis it contra dicta tyranni:
'aut spoliis ego iam raptis laudabor opimis
aut leto insigni: sorti pater aequus utrique est. 450
tolle minas.' fatus medium procedit in aequor;
frigidus Arcadibus coit in praecordia sanguis.
desiluit Turnus biiugis, pedes apparat ire
comminus; utque leo, specula cum uidit ab alta
stare procul campis meditantem in proelia taurum,
455
aduolat, haud alia est Turni uenientis imago.
hunc ubi contiguum missae fore credidit hastae,
ire prior Pallas, si qua fors adiuuet ausum
uiribus imparibus, magnumque ita ad aethera fatur:
'per patris hospitium et mensas, quas aduena adisti,
460
te precor, Alcide, coeptis ingentibus adsis.
cernat semineci sibi me rapere arma cruenta
uictoremque ferant morientia lumina Turni.'
audiit Alcides iuuenem magnumque sub imo
corde premit gemitum lacrimasque effundit inanis.
465
tum genitor natum dictis adfatur amicis:
'stat sua cuique dies, breue et inreparabile tempus
omnibus est uitae; sed famam extendere factis,
hoc uirtutis opus. Troiae sub moenibus altis

Rutulians retired, then the youth, amazed at that
proud command, marvelled at Turnus, casting his
eyes over the mighty body, surveying all of him
from the distance with a fierce look, and answered
the ruler's words with these: 'I'll soon be praised for
taking rich spoils, or for a glorious death: my father
is equal to either fate for me: away with your
threats.' So saying he marched down the centre of
the field: the blood gathered, chill, in Arcadian
hearts. Turnus leapt from his chariot, preparing to
close on foot, and the sight of the advancing
Turnus, was no different than that of a lion, seeing
from a high point a bull far off on the plain
contemplating battle, and rushing down. But Pallas
came forward first, when he thought Turnus might
be within spear-throw, so that chance might help
him, in venturing his unequal strength, and so he
spoke to the mighty heavens: 'I pray you, Hercules,
by my father's hospitality and the feast to which
you came as a stranger, assist my great enterprise.
Let me strip the blood-drenched armour from his
dying limbs, and let Turnus's failing sight meet its
conqueror.' Hercules heard the youth, and stifled a
heavy sigh deep in his heart, and wept tears in vain.
Then Jupiter the father spoke to Hercules, his son,
with kindly words: 'Every man has his day, the

tot gnati cecidere deum, quin occidit una 470
Sarpedon, mea progenies; etiam sua Turnum
fata uocant metasque dati peruenit ad aeuī.
sic ait, atque oculos Rutulorum reicit aruis.
At Pallas magnis emittit uiribus hastam
uaginaque caua fulgentem deripit ensem. 475
illa uolans umeri surgunt qua tegmina summa
incidit, atque uiam clipei molita per oras
tandem etiam magno strinxit de corpore Turni.
hic Turnus ferro praefixum robur acuto
in Pallanta diu librans iacit atque ita fatur: 480
'aspice num mage sit nostrum penetrabile telum.'
dixerat; at clipeum, tot ferri terga, tot aeris,
quem pellis totiens obeat circumdata tauri,
uibranti cuspis medium transuerberat ictu
loricaeque moras et pectus perforat ingens. 485
ille rapidum calidum frustra de uulnere telum:
una eademque uia sanguis animusque sequuntur.
corrui in uulnus (sonitum super arma dedere)
et terram hostilem moriens petit ore cruento.
quem Turnus super adsistens: 490
'Arcades, haec' inquit 'memores mea dicta referte
Euandro: qualem meruit, Pallanta remitto.
quisquis honos tumuli, quidquid solamen humandi
est,
largior. haud illi stabunt Aeneia paruo

course of life is brief and cannot be recalled: but
virtue's task is this, to increase fame by deeds. So
many sons of gods fell beneath the high walls of
Troy, yes, and my own son Sarpedon among them:
fate calls even for Turnus, and he too has reached
the end of the years granted to him.' So he spoke,
and turned his eyes from the Rutulian fields. Then
Pallas threw his spear with all his might, and
snatched his gleaming sword from its hollow
sheath. The shaft flew and struck Turnus, where the
top of the armour laps the shoulder, and forcing a
way through the rim of his shield at last, even
grazed his mighty frame. At this, Turnus hurled his
oak spear tipped with sharp steel, long levelled at
Pallas, saying: 'See if this weapon of mine isn't of
greater sharpness.' The spear-head, with a quivering
blow, tore through the centre of his shield, passed
through all the layers of iron, of bronze, all the
overlapping bull's-hide, piercing the breastplate,
and the mighty chest. Vainly he pulled the hot
spear from the wound: blood and life followed, by
one and the same path. He fell in his own blood
(his weapons clanged over him) and he struck the
hostile earth in death with gory lips. Then Turnus,
standing over him, cried out: 'Arcadians, take note,
and carry these words of mine to Evander: I return

hospitia.' et laeuo pressit pede talia fatus 495
exanimem rapiens immania pondera baltei
impressumque nefas: una sub nocte iugali
caesa manus iuuenum foede thalamicque cruenti,
quae Clonus Eurytides multo caelauerat auro;
quo nunc Turnus ouat spolio gaudetque potitus. 500
nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae
et seruare modum rebus sublata secundis!
Turno tempus erit magno cum optauerit emptum
intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque
oderit. at socii multo gemitu lacrimisque 505
impositum scuto referunt Pallanta frequentes.
o dolor atque decus magnum rediture parenti,
haec te prima dies bello dedit, haec eadem aufert,
cum tamen ingentis Rutulorum linquis acruos!

Lines 510-605

Nec iam fama mali tanti, sed certior auctor 510
aduolat Aeneae tenui discrimine leti
esse suos, tempus uersis succurrere Teucris.

Pallas to him as he deserves. I freely give whatever honours lie in a tomb, whatever solace there is in burial. His hospitality to Aeneas will cost him greatly.' So saying he planted his left foot on the corpse, and tore away the huge weight of Pallas's belt, engraved with the Danaids' crime: that band of young men foully murdered on the same wedding night: the blood-drenched marriage chambers: that Clonus, son of Eurytus had richly chased in gold. Now Turnus exulted at the spoil, and gloried in winning. Oh, human mind, ignorant of fate or fortune to come, or of how to keep to the limits, exalted by favourable events! The time will come for Turnus when he'd prefer to have bought an untouched Pallas at great price, and will hate those spoils and the day. So his friends crowded round Pallas with many groans and tears, and carried him back, lying on his shield. O the great grief and glory in returning to your father: that day first gave you to warfare, the same day took you from it, while nevertheless you left behind vast heaps of Rutulian dead!

Aeneas Rages In Battle

Now not merely a rumour of this great evil, but a more trustworthy messenger flew to Aeneas, saying that his men were a hair's breadth from death, that it

proxima quaeque metit gladio latumque per agmen
ardens limitem agit ferro, te, Turne, superbum
caede noua quaerens. Pallas, Euander, in ipsis 515
omnia sunt oculis, mensae quas aduena primas
tunc adiit, dextraeque datae. Sulmone creatos
quattuor hic iuuenes, totidem quos educat Ufens,
uiuientis rapit, inferias quos immolet umbris
captiuoque rogi perfundat sanguine flammas. 520
inde Mago procul infensam contenderat hastam:
ille astu subit, at tremibunda superuolat hasta,
et genua amplectens effatur talia supplex:
'per patrios manis et spes surgentis Iuli
te precor, hanc animam serues gnatoque patrique.
525

est domus alta, iacent penitus defossa talenta
caelati argenti, sunt auri pondera facti
infectique mihi. non hic uictoria Teucrum
uertitur aut anima una dabit discrimina tanta.'
dixerat. Aeneas contra cui talia reddit: 530
'argenti atque auri memoras quae multa talenta
gnatis parce tuis. belli commercia Turnus
sustulit ista prior iam tum Pallante perempto.
hoc patris Anchisae manes, hoc sentit Iulus.'
sic fatus galeam laeua tenet atque reflexa 535
ceruice orantis capulo tenus applicat ensem.
nec procul Haemonides, Phoebi Triuiaeque

was time to help the routed Trojans. Seeking you,
Turnus, you, proud of your fresh slaughter, he
mowed down his nearest enemies, with the sword,
and fiercely drove a wide path through the ranks
with its blade. Pallas, Evander, all was before his
eyes, the feast to which he had first come as a
stranger, the right hands pledged in friendship.
Then he captured four youths alive, sons of Sulmo,
and as many reared by Ufens, to sacrifice to the
shades of the dead, and sprinkle the flames of the
pyre with the prisoners' blood. Next he aimed a
hostile spear at Magus from a distance: Magus
moved in cleverly, and the spear flew over him,
quivering, and he clasped the hero's knees as a
suppliant, and spoke as follows: 'I beg you, by your
father's shade, by your hope in your boy Iulus,
preserve my life, for my son and my father. I have a
noble house: talents of chased silver lie buried
there: I have masses of wrought and unwrought
gold. Troy's victory does not rest with me: one life
will not make that much difference.' Aeneas replied
to him in this way: 'Keep those many talents of
silver and gold you mention for your sons. Turnus,
before we spoke, did away with the courtesies of
war, the moment he killed Pallas. So my father
Anchises's spirit thinks, so does Iulus.' Saying this

sacerdos,
infula cui sacra redimibat tempora uitta,
totus conlucens ueste atque insignibus albis.
quem congressus agit campo, lapsumque superstans
540

immolat ingentique umbra tegit, arma Serestus
lecta refert umeris tibi, rex Gradiue, tropaeum.
Instaurant acies Uolcani stirpe creatus
Caeculus et ueniens Marsorum montibus Umbro.
Dardanides contra furit: Anxuris ense sinistram 545
et totum clipei ferro deiecerat orbem
(dixerat ille aliquid magnum uimque adfore uerbo
crediderat, caeloque animum fortasse ferebat
canitiemque sibi et longos promiserat annos);
Tarquitus exsultans contra fulgentibus armis, 550
siluicolae Fauno Dryope quem nympa creatat,
obuius ardenti sese obtulit. ille reducta
loricam clipeique ingens onus impedit hasta,
tum caput orantis nequiquam et multa parantis
dicere deturbat terrae, truncumque tepentem 555
prouoluens super haec inimico pectore fatur:
'istic nunc, metuende, iace. non te optima mater
condet humi patrioque onerabit membra sepulcro:
alitibus linqere feris, aut gurgite mersum
unda feret piscesque impasti uulnera lambent.' 560
protinus Antaeum et Lucam, prima agmina Turni,

he held the helmet with his left hand and, bending the suppliant's neck backwards, drove in his sword to the hilt. Haemon's son, a priest of Apollo and Diana, was not far away, the band with its sacred ribbons circling his temples, and all his robes and emblems shining white. Aeneas met him and drove him over the plain, then, standing over the fallen man, killed him and cloaked him in mighty darkness: Serestus collected and carried off his weapons on his shoulders, a trophy for you, King Gradivus. Caeculus, born of the race of Vulcan, and Umbro who came from the Marsian hills restored order, the Trojan raged against them: his sword sliced off Anxur's left arm, it fell to the ground with the whole disc of his shield (Anxur had shouted some boast, trusting the power of words, lifting his spirit high perhaps, promising himself white-haired old age and long years): then Tarquitus nearby, proud in his gleaming armour, whom the nymph Dryope had born to Faunus of the woods, exposed himself to fiery Aeneas. He, drawing back his spear, pinned the breastplate and the huge weight of shield together: then as the youth begged in vain, and tried to utter a flow of words, he struck his head to the ground and, rolling the warm trunk over, spoke these words above him, from a hostile

persequitur, fortemque Numam fuluumque
Camertem,
magnanimo Uolcente satum, ditissimus agri
qui fuit Ausonidum et tacitis regnauit Amyclis.
Aegaeon qualis, centum cui bracchia dicunt 565
centenasque manus, quinquaginta oribus ignem
pectoribusque arsisse, Iouis cum fulmina contra
tot paribus streperet clipeis, tot stringeret ensis:
sic toto Aeneas desaeuit in aequore uictor
ut semel intepuit mucro. quin ecce Niphaei 570
quadriiugis in equos aduersaque pectora tendit.
atque illi longe gradientem et dira frementem
ut uidere, metu uersi retroque ruentes
effunduntque ducem rapiuntque ad litora currus.
Interea biiugis infert se Lucagus albis 575
in medios fraterque Liger; sed frater habenis
flectit equos, strictum rotat acer Lucagus ensem.
haud tulit Aeneas tanto feruore furentis;
inruit aduersaque ingens apparuit hasta.
cui Liger: 580
'non Diomedis equos nec currum cernis Achilli
aut Phrygiae campos: nunc belli finis et aeu
his dabitur terris.' uesano talia late
dicta uolant Ligeri. sed non et Troius heros
dicta parat contra, iaculum nam torquet in hostis.
585

heart: 'Lie there now, one to be feared. No noble mother will bury you in the earth, nor weight your limbs with an ancestral tomb: you'll be left for the carrion birds, or, sunk in the abyss, the flood will bear you, and hungry fish suck your wounds.' Then he caught up with Antaeus, and Lucas, in Turnus's front line, brave Numa and auburn Camers, son of noble Volcens, the wealthiest in Ausonian land, who ruled silent Amyclae. Once his sword was hot, victorious Aeneas raged over the whole plain, like Aegeaon, who had a hundred arms and a hundred hands they say, and breathed fire from fifty chests and mouths, when he clashed with as many like shields of his and drew as many swords against Jove's lightning-bolts. See now he was headed towards the four horse team of Niphaeus's chariot and the opposing front. And when the horses saw him taking great strides in his deadly rage, they shied and galloped in fear, throwing their master, and dragging the chariot to the shore. Meanwhile Lucagus and his brother Liger entered the fray in their chariot with two white horses: Liger handling the horses' reins, fierce Lucagus waving his naked sword. Aeneas could not tolerate such furious hot-headedness: he rushed at them, and loomed up gigantic with levelled spear. Liger said to him:

Lucagus ut pronus pendens in uerbera telo
admonuit biiugos, proiecto dum pede laeuo
aptat se pugnae, subit oras hasta per imas
fulgentis clipei, tum laeuum perforat inguen;
excussus curru moribundus uoluitur aruis. 590
quem pius Aeneas dictis adfatur amaris:
'Lucage, nulla tuos currus fuga segnis equorum
prodidit aut uanae uertere ex hostibus umbrae:
ipse rotis saliens iuga deseris.' haec ita fatus
arripuit biiugos; frater tendebat inertis 595
infelix palmas curru delapsus eodem:
'per te, per qui te talem genuere parentes,
uir Troiane, sine hanc animam et miserere
precantis.'
pluribus oranti Aeneas: 'haud talia dudum
dicta dabas. morere et fratrem ne desere frater.' 600
tum latebras animae pectus mucrone recludit.
taliam per campos edebat funera ductor
Dardanius torrentis aquae uel turbinis atri
more furens. tandem erumpunt et castra relinquunt
Ascanius puer et nequiquam obsessa iuuentus. 605

'These are not Diomedes's horses that you see, nor
Achille's chariot, nor Phrygia's plain: now you'll be
dealt an end to your war and life.' Such were the
words that flew far, from foolish Liger's lips. But
the Trojan hero did not ready words in reply, he
hurled his spear then against his enemies. While
Lucagus urged on his horses, leaning forward
towards the spear's blow, as, with left foot
advanced, he prepared himself for battle, the spear
entered the lower rim of his bright shield, then
pierced the left thigh: thrown from the chariot he
rolled on the ground in death: while noble Aeneas
spoke bitter words to him: 'Lucagus, it was not the
flight of your horses in fear that betrayed your
chariot, or the enemy's idle shadow that turned
them: it was you, leaping from the wheels, who
relinquished the reins.' So saying he grasped at the
chariot: the wretched brother, Liger, who had fallen
as well, held, out his helpless hands: 'Trojan hero,
by your own life, by your parents who bore such a
son, take pity I beg you, without taking this life
away.' As he begged more urgently, Aeneas said:
'Those were not the words you spoke before. Die
and don't let brother desert brother.' Then he sliced
open his chest where the life is hidden. Such were
the deaths the Trojan leader caused across that

Lines 606-688

Iunonem interea compellat Iuppiter ultro:

'o germana mihi atque eadem gratissima coniunx,
ut rebare, Uenus (nec te sententia fallit)

Troianas sustentat opes, non uiuida bello
dextra uiris animusque ferox patiensque pericli.'
610

cui Iuno summissa: 'quid, o pulcherrime coniunx,
sollicitas aegram et tua tristia dicta timentem?
si mihi, quae quondam fuerat quamque esse
decebat,

uis in amore foret, non hoc mihi namque negares,
omnipotens, quin et pugnae subducere Turnum 615
et Dauno possem incolumem seruare parenti.

nunc pereat Teucrisque pio det sanguine poenas.
ille tamen nostra deducit origine nomen

Pilumnusque illi quartus pater, et tua larga
saepe manu multisque oneravit limina donis.' 620

cui rex aetherii breuiter sic fatur Olympi:

'si mora praesentis leti tempusque caduco
oratur iuueni meque hoc ita ponere sentis,
tolle fuga Turnum atque instantibus eripe fatis:

plain, raging like a torrent of water or a dark
tempest. At last his child, Ascanius, and the men
who were besieged in vain, breaking free, left the
camp.

Juno Withdraws Turnus from the Fight

Meanwhile Jupiter, unasked, spoke to Juno: 'O my
sister, and at the same time my dearest wife, as you
thought (your judgement is not wrong) it is Venus
who sustains the Trojans' power, not their own right
hands, so ready for war, nor their fierce spirits,
tolerant of danger.' Juno spoke submissively to
him: 'O loveliest of husbands why do you trouble
me, who am ill, and fearful of your harsh
commands? If my love had the power it once had,
that is my right, you, all-powerful, would surely not
deny me this, to withdraw Turnus from the conflict
and save him, unharmed, for his father, Daunus.
Let him die then, let him pay the Trojans in
innocent blood. Yet he derives his name from our
line: Pilumnus was his ancestor four generations
back, and often weighted your threshold with
copious gifts from a lavish hand.' The king of
heavenly Olympus briefly replied to her like this:
'If your prayer is for reprieve from imminent death
for your doomed prince, and you understand I so
ordain it, take Turnus away, in flight, snatch him

hactenus indulsisse uacat. sin altior istis 625
sub precibus uenia ulla latet totumque moueri
mutariue putas bellum, spes pascis inanis.'
et Iuno adlacrimans: 'quid si, quae uoce grauaris,
mente dares atque haec Turno rata uita maneret?
nunc manet insontem grauis exitus, aut ego ueri
630
uana feror. quod ut o potius formidine falsa
ludar, et in melius tua, qui potes, orsa reflectas!'
Haec ubi dicta dedit, caelo se protinus alto
misit agens hiemem nimbo succincta per auras,
Iliacamque aciem et Laurentia castra petiuit. 635
tum dea nube caua tenuem sine uiribus umbram
in faciem Aeneae (uisu mirabile monstrum)
Dardaniis ornat telis, clipeumque iubasque
diuini adsimulat capitis, dat inania uerba,
dat sine mente sonum gressusque effingit euntis,
640
morte obita qualis fama est uolitare figuras
aut quae sopitos deludunt somnia sensus.
at primas laeta ante acies exultat imago
inritatque uirum telis et uoce lacessit.
instat cui Turnus stridentemque eminus hastam 645
conicit; illa dato uertit uestigia tergo.
tum uero Aenean auersum ut cedere Turnus
credidit atque animo spem turbidus hausit inanem:

from oncoming fate: there's room for that much
indulgence. But if thought of any greater favour
hides behind your prayers, and you think this whole
war may be deflected or altered, you nurture a vain
hope.' And Juno, replied, weeping: 'Why should
your mind not grant what your tongue withholds,
and life be left to Turnus? Now, guiltless, a heavy
doom awaits him or I stray empty of truth. Oh, that
I might be mocked by false fears, and that you, who
are able to, might harbour kinder speech! When she
had spoken these words, she darted down at once
from high heaven through the air, driving a storm
before her, and wreathed in cloud, and sought the
ranks of Ilium and the Laurentine camp. Then from
the cavernous mist the goddess decked out a weak
and tenuous phantom, in the likeness of Aeneas,
with Trojan weapons (a strange marvel to behold),
simulated his shield, and the plumes on his godlike
head, gave it insubstantial speech, gave it sound
without mind, and mimicked the way he walked:
like shapes that flit, they say, after death, or dreams
that in sleep deceive the senses. And the phantom
flaunted itself exultantly in front of the leading
ranks, provoking Turnus with spear casts, and
exasperating him with words. Turnus ran at it, and
hurled a hissing spear from the distance: it turned

'quo fugis, Aenea? thalamos ne desere pactos;
hac dabitur dextra tellus quaesita per undas.' 650
taliam uociferans sequitur strictumque coruscantem
mucronem, nec ferre uidet sua gaudia uentos.
Forte ratis celsi coniuncta crepidine saxi
expositis stabat scalis et ponte parato,
qua rex Clusinis aduectus Osinius oris. 655
huc sese trepida Aeneae fugientis imago
conicit in latebras, nec Turnus segnior instat
exsuperatque moras et pontis transilit altos.
uix proram attigerat, rumpit Saturnia funem
auulsamque rapit reuoluta per aequora nauem. 660
tum leuis haud ultra latebras iam quaerit imago,
663
sed sublime uolans nubi se immiscuit atrae,
illum autem Aeneas absentem in proelia poscit; 661
obuia multa uirum demittit corpora morti,
cum Turnum medio interea fert aequore turbo. 665
respicit ignarus rerum ingratusque salutis
et duplilis cum uoce manus ad sidera tendit:
'omnipotens genitor, tantum me crimine dignum
duxisti et talis uoluisti expendere poenas?
quo feror? unde abii? quae me fuga quemue
reducit? 670
Laurentisne iterum muros aut castra uidebo?
quid manus illa uirum, qui me meaque arma secuti?

its heels in flight. Then, as Turnus thought that Aeneas had retreated and conceded, and in his confusion clung to this idle hope in his mind, he cried: 'Where are you off to, Aeneas? Don't desert your marriage pact: this hand of mine will grant you the earth you looked for over the seas.' He pursued him, calling loudly, brandishing his naked sword, not seeing that the wind was carrying away his glory. It chanced that the ship, in which King Osinius sailed from Clusium's shores, was moored to a high stone pier, with ladders released and gangway ready. The swift phantom of fleeing Aeneas sank into it to hide, and Turnus followed no less swiftly, conquering all obstacles and leapt up the high gangway. He had barely reached the prow when Saturn's daughter snapped the cable, and, snatching the ship, swept it over the waters. Then the vague phantom no longer tried to hide but, flying into the air, merged with a dark cloud. Meanwhile Aeneas himself was challenging his missing enemy to battle: and sending many opposing warriors to their deaths, while the storm carried Turnus over the wide ocean. Unaware of the truth, and ungrateful for his rescue, he looked back and raised clasped hands and voice to heaven: 'All-powerful father, did you think me so worthy of

quosque (nefas) omnis infanda in morte reliqui
et nunc palantis uideo, gemitumque cadentum
accipio? quid ago? aut quae iam satis ima dehiscat
675

terra mihi? uos o potius miserescite, uenti;
in rupes, in saxa (uolens uos Turnus adoro)
ferite ratem saeuisque uadis immittite syrtis,
quo nec me Rutuli nec conscia fama sequatur.'
haec memorans animo nunc huc, nunc fluctuat
illuc, 680

an sese mucrone ob tantum dedecus amens
induat et crudum per costas exigit ensem,
fluctibus an iaciat mediis et litora nando
curua petat Teucrumque iterum se reddat in arma.
ter conatus utramque uiam, ter maxima Iuno 685
continuit iuuenemque animi miserata repressit.
labitur alta secans fluctuque aestuque secundo
et patris antiquam Dauni defertur ad urbem.

Lines 689-754

At Iouis interea monitis Mezentius ardens

punishment, did you intend me to pay such a price?
Where am I being taken? From whom am I
escaping? Why am I fleeing: how will I return?
Will I see the walls and camp of Laurentium again?
What of that company of men that followed me,
and my standard? Have I left them all (the shame of
it) to a cruel death, seeing them scattered now,
hearing the groans as they fall? What shall I do?
Where is the earth that could gape wide enough for
me? Rather have pity on me, O winds: Drive the
ship on the rocks, the reefs (I, Turnus, beg you,
freely) or send it into the vicious quicksands, where
no Rutulian, nor any knowing rumour of my shame
can follow me? So saying he debated this way and
that in his mind, whether he should throw himself
on his sword, mad with such disgrace, and drive the
cruel steel through his ribs, or plunge into the
waves, and, by swimming, gain the curving bay,
and hurl himself again at the Trojan weapons.
Three times he attempted each: three times great
Juno held him back, preventing him from heartfelt
pity. He glided on, with the help of wave and tide,
cutting the depths, and was carried to his father
Daunus's ancient city.

Mezentius Rages in Battle

But meanwhile fiery Mezentius, warned by Jupiter,

succedit pugnae Teucrosque inuadit ouantis. 690
concurrunt Tyrrhenae acies atque omnibus uni,
uni odiisque uiro telisque frequentibus instant.
ille (uelut rupes uastum quae prodit in aequor,
obuia uentorum furis expostaque ponto,
uim cunctam atque minas perfert caelique marisque
695

ipsa immota manens) prolem Dolichaonis Hebrum
sternit humi, cum quo Latagum Palmumque
fugacem,

sed Latagum saxo atque ingenti fragmine montis
occupat os faciemque aduersam, poplite Palmum
succiso uolui segnem sinit, armaque Lauso 700
donat habere umeris et uertice figere cristas.
nec non Euanthen Phrygium Paridisque Mimanta
aequalem comitemque, una quem nocte Theano
in lucem genitore Amyco dedit et face praegnas
Cisseis regina Parim; Paris urbe paterna 705
occubat, ignarum Laurens habet ora Mimanta.
ac uelut ille canum morsu de montibus altis
actus aper, multos Uesulus quem pinifer annos
defendit multosque palus Laurentia silua
pascit harundinea, postquam inter retia uentum est,
710

substitit infremuitque ferox et inhorruit armos,
nec cuiquam irasci propiusue accedere uirtus,

took up the fight, and attacked the jubilant Trojans.
The Etruscan ranks closed up, and concentrated all
their hatred, and showers of missiles, on him alone.
He (like a vast cliff that juts out into the vast deep,
confronting the raging winds, and exposed to the
waves, suffering the force and threat of sky and sea,
itself left unshaken) felled Hebrus, son of
Dolichaon, to the earth, with him were Latagus and
swift Palmus, but he anticipated Latagus, with a
huge fragment of rock from the hillside in his
mouth and face, while he hamstrung Palmus and
left him writhing helplessly: he gave Lausus the
armour to protect his shoulders, and the plumes to
wear on his crest. He killed Evanthes too, the
Phrygian, and Mimas, Paris's friend and peer,
whom Theano bore to his father Amycus on the
same night Hecuba, Cisseus's royal daughter,
pregnant with a firebrand, gave birth to Paris: Paris
lies in the city of his fathers, the Laurentine shore
holds the unknown Mimas. And as a boar, that piny
Vesulus has sheltered for many years and
Laurentine marshes have nourished with forests of
reeds, is driven from the high hills, by snapping
hounds, and halts when it reaches the nets, snorts
fiercely, hackles bristling, no one brave enough to
rage at it, or approach it, but all attacking it with

sed iaculis tutisque procul clamoribus instant;
ille autem impavidus partis cunctatur in omnis 717
dentibus infrendens et tergo decutit hastas:
haud aliter, iustae quibus est Mezentius irae, 714
non ulli est animus stricto concurrere ferro,
missilibus longe et uasto clamore lacesunt.
Uenerat antiquis Corythi de finibus Acron, 719
Graius homo, infectos linquens profugus
hymenaeos.
hunc ubi miscentem longe media agmina uidit,
purpureum pennis et pactae coniugis ostro,
impastus stabula alta leo ceu saepe peragrans
(suadet enim uesana fames), si forte fugacem
conspexit capream aut surgentem in cornua
ceruum, 725
gaudet hians immane comasque arrexit et haeret
uisceribus super incumbens; lauit improba taeter
ora cruor—
sic ruit in densos alacer Mezentius hostis.
sternitur infelix Acron et calcibus atram 730
tundit humum exspirans infractaque tela cruentat.
atque idem fugientem haud est dignatus Orodem
sternere nec iacta caecum dare cuspidē uulnus;
obuius aduersoque occurrit seque uiro uir
contulit, haud furto melior sed fortibus armis. 735
tum super abiectum posito pede nixus et hasta:

spears, and shouting from a safe distance: halts,
unafraid, turning in every direction, grinding its
jaws, and shaking the spears from its hide: so none
of those who were rightly angered with Mezentius
had the courage to meet him with naked sword, but
provoked him from afar with their missiles, and a
mighty clamour. Acron, a Greek had arrived there
from the ancient lands of Corythus, an exile, his
marriage ceremony left incomplete. When
Mezentius saw him in the distance, embroiled
among the ranks, with crimson plumes, and in
purple robes given by his promised bride, he rushed
eagerly into the thick of the foe, as a ravenous lion
often ranges the high coverts (since a raging hunger
drives it) and exults, with vast gaping jaws, if it
chances to see a fleeing roe-deer, or a stag with
immature horns, then clings crouching over the
entrails, with bristling mane, its cruel mouth stained
hideously with blood. Wretched Acron fell, striking
the dark earth with his heels in dying, drenching his
shattered weapons with blood. And he did not even
deign to kill Orodēs as he fled, or inflict a hidden
wound with a thrust of his spear: he ran to meet
him on the way, and opposed him man to man,
getting the better of him by force of arms not
stealth. Then setting his foot on the fallen man, and

'pars belli haud temnenda, uiri, iacet altus Orodes.'
conclamant socii laetum paeana secuti;
ille autem exspirans: 'non me, quicumque es, inulto,
uictor, nec longum laetabere; te quoque fata 740
prospectant paria atque eadem mox arua tenebis.'
ad quem subridens mixta Mezentius ira:
'nunc morere. ast de me diuum pater atque
hominum rex
uiderit.' hoc dicens eduxit corpore telum.
olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget 745
somnus, in aeternam clauduntur lumina noctem.
Caedicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaspem
partheniumque Rapo et praedurum uiribus Orsen,
Messapus Cloniumque Lycaoniumque Erichaeten,
illum infrenis equi lapsu tellure iacentem, 750
hunc peditem. pedes et Lycius processerat Agis,
quem tamen haud expers Ualerus uirtutis auitae
deicit; at Thronium Salius Saliumque Nealces
insidiis, iaculo et longe fallente sagitta.

