

Classic Poetry Series

**Publius Vergilius Maro**  
**- poems -**

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# Publius Vergilius Maro(70 BC - 19 BC)

Vergil

or Virgil (Publius Vergilius Maro) 70 B.C.–19 B.C., Roman poet, born. Andes district near Mantua, in Cisalpine Gaul Vergil turned to rural poetry of a contrasting kind, realistic and didactic. In his *Georgics* , completed in 30 B.C., he seeks, as had the Greek Hesiod before him, to interpret the charm of real life and work on the farm. His perfect poetic expression gives him the first place among pastoral poets. For the rest of his life Vergil worked on the *Aeneid* , a national epic honoring Rome and foretelling prosperity to come. The adventures of Aeneas are unquestionably one of the greatest long poems in world literature.

# Eclogue 1: Meliboeus Tityrus

MELIBOEUS

You, Tityrus, 'neath a broad beech-canopy  
Reclining, on the slender oat rehearse  
Your silvan ditties: I from my sweet fields,  
And home's familiar bounds, even now depart.  
Exiled from home am I; while, Tityrus, you  
Sit careless in the shade, and, at your call,  
'Fair Amaryllis' bid the woods resound.

TITYRUS

O Meliboeus, 'twas a god vouchsafed  
This ease to us, for him a god will I  
Deem ever, and from my folds a tender lamb  
Oft with its life-blood shall his altar stain.  
His gift it is that, as your eyes may see,  
My kine may roam at large, and I myself  
Play on my shepherd's pipe what songs I will.

MELIBOEUS

I grudge you not the boon, but marvel more,  
Such wide confusion fills the country-side.  
See, sick at heart I drive my she-goats on,  
And this one, O my Tityrus, scarce can lead:  
For 'mid the hazel-thicket here but now  
She dropped her new-yeaned twins on the bare flint,  
Hope of the flock- an ill, I mind me well,  
Which many a time, but for my blinded sense,  
The thunder-stricken oak foretold, oft too  
From hollow trunk the raven's ominous cry.  
But who this god of yours? Come, Tityrus, tell.

TITYRUS

The city, Meliboeus, they call Rome,  
I, simpleton, deemed like this town of ours,  
Whereto we shepherds oft are wont to drive  
The younglings of the flock: so too I knew  
Whelps to resemble dogs, and kids their dams,  
Comparing small with great; but this as far  
Above all other cities rears her head

As cypress above pliant osier towers.

MELIBOEUS

And what so potent cause took you to Rome?

TITYRUS

Freedom, which, though belated, cast at length  
Her eyes upon the sluggard, when my beard  
'Gan whiter fall beneath the barber's blade-  
Cast eyes, I say, and, though long tarrying, came,  
Now when, from Galatea's yoke released,  
I serve but Amaryllis: for I will own,  
While Galatea reigned over me, I had  
No hope of freedom, and no thought to save.  
Though many a victim from my folds went forth,  
Or rich cheese pressed for the unthankful town,  
Never with laden hands returned I home.

MELIBOEUS

I used to wonder, Amaryllis, why  
You cried to heaven so sadly, and for whom  
You left the apples hanging on the trees;  
'Twas Tityrus was away. Why, Tityrus,  
The very pines, the very water-springs,  
The very vineyards, cried aloud for you.

TITYRUS

What could I do? how else from bonds be freed,  
Or elsewhere find gods so nigh to aid?  
There, Meliboeus, I saw that youth to whom  
Yearly for twice six days my altars smoke.  
There instant answer gave he to my suit,  
'Feed, as before, your kine, boys, rear your bulls.'

MELIBOEUS

So in old age, you happy man, your fields  
Will still be yours, and ample for your need!  
Though, with bare stones o'erspread, the pastures all  
Be choked with rushy mire, your ewes with young  
By no strange fodder will be tried, nor hurt  
Through taint contagious of a neighbouring flock.  
Happy old man, who 'mid familiar streams

And hallowed springs, will court the cooling shade!  
Here, as of old, your neighbour's bordering hedge,  
That feasts with willow-flower the Hybla bees,  
Shall oft with gentle murmur lull to sleep,  
While the leaf-dresser beneath some tall rock  
Uplifts his song, nor cease their cooings hoarse  
The wood-pigeons that are your heart's delight,  
Nor doves their moaning in the elm-tree top.

#### TITYRUS

Sooner shall light stags, therefore, feed in air,  
The seas their fish leave naked on the strand,  
Germans and Parthians shift their natural bounds,  
And these the Arar, those the Tigris drink,  
Than from my heart his face and memory fade.

#### MELIBOEUS

But we far hence, to burning Libya some,  
Some to the Scythian steppes, or thy swift flood,  
Cretan Oaxes, now must wend our way,  
Or Britain, from the whole world sundered far.  
Ah! shall I ever in aftertime behold  
My native bounds- see many a harvest hence  
With ravished eyes the lowly turf-roofed cot  
Where I was king? These fallows, trimmed so fair,  
Some brutal soldier will possess these fields  
An alien master. Ah! to what a pass  
Has civil discord brought our hapless folk!  
For such as these, then, were our furrows sown!  
Now, Meliboeus, graft your pears, now set  
Your vines in order! Go, once happy flock,  
My she-goats, go. Never again shall I,  
Stretched in green cave, behold you from afar  
Hang from the bushy rock; my songs are sung;  
Never again will you, with me to tend,  
On clover-flower, or bitter willows, browse.

#### TITYRUS

Yet here, this night, you might repose with me,  
On green leaves pillowed: apples ripe have I,  
Soft chestnuts, and of curdled milk enow.  
And, see, the farm-roof chimneys smoke afar,

And from the hills the shadows lengthening fall!

Publius Vergilius Maro

## Eclogue 10: Gallus

This now, the very latest of my toils,  
Vouchsafe me, Arethusa! needs must I  
Sing a brief song to Gallus- brief, but yet  
Such as Lycoris' self may fitly read.  
Who would not sing for Gallus? So, when thou  
Beneath Sicanian billows glidest on,  
May Doris blend no bitter wave with thine,  
Begin! The love of Gallus be our theme,  
And the shrewd pangs he suffered, while, hard by,  
The flat-nosed she-goats browse the tender brush.  
We sing not to deaf ears; no word of ours  
But the woods echo it. What groves or lawns  
Held you, ye Dryad-maidens, when for love-  
Love all unworthy of a loss so dear-  
Gallus lay dying? for neither did the slopes  
Of Pindus or Parnassus stay you then,  
No, nor Aonian Aganippe. Him  
Even the laurels and the tamarisks wept;  
For him, outstretched beneath a lonely rock,  
Wept pine-clad Maenalus, and the flinty crags  
Of cold Lycaeus. The sheep too stood around-  
Of us they feel no shame, poet divine;  
Nor of the flock be thou ashamed: even fair  
Adonis by the rivers fed his sheep-  
Came shepherd too, and swine-herd footing slow,  
And, from the winter-acorns dripping-wet  
Menalcas. All with one accord exclaim:  
'From whence this love of thine?' Apollo came;  
'Gallus, art mad?' he cried, 'thy bosom's care  
Another love is following.' Therewithal  
Silvanus came, with rural honours crowned;  
The flowering fennels and tall lilies shook  
Before him. Yea, and our own eyes beheld  
Pan, god of Arcady, with blood-red juice  
Of the elder-berry, and with vermilion, dyed.  
'Wilt ever make an end?' quoth he, 'behold  
Love recks not aught of it: his heart no more  
With tears is sated than with streams the grass,  
Bees with the cytissus, or goats with leaves.'

'Yet will ye sing, Arcadians, of my woes  
Upon your mountains,' sadly he replied-  
'Arcadians, that alone have skill to sing.  
O then how softly would my ashes rest,  
If of my love, one day, your flutes should tell!  
And would that I, of your own fellowship,  
Or dresser of the ripening grape had been,  
Or guardian of the flock! for surely then,  
Let Phyllis, or Amyntas, or who else,  
Bewitch me- what if swart Amyntas be?  
Dark is the violet, dark the hyacinth-  
Among the willows, 'neath the limber vine,  
Reclining would my love have lain with me,  
Phyllis plucked garlands, or Amyntas sung.  
Here are cool springs, soft mead and grove, Lycoris;  
Here might our lives with time have worn away.  
But me mad love of the stern war-god holds  
Armed amid weapons and opposing foes.  
Whilst thou- Ah! might I but believe it not!-  
Alone without me, and from home afar,  
Look'st upon Alpine snows and frozen Rhine.  
Ah! may the frost not hurt thee, may the sharp  
And jagged ice not wound thy tender feet!  
I will depart, re-tune the songs I framed  
In verse Chalcidian to the oaten reed  
Of the Sicilian swain. Resolved am I  
In the woods, rather, with wild beasts to couch,  
And bear my doom, and character my love  
Upon the tender tree-trunks: they will grow,  
And you, my love, grow with them. And meanwhile  
I with the Nymphs will haunt Mount Maenalus,  
Or hunt the keen wild boar. No frost so cold  
But I will hem with hounds thy forest-glades,  
Parthenius. Even now, methinks, I range  
O'er rocks, through echoing groves, and joy to launch  
Cydonian arrows from a Parthian bow.-  
As if my madness could find healing thus,  
Or that god soften at a mortal's grief!  
Now neither Hamadryads, no, nor songs  
Delight me more: ye woods, away with you!  
No pangs of ours can change him; not though we  
In the mid-frost should drink of Hebrus' stream,



And in wet winters face Sithonian snows,  
Or, when the bark of the tall elm-tree bole  
Of drought is dying, should, under Cancer's Sign,  
In Aethiopian deserts drive our flocks.  
Love conquers all things; yield we too to love!

These songs, Pierian Maids, shall it suffice  
Your poet to have sung, the while he sat,  
And of slim mallow wove a basket fine:  
To Gallus ye will magnify their worth,  
Gallus, for whom my love grows hour by hour,  
As the green alder shoots in early Spring.  
Come, let us rise: the shade is wont to be  
Baneful to singers; baneful is the shade  
Cast by the juniper, crops sicken too  
In shade. Now homeward, having fed your fill-  
Eve's star is rising-go, my she-goats, go.

Publius Vergilius Maro

## Eclogue 2: Alexis

The shepherd Corydon with love was fired  
For fair Alexis, his own master's joy:  
No room for hope had he, yet, none the less,  
The thick-leaved shadowy-soaring beech-tree grove  
Still would he haunt, and there alone, as thus,  
To woods and hills pour forth his artless strains.  
'Cruel Alexis, heed you naught my songs?  
Have you no pity? you'll drive me to my death.  
Now even the cattle court the cooling shade  
And the green lizard hides him in the thorn:  
Now for tired mowers, with the fierce heat spent,  
Pounds Thestilis her mess of savoury herbs,  
Wild thyme and garlic. I, with none beside,  
Save hoarse cicadas shrilling through the brake,  
Still track your footprints 'neath the broiling sun.  
Better have borne the petulant proud disdain  
Of Amaryllis, or Menalcas wooed,  
Albeit he was so dark, and you so fair!  
Trust not too much to colour, beauteous boy;  
White privets fall, dark hyacinths are culled.  
You scorn me, Alexis, who or what I am  
Care not to ask- how rich in flocks, or how  
In snow-white milk abounding: yet for me  
Roam on Sicilian hills a thousand lambs;  
Summer or winter, still my milk-pails brim.  
I sing as erst Amphion of Circe sang,  
What time he went to call his cattle home  
On Attic Aracynthus. Nor am I  
So ill to look on: lately on the beach  
I saw myself, when winds had stilled the sea,  
And, if that mirror lie not, would not fear  
Daphnis to challenge, though yourself were judge.  
Ah! were you but content with me to dwell.  
Some lowly cot in the rough fields our home,  
Shoot down the stags, or with green osier-wand  
Round up the stragglings flock! There you with me  
In silvan strains will learn to rival Pan.  
Pan first with wax taught reed with reed to join;  
For sheep alike and shepherd Pan hath care.

Nor with the reed's edge fear you to make rough  
Your dainty lip; such arts as these to learn  
What did Amyntas do?- what did he not?  
A pipe have I, of hemlock-stalks compact  
In lessening lengths, Damoetas' dying-gift:  
'Mine once,' quoth he, 'now yours, as heir to own.'  
Foolish Amyntas heard and envied me.  
Ay, and two fawns, I risked my neck to find  
In a steep glen, with coats white-dappled still,  
From a sheep's udders suckled twice a day-  
These still I keep for you; which Thestylis  
Implores me oft to let her lead away;  
And she shall have them, since my gifts you spurn.  
Come hither, beauteous boy; for you the Nymphs  
Bring baskets, see, with lilies brimmed; for you,  
Plucking pale violets and poppy-heads,  
Now the fair Naiad, of narcissus flower  
And fragrant fennel, doth one posy twine-  
With cassia then, and other scented herbs,  
Blends them, and sets the tender hyacinth off  
With yellow marigold. I too will pick  
Quinces all silvered-o'er with hoary down,  
Chestnuts, which Amaryllis wont to love,  
And waxen plums withal: this fruit no less  
Shall have its meed of honour; and I will pluck  
You too, ye laurels, and you, ye myrtles, near,  
For so your sweets ye mingle. Corydon,  
You are a boor, nor heeds a whit your gifts  
Alexis; no, nor would Iollas yield,  
Should gifts decide the day. Alack! alack!  
What misery have I brought upon my head!-  
Loosed on the flowers Siroces to my bane,  
And the wild boar upon my crystal springs!  
Whom do you fly, infatuate? gods ere now,  
And Dardan Paris, have made the woods their home.  
Let Pallas keep the towers her hand hath built,  
Us before all things let the woods delight.  
The grim-eyed lioness pursues the wolf,  
The wolf the she-goat, the she-goat herself  
In wanton sport the flowering cytissus,  
And Corydon Alexis, each led on  
By their own longing. See, the ox comes home

With plough up-tilted, and the shadows grow  
To twice their length with the departing sun,  
Yet me love burns, for who can limit love?  
Ah! Corydon, Corydon, what hath crazed your wit?  
Your vine half-pruned hangs on the leafy elm;  
Why haste you not to weave what need requires  
Of pliant rush or osier? Scorned by this,  
Elsewhere some new Alexis you will find.'

Publius Vergilius Maro

## Eclogue 3: Menalcas Daemoetas Palaemon

MENALCAS

Who owns the flock, Damoetas? Meliboeus?

DAMOETAS

Nay, they are Aegon's sheep, of late by him  
Committed to my care.

MENALCAS

O every way  
Unhappy sheep, unhappy flock! while he  
Still courts Neaera, fearing lest her choice  
Should fall on me, this hireling shepherd here  
Wrings hourly twice their udders, from the flock  
Filching the life-juice, from the lambs their milk.

DAMOETAS

Hold! not so ready with your jeers at men!  
We know who once, and in what shrine with you-  
The he-goats looked aside- the light nymphs laughed-

MENALCAS

Ay, then, I warrant, when they saw me slash  
Micon's young vines and trees with spiteful hook.

DAMOETAS

Or here by these old beeches, when you broke  
The bow and arrows of Damon; for you chafed  
When first you saw them given to the boy,  
Cross-grained Menalcas, ay, and had you not  
Done him some mischief, would have chafed to death.

MENALCAS

With thieves so daring, what can masters do?  
Did I not see you, rogue, in ambush lie  
For Damon's goat, while loud Lycisca barked?  
And when I cried, 'Where is he off to now?  
Gather your flock together, Tityrus,'  
You hid behind the sedges.

DAMOETAS

Well, was he  
Whom I had conquered still to keep the goat.  
Which in the piping-match my pipe had won!  
You may not know it, but the goat was mine.

MENALCAS

You out-pipe him? when had you ever pipe  
Wax-welded? in the cross-ways used you not  
On grating straw some miserable tune  
To mangle?

DAMOETAS

Well, then, shall we try our skill  
Each against each in turn? Lest you be loth,  
I pledge this heifer; every day she comes  
Twice to the milking-pail, and feeds withal  
Two young ones at her udder: say you now  
What you will stake upon the match with me.

MENALCAS

Naught from the flock I'll venture, for at home  
I have a father and a step-dame harsh,  
And twice a day both reckon up the flock,  
And one withal the kids. But I will stake,  
Seeing you are so mad, what you yourself  
Will own more priceless far- two beechen cups  
By the divine art of Alcimedon  
Wrought and embossed, whereon a limber vine,  
Wreathed round them by the graver's facile tool,  
Twines over clustering ivy-berries pale.  
Two figures, one Conon, in the midst he set,  
And one- how call you him, who with his wand  
Marked out for all men the whole round of heaven,  
That they who reap, or stoop behind the plough,  
Might know their several seasons? Nor as yet  
Have I set lip to them, but lay them by.

DAMOETAS

For me too wrought the same Alcimedon  
A pair of cups, and round the handles wreathed  
Pliant acanthus, Orpheus in the midst,  
The forests following in his wake; nor yet  
Have I set lip to them, but lay them by.  
Matched with a heifer, who would prate of cups?

MENALCAS

You shall not balk me now; where'er you bid,  
I shall be with you; only let us have  
For auditor- or see, to serve our turn,  
Yonder Palaemon comes! In singing-bouts  
I'll see you play the challenger no more.

DAMOETAS

Out then with what you have; I shall not shrink,  
Nor budge for any man: only do you,  
Neighbour Palaemon, with your whole heart's skill-  
For it is no slight matter-play your part.

PALAEMON

Say on then, since on the greensward we sit,  
And now is burgeoning both field and tree;  
Now is the forest green, and now the year  
At fairest. Do you first, Damoetas, sing,  
Then you, Menalcas, in alternate strain:  
Alternate strains are to the Muses dear.

DAMOETAS

'From Jove the Muse began; Jove filleth all,  
Makes the earth fruitful, for my songs hath care.'

MENALCAS

'Me Phoebus loves; for Phoebus his own gifts,  
Bays and sweet-blushing hyacinths, I keep.'

DAMOETAS

'Gay Galatea throws an apple at me,  
Then hies to the willows, hoping to be seen.'

MENALCAS

'My dear Amyntas comes unasked to me;  
Not Delia to my dogs is better known.'

DAMOETAS

'Gifts for my love I've found; mine eyes have marked  
Where the wood-pigeons build their airy nests.'

MENALCAS

'Ten golden apples have I sent my boy,  
All that I could, to-morrow as many more.'

DAMOETAS

'What words to me, and uttered O how oft,  
Hath Galatea spoke! waft some of them,  
Ye winds, I pray you, for the gods to hear.'

MENALCAS

'It profiteth me naught, Amyntas mine,  
That in your very heart you spurn me not,  
If, while you hunt the boar, I guard the nets.'

DAMOETAS

'Prithee, Iollas, for my birthday guest  
Send me your Phyllis; when for the young crops  
I slay my heifer, you yourself shall come.'

MENALCAS

'I am all hers; she wept to see me go,  
And, lingering on the word, 'farewell' she said,  
'My beautiful Iollas, fare you well.'

DAMOETAS

'Fell as the wolf is to the folded flock,  
Rain to ripe corn, Sirocco to the trees,  
The wrath of Amaryllis is to me.'

MENALCAS

'As moisture to the corn, to ewes with young  
Lithe willow, as arbute to the yeanling kids,  
So sweet Amyntas, and none else, to me.'



DAMOETAS

'My Muse, although she be but country-bred,  
Is loved by Pollio: O Pierian Maids,  
Pray you, a heifer for your reader feed!'

MENALCAS

'Pollio himself too doth new verses make:  
Feed ye a bull now ripe to butt with horn,  
And scatter with his hooves the flying sand.'

DAMOETAS

'Who loves thee, Pollio, may he thither come  
Where thee he joys beholding; ay, for him  
Let honey flow, the thorn-bush spices bear.'

MENALCAS

'Who hates not Bavius, let him also love  
Thy songs, O Maevius, ay, and therewithal  
Yoke foxes to his car, and he-goats milk.'

DAMOETAS

'You, picking flowers and strawberries that grow  
So near the ground, fly hence, boys, get you gone!  
There's a cold adder lurking in the grass.'

MENALCAS

'Forbear, my sheep, to tread too near the brink;  
Yon bank is ill to trust to; even now  
The ram himself, see, dries his dripping fleece!'

DAMOETAS

'Back with the she-goats, Tityrus, grazing there  
So near the river! I, when time shall serve,  
Will take them all, and wash them in the pool.'

MENALCAS

'Boys, get your sheep together; if the heat,  
As late it did, forestall us with the milk,  
Vainly the dried-up udders shall we wring.'

DAMOETAS

'How lean my bull amid the fattening vetch!  
Alack! alack! for herdsman and for herd!  
It is the self-same love that wastes us both.'

MENALCAS

'These truly- nor is even love the cause-  
Scarce have the flesh to keep their bones together  
Some evil eye my lambkins hath bewitched.'

DAMOETAS

'Say in what clime- and you shall be withal  
My great Apollo- the whole breadth of heaven  
Opens no wider than three ells to view.'

MENALCAS

'Say in what country grow such flowers as bear  
The names of kings upon their petals writ,  
And you shall have fair Phyllis for your own.'

PALAEMON

Not mine betwixt such rivals to decide:  
You well deserve the heifer, so does he,  
With all who either fear the sweets of love,  
Or taste its bitterness. Now, boys, shut off  
The sluices, for the fields have drunk their fill.

Publius Vergilius Maro

## Eclogue 4: Pollio

POLLIO

Muses of Sicily, essay we now  
A somewhat loftier task! Not all men love  
Coppice or lowly tamarisk: sing we woods,  
Woods worthy of a Consul let them be.

Now the last age by Cumae's Sibyl sung  
Has come and gone, and the majestic roll  
Of circling centuries begins anew:  
Justice returns, returns old Saturn's reign,  
With a new breed of men sent down from heaven.  
Only do thou, at the boy's birth in whom  
The iron shall cease, the golden race arise,  
Befriend him, chaste Lucina; 'tis thine own  
Apollo reigns. And in thy consulate,  
This glorious age, O Pollio, shall begin,  
And the months enter on their mighty march.  
Under thy guidance, whatso tracks remain  
Of our old wickedness, once done away,  
Shall free the earth from never-ceasing fear.  
He shall receive the life of gods, and see  
Heroes with gods commingling, and himself  
Be seen of them, and with his father's worth  
Reign o'er a world at peace. For thee, O boy,  
First shall the earth, untilled, pour freely forth  
Her childish gifts, the gadding ivy-spray  
With foxglove and Egyptian bean-flower mixed,  
And laughing-eyed acanthus. Of themselves,  
Untended, will the she-goats then bring home  
Their udders swollen with milk, while flocks afield  
Shall of the monstrous lion have no fear.  
Thy very cradle shall pour forth for thee  
Caressing flowers. The serpent too shall die,  
Die shall the treacherous poison-plant, and far  
And wide Assyrian spices spring. But soon  
As thou hast skill to read of heroes' fame,  
And of thy father's deeds, and inly learn  
What virtue is, the plain by slow degrees

With waving corn-crops shall to golden grow,  
From the wild briar shall hang the blushing grape,  
And stubborn oaks sweat honey-dew. Nathless  
Yet shall there lurk within of ancient wrong  
Some traces, bidding tempt the deep with ships,  
Gird towns with walls, with furrows cleave the earth.  
Therewith a second Tiphys shall there be,  
Her hero-freight a second Argo bear;  
New wars too shall arise, and once again  
Some great Achilles to some Troy be sent.  
Then, when the mellowing years have made thee man,  
No more shall mariner sail, nor pine-tree bark  
Ply traffic on the sea, but every land  
Shall all things bear alike: the glebe no more  
Shall feel the harrow's grip, nor vine the hook;  
The sturdy ploughman shall loose yoke from steer,  
Nor wool with varying colours learn to lie;  
But in the meadows shall the ram himself,  
Now with soft flush of purple, now with tint  
Of yellow saffron, teach his fleece to shine.  
While clothed in natural scarlet graze the lambs.  
'Such still, such ages weave ye, as ye run,'  
Sang to their spindles the consenting Fates  
By Destiny's unalterable decree.  
Assume thy greatness, for the time draws nigh,  
Dear child of gods, great progeny of Jove!  
See how it totters- the world's orb'd might,  
Earth, and wide ocean, and the vault profound,  
All, see, enraptured of the coming time!  
Ah! might such length of days to me be given,  
And breath suffice me to rehearse thy deeds,  
Nor Thracian Orpheus should out-sing me then,  
Nor Linus, though his mother this, and that  
His sire should aid- Orpheus Calliope,  
And Linus fair Apollo. Nay, though Pan,  
With Arcady for judge, my claim contest,  
With Arcady for judge great Pan himself  
Should own him foiled, and from the field retire.

Begin to greet thy mother with a smile,  
O baby-boy! ten months of weariness  
For thee she bore: O baby-boy, begin!

For him, on whom his parents have not smiled,  
Gods deem not worthy of their board or bed.

Publius Vergilius Maro

## Eclogue 5: Menalcas Mopsus

MENALCAS

Why, Mopsus, being both together met,  
You skilled to breathe upon the slender reeds,  
I to sing ditties, do we not sit down  
Here where the elm-trees and the hazels blend?

MOPSUS

You are the elder, 'tis for me to bide  
Your choice, Menalcas, whether now we seek  
Yon shade that quivers to the changeful breeze,  
Or the cave's shelter. Look you how the cave  
Is with the wild vine's clusters over-laced!

MENALCAS

None but Amyntas on these hills of ours  
Can vie with you.

MOPSUS

What if he also strive  
To out-sing Phoebus?

MENALCAS

Do you first begin,  
Good Mopsus, whether minded to sing aught  
Of Phyllis and her loves, or Alcon's praise,  
Or to fling taunts at Codrus. Come, begin,  
While Tityrus watches o'er the grazing kids.

MOPSUS

Nay, then, I will essay what late I carved  
On a green beech-tree's rind, playing by turns,  
And marking down the notes; then afterward  
Bid you Amyntas match them if he can.

MENALCAS

As limber willow to pale olive yields,  
As lowly Celtic nard to rose-buds bright,

So, to my mind, Amyntas yields to you.  
But hold awhile, for to the cave we come.

#### MOPSUS

'For Daphnis cruelly slain wept all the Nymphs-  
Ye hazels, bear them witness, and ye streams-  
When she, his mother, clasping in her arms  
The hapless body of the son she bare,  
To gods and stars unpitying, poured her plaint.  
Then, Daphnis, to the cooling streams were none  
That drove the pastured oxen, then no beast  
Drank of the river, or would the grass-blade touch.  
Nay, the wild rocks and woods then voiced the roar  
Of Afric lions mourning for thy death.  
Daphnis, 'twas thou bad'st yoke to Bacchus' car  
Armenian tigresses, lead on the pomp  
Of revellers, and with tender foliage wreath  
The bending spear-wands. As to trees the vine  
Is crown of glory, as to vines the grape,  
Bulls to the herd, to fruitful fields the corn,  
So the one glory of thine own art thou.  
When the Fates took thee hence, then Pales' self,  
And even Apollo, left the country lone.  
Where the plump barley-grain so oft we sowed,  
There but wild oats and barren darnel spring;  
For tender violet and narcissus bright  
Thistle and prickly thorn uprear their heads.  
Now, O ye shepherds, strew the ground with leaves,  
And o'er the fountains draw a shady veil-  
So Daphnis to his memory bids be done-  
And rear a tomb, and write thereon this verse:  
'I, Daphnis in the woods, from hence in fame  
Am to the stars exalted, guardian once  
Of a fair flock, myself more fair than they.'

#### MENALCAS

So is thy song to me, poet divine,  
As slumber on the grass to weary limbs,  
Or to slake thirst from some sweet-bubbling rill  
In summer's heat. Nor on the reeds alone,  
But with thy voice art thou, thrice happy boy,  
Ranked with thy master, second but to him.

Yet will I, too, in turn, as best I may,  
Sing thee a song, and to the stars uplift  
Thy Daphnis- Daphnis to the stars extol,  
For me too Daphnis loved.

#### MOPSUS

Than such a boon  
What dearer could I deem? the boy himself  
Was worthy to be sung, and many a time  
Hath Stimichon to me your singing praised.

#### MENALCAS

'In dazzling sheen with unaccustomed eyes  
Daphnis stands rapt before Olympus' gate,  
And sees beneath his feet the clouds and stars.  
Wherefore the woods and fields, Pan, shepherd-folk,  
And Dryad-maidens, thrill with eager joy;  
Nor wolf with treacherous wile assails the flock,  
Nor nets the stag: kind Daphnis loveth peace.  
The unshorn mountains to the stars up-toss  
Voices of gladness; ay, the very rocks,  
The very thickets, shout and sing, 'A god,  
A god is he, Menalcas 'Be thou kind,  
Propitious to thine own. Lo! altars four,  
Twain to thee, Daphnis, and to Phoebus twain  
For sacrifice, we build; and I for thee  
Two beakers yearly of fresh milk afoam,  
And of rich olive-oil two bowls, will set;  
And of the wine-god's bounty above all,  
If cold, before the hearth, or in the shade  
At harvest-time, to glad the festal hour,  
From flasks of Ariusian grape will pour  
Sweet nectar. Therewithal at my behest  
Shall Lyctian Aegon and Damoetas sing,  
And Alphisiboeus emulate in dance  
The dancing Satyrs. This, thy service due,  
Shalt thou lack never, both when we pay the Nymphs  
Our yearly vows, and when with lustral rites  
The fields we hallow. Long as the wild boar  
Shall love the mountain-heights, and fish the streams,  
While bees on thyme and crickets feed on dew,



Thy name, thy praise, thine honour, shall endure.  
Even as to Bacchus and to Ceres, so  
To thee the swain his yearly vows shall make;  
And thou thereof, like them, shalt quittance claim.'

MOPSUS

How, how repay thee for a song so rare?  
For not the whispering south-wind on its way  
So much delights me, nor wave-smitten beach,  
Nor streams that race adown their bouldered beds.

MENALCAS

First this frail hemlock-stalk to you I give,  
Which taught me 'Corydon with love was fired  
For fair Alexis,' ay, and this beside,  
'Who owns the flock?- Meliboeus?'

MOPSUS

But take you  
This shepherd's crook, which, howso hard he begged,  
Antigenes, then worthy to be loved,  
Prevailed not to obtain- with brass, you see,  
And equal knots, Menalcas, fashioned fair!

Publius Vergilius Maro

## Eclogue 6: To Varus

First my Thalia stooped in sportive mood  
To Syracusan strains, nor blushed within  
The woods to house her. When I sought to tell  
Of battles and of kings, the Cynthian god  
Plucked at mine ear and warned me: 'Tityrus,  
Beseems a shepherd-wight to feed fat sheep,  
But sing a slender song.' Now, Varus, I-  
For lack there will not who would laud thy deeds,  
And treat of dolorous wars- will rather tune  
To the slim oaten reed my silvan lay.  
I sing but as vouchsafed me; yet even this  
If, if but one with ravished eyes should read,  
Of thee, O Varus, shall our tamarisks  
And all the woodland ring; nor can there be  
A page more dear to Phoebus, than the page  
Where, foremost writ, the name of Varus stands.

Speed ye, Pierian Maids! Within a cave  
Young Chromis and Mnasyllus chanced to see  
Silenus sleeping, flushed, as was his wont,  
With wine of yesterday. Not far aloof,  
Slipped from his head, the garlands lay, and there  
By its worn handle hung a ponderous cup.  
Approaching- for the old man many a time  
Had balked them both of a long hoped-for song-  
Garlands to fetters turned, they bind him fast.  
Then Aegle, fairest of the Naiad-band,  
Aegle came up to the half-frightened boys,  
Came, and, as now with open eyes he lay,  
With juice of blood-red mulberries smeared him o'er,  
Both brow and temples. Laughing at their guile,  
And crying, 'Why tie the fetters? loose me, boys;  
Enough for you to think you had the power;  
Now list the songs you wish for- songs for you,  
Another meed for her' -forthwith began.  
Then might you see the wild things of the wood,  
With Fauns in sportive frolic beat the time,  
And stubborn oaks their branchy summits bow.  
Not Phoebus doth the rude Parnassian crag

So ravish, nor Orpheus so entrance the heights  
Of Rhodope or Ismarus: for he sang  
How through the mighty void the seeds were driven  
Of earth, air, ocean, and of liquid fire,  
How all that is from these beginnings grew,  
And the young world itself took solid shape,  
Then 'gan its crust to harden, and in the deep  
Shut Nereus off, and mould the forms of things  
Little by little; and how the earth amazed  
Beheld the new sun shining, and the showers  
Fall, as the clouds soared higher, what time the woods  
'Gan first to rise, and living things to roam  
Scattered among the hills that knew them not.  
Then sang he of the stones by Pyrrha cast,  
Of Saturn's reign, and of Prometheus' theft,  
And the Caucasian birds, and told withal  
Nigh to what fountain by his comrades left  
The mariners cried on Hylas till the shore  
'Then Re-echoed 'Hylas, Hylas! soothed  
Pasiphae with the love of her white bull-  
Happy if cattle-kind had never been!-  
O ill-starred maid, what frenzy caught thy soul  
The daughters too of Proetus filled the fields  
With their feigned lowings, yet no one of them  
Of such unhallowed union e'er was fain  
As with a beast to mate, though many a time  
On her smooth forehead she had sought for horns,  
And for her neck had feared the galling plough.  
O ill-starred maid! thou roamest now the hills,  
While on soft hyacinths he, his snowy side  
Reposing, under some dark ilex now  
Chews the pale herbage, or some heifer tracks  
Amid the crowding herd. Now close, ye Nymphs,  
Ye Nymphs of Dicte, close the forest-glades,  
If haply there may chance upon mine eyes  
The white bull's wandering foot-prints: him belike  
Following the herd, or by green pasture lured,  
Some kine may guide to the Gortynian stalls.  
Then sings he of the maid so wonder-struck  
With the apples of the Hesperids, and then  
With moss-bound, bitter bark rings round the forms  
Of Phaethon's fair sisters, from the ground

Up-towering into poplars. Next he sings  
Of Gallus wandering by Permessus' stream,  
And by a sister of the Muses led  
To the Aonian mountains, and how all  
The choir of Phoebus rose to greet him; how  
The shepherd Linus, singer of songs divine,  
Brow-bound with flowers and bitter parsley, spake:  
'These reeds the Muses give thee, take them thou,  
Erst to the aged bard of Ascra given,  
Wherewith in singing he was wont to draw  
Time-rooted ash-trees from the mountain heights.  
With these the birth of the Grynean grove  
Be voiced by thee, that of no grove beside  
Apollo more may boast him.' Wherefore speak  
Of Scylla, child of Nisus, who, 'tis said,  
Her fair white loins with barking monsters girt  
Vexed the Dulichian ships, and, in the deep  
Swift-eddying whirlpool, with her sea-dogs tore  
The trembling mariners? or how he told  
Of the changed limbs of Tereus- what a feast,  
What gifts, to him by Philomel were given;  
How swift she sought the desert, with what wings  
Hovered in anguish o'er her ancient home?  
All that, of old, Eurotas, happy stream,  
Heard, as Apollo mused upon the lyre,  
And bade his laurels learn, Silenus sang;  
Till from Olympus, loth at his approach,  
Vesper, advancing, bade the shepherds tell  
Their tale of sheep, and pen them in the fold.

Publius Vergilius Maro

## Eclogue 7: Meliboeus Corydon Thyrsis

Daphnis beneath a rustling ilex-tree  
Had sat him down; Thyrsis and Corydon  
Had gathered in the flock, Thyrsis the sheep,  
And Corydon the she-goats swollen with milk-  
Both in the flower of age, Arcadians both,  
Ready to sing, and in like strain reply.  
Hither had strayed, while from the frost I fend  
My tender myrtles, the he-goat himself,  
Lord of the flock; when Daphnis I espy!  
Soon as he saw me, 'Hither haste,' he cried,  
'O Meliboeus! goat and kids are safe;  
And, if you have an idle hour to spare,  
Rest here beneath the shade. Hither the steers  
Will through the meadows, of their own free will,  
Untended come to drink. Here Mincius hath  
With tender rushes rimmed his verdant banks,  
And from yon sacred oak with busy hum  
The bees are swarming.' What was I to do?  
No Phyllis or Alcippe left at home  
Had I, to shelter my new-weaned lambs,  
And no slight matter was a singing-bout  
'Twixt Corydon and Thyrsis. Howsoe'er,  
I let my business wait upon their sport.  
So they began to sing, voice answering voice  
In strains alternate- for alternate strains  
The Muses then were minded to recall-  
First Corydon, then Thyrsis in reply.

### CORYDON

'Libethrian Nymphs, who are my heart's delight,  
Grant me, as doth my Codrus, so to sing-  
Next to Apollo he- or if to this  
We may not all attain, my tuneful pipe  
Here on this sacred pine shall silent hang.'

### THYRSIS

'Arcadian shepherds, wreathe with ivy-spray  
Your budding poet, so that Codrus burst  
With envy: if he praise beyond my due,

Then bind my brow with foxglove, lest his tongue  
With evil omen blight the coming bard.'

CORYDON

'This bristling boar's head, Delian Maid, to thee,  
With branching antlers of a sprightly stag,  
Young Micon offers: if his luck but hold,  
Full-length in polished marble, ankle-bound  
With purple buskin, shall thy statue stand.'

THYRSIS

'A bowl of milk, Priapus, and these cakes,  
Yearly, it is enough for thee to claim;  
Thou art the guardian of a poor man's plot.  
Wrought for a while in marble, if the flock  
At lambing time be filled, stand there in gold.'

CORYDON

'Daughter of Nereus, Galatea mine,  
Sweeter than Hybla-thyme, more white than swans,  
Fairer than ivy pale, soon as the steers  
Shall from their pasture to the stalls repair,  
If aught for Corydon thou carest, come.'

THYRSIS

'Now may I seem more bitter to your taste  
Than herb Sardinian, rougher than the broom,  
More worthless than strewn sea-weed, if to-day  
Hath not a year out-lasting! Fie for shame!  
Go home, my cattle, from your grazing go!'

CORYDON

'Ye mossy springs, and grass more soft than sleep,  
And arbut green with thin shade sheltering you,  
Ward off the solstice from my flock, for now  
Comes on the burning summer, now the buds  
Upon the limber vine-shoot 'gin to swell.'

THYRSIS

'Here is a hearth, and resinous logs, here fire  
Unstinted, and doors black with ceaseless smoke.  
Here heed we Boreas' icy breath as much

As the wolf heeds the number of the flock,  
Or furious rivers their restraining banks.'

CORYDON

'The junipers and prickly chestnuts stand,  
And 'neath each tree lie strewn their several fruits,  
Now the whole world is smiling, but if fair  
Alexis from these hill-slopes should away,  
Even the rivers you would ; see run dry.'

THYRSIS

'The field is parched, the grass-blades thirst to death  
In the faint air; Liber hath grudged the hills  
His vine's o'er-shadowing: should my Phyllis come,  
Green will be all the grove, and Jupiter  
Descend in floods of fertilizing rain.'

CORYDON

'The poplar doth Alcides hold most dear,  
The vine Iacchus, Phoebus his own bays,  
And Venus fair the myrtle: therewithal  
Phyllis doth hazels love, and while she loves,  
Myrtle nor bay the hazel shall out-vie.'

THYRSIS

'Ash in the forest is most beautiful,  
Pine in the garden, poplar by the stream,  
Fir on the mountain-height; but if more oft  
Thou'ldst come to me, fair Lycidas, to thee  
Both forest-ash, and garden-pine should bow.'

MELIBOEUS

These I remember, and how Thyrsis strove  
For victory in vain. From that time forth  
Is Corydon still Corydon with us.

Publius Vergilius Maro

## Eclogue 8: To Pollio Damon Alphesiboeus

Of Damon and Alphesiboeus now,  
Those shepherd-singers at whose rival strains  
The heifer wondering forgot to graze,  
The lynx stood awe-struck, and the flowing streams,  
Unwonted loiterers, stayed their course to hear-  
How Damon and Alphesiboeus sang  
Their pastoral ditties, will I tell the tale.

Thou, whether broad Timavus' rocky banks  
Thou now art passing, or dost skirt the shore  
Of the Illyrian main,- will ever dawn  
That day when I thy deeds may celebrate,  
Ever that day when through the whole wide world  
I may renown thy verse- that verse alone  
Of Sophoclean buskin worthy found?  
With thee began, to thee shall end, the strain.  
Take thou these songs that owe their birth to thee,  
And deign around thy temples to let creep  
This ivy-chaplet 'twixt the conquering bays.

Scarce had night's chilly shade forsook the sky  
What time to nibbling sheep the dewy grass  
Tastes sweetest, when, on his smooth shepherd-staff  
Of olive leaning, Damon thus began.

DAMON

'Rise, Lucifer, and, heralding the light,  
Bring in the genial day, while I make moan  
Fooled by vain passion for a faithless bride,  
For Nysa, and with this my dying breath  
Call on the gods, though little it bestead-  
The gods who heard her vows and heeded not.

'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.  
Ever hath Maenalus his murmuring groves  
And whispering pines, and ever hears the songs  
Of love-lorn shepherds, and of Pan, who first  
Brooked not the tuneful reed should idle lie.



'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.  
Nysa to Mopsus given! what may not then  
We lovers look for? soon shall we see mate  
Griffins with mares, and in the coming age  
Shy deer and hounds together come to drink.

'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.  
Now, Mopsus, cut new torches, for they bring  
Your bride along; now, bridegroom, scatter nuts:  
Forsaking Oeta mounts the evening star!

'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.  
O worthy of thy mate, while all men else  
Thou scornest, and with loathing dost behold  
My shepherd's pipe, my goats, my shaggy brow,  
And untrimmed beard, nor deem'st that any god  
For mortal doings hath regard or care.

'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.  
Once with your mother, in our orchard-garth,  
A little maid I saw you- I your guide-  
Plucking the dewy apples. My twelfth year  
I scarce had entered, and could barely reach  
The brittle boughs. I looked, and I was lost;  
A sudden frenzy swept my wits away.

'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.  
Now know I what Love is: 'mid savage rocks  
Tmaros or Rhodope brought forth the boy,  
Or Garamantes in earth's utmost bounds-  
No kin of ours, nor of our blood begot.

'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.  
Fierce Love it was once steeled a mother's heart  
With her own offspring's blood her hands to imbrue:  
Mother, thou too wert cruel; say wert thou  
More cruel, mother, or more ruthless he?  
Ruthless the boy, thou, mother, cruel too.

'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.  
Now let the wolf turn tail and fly the sheep,  
Tough oaks bear golden apples, alder-trees

Bloom with narcissus-flower, the tamarisk  
Sweat with rich amber, and the screech-owl vie  
In singing with the swan: let Tityrus  
Be Orpheus, Orpheus in the forest-glade,  
Arion 'mid his dolphins on the deep.

'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.  
Yea, be the whole earth to mid-ocean turned!  
Farewell, ye woodlands I from the tall peak  
Of yon aerial rock will headlong plunge  
Into the billows: this my latest gift,  
From dying lips bequeathed thee, see thou keep.  
Cease now, my flute, now cease Maenalian lays.'

Thus Damon: but do ye, Pierian Maids-  
We cannot all do all things- tell me how  
Alphesiboeus to his strain replied.

#### ALPHESIBOEUS

'Bring water, and with soft wool-fillet bind  
These altars round about, and burn thereon  
Rich vervain and male frankincense, that I  
May strive with magic spells to turn astray  
My lover's saner senses, whereunto  
There lacketh nothing save the power of song.

'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.  
Songs can the very moon draw down from heaven  
Circe with singing changed from human form  
The comrades of Ulysses, and by song  
Is the cold meadow-snake, asunder burst.

'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.  
These triple threads of threefold colour first  
I twine about thee, and three times withal  
Around these altars do thine image bear:  
Uneven numbers are the god's delight.

'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.  
Now, Amaryllis, ply in triple knots  
The threefold colours; ply them fast, and say  
This is the chain of Venus that I ply.

'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.  
As by the kindling of the self-same fire  
Harder this clay, this wax the softer grows,  
So by my love may Daphnis; sprinkle meal,  
And with bitumen burn the brittle bays.  
Me Daphnis with his cruelty doth burn,  
I to melt cruel Daphnis burn this bay.

'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.  
As when some heifer, seeking for her steer  
Through woodland and deep grove, sinks wearied out  
On the green sedge beside a stream, love-lorn,  
Nor marks the gathering night that calls her home-  
As pines that heifer, with such love as hers  
May Daphnis pine, and I not care to heal.

'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.  
These relics once, dear pledges of himself,  
The traitor left me, which, O earth, to thee  
Here on this very threshold I commit-  
Pledges that bind him to redeem the debt.

'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.  
These herbs of bane to me did Moeris give,  
In Pontus culled, where baneful herbs abound.  
With these full oft have I seen Moeris change  
To a wolf's form, and hide him in the woods,  
Oft summon spirits from the tomb's recess,  
And to new fields transport the standing corn.