Lines 755-832

Iam grauis aequabat luctus et mutua Mauors 755
funera; caedebant pariter pariterque ruebant
uictores uictique, neque his fuga nota neque illis.

straining at his spear, he called out: 'Soldiers, noble
Orodes lies here, he was no small part of this
battle.' His comrades shouted, taking up the joyful
cry: Yet Orodes, dying, said: 'Whoever you are,
winner here, I'll not go unavenged, nor will you
rejoice for long: a like fate watches for you: you'll
soon lie in these same fields.' Mezentius replied,
grinning with rage: 'Die now, as for me, the father
of gods and king of men will see to that.' So saying
he withdrew his spear from the warrior's body.
Enduring rest, and iron sleep, pressed on Orodes's
eyes, and their light was shrouded in eternal night.
Caedicus killed Alcathous: Sacrator killed
Hydapses: Rapo killed Parthenius, and Orses of
outstanding strength. Messapus killed Clonius, and
Ericetes, son of Lycaon, one lying on the ground
fallen from his bridle-less horse, the other still on
his feet. Lycian Agis had advanced his feet but
Valerius overthrew him, with no lack of his
ancestors' skill: Salius killed Thronius, and
Nealces, famed for the javelin, and the deceptive
long-distance arrow, in turn killed Salcius.

The Death of Mezentius's Son, Lausus

Now grievous War dealt grief and death mutually:
they killed alike, and alike they died, winners and
losers, and neither one nor the other knew how to

di Iouis in tectis iram miserantur inanem
amborum et tantos mortalibus esse labores;
hinc Uenus, hinc contra spectat Saturnia Iuno. 760
pallida Tisiphone media inter milia saeuit.

At uero ingentem quatiens Mezentius hastam
turbidus ingreditur campo. quam magnus Orion,
cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei
stagna uiam scindens, uero supereminet undas,
765

aut summis referens annosam montibus ornum
ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit,
talis se uastis infert Mezentius armis.

huic contra Aeneas speculatus in agmine longo
obuius ire parat. manet imperterritus ille 770
hostem magnanimum opperiens, et mole sua stat;
atque oculis spatium emensus quantum satis hastae:

'dextra mihi deus et telum, quod missile libro,
nunc adsint! uoueo praedonis corpore raptis
indutum spoliis ipsum te, Lause, tropaeum 775
Aeneae.' dixit, stridentemque eminus hastam
iecit. at illa uolans clipeo est excussa proculque
egregium Antoren latus inter et ilia figit,

Herculis Antoren comitem, qui missus ab Argis
haeserat Euandro atque Itala considerat urbe. 780
sternitur infelix alieno uulnere, caelumque
aspicit et dulcis moriens reminiscitur Argos.

flee. The gods in Jupiter's halls pitied the useless
anger of them both, and that such pain existed for
mortal beings: here Venus gazed down, here,
opposite, Saturnian Juno. Pale Tisiphone raged
among the warring thousands. And now Mezentius
shaking his mighty spear, advanced like a
whirlwind over the field. Great as Orion, when he
strides through Ocean's deepest chasms, forging a
way, his shoulders towering above the waves, or
carrying an ancient manna ash down from the
mountain heights, walking the earth, with his head
hidden in the clouds, so Mezentius advanced in his
giant's armour. Aeneas, opposite, catching sight of
him in the far ranks prepared to go and meet him.
Mezentius stood there unafraid, waiting for his
great-hearted enemy, firm in his great bulk: and
measuring with his eye what distance would suit
his spear, saying: 'Now let this right hand that is my
god, and the weapon I level to throw, aid me! I vow
that you yourself, Lausus, as token of my victory
over Aeneas, shall be dressed in the spoils stripped
from that robber's corpse.' He spoke, and threw the
hissing spear from far out. But, flying on, it glanced
from the shield, and pierced the handsome Antores,
nearby, between flank and thigh, Antores, friend of
Hercules, sent from Argos who had joined Evander,

tum pius Aeneas hastam iacit; illa per orbem
aere cauum triplici, per linea terga tribusque
transiit intextum tauris opus, imaque sedit 785
inguine, sed uiris haud pertulit. ocius ensem
Aeneas uiso Tyrrheni sanguine laetus
eripit a femine et trepidanti feruidus instat.
ingemuit cari grauitur genitoris amore,
ut uidit, Lausus, lacrimaeque per ora uolutae— 790
hic mortis durae casum tuaque optima facta,
si qua fidem tanto est operi latura uetustas,
non equidem nec te, iuuenis memorande, silebo—
ille pedem referens et inutilis inque ligatus
cedebat clipeoque inimicum hostile trahebat. 795
proripuit iuuenis seseque immiscuit armis,
iamque adsurgentis dextra plagamque ferentis
Aeneae subiit mucronem ipsumque morando
sustinuit; socii magno clamore sequuntur,
dum genitor nati parma protectus abiret, 800
telaque coniciunt perturbantque eminus hostem
missilibus. furit Aeneas tectusque tenet se.
ac uelut effusa si quando grandine nimbi
praecipitant, omnis campis diffugit arator
omnis et agricola, et tuta latet arce uiator 805
aut amnis ripis aut alti fornice saxi,
dum pluit in terris, ut possint sole reducto
exercere diem: sic obrutus undique telis

and settled in an Italian city. Unhappy man, he fell to a wound meant for another, and dying, gazing at the sky, remembered sweet Argos. Then virtuous Aeneas hurled a spear: it passed through Mezentius's curved shield of triple-bronze, through linen, and the interwoven layers of three bull's hides, and lodged deep in the groin, but failed to drive home with force. Aeneas, joyful at the sight of the Tuscan blood, snatched the sword from his side, and pressed his shaken enemy hotly. Lausus, seeing it, groaned heavily for love of his father, and tears rolled down his cheeks – and here I'll not be silent, for my part, about your harsh death, through fate, nor, if future ages place belief in such deeds, your actions, so glorious, nor you yourself, youth, worthy of remembrance – his father was retreating, yielding ground, helpless, hampered, dragging the enemy lance along with his shield. The youth ran forward, and plunged into the fray, and, just as Aeneas's right hand lifted to strike a blow, he snatched at the sword-point, and checked him in delay: his friends followed with great clamour, and, with a shower of spears, forced the enemy to keep his distance till the father could withdraw, protected by his son's shield. Aeneas raged, but kept himself under cover. As every ploughman and

Aeneas nubem belli, dum detonet omnis,
sustinet et Lausum increpitat Lausoque minatur:
810

'quo moriture ruis maioraque uiribus audes?
fallit te incautum pietas tua.' nec minus ille
exsultat demens, saeuae iamque altius irae
Dardanio surgunt ductori, extremaque Lauso
Parcae fila legunt. ualidum namque exigit ensem
815

per medium Aeneas iuuenem totumque recondit;
transiit et parmam mucro, leuia arma minacis,
et tunicam molli mater quam neuerat auro,
impleuitque sinum sanguis; tum uita per auras
concessit maesta ad Manis corpusque reliquit. 820
At uero ut uultum uidit morientis et ora,
ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris,
ingemuit miserans grauius dextramque tetendit,
et mentem patriae subiit pietatis imago.

'quid tibi nunc, miserande puer, pro laudibus istis,
825

quid pius Aeneas tanta dabit indole dignum?
arma, quibus laetatus, habe tua; teque parentum
manibus et cineri, si qua est ea cura, remitto.
hoc tamen infelix miseram solabere mortem:
Aeneae magni dextra cadis.' increpat ultro 830
cunctantis socios et terra subleuat ipsum

farmer runs from the fields when storm-clouds pour
down streams of hail, and the passer by shelters in a
safe corner, under a river bank or an arch of high
rock, while the rain falls to earth, so as to pursue
the day's work when the sun returns: so,
overwhelmed by missiles from every side, Aeneas
endured the clouds of war, while they all
thundered, and rebuked Lausus, and threatened
Lausus, saying: 'Why are you rushing to death, with
courage beyond your strength? Your loyalty's
betraying you to foolishness.' Nevertheless the
youth raged madly, and now fierce anger rose
higher in the Trojan leader's heart, and the Fates
gathered together the last threads of Lausus's life.
For Aeneas drove his sword firmly through the
youth's body, and buried it to the hilt: the point
passed through his shield, too light for his threats,
and the tunic of soft gold thread his mother had
woven, blood filled its folds: then life left the body
and fled, sorrowing, through the air to the spirits
below. And when Anchises's son saw the look on
his dying face, that face pale with the wonderment
of its ending, he groaned deeply with pity and
stretched out his hand, as that reflection of his own
love for his father touched his heart. 'Unhappy
child, what can loyal Aeneas grant to such a nature,

sanguine turpantem comptos de more capillos.

Lines 833-908

Interea genitor Tiberini ad fluminis undam
uulnera siccat lymphis corpusque leuabat
arboris acclinis trunco. procul aerea ramis 835
dependet galea et prato grauius arma quiescunt.
stant lecti circum iuuenes; ipse aeger anhelans
colla fouet fusus propexam in pectore barbam;
multa super Lauso rogitat, multumque remittit
qui reuocent maestique ferant mandata parentis.
840

at Lausum socii exanimem super arma ferebant
flentes, ingentem atque ingenti uulnere uictum.
agnouit longe gemitum praesaga mali mens.
canitiem multo deformat puluere et ambas
ad caelum tendit palmas et corpore inhaeret. 845
'tantane me tenuit uiuendi, nate, uoluptas,
ut pro me hostili paterer succedere dextrae,

worthy of these glorious deeds of yours? Keep the weapons you delighted in: and if it is something you are anxious about, I return you to the shades and ashes of your ancestors. This too should solace you, unhappy one, for your sad death: you died at the hands of great Aeneas.' Also he rebuked Lausus's comrades, and lifted their leader from the earth, where he was soiling his well-ordered hair with blood.

The Death of Mezentius

Meanwhile the father, Mezentius, staunched his wounds by the waters of Tiber's river, and rested his body by leaning against a tree trunk. His bronze helmet hung on a nearby branch, and his heavy armour lay peacefully on the grass. The pick of his warriors stood around: he himself, weak and panting eased his neck, his flowing beard streaming over his chest. Many a time he asked for Lausus, and many times sent men to carry him a sorrowing father's orders and recall him. But his weeping comrades were carrying the dead Lausus, on his armour, a great man conquered by a mighty wound. The mind prescient of evil, knew their sighs from far off. Mezentius darkened his white hair with dust, and lifted both hands to heaven, clinging to the body: 'My son, did such delight in living

quem genui? tuane haec genitor per uulnera seruor
morte tua uiuens? heu, nunc misero mihi demum
exitium infelix, nunc alte uulnus adactum! 850
idem ego, nate, tuum maculaui crimine nomen,
pulsus ob inuidiam solio sceptrisque paternis.
debueram patriae poenas odiisque meorum:
omnis per mortis animam sontem ipse dedissem!
nunc uiuo neque adhuc homines lucemque
relinquo. 855

sed linquam.' simul hoc dicens attollit in aegrum
se femur et, quamquam uis alto uulnere tardat,
haud deiectus equum duci iubet. hoc decus illi,
hoc solamen erat, bellis hoc uictor abibat
omnibus. adloquitur maerentem et talibus inquit: 860
'Rhaebe, diu, res si qua diu mortalibus ulla est,
uiximus. aut hodie uictor spolia illa cruenti
et caput Aeneae referes Lausique dolorum
ultor eris mecum, aut, aperit si nulla uiam uis,
occumbes pariter; neque enim, fortissime, credo,
865

iussa aliena pati et dominos dignabere Teucros.'
dixit, et exceptus tergo consueta locauit
membra manusque ambas iaculis oneravit acutis,
aere caput fulgens cristaque hirsutus equina.
sic cursum in medios rapidus dedit. aestuat ingens
870

possess me, that I let you face the enemy force in
my place, you whom I fathered? Is this father of
yours alive through your death, saved by your
wounds? Ah, now at last my exile is wretchedly
driven home: and my wound, deeply! My son, I
have also tarnished your name by my crime, driven
in hatred from my fathers' throne and sceptre. I
have long owed reparation to my country and my
people's hatred: I should have yielded my guilty
soul to death in any form! Now I live: I do not
leave humankind yet, or the light, but I will leave.'
So saying he raised himself weakly on his thigh,
and, despite all, ordered his horse to be brought,
though his strength ebbed from the deep wound.
His mount was his pride, and it was his solace, on it
he had ridden victorious from every battle. He
spoke to the sorrowful creature, in these words:
'Rhaebus, we have lived a long time, if anything
lasts long for mortal beings. Today you will either
carry the head of Aeneas, and his blood-stained
spoils, in victory, and avenge Lausus's pain with
me, or die with me, if no power opens that road to
us: I don't think that you, the bravest of creatures,
will deign to suffer a stranger's orders or a Trojan
master.' He spoke, then, mounting, disposed his
limbs as usual, and weighted each hand with a

uno in corde pudor mixtoque insania luctu.
atque hic Aenean magna ter uoce uocauit. 873
Aeneas agnouit enim laetusque precatur:
'sic pater ille deum faciat, sic altus Apollo!
incipias conferre manum.'
tantum effatus et infesta subit obuius hasta.
ille autem: 'quid me erepto, saeuissime, nato
terres? haec uia sola fuit qua perdere posses:
nec mortem horremus nec diuum parcimus ulli. 880
desine, nam uenio moriturus et haec tibi porto
dona prius.' dixit, telumque intorsit in hostem;
inde aliud super atque aliud figitque uolatque
ingenti gyro, sed sustinet aureus umbo.
ter circum astantem laeuos equitauit in orbis 885
tela manu iaciens, ter secum Troius heros
immanem aerato circumfert tegmine siluam.
inde ubi tot traxisse moras, tot spicula taedet
uellere, et urgetur pugna congressus iniqua,
multa mouens animo iam tandem erumpit et inter
890
bellatoris equi caua tempora conicit hastam.
tollit se arrectum quadripes et calcibus auras
uerberat, effusumque equitem super ipse secutus
implicat eiectoque incumbit cernuus armo.
clamore incendunt caelum Troesque Latinique. 895
aduolat Aeneas uaginaque eripit ensem

sharp javelin, his head gleaming with bronze,
bristling with its horsehair crest. So he launched
himself quickly into the fray. In that one heart a
vast flood of shame and madness merged with
grief. And now he called to Aeneas in a great voice.
Aeneas knew him and offered up a joyous prayer:
'So let the father of the gods himself decree it, so
noble Apollo! You then begin the conflict....' He
spoke those words and moved against him with
level spear. But Mezentius replied: 'How can you
frighten me, most savage of men, me, bereft of my
son? That was the only way you could destroy me:
I do not shrink from death, or halt for any god.
Cease, since I come here to die, and bring you,
first, these gifts.' He spoke, and hurled a spear at his
enemy: then landed another and yet another,
wheeling in a wide circle, but the gilded shield
withstood them. He rode three times round his
careful enemy, widdershins, throwing darts from
his hand: three times the Trojan hero dragged round
the huge thicket of spears fixed in his bronze
shield. Then tired of all that drawn-out delay, and
burdened by the unequal conflict, he thought hard,
and finally broke free, hurling his spear straight
between the war horse's curved temples. The
animal reared, and lashed the air with its hooves,

et super haec: 'ubi nunc Mezentius acer et illa
effera uis animi?' contra Tyrrhenus, ut auras
suspiciens hausit caelum mentemque recepit:
'hostis amare, quid increpitas mortemque minaris?
900

nullum in caede nefas, nec sic ad proelia ueni,
nec tecum meus haec pepigit mihi foedera Lausus.
unum hoc per si qua est uictis uenia hostibus oro:
corpus humo patiare tegi. scio acerba meorum
circumstare odia: hunc, oro, defende furorem 905
et me consortem nati concede sepulcro.'
haec loquitur, iuguloque haud inscius accipit ensem
undantique animam diffundit in arma cruore.

and throwing its rider, followed him down, from
above, entangling him, collapsing headlong onto
him, its shoulder thrown. Trojans and Latins ignited
the heavens with their shouts. Aeneas ran to him,
plucking his sword from its sheath and standing
over him, cried: 'Where is fierce Mezentius, now,
and the savage force of that spirit?' The Tuscan
replied, as, lifting his eyes to the sky, and gulping
the air, he regained his thoughts: 'Bitter enemy,
why taunt, or threaten me in death? There is no sin
in killing: I did not come to fight believing so, nor
did my Lausus agree any treaty between you and
me. I only ask, by whatever indulgence a fallen
enemy might claim, that my body be buried in the
earth. I know that my people's fierce hatred
surrounds me: protect me, I beg you, from their
anger, and let me share a tomb with my son.' So he
spoke, and in full awareness received the sword in
his throat, and poured out his life, over his armour,
in a wave of blood.

BOOK XI

Lines 1-99

Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit:
Aeneas, quamquam et sociis dare tempus humandis
praecipitant curae turbataque funere mens est,
uota deum primo uictor soluebat Eoo.
ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis 5
constituit tumulo fulgentiaque induit arma,
Mezenti ducis exuuias, tibi magne tropaeum
bellipotens; aptat rorantis sanguine cristas
telaque trunca uiri, et bis sex thoraca petitem
perfossumque locis, clipeumque ex aere sinistrae
10
subligat atque ensem collo suspendit eburnum.
tum socios (namque omnis eum stipata tegebat
turba ducum) sic incipiens hortatur ouantis:
'maxima res effecta, uiri; timor omnis abesto,
quod superest; haec sunt spolia et de rege superbo
15
primitiae manibusque meis Mezentius hic est.
nunc iter ad regem nobis murosque Latinos.
arma parate, animis et spe praesumite bellum,
ne qua mora ignaros, ubi primum uellere signa

Aeneas

Meanwhile Dawn rose and left the ocean waves:
though Aeneas's sorrow urged him to spend his
time on his comrades' burial, and his mind was
burdened by death, as victor, at first light, he
discharged his vows to the gods. He planted a great
oak trunk, its branches lopped all round, on a
tumulus, and decked it out as a trophy to you, great
god of war, in the gleaming armour stripped from
the leader, Mezentius: he fastened the crests to it,
dripping with blood, the warrior's broken spears,
and the battered breastplate, pierced in twelve
places: he tied the bronze shield to its left side, and
hung the ivory-hilted sword from its neck. Then he
began to encourage his rejoicing comrades: 'We
have done great things, men: banish all fear of
what's left to do: these are the spoils of a proud
king, the first fruits of victory, and this is
Mezentius, fashioned by my hands. Now our path
is towards King Latinus and his city walls. Look to
your weapons, spiritedly, make war your
expectation, so when the gods above give us the

Mourns

Pallas

adnuerint superi pubemque educere castris, 20
impediat segnisue metu sententia tardet.
interea socios inhumataque corpora terrae
mandemus, qui solus honos Acheronte sub imo est.
ite,' ait 'egregias animas, quae sanguine nobis
hanc patriam peperere suo, decorate supremis 25
muneribus, maestamque Euandri primus ad urbem
mittatur Pallas, quem non uirtutis egentem
abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo.'
Sic ait inlacrimans, recipitque ad limina gressum
corpus ubi exanimi positum Pallantis Acoetes 30
seruabat senior, qui Parrhasio Euandro
armiger ante fuit, sed non felicibus aequē
tum comes auspiciis caro datus ibat alumno.
circum omnis famulumque manus Troianaque turba
et maestum Iliades crinem de more solutae. 35
ut uero Aeneas foribus sese intulit altis
ingentem gemitum tunsis ad sidera tollunt
pectoribus, maestoque immugit regia luctu.
ipse caput niuei fultum Pallantis et ora
ut uidit leuique patens in pectore uulnus 40
cuspidis Ausoniae, lacrimis ita fatur obortis:
'tene,' inquit 'miserande puer, cum laeta ueniret,
inuidit Fortuna mihi, ne regna uideres
nostra neque ad sedes uictor ueherere paternas?
non haec Euandro de te promissa parenti 45

sign to take up our standards, and lead out our
soldiers from the camp, no delay may halt us
unawares, or wavering purpose hold us back
through fear. Meanwhile let us commit to earth the
unburied bodies of our friends, the only tribute
recognised in Acheron's depths. Go,' he said, 'grace
these noble spirits with your last gifts, who have
won this country for us with their blood, and first
let Pallas's body be sent to Evander's grieving city,
he, whom a black day stole, though no way lacking
in courage, and plunged in death's bitterness.' So he
spoke, weeping, and retraced his steps to the
threshold where Pallas's lifeless corpse was laid,
watched by old Acoetes, who before had been
armour-bearer to Arcadian Evander, but then, under
less happy auspices, set out as the chosen guardian
for his dear foster-child. All the band of attendants,
and the Trojan crowd, stood around, and the Ilian
women, hair loosened as customary in mourning.
As Aeneas entered the tall doorway they struck
their breasts, and raised a great cry to the heavens,
and the royal pavilion rang with sad lamentation.
When he saw the pillowed face and head of Pallas,
pale as snow, and the open wound of the Ausonian
spear in his smooth chest, he spoke, his tears rising:
'Unhappy child, when Fortune entered smiling was

discedens dederam, cum me complexus euntem
mitteret in magnum imperium metuensque moneret
acris esse uiros, cum dura proelia gente.
et nunc ille quidem spe multum captus inani
fors et uota facit cumulatque altaria donis, 50
nos iuuenem exanimum et nil iam caelestibus ullis
debentem uano maesti comitamur honore.
infelix, nati funus crudele uidebis!
hi nostri reditus expectatique triumphi?
haec mea magna fides? at non, Euandre, pudendis
55
uulneribus pulsum aspicias, nec sospite dirum
optabis nato funus pater. ei mihi quantum
praesidium, Ausonia, et quantum tu perdis, Iule!
Haec ubi defleuit, tolli miserabile corpus
imperat, et toto lectos ex agmine mittit 60
mille uiros qui supremum comitentur honorem
intersintque patris lacrimis, solacia luctus
exigua ingentis, misero sed debita patri.
haud segnes alii cratis et molle feretrum
arbutis texunt uirgis et uimine querno 65
exstructosque toros obtentu frondis inumbrant.
hic iuuenem agresti sublimem stramine ponunt:
qualem uirgineo demessum pollice florem
seu mollis uiolae seu languentis hyacinthi,
cui neque fulgor adhuc nec dum sua forma recessit,

it she who begrudged you to me, so that you would
not see my kingdom, or ride, victorious, to your
father's house? This was not the last promise I
made your father, Evander, on leaving, when he
embraced me, sending me off to win a great
empire, and warned me with trepidation that the
enemy were brave, a tough race. And now, greatly
deluded by false hopes, he perhaps is making vows,
piling the altars high with gifts, while we, grieving,
follow his son in vain procession, one who no
longer owes any debt to the gods. Unhappy one,
you will see the bitter funeral of your child! Is this
how we return, is this our hoped- for triumph? Is
this what my great promise amounted to? Yet,
Evander, your eyes will not see a son struck down
with shameful wounds, nor be a father praying for
death, accursed because your son came home alive.
Alas, how great was the protector, who is lost to
you, Ausonia, and you, Iulus.' When he had ended
his lament, he ordered them to lift the sad corpse,
and he sent a thousand men, chosen from the ranks,
to attend the last rites, and share the father's tears, a
meagre solace for so great a grief, but owed a
father's sorrow. Others, without delay, interwove
the frame of a bier with twigs of oak, and shoots of
arbutus, shading the bed they constructed with a

70

non iam mater alit tellus uirisque ministrat.
tum geminas uestis auroque ostroque rigentis
extulit Aeneas, quas illi laeta laborum
ipsa suis quondam manibus Sidonia Dido
fecerat et tenui telas discreuerat auro. 75
harum unam iuueni supremum maestus honorem
induit arsurasque comas obnubit amictu,
multaque praeterea Laurentis praemia pugnae
aggerat et longo praedam iubet ordine duci;
addit equos et tela quibus spoliauerat hostem. 80
uinxerat et post terga manus, quos mitteret umbris
inferias, caeso sparsurus sanguine flammam,
indutosque iubet truncos hostilibus armis
ipsos ferre duces inimicaque nomina figi.
ducitur infelix aevo confectus Acoetes, 85
pectora nunc foedans pugnis, nunc unguibus ora,
sternitur et toto proiectus corpore terrae;
ducunt et Rutulo perfusos sanguine currus.
post bellator equus positus insignibus Aethon
it lacrimans guttisque umectat grandibus ora. 90
hastam alii galeamque ferunt, nam cetera Turnus
uictor habet. tum maesta phalanx Teucricque
sequuntur
Tyrrhenique omnes et uersis Arcades armis.
postquam omnis longe comitum praecesserat ordo,

covering of leaves. Here they placed the youth high on his rustic couch: like a flower plucked by a young girl's fingers, a sweet violet or a drooping hyacinth, whose brightness and beauty have not yet faded, but whose native earth no longer nourishes it, or gives it strength. Then Aeneas brought two robes of rigid gold and purple that Sidonian Dido had made for him once, with her own hands, delighting in the labour, interweaving the fabric with gold thread. Sorrowing, he draped the youth with one of these as a last honour, and veiled that hair, which would be burned, with its cloth, and heaped up many gifts as well from the Laurentine battle and ordered the spoils to be carried in a long line: he added horses and weapons stripped from the enemy. He had the hands of those he sent as offerings to the shades, to sprinkle the flames with blood in dying, bound behind their backs, and ordered the leaders themselves to carry tree-trunks draped with enemy weapons, with the names of the foe attached. Unhappy Acoetes, wearied with age, was led along, now bruising his chest with his fists, now marring his face with his nails, until he fell, full-length on the ground: and they led chariots drenched with Rutulian blood. Behind went the war-horse, Aethon, without his trappings,

substitit Aeneas gemituque haec addidit alto: 95
'nos alias hinc ad lacrimas eadem horrida belli
fata uocant: salue aeternum mihi, maxime Palla,
aeternumque uale.' nec plura effatus ad altos
tendebat muros gressumque in castra ferebat.

Lines 100-138

Iamque oratores aderant ex urbe Latina 100
uelati ramis oleae ueniamque rogantes:
corpora, per campos ferro quae fusa iacebant,
redderet ac tumulo sineret succedere terrae;
nullum cum uictis certamen et aethere cassis;
parceret hospitibus quondam socerisque uocatis.
105
quos bonus Aeneas haud aspernanda precantis
prosequitur uenia et uerbis haec insuper addit:
'quaenam uos tanto fortuna indigna, Latini,
implicuit bello, qui nos fugiatis amicos?
pacem me exanimis et Martis sorte preemptis 110
oratis? equidem et uiuis concedere uellem.

mourning, wetting his face with great tear drops. Others carried Pallas's spear and helmet, the rest Turnus held as victor. Then a grieving procession followed, Trojans, Etruscans, and Arcadians with weapons reversed. When all the ranks of his comrades had advanced far ahead, Aeneas halted, and added this, with a deep sigh: 'This same harsh fate of warfare calls me from here to other weeping: my salute for eternity to you, noble Pallas, and for eternity, farewell.' Without speaking more he turned his steps toward the camp and headed for the walls.