'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.  
Take ashes, Amaryllis, fetch them forth,  
And o'er your head into the running brook  
Fling them, nor look behind: with these will  
Upon the heart of Daphnis make essay.  
Nothing for gods, nothing for songs cares he.

'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.  
Look, look I the very embers of themselves  
Have caught the altar with a flickering flame,  
While I delay to fetch them: may the sign

Prove lucky! something it must mean, for sure,  
And Hylax on the threshold 'gins to bark!  
May we believe it, or are lovers still  
By their own fancies fooled?

Give o'er, my songs,  
Daphnis is coming from the town, give o'er.'

Publius Vergilius Maro

## Eclogue 9: Lycidas Moeris

LYCIDAS

Say whither, Moeris?- Make you for the town,  
Or on what errand bent?

MOERIS

O Lycidas,  
We have lived to see, what never yet we feared,  
An interloper own our little farm,  
And say, 'Be off, you former husbandmen!  
These fields are mine.' Now, cowed and out of heart,  
Since Fortune turns the whole world upside down,  
We are taking him- ill luck go with the same!-'  
These kids you see.

LYCIDAS

But surely I had heard  
That where the hills first draw from off the plain,  
And the high ridge with gentle slope descends,  
Down to the brook-side and the broken crests  
Of yonder veteran beeches, all the land  
Was by the songs of your Menalcas saved.

MOERIS

Heard it you had, and so the rumour ran,  
But 'mid the clash of arms, my Lycidas,  
Our songs avail no more than, as 'tis said,  
Doves of Dodona when an eagle comes.  
Nay, had I not, from hollow ilex-bole  
Warned by a raven on the left, cut short  
The rising feud, nor I, your Moeris here,  
No, nor Menalcas, were alive to-day.

LYCIDAS

Alack! could any of so foul a crime  
Be guilty? Ah! how nearly, thyself,  
Reft was the solace that we had in thee,  
Menalcas! Who then of the Nymphs had sung,

Or who with flowering herbs bestrewn the ground,  
And o'er the fountains drawn a leafy veil?-  
Who sung the stave I filched from you that day  
To Amaryllis wending, our hearts' joy?-  
'While I am gone, 'tis but a little way,  
Feed, Tityrus, my goats, and, having fed,  
Drive to the drinking-pool, and, as you drive,  
Beware the he-goat; with his horn he butts.'

MOERIS

Ay, or to Varus that half-finished lay,  
'Varus, thy name, so still our Mantua live-  
Mantua to poor Cremona all too near-  
Shall singing swans bear upward to the stars.'

LYCIDAS

So may your swarms Cyrnean yew-trees shun,  
Your kine with cytissus their udders swell,  
Begin, if aught you have. The Muses made  
Me too a singer; I too have sung; the swains  
Call me a poet, but I believe them not:  
For naught of mine, or worthy Varius yet  
Or Cinna deem I, but account myself  
A cackling goose among melodious swans.

MOERIS

'Twas in my thought to do so, Lycidas;  
Even now was I revolving silently  
If this I could recall- no paltry song:  
'Come, Galatea, what pleasure is 't to play  
Amid the waves? Here glows the Spring, here earth  
Beside the streams pours forth a thousand flowers;  
Here the white poplar bends above the cave,  
And the lithe vine weaves shadowy covert: come,  
Leave the mad waves to beat upon the shore.'

LYCIDAS

What of the strain I heard you singing once  
On a clear night alone? the notes I still  
Remember, could I but recall the words.

MOERIS

'Why, Daphnis, upward gazing, do you mark  
The ancient risings of the Signs? for look  
Where Dionean Caesar's star comes forth  
In heaven, to gladden all the fields with corn,  
And to the grape upon the sunny slopes  
Her colour bring! Now, the pears;  
So shall your children's children pluck their fruit.

Time carries all things, even our wits, away.  
Oft, as a boy, I sang the sun to rest,  
But all those songs are from my memory fled,  
And even his voice is failing Moeris now;  
The wolves eyed Moeris first: but at your wish  
Menalcas will repeat them oft enow.

#### LYCIDAS

Your pleas but linger out my heart's desire:  
Now all the deep is into silence hushed,  
And all the murmuring breezes sunk to sleep.  
We are half-way thither, for Bianor's tomb  
Begins to show: here, Moeris, where the hinds  
Are lopping the thick leafage, let us sing.  
Set down the kids, yet shall we reach the town;  
Or, if we fear the night may gather rain  
Ere we arrive, then singing let us go,  
Our way to lighten; and, that we may thus  
Go singing, I will ease you of this load.

#### MOERIS

Cease, boy, and get we to the work in hand:  
We shall sing better when himself is come.

Publius Vergilius Maro

# Georgic 1

What makes the cornfield smile; beneath what star  
Maecenas, it is meet to turn the sod  
Or marry elm with vine; how tend the steer;  
What pains for cattle-keeping, or what proof  
Of patient trial serves for thrifty bees;-  
Such are my themes.

O universal lights

Most glorious! ye that lead the gliding year  
Along the sky, Liber and Ceres mild,  
If by your bounty holpen earth once changed  
Chaonian acorn for the plump wheat-ear,  
And mingled with the grape, your new-found gift,  
The draughts of Achelous; and ye Fauns  
To rustics ever kind, come foot it, Fauns  
And Dryad-maids together; your gifts I sing.  
And thou, for whose delight the war-horse first  
Sprang from earth's womb at thy great trident's stroke,  
Neptune; and haunter of the groves, for whom  
Three hundred snow-white heifers browse the brakes,  
The fertile brakes of Ceos; and clothed in power,  
Thy native forest and Lycean lawns,  
Pan, shepherd-god, forsaking, as the love  
Of thine own Maenalus constrains thee, hear  
And help, O lord of Tegea! And thou, too,  
Minerva, from whose hand the olive sprung;  
And boy-discoverer of the curved plough;  
And, bearing a young cypress root-uptorn,  
Silvanus, and Gods all and Goddesses,  
Who make the fields your care, both ye who nurse  
The tender unsown increase, and from heaven  
Shed on man's sowing the riches of your rain:  
And thou, even thou, of whom we know not yet  
What mansion of the skies shall hold thee soon,  
Whether to watch o'er cities be thy will,  
Great Caesar, and to take the earth in charge,  
That so the mighty world may welcome thee  
Lord of her increase, master of her times,  
Binding thy mother's myrtle round thy brow,  
Or as the boundless ocean's God thou come,



Sole dread of seamen, till far Thule bow  
Before thee, and Tethys win thee to her son  
With all her waves for dower; or as a star  
Lend thy fresh beams our lagging months to cheer,  
Where 'twixt the Maid and those pursuing Claws  
A space is opening; see! red Scorpio's self  
His arms draws in, yea, and hath left thee more  
Than thy full meed of heaven: be what thou wilt-  
For neither Tartarus hopes to call thee king,  
Nor may so dire a lust of sovereignty  
E'er light upon thee, howso Greece admire  
Elysium's fields, and Proserpine not heed  
Her mother's voice entreating to return-  
Vouchsafe a prosperous voyage, and smile on this  
My bold endeavour, and pitying, even as I,  
These poor way-wildered swains, at once begin,  
Grow timely used unto the voice of prayer.  
In early spring-tide, when the icy drip  
Melts from the mountains hoar, and Zephyr's breath  
Unbinds the crumbling clod, even then 'tis time;  
Press deep your plough behind the groaning ox,  
And teach the furrow-burnished share to shine.  
That land the craving farmer's prayer fulfils,  
Which twice the sunshine, twice the frost has felt;  
Ay, that's the land whose boundless harvest-crops  
Burst, see! the barns.  
But ere our metal cleave  
An unknown surface, heed we to forelearn  
The winds and varying temper of the sky,  
The lineal tilth and habits of the spot,  
What every region yields, and what denies.  
Here blithelier springs the corn, and here the grape,  
There earth is green with tender growth of trees  
And grass unbidden. See how from Tmolus comes  
The saffron's fragrance, ivory from Ind,  
From Saba's weakling sons their frankincense,  
Iron from the naked Chalybs, castor rank  
From Pontus, from Epirus the prize-palms  
O' the mares of Elis.  
Such the eternal bond  
And such the laws by Nature's hand imposed  
On clime and clime, e'er since the primal dawn

When old Deucalion on the unpeopled earth  
Cast stones, whence men, a flinty race, were reared.  
Up then! if fat the soil, let sturdy bulls  
Upturn it from the year's first opening months,  
And let the clods lie bare till baked to dust  
By the ripe suns of summer; but if the earth  
Less fruitful just ere Arcturus rise  
With shallower trench uptilt it- 'twill suffice;  
There, lest weeds choke the crop's luxuriance, here,  
Lest the scant moisture fail the barren sand.  
Then thou shalt suffer in alternate years  
The new-reaped fields to rest, and on the plain  
A crust of sloth to harden; or, when stars  
Are changed in heaven, there sow the golden grain  
Where erst, luxuriant with its quivering pod,  
Pulse, or the slender vetch-crop, thou hast cleared,  
And lupin sour, whose brittle stalks arise,  
A hurtling forest. For the plain is parched  
By flax-crop, parched by oats, by poppies parched  
In Lethe-slumber drenched. Nathless by change  
The travailing earth is lightened, but stint not  
With refuse rich to soak the thirsty soil,  
And shower foul ashes o'er the exhausted fields.  
Thus by rotation like repose is gained,  
Nor earth meanwhile unearned and thankless left.  
Oft, too, 'twill boot to fire the naked fields,  
And the light stubble burn with crackling flames;  
Whether that earth therefrom some hidden strength  
And fattening food derives, or that the fire  
Bakes every blemish out, and sweats away  
Each useless humour, or that the heat unlocks  
New passages and secret pores, whereby  
Their life-juice to the tender blades may win;  
Or that it hardens more and helps to bind  
The gaping veins, lest penetrating showers,  
Or fierce sun's ravening might, or searching blast  
Of the keen north should sear them. Well, I wot,  
He serves the fields who with his harrow breaks  
The sluggish clods, and hurdles osier-twined  
Hales o'er them; from the far Olympian height  
Him golden Ceres not in vain regards;  
And he, who having ploughed the fallow plain

And heaved its furrowy ridges, turns once more  
Cross-wise his shattering share, with stroke on stroke  
The earth assails, and makes the field his thrall.  
Pray for wet summers and for winters fine,  
Ye husbandmen; in winter's dust the crops  
Exceedingly rejoice, the field hath joy;  
No tilth makes Mysia lift her head so high,  
Nor Gargarus his own harvests so admire.  
Why tell of him, who, having launched his seed,  
Sets on for close encounter, and rakes smooth  
The dry dust hillocks, then on the tender corn  
Lets in the flood, whose waters follow fain;  
And when the parched field quivers, and all the blades  
Are dying, from the brow of its hill-bed,  
See! see! he lures the runnel; down it falls,  
Waking hoarse murmurs o'er the polished stones,  
And with its bubblings slakes the thirsty fields?  
Or why of him, who lest the heavy ears  
O'erweigh the stalk, while yet in tender blade  
Feeds down the crop's luxuriance, when its growth  
First tops the furrows? Why of him who drains  
The marsh-land's gathered ooze through soaking sand,  
Chiefly what time in treacherous moons a stream  
Goes out in spate, and with its coat of slime  
Holds all the country, whence the hollow dykes  
Sweat steaming vapour?  
But no whit the more  
For all expedients tried and travail borne  
By man and beast in turning oft the soil,  
Do greedy goose and Strymon-haunting cranes  
And succory's bitter fibres cease to harm,  
Or shade not injure. The great Sire himself  
No easy road to husbandry assigned,  
And first was he by human skill to rouse  
The slumbering glebe, whetting the minds of men  
With care on care, nor suffering realm of his  
In drowsy sloth to stagnate. Before Jove  
Fields knew no taming hand of husbandmen;  
To mark the plain or mete with boundary-line-  
Even this was impious; for the common stock  
They gathered, and the earth of her own will  
All things more freely, no man bidding, bore.

He to black serpents gave their venom-bane,  
And bade the wolf go prowling, and ocean toss;  
Shook from the leaves their honey, put fire away,  
And curbed the random rivers running wine,  
That use by gradual dint of thought on thought  
Might forge the various arts, with furrow's help  
The corn-blade win, and strike out hidden fire  
From the flint's heart. Then first the streams were ware  
Of hollowed alder-hulls: the sailor then  
Their names and numbers gave to star and star,  
Pleiads and Hyads, and Lycaon's child  
Bright Arctos; how with nooses then was found  
To catch wild beasts, and cozen them with lime,  
And hem with hounds the mighty forest-glades.  
Soon one with hand-net scourges the broad stream,  
Probing its depths, one drags his dripping toils  
Along the main; then iron's unbending might,  
And shrieking saw-blade,- for the men of old  
With wedges went to cleave the splintering log;-  
Then divers arts arose; toil conquered all,  
Remorseless toil, and poverty's shrewd push  
In times of hardship. Ceres was the first  
Set mortals on with tools to turn the sod,  
When now the awful groves 'gan fail to bear  
Acorns and arbutes, and her wonted food  
Dodona gave no more. Soon, too, the corn  
Gat sorrow's increase, that an evil blight  
Ate up the stalks, and thistle reared his spines  
An idler in the fields; the crops die down;  
Upsprings instead a shaggy growth of burrs  
And caltrops; and amid the corn-fields trim  
Unfruitful darnel and wild oats have sway.  
Wherefore, unless thou shalt with ceaseless rake  
The weeds pursue, with shouting scare the birds,  
Prune with thy hook the dark field's matted shade,  
Pray down the showers, all vainly thou shalt eye,  
Alack! thy neighbour's heaped-up harvest-mow,  
And in the greenwood from a shaken oak  
Seek solace for thine hunger.  
Now to tell  
The sturdy rustics' weapons, what they are,  
Without which, neither can be sown nor reared

The fruits of harvest; first the bent plough's share  
And heavy timber, and slow-lumbering wains  
Of the Eleusinian mother, threshing-sleighs  
And drags, and harrows with their crushing weight;  
Then the cheap wicker-ware of Celeus old,  
Hurdles of arbute, and thy mystic fan,  
Iacchus; which, full tale, long ere the time  
Thou must with heed lay by, if thee await  
Not all unearned the country's crown divine.  
While yet within the woods, the elm is tamed  
And bowed with mighty force to form the stock,  
And take the plough's curved shape, then nigh the root  
A pole eight feet projecting, earth-boards twain,  
And share-beam with its double back they fix.  
For yoke is early hewn a linden light,  
And a tall beech for handle, from behind  
To turn the car at lowest: then o'er the hearth  
The wood they hang till the smoke knows it well.  
Many the precepts of the men of old  
I can recount thee, so thou start not back,  
And such slight cares to learn not weary thee.  
And this among the first: thy threshing-floor  
With ponderous roller must be levelled smooth,  
And wrought by hand, and fixed with binding chalk,  
Lest weeds arise, or dust a passage win  
Splitting the surface, then a thousand plagues  
Make sport of it: oft builds the tiny mouse  
Her home, and plants her granary, underground,  
Or burrow for their bed the purblind moles,  
Or toad is found in hollows, and all the swarm  
Of earth's unsightly creatures; or a huge  
Corn-heap the weevil plunders, and the ant,  
Fearful of coming age and penury.  
Mark too, what time the walnut in the woods  
With ample bloom shall clothe her, and bow down  
Her odorous branches, if the fruit prevail,  
Like store of grain will follow, and there shall come  
A mighty winnowing-time with mighty heat;  
But if the shade with wealth of leaves abound,  
Vainly your threshing-floor will bruise the stalks  
Rich but in chaff. Many myself have seen  
Steep, as they sow, their pulse-seeds, drenching them

With nitre and black oil-lees, that the fruit  
Might swell within the treacherous pods, and they  
Make speed to boil at howso small a fire.  
Yet, culled with caution, proved with patient toil,  
These have I seen degenerate, did not man  
Put forth his hand with power, and year by year  
Choose out the largest. So, by fate impelled,  
Speed all things to the worse, and backward borne  
Glide from us; even as who with struggling oars  
Up stream scarce pulls a shallop, if he chance  
His arms to slacken, lo! with headlong force  
The current sweeps him down the hurrying tide.  
Us too behoves Arcturus' sign observe,  
And the Kids' seasons and the shining Snake,  
No less than those who o'er the windy main  
Borne homeward tempt the Pontic, and the jaws  
Of oyster-rife Abydos. When the Scales  
Now poising fair the hours of sleep and day  
Give half the world to sunshine, half to shade,  
Then urge your bulls, my masters; sow the plain  
Even to the verge of tameless winter's showers  
With barley: then, too, time it is to hide  
Your flax in earth, and poppy, Ceres' joy,  
Aye, more than time to bend above the plough,  
While earth, yet dry, forbids not, and the clouds  
Are buoyant. With the spring comes bean-sowing;  
Thee, too, Lucerne, the crumbling furrows then  
Receive, and millet's annual care returns,  
What time the white bull with his gilded horns  
Opens the year, before whose threatening front,  
Routed the dog-star sinks. But if it be  
For wheaten harvest and the hardy spelt,  
Thou tax the soil, to corn-ears wholly given,  
Let Atlas' daughters hide them in the dawn,  
The Cretan star, a crown of fire, depart,  
Or e'er the furrow's claim of seed thou quit,  
Or haste thee to entrust the whole year's hope  
To earth that would not. Many have begun  
Ere Maia's star be setting; these, I trow,  
Their looked-for harvest fools with empty ears.  
But if the vetch and common kidney-bean  
Thou'rt fain to sow, nor scorn to make thy care

Pelusiac lentil, no uncertain sign  
Bootes' fall will send thee; then begin,  
Pursue thy sowing till half the frosts be done.  
Therefore it is the golden sun, his course  
Into fixed parts dividing, rules his way  
Through the twelve constellations of the world.  
Five zones the heavens contain; whereof is one  
Aye red with flashing sunlight, fervent aye  
From fire; on either side to left and right  
Are traced the utmost twain, stiff with blue ice,  
And black with scowling storm-clouds, and betwixt  
These and the midmost, other twain there lie,  
By the Gods' grace to heart-sick mortals given,  
And a path cleft between them, where might wheel  
On sloping plane the system of the Signs.  
And as toward Scythia and Rhipaeon heights  
The world mounts upward, likewise sinks it down  
Toward Libya and the south, this pole of ours  
Still towering high, that other, 'neath their feet,  
By dark Styx frowned on, and the abysmal shades.  
Here glides the huge Snake forth with sinuous coils  
'Twixt the two Bears and round them river-wise-  
The Bears that fear 'neath Ocean's brim to dip.  
There either, say they, reigns the eternal hush  
Of night that knows no seasons, her black pall  
Thick-mantling fold on fold; or thitherward  
From us returning Dawn brings back the day;  
And when the first breath of his panting steeds  
On us the Orient flings, that hour with them  
Red Vesper 'gins to trim his his 'lated fires.  
Hence under doubtful skies forebode we can  
The coming tempests, hence both harvest-day  
And seed-time, when to smite the treacherous main  
With driving oars, when launch the fair-rigged fleet,  
Or in ripe hour to fell the forest-pine.  
Hence, too, not idly do we watch the stars-  
Their rising and their setting-and the year,  
Four varying seasons to one law conformed.  
If chilly showers e'er shut the farmer's door,  
Much that had soon with sunshine cried for haste,  
He may forestall; the ploughman batters keen  
His blunted share's hard tooth, scoops from a tree

His troughs, or on the cattle stamps a brand,  
Or numbers on the corn-heaps; some make sharp  
The stakes and two-pronged forks, and willow-bands  
American for the bending vine prepare.  
Now let the pliant basket plaited be  
Of bramble-twigs; now set your corn to parch  
Before the fire; now bruise it with the stone.  
Nay even on holy days some tasks to ply  
Is right and lawful: this no ban forbids,  
To turn the runnel's course, fence corn-fields in,  
Make springes for the birds, burn up the briars,  
And plunge in wholesome stream the bleating flock.  
Oft too with oil or apples plenty-cheap  
The creeping ass's ribs his driver packs,  
And home from town returning brings instead  
A dented mill-stone or black lump of pitch.  
The moon herself in various rank assigns  
The days for labour lucky: fly the fifth;  
Then sprang pale Orcus and the Eumenides;  
Earth then in awful labour brought to light  
Coeus, Iapetus, and Typhoeus fell,  
And those sworn brethren banded to break down  
The gates of heaven; thrice, sooth to say, they strove  
Ossa on Pelion's top to heave and heap,  
Aye, and on Ossa to up-roll amain  
Leafy Olympus; thrice with thunderbolt  
Their mountain-stair the Sire asunder smote.  
Seventh after tenth is lucky both to set  
The vine in earth, and take and tame the steer,  
And fix the leashes to the warp; the ninth  
To runagates is kinder, cross to thieves.  
Many the tasks that lightlier lend themselves  
In chilly night, or when the sun is young,  
And Dawn bedews the world. By night 'tis best  
To reap light stubble, and parched fields by night;  
For nights the suppling moisture never fails.  
And one will sit the long late watches out  
By winter fire-light, shaping with keen blade  
The torches to a point; his wife the while,  
Her tedious labour soothing with a song,  
Speeds the shrill comb along the warp, or else  
With Vulcan's aid boils the sweet must-juice down,



And skims with leaves the quivering cauldron's wave.  
But ruddy Ceres in mid heat is mown,  
And in mid heat the parched ears are bruised  
Upon the floor; to plough strip, strip to sow;  
Winter's the lazy time for husbandmen.  
In the cold season farmers wont to taste  
The increase of their toil, and yield themselves  
To mutual interchange of festal cheer.  
Boon winter bids them, and unbinds their cares,  
As laden keels, when now the port they touch,  
And happy sailors crown the sterns with flowers.  
Nathless then also time it is to strip  
Acorns from oaks, and berries from the bay,  
Olives, and bleeding myrtles, then to set  
Snares for the crane, and meshes for the stag,  
And hunt the long-eared hares, then pierce the doe  
With whirl of hempen-thonged Balearic sling,  
While snow lies deep, and streams are drifting ice.  
What need to tell of autumn's storms and stars,  
And wherefore men must watch, when now the day  
Grows shorter, and more soft the summer's heat?  
When Spring the rain-bringer comes rushing down,  
Or when the beards of harvest on the plain  
Bristle already, and the milky corn  
On its green stalk is swelling? Many a time,  
When now the farmer to his yellow fields  
The reaping-hind came bringing, even in act  
To lop the brittle barley stems, have I  
Seen all the windy legions clash in war  
Together, as to rend up far and wide  
The heavy corn-crop from its lowest roots,  
And toss it skyward: so might winter's flaw,  
Dark-eddying, whirl light stalks and flying straws.  
Oft too comes looming vast along the sky  
A march of waters; mustering from above,  
The clouds roll up the tempest, heaped and grim  
With angry showers: down falls the height of heaven,  
And with a great rain floods the smiling crops,  
The oxen's labour: now the dikes fill fast,  
And the void river-beds swell thunderously,  
And all the panting firths of Ocean boil.  
The Sire himself in midnight of the clouds

Wields with red hand the levin; through all her bulk  
Earth at the hurly quakes; the beasts are fled,  
And mortal hearts of every kindred sunk  
In cowering terror; he with flaming brand  
Athos, or Rhodope, or Ceraunian crags  
Precipitates: then doubly raves the South  
With shower on blinding shower, and woods and coasts  
Wail fitfully beneath the mighty blast.  
This fearing, mark the months and Signs of heaven,  
Whither retires him Saturn's icy star,  
And through what heavenly cycles wandereth  
The glowing orb Cyllenian. Before all  
Worship the Gods, and to great Ceres pay  
Her yearly dues upon the happy sward  
With sacrifice, anigh the utmost end  
Of winter, and when Spring begins to smile.  
Then lambs are fat, and wines are mellowest then;  
Then sleep is sweet, and dark the shadows fall  
Upon the mountains. Let your rustic youth  
To Ceres do obeisance, one and all;  
And for her pleasure thou mix honeycombs  
With milk and the ripe wine-god; thrice for luck  
Around the young corn let the victim go,  
And all the choir, a joyful company,  
Attend it, and with shouts bid Ceres come  
To be their house-mate; and let no man dare  
Put sickle to the ripened ears until,  
With woven oak his temples chapleted,  
He foot the rugged dance and chant the lay.  
Aye, and that these things we might win to know  
By certain tokens, heats, and showers, and winds  
That bring the frost, the Sire of all himself  
Ordained what warnings in her monthly round  
The moon should give, what bodes the south wind's fall,  
What oft-repeated sights the herdsman seeing  
Should keep his cattle closer to their stalls.  
No sooner are the winds at point to rise,  
Than either Ocean's firths begin to toss  
And swell, and a dry crackling sound is heard  
Upon the heights, or one loud ferment booms  
The beach afar, and through the forest goes  
A murmur multitudinous. By this

Scarce can the billow spare the curved keels,  
When swift the sea-gulls from the middle main  
Come winging, and their shrieks are shoreward borne,  
When ocean-loving cormorants on dry land  
Besport them, and the hern, her marshy haunts  
Forsaking, mounts above the soaring cloud.  
Oft, too, when wind is toward, the stars thou'lt see  
From heaven shoot headlong, and through murky night  
Long trails of fire white-glistening in their wake,  
Or light chaff flit in air with fallen leaves,  
Or feathers on the wave-top float and play.  
But when from regions of the furious North  
It lightens, and when thunder fills the halls  
Of Eurus and of Zephyr, all the fields  
With brimming dikes are flooded, and at sea  
No mariner but furls his dripping sails.  
Never at unawares did shower annoy:  
Or, as it rises, the high-soaring cranes  
Flee to the vales before it, with face  
Upturned to heaven, the heifer snuffs the gale  
Through gaping nostrils, or about the meres  
Shrill-twitching flits the swallow, and the frogs  
Crouch in the mud and chant their dirge of old.  
Oft, too, the ant from out her inmost cells,  
Fretting the narrow path, her eggs conveys;  
Or the huge bow sucks moisture; or a host  
Of rooks from food returning in long line  
Clamour with jostling wings. Now mayst thou see  
The various ocean-fowl and those that pry  
Round Asian meads within thy fresher-pools,  
Cayster, as in eager rivalry,  
About their shoulders dash the plenteous spray,  
Now duck their head beneath the wave, now run  
Into the billows, for sheer idle joy  
Of their mad bathing-revel. Then the crow  
With full voice, good-for-naught, inviting rain,  
Stalks on the dry sand mateless and alone.  
Nor e'en the maids, that card their nightly task,  
Know not the storm-sign, when in blazing crock  
They see the lamp-oil sputtering with a growth  
Of mouldy snuff-clots.  
So too, after rain,

Sunshine and open skies thou mayst forecast,  
And learn by tokens sure, for then nor dimmed  
Appear the stars' keen edges, nor the moon  
As borrowing of her brother's beams to rise,  
Nor fleecy films to float along the sky.  
Not to the sun's warmth then upon the shore  
Do halcyons dear to Thetis ope their wings,  
Nor filthy swine take thought to toss on high  
With scattering snout the straw-wisps. But the clouds  
Seek more the vales, and rest upon the plain,  
And from the roof-top the night-owl for naught  
Watching the sunset plies her 'lated song.  
Distinct in clearest air is Nisus seen  
Towering, and Scylla for the purple lock  
Pays dear; for whereso, as she flies, her wings  
The light air winnow, lo! fierce, implacable,  
Nisus with mighty whirr through heaven pursues;  
Where Nisus heavenward soareth, there her wings  
Clutch as she flies, the light air winnowing still.  
Soft then the voice of rooks from indrawn throat  
Thrice, four times, o'er repeated, and full oft  
On their high cradles, by some hidden joy  
Gladdened beyond their wont, in bustling throngs  
Among the leaves they riot; so sweet it is,  
When showers are spent, their own loved nests again  
And tender brood to visit. Not, I deem,  
That heaven some native wit to these assigned,  
Or fate a larger prescience, but that when  
The storm and shifting moisture of the air  
Have changed their courses, and the sky-god now,  
Wet with the south-wind, thickens what was rare,  
And what was gross releases, then, too, change  
Their spirits' fleeting phases, and their breasts  
Feel other motions now, than when the wind  
Was driving up the cloud-rack. Hence proceeds  
That blending of the feathered choirs afield,  
The cattle's exultation, and the rooks'  
Deep-throated triumph.  
But if the headlong sun  
And moons in order following thou regard,  
Ne'er will to-morrow's hour deceive thee, ne'er  
Wilt thou be caught by guile of cloudless night.

When first the moon recalls her rallying fires,  
If dark the air clipped by her crescent dim,  
For folks afield and on the open sea  
A mighty rain is brewing; but if her face  
With maiden blush she mantle, 'twill be wind,  
For wind turns Phoebe still to ruddier gold.  
But if at her fourth rising, for 'tis that  
Gives surest counsel, clear she ride thro' heaven  
With horns unblunted, then shall that whole day,  
And to the month's end those that spring from it,  
Rainless and windless be, while safe ashore  
Shall sailors pay their vows to Panope,  
Glaucus, and Melicertes, Ino's child.  
The sun too, both at rising, and when soon  
He dives beneath the waves, shall yield thee signs;  
For signs, none trustier, travel with the sun,  
Both those which in their course with dawn he brings,  
And those at star-rise. When his springing orb  
With spots he pranketh, muffled in a cloud,  
And shrinks mid-circle, then of showers beware;  
For then the South comes driving from the deep,  
To trees and crops and cattle bringing bane.  
Or when at day-break through dark clouds his rays  
Burst and are scattered, or when rising pale  
Aurora quits Tithonus' saffron bed,  
But sorry shelter then, alack I will yield  
Vine-leaf to ripening grapes; so thick a hail  
In spiky showers spins rattling on the roof.  
And this yet more 'twill boot thee bear in mind,  
When now, his course upon Olympus run,  
He draws to his decline: for oft we see  
Upon the sun's own face strange colours stray;  
Dark tells of rain, of east winds fiery-red;  
If spots with ruddy fire begin to mix,  
Then all the heavens convulsed in wrath thou'lt see-  
Storm-clouds and wind together. Me that night  
Let no man bid fare forth upon the deep,  
Nor rend the rope from shore. But if, when both  
He brings again and hides the day's return,  
Clear-orbed he shineth, idly wilt thou dread  
The storm-clouds, and beneath the lustral North  
See the woods waving. What late eve in fine

Bears in her bosom, whence the wind that brings  
Fair-weather-clouds, or what the rain South  
Is meditating, tokens of all these  
The sun will give thee. Who dare charge the sun  
With leasing? He it is who warneth oft  
Of hidden broils at hand and treachery,  
And secret swelling of the waves of war.  
He too it was, when Caesar's light was quenched,  
For Rome had pity, when his bright head he veiled  
In iron-hued darkness, till a godless age  
Trembled for night eternal; at that time  
Howbeit earth also, and the ocean-plains,  
And dogs obscene, and birds of evil bode  
Gave tokens. Yea, how often have we seen  
Etna, her furnace-walls asunder riven,  
In billowy floods boil o'er the Cyclops' fields,  
And roll down globes of fire and molten rocks!  
A clash of arms through all the heaven was heard  
By Germany; strange heavings shook the Alps.  
Yea, and by many through the breathless groves  
A voice was heard with power, and wondrous-pale  
Phantoms were seen upon the dusk of night,  
And cattle spake, portentous! streams stand still,  
And the earth yawns asunder, ivory weeps  
For sorrow in the shrines, and bronzes sweat.  
Up-twirling forests with his eddying tide,  
Madly he bears them down, that lord of floods,  
Eridanus, till through all the plain are swept  
Beasts and their stalls together. At that time  
In gloomy entrails ceased not to appear  
Dark-threatening fibres, springs to trickle blood,  
And high-built cities night-long to resound  
With the wolves' howling. Never more than then  
From skies all cloudless fell the thunderbolts,  
Nor blazed so oft the comet's fire of bale.  
Therefore a second time Philippi saw  
The Roman hosts with kindred weapons rush  
To battle, nor did the high gods deem it hard  
That twice Emathia and the wide champaign  
Of Haemus should be fattening with our blood.  
Ay, and the time will come when there anigh,  
Heaving the earth up with his curved plough,

Some swain will light on javelins by foul rust  
Corroded, or with ponderous harrow strike  
On empty helmets, while he gapes to see  
Bones as of giants from the trench untombed.  
Gods of my country, heroes of the soil,  
And Romulus, and Mother Vesta, thou  
Who Tuscan Tiber and Rome's Palatine  
Preservest, this new champion at the least  
Our fallen generation to repair  
Forbid not. To the full and long ago  
Our blood thy Trojan perjuries hath paid,  
Laomedon. Long since the courts of heaven  
Begrudge us thee, our Caesar, and complain  
That thou regard'st the triumphs of mankind,  
Here where the wrong is right, the right is wrong,  
Where wars abound so many, and myriad-faced  
Is crime; where no meet honour hath the plough;  
The fields, their husbandmen led far away,  
Rot in neglect, and curved pruning-hooks  
Into the sword's stiff blade are fused and forged.  
Euphrates here, here Germany new strife  
Is stirring; neighbouring cities are in arms,  
The laws that bound them snapped; and godless war  
Rages through all the universe; as when  
The four-horse chariots from the barriers poured  
Still quicken o'er the course, and, idly now  
Grasping the reins, the driver by his team  
Is onward borne, nor heeds the car his curb.

Publius Vergilius Maro

## Georgic 2

Thus far the tilth of fields and stars of heaven;  
Now will I sing thee, Bacchus, and, with thee,  
The forest's young plantations and the fruit  
Of slow-maturing olive. Hither haste,  
O Father of the wine-press; all things here  
Teem with the bounties of thy hand; for thee  
With viny autumn laden blooms the field,  
And foams the vintage high with brimming vats;  
Hither, O Father of the wine-press, come,  
And stripped of buskin stain thy bared limbs  
In the new must with me.  
First, nature's law  
For generating trees is manifold;  
For some of their own force spontaneous spring,  
No hand of man compelling, and possess  
The plains and river-windings far and wide,  
As pliant osier and the bending broom,  
Poplar, and willows in wan companies  
With green leaf glimmering gray; and some there be  
From chance-dropped seed that rear them, as the tall  
Chestnuts, and, mightiest of the branching wood,  
Jove's Aesculus, and oaks, oracular  
Deemed by the Greeks of old. With some sprouts forth  
A forest of dense suckers from the root,  
As elms and cherries; so, too, a pigmy plant,  
Beneath its mother's mighty shade upshoots  
The bay-tree of Parnassus. Such the modes  
Nature imparted first; hence all the race  
Of forest-trees and shrubs and sacred groves  
Springs into verdure.  
Other means there are,  
Which use by method for itself acquired.  
One, sliving suckers from the tender frame  
Of the tree-mother, plants them in the trench;  
One buries the bare stumps within his field,  
Truncheons cleft four-wise, or sharp-pointed stakes;  
Some forest-trees the layer's bent arch await,  
And slips yet quick within the parent-soil;  
No root need others, nor doth the pruner's hand



Shrink to restore the topmost shoot to earth  
That gave it being. Nay, marvellous to tell,  
Lopped of its limbs, the olive, a mere stock,  
Still thrusts its root out from the sapless wood,  
And oft the branches of one kind we see  
Change to another's with no loss to rue,  
Pear-tree transformed the ingrafted apple yield,  
And stony cornels on the plum-tree blush.  
Come then, and learn what tilth to each belongs  
According to their kinds, ye husbandmen,  
And tame with culture the wild fruits, lest earth  
Lie idle. O blithe to make all Ismarus  
One forest of the wine-god, and to clothe  
With olives huge Tabernus! And be thou  
At hand, and with me ply the voyage of toil  
I am bound on, O my glory, O thou that art  
Justly the chiefest portion of my fame,  
Maecenas, and on this wide ocean launched  
Spread sail like wings to waft thee. Not that I  
With my poor verse would comprehend the whole,  
Nay, though a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths  
Were mine, a voice of iron; be thou at hand,  
Skirt but the nearer coast-line; see the shore  
Is in our grasp; not now with feigned song  
Through winding bouts and tedious preludings  
Shall I detain thee.

Those that lift their head  
Into the realms of light spontaneously,  
Fruitless indeed, but blithe and strenuous spring,  
Since Nature lurks within the soil. And yet  
Even these, should one engraft them, or transplant  
To well-drilled trenches, will anon put of  
Their woodland temper, and, by frequent tilth,  
To whatso craft thou summon them, make speed  
To follow. So likewise will the barren shaft  
That from the stock-root issueth, if it be  
Set out with clear space amid open fields:  
Now the tree-mother's towering leaves and boughs  
Darken, despoil of increase as it grows,  
And blast it in the bearing. Lastly, that  
Which from shed seed ariseth, upward wins  
But slowly, yielding promise of its shade

To late-born generations; apples wane  
Forgetful of their former juice, the grape  
Bears sorry clusters, for the birds a prey.  
Soothly on all must toil be spent, and all  
Trained to the trench and at great cost subdued.  
But reared from truncheons olives answer best,  
As vines from layers, and from the solid wood  
The Paphian myrtles; while from suckers spring  
Both hardy hazels and huge ash, the tree  
That rims with shade the brows of Hercules,  
And acorns dear to the Chaonian sire:  
So springs the towering palm too, and the fir  
Destined to spy the dangers of the deep.  
But the rough arbutus with walnut-fruit  
Is grafted; so have barren planes ere now  
Stout apples borne, with chestnut-flower the beech,  
The mountain-ash with pear-bloom whitened o'er,  
And swine crunched acorns 'neath the boughs of elms.  
Nor is the method of inserting eyes  
And grafting one: for where the buds push forth  
Amidst the bark, and burst the membranes thin,  
Even on the knot a narrow rift is made,  
Wherein from some strange tree a germ they pen,  
And to the moist rind bid it cleave and grow.  
Or, otherwise, in knotless trunks is hewn  
A breach, and deep into the solid grain  
A path with wedges cloven; then fruitful slips  
Are set herein, and- no long time- behold!  
To heaven upshot with teeming boughs, the tree  
Strange leaves admires and fruitage not its own.  
Nor of one kind alone are sturdy elms,  
Willow and lotus, nor the cypress-trees  
Of Ida; nor of self-same fashion spring  
Fat olives, orchades, and radii  
And bitter-berried pausians, no, nor yet  
Apples and the forests of Alcinous;  
Nor from like cuttings are Crustumian pears  
And Syrian, and the heavy hand-fillers.  
Not the same vintage from our trees hangs down,  
Which Lesbos from Methymna's tendrils plucks.  
Vines Thasian are there, Mareotids white,  
These apt for richer soils, for lighter those:

Psithian for raisin-wine more useful, thin  
Lageos, that one day will try the feet  
And tie the tongue: purples and early-ripes,  
And how, O Rhaetian, shall I hymn thy praise?  
Yet cope not therefore with Falernian bins.  
Vines Aminaeon too, best-bodied wine,  
To which the Tmolian bows him, ay, and king  
Phanaeus too, and, lesser of that name,  
Argitis, wherewith not a grape can vie  
For gush of wine-juice or for length of years.  
Nor thee must I pass over, vine of Rhodes,  
Welcomed by gods and at the second board,  
Nor thee, Bumastus, with plump clusters swollen.  
But lo! how many kinds, and what their names,  
There is no telling, nor doth it boot to tell;  
Who lists to know it, he too would list to learn  
How many sand-grains are by Zephyr tossed  
On Libya's plain, or wot, when Eurus falls  
With fury on the ships, how many waves  
Come rolling shoreward from the Ionian sea.  
Not that all soils can all things bear alike.  
Willows by water-courses have their birth,  
Alders in miry fens; on rocky heights  
The barren mountain-ashes; on the shore  
Myrtles throng gayest; Bacchus, lastly, loves  
The bare hillside, and yews the north wind's chill.  
Mark too the earth by outland tillers tamed,  
And Eastern homes of Arabs, and tattooed  
Geloni; to all trees their native lands  
Allotted are; no clime but India bears  
Black ebony; the branch of frankincense  
Is Saba's sons' alone; why tell to thee  
Of balsams oozing from the perfumed wood,  
Or berries of acanthus ever green?  
Of Aethiop forests hoar with downy wool,  
Or how the Seres comb from off the leaves  
Their silky fleece? Of groves which India bears,  
Ocean's near neighbour, earth's remotest nook,  
Where not an arrow-shot can cleave the air  
Above their tree-tops? yet no laggards they,  
When girded with the quiver! Media yields  
The bitter juices and slow-lingering taste

Of the blest citron-fruit, than which no aid  
Comes timelier, when fierce step-dames drug the cup  
With simples mixed and spells of baneful power,  
To drive the deadly poison from the limbs.  
Large the tree's self in semblance like a bay,  
And, showered it not a different scent abroad,  
A bay it had been; for no wind of heaven  
Its foliage falls; the flower, none faster, clings;  
With it the Medes for sweetness lave the lips,  
And ease the panting breathlessness of age.  
But no, not Mede-land with its wealth of woods,  
Nor Ganges fair, and Hermus thick with gold,  
Can match the praise of Italy; nor Ind,  
Nor Bactria, nor Panchaia, one wide tract  
Of incense-teeming sand. Here never bulls  
With nostrils snorting fire upturned the sod  
Sown with the monstrous dragon's teeth, nor crop  
Of warriors bristled thick with lance and helm;  
But heavy harvests and the Massic juice  
Of Bacchus fill its borders, overspread  
With fruitful flocks and olives. Hence arose  
The war-horse stepping proudly o'er the plain;  
Hence thy white flocks, Clitumnus, and the bull,  
Of victims mightiest, which full oft have led,  
Bathed in thy sacred stream, the triumph-pomp  
Of Romans to the temples of the gods.  
Here blooms perpetual spring, and summer here  
In months that are not summer's; twice teem the flocks;  
Twice doth the tree yield service of her fruit.  
But ravening tigers come not nigh, nor breed  
Of savage lion, nor aconite betrays  
Its hapless gatherers, nor with sweep so vast  
Doth the scaled serpent trail his endless coils  
Along the ground, or wreath him into spires.  
Mark too her cities, so many and so proud,  
Of mighty toil the achievement, town on town  
Up rugged precipices heaved and reared,  
And rivers undergliding ancient walls.  
Or should I celebrate the sea that laves  
Her upper shores and lower? or those broad lakes?  
Thee, Larius, greatest and, Benacus, thee  
With billowy uproar surging like the main?

Or sing her harbours, and the barrier cast  
Athwart the Lucrine, and how ocean chafes  
With mighty bellowings, where the Julian wave  
Echoes the thunder of his rout, and through  
Avernian inlets pours the Tuscan tide?  
A land no less that in her veins displays  
Rivers of silver, mines of copper ore,  
Ay, and with gold hath flowed abundantly.  
A land that reared a valiant breed of men,  
The Marsi and Sabellian youth, and, schooled  
To hardship, the Ligurian, and with these  
The Volscian javelin-armed, the Decii too,  
The Marii and Camilli, names of might,  
The Scipios, stubborn warriors, ay, and thee,  
Great Caesar, who in Asia's utmost bounds  
With conquering arm e'en now art fending far  
The unwarlike Indian from the heights of Rome.  
Hail! land of Saturn, mighty mother thou  
Of fruits and heroes; 'tis for thee I dare  
Unseal the sacred fountains, and essay  
Themes of old art and glory, as I sing  
The song of Ascrea through the towns of Rome.  
Now for the native gifts of various soils,  
What powers hath each, what hue, what natural bent  
For yielding increase. First your stubborn lands  
And churlish hill-sides, where are thorny fields  
Of meagre marl and gravel, these delight  
In long-lived olive-groves to Pallas dear.  
Take for a sign the plenteous growth hard by  
Of oleaster, and the fields strewn wide  
With woodland berries. But a soil that's rich,  
In moisture sweet exulting, and the plain  
That teems with grasses on its fruitful breast,  
Such as full oft in hollow mountain-dell  
We view beneath us- from the craggy heights  
Streams thither flow with fertilizing mud-  
A plain which southward rising feeds the fern  
By curved ploughs detested, this one day  
Shall yield thee store of vines full strong to gush  
In torrents of the wine-god; this shall be  
Fruitful of grapes and flowing juice like that  
We pour to heaven from bowls of gold, what time

The sleek Etruscan at the altar blows  
His ivory pipe, and on the curved dish  
We lay the reeking entrails. If to rear  
Cattle delight thee rather, steers, or lambs,  
Or goats that kill the tender plants, then seek  
Full-fed Tarentum's glades and distant fields,  
Or such a plain as luckless Mantua lost  
Whose weedy water feeds the snow-white swan:  
There nor clear springs nor grass the flocks will fail,  
And all the day-long browsing of thy herds  
Shall the cool dews of one brief night repair.  
Land which the burrowing share shows dark and rich,  
With crumbling soil- for this we counterfeit  
In ploughing- for corn is goodliest; from no field  
More wains thou'lt see wend home with plodding steers;  
Or that from which the husbandman in spleen  
Has cleared the timber, and o'erthrown the copse  
That year on year lay idle, and from the roots  
Uptorn the immemorial haunt of birds;  
They banished from their nests have sought the skies;  
But the rude plain beneath the ploughshare's stroke  
Starts into sudden brightness. For indeed  
The starved hill-country gravel scarce serves the bees  
With lowly cassias and with rosemary;  
Rough tufa and chalk too, by black water-worms  
Gnawed through and through, proclaim no soils beside  
So rife with serpent-dainties, or that yield  
Such winding lairs to lurk in. That again,  
Which vapoury mist and flitting smoke exhales,  
Drinks moisture up and casts it forth at will,  
Which, ever in its own green grass arrayed,  
Mars not the metal with salt scurf of rust-  
That shall thine elms with merry vines enwreath;  
That teems with olive; that shall thy tilth prove kind  
To cattle, and patient of the curved share.  
Such ploughs rich Capua, such the coast that skirts  
Thy ridge, Vesuvius, and the Clanian flood,  
Acerrae's desolation and her bane.  
How each to recognize now hear me tell.  
Dost ask if loose or passing firm it be-  
Since one for corn hath liking, one for wine,  
The firmer sort for Ceres, none too loose

For thee, Lyaeus?- with scrutinizing eye  
First choose thy ground, and bid a pit be sunk  
Deep in the solid earth, then cast the mould  
All back again, and stamp the surface smooth.  
If it suffice not, loose will be the land,  
More meet for cattle and for kindly vines;  
But if, rebellious, to its proper bounds  
The soil returns not, but fills all the trench  
And overtops it, then the glebe is gross;  
Look for stiff ridges and reluctant clods,  
And with strong bullocks cleave the fallow crust.  
Salt ground again, and bitter, as 'tis called-  
Barren for fruits, by tilth untamable,  
Nor grape her kind, nor apples their good name  
Maintaining- will in this wise yield thee proof:  
Stout osier-baskets from the rafter-smoke,  
And strainers of the winepress pluck thee down;  
Hereinto let that evil land, with fresh  
Spring-water mixed, be trampled to the full;  
The moisture, mark you, will ooze all away,  
In big drops issuing through the osier-withes,  
But plainly will its taste the secret tell,  
And with a harsh twang ruefully distort  
The mouths of them that try it. Rich soil again  
We learn on this wise: tossed from hand to hand  
Yet cracks it never, but pitch-like, as we hold,  
Clings to the fingers. A land with moisture rife  
Breeds lustier herbage, and is more than meet  
Prolific. Ah I may never such for me  
O'er-fertile prove, or make too stout a show  
At the first earing! Heavy land or light  
The mute self-witness of its weight betrays.  
A glance will serve to warn thee which is black,  
Or what the hue of any. But hard it is  
To track the signs of that pernicious cold:  
Pines only, noxious yews, and ivies dark  
At times reveal its traces.  
All these rules  
Regarding, let your land, ay, long before,  
Scorch to the quick, and into trenches carve  
The mighty mountains, and their upturned clods  
Bare to the north wind, ere thou plant therein

The vine's prolific kindred. Fields whose soil  
Is crumbling are the best: winds look to that,  
And bitter hoar-frosts, and the delver's toil  
Untiring, as he stirs the loosened glebe.  
But those, whose vigilance no care escapes,  
Search for a kindred site, where first to rear  
A nursery for the trees, and eke whereto  
Soon to translate them, lest the sudden shock  
From their new mother the young plants estrange.  
Nay, even the quarter of the sky they brand  
Upon the bark, that each may be restored,  
As erst it stood, here bore the southern heats,  
Here turned its shoulder to the northern pole;  
So strong is custom formed in early years.  
Whether on hill or plain 'tis best to plant  
Your vineyard first inquire. If on some plain  
You measure out rich acres, then plant thick;  
Thick planting makes no niggard of the vine;  
But if on rising mound or sloping bill,  
Then let the rows have room, so none the less  
Each line you draw, when all the trees are set,  
May tally to perfection. Even as oft  
In mighty war, whenas the legion's length  
Deploys its cohorts, and the column stands  
In open plain, the ranks of battle set,  
And far and near with rippling sheen of arms  
The wide earth flickers, nor yet in grisly strife  
Foe grapples foe, but dubious 'twixt the hosts  
The war-god wavers; so let all be ranged  
In equal rows symmetric, not alone  
To feed an idle fancy with the view,  
But since not otherwise will earth afford  
Vigour to all alike, nor yet the boughs  
Have power to stretch them into open space.  
Shouldst haply of the furrow's depth inquire,  
Even to a shallow trench I dare commit  
The vine; but deeper in the ground is fixed  
The tree that props it, aesculus in chief,  
Which howso far its summit soars toward heaven,  
So deep strikes root into the vaults of hell.  
It therefore neither storms, nor blasts, nor showers  
Wrench from its bed; unshaken it abides,



Sees many a generation, many an age  
Of men roll onward, and survives them all,  
Stretching its titan arms and branches far,  
Sole central pillar of a world of shade.  
Nor toward the sunset let thy vineyards slope,  
Nor midst the vines plant hazel; neither take  
The topmost shoots for cuttings, nor from the top  
Of the supporting tree your suckers tear;  
So deep their love of earth; nor wound the plants  
With blunted blade; nor truncheons intersperse  
Of the wild olive: for oft from careless swains  
A spark hath fallen, that, 'neath the unctuous rind  
Hid thief-like first, now grips the tough tree-bole,  
And mounting to the leaves on high, sends forth  
A roar to heaven, then coursing through the boughs  
And airy summits reigns victoriously,  
Wraps all the grove in robes of fire, and gross  
With pitch-black vapour heaves the murky reek  
Skyward, but chiefly if a storm has swooped  
Down on the forest, and a driving wind  
Rolls up the conflagration. When 'tis so,  
Their root-force fails them, nor, when lopped away,  
Can they recover, and from the earth beneath  
Spring to like verdure; thus alone survives  
The bare wild olive with its bitter leaves.  
Let none persuade thee, howso weighty-wise,  
To stir the soil when stiff with Boreas' breath.  
Then ice-bound winter locks the fields, nor lets  
The young plant fix its frozen root to earth.  
Best sow your vineyards when in blushing Spring  
Comes the white bird long-bodied snakes abhor,  
Or on the eve of autumn's earliest frost,  
Ere the swift sun-steeds touch the wintry Signs,  
While summer is departing. Spring it is  
Blesses the fruit-plantation, Spring the groves;  
In Spring earth swells and claims the fruitful seed.  
Then Aether, sire omnipotent, leaps down  
With quickening showers to his glad wife's embrace,  
And, might with might commingling, rears to life  
All germs that teem within her; then resound  
With songs of birds the greenwood-wildernesses,  
And in due time the herds their loves renew;

Then the boon earth yields increase, and the fields  
Unlock their bosoms to the warm west winds;  
Soft moisture spreads o'er all things, and the blades  
Face the new suns, and safely trust them now;  
The vine-shoot, fearless of the rising south,  
Or mighty north winds driving rain from heaven,  
Bursts into bud, and every leaf unfolds.  
Even so, methinks, when Earth to being sprang,  
Dawned the first days, and such the course they held;  
'Twas Spring-tide then, ay, Spring, the mighty world  
Was keeping: Eurus spared his wintry blasts,  
When first the flocks drank sunlight, and a race  
Of men like iron from the hard glebe arose,  
And wild beasts thronged the woods, and stars the heaven.  
Nor could frail creatures bear this heavy strain,  
Did not so large a respite interpose  
'Twixt frost and heat, and heaven's relenting arms  
Yield earth a welcome.  
For the rest, whate'er  
The sets thou plantest in thy fields, thereon  
Strew refuse rich, and with abundant earth  
Take heed to hide them, and dig in withal  
Rough shells or porous stone, for therebetween  
Will water trickle and fine vapour creep,  
And so the plants their drooping spirits raise.  
Aye, and there have been, who with weight of stone  
Or heavy potsherd press them from above;  
This serves for shield in pelting showers, and this  
When the hot dog-star chaps the fields with drought.  
The slips once planted, yet remains to cleave  
The earth about their roots persistently,  
And toss the cumbrous hoes, or task the soil  
With burrowing plough-share, and ply up and down  
Your labouring bullocks through the vineyard's midst,  
Then too smooth reeds and shafts of whittled wand,  
And ashen poles and sturdy forks to shape,  
Whereby supported they may learn to mount,  
Laugh at the gales, and through the elm-tops win  
From story up to story.  
Now while yet  
The leaves are in their first fresh infant growth,  
Forbear their frailty, and while yet the bough

Shoots joyfully toward heaven, with loosened rein  
Launched on the void, assail it not as yet  
With keen-edged sickle, but let the leaves alone  
Be culled with clip of fingers here and there.  
But when they clasp the elms with sturdy trunks  
Erect, then strip the leaves off, prune the boughs;  
Sooner they shrink from steel, but then put forth  
The arm of power, and stem the branchy tide.  
Hedges too must be woven and all beasts  
Barred entrance, chiefly while the leaf is young  
And witless of disaster; for therewith,  
Beside harsh winters and o'erpowering sun,  
Wild buffaloes and pestering goats for ay  
Besport them, sheep and heifers glut their greed.  
Nor cold by hoar-frost curdled, nor the prone  
Dead weight of summer upon the parched crags,  
So scathe it, as the flocks with venom-bite  
Of their hard tooth, whose gnawing scars the stem.  
For no offence but this to Bacchus bleeds  
The goat at every altar, and old plays  
Upon the stage find entrance; therefore too  
The sons of Theseus through the country-side-  
Hamlet and crossway- set the prize of wit,  
And on the smooth sward over oiled skins  
Dance in their tipsy frolic. Furthermore  
The Ausonian swains, a race from Troy derived,  
Make merry with rough rhymes and boisterous mirth,  
Grim masks of hollowed bark assume, invoke  
Thee with glad hymns, O Bacchus, and to thee  
Hang puppet-faces on tall pines to swing.  
Hence every vineyard teems with mellowing fruit,  
Till hollow vale o'erflows, and gorge profound,  
Where'er the god hath turned his comely head.  
Therefore to Bacchus duly will we sing  
Meet honour with ancestral hymns, and cates  
And dishes bear him; and the doomed goat  
Led by the horn shall at the altar stand,  
Whose entrails rich on hazel-spits we'll roast.  
This further task again, to dress the vine,  
Hath needs beyond exhausting; the whole soil  
Thrice, four times, yearly must be cleft, the sod  
With hoes reversed be crushed continually,

The whole plantation lightened of its leaves.  
Round on the labourer spins the wheel of toil,  
As on its own track rolls the circling year.  
Soon as the vine her lingering leaves hath shed,  
And the chill north wind from the forests shook  
Their coronal, even then the careful swain  
Looks keenly forward to the coming year,  
With Saturn's curved fang pursues and prunes  
The vine forlorn, and lops it into shape.  
Be first to dig the ground up, first to clear  
And burn the refuse-branches, first to house  
Again your vine-poles, last to gather fruit.  
Twice doth the thickening shade beset the vine,  
Twice weeds with stifling briars o'ergrow the crop;  
And each a toilsome labour. Do thou praise  
Broad acres, farm but few. Rough twigs beside  
Of butcher's broom among the woods are cut,  
And reeds upon the river-banks, and still  
The undressed willow claims thy fostering care.  
So now the vines are fettered, now the trees  
Let go the sickle, and the last dresser now  
Sings of his finished rows; but still the ground  
Must vexed be, the dust be stirred, and heaven  
Still set thee trembling for the ripened grapes.  
Not so with olives; small husbandry need they,  
Nor look for sickle bowed or biting rake,  
When once they have gripped the soil, and borne the breeze.  
Earth of herself, with hooked fang laid bare,  
Yields moisture for the plants, and heavy fruit,  
The ploughshare aiding; therewithal thou'lt rear  
The olive's fatness well-beloved of Peace.  
Apples, moreover, soon as first they feel  
Their stems wax lusty, and have found their strength,  
To heaven climb swiftly, self-impelled, nor crave  
Our succour. All the grove meanwhile no less  
With fruit is swelling, and the wild haunts of birds  
Blush with their blood-red berries. Cytisus  
Is good to browse on, the tall forest yields  
Pine-torches, and the nightly fires are fed  
And shoot forth radiance. And shall men be loath  
To plant, nor lavish of their pains? Why trace  
Things mightier? Willows even and lowly brooms

To cattle their green leaves, to shepherds shade,  
Fences for crops, and food for honey yield.  
And blithe it is Cytorus to behold  
Waving with box, Narycian groves of pitch;  
Oh! blithe the sight of fields beholden not  
To rake or man's endeavour! the barren woods  
That crown the scalp of Caucasus, even these,  
Which furious blasts for ever rive and rend,  
Yield various wealth, pine-logs that serve for ships,  
Cedar and cypress for the homes of men;  
Hence, too, the farmers shave their wheel-spokes, hence  
Drums for their wains, and curved boat-keels fit;  
Willows bear twigs enow, the elm-tree leaves,  
Myrtle stout spear-shafts, war-tried cornel too;  
Yews into Ituraean bows are bent:  
Nor do smooth lindens or lathe-polished box  
Shrink from man's shaping and keen-furrowing steel;  
Light alder floats upon the boiling flood  
Sped down the Padus, and bees house their swarms  
In rotten holm-oak's hollow bark and bole.  
What of like praise can Bacchus' gifts afford?  
Nay, Bacchus even to crime hath prompted, he  
The wine-infuriate Centaurs quelled with death,  
Rhoetus and Pholus, and with mighty bowl  
Hylaeus threatening high the Lapithae.  
Oh! all too happy tillers of the soil,  
Could they but know their blessedness, for whom  
Far from the clash of arms all-equal earth  
Pours from the ground herself their easy fare!  
What though no lofty palace portal-proud  
From all its chambers vomits forth a tide  
Of morning courtiers, nor agape they gaze  
On pillars with fair tortoise-shell inwrought,  
Gold-purpled robes, and bronze from Ephyre;  
Nor is the whiteness of their wool distained  
With drugs Assyrian, nor clear olive's use  
With cassia tainted; yet untroubled calm,  
A life that knows no falsehood, rich enow  
With various treasures, yet broad-acred ease,  
Grottoes and living lakes, yet Tempes cool,  
Lowing of kine, and sylvan slumbers soft,  
They lack not; lawns and wild beasts' haunts are there,

A youth of labour patient, need-inured,  
Worship, and reverend sires: with them from earth  
Departing justice her last footprints left.  
Me before all things may the Muses sweet,  
Whose rites I bear with mighty passion pierced,  
Receive, and show the paths and stars of heaven,  
The sun's eclipses and the labouring moons,  
From whence the earthquake, by what power the seas  
Swell from their depths, and, every barrier burst,  
Sink back upon themselves, why winter-suns  
So haste to dip 'neath ocean, or what check  
The lingering night retards. But if to these  
High realms of nature the cold curdling blood  
About my heart bar access, then be fields  
And stream-washed vales my solace, let me love  
Rivers and woods, inglorious. Oh for you  
Plains, and Spercheius, and Taygete,  
By Spartan maids o'er-revelled! Oh, for one,  
Would set me in deep dells of Haemus cool,  
And shield me with his boughs' o'ershadowing might!  
Happy, who had the skill to understand  
Nature's hid causes, and beneath his feet  
All terrors cast, and death's relentless doom,  
And the loud roar of greedy Acheron.  
Blest too is he who knows the rural gods,  
Pan, old Silvanus, and the sister-nymphs!  
Him nor the rods of public power can bend,  
Nor kingly purple, nor fierce feud that drives  
Brother to turn on brother, nor descent  
Of Dacian from the Danube's leagued flood,  
Nor Rome's great State, nor kingdoms like to die;  
Nor hath he grieved through pitying of the poor,  
Nor envied him that hath. What fruit the boughs,  
And what the fields, of their own bounteous will  
Have borne, he gathers; nor iron rule of laws,  
Nor maddened Forum have his eyes beheld,  
Nor archives of the people. Others vex  
The darksome gulfs of Ocean with their oars,  
Or rush on steel: they press within the courts  
And doors of princes; one with havoc falls  
Upon a city and its hapless hearths,  
From gems to drink, on Tyrian rugs to lie;

This hoards his wealth and broods o'er buried gold;  
One at the rostra stares in blank amaze;  
One gaping sits transported by the cheers,  
The answering cheers of plebs and senate rolled  
Along the benches: bathed in brothers' blood  
Men revel, and, all delights of hearth and home  
For exile changing, a new country seek  
Beneath an alien sun. The husbandman  
With hooked ploughshare turns the soil; from hence  
Springs his year's labour; hence, too, he sustains  
Country and cottage homestead, and from hence  
His herds of cattle and deserving steers.  
No respite! still the year o'erflows with fruit,  
Or young of kine, or Ceres' wheaten sheaf,  
With crops the furrow loads, and bursts the barns.  
Winter is come: in olive-mills they bruise  
The Sicyonian berry; acorn-cheered  
The swine troop homeward; woods their arbutus yield;  
So, various fruit sheds Autumn, and high up  
On sunny rocks the mellowing vintage bakes.  
Meanwhile about his lips sweet children cling;  
His chaste house keeps its purity; his kine  
Drop milky udders, and on the lush green grass  
Fat kids are striving, horn to butting horn.  
Himself keeps holy days; stretched o'er the sward,  
Where round the fire his comrades crown the bowl,  
He pours libation, and thy name invokes,  
Lenaeus, and for the herdsmen on an elm  
Sets up a mark for the swift javelin; they  
Strip their tough bodies for the rustic sport.  
Such life of yore the ancient Sabines led,  
Such Remus and his brother: Etruria thus,  
Doubt not, to greatness grew, and Rome became  
The fair world's fairest, and with circling wall  
Clasped to her single breast the sevenfold hills.  
Ay, ere the reign of Dicte's king, ere men,  
Waxed godless, banqueted on slaughtered bulls,  
Such life on earth did golden Saturn lead.  
Nor ear of man had heard the war-trump's blast,  
Nor clang of sword on stubborn anvil set.  
But lo! a boundless space we have travelled o'er;  
'Tis time our steaming horses to unyoke.

Publius Vergilius Maro



## Georgic 3

Thee too, great Pales, will I hymn, and thee,  
Amphrysian shepherd, worthy to be sung,  
You, woods and waves Lycaean. All themes beside,  
Which else had charmed the vacant mind with song,  
Are now waxed common. Of harsh Eurystheus who  
The story knows not, or that praiseless king  
Busiris, and his altars? or by whom  
Hath not the tale been told of Hylas young,  
Latonian Delos and Hippodame,  
And Pelops for his ivory shoulder famed,  
Keen charioteer? Needs must a path be tried,  
By which I too may lift me from the dust,  
And float triumphant through the mouths of men.  
Yea, I shall be the first, so life endure,  
To lead the Muses with me, as I pass  
To mine own country from the Aonian height;  
I, Mantua, first will bring thee back the palms  
Of Idumaea, and raise a marble shrine  
On thy green plain fast by the water-side,  
Where Mincius winds more vast in lazy coils,  
And rims his margent with the tender reed.  
Amid my shrine shall Caesar's godhead dwell.  
To him will I, as victor, bravely dight  
In Tyrian purple, drive along the bank  
A hundred four-horse cars. All Greece for me,  
Leaving Alpheus and Molorchus' grove,  
On foot shall strive, or with the raw-hide glove;  
Whilst I, my head with stripped green olive crowned,  
Will offer gifts. Even 'tis present joy  
To lead the high processions to the fane,  
And view the victims felled; or how the scene  
Sunders with shifted face, and Britain's sons  
Inwoven thereon with those proud curtains rise.  
Of gold and massive ivory on the doors  
I'll trace the battle of the Gangarides,  
And our Quirinus' conquering arms, and there  
Surging with war, and hugely flowing, the Nile,  
And columns heaped on high with naval brass.  
And Asia's vanquished cities I will add,

And quelled Niphates, and the Parthian foe,  
Who trusts in flight and backward-volleying darts,  
And trophies torn with twice triumphant hand  
From empires twain on ocean's either shore.  
And breathing forms of Parian marble there  
Shall stand, the offspring of Assaracus,  
And great names of the Jove-descended folk,  
And father Tros, and Troy's first founder, lord  
Of Cynthus. And accursed Envy there  
Shall dread the Furies, and thy ruthless flood,  
Cocytus, and Ixion's twisted snakes,  
And that vast wheel and ever-baffling stone.  
Meanwhile the Dryad-haunted woods and lawns  
Unsullied seek we; 'tis thy hard behest,  
Maecenas. Without thee no lofty task  
My mind essays. Up! break the sluggish bonds  
Of tarriance; with loud din Cithaeron calls,  
Steed-taming Epidaurus, and thy hounds,  
Taygete; and hark! the assenting groves  
With peal on peal reverberate the roar.  
Yet must I gird me to rehearse ere long  
The fiery fights of Caesar, speed his name  
Through ages, countless as to Caesar's self  
From the first birth-dawn of Tithonus old.  
If eager for the prized Olympian palm  
One breed the horse, or bullock strong to plough,  
Be his prime care a shapely dam to choose.  
Of kine grim-faced is goodliest, with coarse head  
And burly neck, whose hanging dewlaps reach  
From chin to knee; of boundless length her flank;  
Large every way she is, large-footed even,  
With incurved horns and shaggy ears beneath.  
Nor let mislike me one with spots of white  
Conspicuous, or that spurns the yoke, whose horn  
At times hath vice in't: liker bull-faced she,  
And tall-limbed wholly, and with tip of tail  
Brushing her footsteps as she walks along.  
The age for Hymen's rites, Lucina's pangs,  
Ere ten years ended, after four begins;  
Their residue of days nor apt to teem,  
Nor strong for ploughing. Meantime, while youth's delight  
Survives within them, loose the males: be first

To speed thy herds of cattle to their loves,  
Breed stock with stock, and keep the race supplied.  
Ah! life's best hours are ever first to fly  
From hapless mortals; in their place succeed  
Disease and dolorous eld; till travail sore  
And death unpitying sweep them from the scene.  
Still will be some, whose form thou fain wouldst change;  
Renew them still; with yearly choice of young  
Preventing losses, lest too late thou rue.  
Nor steeds crave less selection; but on those  
Thou think'st to rear, the promise of their line,  
From earliest youth thy chiefest pains bestow.  
See from the first yon high-bred colt afield,  
His lofty step, his limbs' elastic tread:  
Dauntless he leads the herd, still first to try  
The threatening flood, or brave the unknown bridge,  
By no vain noise affrighted; lofty-necked,  
With clean-cut head, short belly, and stout back;  
His sprightly breast exuberant with brawn.  
Chestnut and grey are good; the worst-hued white  
And sorrel. Then lo! if arms are clashed afar,  
Bide still he cannot: ears stiffen and limbs quake;  
His nostrils snort and roll out wreaths of fire.  
Dense is his mane, that when uplifted falls  
On his right shoulder; betwixt either loin  
The spine runs double; his earth-dinting hoof  
Rings with the ponderous beat of solid horn.  
Even such a horse was Cyllarus, reined and tamed  
By Pollux of Amyclae; such the pair  
In Grecian song renowned, those steeds of Mars,  
And famed Achilles' team: in such-like form  
Great Saturn's self with mane flung loose on neck  
Sped at his wife's approach, and flying filled  
The heights of Pelion with his piercing neigh.  
Even him, when sore disease or sluggish eld  
Now saps his strength, pen fast at home, and spare  
His not inglorious age. A horse grown old  
Slow kindling unto love in vain prolongs  
The fruitless task, and, to the encounter come,  
As fire in stubble blusters without strength,  
He rages idly. Therefore mark thou first  
Their age and mettle, other points anon,

As breed and lineage, or what pain was theirs  
To lose the race, what pride the palm to win.  
Seest how the chariots in mad rivalry  
Poured from the barrier grip the course and go,  
When youthful hope is highest, and every heart  
Drained with each wild pulsation? How they ply  
The circling lash, and reaching forward let  
The reins hang free! Swift spins the glowing wheel;  
And now they stoop, and now erect in air  
Seem borne through space and towering to the sky:  
No stop, no stay; the dun sand whirls aloft;  
They reek with foam-flakes and pursuing breath;  
So sweet is fame, so prized the victor's palm.  
'Twas Erichthonius first took heart to yoke  
Four horses to his car, and rode above  
The whirling wheels to victory: but the ring  
And bridle-reins, mounted on horses' backs,  
The Pelethronian Lapithae bequeathed,  
And taught the knight in arms to spurn the ground,  
And arch the upgathered footsteps of his pride.  
Each task alike is arduous, and for each  
A horse young, fiery, swift of foot, they seek;  
How oft so-e'er yon rival may have chased  
The flying foe, or boast his native plain  
Epirus, or Mycenae's stubborn hold,  
And trace his lineage back to Neptune's birth.  
These points regarded, as the time draws nigh,  
With instant zeal they lavish all their care  
To plump with solid fat the chosen chief  
And designated husband of the herd:  
And flowery herbs they cut, and serve him well  
With corn and running water, that his strength  
Not fail him for that labour of delight,  
Nor puny colts betray the feeble sire.  
The herd itself of purpose they reduce  
To leanness, and when love's sweet longing first  
Provokes them, they forbid the leafy food,  
And pen them from the springs, and oft beside  
With running shake, and tire them in the sun,  
What time the threshing-floor groans heavily  
With pounding of the corn-ears, and light chaff  
Is whirled on high to catch the rising west.

This do they that the soil's prolific powers  
May not be dulled by surfeiting, nor choke  
The sluggish furrows, but eagerly absorb  
Their fill of love, and deeply entertain.  
To care of sire the mother's care succeeds.  
When great with young they wander nigh their time,  
Let no man suffer them to drag the yoke  
In heavy wains, nor leap across the way,  
Nor scour the meads, nor swim the rushing flood.  
In lonely lawns they feed them, by the course  
Of brimming streams, where moss is, and the banks  
With grass are greenest, where are sheltering caves,  
And far outstretched the rock-flung shadow lies.  
Round wooded Silarus and the ilex-bowers  
Of green Alburnus swarms a winged pest-  
Its Roman name Asilus, by the Greeks  
Termed Oestros- fierce it is, and harshly hums,  
Driving whole herds in terror through the groves,  
Till heaven is maddened by their bellowing din,  
And Tanager's dry bed and forest-banks.  
With this same scourge did Juno wreak of old  
The terrors of her wrath, a plague devised  
Against the heifer sprung from Inachus.  
From this too thou, since in the noontide heats  
'Tis most persistent, fend thy teeming herds,  
And feed them when the sun is newly risen,  
Or the first stars are ushering in the night.  
But, yearning ended, all their tender care  
Is to the calves transferred; at once with marks  
They brand them, both to designate their race,  
And which to rear for breeding, or devote  
As altar-victims, or to cleave the ground  
And into ridges tear and turn the sod.  
The rest along the greensward graze at will.  
Those that to rustic uses thou wouldst mould,  
As calves encourage and take steps to tame,  
While pliant wills and plastic youth allow.  
And first of slender withies round the throat  
Loose collars hang, then when their free-born necks  
Are used to service, with the self-same bands  
Yoke them in pairs, and steer by steer compel  
Keep pace together. And time it is that oft

Unfreighted wheels be drawn along the ground  
Behind them, as to dint the surface-dust;  
Then let the beechen axle strain and creak  
'Neath some stout burden, whilst a brazen pole  
Drags on the wheels made fast thereto. Meanwhile  
For their unbroken youth not grass alone,  
Nor meagre willow-leaves and marish-sedge,  
But corn-ears with thy hand pluck from the crops.  
Nor shall the brood-kine, as of yore, for thee  
Brim high the snowy milking-pail, but spend  
Their udders' fullness on their own sweet young.  
But if fierce squadrons and the ranks of war  
Delight thee rather, or on wheels to glide  
At Pisa, with Alpheus fleeting by,  
And in the grove of Jupiter urge on  
The flying chariot, be your steed's first task  
To face the warrior's armed rage, and brook  
The trumpet, and long roar of rumbling wheels,  
And clink of chiming bridles in the stall;  
Then more and more to love his master's voice  
Caressing, or loud hand that claps his neck.  
Ay, thus far let him learn to dare, when first  
Weaned from his mother, and his mouth at times  
Yield to the supple halter, even while yet  
Weak, tottering-limbed, and ignorant of life.  
But, three years ended, when the fourth arrives,  
Now let him tarry not to run the ring  
With rhythmic hoof-beat echoing, and now learn  
Alternately to curve each bending leg,  
And be like one that struggleth; then at last  
Challenge the winds to race him, and at speed  
Launched through the open, like a reinless thing,  
Scarce print his footsteps on the surface-sand.  
As when with power from Hyperborean climes  
The north wind stoops, and scatters from his path  
Dry clouds and storms of Scythia; the tall corn  
And rippling plains 'gin shiver with light gusts;  
A sound is heard among the forest-tops;  
Long waves come racing shoreward: fast he flies,  
With instant pinion sweeping earth and main.  
A steed like this or on the mighty course  
Of Elis at the goal will sweat, and shower

Red foam-flakes from his mouth, or, kindlier task,  
With patient neck support the Belgian car.  
Then, broken at last, let swell their burly frame  
With fattening corn-mash, for, unbroke, they will  
With pride wax wanton, and, when caught, refuse  
Tough lash to brook or jagged curb obey.  
But no device so fortifies their power  
As love's blind stings of passion to forefend,  
Whether on steed or steer thy choice be set.  
Ay, therefore 'tis they banish bulls afar  
To solitary pastures, or behind  
Some mountain-barrier, or broad streams beyond,  
Or else in plenteous stalls pen fast at home.  
For, even through sight of her, the female wastes  
His strength with smouldering fire, till he forget  
Both grass and woodland. She indeed full oft  
With her sweet charms can lovers proud compel  
To battle for the conquest horn to horn.  
In Sila's forest feeds the heifer fair,  
While each on each the furious rivals run;  
Wound follows wound; the black blood laves their limbs;  
Horns push and strive against opposing horns,  
With mighty groaning; all the forest-side  
And far Olympus bellow back the roar.  
Nor wont the champions in one stall to couch;  
But he that's worsted hies him to strange climes  
Far off, an exile, moaning much the shame,  
The blows of that proud conqueror, then love's loss  
Avenged not; with one glance toward the byre,  
His ancient royalties behind him lie.  
So with all heed his strength he practiseth,  
And nightlong makes the hard bare stones his bed,  
And feeds on prickly leaf and pointed rush,  
And proves himself, and butting at a tree  
Learns to fling wrath into his horns, with blows  
Provokes the air, and scattering clouds of sand  
Makes prelude of the battle; afterward,  
With strength repaired and gathered might breaks camp,  
And hurls him headlong on the unthinking foe:  
As in mid ocean when a wave far of  
Begins to whiten, mustering from the main  
Its rounded breast, and, onward rolled to land

Falls with prodigious roar among the rocks,  
Huge as a very mountain: but the depths  
Upsee the in swirling eddies, and disgorge  
The murky sand-lees from their sunken bed.  
Nay, every race on earth of men, and beasts,  
And ocean-folk, and flocks, and painted birds,  
Rush to the raging fire: love sways them all.  
Never than then more fiercely o'er the plain  
Prowls heedless of her whelps the lioness:  
Nor monstrous bears such wide-spread havoc-doom  
Deal through the forests; then the boar is fierce,  
Most deadly then the tigress: then, alack!  
Ill roaming is it on Libya's lonely plains.  
Mark you what shivering thrills the horse's frame,  
If but a waft the well-known gust conveys?  
Nor curb can check them then, nor lash severe,  
Nor rocks and caverned crags, nor barrier-floods,  
That rend and whirl and wash the hills away.  
Then speeds amain the great Sabellian boar,  
His tushes whets, with forefoot tears the ground,  
Rubs 'gainst a tree his flanks, and to and fro  
Hardens each wallowing shoulder to the wound.  
What of the youth, when love's relentless might  
Stirs the fierce fire within his veins? Behold!  
In blindest midnight how he swims the gulf  
Convulsed with bursting storm-clouds! Over him  
Heaven's huge gate thunders; the rock-shattered main  
Utters a warning cry; nor parents' tears  
Can backward call him, nor the maid he loves,  
Too soon to die on his untimely pyre.  
What of the spotted ounce to Bacchus dear,  
Or warlike wolf-kin or the breed of dogs?  
Why tell how timorous stags the battle join?  
O'er all conspicuous is the rage of mares,  
By Venus' self inspired of old, what time  
The Potnian four with rending jaws devoured  
The limbs of Glaucus. Love-constrained they roam  
Past Gargarus, past the loud Ascanian flood;  
They climb the mountains, and the torrents swim;  
And when their eager marrow first conceives  
The fire, in Spring-tide chiefly, for with Spring  
Warmth doth their frames revisit, then they stand



All facing westward on the rocky heights,  
And of the gentle breezes take their fill;  
And oft unmated, marvellous to tell,  
But of the wind impregnate, far and wide  
O'er craggy height and lowly vale they scud,  
Not toward thy rising, Eurus, or the sun's,  
But westward and north-west, or whence up-springs  
Black Auster, that glooms heaven with rainy cold.  
Hence from their groin slow drips a poisonous juice,  
By shepherds truly named hippomanes,  
Hippomanes, fell stepdames oft have culled,  
And mixed with herbs and spells of baneful bode.  
Fast flies meanwhile the irreparable hour,  
As point to point our charmed round we trace.  
Enough of herds. This second task remains,  
The wool-clad flocks and shaggy goats to treat.  
Here lies a labour; hence for glory look,  
Brave husbandmen. Nor doubtfully know  
How hard it is for words to triumph here,  
And shed their lustre on a theme so slight:  
But I am caught by ravishing desire  
Above the lone Parnassian steep; I love  
To walk the heights, from whence no earlier track  
Slopes gently downward to Castalia's spring.  
Now, awful Pales, strike a louder tone.  
First, for the sheep soft pencotes I decree  
To browse in, till green summer's swift return;  
And that the hard earth under them with straw  
And handfuls of the fern be littered deep,  
Lest chill of ice such tender cattle harm  
With scab and loathly foot-rot. Passing thence  
I bid the goats with arbutle-leaves be stored,  
And served with fresh spring-water, and their pens  
Turned southward from the blast, to face the suns  
Of winter, when Aquarius' icy beam  
Now sinks in showers upon the parting year.  
These too no lightlier our protection claim,  
Nor prove of poorer service, howsoe'er  
Milesian fleeces dipped in Tyrian reds  
Repay the barterer; these with offspring teem  
More numerous; these yield plenteous store of milk:  
The more each dry-wrung udder froths the pail,

More copious soon the teat-pressed torrents flow.  
Ay, and on Cinyps' bank the he-goats too  
Their beards and grizzled chins and bristling hair  
Let clip for camp-use, or as rugs to wrap  
Seafaring wretches. But they browse the woods  
And summits of Lycaeus, and rough briers,  
And brakes that love the highland: of themselves  
Right heedfully the she-goats homeward troop  
Before their kids, and with plump udders clogged  
Scarce cross the threshold. Wherefore rather ye,  
The less they crave man's vigilance, be fain  
From ice to fend them and from snowy winds;  
Bring food and feast them with their branchy fare,  
Nor lock your hay-loft all the winter long.  
But when glad summer at the west wind's call  
Sends either flock to pasture in the glades,  
Soon as the day-star shineth, hie we then  
To the cool meadows, while the dawn is young,  
The grass yet hoary, and to browsing herds  
The dew tastes sweetest on the tender sward.  
When heaven's fourth hour draws on the thickening drought,  
And shrill cicalas pierce the brake with song,  
Then at the well-springs bid them, or deep pools,  
From troughs of holm-oak quaff the running wave:  
But at day's hottest seek a shadowy vale,  
Where some vast ancient-timbered oak of Jove  
Spreads his huge branches, or where huddling black  
Ilex on ilex cowers in awful shade.  
Then once more give them water sparingly,  
And feed once more, till sunset, when cool eve  
Allays the air, and dewy moonbeams slake  
The forest glades, with halcyon's song the shore,  
And every thicket with the goldfinch rings.  
Of Libya's shepherds why the tale pursue?  
Why sing their pastures and the scattered huts  
They house in? Oft their cattle day and night  
Graze the whole month together, and go forth  
Into far deserts where no shelter is,  
So flat the plain and boundless. All his goods  
The Afric swain bears with him, house and home,  
Arms, Cretan quiver, and Amyclaeon dog;  
As some keen Roman in his country's arms

Plies the swift march beneath a cruel load;  
Soon with tents pitched and at his post he stands,  
Ere looked for by the foe. Not thus the tribes  
Of Scythia by the far Maeotic wave,  
Where turbid Ister whirls his yellow sands,  
And Rhodope stretched out beneath the pole  
Comes trending backward. There the herds they keep  
Close-pent in byres, nor any grass is seen  
Upon the plain, nor leaves upon the tree:  
But with snow-ridges and deep frost afar  
Heaped seven ells high the earth lies featureless:  
Still winter? still the north wind's icy breath!  
Nay, never sun disparts the shadows pale,  
Or as he rides the steep of heaven, or dips  
In ocean's fiery bath his plunging car.  
Quick ice-crusts curdle on the running stream,  
And iron-hooped wheels the water's back now bears,  
To broad wains opened, as erewhile to ships;  
Brass vessels oft asunder burst, and clothes  
Stiffen upon the wearers; juicy wines  
They cleave with axes; to one frozen mass  
Whole pools are turned; and on their untrimmed beards  
Stiff clings the jagged icicle. Meanwhile  
All heaven no less is filled with falling snow;  
The cattle perish: oxen's mighty frames  
Stand island-like amid the frost, and stags  
In huddling herds, by that strange weight benumbed,  
Scarce top the surface with their antler-points.  
These with no hounds they hunt, nor net with toils,  
Nor scare with terror of the crimson plume;  
But, as in vain they breast the opposing block,  
Butcher them, knife in hand, and so dispatch  
Loud-bellowing, and with glad shouts hale them home.  
Themselves in deep-dug caverns underground  
Dwell free and careless; to their hearths they heave  
Oak-logs and elm-trees whole, and fire them there,  
There play the night out, and in festive glee  
With barm and service sour the wine-cup mock.  
So 'neath the seven-starred Hyperborean wain  
The folk live tameless, buffeted with blasts  
Of Eurus from Rhipaeon hills, and wrap  
Their bodies in the tawny fells of beasts.

If wool delight thee, first, be far removed  
All prickly boskage, burrs and caltrops; shun  
Luxuriant pastures; at the outset choose  
White flocks with downy fleeces. For the ram,  
How white soe'er himself, be but the tongue  
'Neath his moist palate black, reject him, lest  
He sully with dark spots his offspring's fleece,  
And seek some other o'er the teeming plain.  
Even with such snowy bribe of wool, if ear  
May trust the tale, Pan, God of Arcady,  
Snared and beguiled thee, Luna, calling thee  
To the deep woods; nor thou didst spurn his call.  
But who for milk hath longing, must himself  
Carry lucerne and lotus-leaves enow  
With salt herbs to the cote, whence more they love  
The streams, more stretch their udders, and give back  
A subtle taste of saltness in the milk.  
Many there be who from their mothers keep  
The new-born kids, and straightway bind their mouths  
With iron-tipped muzzles. What they milk at dawn,  
Or in the daylight hours, at night they press;  
What darkling or at sunset, this ere morn  
They bear away in baskets- for to town  
The shepherd hies him- or with dash of salt  
Just sprinkle, and lay by for winter use.  
Nor be thy dogs last cared for; but alike  
Swift Spartan hounds and fierce Molossian feed  
On fattening whey. Never, with these to watch,  
Dread nightly thief afold and ravening wolves,  
Or Spanish desperadoes in the rear.  
And oft the shy wild asses thou wilt chase,  
With hounds, too, hunt the hare, with hounds the doe;  
Oft from his woodland wallowing-den uprouse  
The boar, and scare him with their baying, and drive,  
And o'er the mountains urge into the toils  
Some antlered monster to their chiming cry.  
Learn also scented cedar-wood to burn  
Within the stalls, and snakes of noxious smell  
With fumes of galbanum to drive away.  
Oft under long-neglected cribs, or lurks  
A viper ill to handle, that hath fled  
The light in terror, or some snake, that wont

'Neath shade and sheltering roof to creep, and shower  
Its bane among the cattle, hugs the ground,  
Fell scourge of kine. Shepherd, seize stakes, seize stones!  
And as he rears defiance, and puffs out  
A hissing throat, down with him! see how low  
That cowering crest is veiled in flight, the while,  
His midmost coils and final sweep of tail  
Relaxing, the last fold drags lingering spires.  
Then that vile worm that in Calabrian glades  
Uprears his breast, and wreathes a scaly back,  
His length of belly pied with mighty spots-  
While from their founts gush any streams, while yet  
With showers of Spring and rainy south-winds earth  
Is moistened, lo! he haunts the pools, and here  
Housed in the banks, with fish and chattering frogs  
Crams the black void of his insatiate maw.  
Soon as the fens are parched, and earth with heat  
Is gaping, forth he darts into the dry,  
Rolls eyes of fire and rages through the fields,  
Furious from thirst and by the drought dismayed.  
Me list not then beneath the open heaven  
To snatch soft slumber, nor on forest-ridge  
Lie stretched along the grass, when, slipped his slough,  
To glittering youth transformed he winds his spires,  
And eggs or younglings leaving in his lair,  
Towers sunward, lightening with three-forked tongue.  
Of sickness, too, the causes and the signs  
I'll teach thee. Loathly scab assails the sheep,  
When chilly showers have probed them to the quick,  
And winter stark with hoar-frost, or when sweat  
Unpurged cleaves to them after shearing done,  
And rough thorns rend their bodies. Hence it is  
Shepherds their whole flock steep in running streams,  
While, plunged beneath the flood, with drenched fell,  
The ram, launched free, goes drifting down the tide.  
Else, having shorn, they smear their bodies o'er  
With acrid oil-lees, and mix silver-scum  
And native sulphur and Idaean pitch,  
Wax mollified with ointment, and therewith  
Sea-leek, strong hellebores, bitumen black.  
Yet ne'er doth kindlier fortune crown his toil,  
Than if with blade of iron a man dare lance

The ulcer's mouth ope: for the taint is fed  
And quickened by confinement; while the swain  
His hand of healing from the wound withholds,  
Or sits for happier signs imploring heaven.  
Aye, and when inward to the bleater's bones  
The pain hath sunk and rages, and their limbs  
By thirsty fever are consumed, 'tis good  
To draw the enkindled heat therefrom, and pierce  
Within the hoof-clefts a blood-bounding vein.  
Of tribes Bisaltic such the wonted use,  
And keen Gelonian, when to Rhodope  
He flies, or Getic desert, and quaffs milk  
With horse-blood curdled.  
Seest one far afield  
Oft to the shade's mild covert win, or pull  
The grass tops listlessly, or hindmost lag,  
Or, browsing, cast her down amid the plain,  
At night retire belated and alone;  
With quick knife check the mischief, ere it creep  
With dire contagion through the unwary herd.  
Less thick and fast the whirlwind scours the main  
With tempest in its wake, than swarm the plagues  
Of cattle; nor seize they single lives alone,  
But sudden clear whole feeding grounds, the flock  
With all its promise, and extirpate the breed.  
Well would he trow it who, so long after, still  
High Alps and Noric hill-forts should behold,  
And Iapydian Timavus' fields,  
Ay, still behold the shepherds' realms a waste,  
And far and wide the lawns untenanted.  
Here from distempered heavens erewhile arose  
A piteous season, with the full fierce heat  
Of autumn glowed, and cattle-kindreds all  
And all wild creatures to destruction gave,  
Tainted the pools, the fodder charged with bane.  
Nor simple was the way of death, but when  
Hot thirst through every vein impelled had drawn  
Their wretched limbs together, anon o'erflowed  
A watery flux, and all their bones piecemeal  
Sapped by corruption to itself absorbed.  
Oft in mid sacrifice to heaven- the white  
Wool-woven fillet half wreathed about his brow-

Some victim, standing by the altar, there  
Betwixt the loitering carles a-dying fell:  
Or, if betimes the slaughtering priest had struck,  
Nor with its heaped entrails blazed the pile,  
Nor seer to seeker thence could answer yield;  
Nay, scarce the up-stabbing knife with blood was stained,  
Scarce sullied with thin gore the surface-sand.  
Hence die the calves in many a pasture fair,  
Or at full cribs their lives' sweet breath resign;  
Hence on the fawning dog comes madness, hence  
Racks the sick swine a gasping cough that chokes  
With swelling at the jaws: the conquering steed,  
Uncrowned of effort and heedless of the sword,  
Faints, turns him from the springs, and paws the earth  
With ceaseless hoof: low droop his ears, wherefrom  
Bursts fitful sweat, a sweat that waxes cold  
Upon the dying beast; the skin is dry,  
And rigidly repels the handler's touch.  
These earlier signs they give that presage doom.  
But, if the advancing plague 'gin fiercer grow,  
Then are their eyes all fire, deep-drawn their breath,  
At times groan-laboured: with long sobbing heave  
Their lowest flanks; from either nostril streams  
Black blood; a rough tongue clogs the obstructed jaws.  
'Twas helpful through inverted horn to pour  
Draughts of the wine-god down; sole way it seemed  
To save the dying: soon this too proved their bane,  
And, reinvigorate but with frenzy's fire,  
Even at death's pinch- the gods some happier fate  
Deal to the just, such madness to their foes-  
Each with bared teeth his own limbs mangling tore.  
See! as he smokes beneath the stubborn share,  
The bull drops, vomiting foam-dabbled gore,  
And heaves his latest groans. Sad goes the swain,  
Unhooks the steer that mourns his fellow's fate,  
And in mid labour leaves the plough-gear fast.  
Nor tall wood's shadow, nor soft sward may stir  
That heart's emotion, nor rock-channelled flood,  
More pure than amber speeding to the plain:  
But see! his flanks fail under him, his eyes  
Are dulled with deadly torpor, and his neck  
Sinks to the earth with drooping weight. What now

Besteads him toil or service? to have turned  
The heavy sod with ploughshare? And yet these  
Ne'er knew the Massic wine-god's baneful boon,  
Nor twice replenished banquets: but on leaves  
They fare, and virgin grasses, and their cups  
Are crystal springs and streams with running tired,  
Their healthful slumbers never broke by care.  
Then only, say they, through that country side  
For Juno's rites were cattle far to seek,  
And ill-matched buffaloes the chariots drew  
To their high fanes. So, painfully with rakes  
They grub the soil, aye, with their very nails  
Dig in the corn-seeds, and with strained neck  
O'er the high uplands drag the creaking wains.  
No wolf for ambush pries about the pen,  
Nor round the flock prowls nightly; pain more sharp  
Subdues him: the shy deer and fleet-foot stags  
With hounds now wander by the haunts of men  
Vast ocean's offspring, and all tribes that swim,  
On the shore's confine the wave washes up,  
Like shipwrecked bodies: seals, unwonted there,  
Flee to the rivers. Now the viper dies,  
For all his den's close winding, and with scales  
Erect the astounded water-worms. The air  
Brooks not the very birds, that headlong fall,  
And leave their life beneath the soaring cloud.  
Moreover now nor change of fodder serves,  
And subtlest cures but injure; then were foiled  
The masters, Chiron sprung from Phillyron,  
And Amythaon's son Melampus. See!  
From Stygian darkness launched into the light  
Comes raging pale Tisiphone; she drives  
Disease and fear before her, day by day  
Still rearing higher that all-devouring head.  
With bleat of flocks and lowings thick resound  
Rivers and parched banks and sloping heights.  
At last in crowds she slaughters them, she chokes  
The very stalls with carrion-heaps that rot  
In hideous corruption, till men learn  
With earth to cover them, in pits to hide.  
For e'en the fells are useless; nor the flesh  
With water may they purge, or tame with fire,



Nor shear the fleeces even, gnawed through and through  
With foul disease, nor touch the putrid webs;  
But, had one dared the loathly weeds to try,  
Red blisters and an unclean sweat o'erran  
His noisome limbs, till, no long tarriance made,  
The fiery curse his tainted frame devoured.