Aeneas

Offers

Peace

And now ambassadors, shaded with olive branches, came from the Latin city, seeking favours: they asked him to return the bodies of men, felled by the sword, overflowing the plain, and allow them to be buried under a mound of earth. there could be no quarrel with the lost, devoid of the light: let him spare those who were once hosts and fathers of brides. Aeneas courteously granted prayers he could not refuse, and added these words as well: 'Latins, what shameful mischance has entangled you in a war like this, so that you fly from being our friends? Do you seek peace for your dead killed by fate in battle? I would gladly grant it to the

nec ueni, nisi fata locum sedemque dedissent,
nec bellum cum gente gero; rex nostra reliquit
hospitia et Turni potius se credidit armis.
aequius huic Turnum fuerat se opponere morti. 115
si bellum finire manu, si pelleret Teucros
apparat, his mecum decuit concurrere telis:
uixet cui uitam deus aut sua dextra dedisset.
nunc ite et miseris supponite ciuibus ignem.'
dixerat Aeneas. illi obstipuerunt silentes 120
conuersique oculos inter se atque ora tenebant.
Tum senior semperque odiis et crimine Drances
infensus iuueni Turno sic ore uicissim
orsa refert: 'o fama ingens, ingentior armis,
uir Troiane, quibus caelo te laudibus aequum? 125
iustitiaene prius mirer belline laborum?
nos uero haec patriam grati referemus ad urbem
et te, si qua uiam dederit Fortuna, Latino
iungemus regi. quaerat sibi foedera Turnus.
quin et fatalis murorum attollere moles 130
saxaque subuectare umeris Troiana iuuabit.'
dixerat haec unoque omnes eadem ore fremebant.
bis senos pepigere dies, et pace sequestra
per siluas Teucris mixtique impune Latini
errauerunt iugis. ferro sonant alta bipenni 135
fraxinus, euertunt actas ad sidera pinus,
roborum nec cuneis et olentem scindere cedrum

living too. I would not be here, if fate had not granted me a place, a home, nor do I wage war on your people: your king abandoned our friendship, and thought Turnus's army greater. It would have been more just for Turnus himself to meet this death. If he seeks to end the war by force, and drive out the Trojans, he should have fought me with these weapons, he whom the gods, or his right hand granted life, would have survived. Now go and light the fires for your unfortunate countrymen.' Aeneas had spoken. They were silent, struck dumb, and kept their faces and their gaze fixed on one another. Then Drances, an elder, always hostile to young Turnus, shown in his dislike and reproaches, replied in turn, so: 'O, Trojan hero, great in fame, greater in battle, how can I praise you to the skies enough? Should I wonder first at your justice, or your efforts in war? Indeed we will gratefully carry these words back to our native city, and if Fortune offers a way, we will ally you to our king. Let Turnus seek treaties for himself. It will be a delight even to raise those massive walls and lift the stones of Troy on our shoulders.' He spoke, and they all murmured assent with one voice. They fixed a twelve day truce, and with peace as mediator, Trojans and Latins wandered together, in safety,

nec plaustris cessant uectare gementibus ornos.

Lines 139-181

Et iam Fama uolans, tanti praeunntia luctus,
Euandrum Euandrique domos et moenia replet, 140
quae modo uictorem Latio Pallanta ferebat.
Arcades ad portas ruere et de more uetusto
funereas rapuere faces; lucet uia longo
ordine flammaram et late discriminat agros.
contra turba Phrygum ueniens plangentia iungit 145
agmina. quae postquam matres succedere tectis
uiderunt, maestam incendunt clamoribus urbem.
at non Euandrum potis est uis ulla tenere,
sed uenit in medios. feretro Pallante reposito
procubuit super atque haeret lacrimansque
gemensque, 150
et uia uix tandem uoci laxata dolore est:
'non haec, o Palla, dederas promissa parenti,
cautius ut saeuo uelles te credere Marti.
haud ignarus eram quantum noua gloria in armis
et praedulce decus primo certamine posset. 155
primitiae iuuenis miserae bellique propinqui
dura rudimenta, et nulli exaudita deorum

through the wooded hills. The tall ash rang to the two-edged axe, they felled pine-trees towering to the heavens, and they never ceased splitting the oaks, and fragrant cedars, with wedges, or carrying away the manna ash in rumbling wagons.

Evander

Mourns

Pallas

And now Rumour filled Evander's ears, and the palace's and the city's, flying there, bringing news of that great grief: Rumour, that a moment since was carrying Pallas's victory to Latium. The Arcadians ran to the gates, and following ancient custom, seized torches for the funeral: the road shone with the long ranks of flames, parting the distant fields. The Trojan column, approaching, merged its files of mourners with them. When the women saw them nearing the houses, grief set the city ablaze with its clamour. But no force could restrain Evander, and he ran into their midst, flung himself on Pallas's body, once the bier was set down, clinging to it with tears and groans, till at last, he spoke, his grief scarcely allowing a path for his voice: 'O Pallas, this was not the promise you made your father, that you would enter this savage war with caution. I am not ignorant how great new pride in weapons can be, and honour won in a first conflict is very sweet. Alas for the first fruits of

uota precesque meae! tuque, o sanctissima coniunx,
felix morte tua neque in hunc seruata dolorem!
contra ego uiuendo uici mea fata, superstes 160
restarem ut genitor. Troum socia arma secutum
obruerent Rutuli telis! animam ipse dedissem
atque haec pompa domum me, non Pallanta,
referret!

nec uos arguerim, Teucris, nec foedera nec quas
iunximus hospitio dextras: sors ista senectae 165
debita erat nostrae. quod si immatura manebat
mors gnatum, caesis Volscorum milibus ante
ducentem in Latium Teucros cecidisse iuuabit.
quin ego non alio digner te funere, Palla,
quam pius Aeneas et quam magni Phryges et quam
170

Tyrrhenique duces, Tyrrhenum exercitus omnis.
magna tropaea ferunt quos dat tua dextera leto;
tu quoque nunc stares immanis truncus in aruis,
esset par aetas et idem si robur ab annis,
Turne. sed infelix Teucros quid demoror armis?
175

uadite et haec memores regi mandata referte:
quod uitam moror inuisam Pallante precepto
dextera causa tua est, Turnum gnatoque patrique
quam debere uides. meritis uacat hic tibi solus
fortunaequae locus. non uitae gaudia quaero, 180

your young life, and your harsh schooling in a war
so near us, and for my vows and prayers unheard
by any god! Happy were you, O my most sacred
Queen, in a death that saved you from this sorrow!
I, by living on, have exceeded my fate, to survive
as father without son. I should have marched with
the allied armies of Troy and been killed by those
Rutulian spears! I should have given my life, and
this pomp should have carried me, not Pallas,
home! Yet I do not blame you, Trojans, or our
treaty, or the hands we clasped in friendship: my
white hairs are the cause of this. And if an untimely
death awaited my son it is my joy that he fell
leading the Trojans into Latium, killing Volscians
in thousands. Indeed, Pallas, I thought you worthy
of no other funeral than this that virtuous Aeneas,
the great Phrygians, the Etruscan leaders and all the
Etruscans chose. Those, whom your right hand
dealt death to, bring great trophies: Turnus, you too
would be standing here, a vast tree-trunk hung
with weapons, if years and mature strength had
been alike in both. But why in my unhappiness do I
keep the Trojans from war? Go, and remember to
take this message to your king: if I prolong a life
that's hateful to me, now Pallas is dead, it's because
you know your right hand owes father and son the

nec fas, sed gnato manis perferre sub imos.'

Lines 182-224

Aurora interea miseris mortalibus almam
extulerat lucem referens opera atque labores:
iam pater Aeneas, iam curuo in litore Tarchon
constituere pyras. huc corpora quisque suorum 185
more tulere patrum, subiectisque ignibus atris
conditur in tenebras altum caligine caelum.
ter circum accensos cincti fulgentibus armis
decurrere rogos, ter maestum funeris ignem
lustrauere in equis ululatusque ore dedere. 190
spargitur et tellus lacrimis, sparguntur et arma,
it caelo clamorque uirum clangorque tubarum.
hic alii spolia occisis derepta Latinis
coniciunt igni, galeas ensisque decoros
frenaque feruentisque rotas; pars munera nota, 195
ipsorum clipeos et non felicia tela.
multa boum circa mactantur corpora Morti,
saetigerosque sues raptasque ex omnibus agris
in flammam iugulant pecudes. tum litore toto
ardentis spectant socios semustaque seruant 200
busta, neque auelli possunt, nox umida donec
inuertit caelum stellis ardentibus aptum.

death of Turnus. That is the one path of kindness to me and success for you that lies open. I don't ask for joy while alive, (that's not allowed me) but to carry it to my son deep among the shades.'

The Funeral Pyres
Dawn, meanwhile, had raised her kindly light on high for wretched men, calling them again to work and toil: now Aeneas the leader, now Tarchon, had erected pyres on the curving bay. Here according to ancestral custom they each brought the bodies of their people, and as the gloomy fires were lit beneath, the high sky was veiled in a dark mist. Three times they circled the blazing piles, clad in gleaming armour, three times they rounded the mournful funeral flames on horseback, and uttered wailing cries. Tears sprinkled the earth, and sprinkled the armour, the clamour of men and blare of trumpets climbed to the heavens. Then some flung spoils, stripped from the slaughtered Latins, onto the fire, helmets and noble swords, bridles and swift wheels: others, gifts familiar to the dead, their shields and luckless weapons. Many head of cattle were sacrificed round these, to Death. They cut the throats of bristling boars, and flocks culled from the whole country, over the flames. Then they watched their comrades burn, all along the shore, and kept

Nec minus et miseri diuersa in parte Latini
innumeras struxere pyras, et corpora partim
multa uirum terrae infodiunt, auctaque partim 205
finitimos tollunt in agros ubique remittunt.
cetera confusaeque ingentem caedis aceruum
nec numero nec honore cremant; tunc undique uasti
certatim crebris conlucent ignibus agri.
tertia lux gelidam caelo dimouerat umbram: 210
maerentes altum cinerem et confusa ruebant
ossa focis tepidoque onerabant aggere terrae.
iam uero in tectis, praediuitis urbe Latini,
praecipuus fragor et longi pars maxima luctus.
hic matres miseraeque nurus, hic cara sororum 215
pectora maerentum puerique parentibus orbi
dirum exsecrantur bellum Turnique hymenaeos;
ipsum armis ipsumque iubent decernere ferro,
qui regnum Italiae et primos sibi poscat honores.
ingrauat haec saeuus Drances solumque uocari 220
testatur, solum posci in certamina Turnum.
multa simul contra uariis sententia dictis
pro Turno, et magnum reginae nomen obumbrat,
multa uirum meritis sustentat fama tropaeis.

guard over the charred pyres, and could not tear themselves away till dew-wet night wheeled the sky round, inset with shining stars. Elsewhere too the wretched Latins built innumerable pyres. Some of the many corpses they buried in the earth, some they took and carried to the fields nearby, or sent onwards to the city. The rest, a vast pile of indiscriminate dead, they burnt without count, and without honours: then the wide fields on every side shone thick with fires, in emulation. The third dawn dispelled chill shadows from the sky: grieving, they raked the bones, mixed with a depth of ash, from the pyres, and heaped a mound of warm earth over them. Meanwhile, the main clamour, and the heart of their prolonged lamentation, was inside the walls, in the city of rich Latinus. Here mothers and unhappy daughters-in-law, here the loving hearts of grieving sisters, and boys robbed of their fathers, cursed the dreadful war, and the marriage Turnus had intended, and demanded that he and he alone should fight it out with armour and blade, he who claimed for himself the kingdom of Italy, and the foremost honours. Cruelly, Drances added to this and testified that Turnus alone was summoned, that he alone was challenged to battle. At the same time many an opinion in varied words was against it,

Lines 225-295

Hos inter motus, medio in flagrante tumultu, 225
ecce super maesti magna Diomedis ab urbe
legati responsa ferunt: nihil omnibus actum
tantorum impensis operum, nil dona neque aurum
nec magnas ualuisse preces, alia arma Latinis
quaerenda, aut pacem Troiano ab rege petendum.
230

deficit ingenti luctu rex ipse Latinus:
fatalem Aenean manifesto numine ferri
admonet ira deum tumulique ante ora recentes.
ergo concilium magnum primosque suorum
imperio accitos alta intra limina cogit. 235
olli conuenere fluuntque ad regia plenis
tectis uiuis. sedet in mediis et maximus aeo
et primus sceptris haud laeta fronte Latinus.
atque hic legatos Aetola ex urbe remissos
quae referant fari iubet, et responsa reposcit 240
ordine cuncta suo. tum facta silentia linguis,
et Venulus dicto parens ita farier inquit:
'Vidimus, o ciues, Diomedem Argiuaque castra,
atque iter emensi casus superauimus omnis,
contigimusque manum qua concidit Iliam tellus. 245

and for Turnus, and the Queen's noble name
protected him, while his great fame, and the
trophies he'd earned, spoke for him.

An Answer From Arpi
Amongst this stir, at the heart of the blaze of
dissension, behold, to crown it all, the ambassadors
brought an answer from Diomedes's great city, sad
that nothing had been achieved at the cost of all
their efforts, presents and gold and heartfelt prayers
had been useless, the Latins must find other armies
or seek peace with the Trojan king. King Latinus
sank beneath this vast disappointment. The angry
gods and the fresh graves before his eyes, had
given warning that this fateful Aeneas was clearly
sent by divine will. So, summoning his high
council, the leaders of his people, by royal
command, he gathered them within his tall gates.
They convened, streaming to the king's palace,
through the crowded streets. Latinus, the oldest and
most powerful, seated himself at their centre, with
no pleasure in his aspect. And he ordered the
ambassadors, back from the Aetolian city, to tell
their news, asking for all the answers in order. Then
all tongues fell silent, and, obeying his order,
Venulus began as follows: 'O citizens, we have
seen Diomedes and his Argive camp, completed

ille urbem Argyripam patriae cognomine gentis
uictor Gargani condebat Iapygis agris.
postquam introgressi et coram data copia fandi,
munera praeferimus, nomen patriamque docemus,
qui bellum intulerint, quae causa attraxerit Arpos.
250

auditis ille haec placido sic reddidit ore:

"o fortunatae gentes, Saturnia regna,
antiqui Ausonii, quae uos fortuna quietos
sollicitat suadetque ignota lacessere bella?
quicumque Iliacos ferro uiolauimus agros 255
(mitto ea quae muris bellando exhausta sub altis,
quos Simois premat ille uiros) infanda per orbem
supplicia et scelerum poenas expendimus omnes,
uel Priamo miseranda manus; scit triste Mineruae
sidus et Euboicae cautes ultorque Caphereus. 260
militia ex illa diuersum ad litus abacti
Atrides Protei Menelaus adusque columnas
exsulat, Aetnaeos uidit Cyclopas Vlixes.
regna Neoptolemi referam uersosque penatis
Idomenei? Libycone habitantis litore Locros? 265
ipse Mycenaeus magnorum ductor Achium
coniugis infandae prima inter limina dextra
oppetiit, deuictam Asiam subsedit adulter.
inuidisse deos, patriis ut redditus aris
coniugium optatum et pulchram Calydonia

our journey, overcome all dangers, and grasped that
hand by which the land of Troy fell. As victor over
the Iapygian fields, by the Garganus hills, he was
founding the city of Argyripa, named after his
father's people. When we had entered, and were
given leave to speak to him in person, we offered
our gifts, and declared our name and country: who
had made war on us: and what had brought us to
Arpi. He listened and replied in this way with a
calm look: "O fortunate nations, realms of Saturn,
ancient peoples of Ausonia, what fortune troubles
your peace and persuades you to invite base war?
We who violated the fields of Troy with our blades,
(forgetting what we endured in battle beneath her
high walls, or those warriors Simois drowned) have
paid in atrocious suffering, and every kind of
punishment, for our sins, throughout the world, a
crew that even Priam would have pitied: Minerva's
dark star and that cliff of Euboea, Caphereus the
avenger, know it. Menelaus, son of Atreus, driven
from that warfare to distant shores, was exiled as
far as Egypt, and the Pillars of Proteus, while
Ulysses has viewed the Cyclopes of Aetna. Even
Mycenean Agamemnon, leader of the mighty
Greeks, was struck down at the hand of his wicked
wife, when barely over the threshold: he conquered

uiderem? 270

nunc etiam horribili uisu portenta sequuntur
et socii amissi petierunt aethera pennis
fluminibusque uagantur aues (heu, dira meorum
supplicia!) et scopulos lacrimosis uocibus implent.
haec adeo ex illo mihi iam speranda fuerunt 275
tempore cum ferro caelestia corpora demens
appetii et Veneris uiolauit uulnere dextram.
ne uero, ne me ad talis impellite pugnas.
nec mihi cum Teucris ullum post eruta bellum
Pergama nec ueterum memini laetorue malorum.
280

munera quae patriis ad me portatis ab oris
uertite ad Aenean. stetimus tela aspera contra
contulimusque manus: experto credite quantus
in clipeum adsurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.
si duo praeterea talis Idaea tulisset 285
terra uiros, ultro Inachias uenisset ad urbes
Dardanus, et uersis lugeret Graecia fatis.
quidquid apud durae cessatum est moenia Troiae,
Hectoris Aeneaeque manu uictoria Graium
haesit et in decimum uestigia rettulit annum. 290
ambo animis, ambo insignes praestantibus armis,
hic pietate prior. coeant in foedera dextrae,
qua datur; ast armis concurrant arma caute."
et responsa simul quae sint, rex optime, regis

Asia, but an adulterer lurked. Need I speak of the kingdom of Neoptolemus, Idomeneus's household overthrown, or the Locrians living on Libya's coast? How the gods begrudged me my return to my country's altars: the wife I longed for: and lovely Calydon? Even now visitations pursue me, dreadful to see: my lost comrades, as birds, sought the sky with their wings or haunt the streams (alas a dire punishment for my people!) and fill the cliffs with their mournful cries. This was the fate I should have expected from that moment when, in madness, I attacked Venus's heavenly body with my sword, and harmed her hand by wounding it. Do not, in truth, do not urge me to such conflict. Since Troy's towers have fallen I have no quarrel with Teucer's race, nor have I joyful memories of those ancient evils. Take the gifts you bring me, from your country, to Aeneas. I have withstood his cruel weapons and fought him hand to hand: trust my knowledge of how he looms tall above his shield, with what power he hurls his spear. Had the Troad produced two other men like him, the Trojans would have reached the Greek cities, and Greece would be grieving, their fates reversed. During all that time we spent facing the walls of enduring Troy a Greek victory was stalled at the hands of

audisti et quae sit magno sententia bello.' 295

Lines 296-335

Vix ea legati, uariusque per ora cucurrit
Ausonidum turbata fremor, ceu saxa morantur
cum rapidos amnis, fit clauso gurgite murmur
uicinaeque fremunt ripae crepitantibus undis.
ut primum placati animi et trepida ora quierunt, 300
praefatus diuos solio rex inquit ab alto:
'Ante equidem summa de re statuisset, Latini,
et uellem et fuerat melius, non tempore tali
cogere concilium, cum muros adsidet hostis.
bellum importunum, ciues, cum gente deorum 305
inuictisque uiris gerimus, quos nulla fatigant
proelia nec uicti possunt absistere ferro.
spem si quam ascitis Aetolum habuistis in armis,
ponite. spes sibi quisque; sed haec quam angusta
uidetis.
cetera qua rerum iaceant percussa ruina, 310
ante oculos interque manus sunt omnia uestras.

Hector and Aeneas, and denied us till the tenth year. Both were outstanding in courage and weaponry: Aeneas was first in virtue. Join hands with him in confederation, as best you can, but beware of crossing swords with him." Noblest of kings, you have heard, in one, what their king replies and what his counsels are concerning this great war.'

Latinus's

Proposal

The ambassadors had scarcely finished speaking when diverse murmurs passed swiftly among the troubled Italian faces, just as when rocks detain a flowing river a muttering rises from the imprisoned eddies, and the banks, that border it echo with splashing waves. As soon as thoughts were calmer and anxious lips were quiet, the king began to speak, from his high throne, first calling on the gods: 'Latins, I wish we had decided on this vital matter before now, and it would have been better not to convene the council at such a moment, when the enemy is settled in front of our walls. Citizens we are waging a wrong-headed war with a divine race, unconquered warriors whom no battles weary, and who will not relinquish the sword even when beaten. If you had hopes of the alliance with Aetolian armies, forgo them. Each has his own

nec quemquam incuso: potuit quae plurima uirtus
esse, fuit; toto certatum est corpore regni.
nunc adeo quae sit dubiae sententia menti,
expediam et paucis (animos adhibete) docebo. 315
est antiquus ager Tusco mihi proximus amni,
longus in occasum, finis super usque Sicanos;
Aurunci Rutulique serunt, et uomere duros
exercent collis atque horum asperrima pascunt.
haec omnis regio et celsi plaga pinea montis 320
cedat amicitiae Teucrorum, et foederis aequas
dicamus leges sociosque in regna uocemus:
considant, si tantus amor, et moenia condant.
sin alios finis aliamque capessere gentem
est animus possuntque solo decedere nostro, 325
bis denas Italo texamus robore nauis;
seu pluris complere ualent, iacet omnis ad undam
materies: ipsi numerumque modumque carinis
praecipiant, nos aera, manus, naualia demus.
praeterea, qui dicta ferant et foedera firment 330
centum oratores prima de gente Latinos
ire placet pacisque manu praetendere ramos,
munera portantis aurique eborisque talenta
et sellam regni trabeamque insignia nostri.
consulite in medium et rebus succurrite fessis.' 335

hopes: but see how slight they are. As for the rest of our affairs, the utter ruin they lie in is in front of your eyes and under your hands. I accuse no one: what the utmost courage could do has been done: the conflict has taken all the strength of our kingdom. So let me explain the decision of my deliberating mind, and I will outline it briefly (apply your thoughts to it). There's an ancient domain of mine along the Tuscan river, stretching westward, to the Sicanian border and beyond: Auruncans and Rutulians work the stubborn hills with the plough, sow seed there, and use the roughest slopes as pasture. Let us yield all this region, with the pine-clad tract of high hills, to the Trojans in friendship, and spell out the just terms of a treaty, and invite them to share our kingdom: let them settle, if their desire is such, and build their city. But if their wish is to conquer other territories and some other nation, and they might leave our soil, let us fashion twenty ships of Italian oak: or more if they can fill them, all the timber lies close to the water: let them set out the number and design of their fleet themselves: we'll give the labour, the shipyard and the bronze. Moreover, I want a hundred envoys to go to carry the news and seal the pact, Latins of noblest birth, holding out branches

Lines 336-375

Tum Drances idem infensus, quem gloria Turni
obliqua inuidia stimulisque agitabat amaris,
largus opum et lingua melior, sed frigida bello
dextera, consiliis habitus non futtilis auctor,
seditione potens (genus huic materna superbum 340
nobilitas dabat, incertum de patre ferebat),
surgit et his onerat dictis atque aggerat iras:
'rem nulli obscuram nostrae nec uocis egentem
consulis, o bone rex: cuncti se scire fatentur
quid fortuna ferat populi, sed dicere mussant. 345
det libertatem fandi flatusque remittat,
cuius ob auspiciu infaustum moresque sinistros
(dicam equidem, licet arma mihi mortemque
minetur)
lumina tot cecidisse ducum totamque uidemus
consedis urbem luctu, dum Troia temptat 350
castra fugae fidens et caelum territat armis.
unum etiam donis istis, quae plurima mitti
Dardanidis dicitue iubes, unum, optime regum,
adicias, nec te ullius uolentia uincat
quin natam egregio genero dignisque hymenaeis

as peace tokens in their hands, and bearing gifts, talents of ivory and gold, and the throne and the robe, symbols of royalty. Consult together, and repair our weary fortunes.'

Drances Attacks Turnus Verbally
Then Drances, whom Turnus's glory provoked with the bitter sting of secret envy, rose, hostile as before,: lavish of his wealth, and a better speaker, but with a hand frozen in battle: held to be no mean adviser in council, and powerful in a quarrel (his mother's high birth granted him nobility, his father's origin was uncertain): and with these words added weight and substance to their anger: 'O gracious king, you consult us on a subject clear to all, and needing no speech from us: everyone acknowledges they know what the public good demands, but shrink from speech. Let that man, through whose inauspicious leadership and perverse ways (speak I will though he threaten me with violence or death) we have seen so many glorious leaders fall, and the city sunk in mourning, while he attacks the Trojan camp, trusting in flight, and frightens heaven with his weapons, let him grant freedom of speech, and cease his arrogance. Add one further gift to the many you order us to send and communicate to the Trojans, one more,

355

des pater, et pacem hanc aeterno foedere iungas.
quod si tantus habet mentes et pectora terror,
ipsum obtestemur ueniamque oremus ab ipso:
cedat, ius proprium regi patriaeque remittat.
quid miseros totiens in aperta pericula ciuis 360
proicis, o Latio caput horum et causa malorum?
nulla salus bello, pacem te poscimus omnes,
Turne, simul pacis solum inuiolabile pignus.
primus ego, inuisum quem tu tibi fingis (et esse
nil moror), en supplex uenio. miserere tuorum, 365
pone animos et pulsus abi. sat funera fusi
uidimus ingentis et desolauimus agros.
aut, si fama mouet, si tantum pectore robur
concipis et si adeo dotalis regia cordi est,
aude atque aduersum fidens fer pectus in hostem.
370

scilicet ut Turno contingat regia coniunx,
nos animae uiles, inhumata infletaque turba,
sternamur campis. etiam tu, si qua tibi uis,
si patrii quid Martis habes, illum aspice contra
qui uocat.' 375

gracious king, why not, as a father may, and let no man's violence prevent you, give your daughter to an illustrious man in a marriage worthy of her, binding this peace with an everlasting contract. But if fear of doing such possesses our minds and hearts, let us appeal to the prince, and beg permission from him: to yield, and give up his rights in favour of his king and his country. O Turnus, you who are the source and reason for all these problems for Latium, why do you so often hurl your wretched countrymen into obvious danger? There's no remedy in war, we all ask you for peace, together with the sole inviolable pledge of peace. I first of all, whom you imagine to be your enemy (and I will not contest it) come as a suppliant. Pity your people, set your pride aside, and conquered, give way. Routed, we have seen enough of death and made broad acres desolate. Or, if glory stirs you, if you harbour such strength of feeling, and if a palace as dowry is so dear to you, be bold, and carry yourself confidently against the enemy. Surely we whose lives are worthless should be scattered over the fields, unburied and unwept, so that Turnus might gain his royal bride? And you too, if you have any strength, if you have any of your father's warlike spirit, you must look into the

Lines 376-444

Talibus exarsit dictis uiolentia Turni.
dat gemitum rumpitque has imo pectore uoces:
'larga quidem semper, Drance, tibi copia fandi
tum cum bella manus poscunt, patribusque uocatis
primus ades. sed non replenda est curia uerbis, 380
quae tuto tibi magna uolant, dum distinet hostem
agger murorum nec inundant sanguine fossae.
proinde tona eloquio (solitum tibi) meque timoris
argue tu, Drance, quando tot stragis aceros
Teucrorum tua dextra dedit, passimque tropaeis 385
insignis agros. possit quid uiuida uirtus
experiare licet, nec longe scilicet hostes
quaerendi nobis; circumstant undique muros.
imus in aduersos?quid cessas? an tibi Mauors
uentosa in lingua pedibusque fugacibus istis 390
semper erit?
pulsus ego? aut quisquam merito, foedissime,
pulsum
arguet, Iliaco tumidum qui crescere Thybrim
sanguine et Euandri totam cum stirpe uidebit
procubuisse domum atque exutos Arcadas armis?
395
haud ita me experti Bitias et Pandarus ingens
et quos mille die uictor sub Tartara misi,

face of your challenger.'