Publius Vergilius Maro

## Georgic 4

Of air-born honey, gift of heaven, I now  
Take up the tale. Upon this theme no less  
Look thou, Maecenas, with indulgent eye.  
A marvellous display of puny powers,  
High-hearted chiefs, a nation's history,  
Its traits, its bent, its battles and its clans,  
All, each, shall pass before you, while I sing.  
Slight though the poet's theme, not slight the praise,  
So frown not heaven, and Phoebus hear his call.  
First find your bees a settled sure abode,  
Where neither winds can enter (winds blow back  
The foragers with food returning home)  
Nor sheep and butting kids tread down the flowers,  
Nor heifer wandering wide upon the plain  
Dash off the dew, and bruise the springing blades.  
Let the gay lizard too keep far aloof  
His scale-clad body from their honied stalls,  
And the bee-eater, and what birds beside,  
And Procne smirched with blood upon the breast  
From her own murderous hands. For these roam wide  
Wasting all substance, or the bees themselves  
Strike flying, and in their beaks bear home, to glut  
Those savage nestlings with the dainty prey.  
But let clear springs and moss-green pools be near,  
And through the grass a streamlet hurrying run,  
Some palm-tree o'er the porch extend its shade,  
Or huge-grown oleaster, that in Spring,  
Their own sweet Spring-tide, when the new-made chiefs  
Lead forth the young swarms, and, escaped their comb,  
The colony comes forth to sport and play,  
The neighbouring bank may lure them from the heat,  
Or bough befriend with hospitable shade.  
O'er the mid-waters, whether swift or still,  
Cast willow-branches and big stones enow,  
Bridge after bridge, where they may footing find  
And spread their wide wings to the summer sun,  
If haply Eurus, swooping as they pause,  
Have dashed with spray or plunged them in the deep.  
And let green cassias and far-scented thymes,

And savory with its heavy-laden breath  
Bloom round about, and violet-beds hard by  
Sip sweetness from the fertilizing springs.  
For the hive's self, or stitched of hollow bark,  
Or from tough osier woven, let the doors  
Be strait of entrance; for stiff winter's cold  
Congeals the honey, and heat resolves and thaws,  
To bees alike disastrous; not for naught  
So haste they to cement the tiny pores  
That pierce their walls, and fill the crevices  
With pollen from the flowers, and glean and keep  
To this same end the glue, that binds more fast  
Than bird-lime or the pitch from Ida's pines.  
Oft too in burrowed holes, if fame be true,  
They make their cosy subterranean home,  
And deeply lodged in hollow rocks are found,  
Or in the cavern of an age-hewn tree.  
Thou not the less smear round their crannied cribs  
With warm smooth mud-coat, and strew leaves above;  
But near their home let neither yew-tree grow,  
Nor reddening crabs be roasted, and mistrust  
Deep marish-ground and mire with noisome smell,  
Or where the hollow rocks sonorous ring,  
And the word spoken buffets and rebounds.  
What more? When now the golden sun has put  
Winter to headlong flight beneath the world,  
And oped the doors of heaven with summer ray,  
Forthwith they roam the glades and forests o'er,  
Rifle the painted flowers, or sip the streams,  
Light-hovering on the surface. Hence it is  
With some sweet rapture, that we know not of,  
Their little ones they foster, hence with skill  
Work out new wax or clinging honey mould.  
So when the cage-escaped hosts you see  
Float heavenward through the hot clear air, until  
You marvel at yon dusky cloud that spreads  
And lengthens on the wind, then mark them well;  
For then 'tis ever the fresh springs they seek  
And bowery shelter: hither must you bring  
The savoury sweets I bid, and sprinkle them,  
Bruised balsam and the wax-flower's lowly weed,  
And wake and shake the tinkling cymbals heard

By the great Mother: on the anointed spots  
Themselves will settle, and in wonted wise  
Seek of themselves the cradle's inmost depth.  
But if to battle they have hied them forth-  
For oft 'twixt king and king with uproar dire  
Fierce feud arises, and at once from far  
You may discern what passion sways the mob,  
And how their hearts are throbbing for the strife;  
Hark! the hoarse brazen note that warriors know  
Chides on the loiterers, and the ear may catch  
A sound that mocks the war-trump's broken blasts;  
Then in hot haste they muster, then flash wings,  
Sharpen their pointed beaks and knit their thews,  
And round the king, even to his royal tent,  
Throng rallying, and with shouts defy the foe.  
So, when a dry Spring and clear space is given,  
Forth from the gates they burst, they clash on high;  
A din arises; they are heaped and rolled  
Into one mighty mass, and headlong fall,  
Not denselier hail through heaven, nor pelting so  
Rains from the shaken oak its acorn-shower.  
Conspicuous by their wings the chiefs themselves  
Press through the heart of battle, and display  
A giant's spirit in each pigmy frame,  
Steadfast no inch to yield till these or those  
The victor's ponderous arm has turned to flight.  
Such fiery passions and such fierce assaults  
A little sprinkled dust controls and quells.  
And now, both leaders from the field recalled,  
Who hath the worser seeming, do to death,  
Lest royal waste wax burdensome, but let  
His better lord it on the empty throne.  
One with gold-burnished flakes will shine like fire,  
For twofold are their kinds, the nobler he,  
Of peerless front and lit with flashing scales;  
That other, from neglect and squalor foul,  
Drags slow a cumbrous belly. As with kings,  
So too with people, diverse is their mould,  
Some rough and loathly, as when the wayfarer  
Scapes from a whirl of dust, and scorched with heat  
Spits forth the dry grit from his parched mouth:  
The others shine forth and flash with lightning-gleam,

Their backs all blazoned with bright drops of gold  
Symmetric: this the likelier breed; from these,  
When heaven brings round the season, thou shalt strain  
Sweet honey, nor yet so sweet as passing clear,  
And mellowing on the tongue the wine-god's fire.  
But when the swarms fly aimlessly abroad,  
Disport themselves in heaven and spurn their cells,  
Leaving the hive unwarmed, from such vain play  
Must you refrain their volatile desires,  
Nor hard the task: tear off the monarchs' wings;  
While these prove loiterers, none beside will dare  
Mount heaven, or pluck the standards from the camp.  
Let gardens with the breath of saffron flowers  
Allure them, and the lord of Hellespont,  
Priapus, wielder of the willow-scythe,  
Safe in his keeping hold from birds and thieves.  
And let the man to whom such cares are dear  
Himself bring thyme and pine-trees from the heights,  
And strew them in broad belts about their home;  
No hand but his the blistering task should ply,  
Plant the young slips, or shed the genial showers.  
And I myself, were I not even now  
Furling my sails, and, nigh the journey's end,  
Eager to turn my vessel's prow to shore,  
Perchance would sing what careful husbandry  
Makes the trim garden smile; of Paestum too,  
Whose roses bloom and fade and bloom again;  
How endives glory in the streams they drink,  
And green banks in their parsley, and how the gourd  
Twists through the grass and rounds him to paunch;  
Nor of Narcissus had my lips been dumb,  
That loiterer of the flowers, nor supple-stemmed  
Acanthus, with the praise of ivies pale,  
And myrtles clinging to the shores they love.  
For 'neath the shade of tall Oebalia's towers,  
Where dark Galaesus laves the yellowing fields,  
An old man once I mind me to have seen-  
From Corycus he came- to whom had fallen  
Some few poor acres of neglected land,  
And they nor fruitful' neath the plodding steer,  
Meet for the grazing herd, nor good for vines.  
Yet he, the while his meagre garden-herbs

Among the thorns he planted, and all round  
White lilies, vervains, and lean poppy set,  
In pride of spirit matched the wealth of kings,  
And home returning not till night was late,  
With unbought plenty heaped his board on high.  
He was the first to cull the rose in spring,  
He the ripe fruits in autumn; and ere yet  
Winter had ceased in sullen ire to rive  
The rocks with frost, and with her icy bit  
Curb in the running waters, there was he  
Plucking the rather faint hyacinth, while he chid  
Summer's slow footsteps and the lagging West.  
Therefore he too with earliest brooding bees  
And their full swarms o'erflowed, and first was he  
To press the bubbling honey from the comb;  
Lime-trees were his, and many a branching pine;  
And all the fruits wherewith in early bloom  
The orchard-tree had clothed her, in full tale  
Hung there, by mellowing autumn perfected.  
He too transplanted tall-grown elms a-row,  
Time-toughened pear, thorns bursting with the plum  
And plane now yielding serviceable shade  
For dry lips to drink under: but these things,  
Shut off by rigorous limits, I pass by,  
And leave for others to sing after me.  
Come, then, I will unfold the natural powers  
Great Jove himself upon the bees bestowed,  
The boon for which, led by the shrill sweet strains  
Of the Curetes and their clashing brass,  
They fed the King of heaven in Dicte's cave.  
Alone of all things they receive and hold  
Community of offspring, and they house  
Together in one city, and beneath  
The shelter of majestic laws they live;  
And they alone fixed home and country know,  
And in the summer, warned of coming cold,  
Make proof of toil, and for the general store  
Hoard up their gathered harvesting. For some  
Watch o'er the victualling of the hive, and these  
By settled order ply their tasks afield;  
And some within the confines of their home  
Plant firm the comb's first layer, Narcissus' tear,

And sticky gum oozed from the bark of trees,  
Then set the clinging wax to hang therefrom.  
Others the while lead forth the full-grown young,  
Their country's hope, and others press and pack  
The thrice repured honey, and stretch their cells  
To bursting with the clear-strained nectar sweet.  
Some, too, the wardship of the gates befalls,  
Who watch in turn for showers and cloudy skies,  
Or ease returning labourers of their load,  
Or form a band and from their precincts drive  
The drones, a lazy herd. How glows the work!  
How sweet the honey smells of perfumed thyme  
Like the Cyclopes, when in haste they forge  
From the slow-yielding ore the thunderbolts,  
Some from the bull's-hide bellows in and out  
Let the blasts drive, some dip i' the water-trough  
The sputtering metal: with the anvil's weight  
Groans Etna: they alternately in time  
With giant strength uplift their sinewy arms,  
Or twist the iron with the forceps' grip-  
Not otherwise, to measure small with great,  
The love of getting planted in their breasts  
Goads on the bees, that haunt old Cecrops' heights,  
Each in his sphere to labour. The old have charge  
To keep the town, and build the walled combs,  
And mould the cunning chambers; but the youth,  
Their tired legs packed with thyme, come labouring home  
Belated, for afar they range to feed  
On arbutes and the grey-green willow-leaves,  
And cassia and the crocus blushing red,  
Glue-yielding limes, and hyacinths dusky-eyed.  
One hour for rest have all, and one for toil:  
With dawn they hurry from the gates- no room  
For loiterers there: and once again, when even  
Now bids them quit their pasturing on the plain,  
Then homeward make they, then refresh their strength:  
A hum arises: hark! they buzz and buzz  
About the doors and threshold; till at length  
Safe laid to rest they hush them for the night,  
And welcome slumber laps their weary limbs.  
But from the homestead not too far they fare,  
When showers hang like to fall, nor, east winds nigh,

Confide in heaven, but 'neath the city walls  
Safe-circling fetch them water, or essay  
Brief out-goings, and oft weigh-up tiny stones,  
As light craft ballast in the tossing tide,  
Wherewith they poise them through the cloudy vast.  
This law of life, too, by the bees obeyed,  
Will move thy wonder, that nor sex with sex  
Yoke they in marriage, nor yield their limbs to love,  
Nor know the pangs of labour, but alone  
From leaves and honied herbs, the mothers, each,  
Gather their offspring in their mouths, alone  
Supply new kings and pigmy commonwealth,  
And their old court and waxen realm repair.  
Oft, too, while wandering, against jagged stones  
Their wings they fray, and 'neath the burden yield  
Their liberal lives: so deep their love of flowers,  
So glorious deem they honey's proud acquist.  
Therefore, though each a life of narrow span,  
Ne'er stretched to summers more than seven, befalls,  
Yet deathless doth the race endure, and still  
Perennial stands the fortune of their line,  
From grandsire unto grandsire backward told.  
Moreover, not Aegyptus, nor the realm  
Of boundless Lydia, no, nor Parthia's hordes,  
Nor Median Hydaspes, to their king  
Do such obeisance: lives the king unscathed,  
One will inspires the million: is he dead,  
Snapt is the bond of fealty; they themselves  
Ravage their toil-wrought honey, and rend amain  
Their own comb's waxen trellis. He is the lord  
Of all their labour; him with awful eye  
They reverence, and with murmuring throngs surround,  
In crowds attend, oft shoulder him on high,  
Or with their bodies shield him in the fight,  
And seek through showering wounds a glorious death.  
Led by these tokens, and with such traits to guide,  
Some say that unto bees a share is given  
Of the Divine Intelligence, and to drink  
Pure draughts of ether; for God permeates all-  
Earth, and wide ocean, and the vault of heaven-  
From whom flocks, herds, men, beasts of every kind,  
Draw each at birth the fine essential flame;



Yea, and that all things hence to Him return,  
Brought back by dissolution, nor can death  
Find place: but, each into his starry rank,  
Alive they soar, and mount the heights of heaven.  
If now their narrow home thou wouldst unseal,  
And broach the treasures of the honey-house,  
With draught of water first toment thy lips,  
And spread before thee fumes of trailing smoke.  
Twice is the teeming produce gathered in,  
Twofold their time of harvest year by year,  
Once when Taygete the Pleiad uplifts  
Her comely forehead for the earth to see,  
With foot of scorn spurning the ocean-streams,  
Once when in gloom she flies the watery Fish,  
And dips from heaven into the wintry wave.  
Unbounded then their wrath; if hurt, they breathe  
Venom into their bite, cleave to the veins  
And let the sting lie buried, and leave their lives  
Behind them in the wound. But if you dread  
Too rigorous a winter, and would fain  
Temper the coming time, and their bruised hearts  
And broken estate to pity move thy soul,  
Yet who would fear to fumigate with thyme,  
Or cut the empty wax away? for oft  
Into their comb the newt has gnawed unseen,  
And the light-loathing beetles crammed their bed,  
And he that sits at others' board to feast,  
The do-naught drone; or 'gainst the unequal foe  
Swoops the fierce hornet, or the moth's fell tribe;  
Or spider, victim of Minerva's spite,  
Athwart the doorway hangs her swaying net.  
The more impoverished they, the keenlier all  
To mend the fallen fortunes of their race  
Will nerve them, fill the cells up, tier on tier,  
And weave their granaries from the rifled flowers.  
Now, seeing that life doth even to bee-folk bring  
Our human chances, if in dire disease  
Their bodies' strength should languish- which anon  
By no uncertain tokens may be told-  
Forthwith the sick change hue; grim leanness mars  
Their visage; then from out the cells they bear  
Forms reft of light, and lead the mournful pomp;

Or foot to foot about the porch they hang,  
Or within closed doors loiter, listless all  
From famine, and benumbed with shrivelling cold.  
Then is a deep note heard, a long-drawn hum,  
As when the chill South through the forests sighs,  
As when the troubled ocean hoarsely booms  
With back-swung billow, as ravening tide of fire  
Surges, shut fast within the furnace-walls.  
Then do I bid burn scented galbanum,  
And, honey-streams through reeden troughs instilled,  
Challenge and cheer their flagging appetite  
To taste the well-known food; and it shall boot  
To mix therewith the savour bruised from gall,  
And rose-leaves dried, or must to thickness boiled  
By a fierce fire, or juice of raisin-grapes  
From Psithian vine, and with its bitter smell  
Centaury, and the famed Cecropian thyme.  
There is a meadow-flower by country folk  
Hight star-wort; 'tis a plant not far to seek;  
For from one sod an ample growth it rears,  
Itself all golden, but girt with plenteous leaves,  
Where glory of purple shines through violet gloom.  
With chaplets woven hereof full oft are decked  
Heaven's altars: harsh its taste upon the tongue;  
Shepherds in vales smooth-shorn of nibbling flocks  
By Mella's winding waters gather it.  
The roots of this, well seethed in fragrant wine,  
Set in brimmed baskets at their doors for food.  
But if one's whole stock fail him at a stroke,  
Nor hath he whence to breed the race anew,  
'Tis time the wondrous secret to disclose  
Taught by the swain of Arcady, even how  
The blood of slaughtered bullocks oft has borne  
Bees from corruption. I will trace me back  
To its prime source the story's tangled thread,  
And thence unravel. For where thy happy folk,  
Canopus, city of Pellaeon fame,  
Dwell by the Nile's lagoon-like overflow,  
And high o'er furrows they have called their own  
Skim in their painted wherries; where, hard by,  
The quivered Persian presses, and that flood  
Which from the swart-skinned Aethiop bears him down,

Swift-parted into sevenfold branching mouths  
With black mud fattens and makes Aegypt green,  
That whole domain its welfare's hope secure  
Rests on this art alone. And first is chosen  
A strait recess, cramped closer to this end,  
Which next with narrow roof of tiles atop  
'Twixt prisoning walls they pinch, and add hereto  
From the four winds four slanting window-slits.  
Then seek they from the herd a steer, whose horns  
With two years' growth are curling, and stop fast,  
Plunge madly as he may, the panting mouth  
And nostrils twain, and done with blows to death,  
Batter his flesh to pulp i' the hide yet whole,  
And shut the doors, and leave him there to lie.  
But 'neath his ribs they scatter broken boughs,  
With thyme and fresh-pulled cassias: this is done  
When first the west winds bid the waters flow,  
Ere flush the meadows with new tints, and ere  
The twittering swallow buildeth from the beams.  
Meanwhile the juice within his softened bones  
Heats and ferments, and things of wondrous birth,  
Footless at first, anon with feet and wings,  
Swarm there and buzz, a marvel to behold;  
And more and more the fleeting breeze they take,  
Till, like a shower that pours from summer-clouds,  
Forth burst they, or like shafts from quivering string  
When Parthia's flying hosts provoke the fray.  
Say what was he, what God, that fashioned forth  
This art for us, O Muses? of man's skill  
Whence came the new adventure? From thy vale,  
Peneian Tempe, turning, bee-bereft,  
So runs the tale, by famine and disease,  
Mournful the shepherd Aristaeus stood  
Fast by the haunted river-head, and thus  
With many a plaint to her that bare him cried:  
'Mother, Cyrene, mother, who hast thy home  
Beneath this whirling flood, if he thou sayest,  
Apollo, lord of Thymbra, be my sire,  
Sprung from the Gods' high line, why barest thou me  
With fortune's ban for birthright? Where is now  
Thy love to me-ward banished from thy breast?  
O! wherefore didst thou bid me hope for heaven?

Lo! even the crown of this poor mortal life,  
Which all my skilful care by field and fold,  
No art neglected, scarce had fashioned forth,  
Even this falls from me, yet thou call'st me son.  
Nay, then, arise! With thine own hands pluck up  
My fruit-plantations: on the homestead fling  
Pitiless fire; make havoc of my crops;  
Burn the young plants, and wield the stubborn axe  
Against my vines, if there hath taken the  
Such loathing of my greatness.' But that cry,  
Even from her chamber in the river-deeps,  
His mother heard: around her spun the nymphs  
Milesian wool stained through with hyaline dye,  
Drymo, Xantho, Ligea, Phyllodoce,  
Their glossy locks o'er snowy shoulders shed,  
Cydippe and Lycorias yellow-haired,  
A maiden one, one newly learned even then  
To bear Lucina's birth-pang. Clio, too,  
And Beroe, sisters, ocean-children both,  
Both zoned with gold and girt with dappled fell,  
Ephyre and Opis, and from Asian meads  
Deiopea, and, bow at length laid by,  
Fleet-footed Arethusa. But in their midst  
Fair Clymene was telling o'er the tale  
Of Vulcan's idle vigilance and the stealth  
Of Mars' sweet rapine, and from Chaos old  
Counted the jostling love-joys of the Gods.  
Charmed by whose lay, the while their woolly tasks  
With spindles down they drew, yet once again  
Smote on his mother's ears the mournful plaint  
Of Aristaeus; on their glassy thrones  
Amazement held them all; but Arethuse  
Before the rest put forth her auburn head,  
Peering above the wave-top, and from far  
Exclaimed, 'Cyrene, sister, not for naught  
Scared by a groan so deep, behold! 'tis he,  
Even Aristaeus, thy heart's fondest care,  
Here by the brink of the Peneian sire  
Stands woebegone and weeping, and by name  
Cries out upon thee for thy cruelty.'  
To whom, strange terror knocking at her heart,  
'Bring, bring him to our sight,' the mother cried;

'His feet may tread the threshold even of Gods.'  
So saying, she bids the flood yawn wide and yield  
A pathway for his footsteps; but the wave  
Arched mountain-wise closed round him, and within  
Its mighty bosom welcomed, and let speed  
To the deep river-bed. And now, with eyes  
Of wonder gazing on his mother's hall  
And watery kingdom and cave-prisoned pools  
And echoing groves, he went, and, stunned by that  
Stupendous whirl of waters, separate saw  
All streams beneath the mighty earth that glide,  
Phasis and Lycus, and that fountain-head  
Whence first the deep Enipeus leaps to light,  
Whence father Tiber, and whence Anio's flood,  
And Hypanis that roars amid his rocks,  
And Mysian Caicus, and, bull-browed  
'Twixt either gilded horn, Eridanus,  
Than whom none other through the laughing plains  
More furious pours into the purple sea.  
Soon as the chamber's hanging roof of stone  
Was gained, and now Cyrene from her son  
Had heard his idle weeping, in due course  
Clear water for his hands the sisters bring,  
With napkins of shorn pile, while others heap  
The board with dainties, and set on afresh  
The brimming goblets; with Panchaian fires  
Upleap the altars; then the mother spake,  
'Take beakers of Maconian wine,' she said,  
'Pour we to Ocean.' Ocean, sire of all,  
She worships, and the sister-nymphs who guard  
The hundred forests and the hundred streams;  
Thrice Vesta's fire with nectar clear she dashed,  
Thrice to the roof-top shot the flame and shone:  
Armed with which omen she essayed to speak:  
'In Neptune's gulf Carpathian dwells a seer,  
Caerulean Proteus, he who metes the main  
With fish-drawn chariot of two-footed steeds;  
Now visits he his native home once more,  
Pallene and the Emathian ports; to him  
We nymphs do reverence, ay, and Nereus old;  
For all things knows the seer, both those which are  
And have been, or which time hath yet to bring;

So willed it Neptune, whose portentous flocks,  
And loathly sea-calves 'neath the surge he feeds.  
Him first, my son, behoves thee seize and bind  
That he may all the cause of sickness show,  
And grant a prosperous end. For save by force  
No rede will he vouchsafe, nor shalt thou bend  
His soul by praying; whom once made captive, ply  
With rigorous force and fetters; against these  
His wiles will break and spend themselves in vain.  
I, when the sun has lit his noontide fires,  
When the blades thirst, and cattle love the shade,  
Myself will guide thee to the old man's haunt,  
Whither he hies him weary from the waves,  
That thou mayst safelier steal upon his sleep.  
But when thou hast gripped him fast with hand and gyve,  
Then divers forms and bestial semblances  
Shall mock thy grasp; for sudden he will change  
To bristly boar, fell tigress, dragon scaled,  
And tawny-tufted lioness, or send forth  
A crackling sound of fire, and so shake of  
The fetters, or in showery drops anon  
Dissolve and vanish. But the more he shifts  
His endless transformations, thou, my son,  
More straitlier clench the clinging bands, until  
His body's shape return to that thou sawest,  
When with closed eyelids first he sank to sleep.'  
So saying, an odour of ambrosial dew  
She sheds around, and all his frame therewith  
Steeps throughly; forth from his trim-combed locks  
Breathed effluence sweet, and a lithe vigour leapt  
Into his limbs. There is a cavern vast  
Scooped in the mountain-side, where wave on wave  
By the wind's stress is driven, and breaks far up  
Its inmost creeks- safe anchorage from of old  
For tempest-taken mariners: therewithin,  
Behind a rock's huge barrier, Proteus hides.  
Here in close covert out of the sun's eye  
The youth she places, and herself the while  
Swathed in a shadowy mist stands far aloof.  
And now the ravening dog-star that burns up  
The thirsty Indians blazed in heaven; his course  
The fiery sun had half devoured: the blades

Were parched, and the void streams with drougthy jaws  
Baked to their mud-beds by the scorching ray,  
When Proteus seeking his accustomed cave  
Strode from the billows: round him frolicking  
The watery folk that people the waste sea  
Sprinkled the bitter brine-dew far and wide.  
Along the shore in scattered groups to feed  
The sea-calves stretch them: while the seer himself,  
Like herdsman on the hills when evening bids  
The steers from pasture to their stall repair,  
And the lambs' bleating whets the listening wolves,  
Sits midmost on the rock and tells his tale.  
But Aristaeus, the foe within his clutch,  
Scarce suffering him compose his aged limbs,  
With a great cry leapt on him, and ere he rose  
Forestalled him with the fetters; he nathless,  
All unforgetful of his ancient craft,  
Transforms himself to every wondrous thing,  
Fire and a fearful beast, and flowing stream.  
But when no trickery found a path for flight,  
Baffled at length, to his own shape returned,  
With human lips he spake, 'Who bade thee, then,  
So reckless in youth's hardihood, affront  
Our portals? or what wouldst thou hence?'- But he,  
'Proteus, thou knowest, of thine own heart thou knowest;  
For thee there is no cheating, but cease thou  
To practise upon me: at heaven's behest  
I for my fainting fortunes hither come  
An oracle to ask thee.' There he ceased.  
Whereat the seer, by stubborn force constrained,  
Shot forth the grey light of his gleaming eyes  
Upon him, and with fiercely gnashing teeth  
Unlocks his lips to spell the fates of heaven:  
'Doubt not 'tis wrath divine that plagues thee thus,  
Nor light the debt thou payest; 'tis Orpheus' self,  
Orpheus unhappy by no fault of his,  
So fates prevent not, fans thy penal fires,  
Yet madly raging for his ravished bride.  
She in her haste to shun thy hot pursuit  
Along the stream, saw not the coming death,  
Where at her feet kept ward upon the bank  
In the tall grass a monstrous water-snake.

But with their cries the Dryad-band her peers  
Filled up the mountains to their proudest peaks:  
Wailed for her fate the heights of Rhodope,  
And tall Pangaea, and, beloved of Mars,  
The land that bowed to Rhesus, Thrace no less  
With Hebrus' stream; and Orithyia wept,  
Daughter of Acte old. But Orpheus' self,  
Soothing his love-pain with the hollow shell,  
Thee his sweet wife on the lone shore alone,  
Thee when day dawned and when it died he sang.  
Nay to the jaws of Taenarus too he came,  
Of Dis the infernal palace, and the grove  
Grim with a horror of great darkness- came,  
Entered, and faced the Manes and the King  
Of terrors, the stone heart no prayer can tame.  
Then from the deepest deeps of Erebus,  
Wrung by his minstrelsy, the hollow shades  
Came trooping, ghostly semblances of forms  
Lost to the light, as birds by myriads hie  
To greenwood boughs for cover, when twilight-hour  
Or storms of winter chase them from the hills;  
Matrons and men, and great heroic frames  
Done with life's service, boys, unwedded girls,  
Youths placed on pyre before their fathers' eyes.  
Round them, with black slime choked and hideous weed,  
Cocytus winds; there lies the unlovely swamp  
Of dull dead water, and, to pen them fast,  
Styx with her ninefold barrier poured between.  
Nay, even the deep Tartarean Halls of death  
Stood lost in wonderment, and the Eumenides,  
Their brows with livid locks of serpents twined;  
Even Cerberus held his triple jaws agape,  
And, the wind hushed, Ixion's wheel stood still.  
And now with homeward footstep he had passed  
All perils scathless, and, at length restored,  
Eurydice to realms of upper air  
Had well-nigh won, behind him following-  
So Proserpine had ruled it- when his heart  
A sudden mad desire surprised and seized-  
Meet fault to be forgiven, might Hell forgive.  
For at the very threshold of the day,  
Heedless, alas! and vanquished of resolve,



He stopped, turned, looked upon Eurydice  
His own once more. But even with the look,  
Poured out was all his labour, broken the bond  
Of that fell tyrant, and a crash was heard  
Three times like thunder in the meres of hell.  
'Orpheus! what ruin hath thy frenzy wrought  
On me, alas! and thee? Lo! once again  
The unpitiful fates recall me, and dark sleep  
Closes my swimming eyes. And now farewell:  
Girt with enormous night I am borne away,  
Outstretching toward thee, thine, alas! no more,  
These helpless hands.' She spake, and suddenly,  
Like smoke dissolving into empty air,  
Passed and was sundered from his sight; nor him  
Clutching vain shadows, yearning sore to speak,  
Thenceforth beheld she, nor no second time  
Hell's boatman brooks he pass the watery bar.  
What should he do? fly whither, twice bereaved?  
Move with what tears the Manes, with what voice  
The Powers of darkness? She indeed even now  
Death-cold was floating on the Stygian barge!  
For seven whole months unceasingly, men say,  
Beneath a skyey crag, by thy lone wave,  
Strymon, he wept, and in the caverns chill  
Unrolled his story, melting tigers' hearts,  
And leading with his lay the oaks along.  
As in the poplar-shade a nightingale  
Mourns her lost young, which some relentless swain,  
Spying, from the nest has torn unfledged, but she  
Wails the long night, and perched upon a spray  
With sad insistence pipes her dolorous strain,  
Till all the region with her wrongs o'erflows.  
No love, no new desire, constrained his soul:  
By snow-bound Tanais and the icy north,  
Far steppes to frost Rhipaeon forever wed,  
Alone he wandered, lost Eurydice  
Lamenting, and the gifts of Dis ungiven.  
Scorned by which tribute the Ciconian dames,  
Amid their awful Bacchanalian rites  
And midnight revellings, tore him limb from limb,  
And strewed his fragments over the wide fields.  
Then too, even then, what time the Hebrus stream,

Oeagrian Hebrus, down mid-current rolled,  
Rent from the marble neck, his drifting head,  
The death-chilled tongue found yet a voice to cry  
'Eurydice! ah! poor Eurydice!'  
With parting breath he called her, and the banks  
From the broad stream caught up 'Eurydice!'  
So Proteus ending plunged into the deep,  
And, where he plunged, beneath the eddying whirl  
Churned into foam the water, and was gone;  
But not Cyrene, who unquestioned thus  
Bespake the trembling listener: 'Nay, my son,  
From that sad bosom thou mayst banish care:  
Hence came that plague of sickness, hence the nymphs,  
With whom in the tall woods the dance she wove,  
Wrought on thy bees, alas! this deadly bane.  
Bend thou before the Dell-nymphs, gracious powers:  
Bring gifts, and sue for pardon: they will grant  
Peace to thine asking, and an end of wrath.  
But how to approach them will I first unfold-  
Four chosen bulls of peerless form and bulk,  
That browse to-day the green Lycaean heights,  
Pick from thy herds, as many kine to match,  
Whose necks the yoke pressed never: then for these  
Build up four altars by the lofty fanes,  
And from their throats let gush the victims' blood,  
And in the greenwood leave their bodies lone.  
Then, when the ninth dawn hath displayed its beams,  
To Orpheus shalt thou send his funeral dues,  
Poppies of Lethe, and let slay a sheep  
Coal-black, then seek the grove again, and soon  
For pardon found adore Eurydice  
With a slain calf for victim.'  
No delay:  
The self-same hour he hies him forth to do  
His mother's bidding: to the shrine he came,  
The appointed altars reared, and thither led  
Four chosen bulls of peerless form and bulk,  
With kine to match, that never yoke had known;  
Then, when the ninth dawn had led in the day,  
To Orpheus sent his funeral dues, and sought  
The grove once more. But sudden, strange to tell  
A portent they espy: through the oxen's flesh,

Waxed soft in dissolution, hark! there hum  
Bees from the belly; the rent ribs overboil  
In endless clouds they spread them, till at last  
On yon tree-top together fused they cling,  
And drop their cluster from the bending boughs.  
So sang I of the tilth of furrowed fields,  
Of flocks and trees, while Caesar's majesty  
Launched forth the levin-bolts of war by deep  
Euphrates, and bare rule o'er willing folk  
Though vanquished, and essayed the heights of heaven.  
I Virgil then, of sweet Parthenope  
The nursling, wooed the flowery walks of peace  
Inglorious, who erst trilled for shepherd-wights  
The wanton ditty, and sang in saucy youth  
Thee, Tityrus, 'neath the spreading beech tree's shade.

Publius Vergilius Maro

# The Aeneid Of Virgil: Book 1

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by fate,  
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,  
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore.  
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,  
And in the doubtful war, before he won  
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town;  
His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,  
And settled sure succession in his line,  
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,  
And the long glories of majestic Rome.

O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;  
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;  
For what offense the Queen of Heav'n began  
To persecute so brave, so just a man;  
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,  
Expos'd to wants, and hurried into wars!  
Can heav'nly minds such high resentment show,  
Or exercise their spite in human woe?

Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,  
An ancient town was seated on the sea;  
A Tyrian colony; the people made  
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade:  
Carthage the name; belov'd by Juno more  
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.  
Here stood her chariot; here, if Heav'n were kind,  
The seat of awful empire she design'd.  
Yet she had heard an ancient rumor fly,  
(Long cited by the people of the sky,)  
That times to come should see the Trojan race  
Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs deface;  
Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of sov'reign sway  
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.  
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;  
Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late  
For conqu'ring Greece against the Trojan state.  
Besides, long causes working in her mind,  
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind;  
Deep graven in her heart the doom remain'd  
Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd;

The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed,  
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.  
Each was a cause alone; and all combin'd  
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.  
For this, far distant from the Latian coast  
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host;  
And sev'n long years th' unhappy wand'ring train  
Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd thro' the main.  
Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,  
Such length of labor for so vast a frame.

Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars,  
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,  
Ent'ring with cheerful shouts the wat'ry reign,  
And plowing frothy furrows in the main;  
When, lab'ring still with endless discontent,  
The Queen of Heav'n did thus her fury vent:

"Then am I vanquish'd? must I yield?" said she,  
"And must the Trojans reign in Italy?  
So Fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;  
Nor can my pow'r divert their happy course.  
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen,  
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?  
She, for the fault of one offending foe,  
The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:  
With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,  
And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep;  
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,  
The wretch, yet hissing with her father's flame,  
She strongly seiz'd, and with a burning wound  
Transfix'd, and naked, on a rock she bound.  
But I, who walk in awful state above,  
The majesty of heav'n, the sister wife of Jove,  
For length of years my fruitless force employ  
Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy!  
What nations now to Juno's pow'r will pray,  
Or off'rings on my slighted altars lay?"

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

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

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

To this the god: "'T is yours, O queen, to will  
The work which duty binds me to fulfil.  
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,  
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand:  
Yours is my sov'reign's grace; and, as your guest,  
I sit with gods at their celestial feast;  
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;  
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you."

He said, and hurl'd against the mountain side  
His quiv'ring spear, and all the god applied.  
The raging winds rush thro' the hollow wound,  
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground;

Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep,  
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.  
South, East, and West with mix'd confusion roar,  
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.  
The cables crack; the sailors' fearful cries  
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;  
And heav'n itself is ravish'd from their eyes.  
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue;  
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;  
The face of things a frightful image bears,  
And present death in various forms appears.  
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,  
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief;  
And, "Thrice and four times happy those," he cried,  
"That under Ilian walls before their parents died!  
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train!  
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,  
And lie by noble Hector on the plain,  
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields  
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields  
Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear  
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear!"  
Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,  
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,  
And rent the sheets; the raging billows rise,  
And mount the tossing vessels to the skies:  
Nor can the shiv'ring oars sustain the blow;  
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow;  
While those astern, descending down the steep,  
Thro' gaping waves behold the boiling deep.  
Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,  
And on the secret shelves with fury cast.  
Those hidden rocks th' Ausonian sailors knew:  
They call'd them Altars, when they rose in view,  
And show'd their spacious backs above the flood.  
Three more fierce Eurus, in his angry mood,  
Dash'd on the shallows of the moving sand,  
And in mid ocean left them moor'd aland.  
Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,  
(A horrid sight!) ev'n in the hero's view,  
From stem to stern by waves was overborne:  
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,

Was headlong hurl'd; thrice round the ship was toss'd,  
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost;  
And here and there above the waves were seen  
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men.  
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way,  
And suck'd thro' loosen'd planks the rushing sea.  
Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,  
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,  
Endur'd not less; their ships, with gaping seams,  
Admit the deluge of the briny streams.

Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound  
Of raging billows breaking on the ground.  
Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,  
He rear'd his awful head above the main,  
Serene in majesty; then roll'd his eyes  
Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.  
He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, distress'd,  
By stormy winds and wintry heav'n oppress'd.  
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,  
And what her aims and what her arts pursue.  
He summon'd Eurus and the western blast,  
And first an angry glance on both he cast;  
Then thus rebuk'd: "Audacious winds! from whence  
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?  
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,  
Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?  
To raise such mountains on the troubled main?  
Whom I- but first 't is fit the billows to restrain;  
And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.  
Hence! to your lord my royal mandate bear-  
The realms of ocean and the fields of air  
Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me  
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.  
His pow'r to hollow caverns is confin'd:  
There let him reign, the jailer of the wind,  
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,  
And boast and bluster in his empty hall."  
He spoke; and, while he spoke, he smooth'd the sea,  
Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day.  
Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train  
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,  
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands:



The god himself with ready trident stands,  
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands;  
Then heaves them off the shoals. Where'er he guides  
His finny coursers and in triumph rides,  
The waves unruffle and the sea subsides.  
As, when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,  
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;  
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,  
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:  
If then some grave and pious man appear,  
They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;  
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,  
And quenches their innate desire of blood:  
So, when the Father of the Flood appears,  
And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,  
Their fury falls: he skims the liquid plains,  
High on his chariot, and, with loosen'd reins,  
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.  
The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars  
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.

    Within a long recess there lies a bay:  
An island shades it from the rolling sea,  
And forms a port secure for ships to ride;  
Broke by the jutting land, on either side,  
In double streams the briny waters glide.  
Betwixt two rows of rocks a sylvan scene  
Appears above, and groves for ever green:  
A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats,  
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.  
Down thro' the crannies of the living walls  
The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls:  
No haulsers need to bind the vessels here,  
Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they fear.  
Sev'n ships within this happy harbor meet,  
The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.  
The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,  
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd repose.

    First, good Achates, with repeated strokes  
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes:  
Short flame succeeds; a bed of wither'd leaves  
The dying sparkles in their fall receives:  
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,

And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies.  
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around  
The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground:  
Some dry their corn, infected with the brine,  
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.  
Aeneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,  
And takes a prospect of the seas below,  
If Capys thence, or Antheus he could spy,  
Or see the streamers of Caicus fly.  
No vessels were in view; but, on the plain,  
Three beamy stags command a lordly train  
Of branching heads: the more ignoble throng  
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.  
He stood; and, while secure they fed below,  
He took the quiver and the trusty bow  
Achates us'd to bear: the leaders first  
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;  
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain  
Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood distain.  
For the sev'n ships he made an equal share,  
And to the port return'd, triumphant from the war.  
The jars of gen'rous wine (Acestes' gift,  
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)  
He set abroach, and for the feast prepar'd,  
In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.  
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief  
With cheerful words allay'd the common grief:  
"Endure, and conquer! Jove will soon dispose  
To future good our past and present woes.  
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have tried;  
Th' inhuman Cyclops and his den defied.  
What greater ills hereafter can you bear?  
Resume your courage and dismiss your care,  
An hour will come, with pleasure to relate  
Your sorrows past, as benefits of Fate.  
Thro' various hazards and events, we move  
To Latium and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.  
Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)  
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise,  
Endure the hardships of your present state;  
Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate."  
These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart;

His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.  
The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,  
The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste.  
Some strip the skin; some portion out the spoil;  
The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldrons boil;  
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.  
Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,  
Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine.  
Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends  
The doubtful fortune of their absent friends:  
Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,  
Whether to deem 'em dead, or in distress.  
Above the rest, Aeneas mourns the fate  
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state  
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus.  
The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus.

When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys  
Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,  
At length on Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes-  
Whom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,  
When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,  
Not free from tears, her heav'nly sire bespoke:  
"O King of Gods and Men! whose awful hand  
Disperses thunder on the seas and land,  
Disposing all with absolute command;  
How could my pious son thy pow'r incense?  
Or what, alas! is vanish'd Troy's offense?  
Our hope of Italy not only lost,  
On various seas by various tempests toss'd,  
But shut from ev'ry shore, and barr'd from ev'ry coast.  
You promis'd once, a progeny divine  
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,  
In after times should hold the world in awe,  
And to the land and ocean give the law.  
How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care  
When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war?  
Then fates to fates I could oppose; but now,  
When Fortune still pursues her former blow,  
What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?  
What end of labors has your will decreed?  
Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,  
Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts,

Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves  
And thro' nine channels disembogues his waves.  
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,  
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;  
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,  
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame.  
But we, descended from your sacred line,  
Entitled to your heav'n and rites divine,  
Are banish'd earth; and, for the wrath of one,  
Remov'd from Latium and the promis'd throne.  
Are these our scepters? these our due rewards?  
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?"