Turnus

Turnus's fury blazed at such a speech. He gasped and from the depths of his heart gave vent to these words: 'Drances, it's true you always have more than plenty to say whenever war calls for men, and you're first to appear when the senate is called together. But there's no need to fill the council-house with words, that fly so freely from you when you are safe, when the rampart walls keep the enemy off and the ditches are not yet drowned in blood. So thunder away, eloquently (as is your wont) Drances, and charge me with cowardice when your hand has produced like mounds of Trojan dead, and dotted the fields everywhere with trophies. You're free to try what raw courage can do, and certainly we don't need to search far for enemies: they're surrounding the walls on every side. Shall we go against them? Why hesitate? Will your appetite for war always remain in your airy tongue and fleeing feet? I, beaten? You total disgrace, can anyone who sees the Tiber swollen with Trojan blood, and all Evander's house and race toppled, and the Arcadians stripped of weapons, say with justice I am beaten? Bitias, and giant Pandarus, and the thousand men that I as victor sent

Replies

inclusus muris hostileque aggere saeptus.
nulla salus bello? capiti cane talia, demens,
Dardanio rebusque tuis. proinde omnia magno 400
ne cessa turbare metu atque extollere uiris
gentis bis uictae, contra premere arma Latini.
nunc et Myrmidonum proceres Phrygia arma
tremescunt,
nunc et Tydides et Larisaeus Achilles,
amnis et Hadriacas retro fugit Aufidus undas. 405
uel cum se pauidum contra mea iurgia fingit,
artificis scelus, et formidine crimen acerbat.
numquam animam talem dextra hac (absiste
moueri)
amittes: habitet tecum et sit pectore in isto.
nunc ad te et tua magna, pater, consulta reuertor.
410
si nullam nostris ultra spem ponis in armis,
si tam deserti sumus et semel agmine uerso
funditus occidimus neque habet Fortuna regressum,
oremus pacem et dextras tendamus inertis.
quamquam o si solitae quicquam uirtutis adesset!
415
ille mihi ante alios fortunatusque laborum
egregiusque animi, qui, ne quid tale uideret,
procubuit moriens et humum semel ore momordit.
sin et opes nobis et adhuc intacta iuuentus

down to Tartarus in one day, did not find it so,
imprisoned though I was by the walls, and hedged
by enemy ramparts. No safety in war? Madman,
sing such about the Trojan's life, and your
possessions. Go on then, troubling everyone with
your great fears, and extolling the powers of a race
twice-defeated, while disparaging Latinus's army.
Now even Myrmidon princes, now Diomede,
Tydeus's son, and Larissean Achilles, tremble at
Trojan weapons, and Aufidus's river flows
backwards from the Adriatic waves. And what
when he pretends he's afraid to quarrel with me, the
cunning rascal, and intensifies the charge with false
terror. You'll not lose a life like yours to my right
hand (don't shrink) keep it, let it remain in your
breast. Now, old father, I return to you and your
great debate. If you place no further hope in our
forces, if we're so desolate, if one reverse for our
troops has utterly destroyed us, and our Fortunes
cannot return, let's stretch out our helpless hands,
and sue for peace. Oh if only our traditional
courage was here, though. That man to me would
be happy in his efforts, and outstanding in spirit,
who had fallen in death, so as not to see such
things, and who had bitten the dust once and for all.
Yet if we still have our wealth and manhood intact

auxilioque urbes Italae populique supersunt, 420
sin et Troianis cum multo gloria uenit
sanguine (sunt illis sua funera, parque per omnis
tempestas), cur indecores in limine primo
deficimus? cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus?
multa dies uariique labor mutabilis aevi 425
rettulit in melius, multos alterna reuisens
lusit et in solido rursus Fortuna locauit.
non erit auxilio nobis Aetolus et Arpi:
at Messapus erit felixque Tolumnius et quos
tot populi misere duces, nec parua sequetur 430
gloria delectos Latio et Laurentibus agris.
est et Volscorum egregia de gente Camilla
agmen agens equitum et florentis aere cateruas.
quod si me solum Teucris in certamina poscunt
idque placet tantumque bonis communibus obsto,
435
non adeo has exosa manus Victoria fugit
ut tanta quicquam pro spe temptare recusem.
ibo animis contra, uel magnum praestet Achillem
factaque Volcani manibus paria induat arma
ille licet. uobis animam hanc soceroque Latino 440
Turnus ego, haud ulli ueterum uirtute secundus,
deuoui. solum Aeneas uocat? et uocet oro;
nec Drances potius, siue est haec ira deorum,
morte luat, siue est uirtus et gloria, tollat.'

and nations and cities of Italy are still our allies, if
the Trojans won glory with great bloodshed, (they
too have their dead, the storm of war's the same for
all) why do we lose heart, shamefully, on the very
threshold? Why does fear seize our limbs before
the trumpets sound? Many things change for the
better with time, and the various labours of altering
years: Fortune toys with many a man, then, visiting
him in turn, sets him on solid ground again. The
Aetolian and his Arpi will be no help to us: but
Messapus will, and Tolumnius, the fortunate, and
all those leaders sent by many a people: no little
glory will accrue to the flower of Latium and
Laurentine fields. We have Camilla too, of the
glorious Volscian nation, leading her troop of
riders, and squadrons bright with bronze. But if the
Trojans only call me to fight, and that's your wish,
if I'm so great an obstacle to the common good,
Victory is far from having fled these hands of mine
with such hatred that I should refuse to try anything
for a hope so sweet. I'd face him with courage
though he outclassed great Achilles, and wore
armour to match, fashioned by Vulcan's hands. I,
Turnus, not second in virtue to any of my ancestors,
dedicate my life to you all, and to Latinus, father of
my bride, Aeneas challenges me alone? I pray that

Lines 445-531

Illi haec inter se dubiis de rebus agebant 445
certantes: castra Aeneas aciemque mouebat.
nuntius ingenti per regia tecta tumultu
ecce ruit magnisque urbem terroribus implet:
instructos acie Tiberino a flumine Teucros
Tyrrhenamque manum totis descendere campis.
450

extemplo turbati animi concussaue uulgi
pectora et arrectae stimulis haud mollibus irae.
arma manu trepidi poscunt, fremit arma iuuentus,
flent maesti mussantque patres. hic undique clamor
dissensu uario magnus se tollit in auras, 455
haud secus atque alto in luco cum forte cateruae
consedere auium, piscosoue amne Padusae
dant sonitum rauci per stagna loquacia cycni.
'immo,' ait 'o ciues,' arrepto tempore Turnus,
'cogite concilium et pacem laudate sedentes; 460
illi armis in regna ruunt.' nec plura locutus
corripuit sese et tectis citus extulit altis.
'tu, Voluse, armari Volscorum edice manipulis,
duc' ait 'et Rutulos. equitem Messapus in armis,

he does so challenge: and, if the gods' anger is in this, that it is not Drances rather than I who appeases them in death, or if there's worth and glory, takes it all.

The Trojans Attack

Arguing among themselves, they debated the issues in doubt: while Aeneas was moving his camp and lines. See, a messenger runs through the royal palace, with great commotion, filling the city with huge alarm: the Trojans, ready for battle, and the Etruscan ranks were sweeping down from the river Tiber, over the plain. At once people's minds were troubled, their hearts shaken, and their deep anger roused by the ungentle shock. Anxiously they called for weapons: weapons the young men shouted, while their sad fathers wept and murmured. And now a great clamour filled with discord rose to heaven on every side, as when a flock of birds settles by chance in some tall grove, or when the swans give their hoarse calls, among noisy pools, by Padusa's fish-filled streams. 'Yes, oh citizens,' Turnus cried, seizing his moment, 'convene your council and sit there praising peace: while they attack us with weapons.' He said no more but sprang up and went swiftly from the high halls. 'You, Volusus,' he shouted, 'tell the Volscian

et cum fratre Coras latis diffundite campis. 465
pars aditus urbis firment turrisque capessant;
cetera, qua iusso, mecum manus inferat arma.'
Ilicet in muros tota discurritur urbe.
concilium ipse pater et magna incepta Latinus
deserit ac tristi turbatus tempore differt, 470
multaque se incusat qui non acceperit ultro
Dardanium Aenean generumque ascuerit urbi.
praefodiunt alii portas aut saxa sudesque
subuectant. bello dat signum rauca cruentum
bucina. tum muros uaria cinxere corona 475
matronae puerique, uocat labor ultimus omnis.
nec non ad templum summasque ad Palladis arces
subuehitur magna matrum regina caterua
dona ferens, iuxtaque comes Lauinia uirgo,
causa mali tanti, oculos deiecta decoros. 480
succedunt matres et templum ture uaporant
et maestas alto fundunt de limine uoces:
'armipotens, praeses belli, Tritonia uirgo,
frange manu telum Phrygii praedonis, et ipsum
prorum sterne solo portisque effunde sub altis.' 485
cingitur ipse furens certatim in proelia Turnus.
iamque adeo rutilum thoraca indutus aenis
horrebat squamis surasque incluserat auro,
tempora nudus adhuc, laterique accinxerat ensem,
fulgebatque alta decurrens aureus arce 490

troops to arm, and lead the Rutulians. Messapus, and Coras with your brother, deploy the cavalry, under arms, over the wide plain. Let some secure the city gates, and occupy the towers: the rest carry their weapons with me, where I order.' At once there was a rush to the walls all over the city. King Latinus himself left the council, dismayed by the darkness of the hour, and abandoned his great plan, reproaching himself again and again for not having freely received Trojan Aeneas, and adopted him as his son-in-law for the city's sake. Some dug trenches in front of the gates or carried stones and stakes. The harsh trumpet gave the cruel call to war. Then a diverse circle of mothers and sons ringed the walls: this final trial summoned them all. Moreover the Queen, with a great crowd of women, drove to Pallas's temple on the heights of the citadel carrying gifts, virgin Lavinia next to her as her companion, a source of so much trouble, her beautiful eyes cast down. The women climbed to the temple, filled it with incense fumes, and poured out sad prayers from the high threshold: 'Tritonian Virgin, mighty in weapons, ruler of war, shatter the spear of the Trojan robber, with your hand, hurl him flat on the earth, stretch him prone beneath our high gates.' Turnus, in a fury of zeal, armed himself

exsultatque animis et spe iam praecipit hostem:
qualis ubi abruptis fugit praesepia uinclis
tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto
aut ille in pastus armentaue tendit equarum
aut adsuetus aquae perfundi flumine noto 495
emicat, arrectisque fremit ceruicibus alte
luxurians luduntque iubae per colla, per armos.
Obuia cui Volscorum acie comitante Camilla
occurrit portisque ab equo regina sub ipsis
desiluit, quam tota cohors imitata relictis 500
ad terram defluxit equis; tum talia fatur:
'Turne, sui merito si qua est fiducia forti,
audeo et Aeneadam promitto occurrere turmae
solaque Tyrrhenos equites ire obuia contra.
me sine prima manu temptare pericula belli, 505
tu pedes ad muros subsiste et moenia serua.'
Turnus ad haec oculos horrenda in uirgine fixus:
'o decus Italiae uirgo, quas dicere grates
quasue referre parem? sed nunc, est omnia quando
iste animus supra, mecum partire laborem. 510
Aeneas, ut fama fidem missique reportant
exploratores, equitum leuia improbus arma
praemisit, quaterent campos; ipse ardua montis
per deserta iugo superans aduentat ad urbem.
furta paro belli conuexo in tramite siluae, 515
ut biuias armato obsidam milite fauces.

for battle. He was already dressed in his glowing breastplate, bristling with bronze scales, his legs sheathed in gold, his temples still bare, his sword buckled to his side, shining, splendid, as he ran down from the citadel's heights, exultant in spirit, already anticipating the enemy in hope: like a stallion, breaking his tether and fleeing his stall, free at last, lord of the open plain, who either heads for the pastures and the herds of mares, or, used to bathing in some familiar river, gallops away, and, with head held high, neighs with pleasure, his mane playing over neck and shoulder. Camilla sped to meet him, accompanied by her Volscian troops, and alighted from her horse close by the gates, all her company leaving their mounts at her example, and slipping to earth: then she spoke as follows: 'Turnus, if the brave may rightly have faith in themselves, I dare to, and promise to, encounter Aeneas's cavalry, and ride to meet the Etruscan horsemen alone. Let me attempt the first dangers of the battle with my hand while you stay by the walls and protect the ramparts.' Turnus replied, his gaze fixed on this amazing girl: 'O virgin glory of Italy, how should I attempt to thank you or repay you? But as your spirit soars beyond us all, share the task with me. Aeneas, so rumour says, and scouts sent

tu Tyrrhenum equitem conlatis excipe signis;
tecum acer Messapus erit turmaeque Latinae
Tiburtique manus, ducis et tu concipe curam.'
sic ait, et paribus Messapum in proelia dictis 520
hortatur sociosque duces et pergit in hostem.
Est curuo anfractu ualles, accommoda fraudi
armorumque dolis, quam densis frondibus atrum
urget utrimque latus, tenuis quo semita ducit
angustaeque ferunt fauces aditusque maligni. 525
hanc super in speculis summoque in uertice montis
planities ignota iacet tutique receptus,
seu dextra laeuaque uelis occurrere pugnae
siue instare iugis et grandia uoluere saxa.
huc iuuenis nota fertur regione uiarum 530
arripuitque locum et siluis insedit iniquis.

Lines 532-596

Velocem interea superis in sedibus Opim,
unam ex uirginibus sociis sacraque caterua,

out confirm, has deployed his light cavalry to search the plains thoroughly: he himself climbing the ridge, marches through the desolate heights towards the town. I am preparing an ambush on a deep track in the woods, so as to block both entrances to the gorge with armed men: you must wait for the Etruscan cavalry charge: brave Messapus will be with you, and the Latin troops, and Tiburtus's band, and you must take command as leader.' So he spoke, and exhorted Messapus and all the allied generals to battle, with similar words, then moved against the enemy. There's a valley with a winding bend, suitable for the tricks and stratagems of warfare, crowded on both sides by a dark wall of dense leaves, to which a narrow track leads: it has a confined floor, and a difficult entrance. Above it, among the look-outs of the high mountain tops, lies a hidden level and a secure shelter, whether one wishes to attack to right or left, or make a stand on the ridge and roll huge boulders down. Here the warrior hurried by a well known network of paths and taking position he occupied the treacherous woods.

Diana's Concern For Camilla
Meanwhile, in heaven's halls, Diana, Latona's daughter, spoke to swift Opis, one of her sacred

compellabat et has tristes Latonia uoces
ore dabat: 'graditur bellum ad crudele Camilla, 535
o uirgo, et nostris nequiquam cingitur armis,
cara mihi ante alias. neque enim nouus iste Dianae
uenit amor subitaque animum dulcedine mouit.
pulsus ob inuidiam regno uirisque superbas
Priuerno antiqua Metabus cum excederet urbe, 540
infantem fugiens media inter proelia belli
sustulit exsilio comitem, matrisque uocauit
nomine Casmillae mutata parte Camillam.
ipse sinu prae se portans iuga longa petebat
solorum nemorum: tela undique saeua premebant
545
et circumfuso uolabant milite Volsci.
ecce fugae medio summis Amasenus abundans
spumabat ripis, tantus se nubibus imber
ruperat. ille innare parans infantis amore
tardatur caroque oneri timet. omnia secum 550
uersanti subito uix haec sententia sedit:
telum immane manu ualida quod forte gerebat
bellator, solidum nodis et robore cocto,
huic natam libro et siluestri subere clausam
implicat atque habilem mediae circumligat hastae;
555
quam dextra ingenti librans ita ad aethera fatur:
"alma, tibi hanc, nemorum cultrix, Latonia uirgo,

band of virgin followers, and gave voice to these
sorrowful words: 'O girl, Camilla, is going to the
cruel war, and takes up my weapons in vain. She's
dearer to me than all others, and this is no new love
that comes to Diana, or moves my spirit with
sudden sweetness. When Metabus was driven from
his throne by hatred of his tyrannical power, and
was leaving Privernum, his ancient city, fleeing
amidst the conflict of war, he took his child to share
his exile, and, slightly altering her mother's name
Casmilla, called her Camilla. Carrying her in front
of him at his breast he sought a long ridge of lonely
forests: fierce weapons threatened him on every
side, and the Volscians hovered round him with
their troops. While they were still in mid- flight,
see, the Ausenus overflowed, foaming to the top of
its banks, so great a downpour burst from the
clouds. He, preparing to swim across, was held
back by love of his child, and fear for his dear
burden. Quickly, debating all options with himself,
he settled reluctantly on this idea: the warrior
fastened his daughter to the giant spear, solid with
knots and of seasoned oak, he chanced to be
carrying in his strong hand, wrapping her in the
bark of a cork- tree from the woods, and tying her
wisely to the middle of the shaft: then balancing it

ipse pater famulam uoueo; tua prima per auras
tela tenens supplex hostem fugit. accipe, testor,
diua tuam, quae nunc dubiis committitur auris."

560

dixit, et adducto contortum hastile lacerto
immittit: sonuere undae, rapidum super amnem
infelix fugit in iaculo stridente Camilla.

at Metabus magna propius iam urgente caterua
dat sese fluuio, atque hastam cum uirgine uictor
565

gramineo, donum Triuiaae, de caespite uellit.
non illum tectis ullae, non moenibus urbes
accepere (neque ipse manus feritate dedisset),
pastorum et solis exegit montibus aeuum.

hic natam in dumis interque horrentia lustra 570

armentalis equae mammis et lacte ferino
nutribat teneris immulgens ubera labris.
utque pedum primis infans uestigia plantis
institerat, iaculo palmas armauit acuto
spiculaque ex umero paruae suspendit et arcum.
575

pro crinali auro, pro longae tegmine pallae
tigridis exuuiæ per dorsum a uertice pendent.
tela manu iam tum tenera puerilia torsit
et fundam tereti circum caput egit habena
Strymoniamque gruem aut album deiecit olorem.

in his mighty hand he cried out to the heavens:
'Kind virgin daughter of Latona, dweller in the
woods, I her father dedicate this child to your
service: fleeing the enemy through the air, yours is
the first weapon she clasps as a suppliant. Goddess
I beg you to accept as your own this that I now
commit to the uncertain breeze.' He spoke, and
drawing back his arm hurled the spinning shaft: the
waters roared, and the wretched Camilla flew over
the rushing river on the hissing steel. And Metabus,
with a great crowd of his enemies pressing him
closely, gave himself to the flood, and victoriously
snatched his gift to Diana from the grassy turf, the
spear and the little maid. No city would accept him
within their houses or their walls, (nor would he in
his savagery have given himself up to them) he
passed his life among shepherds on the lonely
mountains. Here, among the thickets of savage
lairs, he nourished his child at the udders of a mare
from the herd, and milk from wild creatures,
squeezing the teats into her delicate mouth. As soon
as the infant had taken her first steps, he placed a
sharp lance in her hands, and hung bow and quiver
from the little one's shoulder. A tiger's pelt hung
over head and down her back instead of a gold
clasp for her hair, and a long trailing robe. Even

580

multae illam frustra Tyrrhena per oppida matres
optauere nurum; sola contenta Diana
aeternum telorum et uirginitatis amorem
intemerata colit. uellem haud correpta fuisset
militia tali conata lacescere Teucros: 585
cara mihi comitumque foret nunc una mearum.
uerum age, quandoquidem fatis urgetur acerbis,
labere, nympa, polo finisque inuise Latinos,
tristis ubi infausto committitur omine pugna.
haec cape et ultricem pharetra deprome sagittam:
590

hac, quicumque sacrum uiolarit uulnere corpus,
Tros Italusque, mihi pariter det sanguine poenas.
post ego nube caua miserandae corpus et arma
inpoliata feram tumulo patriaeque reponam.'
dixit, at illa leuis caeli delapsa per auras 595
insonuit nigro circumdata turbine corpus.

Lines 597-647

At manus interea muris Troiana propinquat,
Etruscique duces equitumque exercitus omnis
compositi numero in turmas. fremit aequore toto

then she was hurling childish spears with tender hand, whirling a smooth-thonged sling round her head, bringing down Strymonian cranes and snowy swans. Many a mother in Etruscan fortresses wished for her as a daughter-in-law in vain: she, pure, content with Diana alone, cherished her love of her weapons and maidenhood. I wish she had not been swept up into such warfare, trying to challenge the Trojans: she would be my darling, and one of my company still. Come now, nymph, since bitter fate drives her on, slip from the sky and seek out the Latin borders, where with evil omen they join in sad battle. Take these weapons and draw an avenging arrow from the quiver, and if anyone violates her sacred flesh by wounding her, Trojan or Italian, pay me with their equal punishment in blood. Then I'll carry the body and untouched weapons of the poor girl in a cavernous cloud to a sepulchre, and bury her in her own land.' She spoke, and Opis slid down with a sound through heaven's light air, her body veiled in a dark whirlwind.

The

Armies

Engage

In the meantime the Trojan band with the Etruscan leaders, and all the cavalry, approached the walls, marshalled in squadrons troop by troop. Warhorses

insultans sonipes et pressis pugnat habenis 600
huc conuersus et huc; tum late ferreus hastis
horret ager campique armis sublimibus ardent.
nec non Messapus contra celeresque Latini
et cum fratre Coras et uirginis ala Camillae
aduersi campo apparent, hastasque reductis 605
protendunt longe dextris et spicula uibrant,
aduentusque uirum fremitusque ardescit equorum.
iamque intra iactum teli progressus uterque
substiterat: subito erumpunt clamore furentisque
exhortantur equos, fundunt simul undique tela 610
crebra niuis ritu, caelumque obtexitur umbra.
continuo aduersis Tyrrhenus et acer Aconteus
conixi incurrunt hastis primique ruinam
dant sonitu ingenti perfractaque quadripedantum
pectora pectoribus rumpunt; excussus Aconteus
615
fulminis in morem aut tormento ponderis acti
praecipitat longe et uitam dispergit in auras.
Extemplo turbatae acies, uersique Latini
reiciunt parmas et equos ad moenia uertunt;
Troes agunt, princeps turmas inducit Asilas. 620
iamque propinquabant portis rursusque Latini
clamorem tollunt et mollia colla reflectunt;
hi fugiunt penitusque datis referuntur habenis.
qualis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus

neighing, cavorted over the whole area, fighting the tight rein, prancing this way and that: the field bristled far and wide with the steel of spears, and the plain blazed with lifted weapons. On the other side, also, Messapus, and the swift Latins, Coras with his brother, and virgin Camilla's wing appeared, opposing them on the plain, and drawing their right arms far back they thrust their lances forward, the spear-points quivered: the march of men and the neighing of horses increased. And now both halted their advance within a spear's throw: they ran forward with a sudden shout and spurred on their maddened horses, spears showered from all sides at once as dense as snowflakes, and the sky was veiled in darkness. Immediately Tyrrhenus and brave Aconteus charged each other, with levelled spears, and were the first to fall with a mighty crash, shattering their horses' breastbones as they collided: Aconteus, hurled like a thunderbolt or a heavy stone shot from a catapult, was thrown some distance, and wasted his breath of life on the air. At once the ranks wavered, and the Latins slung their shields behind them, and turned their mounts towards the walls. The Trojans pursued, Asilas their leader heading the squadrons. Now they were nearing the gates when the Latins again raised a

nunc ruit ad terram scopulosque superiacit unda
625
spumeus extremamque sinu perfundit harenam,
nunc rapidus retro atque aestu reuoluta resorbens
saxa fugit litusque uado labente relinquit:
bis Tusci Rutulos egere ad moenia uersos,
bis reiecti armis respectant terga tegentes. 630
tertia sed postquam congressi in proelia totas
implicuere inter se acies legitque uirum uir,
tum uero et gemitus morientum et sanguine in alto
armaque corporaque et permixti caede uirorum
semianimes uoluuntur equi, pugna aspera surgit.
635

Orsilochus Remuli, quando ipsum horrebat adire,
hastam intorsit equo ferrumque sub aure reliquit;
quo sonipes ictu furit arduus altaque iactat
uulneris impatiens arrecto pectore crura,
uoluitur ille excussus humi. Catillus Iollan 640
ingentemque animis, ingentem corpore et armis
deicit Herminium, nudo cui uertice fulua
caesaries nudique umeri nec uulnera terrent;
tantus in arma patet. latos huic hasta per armos
acta tremit duplicatque uirum transfixa dolore. 645
funditur ater ubique cruor; dant funera ferro
certantes pulchramque petunt per uulnera mortem.

shout, and turned their horse's responsive necks: the
Trojans now fled, and retreated to a distance with
loose reins, like the sea running in with alternate
waves, now rushing to shore, dashing over the
rocks in a foaming flood, drenching the furthest
sands with its swell, now retreating quickly,
sucking rolling pebbles in its wash, leaving dry
sand as the shallows ebbed: twice the Tuscans
drove the routed Rutulians to the city, twice,
repulsed, they looked behind, defending their backs
with their shields. But when they clashed in a third
encounter their lines locked tight, and man marked
man, then truly, the battle swelled fiercely among
the groans of the dying, with weapons, bodies, and
horses in their death-throes, in pools of blood,
entangled with slaughtered riders. Orsilochus
hurled a lance at Remulus's horse, fearing to attack
the man, and left the point embedded beneath its
ear: The rearing charger, maddened by the blow,
and unable to bear the wound, lifted its chest, and
thrashed high with its forelegs, Remulus thrown
clear, rolled on the ground. Catillus felled Iollas
and Herminius, a giant in courage, a giant in torso
and limbs, tawny hair on his head, his shoulders
bare, for whom wounds held no terror he spread so
wide in his armour. The driven spear passed

Lines 648-724

At medias inter caedes exultat Amazon
unum exserta latus pugnae, pharetrata Camilla,
et nunc lenta manu spargens hastilia denset, 650
nunc ualidam dextra rapit indefessa bipennem;
aureus ex umero sonat arcus et arma Dianae.
illa etiam, si quando in tergum pulsa recessit,
spicula conuerso fugientia derigit arcu.
at circum lectae comites, Larinaque uirgo 655
Tullaque et aeratam quatiens Tarpeia securim,
Italides, quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla
delegit pacisque bonas bellique ministras:
quales Threiciae cum flumina Thermodontis
pulsant et pictis bellantur Amazones armis, 660
seu circum Hippolyten seu cum se Martia curru
Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu
feminea exsultant lunatis agmina peltis.
Quem telo primum, quem postremum, aspera uirgo,
deicis? aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?
665
Eunaeum Clytio primum patre, cuius apertum

quivering through his broad shoulders, and, piercing him, doubled him up with pain. Dark blood streamed everywhere: clashing with swords, they dealt death and sought a glorious ending through their wounds.

Camilla	In	Action
But an Amazon exulted in the midst of the slaughter, with one breast bared for battle: Camilla, armed with her quiver: now she showered sturdy javelins, scattering them from her hands, now she lifted a strong battle-axe in her unwearied grasp: and Diana's weapon, a golden bow, rattled on her shoulder. Even when she retreated, attacked from behind, she reversed her bow and fired arrows while fleeing. And around her were chosen comrades, virgin Larina, and Tulla, and Tarpeia wielding her axe of bronze, the Italides, daughters of Italy, whom noble Camilla chose herself as her glory, faithful servants in peace or war: such were the Amazons of Thrace, treading Thermodon's streams, and fighting with ornate weapons, around Hippolyte, or when Penthesilea returned, in her chariot, and the ranks of women with crescent shields exulted. Whom did you strike, first and last, with your spear, fierce girl? How many bodies did you spill over the earth? Euneus, son of Clytius,		

aduersi longa transuerberat abiete pectus.
sanguinis ille uomens riuos cadit atque cruentam
mandit humum moriensque suo se in uulnere
uersat.
tum Lirim Pagasumque super, quorum alter
habenas 670
suffuso reuolutus equo dum colligit, alter
dum subit ac dextram labenti tendit inermem,
praecipites pariterque ruunt. his addit Amastrum
Hippotaden, sequiturque incumbens eminus hasta
Tereaque Harpalycumque et Demophoonta
Chromimque; 675
quotque emissa manu contorsit spicula uirgo,
tot Phrygii cecidere uiri. procul Ornytus armis
ignotis et equo uenator Iapyge fertur,
cui pellis latos umeros erepta iuueno
pugnatori operit, caput ingens oris hiatus 680
et malae texere lupi cum dentibus albis,
agrestisque manus armat sparus; ipse cateruis
uertitur in mediis et toto uertice supra est.
hunc illa exceptum (neque enim labor agmine
uerso)
traicit et super haec inimico pectore fatur: 685
'siluis te, Tyrrhene, feras agitare putasti?
aduenit qui uestra dies muliebribus armis
uerba redargueret. nomen tamen haud leue patrum

was the first, whose exposed chest she pierced with her long shaft of pine, as he faced her. He fell, spewing streams of blood, and bit the gory dust, and, dying, writhed on his wound. Then she killed Liris and Pagasus too, one gathering the reins of his wounded horse as he rolled from it, the other nearing to stretch out a defenceless hand to the falling man, both flung headlong together. She added to them Amastrus, son of Hippotas, and, leaning forward to throw, sent her spear after Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoon and Cromis: and as many spears as the girl sent spinning from her hand, so many Trojan warriors fell. The huntsman Ornytus was riding far off, in unfamiliar armour, on his Iapygian horse, the hide stripped from a bullock covering his broad shoulders, his head protected by a wolf's huge gaping mask, and white-toothed jaws, a rustic's hunting-spear in his hand: he moved along in the centre of the army, a full head above the rest. Catching him she struck him (no effort in the routed ranks) then with pitiless heart spoke above him: 'Did you think you chased prey in the forest, Tuscan? The day is here that proves your words wrong, with a woman's weapons. But you'll carry no small fame to your father's shades, you fell to Camilla's spear.' Then she killed Orsilochnus and

manibus hoc referes, telo cecidisse Camillae.'
Protinus Orsilochum et Buten, duo maxima
Teucrum 690
corpora, sed Buten auersum cuspide fixit
loricam galeamque inter, qua colla sedentis
lucent et laeuo dependet parma lacerto;
Orsilochum fugiens magnumque agitata per orbem
eludit gyro interior sequiturque sequentem; 695
tum ualidam perque arma uiro perque ossa securim
altior exurgens oranti et multa precanti
congeminat; uulnus calido rigat ora cerebro.
incidit huic subitoque aspectu territus haesit
Appennicolae bellator filius Auni, 700
haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant.
isque ubi se nullo iam cursu euadere pugnae
posse neque instantem reginam auertere cernit,
consilio uersare dolos ingressus et astu
incipit haec: 'quid tam egregium, si femina forti 705
fidis equo? dimitte fugam et te comminus aequo
mecum crede solo pugnaeque accinge pedestri:
iam nosces uentosa ferat cui gloria fraudem.'
dixit, at illa furens acrique accensa dolore
tradit equum comiti paribusque resistit in armis 710
ense pedes nudo puraque interrita parma.
at iuuenis uicisse dolo ratus auolat ipse
(haud mora), conuersisque fugax aufertur habenis

Butes, two of the largest Trojans, Butes she fixed
with a spear in the back, between breastplate and
helmet, where the rider's neck gleams and the
shield hangs from the left arm: while fleeing from
Orsilochus, chased in a wide circle, she eluded him,
wheeling inside, pursuing the pursuer: then, lifting
herself higher, drove her strong axe, again and
again, through armour and bone, as he begged and
prayed desperately: the wounds staining his face
with warm brain-matter. Now the warrior son of
Aunus, met her, and suddenly halted, terrified at the
sight, he a man of the Apennines, not the least of
the lying Ligurians while fate allowed it. When he
saw he couldn't escape a fight by a turn of speed, or
divert the queen from her attack, he tried to devise
a stratagem with wit and cunning, as follows:
'What's so great about relying on a strong horse,
woman? Forget flight, and trust yourself to fighting
me on level ground, equip yourself to battle on
foot: you'll soon know whose windy boasting's an
illusion.' He spoke, and she, raging and burning
with bitter resentment, handed her horse to a friend,
and faced him with equal weapons. on foot and
unafraid, with naked sword and plain shield. But
the youth, sure he had won by guile, sped off
(instantly), flicking his reins, took to flight,

quadripedemque citum ferrata calce fatigat.
'uane Ligus frustra que animis elate superbis, 715
nequiquam patrias temptasti lubricus artis,
nec fraus te incolumem fallaci perferet Auno.'
haec fatur uirgo, et pernicibus ignea plantis
transit equum cursu frenisque aduersa prehensis
concreditur poenasque inimico ex sanguine sumit:
720

quam facile accipiter saxo sacer ales ab alto
consequitur pennis sublimem in nube columbam
comprehensamque tenet pedibusque euiscerat uncis;
tum cruor et uulsae labuntur ab aethere plumae.