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

"Daughter, dismiss thy fears; to thy desire  
The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.  
Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian walls;  
And, ripe for heav'n, when fate Aeneas calls,  
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me:  
No councils have revers'd my firm decree.  
And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,  
Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of Fate:  
Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)  
In Italy shall wage successful war,  
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,  
And sov'reign laws impose, and cities build,  
Till, after ev'ry foe subdued, the sun  
Thrice thro' the signs his annual race shall run:  
This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,  
Now call'd Iulus, shall begin his reign.  
He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,  
Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,  
And, with hard labor, Alba Longa build.  
The throne with his succession shall be fill'd  
Three hundred circuits more: then shall be seen  
Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,  
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,  
Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.  
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain:  
Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain,

Of martial tow'rs the founder shall become,  
The people Romans call, the city Rome.  
To them no bounds of empire I assign,  
Nor term of years to their immortal line.  
Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,  
Earth, seas, and heav'n, and Jove himself turmoils;  
At length aton'd, her friendly pow'r shall join,  
To cherish and advance the Trojan line.  
The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,  
And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.  
An age is ripening in revolving fate  
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state,  
And sweet revenge her conqu'ring sons shall call,  
To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.  
Then Caesar from the Julian stock shall rise,  
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies  
Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with eastern spoils,  
Our heav'n, the just reward of human toils,  
Securely shall repay with rites divine;  
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.  
Then dire debate and impious war shall cease,  
And the stern age be soften'd into peace:  
Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,  
And Vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn;  
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain  
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.  
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,  
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,  
With bolts and iron bars: within remains  
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains;  
High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,  
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms."

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

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

Meantime, in shades of night Aeneas lies:  
Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.  
But, when the sun restor'd the cheerful day,  
He rose, the coast and country to survey,  
Anxious and eager to discover more.  
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore;  
But, whether humankind, or beasts alone  
Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.  
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides:  
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides;  
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.  
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,  
And true Achates on his steps attends.  
Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,  
Before his eyes his goddess mother stood:  
A huntress in her habit and her mien;  
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.  
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;  
Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;  
Her hand sustain'd a bow; her quiver hung behind.  
She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood:  
With such array Harpalyce bestrode  
Her Thracian courser and outstripp'd the rapid flood.  
"Ho, strangers! have you lately seen," she said,  
"One of my sisters, like myself array'd,  
Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd?  
A painted quiver at her back she bore;  
Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore;  
And at full cry pursued the tusky boar."

Thus Venus: thus her son replied again:  
"None of your sisters have we heard or seen,  
O virgin! or what other name you bear  
Above that style- O more than mortal fair!  
Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!  
If, as you seem, the sister of the day,  
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train,  
Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain;  
But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,  
What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?  
Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,

And offer'd victims at your altars fall."  
"I dare not," she replied, "assume the name  
Of goddess, or celestial honors claim:  
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,  
And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.  
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are-  
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.  
The rising city, which from far you see,  
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.  
Phoenician Dido rules the growing state,  
Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate.  
Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate;  
Which I will sum in short. Sichaeus, known  
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,  
Possess'd fair Dido's bed; and either heart  
At once was wounded with an equal dart.  
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;  
Pygmalion then the Tyrian scepter sway'd:  
One who condemn'd divine and human laws.  
Then strife ensued, and cursed gold the cause.  
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,  
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;  
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,  
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed.  
Some tale, some new pretense, he daily coin'd,  
To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.  
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears  
Of her unhappy lord: the specter stares,  
And, with erected eyes, his bloody bosom bares.  
The cruel altars and his fate he tells,  
And the dire secret of his house reveals,  
Then warns the widow, with her household gods,  
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.  
Last, to support her in so long a way,  
He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.  
Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,  
The queen provides companions of her flight:  
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,  
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.  
They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;  
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.  
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea

With prosp'rous winds; a woman leads the way.  
I know not, if by stress of weather driv'n,  
Or was their fatal course dispos'd by Heav'n;  
At last they landed, where from far your eyes  
May view the turrets of new Carthage rise;  
There bought a space of ground, which (Byrsa call'd,  
From the bull's hide) they first inclos'd, and wall'd.  
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?  
What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?"

To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,  
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:  
"Could you with patience hear, or I relate,  
O nymph, the tedious annals of our fate!  
Thro' such a train of woes if I should run,  
The day would sooner than the tale be done!  
From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came-  
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.  
On various seas by various tempests toss'd,  
At length we landed on your Libyan coast.  
The good Aeneas am I call'd- a name,  
While Fortune favor'd, not unknown to fame.  
My household gods, companions of my woes,  
With pious care I rescued from our foes.  
To fruitful Italy my course was bent;  
And from the King of Heav'n is my descent.  
With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;  
Fate and my mother goddess led my way.  
Scarce sev'n, the thin remainders of my fleet,  
From storms preserv'd, within your harbor meet.  
Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,  
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,  
In Libyan desarts wander thus alone."

His tender parent could no longer bear;  
But, interposing, sought to soothe his care.  
"Whoe'er you are- not unbelov'd by Heav'n,  
Since on our friendly shore your ships are driv'n-  
Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,  
And to the queen expose your just request.  
Now take this earnest of success, for more:  
Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;  
The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free;  
Or I renounce my skill in augury.



Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,  
And stoop with closing pinions from above;  
Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,  
And thro' the clouds pursued the scatt'ring throng:  
Now, all united in a goodly team,  
They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.  
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,  
And ride the circuit of the skies in rings;  
Not otherwise your ships, and ev'ry friend,  
Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.  
No more advice is needful; but pursue  
The path before you, and the town in view."

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear  
Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair,  
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground.  
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:  
In length of train descends her sweeping gown;  
And, by her graceful walk, the Queen of Love is known.  
The prince pursued the parting deity  
With words like these: "Ah! whither do you fly?  
Unkind and cruel! to deceive your son  
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun;  
Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;  
And still to speak in accents not your own."  
Against the goddess these complaints he made,  
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.  
They march, obscure; for Venus kindly shrouds  
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds,  
That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,  
Or force to tell the causes of their way.  
This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime  
To visit Paphos and her native clime;  
Where garlands, ever green and ever fair,  
With vows are offer'd, and with solemn pray'r:  
A hundred altars in her temple smoke;  
A thousand bleeding hearts her pow'r invoke.

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

The toiling Tyrians on each other call  
To ply their labor: some extend the wall;  
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng  
Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along.  
Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,  
Which, first design'd, with ditches they surround.  
Some laws ordain; and some attend the choice  
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.  
Here some design a mole, while others there  
Lay deep foundations for a theater;  
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,  
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.  
Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,  
As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains,  
When winter past, and summer scarce begun,  
Invites them forth to labor in the sun;  
Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense  
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense;  
Some at the gate stand ready to receive  
The golden burthen, and their friends relieve;  
All with united force, combine to drive  
The lazy drones from the laborious hive:  
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;  
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.  
"Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise!"  
Aeneas said, and view'd, with lifted eyes,  
Their lofty tow'rs; then, entiring at the gate,  
Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate)  
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,  
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.  
Full in the center of the town there stood,  
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood.  
The Tyrians, landing near this holy ground,  
And digging here, a prosp'rous omen found:  
From under earth a courser's head they drew,  
Their growth and future fortune to foreshew.  
This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,  
Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.  
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state  
Did Juno's temple build, and consecrate,  
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;  
But more the goddess made the place divine.

On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,  
And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose:  
The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crown'd;  
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.  
What first Aeneas this place beheld,  
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.  
For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd  
His wond'ring eyes, and round the temple gaz'd,  
Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,  
The striving artists, and their arts' renown;  
He saw, in order painted on the wall,  
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:  
The wars that fame around the world had blown,  
All to the life, and ev'ry leader known.  
There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,  
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.  
He stopp'd, and weeping said: "O friend! ev'n here  
The monuments of Trojan woes appear!  
Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands:  
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!  
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,  
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim."  
He said (his tears a ready passage find),  
Devouring what he saw so well design'd,  
And with an empty picture fed his mind:  
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,  
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,  
Pursued by fierce Achilles thro' the plain,  
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.  
The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,  
By their white sails betray'd to nightly view;  
And wakeful Diomede, whose cruel sword  
The sentries slew, nor spar'd their slumb'ring lord,  
Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food  
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.  
Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defied  
Achilles, and unequal combat tried;  
Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins,  
Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains,  
Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around:  
The hostile spear, yet sticking in his wound,  
With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground.

Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe,  
To Pallas' fane in long procession go,  
In hopes to reconcile their heav'nly foe.  
They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend their hair,  
And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear;  
But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with pray'r.  
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew  
The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.  
Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,  
The lifeless body of his son is sold.  
So sad an object, and so well express'd,  
Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast,  
To see the figure of his lifeless friend,  
And his old sire his helpless hand extend.  
Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,  
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain;  
And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,  
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.  
Penthisilea there, with haughty grace,  
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race:  
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;  
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.  
Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,  
Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes,  
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.  
Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,  
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,  
The beauteous Dido, with a num'rous train  
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.  
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,  
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,  
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads  
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads:  
Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,  
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen;  
Latona sees her shine above the rest,  
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.  
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,  
Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.  
Their labor to her future sway she speeds,  
And passing with a gracious glance proceeds;  
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the shrine:

In crowds around, the swarming people join.  
 She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,  
 Hears and determines ev'ry private cause;  
 Their tasks in equal portions she divides,  
 And, where unequal, there by lots decides.  
 Another way by chance Aeneas bends  
 His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends,  
 Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,  
 And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng,  
 Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,  
 And widely scatter'd on another coast.  
 The prince, unseen, surpris'd with wonder stands,  
 And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands;  
 But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays,  
 And from the hollow cloud his friends surveys,  
 Impatient till they told their present state,  
 And where they left their ships, and what their fate,  
 And why they came, and what was their request;  
 For these were sent, commission'd by the rest,  
 To sue for leave to land their sickly men,  
 And gain admission to the gracious queen.  
 Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;  
 Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:  
     "O queen! indulg'd by favor of the gods  
 To found an empire in these new abodes,  
 To build a town, with statutes to restrain  
 The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign,  
 We wretched Trojans, toss'd on ev'ry shore,  
 From sea to sea, thy clemency implore.  
 Forbid the fires our shipping to deface!  
 Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,  
 And spare the remnant of a pious race!  
 We come not with design of wasteful prey,  
 To drive the country, force the swains away:  
 Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire;  
 The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.  
 A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old;  
 The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold-  
 Th' Oenotrians held it once- by common fame  
 Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.  
 To that sweet region was our voyage bent,  
 When winds and ev'ry warring element

Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of land,  
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:  
The sea came on; the South, with mighty roar,  
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.  
Those few you see escap'd the Storm, and fear,  
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here.  
What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,  
What laws, what barb'rous customs of the place,  
Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,  
And drive us to the cruel seas again?  
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,  
Nor hospitable rights, nor human laws,  
The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.  
Aeneas was our prince: a juster lord,  
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword;  
Observant of the right, religious of his word.  
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,  
Nor we, his friends, of safety shall despair;  
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,  
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.  
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,  
Where King Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.  
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,  
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars,  
That, if our prince be safe, we may renew  
Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.  
But if, O best of men, the Fates ordain  
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main,  
And if our young Iulus be no more,  
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore,  
That we to good Acestes may return,  
And with our friends our common losses mourn."  
Thus spoke Ilioneus: the Trojan crew  
With cries and clamors his request renew.

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

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

Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,  
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud:  
Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way:  
"From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay?  
What more can you desire, your welcome sure,  
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?  
One only wants; and him we saw in vain  
Oppose the Storm, and swallow'd in the main.  
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid;  
The rest agrees with what your mother said."  
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,  
The mists flew upward and dissolv'd in day.

The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,  
August in visage, and serenely bright.  
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,  
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine,  
And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,  
And breath'd a youthful vigor on his face;  
Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold,  
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold:  
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,  
And thus with manly modesty he spoke:

"He whom you seek am I; by tempests toss'd,  
And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast;  
Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,  
A prince that owes his life to you alone.

Fair majesty, the refuge and redress  
Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress,  
You, who your pious offices employ  
To save the relics of abandon'd Troy;  
Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore,  
With hospitable rites relieve the poor;  
Associate in your town a wand'ring train,  
And strangers in your palace entertain:  
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,  
Who, scatter'd thro' the world, in exile mourn?  
The gods, if gods to goodness are inclin'd;  
If acts of mercy touch their heav'nly mind,  
And, more than all the gods, your gen'rous heart.  
Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!  
In you this age is happy, and this earth,  
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.  
While rolling rivers into seas shall run,  
And round the space of heav'n the radiant sun;  
While trees the mountain tops with shades supply,  
Your honor, name, and praise shall never die.  
Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,  
Your image shall be present in my mind."  
Thus having said, he turn'd with pious haste,  
And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:  
With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,  
Serestus with his left; then to his breast  
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;  
And so by turns descended to the rest.

The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face,  
Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace;  
Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;  
Then recollected stood, and thus began:  
"What fate, O goddess-born; what angry pow'rs  
Have cast you shipwrack'd on our barren shores?  
Are you the great Aeneas, known to fame,  
Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?

The same Aeneas whom fair Venus bore  
To fam'd Anchises on th' Idaean shore?  
It calls into my mind, tho' then a child,  
When Teucer came, from Salamis exil'd,  
And sought my father's aid, to be restor'd:  
My father Belus then with fire and sword



Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,  
And, conqu'ring, finish'd the successful war.  
From him the Trojan siege I understood,  
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.  
Your foe himself the Dardan valor prais'd,  
And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd.  
Enter, my noble guest, and you shall find,  
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:  
For I myself, like you, have been distress'd,  
Till Heav'n afforded me this place of rest;  
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,  
I learn to pity woes so like my own."  
She said, and to the palace led her guest;  
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.  
Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,  
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends;  
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,  
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams;  
And jars of gen'rous wine and spacious bowls  
She gives, to cheer the sailors' drooping souls.  
Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls,  
And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls:  
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;  
With loads of massy plate the sideboards shine,  
And antique vases, all of gold emboss'd  
(The gold itself inferior to the cost),  
Of curious work, where on the sides were seen  
The fights and figures of illustrious men,  
From their first founder to the present queen.

The good Aeneas, paternal care  
Iulus' absence could no longer bear,  
Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,  
To give a glad relation of the past,  
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy,  
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:  
A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;  
An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,  
From Argos by the fam'd adultress brought,  
With golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought,  
Her mother Leda's present, when she came  
To ruin Troy and set the world on flame;  
The scepter Priam's eldest daughter bore,

Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore  
Of double texture, glorious to behold,  
One order set with gems, and one with gold.  
Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes,  
And in his diligence his duty shows.

But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,  
New counsels tries, and new designs prepares:  
That Cupid should assume the shape and face  
Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace;  
Should bring the presents, in her nephew's stead,  
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed:  
For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongued,  
And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.  
These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke,  
And thus alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke:  
"My son, my strength, whose mighty pow'r alone  
Controls the Thund'rer on his awful throne,  
To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,  
And on thy succor and thy faith relies.  
Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,  
By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life;  
And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains.  
Him Dido now with blandishment detains;  
But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.  
For this 't is needful to prevent her art,  
And fire with love the proud Phoenician's heart:  
A love so violent, so strong, so sure,  
As neither age can change, nor art can cure.  
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:  
Ascanius by his father is design'd  
To come, with presents laden, from the port,  
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.  
I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,  
And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to keep,  
Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit  
May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.  
Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace  
But only for a night's revolving space:  
Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face;  
That when, amidst the fervor of the feast,  
The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,  
And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,

Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her veins."  
The God of Love obeys, and sets aside  
His bow and quiver, and his plummy pride;  
He walks Iulus in his mother's sight,  
And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.

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

But he, not mindless of his mother's pray'r,  
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,  
And molds her heart anew, and blots her former care.  
The dead is to the living love resign'd;  
And all Aeneas enters in her mind.

Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,  
The meat remov'd, and ev'ry guest was pleas'd,  
The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,  
And thro' the palace cheerful cries resound.  
From gilded roofs depending lamps display  
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.  
A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,  
The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine:  
The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.  
Then, silence thro' the hall proclaim'd, she spoke:  
"O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke,  
With solemn rites, thy sacred name and pow'r;  
Bless to both nations this auspicious hour!  
So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line  
In lasting concord from this day combine.  
Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,  
And gracious Juno, both be present here!  
And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address  
To Heav'n with mine, to ratify the peace."  
The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd  
(Sprinkling the first libations on the ground,)  
And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace;  
Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.  
'T was Bitias whom she call'd, a thirsty soul;  
He took challenge, and embrac'd the bowl,  
With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,  
Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.  
The goblet goes around: Iopas brought  
His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught:  
The various labors of the wand'ring moon,  
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun;  
Th' original of men and beasts; and whence  
The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense,  
And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence;  
What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays  
The summer nights and shortens winter days.  
With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song:

Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.  
Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,  
And drank large draughts of love with vast delight;  
Of Priam much enquir'd, of Hector more;  
Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore,  
What troops he landed on the Trojan shore;  
The steeds of Diomede varied the discourse,  
And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force;  
At length, as fate and her ill stars requir'd,  
To hear the series of the war desir'd.  
"Relate at large, my godlike guest," she said,  
"The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd:  
The fatal issue of so long a war,  
Your flight, your wand'rings, and your woes, declare;  
For, since on ev'ry sea, on ev'ry coast,  
Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,  
Sev'n times the sun has either tropic view'd,  
The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd."

Publius Vergilius Maro

# The Aeneid Of Virgil: Book 10

THE GATES of heav'n unfold: Jove summons all  
The gods to council in the common hall.  
Sublimely seated, he surveys from far  
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war,  
And all th' inferior world. From first to last, 5  
The sov'reign senate in degrees are plac'd.  
Then thus th' almighty sire began: "Ye gods,  
Natives or denizens of blest abodes,  
From whence these murmurs, and this change of mind,  
This backward fate from what was first design'd? 10  
Why this protracted war, when my commands  
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands?  
What fear or hope on either part divides  
Our heav'ns, and arms our powers on diff'rent sides?  
A lawful time of war at length will come, 15  
(Nor need your haste anticipate the doom),  
When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome,  
Shall force the rigid rocks and Alpine chains,  
And, like a flood, come pouring on the plains.  
Then is your time for faction and debate, 20  
For partial favor, and permitted hate.  
Let now your immature dissension cease;  
Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace."  
Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge;  
But lovely Venus thus replies at large: 25  
"O pow'r immense, eternal energy,  
(For to what else protection can we fly?)  
Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare  
In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care?  
How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train, 30  
In shining arms, triumphant on the plain?  
Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend,  
And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:  
The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erfloats,  
With a red deluge, their increasing moats. 35  
Æneas, ignorant, and far from thence,  
Has left a camp expos'd, without defense.  
This endless outrage shall they still sustain?  
Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd and fir'd again?

A second siege my banish'd issue fears, 40  
And a new Diomede in arms appears.  
One more audacious mortal will be found;  
And I, thy daughter, wait another wound.  
Yet, if with fates averse, without thy leave,  
The Latian lands my progeny receive, 45  
Bear they the pains of violated law,  
And thy protection from their aid withdraw.  
But, if the gods their sure success foretell;  
If those of heav'n consent with those of hell,  
To promise Italy; who dare debate 50  
The pow'r of Jove, or fix another fate?  
What should I tell of tempests on the main,  
Of Æolus usurping Neptune's reign?  
Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat  
T' inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet? 55  
Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,  
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.  
That new example wanted yet above:  
An act that well became the wife of Jove!  
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames 60  
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.  
Imperial sway no more exalts my mind;  
(Such hopes I had indeed, while Heav'n was kind  
Now let my happier foes possess my place,  
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race; 65  
And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.  
Since you can spare, from all your wide command,  
No spot of earth, no hospitable land,  
Which may my wand'ring fugitives receive;  
(Since haughty Juno will not give you leave 70  
Then, father, (if I still may use that name,)  
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,  
I beg you, let Ascanius, by my care,  
Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war:  
Inglorious let him live, without a crown. 75  
The father may be cast on coasts unknown,  
Struggling with fate; but let me save the son.  
Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian tow'rs:  
In those recesses, and those sacred bow'rs,  
Obscurely let him rest; his right resign 80  
To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.

Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns destroy,  
 Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.  
 What profits it my son to scape the fire,  
 Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his sire; 85  
 To pass the perils of the seas and wind;  
 Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind;  
 To reach th' Italian shores; if, after all,  
 Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall?  
 Much better had he curb'd his high desires, 90  
 And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.  
 To Simois' banks the fugitives restore,  
 And give them back to war, and all the woes before."  
 Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart:  
 "And must I own," she said, "my secret smart— 95  
 What with more decency were in silence kept,  
 And, but for this unjust reproach, had slept?  
 Did god or man your fav'rite son advise,  
 With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise?  
 By fate, you boast, and by the gods' decree, 100  
 He left his native land for Italy!  
 Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more  
 Than Heav'n inspir'd, he sought a foreign shore!  
 Did I persuade to trust his second Troy  
 To the raw conduct of a beardless boy, 105  
 With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,  
 And thro' the waves a wand'ring voyage takes?  
 When have I urg'd him meanly to demand  
 The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?  
 Did I or Iris give this mad advice, 110  
 Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?  
 You think it hard, the Latians should destroy  
 With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy!  
 Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw  
 Their native air, nor take a foreign law! 115  
 That Turnus is permitted still to live,  
 To whom his birth a god and goddess give!  
 But yet 't is just and lawful for your line  
 To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join;  
 Realms, not your own, among your clans divide, 120  
 And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride;  
 Petition, while you public arms prepare;  
 Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war!



'T was giv'n to you, your darling son to shroud,  
To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd, 125  
And, for a man, obtend an empty cloud.  
From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,  
And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.  
But 't is my crime—the Queen of Heav'n offends,  
If she presume to save her suff'ring friends! 130  
Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,  
You say, is absent: absent let him be.  
Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian tow'rs,  
The soft recesses, and the sacred bow'rs.  
Why do you then these needless arms prepare, 135  
And thus provoke a people prone to war?  
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,  
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?  
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man  
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began? 140  
Think on whose faith th' adult'rous youth relied;  
Who promis'd, who procur'd, the Spartan bride?  
When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,  
To purge the world of the perfidious kind,  
Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate: 145  
Your quarrels and complaints are now too late."  
Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause,  
Just as they favor or dislike the cause.  
So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,  
In whispers first their tender voices try, 150  
Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,  
And storms to trembling mariners presage.  
Then thus to both replied th' imperial god,  
Who shakes heav'n's axles with his awful nod.  
(When he begins, the silent senate stand 155  
With rev'rence, list'ning to the dread command:  
The clouds dispel; the winds their breath restrain;  
And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main.)  
"Celestials, your attentive ears incline!  
Since," said the god, "the Trojans must not join 160  
In wish'd alliance with the Latian line;  
Since endless jarrings and immortal hate  
Tend but to discompose our happy state;  
The war henceforward be resign'd to fate:  
Each to his proper fortune stand or fall; 165

Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.  
 Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;  
 And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.  
 Let these assault, if Fortune be their friend;  
 And, if she favors those, let those defend: 170  
 The Fates will find their way." The Thund'rer said,  
 And shook the sacred honors of his head,  
 Attesting Styx, th' inviolable flood,  
 And the black regions of his brother god.  
 Trembled the poles of heav'n, and earth confess'd the nod. 175  
 This end the sessions had: the senate rise,  
 And to his palace wait their sov'reign thro' the skies.  
 Meantime, intent upon their siege, the foes  
 Within their walls the Trojan host inclose:  
 They wound, they kill, they watch at ev'ry gate; 180  
 Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.  
 Th' Æneans wish in vain their wanted chief,  
 Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief.  
 Thin on the tow'rs they stand; and ev'n those few  
 A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew. 185  
 Yet in the face of danger some there stood:  
 The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,  
 Asius and Acmon; both th' Assaraci;  
 Young Haemon, and tho' young, resolv'd to die.  
 With these were Clarus and Thymoetes join'd; 190  
 Tibris and Castor, both of Lycian kind.  
 From Acmon's hands a rolling stone there came,  
 So large, it half deserv'd a mountain's name:  
 Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of bone;  
 His brother Mnestheus could not more have done, 195  
 Or the great father of th' intrepid son.  
 Some firebrands throw, some flights of arrows send;  
 And some with darts, and some with stones defend.  
 Amid the press appears the beauteous boy,  
 The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy. 200  
 His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare;  
 In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair.  
 His forehead circled with a diadem;  
 Distinguish'd from the crowd, he shines a gem,  
 Enchas'd in gold, or polish'd iv'ry set, 205  
 Amidst the meaner foil of sable jet.  
 Nor Ismarus was wanting to the war,

Directing pointed arrows from afar,  
 And death with poison arm'd—in Lydia born,  
 Where plenteous harvests the fat fields adorn; 210  
 Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,  
 And leaves a rich manure of golden sands.  
 There Capys, author of the Capuan name,  
 And there was Mnestheus too, increas'd in fame,  
 Since Turnus from the camp he cast with shame. 215  
 Thus mortal war was wag'd on either side.  
 Meantime the hero cuts the nightly tide:  
 For, anxious, from Evander when he went,  
 He sought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;  
 Expos'd the cause of coming to the chief; 220  
 His name and country told, and ask'd relief;  
 Propos'd the terms; his own small strength declar'd;  
 What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd:  
 What Turnus, bold and violent, design'd;  
 Then shew'd the slipp'ry state of humankind, 225  
 And fickle fortune; warn'd him to beware,  
 And to his wholesome counsel added pray'r.  
 Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs,  
 And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan joins.  
 They soon set sail; nor now the fates withstand; 230  
 Their forces trusted with a foreign hand.  
 Æneas leads; upon his stern appear  
 Two lions carv'd, which rising Ida bear—  
 Ida, to wand'ring Trojans ever dear.  
 Under their grateful shade Æneas sate, 235  
 Revolving war's events, and various fate.  
 His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,  
 And oft of winds enquir'd, and of the tide;  
 Oft of the stars, and of their wat'ry way;  
 And what he suffer'd both by land and sea. 240  
 Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring!  
 The Tuscan leaders, and their army sing,  
 Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:  
 Their arms, their numbers, and their names declare.  
 A thousand youths brave Massicus obey, 245  
 Borne in the Tiger thro' the foaming sea;  
 From Asium brought, and Cosa, by his care:  
 For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts, they bear.  
 Fierce Abas next: his men bright armor wore;

His stern Apollo's golden statue bore. 250  
 Six hundred Populonia sent along,  
 All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.  
 Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,  
 An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.  
 Asylas on his prow the third appears, 255  
 Who heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring stars;  
 From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,  
 And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.  
 A thousand spears in warlike order stand,  
 Sent by the Pisans under his command. 260  
 Fair Astur follows in the wat'ry field,  
 Proud of his manag'd horse and painted shield.  
 Gravisca, noisome from the neighb'ring fen,  
 And his own Cære, sent three hundred men;  
 With those which Minio's fields and Pyrgi gave, 265  
 All bred in arms, unanimous, and brave.  
 Thou, Muse, the name of Cinyras renew,  
 And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few;  
 Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,  
 And bore, with wings display'd, a silver swan. 270  
 Love was the fault of his fam'd ancestry,  
 Whose forms and fortunes in his ensigns fly.  
 For Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phæton,  
 And sung his loss in poplar groves, alone,  
 Beneath the sister shades, to soothe his grief. 275  
 Heav'n heard his song, and hasten'd his relief,  
 And chang'd to snowy plumes his hoary hair,  
 And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.  
 His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood:  
 Upon his stern a brawny Centaur stood, 280  
 Who heav'd a rock, and, threat'ning still to throw,  
 With lifted hands alarm'd the seas below:  
 They seem'd to fear the formidable sight,  
 And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.  
 Ocnus was next, who led his native train 285  
 Of hardy warriors thro' the wat'ry plain:  
 The son of Manto by the Tuscan stream,  
 From whence the Mantuan town derives the name—  
 An ancient city, but of mix'd descent:  
 Three sev'ral tribes compose the government; 290  
 Four towns are under each; but all obey

The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.  
 Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,  
 Whom Mincius from his sire Benacus bore:  
 Mincius, with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd o'er. 295  
 These grave Auletes leads: a hundred sweep  
 With stretching oars at once the glassy deep.  
 Him and his martial train the Triton bears;  
 High on his poop the sea-green god appears:  
 Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound, 300  
 And at the blast the billows dance around.  
 A hairy man above the waist he shows;  
 A porpoise tail beneath his belly grows;  
 And ends a fish: his breast the waves divides,  
 And froth and foam augment the murm'ring tides. 305  
 Full thirty ships transport the chosen train  
 For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.  
 Now was the world forsaken by the sun,  
 And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.  
 The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes, 310  
 Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.  
 A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,  
 Once his own galleys, hewn from Ida's wood;  
 But now, as many nymphs, the sea they sweep,  
 As rode, before, tall vessels on the deep. 315  
 They know him from afar; and in a ring  
 Inclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.  
 Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,  
 Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast;  
 Her right hand stops the stern; her left divides 320  
 The curling ocean, and corrects the tides.  
 She spoke for all the choir, and thus began  
 With pleasing words to warn th' unknowing man:  
 "Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-born, awake!  
 Spread ev'ry sail, pursue your wat'ry track, 325  
 And haste your course. Your navy once were we,  
 From Ida's height descending to the sea;  
 Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,  
 Presum'd to violate our holy wood.  
 Then, loos'd from shore, we fled his fires profane 330  
 (Unwillingly we broke our master's chain),  
 And since have sought you thro' the Tuscan main.  
 The mighty Mother chang'd our forms to these,

And gave us life immortal in the seas.  
 But young Ascanius, in his camp distress'd, 335  
 By your insulting foes is hardly press'd.  
 Th' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host,  
 Advance in order on the Latian coast:  
 To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,  
 Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines. 340  
 Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,  
 First arm thy soldiers for th' ensuing fight:  
 Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,  
 And bear aloft th' impenetrable shield.  
 To-morrow's sun, unless my skill be vain, 345  
 Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain."  
 Parting, she spoke; and with immortal force  
 Push'd on the vessel in her wat'ry course;  
 For well she knew the way. Impell'd behind,  
 The ship flew forward, and outstripp'd the wind. 350  
 The rest make up. Unknowing of the cause,  
 The chief admires their speed, and happy omens draws.  
 Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heav'n his eyes:  
 "Hear thou, great Mother of the deities.  
 With turrets crown'd! (on Ida's holy hill 355  
 Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)  
 Firm thy own omens; lead us on to fight;  
 And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right."  
 He said no more. And now renewing day  
 Had chas'd the shadows of the night away. 360  
 He charg'd the soldiers, with preventing care,  
 Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;  
 Warn'd of th' ensuing fight, and bade 'em hope the war.  
 Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below  
 His camp incompass'd, and th' inclosing foe. 365  
 His blazing shield, imbrac'd, he held on high;  
 The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply.  
 Hope arms their courage: from their tow'rs they throw  
 Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.  
 Thus, at the signal giv'n, the cranes arise 370  
 Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.  
 King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd,  
 Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd,  
 The seas with swelling canvas cover'd o'er,  
 And the swift ships descending on the shore. 375

The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,  
The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,  
And dart diffusive fires around the field,  
And the keen glitt'ring of the golden shield.  
Thus threat'ning comets, when by night they rise, 380  
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:  
So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights,  
Pale humankind with plagues and with dry famine frights.  
Yet Turnus with undaunted mind is bent  
To man the shores, and hinder their descent, 385  
And thus awakes the courage of his friends:  
"What you so long have wish'd, kind Fortune sends;  
In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:  
You find, and find him at advantage now.  
Yours is the day: you need but only dare; 390  
Your swords will make you masters of the war.  
Your sires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,  
And dearest wives, are all within your hands.  
Be mindful of the race from whence you came,  
And emulate in arms your fathers' fame. 395  
Now take the time, while stagg'ring yet they stand  
With feet unfirm, and prepossess the strand:  
Fortune befriends the bold." Nor more he said,  
But balanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead;  
Then these elects, the landing to prevent; 400  
And those he leaves, to keep the city pent.  
Meantime the Trojan sends his troops ashore:  
Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.  
With lab'ring oars they bear along the strand,  
Where the tide languishes, and leap aland. 405  
Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,  
And, where no ford he finds, no water fries,  
Nor billows with unequal murmurs roar,  
But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore,  
That course he steer'd, and thus he gave command: 410  
'Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:  
Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound  
This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.  
Let me securely land—I ask no more;  
Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore." 415  
This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends:  
They tug at ev'ry oar, and ev'ry stretcher bends;

They run their ships aground; the vessels knock,  
(Thus forc'd ashore,) and tremble with the shock.  
Tarchon's alone was lost, that stranded stood, 420  
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood:  
She breaks her back; the loosen'd sides give way,  
And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.  
Their broken oars and floating planks withstand  
Their passage, while they labor to the land, 425  
And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain sand.  
Now Turnus leads his troops without delay,  
Advancing to the margin of the sea.  
The trumpets sound: Æneas first assail'd  
The clowns new-rais'd and raw, and soon prevail'd. 430  
Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight;  
Great Theron, large of limbs, of giant height.  
He first in open field defied the prince:  
But armor scal'd with gold was no defense  
Against the fated sword, which open'd wide 435  
His plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.  
Next, Lichas fell, who, not like others born,  
Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn;  
Sacred, O Phœbus, from his birth to thee;  
For his beginning life from biting steel was free. 440  
Not far from him was Gyas laid along,  
Of monstrous bulk; with Cisseus fierce and strong:  
Vain bulk and strength! for, when the chief assail'd,  
Nor valor nor Herculean arms avail'd,  
Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go 445  
With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.  
The noisy Pharos next receiv'd his death:  
Æneas writh'd his dart, and stopp'd his bawling breath.  
Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,  
Who courted Clytius in his beardless bloom, 450  
And sought with lust obscene polluted joys:  
The Trojan sword had cur'd his love of boys,  
Had not his sev'n bold brethren stopp'd the course  
Of the fierce champions, with united force.  
Sev'n darts were thrown at once; and some rebound 455  
From his bright shield, some on his helmet sound:  
The rest had reach'd him; but his mother's care  
Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.  
The prince then call'd Achates, to supply



The spears that knew the way to victory— 460  
 “Those fatal weapons, which, inur’d to blood,  
 In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood:  
 Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain  
 Against our foes, on this contended plain.”  
 He said; then seiz’d a mighty spear, and threw; 465  
 Which, wing’d with fate, thro’ Mæon’s buckler flew,  
 Pierc’d all the brazen plates, and reach’d his heart:  
 He stagger’d with intolerable smart.  
 Alcanor saw; and reach’d, but reach’d in vain,  
 His helping hand, his brother to sustain. 470  
 A second spear, which kept the former course,  
 From the same hand, and sent with equal force,  
 His right arm pierc’d, and holding on, bereft  
 His use of both, and pinion’d down his left.  
 Then Numitor from his dead brother drew 475  
 Th’ ill-omen’d spear, and at the Trojan threw:  
 Preventing fate directs the lance awry,  
 Which, glancing, only mark’d Achates’ thigh.  
 In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus came,  
 And, from afar, at Dryops took his aim. 480  
 The spear flew hissing thro’ the middle space,  
 And pierc’d his throat, directed at his face;  
 It stopp’d at once the passage of his wind,  
 And the free soul to flitting air resign’d:  
 His forehead was the first that struck the ground; 485  
 Lifeblood and life rush’d mingled thro’ the wound.  
 He slew three brothers of the Borean race,  
 And three, whom Ismarus, their native place,  
 Had sent to war, but all the sons of Thrace.  
 Halesus, next, the bold Aurunci leads: 490  
 The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,  
 Conspicuous on his horse. On either hand,  
 These fight to keep, and those to win, the land.  
 With mutual blood th’ Ausonian soil is dyed,  
 While on its borders each their claim decide. 495  
 As wintry winds, contending in the sky,  
 With equal force of lungs their titles try:  
 They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heav’n  
 Stands without motion, and the tide undriv’n:  
 Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield, 500  
 They long suspend the fortune of the field.

Both armies thus perform what courage can;  
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.  
But, in another part, th' Arcadian horse  
With ill success engage the Latin force: 505  
For, where th' impetuous torrent, rushing down,  
Huge craggy stones and rooted trees had thrown,  
They left their coursers, and, unus'd to fight  
On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.  
Pallas, who with disdain and grief had view'd 510  
His foes pursuing, and his friends pursued,  
Us'd threat'nings mix'd with pray'rs, his last resource,  
With these to move their minds, with those to fire their force.  
"Which way, companions? whether would you run?  
By you yourselves, and mighty battles won, 515  
By my great sire, by his establish'd name,  
And early promise of my future fame;  
By my youth, emulous of equal right  
To share his honors—shun ignoble flight!  
Trust not your feet: your hands must hew your way 520  
Thro' yon black body, and that thick array:  
'T is thro' that forward path that we must come;  
There lies our way, and that our passage home.  
Nor pow'rs above, nor destinies below  
Oppress our arms: with equal strength we go, 525  
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.  
See on what foot we stand: a scanty shore,  
The sea behind, our enemies before;  
No passage left, unless we swim the main;  
Or, forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain." 530  
This said, he strode with eager haste along,  
And bore amidst the thickest of the throng.  
Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,  
Had heav'd a stone of mighty weight, to throw:  
Stooping, the spear descended on his chine, 535  
Just where the bone distinguished either loin:  
It stuck so fast, so deeply buried lay,  
That scarce the victor forc'd the steel away.  
Hisbon came on: but, while he mov'd too slow  
To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow; 540  
For, warding his at once, at once he press'd,  
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast.  
Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,

Who stain'd his stepdam's bed with impious lust.  
 And, after him, the Daucian twins were slain, 545  
 Laris and Thymbus, on the Latian plain;  
 So wondrous like in feature, shape, and size,  
 As caus'd an error in their parents' eyes—  
 Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides  
 The nice distinction, and their fate divides: 550  
 For Thymbus' head was lopp'd; and Laris' hand,  
 Dismember'd, sought its owner on the strand:  
 The trembling fingers yet the fauchion strain,  
 And threaten still th' intended stroke in vain.  
 Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians came: 555  
 Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,  
 And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame.  
 Then, with a casual blow was Rhoeteus slain,  
 Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain:  
 The flying spear was after Ilus sent; 560  
 But Rhoeteus happen'd on a death unmeant:  
 From Teuthras and from Tyres while he fled,  
 The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead:  
 Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,  
 And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground. 565  
 As when, in summer, welcome winds arise,  
 The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,  
 And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,  
 And catching flames infect the neighb'ring heads;  
 Around the forest flies the furious blast, 570  
 And all the leafy nation sinks at last,  
 And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;  
 The pastor, pleas'd with his dire victory,  
 Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:  
 So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite, 575  
 And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.  
 Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood;  
 But first collected in his arms he stood:  
 Advancing then, he plied the spear so well,  
 Ladon, Demodocus, and Pheres fell. 580  
 Around his head he toss'd his glitt'ring brand,  
 And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,  
 Held up to guard his throat; then hurl'd a stone  
 At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd  
 the bone:  
 It struck beneath the space of either eye;

And blood, and mingled brains, together fly. 585  
Deep skill'd in future fates, Halesus' sire  
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:  
But, when the father's mortal race was run,  
Dire destiny laid hold upon the son,  
And haul'd him to the war, to find, beneath 590  
Th' Evandrian spear, a memorable death.  
Pallas th' encounter seeks, but, ere he throws,  
To Tuscan Tiber thus address'd his vows:  
"O sacred stream, direct my flying dart,  
And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart! 595  
His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear."  
Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his pray'r:  
For, while his shield protects a friend distress'd,  
The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breast.  
But Lausus, no small portion of the war, 600  
Permits not panic fear to reign too far,  
Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight;  
But by his own example cheers the fight.  
Fierce Abas first he slew; Abas, the stay  
Of Trojan hopes, and hind'rance of the day. 605  
The Phrygian troops escap'd the Greeks in vain:  
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.  
To the rude shock of war both armies came;  
Their leaders equal, and their strength the same.  
The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield 610  
Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.  
Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there:  
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,  
But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air.  
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands: 615  
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.  
Meantime Juturna warns the Daunian chief  
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.  
With his driv'n chariot he divides the crowd,  
And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud: 620  
"Let none presume his needless aid to join;  
Retire, and clear the field; the fight is mine:  
To this right hand is Pallas only due;  
O were his father here, my just revenge to view!"  
From the forbidden space his men retir'd. 625  
Pallas their awe, and his stern words, admir'd;

Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wond'ring sight,  
 Struck with his haughty mien, and tow'ring height.  
 Then to the king: "Your empty vaunts forbear;  
 Success I hope, and fate I cannot fear; 630  
 Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name;  
 Jove is impartial, and to both the same."  
 He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace:  
 Pale horror sate on each Arcadian face.  
 Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light, 635  
 Address'd himself on foot to single fight.  
 And, as a lion—when he spies from far  
 A bull that seems to meditate the war,  
 Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand—  
 Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand: 640  
 Imagine eager Turnus not more slow,  
 To rush from high on his unequal foe.  
 Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance  
 Within due distance of his flying lance,  
 Prepares to charge him first, resolv'd to try 645  
 If fortune would his want of force supply;  
 And thus to Heav'n and Hercules address'd:  
 "Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest,  
 His son adjures you by those holy rites,  
 That hospitable board, those genial nights; 650  
 Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,  
 And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,  
 His ravish'd spoils." 'T was heard, the vain request;  
 Alcides mourn'd, and stifled sighs within his breast.  
 Then Jove, to soothe his sorrow, thus began: 655  
 "Short bounds of life are set to mortal man.  
 'T is virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.  
 So many sons of gods, in bloody fight,  
 Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light:  
 My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe; 660  
 Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.  
 Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his breath,  
 And stands already on the verge of death."  
 This said, the god permits the fatal fight,  
 But from the Latian fields averts his sight. 665  
 Now with full force his spear young Pallas threw,  
 And, having thrown, his shining fauchion drew  
 The steel just graz'd along the shoulder joint,

And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point,  
Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew, 670  
And pois'd his pointed spear, before he threw:  
Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,  
"See now," said he, "whose arm is better strung."  
The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd  
By plates of ir'n, which o'er the shield were laid: 675  
Thro' folded brass and tough bull hides it pass'd,  
His corslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last.  
In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood;  
The soul comes issuing with the vital blood:  
He falls; his arms upon his body sound; 680  
And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.  
Turnus bestrode the corpse: "Arcadians, hear,"  
Said he; "my message to your master bear:  
Such as the sire deserv'd, the son I send;  
It costs him dear to be the Phrygians' friend. 685  
The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow,  
Unask'd, to rest his wand'ring ghost below."  
He said, and trampled down with all the force  
Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse;  
Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid; 690  
The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made,  
Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to sight,  
All in the compass of one mournful night,  
Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light.  
In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore 695  
Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.  
O mortals, blind in fate, who never know  
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!  
The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,  
Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain; 700  
Shall wish the fatal belt were far away,  
And curse the dire remembrance of the day.  
The sad Arcadians, from th' unhappy field,  
Bear back the breathless body on a shield.  
O grace and grief of war! at once restor'd, 705  
With praises, to thy sire, at once deplor'd!  
One day first sent thee to the fighting field,  
Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd;  
One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy shield.  
This dismal news, not from uncertain fame, 710

But sad spectators, to the hero came:  
His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,  
Unless reliev'd by his victorious hand.  
He whirls his sword around, without delay,  
And hews thro' adverse foes an ample way, 715  
To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud:  
Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd  
To large deserts, are present to his eyes;  
His plighted hand, and hospitable ties.  
Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred, 720  
He took in fight, and living victims led,  
To please the ghost of Pallas, and expire,  
In sacrifice, before his fun'ral fire.  
At Magus next he threw: he stoop'd below  
The flying spear, and shunn'd the promis'd blow; 725  
Then, creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd:  
"By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,  
O spare my life, and send me back to see  
My longing sire, and tender progeny!  
A lofty house I have, and wealth untold, 730  
In silver ingots, and in bars of gold:  
All these, and sums besides, which see no day,  
The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.  
If I survive, will Troy the less prevail?  
A single soul's too light to turn the scale." 735  
He said. The hero sternly thus replied:  
"Thy bars and ingots, and the sums beside,  
Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke  
All rules of war by one relentless stroke,  
When Pallas fell: so deems, nor deems alone 740  
My father's shadow, but my living son."  
Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,  
He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left;  
Then with his right hand, while his neck he wreath'd,  
Up to the hilts his shining fauchion sheath'd. 745  
Apollo's priest, Emonides, was near;  
His holy fillets on his front appear;  
Glitt'ring in arms, he shone amidst the crowd;  
Much of his god, more of his purple, proud.  
Him the fierce Trojan follow'd thro' the field: 750  
The holy coward fell; and, forc'd to yield,  
The prince stood o'er the priest, and, at one blow,

Sent him an off'ring to the shades below.  
 His arms Seresthus on his shoulders bears,  
 Design'd a trophy to the God of Wars. 755  
 Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight,  
 And Umbro, born upon the mountains' height.  
 The champion cheers his troops t' encounter those,  
 And seeks revenge himself on other foes.  
 At Anxur's shield he drove; and, at the blow, 760  
 Both shield and arm to ground together go.  
 Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,  
 And thought he wore impenetrable arms,  
 So made by mutter'd spells; and, from the spheres,  
 Had life secur'd, in vain, for length of years. 765  
 Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;  
 A nymph his mother, and his sire a god.  
 Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince:  
 With his protended lance he makes defense;  
 Bears back his feeble foe; then, pressing on, 770  
 Arrests his better hand, and drags him down;  
 Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and, as he lay,  
 Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,  
 Mows off his head: the trunk a moment stood,  
 Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood. 775  
 The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain:  
 "Lie there, proud man, unpitied, on the plain;  
 Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,  
 Far from thy mother and thy native home,  
 Expos'd to savage beasts, and birds of prey, 780  
 Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea."  
 On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,  
 Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.  
 They fled for fear; with these, he chas'd along  
 Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa strong; 785  
 Both great in arms, and both were fair and young.  
 Camers was son to Volscens lately slain,  
 In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,  
 And in Amycla fix'd his silent easy reign.  
 And, as Ægæon, when with heav'n he strove, 790  
 Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove;  
 Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,  
 Defied the forky lightning from afar;  
 At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,



And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires; 795  
In his right hand as many swords he wields,  
And takes the thunder on as many shields:  
With strength like his, the Trojan hero stood;  
And soon the fields with falling corps were strow'd,  
When once his fauchion found the taste of blood. 800  
With fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew  
Against Niphæus, whom four coursers drew.  
They, when they see the fiery chief advance,  
And pushing at their chests his pointed lance,  
Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear, 805  
They threw their master headlong from the chair.  
They stare, they start, nor stop their course, before  
They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.  
Now Lucagus and Liger scour the plains,  
With two white steeds; but Liger holds the reins, 810  
And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains:  
Bold brethren both. The former wav'd in air  
His flaming sword: Æneas couch'd his spear,  
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear.  
Then Liger thus: "Thy confidence is vain 815  
To scape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:  
Nor these the steeds which Diomedé bestrode,  
Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode;  
Nor Venus' veil is here, near Neptune's shield;  
Thy fatal hour is come, and this the field." 820  
Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer  
Return'd his answer with his flying spear.  
As Lucagus, to lash his horses, bends,  
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends,  
Prepar'd for fight; the fatal dart arrives, 825  
And thro' the borders of his buckler drives;  
Pass'd thro' and pierc'd his groin: the deadly wound,  
Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground.  
Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful spite:  
"Blame not the slowness of your steeds in flight; 830  
Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat;  
But you yourself forsake your empty seat."  
He said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd rein;  
For Liger lay already on the plain,  
By the same shock: then, stretching out his hands, 835  
The recreant thus his wretched life demands:

“Now, by thyself, O more than mortal man!  
By her and him from whom thy breath began,  
Who form’d thee thus divine, I beg thee, spare  
This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant’s pray’r.” 840  
Thus much he spoke, and more he would have said;  
But the stern hero turn’d aside his head,  
And cut him short: “I hear another man;  
You talk’d not thus before the fight began.  
Now take your turn; and, as a brother should, 845  
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood.”  
Then thro’ his breast his fatal sword he sent,  
And the soul issued at the gaping vent.  
As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground,  
Thus rag’d the prince, and scatter’d deaths around. 850  
At length Ascanius and the Trojan train  
Broke from the camp, so long besieg’d in vain.  
Meantime the King of Gods and Mortal Man  
Held conference with his queen, and thus began:  
“My sister goddess, and well-pleasing wife, 855  
Still think you Venus’ aid supports the strife—  
Sustains her Trojans—or themselves, alone,  
With inborn valor force their fortune on?  
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay’d!  
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid.” 860  
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,  
Soft in her tone, submissively replies:  
“Why, O my sov’reign lord, whose frown I fear,  
And cannot, unconcern’d, your anger bear;  
Why urge you thus my grief? when, if I still 865  
(As once I was) were mistress of your will,  
From your almighty pow’r your pleasing wife  
Might gain the grace of length’ning Turnus’ life,  
Securely snatch him from the fatal fight,  
And give him to his aged father’s sight. 870  
Now let him perish, since you hold it good,  
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.  
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,  
And, in the fourth degree, from god Pylumus came;  
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine, 875  
And offers daily incense at your shrine.”  
Then shortly thus the sov’reign god replied:  
“Since in my pow’r and goodness you confide,

If for a little space, a lengthen'd span,  
You beg reprieve for this expiring man, 880  
I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence  
From instant fate, and can so far dispense.  
But, if some secret meaning lies beneath,  
To save the short-liv'd youth from destin'd death,  
Or if a farther thought you entertain, 885  
To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain."  
To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes:  
"And what if that request, your tongue denies,  
Your heart should grant; and not a short reprieve,  
But length of certain life, to Turnus give? 890  
Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,  
If my presaging soul divines with truth;  
Which, O! I wish, might err thro' causeless fears,  
And you (for you have pow'r) prolong his years!"  
Thus having said, involv'd in clouds, she flies, 895  
And drives a storm before her thro' the skies.  
Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,  
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.  
Of air condens'd a specter soon she made;  
And, what Æneas was, such seem'd the shade. 900  
Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore  
His head aloft; a plummy crest he wore;  
This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,  
And that sustain'd an imitated shield.  
With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground, 905  
Nor wanted voice belied, nor vaunting sound.  
(Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,  
Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night.)  
The specter seems the Daunian chief to dare,  
And flourishes his empty sword in air. 910  
At this, advancing, Turnus hurl'd his spear:  
The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.  
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,  
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.  
"Whether, O coward?" (thus he calls aloud, 915  
Nor found he spoke to wind, and chas'd a cloud,)  
"Why thus forsake your bride! Receive from me  
The fated land you sought so long by sea."  
He said, and, brandishing at once his blade,  
With eager pace pursued the flying shade. 920

By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,  
Which from old Clusium King Osinius bore:  
The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;  
For shelter there the trembling shadow bent,  
And skipp't and skulk'd, and under hatches went. 925  
Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste,  
Ascends the plank, and to the galley pass'd.  
Scarce had he reach'd the prow: Saturnia's hand  
The haulsers cuts, and shoots the ship from land.  
With wind in poop, the vessel plows the sea, 930  
And measures back with speed her former way.  
Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,  
And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades below.  
The guileful phantom now forsook the shroud,  
And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud. 935  
Too late young Turnus the delusion found,  
Far on the sea, still making from the ground.  
Then, thankless for a life redeem'd by shame,  
With sense of honor stung, and forfeit fame,  
Fearful besides of what in fight had pass'd, 940  
His hands and haggard eyes to heav'n he cast;  
"O Jove!" he cried, "for what offense have I  
Deserv'd to bear this endless infamy?  
Whence am I forc'd, and whether am I borne?  
How, and with what reproach, shall I return? 945  
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,  
Or see Laurentum's lofty tow'rs again?  
What will they say of their deserting chief?  
The war was mine: I fly from their relief;  
I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave; 950  
And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.  
Here, overmatch'd in fight, in heaps they lie;  
There, scatter'd o'er the fields, ignobly fly.  
Gape wide, O earth, and draw me down alive!  
Or, O ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve! 955  
On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive;  
Or set me shipwreck'd on some desart shore,  
Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more,  
Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious Fame,  
Lest she should follow, and my flight proclaim." 960  
Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates resolv'd:  
The choice was doubtful, but the death resolv'd.