Lines 725-767

At non haec nullis hominum sator atque deorum
725

obseruans oculis summo sedet altus Olympo.
Tyrrhenum genitor Tarchonem in proelia saeua
suscitat et stimulis haud mollibus incit iras.
ergo inter caedes cedentiaque agmina Tarchon
fertur equo uariisque instigat uocibus alas 730
nomine quemque uocans, reficitque in proelia
pulsos.

'quis metus, o numquam dolituri, o semper inertes
Tyrrheni, quae tanta animis ignauia uenit?
femina palantis agit atque haec agmina uertit!

pricking his horse to a gallop with spurs of steel.
The girl shouted: 'Stupid Ligurian, uselessly
vaunting your boastful spirit, you've tried your
slippery native wiles in vain, and cunning won't
carry you back to Aunus unharmed.' And like
lightening she intercepted the horse's path, on swift
feet, and seizing the reins from in front tackled him,
and took vengeance on the blood she hated: as light
as a falcon, Apollo's sacred bird, swooping from a
tall rock, overtaking a dove in flight in the high
cloud, holding her in its talons, and tearing her
heart out with its curved talons: while blood and
torn feathers shower from the sky.

Arruns

But the father of gods and men with watchful eyes
sat throned on high Olympus observing it all. The
maker stirred the Etruscan, Tarchon, to fierce battle
and goaded him to anger with no gentle spur. So
Tarchon rode amidst the slaughter and the wavering
ranks, inciting his squadrons with varied shouts,
and calling each man by name, rallying the routed
to the fight. 'What fear, what utter cowardice has
filled your hearts, O, you ever-sluggish Tuscans, O
you who are never ashamed? Can a woman drive
you in disorder and turn your ranks? Why do we
bear swords and spears idle in our right hands? But

Follows

Her

quo ferrum quidue haec gerimus tela inrita dextris?
735

at non in Venerem segnes nocturnaue bella,
aut ubi curua choros indixit tibia Bacchi.

exspectate dapes et plenae pocula mensae
(hic amor, hoc studium) dum sacra secundus
haruspex

nuntiet ac lucos uocet hostia pinguis in altos!" 740

haec effatus equum in medios moriturus et ipse
concitatur, et Venulo aduersum se turbidus infert
dereptumque ab equo dextra complectitur hostem
et gremium ante suum multa ui concitus aufert.

tollitur in caelum clamor cunctique Latini 745

conuertere oculos. uolat igneus aequare Tarchon
arma uirumque ferens; tum summa ipsius ab hasta
defringit ferrum et partis rimatur apertas,
qua uulnus letale ferat; contra ille repugnans
sustinet a iugulo dextram et uim uiribus exit. 750
utque uolans alte raptum cum fulua draconem
fert aquila implicuitque pedes atque unguibus
haesit,

saucius at serpens sinuosa uolumina uersat

arrectisque horret squamis et sibilat ore

arduus insurgens, illa haud minus urget obunco 755

luctantem rostro, simul aethera uerberat alis:

haud aliter praedam Tiburtum ex agmine Tarchon

you are not slow to love or for nocturnal battles,
nor when the curved pipe proclaims the Bacchic
dance. Wait then for the feast and wine-cups on the
loaded tables, (that is your passion and your
pleasure) while the happy seer reports the sacred
omens, and the rich sacrifice calls you into the deep
grove!' So saying, and ready to die, he spurred his
mount into the press, tore at Venulus like a
whirlwind, and snatched him from his horse, and,
clasping his enemy to his chest with his right arm,
and stirring himself to a mighty effort, carried him
off. A shout rose to the skies and all the Latins
turned their gaze that way. Tarchon flew over the
plain like lightning, carrying weapons and man:
then he broke of the iron tip of his enemy's spear,
and searched for an unguarded opening where he
might deal a deadly wound: Venulus, struggling
with him, kept the hand from his throat, meeting
force with force. As when a tawny eagle soaring
high carries a snake it has caught, entwined in its
feet, with talons clinging, while the wounded
serpent writhes in sinuous coils, and rears its
bristling scales, hissing with its mouth as it rises up,
and none the less attacks its struggling prey, with
curved beak, while its wings beat the air: so
Tarchon carried his prize in triumph from the

portat ouans. ducis exemplum euentumque secuti
Maeonidae incurrunt. tum fatis debitus Arruns
uelocem iaculo et multa prior arte Camillam 760
circuit, et quae sit fortuna facillima temptat.
qua se cumque furens medio tulit agmine uirgo,
hac Arruns subit et tacitus uestigia lustrat;
qua uictrix redit illa pedemque ex hoste reportat,
hac iuuenis furtim celeris detorquet habenas. 765
hos aditus iamque hos aditus omnemque pererrat
undique circuitum et certam quatit improbus
hastam.

Lines 768-835

Forte sacer Cybelo Chloerus olimque sacerdos
insignis longe Phrygiis fulgebat in armis
spumantemque agitabat equum, quem pellis aenis
770
in plumam squamis auro conserta tegebat.
ipse peregrina ferrugine clarus et ostro
spicula torquebat Lycio Gortynia cornu;
aureus ex umeris erat arcus et aurea uati
cassida; tum croceam chlamydemque sinusque
crepantis 775
carbaseos fuluo in nodum collegerat auro
pictus acu tunicas et barbara tegmina crurum.
hunc uirgo, siue ut templis praefigeret arma

Tiburitian ranks. Emulating their leader's example
and success, the Etruscans charged. And now
Arruns, a man whose life was owed to the fates,
began to circle swift Camilla, with his javelin, with
skilful cunning, trying for the easiest of chances.
Wherever the girl rode among the ranks, in her
fury, there Arruns shadowed her, and followed her
track in silence: wherever she returned in triumph
or withdrew from the foe, there the youth secretly
turned his quick reins. He tried this approach and
that, travelling the whole circuit on every side,
relentlessly brandishing his sure spear.

The Death of Camilla

It chanced that Chloerus, once a priest, sacred to
Cybele, glittered some distance away splendid in
Phrygian armour, spurring his foam-flecked horse,
that a hide, plumed with bronze scales, and clasped
with gold, protected. He himself, shining with deep
colours and foreign purple, fired Gortynian arrows
from a Lycian bow: the weapon was golden on his
shoulder, and golden the seer's helm: his saffron
cloak and its rustling folds of linen were gathered
into a knot with yellow gold, his tunic and barbaric
leg-coverings embroidered by the needle. The
virgin huntress singling him out from all the press
of battle, either hoping to hang his Trojan weapons

Troia, captiuo siue ut se ferret in auro
uenatrix, unum ex omni certamine pugnae 780
caeca sequebatur totumque incauta per agmen
femineo praedae et spoliolum ardebat amore,
telum ex insidiis cum tandem tempore capto
conciat et superos Arruns sic uoce precatur:
'summe deum, sancti custos Soractis Apollo, 785
quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor aceruo
pascitur, et medium freti pietate per ignem
cultores multa premimus uestigia pruna,
da, pater, hoc nostris aboleri dedecus armis,
omnipotens. non exuuias pulsaeue tropaeum 790
uirginis aut spolia ulla peto, mihi cetera laudem
facta ferent; haec dira meo dum uulnere pestis
pulsa cadat, patrias remeabo inglorius urbes.'
Audiit et uoti Phoebus succedere partem
mente dedit, partem uolucris dispersit in auras: 795
sterneret ut subita turbatam morte Camillam
adnuat oranti; reducem ut patria alta uideret
non dedit, inque Notos uocem uertere procellae.
ergo ut missa manu sonitum dedit hasta per auras,
conuertere animos acris oculosque tulere 800
cuncti ad reginam Volsci. nihil ipsa nec aurae
nec sonitus memor aut uenientis ab aethere teli,
hasta sub exsertam donec perlata papillam
haesit uirgineumque alte bibit acta cruorem.

in the temple, or to display herself in captured gold,
pursued him blindly, and raged recklessly through
the ranks, with a feminine desire for prizes and
spoil, when Arruns, finally seizing his chance,
raised his spear from ambush and prayed aloud,
like this, to heaven: 'Highest of gods, Apollo,
guardian of holy Soracte, whose chief followers are
we for whom the blaze of the pine-wood fire is fed,
and who as worshippers, confident in our faith,
plant our steps on deep embers among the flames,
all-powerful father grant that this shame be effaced
by our weapons. I seek no prize, no trophy of the
girl's defeat, no spoils: some other deed will bring
me fame: only let this dreadful scourge fall
wounded under my blow, and I'll return without
glory to the cities of my ancestors.' Phoebus heard
him, and granted the success of half the prayer in
his mind, half he scattered on the passing breeze:
he agreed to the prayer that Arruns might bring
Camilla to sudden death's ruin: but did not grant
that his noble country should see him return, and
the gusts carried his words away on the southerly
winds. So as the spear whistled through the air,
speeding from his hand, all the Volscians turned
their eager eyes and minds towards the queen. She
herself noticed neither breeze nor sound, nor the

concurrunt trepidae comites dominamque ruentem
805

suscipiunt. fugit ante omnis exterritus Arruns
laetitia mixtoque metu, nec iam amplius hastae
credere nec telis occurrere uirginis audet.
ac uelut ille, prius quam tela inimica sequantur,
continuo in montis sese auisus abdidit altos 810
occiso pastore lupus magnou iuueno,
consciuis audacis facti, caudamque remulcens
subiecit pauitantem utero siluasque petiuit:
haud secus ex oculis se turbidus abstulit Arruns
contentusque fuga mediis se immiscuit armis. 815
illa manu moriens telum trahit, ossa sed inter
ferreus ad costas alto stat uulnere mucro.
labitur exsanguis, labuntur frigida leto
lumina, purpureus quondam color ora reliquit.
tum sic exspirans Accam ex aequalibus unam 820
adloquitur, fida ante alias quae sola Camillae
quicum partiri curas, atque haec ita fatatur:
'hactenus, Acca soror, potui: nunc uulnus acerbum
conficit, et tenebris nigrescunt omnia circum.
effuge et haec Turno mandata nouissima perfer:
825
succedat pugnae Troianosque arceat urbe.
iamque uale.' simul his dictis linquebat habenas
ad terram non sponte fluens. tum frigida toto

weapon falling from the sky, till the spear went home, fixing itself under her naked breast, and driven deep, drank of her virgin blood. Her friends rushed to her anxiously and caught their falling queen. Arruns, more fearful than the rest, fled in joy and terror, not daring to trust his spear further, or meet the virgin's weapons. And as a wolf that has killed a shepherd, or a great bullock, immediately hides itself deep in the pathless mountains before the hostile spears can reach it, conscious of its audacious actions, and holds its lowered tail quivering between its legs, as it heads for the woods: so Arruns, in turmoil, stole away from sight, and, content to escape, plunged into the midst of the army. Camilla tugged at the weapon with dying hands, but the iron point was fixed between the bones, near the ribs, deep in the wound. She sank back bloodless, her eyes sank, chill with death, the once radiant colour had left her cheeks. Then, expiring, she spoke to Acca, one of her peers, faithful to Camilla beyond all others, sole sharer of her sorrows, and uttered these words to her: 'Acca, my sister, my strength lasted this far: now the bitter wound exhausts me, and all around me darkens with shadows. Fly, and carry my final commands to Turnus: he must take my place in the

paulatim exsoluit se corpore, lentaque colla
et captum leto posuit caput, arma relinquens, 830
uitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.
tum uero immensus surgens ferit aurea clamor
sidera: deiecta crudescit pugna Camilla;
incurrunt densi simul omnis copia Teucrum
Tyrrhenique duces Euandrique Arcades alae. 835

Lines 836-915

At Triuiaie custos iam dudum in montibus Opis
alta sedet summis spectatque interrita pugnas.
utque procul medio iuuenum in clamore furentum
prospexit tristi mulcatam morte Camillam,
ingemuitque deditque has imo pectore uoces: 840
'heu nimium, uirgo, nimium crudele luisti
supplicium Teucros conata lacescere bello!
nec tibi desertae in dumis coluisse Dianam
profuit aut nostras umero gessisse pharetras.
non tamen indecorem tua te regina reliquit 845
extrema iam in morte, neque hoc sine nomine letum
per gentis erit aut famam patieris inultae.
nam quicumque tuum uiolauit uulnere corpus

battle, and keep the Trojans from the city. Now farewell.' With these words she let go the reins, slipping helplessly to earth. Then, little by little, growing cold she loosed herself from her body completely, dipping the unresponsive neck and that head death had seized, letting go her weapons, and with a sob her life fled angrily to the shades below. Then indeed an immense shout rose, reaching the golden stars: with Camilla fallen, the battle swelled: the Trojan host, the Etruscan leaders, and Evander's Arcadian squadrons rushed on in a mass together.

Opis

Takes

Revenge

Now Opis, Diana's sentinel, had been seated there on a mountain, for a long time, watching the battle fearlessly. And when she saw far off, amongst the clamour of raging armies, that Camilla had paid the penalty of death, she sighed and uttered these words from the depths of her heart: 'Ah too cruel, virgin girl, too cruel the sacrifice you have made, for trying to challenge the Trojans in war! It has not helped you that you worshipped Diana in the lonely woods and wore our quiver on your shoulder. Yet your queen has not left you without honour now in the extremes of death, nor will your loss be without fame among the people, nor will you suffer the

morte luet merita.' fuit ingens monte sub alto
regis Dercenni terreno ex aggere bustum 850
antiqui Laurentis opacaque ilice tectum;
hic dea se primum rapido pulcherrima nisu
sistit et Arruntem tumulo speculatur ab alto.
ut uidit fulgentem armis ac uana tumentem,
'cur' inquit 'diuersus abis? huc derige gressum, 855
huc periture ueni, capias ut digna Camillae
praemia. tune etiam telis moriere Dianae?'
dixit, et aurata uolucrum Threissa sagittam
deprompsit pharetra cornuque infensa tetendit
et duxit longe, donec curuata coirent 860
inter se capita et manibus iam tangeret aequis,
laeua aciem ferri, dextra neruoque papillam.
extemplo teli stridorem aurasque sonantis
audiit una Arruns haesitque in corpore ferrum.
illum expirantem socii atque extrema gementem
865
obliti ignoto camporum in puluere linqunt;
Opis ad aetherium pennis aufertur Olympum.
Prima fugit domina amissa leuis ala Camillae,
turbati fugiunt Rutuli, fugit acer Atinas,
disiectique duces desolatique manipuli 870
tuta petunt et equis auersi ad moenia tendunt.
nec quisquam instantis Teucros letumque ferentis
sustentare ualet telis aut sistere contra,

infamy of dying un- avenged. For whoever
desecrated your body with this wound will pay the
price of death.' An earthen mound, covered with
shadowy holm-oak, stood beneath the high
mountain, the vast tomb of Dercennus, an ancient
Laurentine king: here the loveliest of goddesses,
after swift flight, first set foot and caught sight of
Arruns from the high tumulus. When she saw him
shining in armour, swollen with pride, she cried:
'Why go so far away? Turn your steps here, come
this way to destruction, and receive your reward,
worthy of Camilla. May even you not die by
Diana's weapons?' She spoke: then the Thracian
goddess took a winged arrow from her golden
quiver, and stretched the bow in anger, drawing it
far back, until the curving horns met, and now with
levelled arms she touched the steel tip with her left
hand, and her breast and the bow- string with her
right. At the same moment as Arruns heard the
hissing dart, and the rushing air, both one, the steel
was fixed in his body. His allies, oblivious, left him
on the unmemorable dust of the plain, gasping and
groaning in extremity: while Opis winged her way
to heavenly Olympus. Camilla's light cavalry were
first to flee, their mistress lost, the Rutulians fled in
turmoil, brave Atinas fled, scattered leaders and

sed laxos referunt umeris languentibus arcus,
quadripedumque putrem cursu quatit ungula
campum. 875
uoluitur ad muros caligine turbidus atra
pulis, et e speculis percussae pectora matres
femineum clamorem ad caeli sidera tollunt.
qui cursu portas primi inrupere patentis,
hos inimica super mixto premit agmine turba, 880
nec miseram effugiunt mortem, sed limine in ipso,
moenibus in patriis atque inter tuta domorum
confixi exspirant animas. pars claudere portas,
nec sociis aperire uiam nec moenibus audent
accipere orantis, oriturque miserrima caedes 885
defendentum armis aditus inque arma ruentum.
exclusi ante oculos lacrimantumque ora parentum
pars in praecipitis fossas urgente ruina
uoluitur, immissis pars caeca et concita frenis
arietat in portas et duros obice postis. 890
ipsae de muris summo certamine matres
(monstrat amor uerus patriae, ut uidere Camillam)
tela manu trepidae iaciunt ac robore duro
stipitibus ferrum sudibusque imitantur obustis
praecipites, primaeque mori pro moenibus ardent.
895
Interea Turnum in siluis saeuissimus implet
nuntius et iuueni ingentem fert Acca tumultum:

abandoned troops sought safety, and, wheeling
their horses about, headed for the walls. No one
could check the pursuing, death-dealing Trojans
with weapons, or stand against them but slung their
unstrung bows on bowed shoulders, and their
horses' hooves shook the crumbling earth in flight.
A cloud of dark murky dust rolled towards the
walls, and mothers, from the watchtowers, raised
the womens' cry to the stars in heaven, as they beat
their breasts. The enemy host pressed hard on those
who first broke at speed through the open gates,
mixing with their lines, so they did not escape a
pitiful death, but, pierced through, gasped away
their lives on the very threshold, their country's
walls around them, within the shelter of their
houses. Some closed the gates, and dared not open
a path for their friends or let them inside the walls,
though they begged, and the most pitiful death
followed, of those defending the entrance in arms,
and those rushing onto the swords. Some driven by
the rout, shut out, in front of the gaze and the
weeping faces of their parents, rolled headlong into
the ditches, others charging blindly with loose reins
battered at the gates and the tough gate-posts
barring their way. The women themselves when
they saw Camilla from the walls in fierce emulation

deletas Volscorum acies, cecidisse Camillam,
ingruere infensos hostis et Marte secundo
omnia corripuisse, metum iam ad moenia ferri. 900
ille furens (et saeua Iouis sic numina poscunt)
deserit obsessos collis, nemora aspera linquit.
uix e conspectu exierat campumque tenebat,
cum pater Aeneas saltus ingressus apertos
exsuperatque iugum siluaque euadit opaca. 905
sic ambo ad muros rapidi totoque feruntur
agmine nec longis inter se passibus absunt;
ac simul Aeneas fumantis puluere campos
prospexit longe Laurentiaque agmina uidit,
et saeuum Aenean agnouit Turnus in armis 910
aduentumque pedum flatusque audiuit equorum.
continuoque ineant pugnas et proelia temptent,
ni roseus fessos iam gurgite Phoebus Hiberno
tingat equos noctemque die labente reducat.
considunt castris ante urbem et moenia uallant.

(true love of country guided them) threw weapons
with their weak hands, and in their haste used poles
of tough oak and fire-hardened stakes instead of
steel, and were ablaze to die in the forefront
defending the walls. Meanwhile in the forest, the
bitterest of messages filled Turnus's thoughts: Acca
had brought the warrior her news of the mighty
rout: the Volscian ranks annihilated, Camilla killed,
the enemy advancing fiercely, sweeping all before
them in the fortune of war, panic now reaching the
city. Maddened he abandoned the ambush among
the hills (so Jove's cruel will demanded) and left the
wild forest. He had scarcely passed from view, in
reaching the plain, when Aeneas, the leader,
mounted the ridge, after entering the unguarded
gorge, and emerging from the dense woods. So
they both marched quickly towards the walls, in
full force, and with no great distance between them:
and at that moment Aeneas saw the plain, far off,
smoking with dust, and caught sight of the
Laurentine army, and Turnus realised that fatal
Aeneas was in arms, and heard the march of feet,
and the sound of horses. They would have joined
battle at once and attempted combat, but rosy
Phoebus was already bathing his weary team in the
Spanish deeps, and, day waning, brought back the

night. They camped before the city, and strengthened their defences.

BOOK XII

Lines 1-53

Turnus ut infractos aduerso Marte Latinos
defecisse uidet, sua nunc promissa repositi,
se signari oculis, ultro implacabilis ardet
attollitque animos. Poenorum qualis in aruis
saucius ille graui uenantum uulnere pectus 5
tum demum mouet arma leo, gaudetque comantis
excutiens ceruice toros fixumque latronis
impavidus frangit telum et fremit ore cruento:
haud secus accenso gliscit uiolentia Turno.
tum sic adfatur regem atque ita turbidus inquit: 10
'nulla mora in Turno; nihil est quod dicta retractent
ignauae Aeneadae, nec quae pepigere recusent:
congregior. fer sacra, pater, et concipe foedus.
aut hac Dardanium dextra sub Tartara mittam
desertorem Asiae (sedeant spectentque Latini), 15
et solus ferro crimen commune refellam,
aut habeat uictos, cedat Lauinia coniunx.'
Olli sedato respondit corde Latinus:
'o praestans animi iuuenis, quantum ipse feroci
uirtute exsuperas, tanto me impensius aequum est
20

Turnus

Demands

Marriage

When Turnus saw the Latins exhausted, and weakened by their military reverse, himself the subject of every gaze, his own promise to them yet unfulfilled, he burned implacably, and unprompted, and raised his courage. As a lion, in the African bush, severely hurt by huntsmen with a wound to the chest, only then rouses himself to battle, tosses his shaggy mane over his neck, in joy, and, unafraid, snaps off the spear some poacher has planted in him, roaring from blood-stained jaws: so the violence grew in Turnus's inflamed heart. Then he spoke to the king, beginning turbulently like this: 'There's no reluctance here, in Turnus: there's no reason for Aeneas's coward crew to take back their words or renounce their pact: I go to meet him. Carry out the holy rite, father, and draw up the marriage contract. I'll either send this Trojan, this Asian deserter, to Tartarus, (let the Latins sit and watch) and with my sword, alone, dispel the nation's shame, or let him possess the defeated, let Lavinia go then as his bride.' Latinus replied to him

consulere atque omnis metuentem expendere casus.
sunt tibi regna patris Dauni, sunt oppida capta
multa manu, nec non aurumque animusque Latino
est;
sunt aliae innuptae Latio et Laurentibus aruis
nec genus indecores. sine me haec haud mollia fatu
25
sublatis aperire dolis, simul hoc animo hauri:
me natam nulli ueterum sociare procorum
fas erat, idque omnes diuique hominesque
canebant.
uictus amore tui, cognato sanguine uictus
coniugis et maestae lacrimis, uincla omnia rupi; 30
promissam eripui genero, arma impia sumpsi.
ex illo qui me casus, quae, Turne, sequantur
bella, uides, quantos primus patiare labores.
bis magna uicti pugna uix urbe tuemur
spes Italas; recalent nostro Thybrina fluenta 35
sanguine adhuc campique ingentes ossibus alben.
quo referor totiens? quae mentem insania mutat?
si Turno exstincto socios sum ascire paratus,
cur non incolumi potius certamina tollo?
quid consanguinei Rutuli, quid cetera dicit 40
Italia, ad mortem si te (fors dicta refutet!)
prodiderim, natam et conubia nostra petentem?
respice res bello uarias, miserere parentis

with calm in his heart: 'O youth of noble spirit, the more you excel in fierce courage, the more it is right for me to take careful thought, and weigh every event with caution. You have your father Daunus's kingdom, you have the many fortresses you captured by force, and Latinus is not short of gold and generosity: there are other unmarried girls, not ignoble in birth, in the fields of Latium and Laurentium. Allow me to say this, un-gently, openly stripped of all guile, and take it to heart: it was forbidden for me to ally my daughter to any of her former suitors, and all gods and men decreed it. Conquered by love for you, conquered by kinship, and the tears of a sorrowful wife, I broke all bounds: I snatched the betrothed girl from my son-in-law to be, and drew the impious sword. You see, Turnus, what events, what war dogs me, what a heavy burden you above all bear. Defeated in two great battles we can hardly preserve the hopes of Italy in our city: Tiber's streams are yet warm with our blood, the vast plains whitened by our bones. Why did I waver so often? What madness changed my decision? If I'd be ready to accept the Trojans as allies with Turnus dead, why not rather end the conflict while he's alive? What would your Rutulian kin say, and the rest of Italy, if I betrayed

longaeui, quem nunc maestum patria Ardea longe
diuidit.' haudquaquam dictis uiolentia Turni 45
flectitur; exsuperat magis aegrescitque medendo.

ut primum fari potuit, sic institit ore:

'quam pro me curam geris, hanc precor, optime, pro
me

deponas letumque sinas pro laude pacisci.

et nos tela, pater, ferrumque haud debile dextra 50
spargimus, et nostro sequitur de uulnere sanguis.

longe illi dea mater erit, quae nube fugacem
feminea tegat et uanis sese occulat umbris.'

Lines 54-80

At regina noua pugnae conterrita sorte

flebat et ardentem generum moritura tenebat: 55

'Turne, per has ego te lacrimas, per si quis Amatae
tangit honos animum: spes tu nunc una, senectae
tu requies miserae, decus imperiumque Latini
te penes, in te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.

unum oro: desiste manum committere Teucris. 60
qui te cumque manent isto certamine casus

et me, Turne, manent; simul haec inuisa relinquam
lumina nec generum Aenean captiua uidebo.'

you to death (let chance deny those words!) while
seeking my daughter in marriage? Consider the
fortunes of war: pity your aged father, whom his
native Ardea keeps apart from us, sorrowing.'

Turnus's fury was unaffected by these words: it
mounted higher, inflamed by the treatment. As
soon as he was able to speak, he began like this:

'Most gracious one, that concern you feel for me, I
beg you, for me, set it aside, and allow me to barter
death for glory. I too can scatter spears and no lack
of steel, from my hand, father, and blood flows
from the wounds I make as well. His goddess
mother will be far from him, she who covers his
flight with mist, like a woman, and hides in empty
shadows.'

He Proposes Single Combat

But the queen wept, terrified by the new terms of
conflict, and clung to her ardent son, as if she were
dying: 'Turnus, one thing I beg of you, by these
tears, by any respect for Amata that touches your
heart: you are my only hope, the peace of my sad
old age, the honour and power of Latinus is in your
hands, our whole tottering house rests on you: do
not engage in combat with the Trojans. Whatever
danger awaits you in that battle awaits me too,
Turnus: I would leave this hateful light with you

accepit uocem lacrimis Lauinia matris
flagrantis perfusa genas, cui plurimus ignem 65
subiecit rubor et calefacta per ora cucurrit.
Indum sanguineo ueluti uiolauerit ostro
si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multa
alba rosa, talis uirgo dabat ore colores.
illum turbat amor figitque in uirgine uultus; 70
ardet in arma magis paucisque adfatur Amatam:
'ne, quaeso, ne me lacrimis neue omine tanto
prosequere in duri certamina Martis euntem,
o mater; neque enim Turno mora libera mortis.
nuntius haec, Idmon, Phrygio mea dicta tyranno 75
haud placitura refer. cum primum crastina caelo
puniceis inuecta rotis Aurora rubebit,
non Teucros agat in Rutulos, Teucrum arma
quiescant
et Rutuli; nostro dirimamus sanguine bellum,
illo quaeratur coniunx Lauinia campo.' 80

Lines 81-112

Haec ubi dicta dedit rapidusque in tecta recessit,
poscit equos gaudetque tuens ante ora frementis,
Pilumno quos ipsa decus dedit Orithyia,
qui candore niues anteirent, cursibus auras.
circumstant properi aurigae manibusque lacessunt
85

and will never, as a prisoner, see Aeneas as my son-in-law.' Lavinia listened to her mother's words, her burning cheeks wet with tears, while a deep blush kindled their fire, and spread over her glowing face. Her virgin looks showed such colour as when one stains Indian ivory with crimson dye, or as white lilies redden when mixed with many a rose. Love stirred Turnus, and he fixed his gaze on the girl: fired still more for battle, he spoke briefly to Amata: 'O mother, I beg you not to send me off with tears, or like ill omens, as I leave for the battles of a bitter war: Turnus is not free to delay his hour of death. Idmon, as a messenger, carry my unwelcome words to the Trojan leader. When tomorrow's Dawn, riding her crimson chariot, reddens in the sky, do not lead Trojans against Rutulians, let Trojan and Rutulian weapons rest: let us resolve this war with our own blood, on that field let Lavinia be sought as bride.'

He Prepares For Battle

When he had spoken, and returned quickly to the palace, he called for his horses, and delighted in seeing them, neighing before him, horses Orithyia herself gave Pilumnus, as a glory, surpassing the snow in whiteness, and the wind for speed. Their charioteers stood around eagerly patting their

pectora plausa cauis et colla comantia pectunt.
ipse dehinc auro squalentem alboque orichalco
circumdat loricam umeris, simul aptat habendo
ensemque clipeumque et rubrae cornua cristae,
ensem quem Dauno ignipotens deus ipse parenti 90
fecerat et Stygia candentem tinxerat unda.
exim quae mediis ingenti adnixa columnae
aedibus astabat, ualidam ui corripit hastam,
Actoris Aurunci spoliū, quassatque trementem
uociferans: 'nunc, o numquam frustrata uocatus 95
hasta meos, nunc tempus adest: te maximus Actor,
te Turni nunc dextra gerit; da sternere corpus
loricamque manu ualida lacerare reuulsam
semituiri Phrygis et foedare in puluere crinis
uibratos calido ferro murraque madentis.' 100
his agitur furiis, totoque ardentis ab ore
scintillae absistunt, oculis micat acribus ignis,
mugitus ueluti cum prima in proelia taurus
terrificos ciet aut irasci in cornua temptat
arboris obnixus trunco, uentosque lacessit 105
ictibus aut sparsa ad pugnam proludit arena.
Nec minus interea maternis saeuus in armis
Aeneas acuit Martem et se suscitāt ira,
oblato gaudens componi foedere bellum.
tum socios maestique metum solatur Iuli 110
fata docens, regique iubet responsa Latino

echoing chests, with the flat of their hands, and
combing their flowing manes. Turnus drew a
breastplate, stiff with gold and pale bronze, over his
shoulders, fitted his sword and shield in position,
and the horns with their crimson crest: the god with
the power of fire had wrought the sword for his
father, Daunus, and dipped it, glowing, in the
waters of the Styx. Then Turnus gripped his strong
spear firmly, that stood leaning on a great column
in the middle of the hall, a spoil won from the
Auruncan, Actor, shook it till it quivered and
shouted: 'Now, o spear that never failed my call,
now the time has come: Actor, the mightiest,
carried you, and now the right hand of Turnus:
allow me to lay low the body of that Phrygian
eunuch, tear off and shatter his breastplate with my
powerful hand, and defile his hair with dust, that's
curled with a heated iron, and drowned in myrrh.'
He was driven by frenzy, glowing sparks shot from
his whole aspect, fire flashed from his fierce eyes,
like a bull, before a fight, that starts its formidable
bellowing and, trying its anger with its horns,
charges a tree-trunk, lashes the air with its blows,
and scatters the sand, as it practises for the battle.
Meanwhile Aeneas, no less fierce, armed with the
weapons, his mother's gift, sharpened himself for

certa referre uiros et pacis dicere leges.

Lines 113-160

Postera uix summos spargebat lumine montis
orta dies, cum primum alto se gurgite tollunt
Solis equi lucemque elatis naribus efflant: 115
campum ad certamen magnae sub moenibus urbis
dimensi Rutulique uiri Teucrique parabant
in medioque focos et dis communibus aras
gramineas. alii fontemque ignemque ferebant
uelati limo et uerbena tempora uincti. 120
procedit legio Ausonidum, pilataque plenis
agmina se fundunt portis. hinc Troius omnis
Tyrrhenusque ruit uariis exercitus armis,
haud secus instructi ferro quam si aspera Martis
pugna uocet. nec non mediis in milibus ipsi 125
ductores auro uolitant ostroque superbi,
et genus Assaraci Mnestheus et fortis Asilas
et Messapus equum domitor, Neptunia proles;
utque dato signo spatia in sua quisque recessit,
defigunt tellure hastas et scuta reclinant. 130
tum studio effusae matres et uulgus inermum

conflict, and roused his anger, happy the war might be settled by the means on offer. Then he comforted his friends, and Iulus's anxious fears, speaking of destiny, and ordered them to take a firm reply to King Latinus, and declare his conditions for peace.

Juno Speaks to Juturna

The next dawn had scarcely begun to sprinkle the mountain summits with its rays, at that time when the horses of the sun first rise from the deep ocean, and breathe light from lifted nostrils: the Rutulians and Trojans had measured out the field of combat, under the massive walls of the city, and were preparing hearths and turf altars for their mutual gods. Others wearing priest's aprons, their foreheads wreathed with vervain, brought spring water and fiery embers. The Ausonian army marched out, and their ranks, armed with spears, poured through the crowded gates. All the host of Trojans and Tuscans streamed out on the other side, arrayed in their various armour, equipped with steel, as if the bitter conflict of war called out to them. And the captains too, among their many thousands, darted about, brilliant in gold and purple, Mnestheus of Assaracus's line, brave Asilas, and Messapus, tamer of horses, son of Neptune. As

inualidique senes turris ac tecta domorum
obsedere, alii portis sublimibus astant.

At Iuno ex summo (qui nunc Albanus habetur;
tum neque nomen erat neque honos aut gloria
monti) 135

prospiciens tumulo campum aspectabat et ambas
Laurentum Troumque acies urbemque Latini.

extemplo Turni sic est adfata sororem
diua deam, stagnis quae fluminibusque sonoris
praesidet (hunc illi rex aetheris altus honorem 140
Iuppiter erepta pro uirginitate sacrauit):

'nympha, decus fluuiorum, animo gratissima nostro,
scis ut te cunctis unam, quaecumque Latinae
magnanimi Iouis ingratum ascendere cubile,
praetulerim caelique libens in parte locarim: 145
disce tuum, ne me incuses, Iuturna, dolorem.
qua uisa est Fortuna pati Parcaeque sinebant
cedere res Latio, Turnum et tua moenia texi;
nunc iuuenem imparibus uideo concurrere fatis,
Parcarumque dies et uis inimica propinquat. 150
non pugnam aspicere hanc oculis, non foedera
possum.

tu pro germano si quid praesentius audes,
perge; decet. forsitan miseros meliora sequentur.'
uix ea, cum lacrimas oculis Iuturna profundit
terque quaterque manu pectus percussit honestum.

soon as each had retired to their own ground, at the given signal, they planted their spears in the earth, and leant their shields on them. Then women, and weak old men, and the unarmed crowd, poured out eagerly, and gathered on towers and rooftops, or stood on the summit of the gates. But Juno, gazed at the plain, looking from the top of a hill (called Alban now, then without name, honour or glory) at the twin ranks of Laurentum and Troy, and Latinus's city. Immediately, goddess to goddess, she spoke to Turnus's sister, who ruled over lakes and echoing rivers (Jupiter, the king of high heaven, gave her that honour for stealing her virginity): 'Nymph, glory of rivers, dearest of all to my heart, you know how I've preferred you alone of all the Latin girls who've mounted unwelcome to the couch of great-hearted Jove, and I have freely granted you a place in a part of the sky: lest you blame me, Iuturna, learn of impending grief. Whenever Fortune allowed, and the Fates permitted the Latin state to prosper, I protected Turnus and your city. Now I see a warrior meeting with an unequal destiny, and a day of Fate and inimical force draws near. I cannot look at this combat, they agreed to, with my eyes. If you dare do anything more for your brother in person, go on: it's fitting.

155

'non lacrimis hoc tempus' ait Saturnia Iuno:
'accelera et fratrem, si quis modus, eripe morti;
aut tu bella cie conceptumque excute foedus.
auctor ego audendi.' sic exhortata reliquit
incertam et tristi turbatam uulnere mentis. 160

Lines 161-215

Interea reges ingenti mole Latinus
quadriiugo uehitur curru (cui tempora circum
aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis aui specimen), bigis it Turnus in albis,
bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro. 165
hinc pater Aeneas, Romanae stirpis origo,
sidereo flagrans clipeo et caelestibus armis
et iuxta Ascanius, magnae spes altera Romae,
procedunt castris, puraque in ueste sacerdos
saetigeri fetum suis intonsamque bidentem 170
attulit admouitque pecus flagrantibus aris.
illi ad surgentem conuersi lumina solem
dant fruges manibus salsas et tempora ferro
summa notant pecudum, paterisque altaria libant.
Tum pius Aeneas stricto sic ense precatur: 175
'esto nunc Sol testis et haec mihi terra uocanti,

Perhaps better things will follow for the wretched.'
She had scarcely spoken, when Juturna's eyes
flowed with tears, and her hand struck her lovely
breast three or four times. 'This is not the moment
for tears,' said Saturnian Juno: 'Run, and, if there's a
way, snatch your brother from death: or stir conflict
and shatter the treaty they've made. I teach you
daring.' Having urged her thus, she left her
uncertain and troubled, sadly hurt at heart.

Aeneas and Latinus Sacrifice
Meanwhile the kings drove out: Latinus in a four-
horsed chariot of massive size (twelve golden rays
circling his shining brow, emblems of his ancestor,
the Sun), Turnus behind a snow-white team,
brandishing two spears with broad steel blades in
his hand. On the other side, Aeneas, the leader,
ancestor of the Roman race, came from the camp,
ablaze with starry shield and heavenly armour,
Ascanius with him, Rome's second great hope,
while a priest in pure robes brought the offspring of
a bristly boar, and also an unshorn two-year sheep,
and tethered the animals next to the blazing altars.
The heroes turned their gaze towards the rising sun,
sprinkled salt meal with their hands, marked the
victims' foreheads with a knife, and poured
libations from cups onto the altars. Then pious

quam propter tantos potui perferre labores,
et pater omnipotens et tu Saturnia coniunx
(iam melior, iam, diua, precor), tuque inclute
Mauors,
cuncta tuo qui bella, pater, sub numine torques; 180
fontisque fluuiosque uoco, quaeque aetheris alti
religio et quae caeruleo sunt numina ponto:
cesserit Ausonio si fors uictoria Turno,
conuenit Euandri uictos discedere ad urbem,
cedet Iulus agris, nec post arma ulla rebelles 185
Aeneadae referent ferroue haec regna lacescent.
sin nostrum adnuerit nobis uictoria Martem
(ut potius reor et potius di numine firment),
non ego nec Teucris Italos parere iubebo
nec mihi regna peto: paribus se legibus ambae 190
inuictae gentes aeterna in foedera mittant.
sacra deosque dabo; socer arma Latinus habeto,
imperium sollemne socer; mihi moenia Teucri
constituent urbiq; dabit Lauinia nomen.'
Sic prior Aeneas, sequitur sic deinde Latinus 195
suspiciens caelum, tenditque ad sidera dextram:
'haec eadem, Aenea, terram, mare, sidera, iuro
Latoniaeque genus duplex Ianumque bifrontem,
uimque deum infernam et duri sacraria Ditis;
audiat haec genitor qui foedera fulmine sancit. 200
tango aras, medios ignis et numina testor:

Aeneas, with sword drawn, prayed like this: 'Sun, be my witness, and this country that I call on, for which I have been able to endure such labours, and the all- powerful Father, and you Juno, his wife, (now goddess, now, be kinder, I pray) and you, glorious Mars, you, father, who control all warfare with your will: I call on founts and rivers, on all the holiness of high heaven, and the powers in the blue ocean: if by chance Victory falls to Turnus of Italy, it is agreed the defeated will withdraw to Evander's city, Iulus will leave the land, and the people of Aeneas will never bring renewed war in battle, or attack this realm with the sword. But if victory agrees that our contest is mine (as I think more likely, and may the gods by their will prove it so), I will not command the Italians to submit to Trojans nor do I seek a kingdom for myself: let both nations, undefeated, put in place an eternal treaty. I will permit your gods and their rites: Latinus my father-in-law will keep his weapons, my father-in-law will keep his accustomed power: the Trojans will build walls for me, and Lavinia will give her name to a city. So Aeneas was first to speak, then Latinus followed him, thus, raising his eyes to heaven, and stretching his right hand to the sky: 'I also swear, Aeneas, by the same earth, sea, and sky,

nulla dies pacem hanc Italis nec foedera rumpet,
quo res cumque cadent; nec me uis ulla uolentem
auertet, non, si tellurem effundat in undas
diluuium miscens caelumque in Tartara soluat, 205
ut sceptrum hoc' (dextra sceptrum nam forte
gerebat)

'numquam fronde leui fundet uirgulta nec umbras,
cum semel in siluis imo de stirpe recisum
matre caret posuitque comas et brachia ferro,
olim arbor, nunc artificis manus aere decore 210
inclusit patribusque dedit gestare Latinis.'
talibus inter se firmabant foedera dictis
conspectu in medio procerum. tum rite sacratas
in flammam iugulant pecudes et uiscera uiuis
eripiunt, cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras. 215

Lines 216-265

At uero Rutulis impar ea pugna uideri
iam dudum et uario misceri pectora motu,
tum magis ut propius cernunt non uiribus aequos.
adiuuat incessu tacito progressus et aram

by Latona's twin offspring, and by two-faced Janus,
by the power of the gods below, and the shrines of
cruel Dis: may the Father, who ratifies treaties with
his lightning, hear me. I touch the altar: I call as
witness the gods, and the flames between us, no
day shall break this peace or truce on Italy's side,
however things may fall out: nor will any power
deflect my will, not if it plunges the earth, drowned
in flood, into the waves, and dissolves heaven in
hell, just as this sceptre (since he chanced to hold
the sceptre in his hand) hewn, once and for all,
from the lowest stem in the woods, having lost its
parent trunk, and shedding its leaves and twigs to
the knife, will never, now the craftsman's hand has
sheathed it in fine bronze, and given it to the elders
of Latium to carry, extend shoots or shade from
light foliage.' They sealed the treaty between them
with these words in full view of the leaders. Then
with due rite they slaughtered the sacrificial beasts
over the flames, tore out the entrails, while they
were alive, and piled the alters with heaped dishes.

The Rutulians Break The Treaty
But the duel had for a long time seemed unfair to
the Rutulians, and their hearts were torn by varied
emotions, more so when they saw the combatants'
unequal strength near to. Turnus added to the

suppliciter uenerans demisso lumine Turnus 220
pubentesque genae et iuuenali in corpore pallor.
quem simul ac Iuturna soror crebrescere uidit
sermonem et uulgi uariare labantia corda,
in medias acies formam adsimulata Camerti,
cui genus a proauis ingens clarumque paternae 225
nomen erat uirtutis, et ipse acerrimus armis,
in medias dat sese acies haud nescia rerum
rumoresque serit uarios ac talia fatur:
'non pudet, o Rutuli, pro cunctis talibus unam
obiectare animam? numerone an uiribus aequi 230
non sumus? en, omnes et Troes et Arcades hi sunt,
fatalisque manus, infensa Etruria Turno:
uix hostem, alterni si congregiamur, habemus.
ille quidem ad superos, quorum se deuouet aris,
succedet fama uiuusque per ora feretur; 235
nos patria amissa dominis parere superbis
cogemur, qui nunc lenti consedimus aruis.'
Talibus incensa est iuuenum sententia dictis
iam magis atque magis, serpitque per agmina
murmur:
ipsi Laurentes mutati ipsique Latini. 240
qui sibi iam requiem pugnae rebusque salutem
sperabant, nunc arma uolunt foedusque precantur
infectum et Turni sortem miserantur iniquam.
his aliud maius Iuturna adiungit et alto

unrest, in advancing with silent tread and
venerating the altar humbly, with downcast eyes,
and by his wasted cheeks and the pallor of his
youthful body. As soon as his sister, Iuturna, was
aware that talk was spreading and the minds of the
multitude were wavering in doubt, she entered the
heart of the army, in the guise of Camers, whose
birth was of noble ancestry, his father's name
famous for virtue, and he himself of the bravest in
arms, she entered the heart of the army, not
ignorant of her task, sowing various rumours and
speaking as follows: 'O Rutulians, aren't you
ashamed to sacrifice one life on behalf of so many
of you? Aren't we their equals in numbers and
might? See, all the Trojans and Arcadians are here,
and the Etrurian band led by fate, and hostile to
Turnus: if every other man attacks, there's barely an
opponent for each of them. Turnus will climb in
glory to the gods, at whose altars he has dedicated
his life, and live borne on men's lips: but we will be
forced to submit to proud masters, our country lost,
we who now sit inactive in the field.' The will of
the young men was roused by these words, more
and more so, and a murmur spread through the
ranks: even the Laurentines and the Latins changed
their minds. Those who had lately hoped for rest

dat signum caelo, quo non praesentius ullum 245
turbauit mentes Italas monstroque fefellit.
namque uolans rubra fuluus Iouis ales in aethra
litoreas agitabat auis turbamque sonantem
agminis aligeri, subito cum lapsus ad undas
cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis.
250

arrexere animos Itali, cunctaeque uolucres
conuertunt clamore fugam (mirabile uisu),
aetheraque obscurant pennis hostemque per auras
facta nube premunt, donec ui uictus et ipso
pondere defecit praedamque ex unguibus ales 255
proiecit fluuio, penitusque in nubila fugit.
Tum uero augurium Rutuli clamore salutant
expediuntque manus, primusque Tolumnius augur
'hoc erat, hoc uotis' inquit 'quod saepe petiui.
accipio agnoscoque deos; me, me duce ferrum 260
corripite, o miseri, quos improbus aduena bello
territat inualidas ut auis, et litora uestra
ui populat. petet ille fugam penitusque profundo
uela dabit. uos unanimi densete cateruas
et regem uobis pugna defendite raptum.' 265

from battle, and a safe existence, now longed for
weapons, prayed for the treaty to be broken, and
pitied Turnus's unjust fate. Juturna added another
greater spur, showing a sign in the depths of the
sky, none more significant to disturb Italian minds,
and charm them by the wonder of it. Jove's tawny
eagle, flying through reddened air, stirred the
shore-birds, with noisy confusion in their winged
ranks, when suddenly diving to the water he seized
the most outstanding swan cruelly in his curved
talons. The Italians paid attention, and (amazing to
see) all the birds wheeled, clamouring, in flight
and, in a cloud, drove their enemy through the air,
darkening the sky with their wings, until, defeated
by force and the weight, the bird gave way, and,
dropping the prey from his talons into the river,
fled deep into the clouds. Then the Rutulians truly
hailed this omen with a shout and spread wide their
hands, and Tolumnius the augur was first to cry
out: 'This, this was what my prayers have often
sought. I understand it, and recognise the gods:
snatch up the sword with me, with me at your head,
o unhappy race, fragile birds, whom a cruel
foreigner terrifies with war, ravaging your coast
with violence. He will take flight and sail far away
over the deep. Close ranks, together, and defend the

Lines 266-310

Dixit, et aduersos telum contorsit in hostis
procurrens; sonitum dat stridula cornus et auras
certa secat. simul hoc, simul ingens clamor et
omnes
turbati cunei calefactaque corda tumultu.
hasta uolans, ut forte nouem pulcherrima fratrum
270
corpora constiterant contra, quos fida creatur
una tot Arcadio coniunx Tyrrhena Gylippo,
horum unum ad medium, teritur qua sutilis aluo
balteus et laterum iuncturas fibula mordet,
egregium forma iuuenem et fulgentibus armis, 275
transadigit costas fuluaque effundit harena.
at fratres, animosa phalanx accensaque luctu,
pars gladios stringunt manibus, pars missile ferrum
corripiunt caecique ruunt. quos agmina contra
procurrunt Laurentum, hinc densi rursus inundant
280
Troes Agyllinique et pictis Arcades armis:
sic omnis amor unus habet decernere ferro.
diripuere aras, it toto turbida caelo
tempestas telorum ac ferreus ingruit imber,
craterasque focosque ferunt. fugit ipse Latinus 285
pulsatos referens infecto foedere diuos.

king who has been snatched from you, in battle.

Renewed

He spoke, and running forward hurled his spear at the enemy: the hissing cornel shaft sang, and cut unerringly through the air, At one with this, at one, was a mighty shout the army all in uproar, and hearts hot with the turmoil. The spear flew on, to where, by chance, nine handsome brothers stood in its path, all of whom one faithful Tuscan wife had borne to Arcadian Gylippus, It struck one of them, a youth of great beauty, in shining armour, at the waist, where a stitched belt rubbed against his stomach, and the buckle bit into the overlapping ends, pierced his ribs, and hurled him to the yellow sand. But his spirited band of brothers, fired by grief, drew their swords or snatched their iron spears, and rushed forward blindly. The Laurentine ranks charged them: Trojans and Agyllines and Arcadians in decorated armour, poured in from the other side: so all had one longing, to let the sword decide. They stripped the altars, there was a fierce storm of spears in the whole sky, and a steely rain fell: wine-bowls and hearthstones were carried off: Latinus himself fled, taking his defeated gods, the treaty void. Others harnessed their chariots or leapt on their horses, and waited with drawn swords.

Fighting

infrenant alii currus aut corpora saltu
subiciunt in equos et strictis ensibus adsunt.
Messapus regem regisque insigne gerentem
Tyrrhenum Aulesten, auidus confundere foedus,
290
aduerso proterret equo; ruit ille recedens
et miser oppositis a tergo inuoluitur aris
in caput inque umeros. at feruidus aduolat hasta
Messapus teloque orantem multa trabali
desuper altus equo grauiter ferit atque ita fatur: 295
'hoc habet, haec melior magnis data uictima diuis.'
concurrunt Itali spolianteque calentia membra.
obuius ambustum torrem Corynaeus ab ara
corripit et uenienti Ebyso plagamque ferenti
occupat os flammis: olli ingens barba reluxit 300
nidoremque ambusta dedit. super ipse secutus
caesariem laeua turbati corripit hostis
impressoque genu nitens terrae applicat ipsum;
sic rigido latus ense ferit. Podalirius Alsum
pastorem primaque acie per tela ruentem 305
ense sequens nudo superimminet; ille securi
aduersi frontem mediam mentumque reducta
dissicit et sparso late rigat arma cruore.
olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget
somnus, in aeternam conduntur lumina noctem. 310

Messapus, keen to destroy the truce, charging on his horse, scared off Auletes, an Etruscan king with a king's emblems: the unfortunate man, as he backed away, entangled, fell, head and shoulders, on to the altar behind him: and Messapus flew at him furiously, spear in hand, and from his horse's height struck mightily at him with the massive weapon, as Auletes begged piteously, and spoke like this, over him: 'He's done for: this nobler victim is given to the great gods.' The Italians crowded round and stripped the warm body. Against them, Corynaeus snatched a charred brand from an altar, and aiming a blow at the charging Ebyso dashed flames in his face: his great beard flared and gave off a smell of burning. Corynaeus following through his blow, clutched the hair of his stunned enemy in his left hand and brought him to earth with a thrust of his bent knee: then stabbed him in the side with his straight sword. Podalirius, towered over the shepherd Alsum, pursuing him with naked steel as he ran through the shower of spears in the front rank: but Alsum swung his axe back, and sliced through the front of his enemy's brow and chin, drenching his armour with widely spouting blood. Harsh repose and iron slumber pressed on his eyes and their light was sunk in

Lines 311-382

At pius Aeneas dextram tendebat inermem
nudato capite atque suos clamore uocabat:
'quo ruitis? quaeue ista repens discordia surgit?
o cohibete iras! ictum iam foedus et omnes
compositae leges. mihi ius concurrere soli; 315
me sinite atque auferte metus. ego foedera faxo
firma manu; Turnum debent haec iam mihi sacra.'
has inter uoces, media inter talia uerba
ecce uiro stridens alis adlapsa sagitta est,
incertum qua pulsa manu, quo turbine adacta, 320
quis tantam Rutulis laudem, casusne deusne,
attulerit; pressa est insignis gloria facti,
nec sese Aeneae iactauit uulnere quisquam.
Turnus ut Aenean cedentem ex agmine uidit
turbatosque duces, subita spe feruidus ardet; 325
poscit equos atque arma simul, saltuque superbus
emicat in currum et manibus molitur habenas.
multa uirum uolitans dat fortia corpora leto.
seminecis uoluit multos: aut agmina curru
proterit aut raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas. 330
qualis apud gelidi cum flumina concitus Hebrī
sanguineus Mauors clipeo increpat atque furentis
bella mouens immittit equos, illi aequore aperto
ante Notos Zephyrumque uolant, gemit ultima

everlasting night.

Aeneas Wounded: Turnus Rampant
But virtuous Aeneas his head bared, unarmed,
stretched out his right hand, and called loudly to his
troops: 'Where are you running to? Why this
sudden tide of discord? O, control your anger! The
agreement has already been struck, and its terms
fixed. I alone have the right to fight: Let me do so:
banish your fears. I'll prove the treaty sound with
this right hand: these rites mean Turnus is already
mine.' Amidst these cries and words, see, a hissing
arrow winged its way towards him, launched by
what hand, sent whirling by whom, was unknown,
as was the chance or god that brought the Rutulians
such honour: the glorious pride in it was kept
concealed, and no one boasted of wounding
Aeneas. As soon as Turnus saw Aeneas leave the
ranks, his captains in confusion, he blazed with the
fervour of sudden hope: he called for weapons and
horses as one, leapt proudly into his chariot, and
gripped the reins in his hands. He gave many a
brave man death in his swift passage. Many he
overturned half-alive, crushed the ranks under his
chariot, or seizing his spears showered them on
those fleeing. Just as when blood-drenched Mars is
roused, and clashes his shield, by the icy streams of

pulsu

Thraca pedum circumque atrae Formidinis ora 335

Iraeque Insidiaeque, dei comitatus, aguntur:

talis equos alacer media inter proelia Turnus

fumantis sudore quatit, miserabile caesis

hostibus insultans; spargit rapida ungula rores

sanguineos mixtaque cruor calcatur harena. 340

iamque neci Sthenelumque dedit Thamyrumque

Pholumque,

hunc congressus et hunc, illum eminus; eminus

ambo

Imbrasidas, Glaucum atque Laden, quos Imbrasus

ipse

nutrierat Lycia paribusque ornauerat armis

uel conferre manum uel equo praeuertere uentos.

345

Parte alia media Eumedes in proelia fertur,

antiqui proles bello praeclara Dolonis,

nomine auum referens, animo manibusque

parentem,

qui quondam, castra ut Danaum speculator adiret,

ausus Pelidae pretium sibi poscere currus; 350

illum Tydides alio pro talibus ausis

adfecit pretio nec equis aspirat Achilli.

hunc procul ut campo Turnus prospexit aperto,

ante leui iaculo longum per inane secutus

Hebrus and, inciting war, gives rein to his frenzied horses, so that they fly over the open plain outrunning the south and west winds, and farthest Thrace groans to the beat of their hooves, while around him the forms of black Terror, Anger and Treachery, speed, the companions of the god: with the same swiftness Turnus lashed his horses, smoking with sweat, through the midst of the conflict, trampling on enemies piteously slain, while the galloping hooves splashed bloody dew, and trampled the gore mixed with sand. Next he gave Sthenelus to death, Thamyros, and Pholus, the latter close to, the former at a distance, from a distance too both sons of Imbrasas, Glaucus and Laudes, whom Imbrasus himself had raised in Lycia, and equipped with matching armour, to fight hand to hand, or outstrip the wind on horseback. Elsewhere Eumedes rode through the midst of the battle, famous in warfare, the son of aged Dolon, recalling the grandfather in name, his father in courage and skill, he who, in going as a spy that time to the Greek camp, dared to ask for Achilles's chariot as his reward: but Diomedes paid him a different reward for his daring and he no longer aspired to Achilles's team. When Turnus saw Eumedes, far over the open plain, he first sent a

sistit equos biiugis et curru desilit atque 355
semianimi lapsoque superuenit, et pede collo
impresso dextrae mucronem extorquet et alto
fulgentem tingit iugulo atque haec insuper addit:
'en agros et, quam bello, Troiane, petisti,
Hesperiam metire iacens: haec praemia, qui me 360
ferro ausi temptare, ferunt, sic moenia condunt.'
huic comitem Asbyten coniecta cuspidem mittit
Chloreaque Sybarimque Daretaque
Thersilochumque
et sternacis equi lapsum ceruice Thymoeten.
ac uelut Edoni Boreae cum spiritus alto 365
insonat Aegaeo sequiturque ad litora fluctus,
qua uenti incubuere, fugam dant nubila caelo:
sic Turno, quacumque uiam secat, agmina cedunt
conuersaeque ruunt acies; fert impetus ipsum
et cristam aduerso curru quatit aura uolantem. 370
non tulit instantem Phegeus animisque frementem
obiecit sese ad currum et spumantia frenis
ora citatorum dextra detorsit equorum.
dum trahitur pendetque iugis, hunc lata reiectum
lancea consequitur rumpitque infixam bilicem 375
loricam et summum degustat uulnere corpus.
ille tamen clipeo obiecto conuersus in hostem
ibat et auxilium ducto mucrone petebat,
cum rota praecipitem et procurso concitus axis

light javelin after him across the long space
between, then halted his paired horses, leapt from
his chariot, onto the half-dead, fallen man, and,
planting his foot on his neck, tore the sword from
his hand, and bloodied the bright blade deep in his
throat, adding these words as well: 'See the fields,
that Western Land, you sought in war: lie there and
measure it: this is the prize for those who dare to
cross swords with me, thus they build their walls.'
Then with a cast of his spear he sent Asbytes to
keep him company, Chloereus and Sybaris, Dares
and Thersilochus, and Thymoetes who was flung
from the neck of his rearing horse. As when the
blast of the Edonian northerly sounds over the
Aegean deep, and drives the breakers to shore,
while brooding gusts in the sky put the clouds to
flight, so, wherever Turnus cut a path, the lines
gave way, and the ranks turned and ran: his own
speed carried him on, and, as the chariot met it, the
wind tossed his flowing plume. Phegeus could not
endure his attack or his spirited war-cry: he threw
himself at the chariot and with his right hand
wrenched the heads of the swift horses aside, as
they foamed at the bit. While he was dragged
along, hanging from the yoke, Turnus's broad-
headed lance reached for his exposed flank, tore

impulit effunditque solo, Turnusque secutus 380
imam inter galeam summi thoracis et oras
abstulit ense caput truncumque reliquit harenae.