And now the sword, and now the sea took place,  
That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace.  
Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main, 965  
By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain.  
Thrice he the sword assay'd, and thrice the flood;  
But Juno, mov'd with pity, both withstood.  
And thrice repress'd his rage; strong gales supplied,  
And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide. 970  
At length she lands him on his native shores,  
And to his father's longing arms restores.  
Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd,  
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardor warm'd  
His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful flight, 975  
Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.  
Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire;  
Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire  
Of wish'd revenge: on him, and him alone,  
All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown. 980  
He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,  
To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd,  
From his proud summit looking down, disdains  
Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.  
Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead, 985  
Then Latagus, and Palmus as he fled.  
At Latagus a weighty stone he flung:  
His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.  
But Palmus from behind receives his wound;  
Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground: 990  
His crest and armor, from his body torn,  
Thy shoulders, Lausus, and thy head adorn.  
Evas and Mimas, both of Troy, he slew.  
Mimas his birth from fair Theano drew,  
Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire, 995  
The queen produc'd young Paris to his sire:  
But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain,  
Unthinking Mimas on the Latian plain.  
And, as a savage boar, on mountains bred,  
With forest mast and fatt'ning marshes fed, 1000  
When once he sees himself in toils inclos'd,  
By huntsmen and their eager hounds appos'd—  
He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war;  
Th' invaders dart their jav'lins from afar:

All keep aloof, and safely shout around; 1005  
But none presumes to give a nearer wound:  
He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,  
And shakes a grove of lances from his side:  
Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd,  
And just revenge against the tyrant fir'd, 1010  
Their darts with clamor at a distance drive,  
And only keep the languish'd war alive.  
From Coritus came Acron to the fight,  
Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummated night.  
Mezentius sees him thro' the squadrons ride, 1015  
Proud of the purple favors of his bride.  
Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds  
A gamesome goat, who frisks about the folds,  
Or beamy stag, that grazes on the plain—  
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane, 1020  
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws;  
The prey lies panting underneath his paws:  
He fills his famish'd maw; his mouth runs o'er  
With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore:  
So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes, 1025  
And first unhappy Acron overthrows:  
Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy ground;  
The lance, besmear'd with blood, lies broken in the wound.  
Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd  
Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursued, 1030  
Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,  
But, running, gain'd th' advantage of the ground:  
Then turning short, he met him face to face,  
To give his victory the better grace.  
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd: 1035  
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,  
And rested lance; and thus aloud he cries:  
"Lo! here the champion of my rebels lies!"  
The fields around with Io Pæan! ring;  
And peals of shouts applaud the conqu'ring king. 1040  
At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,  
Thus faintly spoke, and prophesied in death:  
"Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain:  
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain."  
Then, sourly smiling, thus the king replied: 1045  
"For what belongs to me, let Jove provide;

But die thou first, whatever chance ensue."  
 He said, and from the wound the weapon drew.  
 A hov'ring mist came swimming o'er his sight,  
 And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night. 1050  
 By Cædicus, Alcathous was slain;  
 Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain;  
 Orses the strong to greater strength must yield;  
 He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.  
 Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew, 1055  
 Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.  
 But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,  
 Who threw his master, as he made a bound:  
 The chief, alighting, stuck him to the ground;  
 Then Clonius, hand to hand, on foot assails: 1060  
 The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.  
 Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with pride,  
 To single fight the boldest foe defied;  
 Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame,  
 And not belied his mighty father's fame. 1065  
 Salius to death the great Antronius sent:  
 But the same fate the victor underwent,  
 Slain by Nealces' hand, well-skill'd to throw  
 The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.  
 Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance; 1070  
 By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance:  
 Victors and vanquish'd, in the various field,  
 Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.  
 The gods from heav'n survey the fatal strife,  
 And mourn the miseries of human life. 1075  
 Above the rest, two goddesses appear  
 Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there.  
 Amidst the crowd, infernal Ate shakes  
 Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes.  
 Once more the proud Mezentius, with disdain, 1080  
 Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain,  
 Where tow'ring in the midmost rank she stood,  
 Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood.  
 (When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves,  
 His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves), 1085  
 Or like a mountain ash, whose roots are spread,  
 Deep fix'd in earth; in clouds he hides his head.  
 The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,

And dauntless undertook the doubtful war.  
Collected in his strength, and like a rock, 1090  
Pois'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.  
He stood, and, measuring first with careful eyes  
The space his spear could reach, aloud he cries:  
"My strong right hand, and sword, assist my stroke!  
(Those only gods Mezentius will invoke.) 1095  
His armor, from the Trojan pirate torn,  
By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn."  
He said; and with his utmost force he threw  
The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew,  
Reach'd the celestial shield, that stopp'd the course; 1100  
But, glancing thence, the yet unbroken force  
Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt  
The side and bowels fam'd Anthores fix'd.  
Anthores had from Argos travel'd far,  
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war; 1105  
Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he chose,  
And in Evander's palace sought repose.  
Now, falling by another's wound, his eyes  
He cast to heav'n, on Argos thinks, and dies.  
The pious Trojan then his jav'lin sent; 1110  
The shield gave way; thro' treble plates it went  
Of solid brass, of linen trebly roll'd,  
And three bull hides which round the buckler fold.  
All these it pass'd, resistless in the course,  
Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force. 1115  
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood.  
The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,  
His faunchion drew, to closer fight address'd,  
And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd.  
His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief; 1120  
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.  
And here, heroic youth, 't is here I must  
To thy immortal memory be just,  
And sing an act so noble and so new,  
Posterity will scarce believe 't is true. 1125  
Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,  
The father sought to save himself by flight:  
Incumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear along,  
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.  
The pious youth, resolv'd on death, below 1130



The lifted sword springs forth to face the foe;  
Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.  
Shouts of applause ran ringing thro' the field,  
To see the son the vanquish'd father shield.  
All, fir'd with gen'rous indignation, strive, 1135  
And with a storm of darts to distance drive  
The Trojan chief, who, held at bay from far,  
On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.  
As, when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,  
The plowman, passenger, and lab'ring hind 1140  
For shelter to the neighb'ring covert fly,  
Or hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns lie;  
But, that o'erblown, when heav'n above 'em smiles,  
Return to travel, and renew their toils:  
Æneas thus, o'erwhelmed on ev'ry side, 1145  
The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;  
And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threat'ning cried:  
"Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage  
In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age,  
Betray'd by pious love?" Nor, thus forborne, 1150  
The youth desists, but with insulting scorn  
Provokes the ling'ring prince, whose patience, tir'd,  
Gave place; and all his breast with fury fir'd.  
For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd shears;  
And lifted high the flaming sword appears, 1155  
Which, full descending with a frightful sway,  
Thro' shield and corslet forc'd th' impetuous way,  
And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.  
The purple streams thro' the thin armor strove,  
And drench'd th' imbroider'd coat his mother wove; 1160  
And life at length forsook his heaving heart,  
Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.  
But when, with blood and paleness all o'erspread,  
The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead,  
He griev'd; he wept; the sight an image brought 1165  
Of his own filial love, a sadly pleasing thought:  
Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said:  
"Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid  
To love so great, to such transcendent store  
Of early worth, and sure presage of more? 1170  
Accept whate'er Æneas can afford;  
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword;

And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain  
 Inviolatè, and sacred to the slain.  
 Thy body on thy parents I bestow, 1175  
 To rest thy soul, at least, if shadows know,  
 Or have a sense of human things below.  
 There to thy fellow ghosts with glory tell:  
 "T was by the great Æneas' hand I fell."  
 With this, his distant friends he beckons near, 1180  
 Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:  
 Himself assists to lift him from the ground,  
 With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out the wound.  
 Meantime, his father, now no father, stood,  
 And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood: 1185  
 Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,  
 His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.  
 A bough his brazen helmet did sustain;  
 His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain:  
 A chosen train of youth around him stand; 1190  
 His drooping head was rested on his hand:  
 His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought;  
 And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.  
 Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,  
 He much enquir'd, and many a message sent 1195  
 To warn him from the field—alas! in vain!  
 Behold, his mournful followers bear him slain!  
 O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,  
 And drew a bloody trail along the ground.  
 Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd 1200  
 The dire event, with a foreboding mind.  
 With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head;  
 Then both his lifted hands to heav'n he spread;  
 Last, the dear corpse embracing, thus he said:  
 "What joys, alas! could this frail being give, 1205  
 That I have been so covetous to live?  
 To see my son, and such a son, resign  
 His life, a ransom for preserving mine!  
 And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?  
 How much too dear has that redemption cost! 1210  
 'T is now my bitter banishment I feel:  
 This is a wound too deep for time to heal.  
 My guilt thy growing virtues did defame;  
 My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.

Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd 1215  
 For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild:  
 I ow'd my people these, and, from their hate,  
 With less resentment could have borne my fate.  
 And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight  
 Of hated men, and of more hated light: 1220  
 But will not long." With that he rais'd from ground  
 His fainting limbs, that stagger'd with his wound;  
 Yet, with a mind resolv'd, and unappall'd  
 With pains or perils, for his courser call'd;  
 Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himself did dress 1225  
 With daily care, and mounted with success;  
 His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.  
 Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,  
 The steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke:  
 "O Rhoebus, we have liv'd too long for me— 1230  
 If life and long were terms that could agree!  
 This day thou either shalt bring back the head  
 And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead;  
 This day thou either shalt revenge my woe,  
 For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe; 1235  
 Or, if inexorable fate deny  
 Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die:  
 For, after such a lord, I rest secure,  
 Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load endure."  
 He said; and straight th' officious courser kneels, 1240  
 To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills  
 With pointed jav'lins; on his head he lac'd  
 His glitt'ring helm, which terribly was grac'd  
 With waving horsehair, nodding from afar;  
 Then spurr'd his thund'ring steed amidst the war. 1245  
 Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness wrought,  
 Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought  
 Of inborn worth, his lab'ring soul oppress'd,  
 Roll'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breast.  
 Then loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name: 1250  
 The loud repeated voice to glad Æneas came.  
 "Great Jove," he said, "and the far-shooting god,  
 Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good!"  
 He spoke no more; but hasten'd, void of fear,  
 And threaten'd with his long protended spear. 1255  
 To whom Mezentius thus: "Thy vaunts are vain.

My Lausus lies extended on the plain:  
 He's lost! thy conquest is already won;  
 The wretched sire is murder'd in the son.  
 Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy. 1260  
 Forbear thy threats: my bus'ness is to die;  
 But first receive this parting legacy."  
 He said; and straight a whirling dart he sent;  
 Another after, and another went.  
 Round in a spacious ring he rides the field, 1265  
 And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield.  
 Thrice rode he round; and thrice Æneas wheel'd,  
 Turn'd as he turn'd: the golden orb withstood  
 The strokes, and bore about an iron wood.  
 Impatient of delay, and weary grown, 1270  
 Still to defend, and to defend alone,  
 To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,  
 Urg'd and o'er-labor'd in unequal fight;  
 At length resolv'd, he throws with all his force  
 Full at the temples of the warrior horse. 1275  
 Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' unerring spear  
 Made way, and stood transfix'd thro' either ear.  
 Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpris'd with fright,  
 The wounded steed curvets, and, rais'd upright,  
 Lights on his feet before; his hoofs behind 1280  
 Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.  
 Down comes the rider headlong from his height:  
 His horse came after with unwieldy weight,  
 And, flound'ring forward, pitching on his head,  
 His lord's incumber'd shoulder overlaid. 1285  
 From either host, the mingled shouts and cries  
 Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies.  
 Æneas, hast'ning, wav'd his fatal sword  
 High o'er his head, with this reproachful word:  
 "Now; where are now thy vaunts, the fierce disdain 1290  
 Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain?"  
 Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies,  
 With scarce recover'd sight he thus replies:  
 "Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,  
 To souls undaunted, and secure of death? 1295  
 'T is no dishonor for the brave to die,  
 Nor came I here with hope of victory;  
 Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design:

As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.  
My dying son contracted no such band; 1300  
The gift is hateful from his murd'rer's hand.  
For this, this only favor let me sue,  
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due:  
Refuse it not; but let my body have  
The last retreat of humankind, a grave. 1305  
Too well I know th' insulting people's hate;  
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:  
This refuge for my poor remains provide,  
And lay my much-lov'd Lausus by my side."  
He said, and to the sword his throat applied. 1310  
The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,  
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the wound.

Publius Vergilius Maro

# The Aeneid Of Virgil: Book 11

SCARCE had the rosy Morning rais'd her head  
Above the waves, and left her wat'ry bed;  
The pious chief, whom double cares attend  
For his unburied soldiers and his friend,  
Yet first to Heav'n perform'd a victor's vows: 5  
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs;  
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd,  
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.  
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,  
Now on a naked snag in triumph borne, 10  
Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar,  
A trophy sacred to the God of War.  
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,  
Appear'd his plummy crest, besmear'd with blood:  
His brazen buckler on the left was seen; 15  
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between;  
And on the right was placed his corslet, bor'd;  
And to the neck was tied his unavailing sword.  
A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man,  
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began: 20  
"Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success;  
The greater part perform'd, achieve the less.  
Now follow cheerful to the trembling town;  
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.  
Fear is no more, for fierce Mezentius lies, 25  
As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.  
Turnus shall fall extended on the plain,  
And, in this omen, is already slain.  
Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance;  
That none unwarn'd may plead his ignorance, 30  
And I, at Heav'n's appointed hour, may find  
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.  
Meantime the rites and fun'ral pomps prepare,  
Due to your dead companions of the war:  
The last respect the living can bestow, 35  
To shield their shadows from contempt below.  
That conquer'd earth be theirs, for which they fought,  
And which for us with their own blood they bought;  
But first the corpse of our unhappy friend

To the sad city of Evander send, 40  
Who, not inglorious, in his age's bloom,  
Was hurried hence by too severe a doom."  
Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,  
Where, new in death, lamented Pallas lay.  
Acoetes watch'd the corpse; whose youth deserv'd 45  
The father's trust; and now the son he serv'd  
With equal faith, but less auspicious care.  
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.  
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,  
And mourning matrons with dishevel'd hair. 50  
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;  
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.  
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;  
But, when Æneas view'd the grisly wound  
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore, 55  
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore;  
First, melting into tears, the pious man  
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began:  
"Unhappy youth! when Fortune gave the rest  
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best! 60  
She came; but brought not thee along, to bless  
My longing eyes, and share in my success:  
She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due  
To prosp'rous valor, in the public view.  
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent 65  
Thy needless succor with a sad consent;  
Embrac'd me, parting for th' Etrurian land,  
And sent me to possess a large command.  
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,  
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold. 70  
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,  
Rich odors on his loaded altars burn,  
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare  
To send him back his portion of the war,  
A bloody breathless body, which can owe 75  
No farther debt, but to the pow'rs below.  
The wretched father, ere his race is run,  
Shall view the fun'ral honors of his son.  
These are my triumphs of the Latian war,  
Fruits of my plighted faith and boasted care! 80  
And yet, unhappy sire, thou shalt not see

A son whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;  
 Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:  
 Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd.  
 He died no death to make thee wish, too late, 85  
 Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate:  
 But what a champion has th' Ausonian coast,  
 And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!"  
 Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,  
 To raise the breathless body from the ground; 90  
 And chose a thousand horse, the flow'r of all  
 His warlike troops, to wait the funeral,  
 To bear him back and share Evander's grief:  
 A well-becoming, but a weak relief.  
 Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier, 95  
 Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.  
 The body on this rural hearse is borne:  
 Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.  
 All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flow'r,  
 New cropp'd by virgin hands, to dress the bow'r: 100  
 Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,  
 No more to mother earth or the green stem shall owe.  
 Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost,  
 Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,  
 For ornament the Trojan hero brought, 105  
 Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.  
 One vest array'd the corpse; and one they spread  
 O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrapp'd around his head,  
 That, when the yellow hair in flame should fall,  
 The catching fire might burn the golden caul. 110  
 Besides, the spoils of foes in battle slain,  
 When he descended on the Latian plain;  
 Arms, trappings, horses, by the hearse are led  
 In long array—th' achievements of the dead.  
 Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear 115  
 Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear,  
 Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,  
 To sprinkle with their blood the fun'ral flame.  
 Inferior trophies by the chiefs are borne;  
 Gauntlets and helms their loaded hands adorn; 120  
 And fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles read  
 Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.  
 Acoetes on his pupil's corpse attends,



With feeble steps, supported by his friends.  
Pausing at ev'ry pace, in sorrow drown'd, 125  
Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground;  
Where grov'ling while he lies in deep despair,  
He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.  
The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,  
Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honorably foul. 130  
To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state,  
Is led, the fun'rals of his lord to wait.  
Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace  
He walks; and the big tears run rolling down his face.  
The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest, 135  
Are borne behind: the victor seiz'd the rest.  
The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely sound;  
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.  
Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse  
To Pallantean tow'rs direct their course, 140  
In long procession rank'd, the pious chief  
Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief:  
"The public care," he said, "which war attends,  
Diverts our present woes, at least suspends.  
Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell! 145  
Hail, holy relics! and a last farewell!"  
He said no more, but, inly thro' he mourn'd,  
Restrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.  
Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent, demand  
A truce, with olive branches in their hand; 150  
Obtest his clemency, and from the plain  
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.  
They plead, that none those common rites deny  
To conquer'd foes that in fair battle die.  
All cause of hate was ended in their death; 155  
Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.  
A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's request,  
Whose son he once was call'd, and once his guest.  
Their suit, which was too just to be denied,  
The hero grants, and farther thus replied: 160  
"O Latian princes, how severe a fate  
In causeless quarrels has involv'd your state,  
And arm'd against an unoffending man,  
Who sought your friendship ere the war began!  
You beg a truce, which I would gladly give, 165

Not only for the slain, but those who live.  
I came not hither but by Heav'n's command,  
And sent by fate to share the Latian land.  
Nor wage I wars unjust: your king denied  
My proffer'd friendship, and my promis'd bride; 170  
Left me for Turnus. Turnus then should try  
His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.  
My right and his are in dispute: the slain  
Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.  
In equal arms let us alone contend; 175  
And let him vanquish, whom his fates befriend.  
This is the way (so tell him) to possess  
The royal virgin, and restore the peace.  
Bear this message back, with ample leave,  
That your slain friends may fun'ral rites receive." 180  
Thus having said—th' ambassadors, amaz'd,  
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd.  
Drances, their chief, who harbor'd in his breast  
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,  
Broke silence first, and to the godlike man, 185  
With graceful action bowing, thus began:  
"Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,  
But yet whose actions far transcend your fame;  
Would I your justice or your force express,  
Thought can but equal; and all words are less. 190  
Your answer we shall thankfully relate,  
And favors granted to the Latian state.  
If wish'd success our labor shall attend,  
Think peace concluded, and the king your friend:  
Let Turnus leave the realm to your command, 195  
And seek alliance in some other land:  
Build you the city which your fates assign;  
We shall be proud in the great work to join."  
Thus Drances; and his words so well persuade  
The rest impower'd, that soon a truce is made. 200  
Twelve days the term allow'd: and, during those,  
Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,  
Mix'd in the woods, for fun'ral piles prepare  
To fell the timber, and forget the war.  
Loud axes thro' the groaning groves resound; 205  
Oak, mountain ash, and poplar spread the ground;  
First fall from high; and some the trunks receive

In loaden wains; with wedges some they cleave.  
And now the fatal news by Fame is blown  
Thro' the short circuit of th' Arcadian town, 210  
Of Pallas slain—by Fame, which just before  
His triumphs on distended pinions bore.  
Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,  
Each with a fun'ral flambeau in his hand.  
Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze: 215  
The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,  
That cast a sullen splendor on their friends,  
The marching troop which their dead prince attends.  
Both parties meet: they raise a doleful cry;  
The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply, 220  
And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted sky.  
The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,  
Till the loud clamors reach Evander's ears:  
Forgetful of his state, he runs along,  
With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng; 225  
Falls on the corpse; and groaning there he lies,  
With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes.  
Short sighs and sobs succeed; till sorrow breaks  
A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks:  
"O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word, 230  
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword!  
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew  
What perils youthful ardor would pursue,  
That boiling blood would carry thee too far,  
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war! 235  
O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,  
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!  
Hard elements of unauspicious war,  
Vain vows to Heav'n, and unavailing care!  
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed, 240  
Whose holy soul the stroke of Fortune fled,  
Præscious of ills, and leaving me behind,  
To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd!  
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone:  
My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon. 245  
If, for my league against th' Ausonian state,  
Amidst their weapons I had found my fate,  
(Deserv'd from them,) then I had been return'd  
A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.

Yet will I not my Trojan friend upbraid, 250  
Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.  
'T was not his fault, my Pallas fell so young,  
But my own crime, for having liv'd too long.  
Yet, since the gods had destin'd him to die,  
At least he led the way to victory: 255  
First for his friends he won the fatal shore,  
And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes before;  
A death too great, too glorious to deplore.  
Nor will I add new honors to thy grave,  
Content with those the Trojan hero gave: 260  
That funeral pomp thy Phrygian friends design'd,  
In which the Tuscan chiefs and army join'd.  
Great spoils and trophies, gain'd by thee, they bear:  
Then let thy own achievements be thy share.  
Even thou, O Turnus, hadst a trophy stood, 265  
Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood,  
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length  
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.  
But why, unhappy man, dost thou detain  
These troops, to view the tears thou shedd'st in vain? 270  
Go, friends, this message to your lord relate:  
Tell him, that, if I bear my bitter fate,  
And, after Pallas' death, live ling'ring on,  
'T is to behold his vengeance for my son.  
I stay for Turnus, whose devoted head 275  
Is owing to the living and the dead.  
My son and I expect it from his hand;  
'T is all that he can give, or we demand.  
Joy is no more; but I would gladly go,  
To greet my Pallas with such news below." 280  
The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night,  
Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light.  
The Trojan king and Tuscan chief command  
To raise the piles along the winding strand.  
Their friends convey the dead to fun'ral fires; 285  
Black smold'ring smoke from the green wood expires;  
The light of heav'n is chok'd, and the new day retires.  
Then thrice around the kindled piles they go  
(For ancient custom had ordain'd it so);  
Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led; 290  
And thrice, with loud laments, they hail the dead.

Tears, trickling down their breasts, bedew the ground,  
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.  
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw  
The spoils, in battle taken from the foe: 295  
Helms, bits emboss'd, and swords of shining steel;  
One casts a target, one a chariot wheel;  
Some to their fellows their own arms restore:  
The fauchions which in luckless fight they bore,  
Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in vain, 300  
And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain.  
Whole herds of offer'd bulls, about the fire,  
And bristled boars, and woolly sheep expire.  
Around the piles a careful troop attends,  
To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burning friends; 305  
Ling'ring along the shore, till dewy night  
New decks the face of heav'n with starry light.  
The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,  
Piles without number for their dead prepare.  
Part in the places where they fell are laid; 310  
And part are to the neighb'ring fields convey'd.  
The corps of kings, and captains of renown,  
Borne off in state, are buried in the town;  
The rest, unhonor'd, and without a name,  
Are cast a common heap to feed the flame. 315  
Trojans and Latians vie with like desires  
To make the field of battle shine with fires,  
And the promiscuous blaze to heav'n aspires.  
Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,  
And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night, 320  
When those who round the wasted fires remain,  
Perform the last sad office to the slain.  
They rake the yet warm ashes from below;  
These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow;  
These relics with their country rites they grace, 325  
And raise a mount of turf to mark the place.  
But, in the palace of the king, appears  
A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.  
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans;  
Orphans their sires, and sires lament their sons. 330  
All in that universal sorrow share,  
And curse the cause of this unhappy war:  
A broken league, a bride unjustly sought,

A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought!  
 These are the crimes with which they load the name 335  
 Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim:  
 "Let him who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land  
 Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:  
 His is the gain; our lot is but to serve;  
 'T is just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve." 340  
 This Drances aggravates; and adds, with spite:  
 "His foe expects, and dares him to the fight."  
 Nor Turnus wants a party, to support  
 His cause and credit in the Latian court.  
 His former acts secure his present fame, 345  
 And the queen shades him with her mighty name.  
 While thus their factious minds with fury burn,  
 The legates from th' Ætolian prince return:  
 Sad news they bring, that, after all the cost  
 And care employ'd, their embassy is lost; 350  
 That Diomedes refus'd his aid in war,  
 Unmov'd with presents, and as deaf to pray'r.  
 Some new alliance must elsewhere be sought,  
 Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.  
 Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late, 355  
 A foreign son is pointed out by fate;  
 And, till Æneas shall Lavinia wed,  
 The wrath of Heav'n is hov'ring o'er his head.  
 The gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,  
 When late their titles in the field were tried: 360  
 Witness the fresh laments, and fun'ral tears undried.  
 Thus, full of anxious thought, he summons all  
 The Latian senate to the council hall.  
 The princes come, commanded by their head,  
 And crowd the paths that to the palace lead. 365  
 Supreme in pow'r, and reverenc'd for his years,  
 He takes the throne, and in the midst appears.  
 Majestically sad, he sits in state,  
 And bids his envoys their success relate.  
 When Venulus began, the murmuring sound 370  
 Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd around.  
 "We have," said he, "perform'd your high command,  
 And pass'd with peril a long tract of land:  
 We reach'd the place desir'd; with wonder fill'd,  
 The Grecian tents and rising tow'rs beheld. 375

Great Diomedes has compass'd round with walls  
The city, which Argypa he calls,  
From his own Argos nam'd. We touch'd, with joy,  
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.  
When introduc'd, our presents first we bring, 380  
Then crave an instant audience from the king.  
His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name,  
And tell th' important cause for which we came.  
Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;  
Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look, 385  
Made this return: 'Ausonian race, of old  
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,  
What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,  
To change for war hereditary rest,  
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword, 390  
A needless ill your ancestors abhorr'd?  
We—for myself I speak, and all the name  
Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came,  
Omitting those who were in battle slain,  
Or borne by rolling Simois to the main— 395  
Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought  
The prize of honor which in arms he sought;  
Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driv'n,  
Outcasts, abandon'd by the care of Heav'n;  
So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew, 400  
As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.  
Witness the vessels by Minerva toss'd  
In storms; the vengeful Capharean coast;  
Th' Euboean rocks! the prince, whose brother led  
Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed, 405  
In Egypt lost! Ulysses with his men  
Have seen Charybdis and the Cyclops' den.  
Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain  
Restor'd to scepters, and expell'd again?  
Or young Achilles, by his rival slain? 410  
Ev'n he, the King of Men, the foremost name  
Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame,  
The proud revenger of another's wife,  
Yet by his own adult'ress lost his life;  
Fell at his threshold; and the spoils of Troy 415  
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.  
The gods have envied me the sweets of life,

My much lov'd country, and my more lov'd wife:  
Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the sky,  
Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly: 420  
Hov'ring about the coasts, they make their moan,  
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.  
What squalid specters, in the dead of night,  
Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight!  
I might have promis'd to myself those harms, 425  
Mad as I was, when I, with mortal arms,  
Presum'd against immortal pow'rs to move,  
And violate with wounds the Queen of Love.  
Such arms this hand shall never more employ;  
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy. 430  
I war not with its dust; nor am I glad  
To think of past events, or good or bad.  
Your presents I return: whate'er you bring  
To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.  
We met in fight; I know him, to my cost: 435  
With what a whirling force his lance he toss'd!  
Heav'ns! what a spring was in his arm, to throw!  
How high he held his shield, and rose at ev'ry blow!  
Had Troy produc'd two more his match in might,  
They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight: 440  
Th' invasion of the Greeks had been return'd,  
Our empire wasted, and our cities burn'd.  
The long defense the Trojan people made,  
The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,  
Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand: 445  
Both brave alike, and equal in command;  
Æneas, not inferior in the field,  
In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.  
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care  
Th' impending dangers of a fatal war.' 450  
He said no more; but, with this cold excuse,  
Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a truce."  
Thus Venulus concluded his report.  
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:  
As, when a torrent rolls with rapid force, 455  
And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course,  
The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,  
Roars horrible along th' uneasy race;  
White foam in gath'ring eddies floats around;



The rocky shores rebellow to the sound. 460  
The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne  
The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun:  
"I wish, ye Latins, what we now debate  
Had been resolv'd before it was too late.  
Much better had it been for you and me, 465  
Unforc'd by this our last necessity,  
To have been earlier wise, than now to call  
A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.  
O citizens, we wage unequal war,  
With men not only Heav'n's peculiar care, 470  
But Heav'n's own race; unconquer'd in the field,  
Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.  
What hopes you had in Diomedes, lay down:  
Our hopes must center on ourselves alone.  
Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain, 475  
You see too well; nor need my words explain.  
Vanquish'd without resource; laid flat by fate;  
Factions within, a foe without the gate!  
Not but I grant that all perform'd their parts  
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts: 480  
With our united strength the war we wag'd;  
With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd.  
You see th' event.—Now hear what I propose,  
To save our friends, and satisfy our foes.  
A tract of land the Latins have possess'd 485  
Along the Tiber, stretching to the west,  
Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till,  
And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill.  
Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,  
If you consent, the Trojan shall command, 490  
Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,  
On terms agreed, the common country share.  
There let 'em build and settle, if they please;  
Unless they choose once more to cross the seas,  
In search of seats remote from Italy, 495  
And from unwelcome inmates set us free.  
Then twice ten galleys let us build with speed,  
Or twice as many more, if more they need.  
Materials are at hand; a well-grown wood  
Runs equal with the margin of the flood: 500  
Let them the number and the form assign;

The care and cost of all the stores be mine.  
To treat the peace, a hundred senators  
Shall be commission'd hence with ample pow'rs,  
With olive crown'd: the presents they shall bear, 505  
A purple robe, a royal iv'ry chair,  
And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs wear,  
And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate  
This great affair, and save the sinking state."  
Then Drances took the word, who grudg'd, long since, 510  
The rising glories of the Daunian prince.  
Factious and rich, bold at the council board,  
But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword;  
A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.  
Noble his mother was, and near the throne; 515  
But, what his father's parentage, unknown.  
He rose, and took th' advantage of the times,  
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.  
"Such truths, O king," said he, "your words contain,  
As strike the sense, and all replies are vain; 520  
Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek  
What common needs require, but fear to speak.  
Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,  
Whose pride this unauspicious war began;  
For whose ambition (let me dare to say, 525  
Fear set apart, tho' death is in my way)  
The plains of Latium run with blood around.  
So many valiant heroes bite the ground;  
Dejected grief in ev'ry face appears;  
A town in mourning, and a land in tears; 530  
While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,  
The man who menaces the gods with arms,  
Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the fight,  
And sought his safety in ignoble flight.  
Now, best of kings, since you propose to send 535  
Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;  
Add yet a greater at our joint request,  
One which he values more than all the rest:  
Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride;  
With that alliance let the league be tied, 540  
And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide.  
Let insolence no longer awe the throne;  
But, with a father's right, bestow your own.

For this maligner of the general good,  
If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd; 545  
His haughty godhead we with pray'rs implore,  
Your scepter to release, and our just rights restore.  
O cursed cause of all our ills, must we  
Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight, for thee!  
What right hast thou to rule the Latian state, 550  
And send us out to meet our certain fate?  
'T is a destructive war: from Turnus' hand  
Our peace and public safety we demand.  
Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;  
If not, the peace, without the pledge, is vain. 555  
Turnus, I know you think me not your friend,  
Nor will I much with your belief contend:  
I beg your greatness not to give the law  
In others' realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.  
Pity your own, or pity our estate; 560  
Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.  
Your interest is, the war should never cease;  
But we have felt enough to wish the peace:  
A land exhausted to the last remains,  
Depopulated towns, and driven plains. 565  
Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of pow'r,  
A beauteous princess, with a crown in dow'r,  
So fire your mind, in arms assert your right,  
And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.  
Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone; 570  
We, but the slaves who mount you to the throne:  
A base ignoble crowd, without a name,  
Unwept, unworthy, of the fun'ral flame,  
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,  
That Turnus may possess a royal wife. 575  
Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew  
Should share such triumphs, and detain from you  
The post of honor, your undoubted due.  
Rather alone your matchless force employ,  
To merit what alone you must enjoy." 580  
These words, so full of malice mix'd with art,  
Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.  
Then, groaning from the bottom of his breast,  
He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd:  
"You, Drances, never want a stream of words, 585

Then, when the public need requires our swords.  
First in the council hall to steer the state,  
And ever foremost in a tongue-debate,  
While our strong walls secure us from the foe,  
Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow: 590  
But let the potent orator declaim,  
And with the brand of coward blot my name;  
Free leave is giv'n him, when his fatal hand  
Has cover'd with more corps the sanguine strand,  
And high as mine his tow'ring trophies stand. 595  
If any doubt remains, who dares the most,  
Let us decide it at the Trojan's cost,  
And issue both abreast, where honor calls—  
Foes are not far to seek without the walls—  
Unless his noisy tongue can only fight, 600  
And feet were giv'n him but to speed his flight.  
I beaten from the field? I forc'd away?  
Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say?  
Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes  
Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies: 605  
What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,  
And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the main.  
All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire  
In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.  
The giant brothers, in their camp, have found, 610  
I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.  
Not such the Trojans tried me, when, inclos'd,  
I singly their united arms oppos'd:  
First forc'd an entrance thro' their thick array;  
Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way. 615  
'T is a destructive war? So let it be,  
But to the Phrygian pirate, and to thee!  
Meantime proceed to fill the people's ears  
With false reports, their minds with panic fears:  
Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd race; 620  
Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.  
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town  
Triumphant stands; the Grecians are o'erthrown;  
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies,  
And Diomedes from fierce Æneas flies. 625  
Say rapid Aufidus with awful dread  
Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,

When the great Trojan on his bank appears;  
For that's as true as thy dissembled fears  
Of my revenge. Dismiss that vanity: 630  
Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.  
Let that vile soul in that vile body rest;  
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.  
"Now, royal father, to the present state  
Of our affairs, and of this high debate: 635  
If in your arms thus early you diffide,  
And think your fortune is already tried;  
If one defeat has brought us down so low,  
As never more in fields to meet the foe;  
Then I conclude for peace: 't is time to treat, 640  
And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.  
But, O! if any ancient blood remains,  
One drop of all our fathers', in our veins,  
That man would I prefer before the rest,  
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast; 645  
Who comely fell, by no dishonest wound,  
To shun that sight, and, dying, gnaw'd the ground.  
But, if we still have fresh recruits in store,  
If our confederates can afford us more;  
If the contended field we bravely fought, 650  
And not a bloodless victory was bought;  
Their losses equal'd ours; and, for their slain,  
With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain;  
Why thus, unforc'd, should we so tamely yield,  
And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field? 655  
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,  
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:  
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain;  
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.  
If Diomedes refuse his aid to lend, 660  
The great Messapus yet remains our friend:  
Tolumnius, who foretells events, is ours;  
Th' Italian chiefs and princes join their pow'rs:  
Nor least in number, nor in name the last,  
Your own brave subjects have your cause embrac'd 665  
Above the rest, the Volscian Amazon  
Contains an army in herself alone,  
And heads a squadron, terrible to sight,  
With glitt'ring shields, in brazen armor bright.