Lines 383-467

Atque ea dum campis uictor dat funera Turnus,
interea Aenean Mnestheus et fidus Achates
Ascaniusque comes castris statuere cruentum 385
alternos longa nitentem cuspide gressus.
saeuit et infracta luctatur harundine telum
eripere auxilioque uiam, quae proxima, poscit:
ense secent lato uulnus telique latebram
rescindant penitus, seseque in bella remittant. 390
iamque aderat Phoebus ante alios dilectus Iapyx
Iasides, acri quondam cui captus amore
ipse suas artis, sua munera, laetus Apollo
augurium citharamque dabat celerisque sagittas.
ille, ut depositi proferret fata parentis, 395
scire potestates herbarum usumque medendi
maluit et mutas agitare inglorius artis.

open the double- stranded mail where it entered,
and grazed the surface of the flesh in a wound.
Phegeus still turned towards his enemy, his shield
raised, and was trying to protect himself with his
drawn sword, when the wheel and the onrush of the
spinning axle sent him headlong, throwing him to
the ground, and Turnus, following through, struck
off his head with a sweep of his blade between the
rim of the helmet and the chain-mail's upper edge,
and left the body lying on the sand.

Venus

Heals

Aeneas

While Turnus was victoriously dealing death over
the plain, Mnestheus and loyal Achates, with
Ascanius by their side, set Aeneas down inside the
camp, bleeding, supporting alternate steps with his
long spear. he struggled furiously to pull out the
head of the broken shaft, and called for the quickest
means of assistance: to cut open the wound with a
broadsword, lay open the arrow-tip's buried depths,
and send him back to war. Now Iapyx, Iasus's son,
approached, dearest of all to Apollo, to whom the
god himself, struck by deep love, long ago offered
with delight his own arts, his own gifts, his powers
of prophecy, his lyre, and swift arrows. But Iapyx,
in order to delay the fate of his dying father, chose
knowledge of the virtues of herbs, and the use of

stabat acerba fremens ingentem nixus in hastam
Aeneas magno iuenum et maerentis Iuli
concurso, lacrimis immobilis. ille retorto 400
Paeonium in morem senior succinctus amictu
multa manu medica Phoebique potentibus herbis
nequiquam trepidat, nequiquam spicula dextra
sollicitat prensatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
nulla uiam Fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo 405
subuenit, et saeuus campis magis ac magis horror
crebrescit propiusque malum est. iam puluere
caelum
stare uident: subeunt equites et spicula castris
densa cadunt mediis. it tristis ad aethera clamor
bellantum iuenum et duro sub Marte cadentum.
410

Hic Venus indigno nati concussa dolore
dictamnum genetrix Cretaea carpit ab Ida,
puberibus caulem foliis et flore comantem
purpureo; non illa feris incognita capris
gramina, cum tergo uolucres haesere sagittae. 415
hoc Venus obscuro faciem circumdata nimbo
detulit, hoc fusum labris splendentibus amnem
inficit occulte medicans, spargitque salubris
ambrosiae sucos et odoriferam panaceam.
fouit ea uulnus lymphae longaeuus Iapyx 420
ignorans, subitoque omnis de corpore fugit

medicine, and, without fame, to practise the silent
arts. Aeneas stood leaning on his great spear,
complaining bitterly, amongst a vast crowd of
soldiers, with Iulus sorrowing, himself unmoved by
the tears. The aged Iapyx, his robe rolled back in
Paeonian fashion, tried hard in vain with healing
fingers and Apollo's powerful herbs: he worked at
the arrow uselessly with his hand, and tugged at the
metal with tightened pincers. No luck guided his
course, nor did Apollo his patron help, while cruel
terror grew greater and greater over the plain, and
evil drew near. Now they saw the sky standing on
columns of dust: the horsemen neared and arrows
fell thickly in the midst of the camp. A dismal cry
rose to heaven of men fighting and falling under
Mars's harsh hand. At this Aeneas's mother, Venus,
shaken by her son's cruel pain, culled a dittany
plant from Cretan Ida, with downy leaves and
purple flowers: a herb not unknown to the wild
goats when winged arrows have fixed themselves
in their sides. This Venus brought, her face veiled
in dark mist, this, with its hidden curative powers,
she steeped in river water, poured into a glittering
basin, and sprinkled there healing ambrosial juice
and fragrant panacea. Aged Iapyx bathed the
wound with this liquid, not knowing its effect, and

quippe dolor, omnis stetit imo uulnere sanguis.
iamque secuta manum nullo cogente sagitta
excidit, atque nouae rediere in pristina uires.
'arma citi properate uiro! quid statis?' Iapyx 425
conclamat primusque animos accendit in hostem.
'non haec humanis opibus, non arte magistra
proueniunt, neque te, Aenea, mea dextera seruat:
maior agit deus atque opera ad maiora remittit.'
ille audius pugnae suras incluserat auro 430
hinc atque hinc oditque moras hastamque coruscat.
postquam habilis lateri clipeus loricaque tergo est,
Ascanium fuis circum complectitur armis
summaque per galeam delibans oscula fatur:
'disce, puer, uirtutem ex me uerumque laborem,
435
fortunam ex aliis. nunc te mea dextera bello
defensum dabit et magna inter praemia ducet.
tu facito, mox cum matura adoleuerit aetas,
sis memor et te animo repetentem exempla tuorum
et pater Aeneas et auunculus excitet Hector.' 440
Haec ubi dicta dedit, portis sese extulit ingens
telum immane manu quatiens; simul agmine denso
Antheusque Mnestheusque ruunt, omnisque relictis
turba fluit castris. tum caeco puluere campus
miscetur pulsuque pedum tremunt excita tellus. 445
uidit ab aduerso uenientis aggere Turnus,

indeed all pain fled from Aeneas's body, all the
flow of blood ceased deep in the wound. Now,
without force, the arrowhead slipped from the
wound, following the motion of his hand, and fresh
strength returned to Aeneas, such as before. Iapyx
cried: 'Quickly, bring our hero weapons. Why are
you standing there?' and was first to excite their
courage against the enemy. 'Aeneas, this cure does
not come by human aid, nor guiding art, it is not
my hand that saved you: a god, a greater one,
worked this, and sends you out again to glorious
deeds.' Aeneas, eager for battle, had sheathed his
legs in gold, left and right, and scornful of delay,
brandished his spear. As soon as his shield was
fixed at his side, the chain mail to his back, he
clasped Ascanius in his armed embrace, and,
kissing his lips lightly through the helmet, said: 'My
son, learn courage from me and true labour: good
fortune from others. Now my hand will protect you
in war, and lead you to great rewards. Make sure
later, when your years have reached maturity, that
you remember: let your father Aeneas, and your
uncle Hector inspire your soul, by recalling their
example.' When he spoken these words, he rushed
out through the gate, in all his strength, brandishing
a great spear in his hand: Antheus and Mnestheus

uidere Ausonii, gelidusque per ima cucurrit
ossa tremor; prima ante omnis Iuturna Latinos
audiit agnoui que sonum et tremefacta refugit.
ille uolat campoque atrum rapit agmen aperto. 450
qualis ubi ad terras abrupto sidere nimbus
it mare per medium (miseris, heu, praescia longe
horrescunt corda agricolis: dabit ille ruinas
arboribus stragemque satis, ruet omnia late),
ante uolant sonitumque ferunt ad litora uenti: 455
talis in aduersos ductor Rhoeteius hostis
agmen agit, densi cuneis se quisque coactis
adglomerant. ferit ense grauem Thymbraeus
Osirim,
Arcetium Mnestheus, Epulonem obtruncat Achates
Ufentemque Gyas; cadit ipse Tolumnius augur, 460
primus in aduersos telum qui torserat hostis.
tollitur in caelum clamor, uersique uicissim
puluerulenta fuga Rutuli dant terga per agros.
ipse neque auersos dignatur sternere morti
nec pede congressos aequo nec tela ferentis 465
insequitur: solum densa in caligine Turnum
uestigat lustrans, solum in certamina poscit.

with him, and their massed ranks, and all the army
streamed from the camp. Then the plain was a
chaos of blinding dust, and the quaking earth shook
under the tramp of feet. Turnus saw them advance,
from the rampart opposite: the Ausonians saw, and
a cold tremor ran to the marrow of their bones:
Iuturna was the first of all the Latins to hear and
recognise the sound, and she fled in fear. Aeneas
flew ahead, racing his dark ranks over the open
plain, As when the weather breaks and a storm
cloud moves towards land, over the deep ocean (ah,
the hearts of wretched farmers know if from far off,
and shudder: it brings ruin to trees, and havoc to
harvests, everything far and wide is destroyed), the
gales run before it and carry their roar to the shore:
so the Trojan leader drove his ranks against the foe,
thickly they all gathered to him in dense columns.
Thymbreus struck mighty Osiris with his sword,
Mnestheus killed Arcetius: Achates killed Epulo,
Gyas killed Ufens: even Tolumnius the augur fell,
first to hurl his spear straight at the enemy. A shout
rose to heaven, and in turn the routed Rutulians
turned their backs in a cloud of dust, fleeing over
the field. Aeneas himself did not deign to send the
fugitives to their death, nor did he attack the foot-
soldiers, cavalry or those hurling missiles: he

Lines 468-499

Hoc concussa metu mentem Iuturna uirago
aurigam Turni media inter lora Metiscum
excudit et longe lapsum temone reliquit; 470
ipsa subit manibusque undantis flectit habenas
cuncta gerens, uocemque et corpus et arma Metisci.
nigra uelut magnas domini cum diuitis aedes
peruolat et pennis alta atria lustrat hirundo
pabula parua legens nidisque loquacibus escas, 475
et nunc porticibus uacuis, nunc umida circum
stagna sonat: similis medios Iuturna per hostis
fertur equis rapidoque uolans obit omnia curru,
iamque hic germanum iamque hic ostentat ouantem
nec conferre manum patitur, uolat auia longe. 480
haud minus Aeneas tortos legit obuius orbis,
uestigatque uirum et disiecta per agmina magna
uoce uocat. quotiens oculos coniecit in hostem
alipedumque fugam cursu temptauit equorum,
auersos totiens currus Iuturna retorsit. 485
heu, quid agat? uario nequiquam fluctuat aestu,
diuersaeque uocant animum in contraria curae.
huic Messapus, uti laeua duo forte gerebat
lenta, leuis cursu, praefixa hastilia ferro,
horum unum certo contorquens derigit ictu. 490

tracked only Turnus, searching through the dense gloom, Turnus alone he summoned to combat.

Juturna

Foils

Aeneas

Juturna, the warrior maiden, her mind stricken with fear, knocked Turnus's charioteer, Metiscus, from the reins, at this, so that he slipped from the beam, and left him far behind: she herself took his place, and guided the flowing reins with her hands, assuming Meniscus's voice, form, weapons, all. As when a dark swallow flies through the great house of some rich lord, winging her way through lofty halls gathering tiny crumbs and scraps of food for her noisy young, now twittering in the empty courtyards, now by the damp ponds: so Juturna was drawn by the horses through the enemy centre and, flying in her swift chariot, criss-crossed the whole plain, now here, now there, she gives evidence of her triumphant brother, not allowing him close combat, flying far away. Nevertheless Aeneas traversed her winding course to meet him, tracking him, calling him loudly among the ranks. As often as he set eyes on his enemy, and tried to match the flight of the swift horses in his course, as often Juturna turned and wheeled the chariot. Ah, what to do? Vainly he fluctuated on the shifting tide, and diverse concerns called his thoughts away.

substitit Aeneas et se collegit in arma
poplite subsidens; apicem tamen incita summum
hasta tulit summasque excussit uertice cristas.
tum uero adsurgunt irae, insidiisque subactus,
diuersos ubi sensit equos currumque referri, 495
multa Iouem et laesi testatus foederis aras
iam tandem inuadit medios et Marte secundo
terribilis saeuam nullo discrimine caedem
suscitat, irarumque omnis effundit habenas.

Lines 500-553

Quis mihi nunc tot acerba deus, quis carmine
caedes 500
diuersas obitumque ducum, quos aequore toto
inque uicem nunc Turnus agit, nunc Troius heros,
expediat? tanton placuit concurrere motu,
Iuppiter, aeterna gentis in pace futuras?
Aeneas Rutulum Sucronem (ea prima ruentis 505
pugna loco statuit Teucros) haud multa morantem
excipit in latus et, qua fata celerrima, crudum
transadigit costas et cratis pectoris ensem.
Turnus equo deiectum Amycum fratremque
Dioeren,

Messapus, who happened to be carrying two strong spears tipped with steel, advanced lightly towards him, levelled one, and hurled it with unerring aim. Aeneas stopped, and gathered himself behind his shield sinking on one knee: the swift spear still took off the tip of his helmet, and knocked the plumes from the crest. Then his anger truly surged, and incited by all this treachery, seeing his enemy's chariot and horses driven far off, calling loudly on Jove, and the altars of the broken treaty, as witness, he plunged at last into the fray, and, aided by Mars, he awoke dreadful, savage, indiscriminate slaughter, and gave full rein to his wrath.

Aeneas And Turnus Amongst The Slaughter

What god can now relate for me such bitter things as these, who can tell of such varied slaughter, the deaths of generals, whom Turnus now, and now the Trojan hero, drove in turn over the field? Jupiter was it your will that races who would live together in everlasting peace should meet in so great a conflict? Aeneas meeting Rutulian Sucro (in the first battle that brought the Trojan attack to a halt) quickly struck him in the side, and drove the cruel steel through the ribs that protect the heart, where death come fastest. Turnus threw Amycus from his horse, and Dioeres his brother, attacking them on

congressus pedes, hunc uenientem cuspidē longa,
510

hunc mucrone ferit, curruque abscisa duorum
suspendit capita et rorantia sanguine portat.

ille Talon Tanaimque neci fortemque Cethegum,
tris uno congressu, et maestum mittit Oniten,
nomen Echionium matrisque genus Peridiaē; 515

hic fratres Lycia missos et Apollinis agris
et iuuenem exosum nequiquam bella Menoeten,
Arcada, piscosae cui circum flumina Lernae
ars fuerat pauperque domus nec nota potentum
munera, conductaque pater tellure serebat. 520

ac uelut immissi diuersis partibus ignes
arentem in siluam et uirgulta sonantia lauro,
aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis
dant sonitum spumosi amnes et in aequora currunt
quisque suum populatus iter: non segnius ambo 525
Aeneas Turnusque ruunt per proelia; nunc, nunc
fluctuat ira intus, rumpuntur nescia uinci
pectora, nunc totis in uulnera uiribus itur.

Murranum hic, atauos et auorum antiqua sonantem
nomina per regesque actum genus omne Latinos,
530

praecipitem scopulo atque ingentis turbine saxi
excutit effunditque solo; hunc lora et iuga subter
prouoluere rotae, crebro super ungula pulsu

foot, striking one with the long lance as he advanced, the other with his sword, then hanging both their severed heads from his chariot carried them away dripping with blood. Aeneas sent Talos and Tanais and brave Cethegus to death, three in one attack, and sad Onites of Theban name, whose mother was Peridia: Turnus killed the brothers sent from Lycia, Apollo's fields, and Menoetes of Arcadia, who had hated war, but in vain: his humble home and his living were round Lerna's fish-filled streams, never knowing the patronage of the great, and his father farmed rented land. Like fires set burning from opposite sides of a dry forest into the thickets of crackling laurel, or foaming rivers falling swiftly from the mountain heights, roaring and racing seawards, each leaving its path of destruction, so Aeneas and Turnus with no less fury swept through the battle: now anger surged within: now their hearts which knew no defeat were bursting: now with all their strength they set out to do harm. As he boasted of his fathers, and the antiquity of his ancestors' names, and all his race traced back through Latin kings, Aeneas sent Murranus headlong with a stone, a great whirling rock, and hurled him to the ground: beneath the reins and yoke, the wheels churned him round, and

incita nec domini memorum proculcat equorum.
ille ruenti Hyllo animisque immane frementi 535
occurrit telumque aurata ad tempora torquet:
olli per galeam fixo stetit hasta cerebro.
dextera nec tua te, Graium fortissime Cretheu,
eripuit Turno, nec di texere Cupencum
Aenea ueniente sui: dedit obuia ferro 540
pectora, nec misero clipei mora profuit aerei.
te quoque Laurentes uiderunt, Aeole, campi
oppetere et late terram consternere tergo.
occidis, Argiuae quem non potuere phalanges
sternere nec Priami regnorum euersor Achilles; 545
hic tibi mortis erant metae, domus alta sub Ida,
Lyrnesi domus alta, solo Laurente sepulcrum.
totae adeo conuersae acies omnesque Latini,
omnes Dardanidae, Mnestheus acerque Serestus
et Messapus equum domitor et fortis Asilas 550
Tuscorumque phalanx Euandrique Arcades alae,
pro se quisque uiri summa nituntur opum ui;
nec mora nec requies, uasto certamine tendunt.

Lines 554-592

Hic mentem Aeneae genetrix pulcherrima misit

the horses' hooves, forgetful of their master, trampled him under with many a blow. Turnus met Hyllus as he charged, roaring with boundless pride, and hurled a spear at his gilded forehead: piercing the helmet the weapon lodged in his brain. Cretheus, bravest of Greeks, your right hand did not save you from Turnus, nor did the gods hide Cupencus when Aeneas came: he set his chest against the weapon's track, and the bronze shield's resistance profited the wretch nothing. The Laurentine field saw you fall also, Aeolus, on your back, sprawled wide on the ground. You fell, whom the Greek battalions could not lay low, nor Achilles who overturned Priam's kingdom: here was the boundary of death for you: your noble house was below Mount Ida, that noble house at Lyrnesus, your grave in Laurentine soil. All the lines turned towards battle, the whole of the Latins, the whole of the Trojans, Mnestheus and fierce Serestus, Messapus, tamer of horses, and brave Asilas, the Tuscan phalanx, Evander's Arcadian squadron, each for himself, men straining with all their strength: no respite and no rest: exerting themselves in one vast conflict.

Aeneas Attacks The City
Now his loveliest of mothers set in his mind the

iret ut ad muros urbiq̄ue aduerteret agmen 555
ocius et subita turbaret clade Latinos.
ille ut uestigans diuersa per agmina Turnum
huc atq̄ue huc acies circumtulit, aspicit urbem
immunem tanti belli atq̄ue impune quietam.
continuo pugnae accendit maioris imago: 560
Mnesthea Sergestumq̄ue uocat fortemq̄ue Serestum
ductores, tumulumq̄ue capit quo cetera Teucrum
concurrit legio, nec scuta aut spicula densi
deponunt. celso medius stans aggere fatur:
'ne qua meis esto dictis mora, Iuppiter hac stat, 565
neu quis ob inceptum subitum mihi segnior ito.
urbem hodie, causam belli, regna ipsa Latini,
ni frenum accipere et uicti parere fatentur,
eruam et aequa solo fumantia culmina ponam.
scilicet exspectem libeat dum proelia Turno 570
nostra pati rursusq̄ue uelit concurrere uictus?
hoc caput, o ciues, haec belli summa nefandi.
ferite faces propere foedusq̄ue reposcite flammis.'
dixerat, atq̄ue animis pariter certantibus omnes
dant cuneum densaque ad muros mole feruntur; 575
scalae improuiso subitusq̄ue apparuit ignis.
discurrunt alii ad portas primosq̄ue trucidant,
ferrum alii torquent et obumbrant aethera telis.
ipse inter primos dextram sub moenia tendit
Aeneas, magnaue incusat uoce Latinum 580

idea of moving against the walls, and turning his army on the city, swiftly, to confound the Latins with sudden ruin. While he tracked Turnus here and there through the ranks and swept his glance this way and that, he could see the city, free of fierce warfare and peacefully unharmed. Suddenly an image of a more ambitious act of war inflamed him: he called the generals Mnestheus, Sergestus and brave Serestus, and positioned himself on a hillock, where the rest of the Trojan army gathered round in a mass, without dropping their shields or spears. Standing amongst them on the high mound he cried: 'Let nothing impede my orders, Jupiter is with us, and let no one be slower to advance because this attempt is so sudden. Today I will overthrow that city, a cause of war, Latinus's capital itself, and lay its smoking roofs level with the ground, unless they agree to accept our rule, and submit, in defeat. Do you think I can wait until Turnus can face battle with me, and chooses to meet with me again, though defeated before? O citizens, this man is the fountainhead and source of this wicked war. Quickly, bring burning brands, and re-establish the treaty, with fire.' He spoke, and all his troops adopted wedge-formation, hearts equal in emulation, and advanced in a dense mass

testaturque deos iterum se ad proelia cogi,
bis iam Italos hostis, haec altera foedera rumpi.
exoritur trepidos inter discordia cuius:
urbem alii reserare iubent et pandere portas
Dardanidis ipsumque trahunt in moenia regem; 585
arma ferunt alii et pergunt defendere muros,
inclusas ut cum latebroso in pumice pastor
uestigauit apes fumoque impleuit amaro;
illae intus trepidae rerum per cerea castra
discurrunt magnisque acuunt stridoribus iras; 590
uoluitur ater odor tectis, tum murmure caeco
intus saxa sonant, uacuas it fumus ad auras.

Lines 593-613

Accidit haec fessis etiam fortuna Latinis,
quae totam luctu concussit funditus urbem.
regina ut tectis uenientem prospicit hostem, 595
incessi muros, ignis ad tecta uolare,

towards the walls: in a flash, scaling ladders and sudden flames appeared. Some ran to the gates and cut down the leading defenders, others hurled steel, and darkened the sky with missiles. Aeneas himself, among the leaders, raised his hand, at the foot of the wall, accused Latinus in a loud voice, and called the gods to witness that he was being forced into battle again, that the Italians were doubly enemies, another treaty was broken. Dissension rose among the fearful citizens: some commanded the city be opened, and the gates be thrown wide to the Trojans, and they dragged the king himself to the ramparts: others brought weapons and hurried to defend the walls, as when a shepherd, who's tracked a swarm to its lair concealed in the rock, fills it with acrid smoke: the bees inside, anxious for safety, rush round their wax fortress, and sharpen their anger in loud buzzing: the reeking darkness rolls through their hive, the rocks echo within to a blind humming, and fumes reach the clear air.

Queen

Amata's

Suicide

Now further misfortune befell the weary Latins, and shook the whole city to its foundations with grief. When Queen Amata, from the palace, saw the enemy approaching, the walls assaulted, flames

nusquam acies contra Rutulas, nulla agmina Turni,
infelix pugnae iuuenem in certamine credit
exstinctum et subito mentem turbata dolore
se causam clamat crimenque caputque malorum,
600

multaque per maestum demens effata furorem
purpureos moritura manu discindit amictus
et nodum informis leti trabe nectit ab alta.
quam cladem miserae postquam accepere Latinae,
filia prima manu flauos Lauinia crinis 605
et roseas laniata genas, tum cetera circum
turba furit, resonant late plangoribus aedes.
hinc totam infelix uulgatur fama per urbem:
demittunt mentes, it scissa ueste Latinus
coniugis attonitus fati urbisque ruina, 610
canitiem immundo perfusam puluere turpans.

Lines 614-696

Interea extremo bellator in aequore Turnus 614
palantis sequitur paucos iam segnior atque
iam minus atque minus successu laetus equorum.
attulit hunc illi caecis terroribus aura
commixtum clamorem, arrectasque impulit auris

mounting to the roofs, but no opposing Rutulian
lines, nor Turnus's army, the unhappy queen
thought Turnus had been killed in combat, and, her
mind distraught, in sudden anguish, she cried out
that she was the cause, the guilty one, the source of
evil, and uttering many wild words in the frenzy of
grief, wanting to die, she tore her purple robes, and
fastened a hideous noose of death to a high beam.
As soon as the wretched Latin women knew of the
disaster, first her daughter Lavinia fell into a
frenzy, tearing at her golden tresses and rosy
cheeks with her hands, then all the crowd around
her: the wide halls echoed to their lamentations.
From there the unhappy rumour spread throughout
the city: Spirits sank: Latinus went about with rent
clothing, stunned by his wife's fate and his city's
ruin, fouling his white hair with clouds of vile dust,
reproaching himself again and again for not having
freely received Trojan Aeneas, and adopted him as
his son-in-law.

Turnus Hears Of Amata's Death

Meanwhile Turnus, fighting at the edge of the
plain, was pursuing the stragglers now, more
slowly, and rejoicing less and less in his horses'
advance. The breeze bore a clamour to him mingled
with an unknown dread, and the cheerless sounds

confusae sonus urbis et inlaetabile murmur.
'ei mihi! quid tanto turbantur moenia luctu? 620
quisue ruit tantus diuersa clamor ab urbe?'
sic ait, adductisque amens subsistit habenis.
atque huic, in faciem soror ut conuersa Metisci
aurigae currumque et equos et lora regebat,
talibus occurrit dictis: 'hac, Turne, sequamur 625
Troiuigenas, qua prima uiam uictoria pandit;
sunt alii qui tecta manu defendere possint.
ingruit Aeneas Italis et proelia miscet,
et nos saeua manu mittamus funera Teucris.
nec numero inferior pugnae neque honore recedes.'

630

Turnus ad haec:

'o soror, et dudum agnoui, cum prima per artem
foedera turbasti teque haec in bella dedisti,
et nunc nequiquam fallis dea. sed quis Olympo
demissam tantos uoluit te ferre labores? 635
an fratris miseri letum ut crudele uideres?
nam quid ago? aut quae iam spondet Fortuna
salutem?

uidi oculos ante ipse meos me uoce uocantem
Murratum, quo non superat mihi carior alter,
oppetere ingentem atque ingenti uulnere uictum.
640

occidit infelix ne nostrum dedecus Vffens

of a city in chaos met his straining ears. 'Ah, what is this great grief that shakes the walls? What is this clamour that rises from the distant city?' So he spoke, anxiously grasping the reins and halting. At this his sister, controlling chariot, horses and reins disguised in the shape of his charioteer, Metiscus, countered with these words: 'Turnus, this way, let us chase the sons of Troy, where victory forges the way ahead: there are others with hands to defend our homes. Aeneas is attacking the Italians, and stirring conflict: let our hands too deal cruel death to the Trojans. You will not leave the field inferior in battle honours or the number you have killed' Turnus replied to this: 'O sister, I recognised you long ago, when you first wrecked the truce with your guile, and dedicated yourself to warfare, and now too you hide your divinity in vain. But who desired you to be sent down from Olympus to suffer such labours? Was it so you might see your unlucky brother's death? What can I do? What chance can offer me life? I saw Murratus fall, before my very eyes, calling out to me, loudly, no one more dear to me than him remains, a mighty man, and overwhelmed by a mighty wound. Unfortunate Uffens fell, so he might not witness our shame: the Trojans captured his body and his

aspiceret; Teucris potiuntur corpore et armis.
excindunt domos (id rebus defuit unum)
perpetiar, dextra nec Drancis dicta refellam?
terga dabo et Turnum fugientem haec terra uidebit?
645

usque adeone mori miserum est? uos o mihi,
Manes,
este boni, quoniam superis auersa uoluntas.
sancta ad uos anima atque istius inscia culpae
descendam magnorum haud umquam indignus
aorum.'