Yet, if the foe a single fight demand, 670  
 And I alone the public peace withstand;  
 If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,  
 Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.  
 This new Achilles, let him take the field,  
 With fated armor, and Vulcanian shield! 675  
 For you, my royal father, and my fame,  
 I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,  
 Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand,  
 And I alone will answer his demand.  
 Drances shall rest secure, and neither share 680  
 The danger, nor divide the prize of war."  
 While they debate, nor these nor those will yield,  
 Æneas draws his forces to the field,  
 And moves his camp. The scouts with flying speed  
 Return, and thro' the frighted city spread 685  
 Th' unpleasing news, the Trojans are descried,  
 In battle marching by the river side,  
 And bending to the town. They take th' alarm:  
 Some tremble, some are bold; all in confusion arm.  
 Th' impetuous youth press forward to the field; 690  
 They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield:  
 The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry;  
 Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;  
 A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky,  
 Like that of swans remurm'ring to the floods, 695  
 Or birds of diff'ring kinds in hollow woods.  
 Turnus th' occasion takes, and cries aloud:  
 "Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd:  
 Declaim in praise of peace, when danger calls,  
 And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls." 700  
 He said, and, turning short, with speedy pace,  
 Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place:  
 "Thou, Volusus, the Volscian troops command  
 To mount; and lead thyself our Ardean band.  
 Messapus and Catillus, post your force 705  
 Along the fields, to charge the Trojan horse.  
 Some guard the passes, others man the wall;  
 Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call."  
 They swarm from ev'ry quarter of the town,  
 And with disorder'd haste the rampires crown. 710  
 Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,

The gath'ring storm just breaking on the state,  
 Dismiss'd the council till a fitter time,  
 And own'd his easy temper as his crime,  
 Who, forc'd against his reason, had complied 715  
 To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.  
 Some help to sink new trenches; others aid  
 To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.  
 Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm; around the walls  
 Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labor calls. 720  
 A sad procession in the streets is seen,  
 Of matrons, that attend the mother queen:  
 High in her chair she sits, and, at her side,  
 With downcast eyes, appears the fatal bride.  
 They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple stands; 725  
 Pray'rs in their mouths, and presents in their hands,  
 With censers first they fume the sacred shrine,  
 Then in this common supplication join:  
 "O patroness of arms, unspotted maid,  
 Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid! 730  
 Break short the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate,  
 And lay the Phrygian low before the gate."  
 Now Turnus arms for fight. His back and breast  
 Well-temper'd steel and scaly brass invest:  
 The cuishes which his brawny thighs infold 735  
 Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.  
 His faithful fauchion sits upon his side;  
 Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide:  
 But, bare to view, amid surrounding friends,  
 With godlike grace, he from the tow'r descends. 740  
 Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare  
 His absent rival, and to promise war.  
 Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,  
 The wanton courser prances o'er the plains,  
 Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds, 745  
 And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.  
 Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood,  
 To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:  
 He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,  
 And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane: 750  
 He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;  
 Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.  
 Soon as the prince appears without the gate,

The Volscians, with their virgin leader, wait  
His last commands. Then, with a graceful mien, 755  
Lights from her lofty steed the warrior queen:  
Her squadron imitates, and each descends;  
Whose common suit Camilla thus commends:  
"If sense of honor, if a soul secure  
Of inborn worth, that can all tests endure, 760  
Can promise aught, or on itself rely  
Greatly to dare, to conquer or to die;  
Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet  
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.  
Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown: 765  
You, gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the town:"  
Turnus a while stood mute, with glad surprise,  
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes;  
Then thus return'd: "O grace of Italy,  
With what becoming thanks can I reply? 770  
Not only words lie lab'ring in my breast,  
But thought itself is by thy praise oppress'd.  
Yet rob me not of all; but let me join  
My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.  
The Trojan, not in stratagem unskill'd, 775  
Sends his light horse before to scour the field:  
Himself, thro' steep ascents and thorny brakes,  
A larger compass to the city takes.  
This news my scouts confirm, and I prepare  
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare; 780  
With chosen foot his passage to forelay,  
And place an ambush in the winding way.  
Thou, with thy Volscians, face the Tuscan horse;  
The brave Messapus shall thy troops enforce  
With those of Tibur, and the Latian band, 785  
Subjected all to thy supreme command."  
This said, he warns Messapus to the war,  
Then ev'ry chief exhorts with equal care.  
All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,  
And hastes to prosecute his deep designs. 790  
Inclos'd with hills, a winding valley lies,  
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise.  
A narrow track, by human steps untrod,  
Leads, thro' perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.  
High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands, 795



Whence the surveying sight the nether ground commands.  
The top is level, an offensive seat  
Of war; and from the war a safe retreat:  
For, on the right and left, is room to press  
The foes at hand, or from afar distress; 800  
To drive 'em headlong downward, and to pour  
On their descending backs a stony show'r.  
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way,  
Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.  
Meantime Latonian Phœbe, from the skies, 805  
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,  
And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,  
Her most belov'd and ever-trusty maid;  
Then with a sigh began: "Camilla goes  
To meet her death amidst her fatal foes: 810  
The nymphs I lov'd of all my mortal train,  
Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.  
Nor is my kindness for the virgin new:  
'T was born with her; and with her years it grew.  
Her father Metabus, when forc'd away 815  
From old Privernum, for tyrannic sway,  
Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing foes,  
This tender babe, companion of his woes.  
Casmilla was her mother; but he drown'd  
One hissing letter in a softer sound, 820  
And call'd Camilla. Thro' the woods he flies;  
Wrapp'd in his robe the royal infant lies.  
His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace;  
With shouts and clamors they pursue the chase.  
The banks of Amasene at length he gains: 825  
The raging flood his farther flight restrains,  
Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains.  
Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears,  
Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.  
Anxious, he stops a while, and thinks in haste; 830  
Then, desp'rate in distress, resolves at last.  
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;  
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:  
He clos'd the child within the hollow space;  
With twigs of bending osier bound the case; 835  
Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight,  
And thus invoc'd my favor for the freight:

'Accept, great goddess of the woods,' he said,  
'Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid!  
Thro' air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine; 840  
And the first weapons that she knows, are thine.'  
He said; and with full force the spear he threw:  
Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.  
Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide,  
And gain'd, by stress of arms, the farther side. 845  
His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground,  
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound;  
Nor, after that, in towns which walls inclose,  
Would trust his hunted life amidst his foes;  
But, rough, in open air he chose to lie; 850  
Earth was his couch, his cov'ring was the sky.  
On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,  
He shunn'd the dire society of men.  
A shepherd's solitary life he led;  
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed. 855  
The dugs of bears, and ev'ry salvage beast,  
He drew, and thro' her lips the liquor press'd.  
The little Amazon could scarcely go:  
He loads her with a quiver and a bow;  
And, that she might her stagg'ring steps command, 860  
He with a slender jav'lin fills her hand.  
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;  
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.  
Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread  
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head. 865  
The flying dart she first attempts to fling,  
And round her tender temples toss'd the sling;  
Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began  
To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan,  
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane. 870  
The Tuscan matrons with each other vied,  
To bless their rival sons with such a bride;  
But she disdains their love, to share with me  
The sylvan shades and vow'd virginity.  
And, O! I wish, contented with my cares 875  
Of salvage spoils, she had not sought the wars!  
Then had she been of my celestial train,  
And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.  
But since, opposing Heav'n's decree, she goes

To find her death among forbidden foes, 880  
Haste with these arms, and take thy steepy flight,  
Where, with the gods, averse, the Latins fight.  
This bow to thee, this quiver I bequeath,  
This chosen arrow, to revenge her death:  
By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain, 885  
Or of the Trojan or Italian train,  
Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.  
Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will aid  
To bear the breathless body of my maid:  
Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprofan'd 890  
Her holy limbs with any human hand,  
And in a marble tomb laid in her native land."  
She said. The faithful nymph descends from high  
With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky:  
Black clouds and stormy winds around her body fly. 895  
By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,  
Drawn up in squadrons, with united force,  
Approach the walls: the sprightly coursers bound,  
Press forward on their bits, and shift their ground.  
Shields, arms, and spears flash horribly from far; 900  
And the fields glitter with a waving war.  
Oppos'd to these, come on with furious force  
Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse;  
These in the body plac'd, on either hand  
Sustain'd and clos'd by fair Camilla's band. 905  
Advancing in a line, they couch their spears;  
And less and less the middle space appears.  
Thick smoke obscures the field; and scarce are seen  
The neighing coursers, and the shouting men.  
In distance of their darts they stop their course; 910  
Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.  
The face of heav'n their flying jav'lins hide,  
And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.  
Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,  
By mettled coursers borne in full career, 915  
Meet first oppos'd; and, with a mighty shock,  
Their horses' heads against each other knock.  
Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast,  
As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast:  
He rolls along in blood, and breathes his last. 920  
The Latin squadrons take a sudden fright,

And sling their shields behind, to save their backs in flight.  
Spurring at speed to their own walls they drew;  
Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue,  
And urge their flight: Asylas leads the chase; 925  
Till, seiz'd, with shame, they wheel about and face,  
Receive their foes, and raise a threat'ning cry.  
The Tuscans take their turn to fear and fly.  
So swelling surges, with a thund'ring roar,  
Driv'n on each other's backs, insult the shore, 930  
Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon the land,  
And far upon the beach eject the sand;  
Then backward, with a swing, they take their way,  
Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mother sea;  
With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore, 935  
And swallow back the sand and stones they spew'd before.  
Twice were the Tuscans masters of the field,  
Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.  
Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran;  
Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man. 940  
Now dying groans are heard; the fields are strow'd  
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood.  
Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie:  
Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.  
Orsilochus, who durst not press too near 945  
Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear,  
And stuck the steel beneath his horse's ear.  
The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,  
Curvets, and, springing upward with a bound,  
His helpless lord cast backward on the ground. 950  
Catillus pierc'd Iolas first; then drew  
His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw,  
The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew.  
His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,  
But shaded with a length of yellow hair: 955  
Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry part,  
A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying dart.  
Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound;  
Transfix'd he fell, and doubled to the ground.  
The sands with streaming blood are sanguine dyed, 960  
And death with honor sought on either side.  
Resistless thro' the war Camilla rode,  
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.

One side was bare for her exerted breast;  
One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd. 965  
Now from afar her fatal jav'lins play;  
Now with her ax's edge she hews her way:  
Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;  
And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground,  
From her bent bow she sends a backward wound. 970  
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side,  
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia, ride:  
Italians all; in peace, their queen's delight;  
In war, the bold companions of the fight.  
So march'd the Tracian Amazons of old, 975  
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd:  
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,  
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen:  
Such to the field Penthisilea led,  
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled; 980  
With such, return'd triumphant from the war,  
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car;  
They clash with manly force their moony shields;  
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.  
Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid, 985  
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?  
Thy spear, of mountain ash, Eumenius first,  
With fury driv'n, from side to side transpierc'd:  
A purple stream came spouting from the wound;  
Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground. 990  
Liris and Pagasus at once she slew:  
The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew  
Of his faint steed; the latter, as he stretch'd  
His arm to prop his friend, the jav'lin reach'd.  
By the same weapon, sent from the same hand, 995  
Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.  
Amastrus next is added to the slain:  
The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain:  
Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoon,  
And Chromis, at full speed her fury shun. 1000  
Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost;  
Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.  
Young Ornithus bestrode a hunter steed,  
Swift for the chase, and of Apulian breed.  
Him from afar she spied, in arms unknown: 1005

O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown;  
 His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread  
 A cov'ring for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head,  
 He clench'd within his hand an iron prong,  
 And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the throng. 1010  
 Him soon she singled from the flying train,  
 And slew with ease; then thus insults the slain:  
 "Vain hunter, didst thou think thro' woods to chase  
 The savage herd, a vile and trembling race?  
 Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory: 1015  
 A woman warrior was too strong for thee.  
 Yet, if the ghosts demand the conqu'ror's name.  
 Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame."  
 Then Butes and Orsilochus she slew,  
 The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew; 1020  
 But Butes breast to breast: the spear descends  
 Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,  
 And o'er the shield which his left side defends.  
 Orsilochus and she their courses ply:  
 He seems to follow, and she seems to fly; 1025  
 But in a narrower ring she makes the race;  
 And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.  
 Gath'ring at length on her deluded foe,  
 She swings her ax, and rises to the blow;  
 Full on the helm behind, with such a sway 1030  
 The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way:  
 He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace;  
 Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.  
 Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by chance,  
 To see his fall; nor farther dares advance; 1035  
 But, fixing on the horrid maid his eye,  
 He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly;  
 Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,  
 (At least while fortune favor'd his deceit,)  
 Cries out aloud: "What courage have you shown, 1040  
 Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?  
 Forego the vantage of your horse, alight,  
 And then on equal terms begin the fight:  
 It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,  
 When, foot to foot, you combat with a man." 1045  
 He said. She glows with anger and disdain,  
 Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain,

And leaves her horse at large among her train;  
With her drawn sword defies him to the field,  
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield. 1050  
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,  
Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed;  
Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides  
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.  
"Vain fool, and coward!" cries the lofty maid, 1055  
"Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid!  
On others practice thy Ligurian arts;  
Thin stratagems and tricks of little hearts  
Are lost on me: nor shalt thou safe retire,  
With vaunting lies, to thy fallacious sire." 1060  
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,  
That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head:  
Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,  
And laid the boaster grov'ling on the plain.  
Not with more ease the falcon, from above, 1065  
Trusses in middle air the trembling dove,  
Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound:  
The feathers, foul with blood, come tumbling to the ground.  
Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,  
With his broad eye surveys th' unequal fight. 1070  
He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain,  
And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.  
Betwixt the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,  
And these encourages, and those he chides;  
Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight; 1075  
Renews their ardor, and restores the fight.  
"What panic fear has seiz'd your souls? O shame,  
O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name!  
Cowards incurable, a woman's hand  
Drives, breaks, and scatters your ignoble band! 1080  
Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield!  
What use of weapons which you dare not wield?  
Not thus you fly your female foes by night,  
Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite;  
When to fat off'rings the glad augur calls, 1085  
And the shrill hornpipe sounds to bacchanals.  
These are your studied cares, your lewd delight:  
Swift to debauch, but slow to manly fight."  
Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes,

Not managing the life he meant to lose. 1090  
 The first he found he seiz'd with headlong haste,  
 In his strong gripe, and clasp'd around the waist;  
 'T was Venulus, whom from his horse he tore,  
 And, laid athwart his own, in triumph bore.  
 Loud shouts ensue; the Latins turn their eyes, 1095  
 And view th' unusual sight with vast surprise.  
 The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,  
 Press'd in his arms the pond'rous prey sustains;  
 Then, with his shorten'd spear, explores around  
 His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound. 1100  
 Nor less the captive struggles for his life:  
 He writhes his body to prolong the strife,  
 And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts  
 His utmost vigor, and the point averts.  
 So stoops the yellow eagle from on high, 1105  
 And bears a speckled serpent thro' the sky,  
 Fast'ning his crooked talons on the prey:  
 The pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid way;  
 Resists the royal hawk; and, tho' oppress'd,  
 She fights in volumes, and erects her crest: 1110  
 Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens ev'ry scale,  
 And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threat'ning tail.  
 Against the victor, all defense is weak:  
 Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak;  
 He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores; 1115  
 Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.  
 Thus, thro' the midst of circling enemies,  
 Strong Tarchon snatch'd and bore away his prize.  
 The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press  
 The Latins, and presume the like success. 1120  
 Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts assay'd,  
 To murder, unespied, the Volscian maid:  
 This way and that his winding course he bends,  
 And, whereso'er she turns, her steps attends.  
 When she retires victorious from the chase, 1125  
 He wheels about with care, and shifts his place;  
 When, rushing on, she seeks her foes in flight,  
 He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:  
 He threats, and trembles, trying ev'ry way,  
 Unseen to kill, and safely to betray. 1130  
 Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from far,



Glitt'ring in Phrygian arms amidst the war,  
 Was by the virgin view'd. The steed he press'd  
 Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest  
 With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er; 1135  
 A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.  
 With deadly wounds he gall'd the distant foe;  
 Gnosian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:  
 A golden helm his front and head surrounds;  
 A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds. 1140  
 Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,  
 With flowers of needlework distinguish'd o'er,  
 With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.  
 Him the fierce maid beheld with ardent eyes,  
 Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize, 1145  
 Or that the temple might his trophies hold,  
 Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold.  
 Blind in her haste, she chases him alone.  
 And seeks his life, regardless of her own.  
 This lucky moment the sly traitor chose: 1150  
 Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,  
 And threw, but first to Heav'n address'd his vows:  
 "O patron of Socrate's high abodes,  
 Phœbus, the ruling pow'r among the gods,  
 Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine 1155  
 Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;  
 By thee protected with our naked soles,  
 Thro' flames unsing'd we march, and tread the kindled coals:  
 Give me, propitious pow'r, to wash away  
 The stains of this dishonorable day: 1160  
 Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim,  
 But with my future actions trust my fame.  
 Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome,  
 And from the field return inglorious home."  
 Apollo heard, and, granting half his pray'r, 1165  
 Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.  
 He gives the death desir'd; his safe return  
 By southern tempests to the seas is borne.  
 Now, when the jav'lin whizz'd along the skies,  
 Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes, 1170  
 Directed by the sound. Of either host,  
 Th' unhappy virgin, tho' concern'd the most,  
 Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent

On golden spoils, and on her prey intent;  
Till in her pap the winged weapon stood 1175  
Infix'd, and deeply drunk the purple blood.  
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain  
Their dying lady, drooping on the plain.  
Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,  
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys; 1180  
Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow,  
Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.  
As, when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide  
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side,  
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies, 1185  
And claps his quiv'ring tail between his thighs:  
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends,  
But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.  
She wrench'd the jav'lin with her dying hands,  
But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands; 1190  
The wood she draws, the steely point remains;  
She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains:  
(A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes,  
And from her cheeks the rosy color flies  
Then turns to her, whom of her female train 1195  
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:  
"Acca, 't is past! he swims before my sight,  
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.  
Bear my last words to Turnus; fly with speed,  
And bid him timely to my charge succeed, 1200  
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:  
Farewell! and in this kiss my parting breath receive."  
She said, and, sliding, sunk upon the plain:  
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein;  
Short, and more short, she pants; by slow degrees 1205  
Her mind the passage from her body frees.  
She drops her sword; she nods her plummy crest,  
Her drooping head declining on her breast:  
In the last sigh her struggling soul expires,  
And, murm'ring with disdain, to Stygian sounds retires. 1210  
A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensued;  
Despair and rage the languish'd fight renew'd.  
The Trojan troops and Tuscans, in a line,  
Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.  
But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar 1215

Surveys the field, and fortune of the war,  
Unmov'd a while, till, prostrate on the plain,  
Welt'ring in blood, she sees Camilla slain,  
And, round her corpse, of friends and foes a fighting train.  
Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew 1220  
A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:  
"Too dear a fine, ah much lamented maid,  
For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid!  
Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife,  
Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life. 1225  
Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave  
Her vot'ry's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.  
Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;  
But after ages shall thy praise record.  
Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain: 1230  
Thus vows thy queen, and thus the Fates ordain."  
High o'er the field there stood a hilly mound,  
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around,  
Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,  
A king that once in Latium bore the sway. 1235  
The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,  
To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.  
Him in refulgent arms she soon espied,  
Swoln with success; and loudly thus she cried:  
"Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late; 1240  
Turn like a man, at length, and meet thy fate.  
Charg'd with my message, to Camilla go,  
And say I sent thee to the shades below,  
An honor undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow."  
She said, and from her quiver chose with speed 1245  
The winged shaft, predestin'd for the deed;  
Then to the stubborn yew her strength applied,  
Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.  
The bowstring touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;  
Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew. 1250  
At once the twanging bow and sounding dart  
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.  
Him, beating with his heels in pangs of death,  
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.  
The conqu'ring damsel, with expanded wings, 1255  
The welcome message to her mistress brings.  
Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field,

And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.  
 The frighted soldiers, when their captains fly,  
 More on their speed than on their strength rely. 1260  
 Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,  
 And spur their horses headlong to the town.  
 Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,  
 Not once they turn, but take their wounds behind.  
 These drop the shield, and those the lance forego, 1265  
 Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.  
 The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,  
 Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten ground.  
 Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,  
 And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly. 1270  
 The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,  
 Rend heav'n with female shrieks, and wring their hands.  
 All pressing on, pursuers and pursued,  
 Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.  
 Some happy few escape: the throng too late 1275  
 Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.  
 Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched sire  
 Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.  
 Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close,  
 But leave their friends excluded with their foes. 1280  
 The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly shout;  
 'T is terror all within, and slaughter all without.  
 Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,  
 Or, to the moats pursued, precipitate their fall.  
 The Latian virgins, valiant with despair, 1285  
 Arm'd on the tow'rs, the common danger share:  
 So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd;  
 So much Camilla's great example fir'd.  
 Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw,  
 With imitated darts, to gall the foe. 1290  
 Their lives for godlike freedom they bequeath,  
 And crowd each other to be first in death.  
 Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,  
 With heavy tidings came th' unhappy maid:  
 "The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd; 1295  
 The foes, entirely masters of the field,  
 Like a resistless flood, come rolling on:  
 The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town."  
 Inflam'd with rage, (for so the Furies fire

The Daunian's breast, and so the Fates require,) 1300  
He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain  
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain.  
Scarce was he gone, when to the straits, now freed  
From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.  
Thro' the black forest and the ferny brake, 1305  
Unknowingly secure, their way they take;  
From the rough mountains to the plain descend,  
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.  
Both armies now in open fields are seen;  
Nor far the distance of the space between. 1310  
Both to the city bend. Æneas sees,  
Thro' smoking fields, his hast'ning enemies;  
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,  
And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.  
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd; 1315  
But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.  
Intrench'd before the town both armies lie,  
While Night with sable wings involves the sky.

Publius Vergilius Maro

## The Aeneid Of Virgil: Book 12

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins leave the field,  
Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd,  
Himself become the mark of public spite,  
His honor question'd for the promis'd fight;  
The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd, 5  
The more his fury boil'd within his breast:  
He rous'd his vigor for the last debate,  
And rais'd his haughty soul to meet his fate.  
As, when the swains the Libyan lion chase,  
He makes a sour retreat, nor mends his pace; 10  
But, if the pointed jav'lin pierce his side,  
The lordly beast returns with double pride:  
He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain;  
His sides he lashes, and erects his mane:  
So Turnus fares; his eyeballs flash with fire, 15  
Thro' his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.  
Trembling with rage, around the court he ran,  
At length approach'd the king, and thus began:  
"No more excuses or delays: I stand  
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand, 20  
This base deserter of his native land.  
The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take  
The same conditions which himself did make.  
Renew the truce; the solemn rites prepare,  
And to my single virtue trust the war. 25  
The Latians unconcern'd shall see the fight;  
This arm unaided shall assert your right:  
Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,  
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain."  
To whom the king sedately thus replied: 30  
"Brave youth, the more your valor has been tried,  
The more becomes it us, with due respect,  
To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.  
You want not wealth, or a successive throne,  
Or cities which your arms have made your own: 35  
My towns and treasures are at your command,  
And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land;  
Laurentum more than one Lavinia sees,  
Unmarried, fair, of noble families.

Now let me speak, and you with patience hear, 40  
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear,  
But sound advice, proceeding from a heart  
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art.  
The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,  
No prince Italian born should heir my throne: 45  
Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,  
And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.  
Yet, won by worth that cannot be withstood,  
Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,  
Urg'd by my wife, who would not be denied, 50  
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:  
Her from her plighted lord by force I took;  
All ties of treaties, and of honor, broke:  
On your account I wag'd an impious war—  
With what success, 't is needless to declare; 55  
I and my subjects feel, and you have had your share.  
Twice vanquish'd while in bloody fields we strive,  
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:  
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;  
The bones of Latians blanch the neighb'ring shore. 60  
Why put I not an end to this debate,  
Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?  
If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,  
Why should I not procure it whilst you live?  
Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray, 65  
What would my kinsmen the Rutulians say?  
And, should you fall in fight, (which Heav'n defend!)  
How curse the cause which hasten'd to his end  
The daughter's lover and the father's friend?  
Weigh in your mind the various chance of war; 70  
Pity your parent's age, and ease his care."  
Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain:  
The proffer'd med'cine but provok'd the pain.  
The wrathful youth, disdainng the relief,  
With intermitting sobs thus vents his grief: 75  
"The care, O best of fathers, which you take  
For my concerns, at my desire forsake.  
Permit me not to languish out my days,  
But make the best exchange of life for praise.  
This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize; 80  
And the blood follows, where the weapon flies.

His goddess mother is not near, to shroud  
 The flying coward with an empty cloud."  
 But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,  
 And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife, 85  
 Held him by force; and, dying in his death,  
 In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath:  
 "O Turnus, I adjure thee by these tears,  
 And whate'er price Amata's honor bears  
 Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope, 90  
 My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop;  
 Since on the safety of thy life alone  
 Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:  
 Refuse me not this one, this only pray'r,  
 To waive the combat, and pursue the war. 95  
 Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,  
 Think it includes, in thine, Amata's life.  
 I cannot live a slave, or see my throne  
 Usurp'd by strangers or a Trojan son."  
 At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed; 100  
 A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,  
 Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.  
 The driving colors, never at a stay,  
 Run here and there, and flush, and fade away.  
 Delightful change! Thus Indian iv'ry shows, 105  
 Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows;  
 Or lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring rose.  
 The lover gaz'd, and, burning with desire,  
 The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:  
 Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spite, 110  
 Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.  
 Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,  
 Firm to his first intent, he thus replies:  
 "O mother, do not by your tears prepare  
 Such boding omens, and prejudge the war. 115  
 Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free  
 To shun my death, if Heav'n my death decree."  
 Then turning to the herald, thus pursues:  
 "Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news;  
 Denounce from me, that, when to-morrow's light 120  
 Shall gild the heav'ns, he need not urge the fight;  
 The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more  
 Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shore:



Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,  
And to the victor be the beauteous bride." 125  
He said, and striding on, with speedy pace,  
He sought his coursers of the Thracian race.  
At his approach they toss their heads on high,  
And, proudly neighing, promise victory.  
The sires of these Orythia sent from far, 130  
To grace Pilumnus, when he went to war.  
The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so white,  
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their flight.  
Officious grooms stand ready by his side;  
And some with combs their flowing manes divide, 135  
And others stroke their chests and gently soothe their pride.  
He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mass  
Of golden metal those, and mountain brass.  
Then to his head his glitt'ring helm he tied,  
And girt his faithful fauchion to his side. 140  
In his Ætnæan forge, the God of Fire  
That fauchion labor'd for the hero's sire;  
Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,  
And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.  
Propp'd on a pillar, which the ceiling bore, 145  
Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore;  
Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,  
The tough ash trembled like an osier wand:  
Then cried: "O pond'rous spoil of Actor slain,  
And never yet by Turnus toss'd in vain, 150  
Fail not this day thy wonted force; but go,  
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe!  
Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,  
And from that eunuch head to rend the crest;  
Dragg'd in the dust, his frizzled hair to soil, 155  
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant oil!"  
Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies  
A fiery steam, and sparkles from his eyes.  
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's sight:  
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight; 160  
He tries his goring horns against a tree,  
And meditates his absent enemy;  
He pushes at the winds; he digs the strand  
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.  
Nor less the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms, 165

To future fight his manly courage warms:  
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares  
To terminate at once the ling'ring wars;  
To cheer his chiefs and tender son, relates  
What Heav'n had promis'd, and expounds the fates. 170  
Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease  
The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.  
The morn ensuing, from the mountain's height,  
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;  
Th' ethereal coursers, bounding from the sea, 175  
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day;  
When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,  
In friendly labor join'd, the list prepar'd.  
Beneath the walls they measure out the space;  
Then sacred altars rear, on sods of grass, 180  
Where, with religious rites, their common gods they place.  
In purest white the priests their heads attire;  
And living waters bear, and holy fire;  
And, o'er their linen hoods and shaded hair,  
Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear, 185  
In order issuing from the town appears  
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears;  
And from the fields, advancing on a line,  
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join:  
Their various arms afford a pleasing sight; 190  
A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for fight.  
Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,  
Glitt'ring with gold, and vests in purple dyed;  
Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian line,  
And there Messapus, born of seed divine. 195  
The sign is giv'n; and, round the listed space,  
Each man in order fills his proper place.  
Reclining on their ample shields, they stand,  
And fix their pointed lances in the sand.  
Now, studious of the sight, a num'rous throng 200  
Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,  
Swarm from the town: by those who rest behind,  
The gates and walls and houses' tops are lin'd.  
Meantime the Queen of Heav'n beheld the sight,  
With eyes unpleas'd, from Mount Albano's height 205  
(Since call'd Albano by succeeding fame,  
But then an empty hill, without a name).

She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan pow'rs,  
The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine tow'rs.  
Then thus the goddess of the skies bespake, 210  
With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake,  
King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,  
Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd:  
Compress'd by force, but, by the grateful god,  
Now made the Nais of the neighb'ring flood. 215  
"O nymph, the pride of living lakes," said she,  
"O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me,  
Long hast thou known, nor need I to record,  
The wanton sallies of my wand'ring lord.  
Of ev'ry Latian fair whom Jove misled 220  
To mount by stealth my violated bed,  
To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace,  
But gave a part of heav'n, and an unenvied place.  
Now learn from me thy near approaching grief,  
Nor think my wishes want to thy relief. 225  
While fortune favor'd, nor Heav'n's King denied  
To lend my succor to the Latian side,  
I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state:  
But now he struggles with unequal fate,  
And goes, with gods averse, o'ermatch'd in might, 230  
To meet inevitable death in fight;  
Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the sight.  
Thou, if thou dar'st, thy present aid supply;  
It well becomes a sister's care to try."  
At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd, 235  
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.  
To whom Saturnia thus: "Thy tears are late:  
Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd from fate:  
New tumults kindle; violate the truce:  
Who knows what changeful fortune may produce? 240  
'T is not a crime t' attempt what I decree;  
Or, if it were, discharge the crime on me."  
She said, and, sailing on the winged wind,  
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.  
And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear: 245  
Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear;  
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,  
To mark his lineage from the God of Day.  
Two snowy coursers Turnus' chariot yoke,

And in his hand two massy spears he shook: 250  
Then issued from the camp, in arms divine,  
Æneas, author of the Roman line;  
And by his side Ascanius took his place,  
The second hope of Rome's immortal race.  
Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend priest appears, 255  
And off'rings to the flaming altars bears;  
A porket, and a lamb that never suffer'd shears.  
Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,  
And strews the beasts, design'd for sacrifice,  
With salt and meal: with like officious care 260  
He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.  
Betwixt their horns the purple wine he sheds;  
With the same gen'rous juice the flame he feeds.  
Æneas then unsheath'd his shining sword,  
And thus with pious pray'rs the gods ador'd: 265  
"All-seeing sun, and thou, Ausonian soil,  
For which I have sustain'd so long a toil,  
Thou, King of Heav'n, and thou, the Queen of Air,  
Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r;  
Thou, God of War, whose unresisted sway 270  
The labors and events of arms obey;  
Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,  
All pow'rs of ocean, all ethereal gods,  
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,  
Or, recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield, 275  
My Trojans shall encrease Evander's town;  
Ascanius shall renounce th' Ausonian crown:  
All claims, all questions of debate, shall cease;  
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.  
But, if my juster arms prevail in fight, 280  
(As sure they shall, if I divine aright,)  
My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign:  
Both equal, both unconquer'd shall remain,  
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;  
I ask but altars for my weary gods. 285  
The care of those religious rites be mine;  
The crown to King Latinus I resign:  
His be the sov'reign sway. Nor will I share  
His pow'r in peace, or his command in war.  
For me, my friends another town shall frame, 290  
And bless the rising tow'rs with fair Lavinia's name."

Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,  
The Latian king before his altar stands.  
"By the same heav'n," said he, "and earth, and main,  
And all the pow'rs that all the three contain; 295  
By hell below, and by that upper god  
Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with his nod;  
So let Latona's double offspring hear,  
And double-fronted Janus, what I swear:  
I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames, 300  
And all those pow'rs attest, and all their names;  
Whatever chance befall on either side,  
No term of time this union shall divide:  
No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,  
Or shake the steadfast tenor of my mind; 305  
Not tho' the circling seas should break their bound,  
O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground;  
Not tho' the lamps of heav'n their spheres forsake,  
Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake:  
Ev'n as this royal scepter" (for he bore 310  
A scepter in his hand) "shall never more  
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth:  
An orphan now, cut from the mother earth  
By the keen ax, dishonor'd of its hair,  
And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear." 315  
When thus in public view the peace was tied  
With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,  
All dues perform'd which holy rites require;  
The victim beasts are slain before the fire,  
The trembling entrails from their bodies torn, 320  
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.  
Already the Rutulians deem their man  
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.  
First rising fears are whisper'd thro' the crowd;  
Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more aloud. 325  
Now, side to side, they measure with their eyes  
The champions' bulk, their sinews, and their size:  
The nearer they approach, the more is known  
Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.  
Turnus himself appears in public sight 330  
Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.  
Slowly he moves, and at his altar stands  
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands;

And, while he mutters undistinguish'd pray'rs,  
A livid deadness in his cheeks appears. 335  
With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd  
Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude,  
When their short sighs and thick'ning sobs she heard,  
And found their ready minds for change prepar'd;  
Dissembling her immortal form, she took 340  
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look;  
A chief of ancient blood; in arms well known  
Was his great sire, and he his greater son.  
His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,  
And humoring their first motions, thus began: 345  
"For shame, Rutulians, can you bear the sight  
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?  
Can we, before the face of heav'n, confess  
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?  
View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian band, 350  
And Tuscan army; count 'em as they stand:  
Undaunted to the battle if we go,  
Scarce ev'ry second man will share a foe.  
Turnus, 't is true, in this unequal strife,  
Shall lose, with honor, his devoted life, 355  
Or change it rather for immortal fame,  
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:  
But you, a servile and inglorious band,  
For foreign lords shall sow your native land,  
Those fruitful fields your fighting fathers gain'd, 360  
Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd."  
With words like these, she carried her design:  
A rising murmur runs along the line.  
Then ev'n the city troops, and Latians, tir'd  
With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd: 365  
Their champion's fate with pity they lament,  
And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.  
Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage  
With lying wonders, and a false presage;  
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes, 370  
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprise.  
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,  
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:  
A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes,  
And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes; 375

Then, stooping on the fairest of the train,  
In his strong talons truss'd a silver swan.  
Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight;  
But, while he lags, and labors in his flight,  
Behold, the dastard fowl return anew, 380  
And with united force the foe pursue:  
Clam'rous around the royal hawk they fly,  
And, thick'ning in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.  
They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy course;  
Nor can th' incumber'd bird sustain their force; 385  
But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous prey,  
And, lighten'd of his burthen, wings his way.  
Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the sight,  
Eager of action, and demand the fight.  
Then King Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts, 390  
Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts:  
"At length 't is granted, what I long desir'd!  
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.  
Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey.  
Advance, my friends, and charge! I lead the way. 395  
These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,  
Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:  
But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea  
By strength united, and forego the prey.  
Your timely succor to your country bring, 400  
Haste to the rescue, and redeem your king."  
He said; and, pressing onward thro' the crew,  
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.  
The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,  
Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd. 405  
At once the cornel rattled in the skies;  
At once tumultuous shouts and clamors rise.  
Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,  
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood,  
Gylippus' sons: the fatal jav'lin flew, 410  
Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.  
A passage thro' the jointed arms it found,  
Just where the belt was to the body bound,  
And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground.  
Then, fir'd with pious rage, the gen'rous train 415  
Run madly forward to revenge the slain.  
And some with eager haste their jav'lins throw;

And some with sword in hand assault the foe.  
The wish'd insult the Latine troops embrace,  
And meet their ardor in the middle space. 420  
The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,  
With equal courage obviate their design.  
Peace leaves the violated fields, and hate  
Both armies urges to their mutual fate.  
With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd, 425  
The sacrifice half-broil'd, and half-unburn'd.  
Thick storms of steel from either army fly,  
And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky;  
Brands from the fire are missive weapons made,  
With chargers, bowls, and all the priestly trade. 430  
Latinus, frighted, hastens from the fray,  
And bears his unregarded gods away.  
These on their horses vault; those yoke the car;  
The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the war.  
Messapus, eager to confound the peace, 435  
Spurr'd his hot courser thro' the fighting prease,  
At King Aulestes, by his purple known  
A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown;  
And, with a shock encount'ring, bore him down.  
Backward he fell; and, as his fate design'd, 440  
The ruins of an altar were behind:  
There, pitching on his shoulders and his head,  
Amid the scatt'ring fires he lay supinely spread.  
The beamy spear, descending from above,  
His cuirass pierc'd, and thro' his body drove. 445  
Then, with a scornful smile, the victor cries:  
"The gods have found a fitter sacrifice."  
Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead  
Of his rich armor, and uncrown his head.  
Priest Corynæus, arm'd his better hand, 450  
From his own altar, with a blazing brand;  
And, as Ebusus with a thund'ring pace  
Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face:  
His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires;  
The crackling crop a noisome scent expires. 455  
Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown  
With his left hand; his other cast him down.  
The prostrate body with his knees he press'd,  
And plung'd his holy poniard in his breast.



While Podalirius, with his sword, pursued 460  
The shepherd Alsus thro' the flying crowd,  
Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow  
Full on the front of his unwary foe.  
The broad ax enters with a crashing sound,  
And cleaves the chin with one continued wound; 465  
Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms around.  
An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,  
And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.  
But good Æneas rush'd amid the bands;  
Bare was his head, and naked were his hands, 470  
In sign of truce: then thus he cries aloud:  
"What sudden rage, what new desire of blood,  
Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans, cease  
From impious arms, nor violate the peace!  
By human sanctions, and by laws divine, 475  
The terms are all agreed; the war is mine.  
Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;  
This hand alone shall right the gods and you:  
Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,  
To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe." 480  
Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defense,  
A winged arrow struck the pious prince.  
But, whether from some human hand it came,  
Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:  
No human hand or hostile god was found, 485  
To boast the triumph of so base a wound.  
When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,  
His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train,  
Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires:  
At once his arms and coursers he requires; 490  
Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,  
And with a ready hand assumes the reins.  
He drives impetuous, and, where'er he goes,  
He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.  
These his lance reaches; over those he rolls 495  
His rapid car, and crushes out their souls:  
In vain the vanquish'd fly; the victor sends  
The dead men's weapons at their living friends.  
Thus, on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood,  
The God of Battles, in his angry mood, 500  
Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,

Let loose the reins, and scours along the field:  
Before the wind his fiery coursers fly;  
Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.  
Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair 505  
(Dire faces, and deform'd) surround the car;  
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.  
With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,  
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:  
His smoking horses, at their utmost speed, 510  
He lashes on, and urges o'er the dead.  
Their fetlocks run with blood; and, when they bound,  
The gore and gath'ring dust are dash'd around.  
Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,  
He kill'd at hand, but Sthenelus afar: 515  
From far the sons of Imbracus he slew,  
Glaucus and Lades, of the Lycian crew;  
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd,  
Or mount the courser that outstrips the wind.  
Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in the field, 520  
New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.  
This son of Dolon bore his grandsire's name,  
But emulated more his father's fame;  
His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,  
The Grecian camp and order to descry: 525  
Hard enterprise! and well he might require  
Achilles' car and horses, for his hire:  
But, met upon the scout, th' Ætolian prince  
In death bestow'd a juster recompense.  
Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar, 530  
And launch'd his jav'lin from his lofty car;  
Then lightly leaping down, pursued the blow,  
And, pressing with his foot his prostrate foe,  
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword,  
And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord. 535  
"Possess," said he, "the fruit of all thy pains,  
And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains.  
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand;  
Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the land!"  
Then Dares, Butes, Sybaris he slew, 540  
Whom o'er his neck his flound'ring courser threw.  
As when loud Boreas, with his blust'ring train,  
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;

Where'er he flies, he drives the rack before,  
And rolls the billows on th' Ægæan shore: 545  
So, where resistless Turnus takes his course,  
The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force;  
His crest of horses' hair is blown behind  
By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.  
This haughty Phegeus saw with high disdain, 550  
And, as the chariot roll'd along the plain,  
Light from the ground he leapt, and seiz'd the rein.  
Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold,  
The coursers frighted, and their course controll'd.  
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung, 555  
And pierc'd his plated arms, but pass'd along,  
And only raz'd the skin. He turn'd, and held  
Against his threat'ning foe his ample shield;  
Then call'd for aid: but, while he cried in vain,  
The chariot bore him backward on the plain. 560  
He lies revers'd; the victor king descends,  
And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,  
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk  
With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.  
While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield, 565  
The wounded prince is forc'd to leave the field:  
Strong Mnestheus, and Achates often tried,  
And young Ascanius, weeping by his side,  
Conduct him to his tent. Scarce can he rear  
His limbs from earth, supported on his spear. 570  
Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,  
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.  
The steel remains. No readier way he found  
To draw the weapon, than t' inlarge the wound.  
Eager of fight, impatient of delay, 575  
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.  
Iapis was at hand to prove his art,  
Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's heart,  
That, for his love, he proffer'd to bestow  
His tuneful harp and his unerring bow. 580  
The pious youth, more studious how to save  
His aged sire, now sinking to the grave,  
Preferr'd the pow'r of plants, and silent praise  
Of healing arts, before Phœbean bays.  
Propp'd on his lance the pensive hero stood, 585

And heard and saw, unmov'd, the mourning crowd.  
The fam'd physician tucks his robes around  
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.  
With gentle touches he performs his part,  
This way and that, soliciting the dart, 590  
And exercises all his heav'nly art.  
All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,  
He presses out, and pours their noble juice.  
These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,  
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain. 595  
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd:  
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.  
Meantime the war approaches to the tents;  
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:  
The driving dust proclaims the danger near; 600  
And first their friends, and then their foes appear:  
Their friends retreat; their foes pursue the rear.  
The camp is fill'd with terror and affright:  
The hissing shafts within the trench alight;  
An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky, 605  
The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those who die.  
But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,  
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.  
A branch of healing dittany she brought,  
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought: 610  
Rough is the stem, which woolly leafs surround;  
The leafs with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple crown'd,  
Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief  
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.  
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd, and brews 615  
Th' extracted liquor with ambrosian dews,  
And od'rous panacee. Unseen she stands,  
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands,  
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd  
With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the wound. 620  
The leech, unknowing of superior art  
Which aids the cure, with this foment the part;  
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.  
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:  
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands, 625  
Moves up, and follows of its own accord,  
And health and vigor are at once restor'd.

Iapis first perceiv'd the closing wound,  
And first the footsteps of a god he found.  
"Arms! arms!" he cries; "the sword and shield prepare, 630  
And send the willing chief, renew'd, to war.  
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,  
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.  
Some god our general to the battle sends;  
Some god preserves his life for greater ends." 635  
The hero arms in haste; his hands infold  
His thighs with cuishes of refulgent gold:  
Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,  
That hand sustaining the celestial shield,  
This gripes the lance, and with such vigor shakes, 640  
That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.  
Then with a close embrace he strain'd his son,  
And, kissing thro' his helmet, thus begun:  
"My son, from my example learn the war,  
In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare; 645  
But happier chance than mine attend thy care!  
This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,  
And crown with honors of the conquer'd field:  
Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth  
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth; 650  
Assert thy birthright, and in arms be known,  
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' son."  
He said; and, striding, issued on the plain.  
Anteus and Mnestheus, and a num'rous train,  
Attend his steps; the rest their weapons take, 655  
And, crowding to the field, the camp forsake.  
A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around,  
Labors beneath their feet the trembling ground.  
Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far  
Beheld the progress of the moving war: 660  
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains,  
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.  
Juturna saw th' advancing troops appear,  
And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.  
Æneas leads; and draws a sweeping train, 665  
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.  
As when a whirlwind, rushing to the shore  
From the mid ocean, drives the waves before;  
The painful hind with heavy heart foresees

The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees; 670  
With like impetuous rage the prince appears  
Before his doubled front, nor less destruction bears.  
And now both armies shock in open field;  
Osiris is by strong Thymbræus kill'd.  
Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain 675  
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train)  
By Gyas', Mnestheus', and Achates' hand.  
The fatal augur falls, by whose command  
The truce was broken, and whose lance, embrued  
With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd. 680  
Loud shouts and clamors rend the liquid sky,  
And o'er the field the frightened Latins fly.  
The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,  
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few;  
Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain, 685  
He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.  
Juturna heard, and, seiz'd with mortal fear,  
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;  
Assumes his shape, his armor, and his mien,  
And, like Metiscus, in his seat is seen. 690  
As the black swallow near the palace plies;  
O'er empty courts, and under arches, flies;  
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,  
To furnish her loquacious nest with food:  
So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains; 695  
The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.  
She steers a various course among the foes;  
Now here, now there, her conqu'ring brother shows;  
Now with a straight, now with a wheeling flight,  
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight. 700  
Æneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,  
And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:  
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries  
To stop the chariot; but the chariot flies.  
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears, 705  
And far away the Daunian hero bears.  
What should he do! Nor arts nor arms avail;  
And various cares in vain his mind assail.  
The great Messapus, thund'ring thro' the field,  
In his left hand two pointed jav'lins held: 710  
Encount'ring on the prince, one dart he drew,

And with unerring aim and utmost vigor threw.  
Æneas saw it come, and, stooping low  
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threat'ning blow.  
The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore 715  
The waving plume which on his helm he wore.  
Forced by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,  
That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight,  
The Prince, whose piety had long repell'd  
His inborn ardor, now invades the field; 720  
Invokes the pow'rs of violated peace,  
Their rites and injur'd altars to redress;  
Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,  
With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.  
What god can tell, what numbers can display, 725  
The various labors of that fatal day;  
What chiefs and champions fell on either side,  
In combat slain, or by what deaths they died;  
Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd;  
Who shar'd the fame and fortune of the field! 730  
Jove, could'st thou view, and not avert thy sight,  
Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,  
Whom leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite!  
Æneas first Rutulian Sucro found,  
Whose valor made the Trojans quit their ground; 735  
Betwixt his ribs the jav'lin drove so just,  
It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.  
Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren slew;  
First from his horse fierce Amycus he threw:  
Then, leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd 740  
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.  
Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place;  
Their heads, distilling gore, his chariot grace.  
Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw,  
Whom without respite at one charge he slew: 745  
Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppress'd,  
And sad Onythes, added to the rest,  
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.  
Turnus two brothers from the Lycian shore,  
And from Apollo's fane to battle sent, 750  
O'erthrew; nor Phœbus could their fate prevent.  
Peaceful Menoetes after these he kill'd,  
Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:

On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,  
 And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread; 755  
 Nor pompous cares, nor palaces, he knew,  
 But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew:  
 Poor was his house; his father's painful hand  
 Discharg'd his rent, and plow'd another's land.  
 As flames among the lofty woods are thrown 760  
 On diff'rent sides, and both by winds are blown;  
 The laurels crackle in the sputt'ring fire;  
 The frighted sylvans from their shades retire:  
 Or as two neighb'ring torrents fall from high;  
 Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry; 765  
 They roll to sea with unresisted force,  
 And down the rocks precipitate their course:  
 Not with less rage the rival heroes take  
 Their diff'rent ways, nor less destruction make.  
 With spears afar, with swords at hand, they strike; 770  
 And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.  
 Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field;  
 And hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield:  
 They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;  
 And heaps of bodies raise the level ground. 775  
 Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs  
 From a long royal race of Latian kings,  
 Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,  
 Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone:  
 Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels, that bore 780  
 His living load, his dying body tore.  
 His starting steeds, to shun the glitt'ring sword,  
 Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.  
 Fierce Hyllus threaten'd high, and, face to face,  
 Affronted Turnus in the middle space: 785  
 The prince encounter'd him in full career,  
 And at his temples aim'd the deadly spear;  
 So fatally the flying weapon sped,  
 That thro' his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.  
 Nor, Cisseus, couldst thou scape from Turnus' hand, 790  
 In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian band:  
 Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford  
 Availing aid against th' Ænean sword,  
 Which to his naked heart pursued the course;  
 Nor could his plated shield sustain the force. 795



Iolas fell, whom not the Grecian pow'rs,  
 Nor great subverter of the Trojan tow'rs,  
 Were doom'd to kill, while Heav'n prolong'd his date;  
 But who can pass the bounds prefix'd by fate?  
 In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy, he held 800  
 Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:  
 Of all the mighty man, the last remains  
 A little spot of foreign earth contains.  
 And now both hosts their broken troops unite  
 In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight. 805  
 Seresthus and undaunted Mnestheus join  
 The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line:  
 Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads  
 The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.  
 They strike, they push, they throng the scanty space, 810  
 Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace;  
 And, where one falls, another fills his place.  
 The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son  
 To leave th' unfinish'd fight, and storm the town:  
 For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain 815  
 In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,  
 He views th' unguarded city from afar,  
 In careless quiet, and secure of war.  
 Occasion offers, and excites his mind  
 To dare beyond the task he first design'd. 820  
 Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight:  
 Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring height;  
 The crowding troops about their gen'ral stand,  
 All under arms, and wait his high command.  
 Then thus the lofty prince: "Hear and obey, 825  
 Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay  
 Jove is with us; and what I have decreed  
 Requires our utmost vigor, and our speed.  
 Your instant arms against the town prepare,  
 The source of mischief, and the seat of war. 830  
 This day the Latian tow'rs, that mate the sky,  
 Shall level with the plain in ashes lie:  
 The people shall be slaves, unless in time  
 They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.  
 Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain: 835  
 Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain?  
 Your force against the perjurd city bend.