Vix ea fatus erat: medios uolat ecce per hostis 650
uectus equo spumante Saces, aduersa sagitta
saucius ora, ruitque implorans nomine Turnum:
'Turne, in te suprema salus, miserere tuorum.
fulminat Aeneas armis summasque minatur
deiecturum arces Italum excidioque daturum, 655
iamque faces ad tecta uolant. in te ora Latini,
in te oculos referunt; mussat rex ipse Latinus
quos generos uocet aut quae sese ad foedera flectat.
praeterea regina, tui fidissima, dextra
occidit ipsa sua lucemque exterrita fugit. 660
soli pro portis Messapus et acer Atinas
sustentant acies. circum hos utrimque phalanges
stant densae strictisque seges mucronibus horret
ferrea; tu currum deserto in gramine uersas.'

armour. Shall I endure the razing of our homes (the one thing left) and not deny Drances's words with my sword? Shall I turn my back, and this country see Turnus run? Is it indeed so terrible to die? Oh be good to me, you Shades below, since the gods above have turned their faces from me. I will descend to you, a virtuous soul, innocent of blame, never unworthy of my great ancestors.' He had barely spoken when Saces sped by, carried on a foaming horse through the thick of the enemy, wounded full in the face by an arrow, and calling to Turnus by name as he rushed on: 'Turnus, in you our last hope lies, pity your people. Aeneas is explosive in arms, and threatens to throw down Italy's highest citadel and deliver it to destruction, even now burning brands fly towards the roofs. The Latins turn their faces to you, their eyes are on you: King Latinus mutters to himself, wavering as to whom to call his sons, towards what alliance to lean. Moreover the queen, most loyal to you, has fallen by her own hand, and fled, in horror of the light. Messapus and brave Atinas, alone in front of the gates sustain our lines. Around them dense squadrons stand on every side, a harvest of steel that bristles with naked swords, while you drive your chariot over the empty turf.' Stunned and

obstupuit uaria confusus imagine rerum 665
Turnus et obtutu tacito stetit; aestuat ingens
uno in corde pudor mixtoque insania luctu
et furiis agitatus amor et conscia uirtus.
ut primum discussae umbrae et lux reddita menti,
ardentis oculorum orbis ad moenia torsit 670
turbidus eque rotis magnam respexit ad urbem.
Ecce autem flammis inter tabulata uolutus
ad caelum undabat uertex turrimque tenebat,
turrim compactis trabibus quam eduxerat ipse
subdideratque rotas pontisque instrauerat altos. 675
'iam iam fata, soror, superant, absiste morari;
quo deus et quo dura uocat Fortuna sequamur.
stat conferre manum Aeneae, stat, quidquid acerbi
est,
morte pati, neque me indecorem, germana, uidebis
amplius. hunc, oro, sine me furere ante furorem.'
680
dixit, et e curru saltum dedit ocuis aruis
perque hostis, per tela ruit maestamque sororem
deserit ac rapido cursu media agmina rumpit.
ac ueluti montis saxum de uertice praeceps
cum ruit auulsum uento, seu turbidus imber 685
proluit aut annis soluit sublapsa uetustas;
fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu
exultatque solo, siluas armenta uirosque

amazed by this vision of multiple disaster, Turnus stood silently gazing: fierce shame surged in that solitary heart, and madness mingled with grief, love stung to frenzy, consciousness of virtue. As soon as the shadows dispersed, and light returned to his mind, he turned his gaze, with blazing eyes, towards the walls, and looked back on the mighty city from his chariot. See, now, a spiralling crest of flame fastened on a tower, and rolled skyward through the stories, a tower he had built himself with jointed beams, set on wheels, and equipped with high walkways. He spoke: 'Now, sister, now fate triumphs: no more delays: where god and cruel fortune calls, let me follow. I'm determined on meeting Aeneas, determined to suffer death, however bitter: you'll no longer see me ashamed, sister. I beg you let me rage before I am maddened.' And, leaping swiftly from his chariot to the ground, he ran through enemy spears, deserting his grieving sister, and burst, in his quick passage, through the ranks. As when a rock torn from the mountaintop by a storm hurtles downward, washed free by a tempest of rain or loosened in time by the passage of the years, and the wilful mass plunges down the slope in a mighty rush and leaps over the ground, rolling trees, herds and men with it: so Turnus ran

inuoluens secum: disiecta per agmina Turnus
sic urbis ruit ad muros, ubi plurima fuso 690
sanguine terra madet striduntque hastilibus aerae,
significatque manu et magno simul incipit ore:
'parcite iam, Rutuli, et uos tela inhibete, Latini.
quaecumque est fortuna, mea est; me uerius unum
pro uobis foedus luere et decernere ferro.' 695
discessere omnes medii spatiumque dedere.

Lines 697-765

At pater Aeneas audito nomine Turni
deserit et muros et summas deserit arces
praecipitatque moras omnis, opera omnia rumpit
laetitia exsultans horrendumque intonat armis: 700
quantus Athos aut quantus Eryx aut ipse coruscis
cum fremit ilicibus quantus gaudetque niuali
uertice se attollens pater Appenninus ad auras.
iam uero et Rutuli certatim et Troes et omnes
conuertere oculos Itali, quique alta tenebant 705
moenia quique imos pulsabant ariete muros,
armaque deposuere umeris. stupet ipse Latinus
ingentis, genitos diuersis partibus orbis,
inter se coiisse uiros et cernere ferro.
atque illi, ut uacuo patuerunt aequore campi, 710
procurso rapido coniectis eminus hastis
inuadunt Martem clipeis atque aere sonoro.
dat gemitum tellus; tum crebros ensibus ictus

to the city walls through the broken ranks, where
the soil was most drenched with blood, and the air
shrill with spears, signalled with his hand and
began shouting aloud: 'Rutulians stop now, and you
Latins hold back your spears. Whatever fate is here,
is mine: it is better that I alone make reparation for
the truce and decide it with the sword.' All drew
back, and left a space in their midst.

The Final Duel Begins

Now Aeneas the leader hearing the name of Turnus
left the walls, and left the high fortress, cast aside
all delay, broke off from every task, and exultant
with delight clashed his weapons fiercely: vast as
Mount Athos, or Mount Eryx, or vast as old
Apennine himself when he roars through the
glittering holm-oaks and joys in lifting his snowy
summit to heaven. Now all truly turned their eyes,
stripping the armour from their shoulders,
Rutulians, Trojans and Italians, those who held the
high ramparts and those whose ram battered at the
walls beneath. Latinus himself was amazed at these
mighty men, born at opposite ends of the world,
meeting and deciding the outcome with their
swords. As soon as the field was clear on the open
plain, they both dashed quickly forward, hurling
their spears first from a distance, rushing, with

congeminant, fors et uirtus miscetur in unum.
ac uelut ingenti Sila summoue Taburno 715
cum duo conuersis inimica in proelia tauri
frontibus incurrunt, pauidi cessere magistri,
stat pecus omne metu mutum, mussantque iuuencae
quis nemori imperitet, quem tota armenta
sequantur;

illi inter sese multa ui uulnera miscent 720
cornuaque obnixi infigunt et sanguine largo
colla armosque lauant, gemitu nemus omne
remugit:

non aliter Tros Aeneas et Daunius heros
concurrunt clipeis, ingens fragor aethera complet.

Iuppiter ipse duas aequato examine lances 725
sustinet et fata imponit diuersa duorum,
quem damnet labor et quo uergat pondere letum.

Emicat hic impune putans et corpore toto
alte sublatum consurgit Turnus in ensem
et ferit; exclamant Troes trepidique Latini, 730

arrectaeque amborum acies. at perfidus ensis
frangitur in medioque ardentem deserit ictu,
ni fuga subsidio subeat. fugit ocior Euro
ut capulum ignotum dextramque aspexit inermem.
fama est praecipitem, cum prima in proelia iunctos
735

conscendebat equos, patrio mucrone relicto,

shield and ringing bronze, to battle. The earth
groaned: they redoubled their intense sword-
strokes, chance and skill mingled together. And as
when two bulls charge head to head in mortal
battle, on mighty Sila or on Taburnus's heights, and
in terror their keepers retreat, the whole herd stand
silent with fear, and the heifers wait, mute, to see
who will be lord of the forest, whom all the herds
will follow, as they deal wounds to each other with
immense force, gore with butting horns, and bathe
neck and shoulders in streaming blood, while all
the wood echoes to their bellowing: so Trojan
Aeneas and the Daunian hero, Turnus, clashed their
shields, and the mighty crash filled the sky. Jupiter
himself held up two evenly balanced scales before
him, and placed in them the diverse fates of the
two, to see whom the effort doomed, with whose
weight death sank down. Turnus leapt forward
thinking himself safe, rose to the full height of his
body with uplifted sword, and struck: the Trojans
and the anxious Latins cried out, both armies were
roused. But the treacherous blade snapped, and
would have left the eager warrior defenceless in
mid-stroke, if immediate flight had not saved him.
He ran swifter than the east wind, when he saw that
strange hilt in his exposed right hand. The tale is

dum trepidat, ferrum aurigae rapuisse Metisci;
idque diu, dum terga dabant palantia Teucri,
suffecit; postquam arma dei ad Volcania uentum
est,
mortalis mucro glacies ceu futilis ictu 740
dissiluit, fulua resplendent fragmina harena.
ergo amens diuersa fuga petit aequora Turnus
et nunc huc, inde huc incertos implicat orbis;
undique enim densa Teucri inclusere corona
atque hinc uasta palus, hinc ardua moenia cingunt.
745

Nec minus Aeneas, quamquam tardata sagitta
interdum genua impediunt cursumque recusant,
insequitur trepidique pedem pede feruidus urget:
inclusum ueluti si quando flumine nactus
ceruum aut puniceae saeptum formidine pennae
750

uenator cursu canis et latratibus instat;
ille autem insidiis et ripa territus alta
mille fugit refugitque uias, at uiuidus Vmber
haeret hians, iam iamque tenet similisque tenenti
increpuit malis morsuque elusus inani est; 755
tum uero exoritur clamor ripaeque lacusque
responsant circa et caelum tonat omne tumultu.
ille simul fugiens Rutulos simul increpat omnis
nomine quemque uocans notumque efflagitat

that in headlong haste, when he first mounted
behind his yoked team for battle, he left his father's
sword behind, and snatched up the blade of his
charioteer, Metiscus: and that served him for a long
while as the straggling Trojans turned their backs,
but the mortal blade flew apart like brittle ice at the
stroke, on meeting Vulcan's divine armour: and the
fragments gleamed on the yellow sand. So Turnus
ran madly this way and that over the plain, winding
aimless circles here and there: on all sides the
Trojans imprisoned him in their crowded ring, and
a vast marsh penned him on one side, on the other
the steep ramparts. Aeneas, no less, though his
knees, slowed at times by the arrow wound, failed
him and denied him speed, pursued and pressed his
anxious enemy hotly, foot to foot: as when a hound
in the hunt presses on a stag, chasing and barking,
one found trapped by the river or hedged in by fear
of the crimson feathers: the stag, terrified by the
snares and the high banks, flies backwards and
forwards a thousand ways, but the eager Umbrian
clings close with gaping mouth, almost has him,
and snaps his jaws as though he holds him, baffled
and biting empty air: Then a clamour breaks out
indeed, the pools and banks around echo, and the
whole sky rings with the tumult. As he fled Turnus

ensem.

Aeneas mortem contra praesensque minatur 760
exitium, si quisquam adeat, terretque tremantis
excisurum urbem minitans et saucius instat.
quinque orbis explent cursu totidemque retexunt
huc illuc; neque enim leuia aut ludicra petuntur
praemia, sed Turni de uita et sanguine certant. 765

Lines 766-790

Forte sacer Fauno foliis oleaster amaris
hic steterat, nautis olim uenerabile lignum,
seruati ex undis ubi figere dona solebant
Laurenti diuo et uotas suspendere uestis;
sed stirpem Teucris nullo discrimine sacrum 770
sustulerant, puro ut possent concurrere campo.
hic hasta Aeneae stabat, huc impetus illam
detulerat fixam et lenta radice tenebat.
incubuit uoluitque manu conuellere ferrum
Dardanides, teloque sequi quem prendere cursu 775
non poterat. tum uero amens formidine Turnus
'Faune, precor, miserere' inquit 'tuque optima
ferrum
Terra tene, colui uestros si semper honores,
quos contra Aeneadae bello fecere profanos.'
dixit, opemque dei non cassa in uota uocauit. 780

chided the Rutulians, calling on each by name and calling out for his own familiar sword. Aeneas in turn threatened death and immediate destruction if any one approached, and terrified his trembling enemies threatening to raze the city, and pressing on though wounded. They completed five circuits, and unwound as many, this way and that: since they sought for no paltry prize at the games, but vied for Turnus's life blood.

The Goddesses Intervene
By chance this was the place where a bitter-leaved wild olive, sacred to Faunus, had stood, a tree revered by sailors of old, where, when saved from the sea, they used to hang their gifts to the Laurentine god, and the votive garments: but the Trojans had removed the sacred trunk, allowing of no exceptions, in order to fight on open ground. Here stood Aeneas's spear, its impetus had carried it there, fixed and held fast by the tough roots. The Trojan halted, intending to pluck out the steel with his hand, and pursue the man he couldn't catch by running, with his javelin. Then Turnus mad with anxiety indeed cried: 'Faunus, pity me, I pray, and you, most gracious Earth if I have every honoured your rites that the sons of Aeneas have instead defiled by war, retain the steel.' He spoke, and did

namque diu luctans lentoque in stirpe moratus
uiribus haud ullis ualuit discludere morsus
roboris Aeneas. dum nititur acer et instat,
rursus in aurigae faciem mutata Metisci
procurrit fratricum ensem dea Daunia reddit. 785
quod Venus audaci nymphae indignata licere
accessit telumque alta ab radice reuellit.
olli sublimes armis animisque refecti,
hic gladio fidens, hic acer et arduus hasta,
adsistunt contra certamina Martis anhelii. 790

Lines 791-842

Iunonem interea rex omnipotentis Olympi
adloquitur fulua pugnas de nube tuentem:
'quae iam finis erit, coniunx? quid denique restat?
indigetem Aenean scis ipsa et scire fateris
deberi caelo fatisque ad sidera tolli. 795
quid struis? aut qua spe gelidis in nubibus haeres?
mortalin decuit uiolari uulnere diuum?
aut ensem (quid enim sine te Iuturna ualeret?)
ereptum reddi Turno et uim crescere uictis?
desine iam tandem precibusque inflectere nostris,
800

not invoke the power of heaven in vain, since Aeneas could not prise open the wood's grip, by any show of strength, though he wrestled long and lingered over the strong stump. While he tugged and strained fiercely, Juturna, the Daunian goddess, changing again to the shape of Metiscus, the charioteer, ran forward and restored his sword to her brother. But Venus, enraged that this was allowed the audacious nymph, approached, and plucked the javelin from the deep root. Refreshed with weapons and courage, one relying on his sword, the other towering fiercely with his spear, both breathing hard, they stood, tall, face to face, in martial conflict.

Jupiter And Juno Decide The Future

The king of almighty Olympus meanwhile was speaking to Juno, as she gazed at the fighting from a golden cloud: 'Wife, what will the end be now? What will be left in the end? You know yourself, and confess you know, that Aeneas, is destined for heaven as the nation's god: the Fates raise him to the stars. What are you planning? What hope do you cling to in the cold clouds? Was it right that this god be defiled by a mortal's wound? Or that the lost sword (for what could Juturna achieve without you?) be restored to Turnus, the defeated gaining

ne te tantus edit tacitam dolor et mihi curae
saepe tuo dulci tristes ex ore recursent.
uentum ad supremum est. terris agitare uel undis
Troianos potuisti, infandum accendere bellum,
deformare domum et luctu miscere hymenaeos: 805
ulterius temptare ueto.' sic Iuppiter orsus;
sic dea summisso contra Saturnia uultu:
'ista quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, uoluntas,
Iuppiter, et Turnum et terras inuita reliqui;
nec tu me aeria solam nunc sede uideres 810
digna indigna pati, sed flammis cincta sub ipsa
starem acie traheremque inimica in proelia Teucros.
Iuturnam misero (fateor) succurrere fratri
suasi et pro uita maiora audere probaui,
non ut tela tamen, non ut contenderet arcum; 815
adiuro Stygii caput implacabile fontis,
una superstitio superis quae reddita diuis.
et nunc cedo equidem pugnasque exosa relinquo.
illud te, nulla fati quod lege tenetur,
pro Latio obtestor, pro maiestate tuorum: 820
cum iam conubiis pacem felicibus (esto)
component, cum iam leges et foedera iungent,
ne uetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos
neu Troas fieri iubeas Teucrosque uocari
aut uocem mutare uiros aut uertere uestem. 825
sit Latium, sint Albani per saecula reges,

new strength? Now cease, at last, and give way to
my entreaties, lest such sadness consume you in
silence, and your bitter woes stream back to me
often from your sweet lips. It has reached its end.
You have had the power to drive the Trojans over
land and sea, to stir up evil war, to mar a house, and
mix marriage with grief: I forbid you to attempt
more.' So Jupiter spoke: so, with humble look, the
Saturnian goddess replied: 'Great Jupiter, truly, it
was because I knew it was your wish that I parted
reluctantly from Turnus and the Earth: or you
would not see me alone now, on my celestial perch,
enduring the just and the unjust, but I'd be standing,
wreathed in flame, in the battle line itself, and
drawing the Trojans into deadly combat. I
counselled Juturna (I confess) to help her
unfortunate brother and approved greater acts of
daring for the sake of his life, yet not for her to
contend with the arrow or the bow: I swear it by the
implacable fountainhead of Styx, that alone is held
in awe by the gods above. And now I yield, yes,
and leave the fighting I loathe. Yet I beg this of
you, for Latium's sake, for the majesty of your own
kin: since it is not prohibited by any law of fate:
when they soon make peace with happy nuptials
(so be it) when they join together soon in laws and

sit Romana potens Itala uirtute propago:
occidit, occideritque sinas cum nomine Troia.'
olli subridens hominum rerumque repertor:
'es germana Iouis Saturnique altera proles, 830
irarum tantos uoluis sub pectore fluctus.
uerum age et inceptum frustra summitte furorem:
do quod uis, et me uictusque uolensque remitto.
sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt,
utque est nomen erit; commixti corpore tantum 835
subsident Teucri. morem ritusque sacrorum
adiciam faciamque omnis uno ore Latinos.
hinc genus Ausonio mixtum quod sanguine surget,
supra homines, supra ire deos pietate uidebis,
nec gens ulla tuos aeque celebrabit honores.' 840
adnuis his Iuno et mentem laetata retorsit;
interea excedit caelo nubemque relinquit.

Lines 843-886

His actis aliud genitor secum ipse uolutat
Iuturnamque parat fratris dimittere ab armis.
dicuntur geminae pestes cognomine Dirae, 845

treaties, don't order the native Latins to change their ancient name, to become Trojans or be called Teucrians, or change their language, or alter their clothing. Let Latium still exist, let there be Alban kings through the ages, let there be Roman offspring strong in Italian virtue: Troy has fallen, let her stay fallen, along with her name.' Smiling at her, the creator of men and things replied: 'You are a true sister of Jove, another child of Saturn, such waves of anger surge within your heart. Come, truly, calm this passion that was needlessly roused: I grant what you wish, and I relent, willingly defeated. Ausonia's sons will keep their father's speech and manners, as their name is, so it will be: the Trojans shall sink, merged into the mass, only. I will add sacred laws and rites, and make them all Latins of one tongue. From them a race will rise, merged with Ausonian blood, that you will see surpass men and gods in virtue, no nation will celebrate your rites with as much devotion.' Juno agreed it, and joyfully altered her purpose: then left her cloud, and departed from the sky.

Jupiter Sends Iuturna a Sign

This done the Father turns something else over in his mind and prepares to take Iuturna from her brother's side. Men speak of twin plagues, named

quas et Tartaream Nox intempesta Megaeram
uno eodemque tulit partu, paribusque reuinxit
serpentum spiris uentosasque addidit alas.
hae Iouis ad solium saeuique in limine regis
apparent acuuntque metum mortalibus aegris, 850
si quando letum horrificum morbosque deum rex
molitur, meritas aut bello territat urbes.
harum unam celerem demisit ab aethere summo
Iuppiter inque omen Iuturnae occurrere iussit:
illa uolat celerique ad terram turbine fertur. 855
non secus ac neruo per nubem impulsasagitta,
armatam saeui Parthus quam felle ueneni,
Parthus siue Cydon, telum immedicabile, torsit,
stridens et celeris incognita transilit umbras:
talis se sata Nocte tulit terrasque petiuit. 860
postquam acies uidet Iliacas atque agmina Turni,
alitis in paruae subitam collecta figuram,
quae quondam in bustis aut culminibus desertis
nocte sedens serum canit importuna per umbras—
hanc uersa in faciem Turni se pestis ob ora 865
fertque refertque sonans clipeumque euerberat alis.
illi membra nouus soluit formidine torpor,
arrectaeque horrore comae et uox faucibus haesit.
At procul ut Dirae stridorem agnouit et alas,
infelix crinis scindit Iuturna solutos 870
unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnis:

the Dread Ones, whom Night bore untimely, in one
birth with Tartarean Megaera, wreathing them
equally in snaky coils, and adding wings swift as
the wind. They wait by Jove's throne on the fierce
king's threshold, and sharpen the fears of weak
mortals whenever the king of the gods sends
plagues and death's horrors, or terrifies guilty cities
with war. Jupiter sent one of them quickly down
from heaven's heights and ordered her to meet with
Juturna as a sign: she flew, and darted to earth in a
swift whirlwind. Like an arrow loosed from the
string, through the clouds, that a Parthian, a
Parthian or a Cydonian, fired, hissing, and leaping
unseen through the swift shadows, a shaft beyond
all cure, armed with cruel poison's venom: so sped
the daughter of Night, seeking the earth. As soon as
she saw the Trojan ranks and Turnus's troops, she
changed her shape, suddenly shrinking to the form
of that small bird that perching at night on tombs or
deserted rooftops, often sings her troubling song so
late among the shadows— and the fiend flew
screeching to and fro in front of Turnus's face, and
beat at his shield with her wings. A strange
numbness loosed his limbs in dread, his hair stood
up in terror, and his voice clung to his throat. But
when his wretched sister Juturna recognised the

'quid nunc te tua, Turne, potest germana iuuare?
aut quid iam durae superat mihi? qua tibi lucem
arte morer? talin possum me opponere monstro?
iam iam linquo acies. ne me terrete timentem, 875
obscenae uolucres: alarum uerbera nosco
letalemque sonum, nec fallunt iussa superba
magnanimi Iouis. haec pro uirginitate reponit?
quo uitam dedit aeternam? cur mortis adempta est
condicio? possem tantos finire dolores 880
nunc certe, et misero fratri comes ire per umbras!
immortalis ego? aut quicquam mihi dulce meorum
te sine, frater, erit? o quae satis ima dehiscat
terra mihi, Manisque deam demittat ad imos?'
tantum effata caput glauco contextit amictu 885
multa gemens et se fluuio dea condidit alto.

Lines 887-952

Aeneas instat contra telumque coruscat
ingens arboreum, et saeuo sic pectore fatur:
'quae nunc deinde mora est? aut quid iam, Turne,
retractas?

Dread One's whirring wings in the distance, she
tore at her loosened hair, marring her face with her
nails, and her breasts with her clenched hands:
'What help can your sister give you now, Turnus?
What is left for me who have suffered so? With
what art can I prolong your life? Can I stand
against such a portent? Now at last I leave the
ranks. Bird of ill- omen, do not you terrify me who
already am afraid: I know your wing-beats and
their fatal sound, and I do not mistake the proud
command of great-hearted Jupiter. Is this his
reward for my virginity? Why did he grant me
eternal life? Why is the mortal condition taken
from me? Then, at least, I could end such pain and
go through the shadows at my poor brother's side!
An immortal, I? Can anything be sweet to me
without you my brother? Oh what earth can gape
deep enough for me, to send a goddess down to the
deepest Shades?' So saying she veiled her head in a
grey mantle, and the goddess, with many a cry of
grief, plunged into the river's depths.

The Death Of Turnus
Aeneas pressed on, brandishing his great spear like
a tree, and, angered at heart, he cried out in this
way: 'Why now yet more delay? Why do you still
retreat, Turnus? We must compete hand to hand

non cursu, saeuis certandum est comminus armis.
890

uerte omnis tete in facies et contrahe quidquid
siue animis siue arte uales; opta ardua pennis
astra sequi clausumque caua te condere terra.'
ille caput quassans: 'non me tua feruida terrent
dicta, ferox; di me terrent et Iuppiter hostis.' 895
nec plura effatus saxum circumspicit ingens,
saxum antiquum ingens, campo quod forte iacebat,
limes agro positus litem ut discerneret aruis.
uix illum lecti bis sex ceruice subirent,
qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus; 900
ille manu raptum trepida torquebat in hostem
altior insurgens et cursu concitus heros.
sed neque currentem se nec cognoscit euntem
tollentemue manu saxumue immane mouentem;
genua labant, gelidus concreuit frigore sanguis. 905
tum lapis ipse uiri uacuum per inane uolutus
nec spatium euasit totum neque pertulit ictum.
ac uelut in somnis, oculos ubi languida pressit
nocte quies, nequiquam auidos extendere cursus
uelle uidemur et in mediis conatibus aegri 910
succidimus; non lingua ualet, non corpore notae
sufficiunt uires nec uox aut uerba sequuntur:
sic Turno, quacumque uiam uirtute petiuit,
successum dea dira negat. tum pectore sensus

with fierce weapons, not by running. Change into
every form: summon up all your powers of mind
and art, wing your way if you wish to the high
stars, or hide in earth's hollow prison.' Turnus
shook his head: 'Fierce man, your fiery words don't
frighten me: the gods terrify me and Jupiter's
enmity.' Saying no more he looked round seeing a
great rock, a vast ancient stone, that happened to lie
there in the plain, set up as a boundary marker, to
distinguish fields in dispute. Twelve picked men,
men of such form as Earth now produces, could
scarcely have lifted it on their shoulders, but the
hero, grasping it quickly, rising to his full height
and as swiftly as he could, hurled it at his enemy.
But he did not know himself, running or moving
raising the great rock in his hands, or throwing: his
knees gave way, his blood was frozen cold. The
stone itself, whirled by the warrior through the
empty air, failed to travel the whole distance, or
drive home with force. As in dreams when languid
sleep weighs down our eyes at night, we seem to
try in vain to follow our eager path, and collapse
helpless in the midst of our efforts, the tongue
won't work, the usual strength is lacking from our
limbs, and neither word nor voice will come: so the
dread goddess denied Turnus success, however

uertuntur uarii; Rutulos aspectat et urbem 915
cunctaturque metu letumque instare tremescit,
nec quo se eripiat, nec qua ui tendat in hostem,
nec currus usquam uidet aurigamue sororem.
Cunctanti telum Aeneas fatale coruscat,
sortitus fortunam oculis, et corpore toto 920
eminus intorquet. murali concita numquam
tormento sic saxa fremunt nec fulmine tanti
dissultant crepitus. uolat atri turbinis instar
exitium dirum hasta ferens orasque recludit
loricae et clipei extremos septemplicis orbis; 925
per medium stridens transit femur. incidit ictus
ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.
consurgunt gemitu Rutuli totusque remugit
mons circum et uocem late nemora alta remittunt.
ille humilis supplex oculos dextramque precantem
930
protendens 'equidem merui nec deprecor' inquit;
'utere sorte tua. miseri te si qua parentis
tangere cura potest, oro (fuit et tibi talis
Anchises genitor) Dauni miserere senectae
et me, seu corpus spoliatum lumine mauis, 935
redde meis. uicisti et uictum tendere palmas
Ausonii uidere; tua est Lauinia coniunx,
ulterius ne tende odiis.' stetit acer in armis
Aeneas uoluens oculos dextramque repressit;

courageously he sought to find a way. Then shifting
visions whirled through his brain: he gazed at the
Rutulians, and at the city, faltered in fear, and
shuddered at the death that neared, he saw no way
to escape, no power to attack his enemy, nor sign of
his chariot, nor his sister, his charioteer. As he
wavered, Aeneas shook his fateful spear, seeing a
favourable chance, and hurled it from the distance
with all his might. Stone shot from a siege engine
never roared so loud, such mighty thunder never
burst from a lightning bolt. Like a black hurricane
the spear flew on bearing dire destruction, and
pierced the outer circle of the seven- fold shield,
the breastplate's lower rim, and, hissing, passed
through the centre of the thigh. Great Turnus sank,
his knee bent beneath him, under the blow. The
Rutulians rose up, and groaned, and all the hills
around re-echoed, and, far and wide, the woods
returned the sound. He lowered his eyes in
submission and stretched out his right hand: 'I have
earned this, I ask no mercy' he said, 'seize your
chance. If any concern for a parent's grief can touch
you (you too had such a father, in Anchises) I beg
you to pity Daunus's old age and return me, or if
you prefer it my body robbed of life, to my people.
You are the victor, and the Ausonians have seen me

et iam iamque magis cunctantem flectere sermo
940
coeperat, infelix umero cum apparuit alto
balteus et notis fulserunt cingula bullis
Pallantis pueri, uictum quem uulnere Turnus
strauerat atque umeris inimicum insigne gerebat.
ille, oculis postquam saeui monimenta doloris 945
exuuiasque hausit, furiis accensus et ira
terribilis: 'tunc hinc spoliis indute meorum
eripiari mihi? Pallas te hoc uulnere, Pallas
immolat et poenam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.'
hoc dicens ferrum aduerso sub pectore condit 950
feruidus; ast illi soluuntur frigore membra
uitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

stretch out my hands in defeat: Lavinia is your wife, don't extend your hatred further.' Aeneas stood, fierce in his armour, his eyes flickered, and he held back his hand: and even now, as he paused, the words began to move him more deeply, when high on Turnus's shoulder young Pallas's luckless sword-belt met his gaze, the strap glinting with its familiar decorations, he whom Turnus, now wearing his enemy's emblems on his shoulder, had wounded and thrown, defeated, to the earth. As soon as his eyes took in the trophy, a memory of cruel grief, Aeneas, blazing with fury, and terrible in his anger, cried: 'Shall you be snatched from my grasp, wearing the spoils of one who was my own? Pallas it is, Pallas, who sacrifices you with this stroke, and exacts retribution from your guilty blood.' So saying, burning with rage, he buried his sword deep in Turnus's breast: and then Turnus's limbs grew slack with death, and his life fled, with a moan, angrily, to the Shades.