There it began, and there the war shall end.  
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires;  
Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires." 840  
He finish'd; and, one soul inspiring all,  
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.  
Without the town, an unprovided train  
Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.  
Some firebrands, others scaling ladders bear, 845  
And those they toss aloft, and these they rear:  
The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,  
And clouds of missive arms obscure the sky.  
Advancing to the front, the hero stands,  
And, stretching out to heav'n his pious hands, 850  
Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,  
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian prince;  
Declares the royal honor doubly stain'd,  
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.  
Dissenting clamors in the town arise; 855  
Each will be heard, and all at once advise.  
One part for peace, and one for war contends;  
Some would exclude their foes, and some admit their friends.  
The helpless king is hurried in the throng,  
And, whate'er tide prevails, is borne along. 860  
Thus, when the swain, within a hollow rock,  
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,  
They run around, or labor on their wings,  
Disus'd to flight, and shoot their sleepy stings;  
To shun the bitter fumes in vain they try; 865  
Black vapors, issuing from the vent, involve the sky.  
But fate and envious fortune now prepare  
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.  
The queen, who saw the foes invade the town,  
And brands on tops of burning houses thrown, 870  
Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear—  
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.  
Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain,  
And then concludes the royal youth is slain.  
Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear 875  
The mighty grief, she loathes the vital air.  
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,  
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will;  
She raves against the gods; she beats her breast;

She tears with both her hands her purple vest: 880  
Then round a beam a running noose she tied,  
And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely died.  
Soon as the fatal news by Fame was blown,  
And to her dames and to her daughter known,  
The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair 885  
And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow share:  
With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of despair.  
The spreading rumor fills the public place:  
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,  
And silent shame, are seen in ev'ry face. 890  
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,  
Both for his public and his private woes;  
With filth his venerable beard besmears,  
And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs.  
And much he blames the softness of his mind, 895  
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,  
And soon seduc'd to change what he so well design'd;  
To break the solemn league so long desir'd,  
Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy, requir'd.  
Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains, 900  
And here and there some straggling foes he gleans.  
His flying coursers please him less and less,  
Asham'd of easy fight and cheap success.  
Thus half-contented, anxious in his mind,  
The distant cries come driving in the wind, 905  
Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs drown'd;  
A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.  
"Alas!" said he, "what mean these dismal cries?  
What doleful clamors from the town arise?"  
Confus'd, he stops, and backward pulls the reins. 910  
She who the driver's office now sustains,  
Replies: "Neglect, my lord, these new alarms;  
Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms:  
There want not others to defend the wall.  
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall, 915  
So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,  
In honor equal, equal in success."  
To this, the prince: "O sister—for I knew  
The peace infring'd proceeded first from you;  
I knew you, when you mingled first in fight; 920  
And now in vain you would deceive my sight—

Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?  
 Who sent you down from heav'n, involv'd in air,  
 Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,  
 And see your brother bleeding on the plain? 925  
 For to what pow'r can Turnus have recourse,  
 Or how resist his fate's prevailing force?  
 These eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground:  
 Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.  
 I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath, 930  
 My name invoking to revenge his death.  
 Brave Ufens fell with honor on the place,  
 To shun the shameful sight of my disgrace.  
 On earth supine, a manly corpse he lies;  
 His vest and armor are the victor's prize. 935  
 Then, shall I see Laurentum in a flame,  
 Which only wanted, to complete my shame?  
 How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight!  
 How Drances will insult and point them to the sight!  
 Is death so hard to bear? Ye gods below, 940  
 (Since those above so small compassion show,)  
 Receive a soul unsullied yet with shame,  
 Which not belies my great forefather's name!"  
 He said; and while he spoke, with flying speed  
 Came Sages urging on his foamy steed: 945  
 Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,  
 And, seeking Turnus, sent his voice before:  
 "Turnus, on you, on you alone, depends  
 Our last relief: compassionate your friends!  
 Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on, 950  
 With arms invests, with flames invades the town:  
 The brands are toss'd on high; the winds conspire  
 To drive along the deluge of the fire.  
 All eyes are fix'd on you: your foes rejoice;  
 Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice; 955  
 Doubts to deliver or defend the town,  
 Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.  
 The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,  
 Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.  
 'T is true, Messapus, fearless of his fate, 960  
 With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:  
 On ev'ry side surrounded by the foe,  
 The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;

An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow.  
 You, far aloof from your forsaken bands, 965  
 Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty sands."  
 Stupid he sate, his eyes on earth declin'd,  
 And various cares revolving in his mind:  
 Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breast,  
 And sorrow mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd; 970  
 And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his thought,  
 And love by jealousy to madness wrought.  
 By slow degrees his reason drove away  
 The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.  
 Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look, 975  
 And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.  
 A wooden tow'r with flames already blaz'd,  
 Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd;  
 And bridges laid above to join the space,  
 And wheels below to roll from place to place. 980  
 "Sister, the Fates have vanquish'd: let us go  
 The way which Heav'n and my hard fortune show.  
 The fight is fix'd; nor shall the branded name  
 Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.  
 Death is my choice; but suffer me to try 985  
 My force, and vent my rage before I die."  
 He said; and, leaping down without delay,  
 Thro' crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.  
 Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,  
 And left the grieving goddess far behind. 990  
 As when a fragment, from a mountain torn  
 By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,  
 Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots—  
 Prone thro' the void the rocky ruin shoots,  
 Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep; 995  
 Down sink, at once, the shepherds and their sheep:  
 Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground;  
 Stunn'd with the shock they fall, and stunn'd from earth rebound:  
 So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,  
 Should'ring and shoving, bore the squadrons down. 1000  
 Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew,  
 Where shafts, and spears, and darts promiscuous flew,  
 And sanguine streams the slipp'ry ground embrue.  
 First stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,  
 He cries aloud, to make the combat cease: 1005

“Rutulians, hold; and Latin troops, retire!  
The fight is mine; and me the gods require.  
’T is just that I should vindicate alone  
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.  
This day shall free from wars th’ Ausonian state, 1010  
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate.”  
Both armies from their bloody work desist,  
And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.  
The Trojan hero, who receiv’d from fame  
The welcome sound, and heard the champion’s name, 1015  
Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls,  
Greedy of war where greater glory calls.  
He springs to fight, exulting in his force;  
His jointed armor rattles in the course.  
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows, 1020  
Or Father Apennine, when, white with snows,  
His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,  
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.  
The nations, overaw’d, surcease the fight;  
Immovable their bodies, fix’d their sight. 1025  
Ev’n death stands still; nor from above they throw  
Their darts, nor drive their batt’ring-rams below.  
In silent order either army stands,  
And drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.  
Th’ Ausonian king beholds, with wond’ring sight, 1030  
Two mighty champions match’d in single fight,  
Born under climes remote, and brought by fate,  
With swords to try their titles to the state.  
Now, in clos’d field, each other from afar  
They view; and, rushing on, begin the war. 1035  
They launch their spears; then hand to hand they meet;  
The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet:  
Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from high,  
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.  
Courage conspires with chance, and both engage 1040  
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.  
As when two bulls for their fair female fight  
In Sila’s shades, or on Taburnus’ height;  
With horns adverse they meet; the keeper flies;  
Mute stands the herd; the heifers roll their eyes, 1045  
And wait th’ event; which victor they shall bear,  
And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty year:

With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,  
 And push for push, and wound for wound return;  
 Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood; 1050  
 Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow thro' the wood:  
 Such was the combat in the listed ground;  
 So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.  
 Jove sets the beam; in either scale he lays  
 The champions' fate, and each exactly weighs. 1055  
 On this side, life and lucky chance ascends;  
 Loaded with death, that other scale descends.  
 Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow  
 Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:  
 Shrill shouts and clamors ring on either side, 1060  
 As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.  
 But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,  
 And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.  
 Now 't is but death, or flight; disarm'd he flies,  
 When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies. 1065  
 Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,  
 Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,  
 Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste could find.  
 'T was not the fated sword his father bore,  
 But that his charioteer Metiscus wore. 1070  
 This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held;  
 But, vain against the great Vulcanian shield,  
 The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand:  
 The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.  
 Surpris'd with fear, he fled along the field, 1075  
 And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd;  
 For here the Trojan troops the list surround,  
 And there the pass is clos'd with pools and marshy ground.  
 Æneas hastens, tho' with heavier pace—  
 His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase, 1080  
 And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse—  
 Yet, pressing foot by foot, his foe pursues.  
 Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around  
 With crimson toils, or in a river found,  
 High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears, 1085  
 Still opening, following still, where'er he steers;  
 The persecuted creature, to and fro,  
 Turns here and there, to scape his Umbrian foe:  
 Steep is th' ascent, and, if he gains the land,

The purple death is pitch'd along the strand. 1090  
His eager foe, determin'd to the chase,  
Stretch'd at his length, gains ground at ev'ry pace;  
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,  
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey:  
Just at the pinch, the stag springs out with fear; 1095  
He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with air:  
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows ring with cries;  
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the skies.  
Thus flies the Daunian prince, and, flying, blames  
His tardy troops, and, calling by their names, 1100  
Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats  
The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats  
To lay in ashes, if they dare supply  
With arms or aid his vanquish'd enemy:  
Thus menacing, he still pursues the course, 1105  
With vigor, tho' diminish'd of his force.  
Ten times already round the listed place  
One chief had fled, and t'other giv'n the chase:  
No trivial prize is play'd; for on the life  
Or death of Turnus now depends the strife. 1110  
Within the space, an olive tree had stood,  
A sacred shade, a venerable wood,  
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins' guardian god.  
Here hung the vests, and tablets were ingrav'd,  
Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd. 1115  
With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,  
To make the ground inclos'd for combat free.  
Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,  
Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance;  
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to free 1120  
Th' incumber'd spear from the tenacious tree;  
That, whom his fainting limbs pursued in vain,  
His flying weapon might from far attain.  
Confus'd with fear, bereft of human aid,  
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus pray'd: 1125  
"O Faunus, pity! and thou Mother Earth,  
Where I thy foster son receiv'd my birth,  
Hold fast the steel! If my religious hand  
Your plant has honor'd, which your foes profan'd,  
Propitious hear my pious pray'r!" He said, 1130  
Nor with successless vows invok'd their aid.



Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd;  
 But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.  
 Juturna took her time; and, while in vain  
 He strove, assum'd Meticus' form again, 1135  
 And, in that imitated shape, restor'd  
 To the despairing prince his Daunian sword.  
 The Queen of Love, who, with disdain and grief,  
 Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief,  
 T' assert her offspring with a greater deed, 1140  
 From the tough root the ling'ring weapon freed.  
 Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance:  
 One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance;  
 And both resolv'd alike to try their fatal chance.  
 Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke, 1145  
 Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock:  
 "What new arrest, O Queen of Heav'n, is sent  
 To stop the Fates now lab'ring in th' event?  
 What farther hopes are left thee to pursue?  
 Divine Æneas, (and thou know'st it too,) 1150  
 Foredoom'd, to these celestial seats are due.  
 What more attempts for Turnus can be made,  
 That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely shade?  
 Is it becoming of the due respect  
 And awful honor of a god elect, 1155  
 A wound unworthy of our state to feel,  
 Patient of human hands and earthly steel?  
 Or seems it just, the sister should restore  
 A second sword, when one was lost before,  
 And arm a conquer'd wretch against his conqueror? 1160  
 For what, without thy knowledge and avow,  
 Nay more, thy dictate, durst Juturna do?  
 At last, in deference to my love, forbear  
 To lodge within thy soul this anxious care;  
 Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload: 1165  
 Who should relieve the goddess, but the god?  
 Now all things to their utmost issue tend,  
 Push'd by the Fates to their appointed end.  
 While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour  
 For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted pow'r, 1170  
 Toss'd on the seas, thou couldst thy foes distress,  
 And, driv'n ashore, with hostile arms oppress;  
 Deform the royal house; and, from the side

Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:  
 Now cease at my command." The Thund'rer said; 1175  
 And, with dejected eyes, this answer Juno made:  
 "Because your dread decree too well I knew,  
 From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew.  
 Else should you not behold me here, alone,  
 Involv'd in empty clouds, my friends bemoan, 1180  
 But, girt with vengeful flames, in open sight  
 Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.  
 'T is true, Juturna mingled in the strife  
 By my command, to save her brother's life—  
 At least to try; but, by the Stygian lake, 1185  
 (The most religious oath the gods can take,)  
 With this restriction, not to bend the bow,  
 Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.  
 And now, resign'd to your superior might,  
 And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loathe the fight. 1190  
 This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)  
 Both for myself and for your father's land,  
 That, when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,  
 (Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless,)  
 The laws of either nation be the same; 1195  
 But let the Latins still retain their name,  
 Speak the same language which they spoke before,  
 Wear the same habits which their grandsires wore.  
 Call them not Trojans: perish the renown  
 And name of Troy, with that detested town. 1200  
 Latium be Latium still; let Alba reign  
 And Rome's immortal majesty remain."  
 Then thus the founder of mankind replies  
 (Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes):  
 "Can Saturn's issue, and heav'n's other heir, 1205  
 Such endless anger in her bosom bear?  
 Be mistress, and your full desires obtain;  
 But quench the choler you foment in vain.  
 From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung,  
 Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue. 1210  
 The Trojans to their customs shall be tied:  
 I will, myself, their common rites provide;  
 The natives shall command, the foreigners subside.  
 All shall be Latium; Troy without a name;  
 And her lost sons forget from whence they came. 1215

From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall flow,  
Equal to gods, excelling all below.  
No nation more respect to you shall pay,  
Or greater off'rings on your altars lay."  
Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires 1220  
Had found success, and from the cloud retires.  
The peace thus made, the Thund'rer next prepares  
To force the wat'ry goddess from the wars.  
Deep in the dismal regions void of light,  
Three daughters at a birth were born to Night: 1225  
These their brown mother, brooding on her care,  
Indued with windy wings to flit in air,  
With serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing hair.  
In heav'n the Diræ call'd, and still at hand,  
Before the throne of angry Jove they stand, 1230  
His ministers of wrath, and ready still  
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill,  
Whene'er the moody sire, to wreak his hate  
On realms or towns deserving of their fate,  
Hurls down diseases, death and deadly care, 1235  
And terrifies the guilty world with war.  
One sister plague if these from heav'n he sent,  
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.  
The pest comes whirling down: by far more slow  
Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow, 1240  
Or Cydon yew, when, traversing the skies,  
And drench'd in pois'nous juice, the sure destruction flies.  
With such a sudden and unseen a flight  
Shot thro' the clouds the daughter of the night.  
Soon as the field inclos'd she had in view, 1245  
And from afar her destin'd quarry knew,  
Contracted, to the boding bird she turns,  
Which haunts the ruin'd piles and hallow'd urns,  
And beats about the tombs with nightly wings,  
Where songs obscene on sepulchers she sings. 1250  
Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries  
The Fury round unhappy Turnus flies,  
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.  
A lazy chillness crept along his blood;  
Chok'd was his voice; his hair with horror stood. 1255  
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,  
And knew th' ill omen, by her screaming cry

And stridor of her wings. Amaz'd with fear,  
 Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flowing hair.  
 "Ah me!" she cries, "in this unequal strife 1260  
 What can thy sister more to save thy life?  
 Weak as I am, can I, alas! contend  
 In arms with that inexorable fiend?  
 Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright  
 My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night; 1265  
 The lashing of your wings I know too well,  
 The sounding flight, and fun'ral screams of hell!  
 These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,  
 The worthy recompense of ravish'd love!  
 Did he for this exempt my life from fate? 1270  
 O hard conditions of immortal state,  
 Tho' born to death, not privileg'd to die,  
 But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!  
 Take back your envious bribes, and let me go  
 Companion to my brother's ghost below! 1275  
 The joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains,  
 Of life immortal, but immortal pains.  
 What earth will open her devouring womb,  
 To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!"  
 She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said, 1280  
 But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her head,  
 Then plung'd into her stream, with deep despair,  
 And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.  
 Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear  
 Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear: 1285  
 "What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?  
 What empty hopes are harbor'd in his mind?  
 'T is not thy swiftness can secure thy flight;  
 Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.  
 Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare 1290  
 What skill and courage can attempt in war;  
 Wish for the wings of winds, to mount the sky;  
 Or hid, within the hollow earth to lie!"  
 The champion shook his head, and made this short reply:  
 "No threats of thine my manly mind can move; 1295  
 'T is hostile heav'n I dread, and partial Jove."  
 He said no more, but, with a sigh, repress'd  
 The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.  
 Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,

An antique stone he saw, the common bound 1300  
Of neighb'ring fields, and barrier of the ground;  
So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days  
Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.  
He heav'd it at a lift, and, pois'd on high,  
Ran stagg'ring on against his enemy, 1305  
But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew  
His way, or what unwieldly weight he threw.  
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load,  
And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.  
The stone drops from his arms, and, falling short 1310  
For want of vigor, mocks his vain effort.  
And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,  
The sickly fancy labors in the night;  
We seem to run; and, destitute of force,  
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course: 1315  
In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry;  
The nerves, unbrac'd, their usual strength deny;  
And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die:  
So Turnus far'd; whatever means he tried,  
All force of arms and points of art employ'd, 1320  
The Fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavor void.  
A thousand various thoughts his soul confound;  
He star'd about, nor aid nor issue found;  
His own men stop the pass, and his own walls surround.  
Once more he pauses, and looks out again, 1325  
And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.  
Trembling he views the thund'ring chief advance,  
And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:  
Amaz'd he cow'rs beneath his conqu'ring foe,  
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow. 1330  
Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,  
Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.  
The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,  
The destin'd mark; and, rising as he threw,  
With its full swing the fatal weapon flew. 1335  
Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,  
Or stones from batt'ring-engines break the walls:  
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,  
The lance drove on, and bore the death along.  
Naught could his sev'nfold shield the prince avail, 1340  
Nor aught, beneath his arms, the coat of mail:

It pierc'd thro' all, and with a grisly wound  
Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.  
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:  
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply. 1345  
Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,  
With eyes cast upward, and with arms display'd,  
And, recreant, thus to the proud victor pray'd:  
"I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:  
Use what the gods and thy good fortune give. 1350  
Yet think, O think, if mercy may be shown—  
Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son—  
Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave;  
And for Anchises' sake old Daunus save!  
Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death, 1355  
Give to my friends my body void of breath!  
The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life;  
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife:  
Against a yielded man, 't is mean ignoble strife."  
In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to stand, 1360  
And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand.  
He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt  
His manly soul with more compassion melt;  
When, casting down a casual glance, he spied  
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side, 1365  
The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus tore  
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.  
Then, rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries  
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes):  
"Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend, 1370  
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?  
To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go!  
'T is Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow."  
He rais'd his arm aloft, and, at the word,  
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword. 1375  
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around,  
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the wound.

Publius Vergilius Maro

## The Aeneid Of Virgil: Book 2

ALL were attentive to the godlike man,  
When from his lofty couch he thus began:  
"Great queen, what you command me to relate  
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate:  
An empire from its old foundations rent, 5  
And ev'ry woe the Trojans underwent;  
A peopled city made a desart place;  
All that I saw, and part of which I was:  
Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,  
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear. 10  
And now the latter watch of wasting night,  
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite;  
But, since you take such int'rest in our woe,  
And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,  
I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell 15  
What in our last and fatal night befell.  
"By destiny compell'd, and in despair,  
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war,  
And by Minerva's aid a fabric rear'd,  
Which like a steed of monstrous height appear'd: 20  
The sides were plank'd with pine; they feign'd it made  
For their return, and this the vow they paid.  
Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side  
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:  
With inward arms the dire machine they load, 25  
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.  
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle  
(While Fortune did on Priam's empire smile)  
Renown'd for wealth; but, since, a faithless bay,  
Where ships expos'd to wind and weather lay. 30  
There was their fleet conceal'd. We thought, for Greece  
Their sails were hoisted, and our fears release.  
The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,  
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,  
Like swarming bees, and with delight survey 35  
The camp deserted, where the Grecians lay:  
The quarters of the sev'ral chiefs they show'd;  
Here Phœnix, here Achilles, made abode;  
Here join'd the battles; there the navy rode.

Part on the pile their wond'ring eyes employ: 40  
The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy.  
Thymoetes first ('t is doubtful whether hir'd,  
Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)  
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,  
To lodge the monster fabric in the town. 45  
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,  
The fatal present to the flames designed,  
Or to the wat'ry deep; at least to bore  
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore.  
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide, 50  
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.  
Laocoon, follow'd by a num'rous crowd,  
Ran from the fort, and cried, from far, aloud:  
'O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?  
What more than madness has possess'd your brains? 55  
Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone?  
And are Ulysses' arts no better known?  
This hollow fabric either must inclose,  
Within its blind recess, our secret foes;  
Or 't is an engine rais'd above the town, 60  
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.  
Somewhat is sure design'd, by fraud or force:  
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.'  
Thus having said, against the steed he threw  
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew, 65  
Pierc'd thro' the yielding planks of jointed wood,  
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.  
The sides, transpierc'd, return a rattling sound,  
And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing thro' the wound.  
And, had not Heav'n the fall of Troy design'd, 70  
Or had not men been fated to be blind,  
Enough was said and done t' inspire a better mind.  
Then had our lances pierc'd the treach'rous wood,  
And Ilian tow'rs and Priam's empire stood.  
Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring 75  
A captive Greek, in bands, before the king;  
Taken to take; who made himself their prey,  
T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray;  
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent  
To die undaunted, or to circumvent. 80  
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;



All press to see, and some insult the foe.  
 Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd;  
 Behold a nation in a man compris'd.  
 Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound; 85  
 He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around,  
 Then said: 'Alas! what earth remains, what sea  
 Is open to receive unhappy me?  
 What fate a wretched fugitive attends,  
 Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends?' 90  
 He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:  
 Our pity kindles, and our passions die.  
 We cheer the youth to make his own defense,  
 And freely tell us what he was, and whence:  
 What news he could impart, we long to know, 95  
 And what to credit from a captive foe.  
 "His fear at length dismiss'd, he said: 'Whate'er  
 My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:  
 I neither can nor dare my birth disclaim;  
 Greece is my country, Sinon is my name. 100  
 Tho' plung'd by Fortune's pow'r in misery,  
 'T is not in Fortune's pow'r to make me lie.  
 If any chance has hither brought the name  
 Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,  
 Who suffer'd from the malice of the times, 105  
 Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes,  
 Because these fatal wars he would prevent;  
 Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament—  
 Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare  
 Of other means, committed to his care, 110  
 His kinsman and companion in the war.  
 While Fortune favor'd, while his arms support  
 The cause, and rul'd the counsels, of the court,  
 I made some figure there; nor was my name  
 Obscure, nor I without my share of fame. 115  
 But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,  
 Had made impression in the people's hearts,  
 And forg'd a treason in my patron's name  
 (I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame),  
 My kinsman fell. Then I, without support, 120  
 In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.  
 Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate  
 With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state,

And curs'd the direful author of my woes.  
 'T was told again; and hence my ruin rose. 125  
 I threaten'd, if indulgent Heav'n once more  
 Would land me safely on my native shore,  
 His death with double vengeance to restore.  
 This mov'd the murderer's hate; and soon ensued  
 Th' effects of malice from a man so proud. 130  
 Ambiguous rumors thro' the camp he spread,  
 And sought, by treason, my devoted head;  
 New crimes invented; left unturn'd no stone,  
 To make my guilt appear, and hide his own;  
 Till Calchas was by force and threat'ning wrought— 135  
 But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?  
 If on my nation just revenge you seek,  
 And 't is t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;  
 Already you my name and country know;  
 Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow: 140  
 My death will both the kingly brothers please,  
 And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.'  
 This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,  
 Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts:  
 Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts. 145  
 His former trembling once again renew'd,  
 With acted fear, the villain thus pursued:  
 "Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,  
 And wearied with an unsuccessful war)  
 Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town; 150  
 And, had the gods permitted, they had gone;  
 But oft the wintry seas and southern winds  
 Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their minds.  
 Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;  
 But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd: 155  
 Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,  
 And thunders rattled thro' a sky serene.  
 Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,  
 Eurypylus t' enquire their fate was sent.  
 He from the gods this dreadful answer brought: 160  
 "O Grecians, when the Trojan shores you sought,  
 Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought:  
 So must your safe return be bought again,  
 And Grecian blood once more atone the main."  
 The spreading rumor round the people ran; 165

All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the man.  
 Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright;  
 Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open sight:  
 Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate  
 The public victim, to redeem the state. 170  
 Already some presag'd the dire event,  
 And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.  
 For twice five days the good old seer withstood  
 Th' intended treason, and was dumb to blood,  
 Till, tir'd, with endless clamors and pursuit 175  
 Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute;  
 But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I  
 Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die.  
 All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm should fall  
 On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all. 180  
 The dismal day was come; the priests prepare  
 Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.  
 I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow  
 I broke my bonds and fled the fatal blow.  
 Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay, 185  
 Secure of safety when they sail'd away.  
 But now what further hopes for me remain,  
 To see my friends, or native soil, again;  
 My tender infants, or my careful sire,  
 Whom they returning will to death require; 190  
 Will perpetrate on them their first design,  
 And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?  
 Which, O! if pity mortal minds can move,  
 If there be faith below, or gods above,  
 If innocence and truth can claim desert, 195  
 Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.'  
 "False tears true pity move; the king commands  
 To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:  
 Then adds these friendly words: 'Dismiss thy fears;  
 Forget the Greeks; be mine as thou wert theirs. 200  
 But truly tell, was it for force or guile,  
 Or some religious end, you rais'd the pile?'  
 Thus said the king. He, full of fraudulent arts,  
 This well-invented tale for truth imparts:  
 'Ye lamps of heav'n!' he said, and lifted high 205  
 His hands now free, 'thou venerable sky!  
 Inviolable pow'rs, ador'd with dread!

Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head!  
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled!  
Be all of you adjur'd; and grant I may, 210  
Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray,  
Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,  
And justly punish whom I justly hate!  
But you, O king, preserve the faith you gave,  
If I, to save myself, your empire save. 215  
The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,  
Were only founded on Minerva's aid.  
But from the time when impious Diomede,  
And false Ulysses, that inventive head,  
Her fatal image from the temple drew, 220  
The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,  
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands  
Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands;  
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,  
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before: 225  
Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd;  
And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.  
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare  
Her alter'd mind and alienated care.  
When first her fatal image touch'd the ground, 230  
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,  
That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:  
Her heav'nly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.  
Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield  
Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield. 235  
Then Calchas bade our host for flight prepare,  
And hope no conquest from the tedious war,  
Till first they sail'd for Greece; with pray'rs besought  
Her injur'd pow'r, and better omens brought.  
And now their navy plows the wat'ry main, 240  
Yet soon expect it on your shores again,  
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.  
But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid  
For her stol'n statue and her tow'r betray'd,  
Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name 245  
We rais'd and dedicate this wondrous frame,  
So lofty, lest thro' your forbidden gates  
It pass, and intercept our better fates:  
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;

And Troy may then a new Palladium boast; 250  
For so religion and the gods ordain,  
That, if you violate with hands profane  
Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn,  
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn!)  
But if it climb, with your assisting hands, 255  
The Trojan walls, and in the city stands;  
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,  
And the reverse of fate on us return.'  
"With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,  
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts. 260  
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater son,  
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege, had done—  
False tears and fawning words the city won.  
"A greater omen, and of worse portent,  
Did our unwary minds with fear torment, 265  
Concurring to produce the dire event.  
Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,  
With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer;  
When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spied  
Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide, 270  
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.  
Their flaming crests above the waves they show;  
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below;  
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,  
And on the sounding shore the flying billows force. 275  
And now the strand, and now the plain they held;  
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd;  
Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,  
And lick'd their hissing jaws, that sputter'd flame.  
We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take, 280  
And to Laocoon and his children make;  
And first around the tender boys they wind,  
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind  
The wretched father, running to their aid  
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade; 285  
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd;  
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.  
The priest thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,  
And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.  
With both his hands he labors at the knots; 290  
His holy fillets the blue venom blots;

His roaring fills the flitting air around.  
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,  
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,  
And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies. 295  
Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,  
And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way:  
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there  
By her large buckler and protended spear.  
Amazement seizes all; the gen'ral cry 300  
Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,  
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,  
And dared to violate the sacred wood.  
All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid  
And incense offer'd to th' offended maid. 305  
A spacious breach is made; the town lies bare;  
Some hoisting-levers, some the wheels prepare  
And fasten to the horse's feet; the rest  
With cables haul along th' unwieldy beast.  
Each on his fellow for assistance calls; 310  
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,  
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,  
And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.  
Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,  
It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town. 315  
O sacred city, built by hands divine!  
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!  
Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound  
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.  
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate, 320  
We haul along the horse in solemn state;  
Then place the dire portent within the tow'r.  
Cassandra cried, and curs'd th' unhappy hour;  
Foretold our fate; but, by the god's decree,  
All heard, and none believ'd the prophecy. 325  
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste,  
In jollity, the day ordain'd to be the last.  
Meantime the rapid heav'ns roll'd down the light,  
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night;  
Our men, secure, nor guards nor sentries held, 330  
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.  
The Grecians had embark'd their naval pow'rs  
From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores,

Safe under covert of the silent night,  
 And guided by th' imperial galley's light; 335  
 When Sinon, favor'd by the partial gods,  
 Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;  
 Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,  
 Who joyful from their long confinement rose.  
 Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their guide, 340  
 And dire Ulysses down the cable slide:  
 Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haste;  
 Nor was the Podalirian hero last,  
 Nor injur'd Menelaus, nor the fam'd  
 Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd. 345  
 A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join  
 T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.  
 Those few they find awake first meet their fate;  
 Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.  
 "T was in the dead of night, when sleep repairs 350  
 Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,  
 When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:  
 A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears;  
 Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,  
 Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain. 355  
 Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust  
 Thro' the bor'd holes; his body black with dust;  
 Unlike that Hector who return'd from toils  
 Of war, triumphant, in Æacian spoils,  
 Or him who made the fainting Greeks retire, 360  
 And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.  
 His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;  
 And all the wounds he for his country bore  
 Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.  
 I wept to see the visionary man, 365  
 And, while my trance continued, thus began:  
 'O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,  
 Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!  
 O, long expected by thy friends! from whence  
 Art thou so late return'd for our defense? 370  
 Do we behold thee, wearied as we are  
 With length of labors, and with toils of war?  
 After so many fun'rals of thy own  
 Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?  
 But say, what wounds are these? What new disgrace 375

Deforms the manly features of thy face?'  
 "To this the specter no reply did frame,  
 But answer'd to the cause for which he came,  
 And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,  
 This warning in these mournful words express'd: 380  
 'O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,  
 The flames and horrors of this fatal night.  
 The foes already have possess'd the wall;  
 Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.  
 Enough is paid to Priam's royal name, 385  
 More than enough to duty and to fame.  
 If by a mortal hand my father's throne  
 Could be defended, 't was by mine alone.  
 Now Troy to thee commends her future state,  
 And gives her gods companions of thy fate: 390  
 From their assistance happier walls expect,  
 Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.'  
 He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,  
 The venerable statues of the gods,  
 With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir, 395  
 The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.  
 "Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,  
 Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war:  
 The noise approaches, tho' our palace stood  
 Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood. 400  
 Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms  
 Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.  
 Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer stay,  
 But mount the terrace, thence the town survey,  
 And hearken what the frightful sounds convey. 405  
 Thus, when a flood of fire by wind is borne,  
 Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn;  
 Or deluges, descending on the plains,  
 Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains  
 Of lab'ring oxen and the peasant's gains; 410  
 Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away  
 Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey:  
 The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far  
 The wasteful ravage of the wat'ry war.  
 Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd, 415  
 And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd.  
 The palace of Deiphobus ascends



In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.  
 Ucalegon burns next: the seas are bright  
 With splendor not their own, and shine with Trojan light. 420  
 New clamors and new clangors now arise,  
 The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.  
 With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,  
 Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms,  
 But first to gather friends, with them t' oppose 425  
 (If fortune favor'd) and repel the foes;  
 Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd,  
 With sense of honor and revenge inspir'd.  
 "Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,  
 Had scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame: 430  
 With relics loaden, to my doors he fled,  
 And by the hand his tender grandson led.  
 'What hope, O Pantheus? whither can we run?  
 Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?'  
 Scarce had I said, when Pantheus, with a groan: 435  
 'Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!  
 The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,  
 When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom  
 Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.  
 The fire consumes the town, the foe commands; 440  
 And armed hosts, an unexpected force,  
 Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.  
 Within the gates, proud Sinon throws about  
 The flames; and foes for entrance press without,  
 With thousand others, whom I fear to name, 445  
 More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.  
 To sev'ral posts their parties they divide;  
 Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide:  
 The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprise;  
 Who fights finds death, and death finds him who flies. 450  
 The warders of the gate but scarce maintain  
 Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.'  
 "I heard; and Heav'n, that well-born souls inspires,  
 Prompts me thro' lifted swords and rising fires  
 To run where clashing arms and clamor calls, 455  
 And rush undaunted to defend the walls.  
 Ripheus and Iph'itus by my side engage,  
 For valor one renown'd, and one for age.  
 Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew

My motions and my mien, and to my party drew; 460  
 With young Coroebus, who by love was led  
 To win renown and fair Cassandra's bed,  
 And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid,  
 Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid.  
 Whom when I saw resolv'd in arms to fall, 465  
 And that one spirit animated all:  
 'Brave souls!' said I,—'but brave, alas! in vain—  
 Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.  
 You see the desp'rate state of our affairs,  
 And heav'n's protecting pow'rs are deaf to pray'rs. 470  
 The passive gods behold the Greeks defile  
 Their temples, and abandon to the spoil  
 Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire  
 To save a sinking town, involv'd in fire.  
 Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes: 475  
 Despair of life the means of living shows.'  
 So bold a speech encourag'd their desire  
 Of death, and added fuel to their fire.  
 "As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,  
 Scour thro' the fields, nor fear the stormy night— 480  
 Their whelps at home expect the promis'd food,  
 And long to temper their dry chaps in blood—  
 So rush'd we forth at once; resolv'd to die,  
 Resolv'd, in death, the last extremes to try.  
 We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare 485  
 Th' unequal combat in the public square:  
 Night was our friend; our leader was despair.  
 What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night?  
 What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright?  
 An ancient and imperial city falls: 490  
 The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals;  
 Houses and holy temples float in blood,  
 And hostile nations make a common flood.  
 Not only Trojans fall; but, in their turn,  
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn. 495  
 Ours take new courage from despair and night:  
 Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.  
 All parts resound with tumults, complaints, and fears;  
 And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.  
 Androgeos fell among us, with his band, 500  
 Who thought us Grecians newly come to land.

'From whence,' said he, 'my friends, this long delay?  
 You loiter, while the spoils are borne away:  
 Our ships are laden with the Trojan store;  
 And you, like truants, come too late ashore.' 505  
 He said, but soon corrected his mistake,  
 Found, by the doubtful answers which we make:  
 Amaz'd, he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight;  
 But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.  
 As when some peasant, in a bushy brake, 510  
 Has with unwary footing press'd a snake;  
 He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies  
 His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;  
 So from our arms surpris'd Androgeos flies.  
 In vain; for him and his we compass'd round, 515  
 Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground,  
 And of their lives an easy conquest found.  
 Thus Fortune on our first endeavor smil'd.  
 Coroebus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,  
 Swoln with success, and of a daring mind, 520  
 This new invention fatally design'd.  
 'My friends,' said he, 'since Fortune shows the way,  
 'T is fit we should th' auspicious guide obey.  
 For what has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,  
 But their destruction, and the Trojans' good? 525  
 Then change we shields, and their devices bear:  
 Let fraud supply the want of force in war.  
 They find us arms.' This said, himself he dress'd  
 In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,  
 His painted buckler, and his plummy crest. 530  
 Thus Ripheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,  
 Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.  
 Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,  
 Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage;  
 Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet, 535  
 And strew with Grecian carcasses the street.  
 Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,  
 Some to the shore and safer ships retreat;  
 And some, oppress'd with more ignoble fear,  
 Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret there. 540  
 "But, ah! what use of valor can be made,  
 When heav'n's propitious pow'rs refuse their aid!  
 Behold the royal prophetess, the fair

Cassandra, dragg'd by her dishevel'd hair,  
Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred bands, 545  
In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:  
On heav'n she cast her eyes, she sigh'd, she cried—  
'T was all she could—her tender arms were tied.  
So sad a sight Coroebus could not bear;  
But, fir'd with rage, distracted with despair, 550  
Amid the barb'rous ravishers he flew:  
Our leader's rash example we pursue.  
But storms of stones, from the proud temple's height,  
Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:  
We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow, 555  
Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in show.  
They aim at the mistaken crests, from high;  
And ours beneath the pond'rous ruin lie.  
Then, mov'd with anger and disdain, to see  
Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin free, 560  
The Grecians rally, and their pow'rs unite,  
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.  
The brother kings with Ajax join their force,  
And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.  
"Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try, 565  
Contending for the kingdom of the sky,  
South, east, and west, on airy coursers borne;  
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:  
Then Nereus strikes the deep; the billows rise,  
And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies. 570  
The troops we squander'd first again appear  
From several quarters, and enclose the rear.  
They first observe, and to the rest betray,  
Our diff'rent speech; our borrow'd arms survey.  
Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Coroebus first, 575  
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.  
Then Ripheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;  
Just of his word, observant of the right:  
Heav'n thought not so. Dymas their fate attends,  
With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends. 580  
Nor, Pantheus, thee, thy miter, nor the bands  
Of awful Phœbus, sav'd from impious hands.  
Ye Trojan flames, your testimony bear,  
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there;  
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife, 585

Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life;  
Witness, ye heavens! I live not by my fault:  
I strove to have deserv'd the death I sought.  
But, when I could not fight, and would have died,  
Borne off to distance by the growing tide, 590  
Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence,  
With Pelias wounded, and without defense.  
New clamors from th' invested palace ring:  
We run to die, or disengage the king.  
So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose, 595  
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose  
As all the Dardan and Argolic race  
Had been contracted in that narrow space;  
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,  
And tumult, war, and slaughter, only there. 600  
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes,  
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:  
Some mount the scaling ladders; some, more bold,  
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold;  
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' ascent, 605  
While with their right they seize the battlement.  
From their demolish'd tow'rs the Trojans throw  
Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe;  
And heavy beams and rafters from the sides  
(Such arms their last necessity provides) 610  
And gilded roofs, come tumbling from on high,  
The marks of state and ancient royalty.  
The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend  
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.  
Renew'd in courage with recover'd breath, 615  
A second time we ran to tempt our death,  
To clear the palace from the foe, succeed  
The weary living, and revenge the dead.  
"A postern door, yet unobserv'd and free,  
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery, 620  
To the king's closet led: a way well known  
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne,  
Thro' which she brought Astyanax, unseen,  
To cheer his grandsire and his grandsire's queen.  
Thro' this we pass, and mount the tow'r, from whence 625  
With unavailing arms the Trojans make defense.  
From this the trembling king had oft descried

The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.  
Beams from its lofty height with swords we hew,  
Then, wrenching with our hands, th' assault renew; 630  
And, where the rafters on the columns meet,  
We push them headlong with our arms and feet.  
The lightning flies not swifter than the fall,  
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:  
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath 635  
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into death.  
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent;  
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.  
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threat'ning loud,  
With glitt'ring arms conspicuous in the crowd. 640  
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,  
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake,  
And, casting off his slough when spring returns,  
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns;  
Restor'd with pois'nous herbs, his ardent sides 645  
Reflect the sun; and rais'd on spires he rides;  
High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls along,  
And brandishes by fits his forky tongue.  
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,  
His father's charioteer, together run 650  
To force the gate; the Scyrian infantry  
Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.  
Ent'ring the court, with shouts the skies they rend;  
And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.  
Himself, among the foremost, deals his blows, 655  
And with his ax repeated strokes bestows  
On the strong doors; then all their shoulders ply,  
Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.  
He hews apace; the double bars at length  
Yield to his ax and unresisted strength. 660  
A mighty breach is made: the rooms conceal'd  
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd;  
The halls of audience, and of public state,  
And where the lonely queen in secret sate.  
Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen, 665  
With not a door, and scarce a space, between.  
The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries,  
And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies;  
The fearful matrons run from place to place,

And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace. 670  
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,  
And all his father sparkles in his eyes;  
Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain:  
The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.  
In rush the Greeks, and all the apartments fill; 675  
Those few defendants whom they find, they kill.  
Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood  
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood;  
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,  
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away. 680  
These eyes beheld him when he march'd between  
The brother kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,  
The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,  
To stain his hallow'd altar with his brood.  
The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he, 685  
So large a promise, of a progeny),  
The posts, of plated gold, and hung with spoils,  
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.  
Where'er the raging fire had left a space,  
The Grecians enter and possess the place. 690  
"Perhaps you may of Priam's fate enquire.  
He, when he saw his regal town on fire,  
His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,  
On ev'ry side inevitable woes,  
In arms, disus'd, invests his limbs, decay'd, 695  
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.  
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain;  
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain,  
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!  
Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view 700  
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,  
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round  
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.  
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train  
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain. 705  
Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,  
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.  
The Queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,  
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,  
'What rage,' she cried, 'has seiz'd my husband's mind? 710  
What arms are these, and to what use design'd?

These times want other aids! Were Hector here,  
 Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.  
 With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,  
 Or in one common fate with us be join'd.' 715  
 She said, and with a last salute embrac'd  
 The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.  
 Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,  
 Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.  
 Thro' swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies 720  
 Thro' empty courts and open galleries.  
 Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,  
 And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.  
 The youth, transfix'd, with lamentable cries,  
 Expires before his wretched parent's eyes: 725  
 Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,  
 The fear of death gave place to nature's law;  
 And, shaking more with anger than with age,  
 'The gods,' said he, 'requite thy brutal rage!  
 As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must, 730  
 If there be gods in heav'n, and gods be just—  
 Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;  
 With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.  
 Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire  
 To call thee his—not he, thy vaunted sire, 735  
 Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,  
 The laws of nature and of nations heard.  
 He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,  
 The bloodless carcass of my Hector sold;  
 Pitied the woes a parent underwent, 740  
 And sent me back in safety from his tent.'  
 "This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,  
 Which, flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew:  
 Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,  
 And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield. 745  
 "Then Pyrrhus thus: 'Go thou from me to fate,  
 And to my father my foul deeds relate.  
 Now die!' With that he dragg'd the trembling sire,  
 Slidd'ring thro' clatter'd blood and holy mire,  
 (The mingled paste his murder'd son had made,) 750  
 Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,  
 And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.  
 His right hand held his bloody falchion bare,



His left he twisted in his hoary hair;  
Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found: 755  
The lukewarm blood came rushing thro' the wound,  
And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.  
Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate  
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state:  
He, who the scepter of all Asia sway'd, 760  
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd.  
On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,  
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.  
"Then, not before, I felt my cruddled blood  
Congeal with fear, my hair with horror stood: 765  
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,  
Lest equal years might equal fortune find.  
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,  
And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.  
I look'd about, but found myself alone, 770  
Deserted at my need! My friends were gone.  
Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,  
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames consum'd the rest.  
Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,  
The graceless Helen in the porch I spied 775  
Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;  
Muffled she sate, and, what she could, unknown:  
But, by the flames that cast their blaze around,  
That common bane of Greece and Troy I found.  
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan sword; 780  
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;  
Ev'n by those gods who refug'd her abhorr'd.  
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,  
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward:  
'Shall she triumphant sail before the wind, 785  
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?  
Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,  
In state attended with a captive crew,  
While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,  
And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls? 790  
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood  
Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood?  
'T is true, a soldier can small honor gain,  
And boast no conquest, from a woman slain:  
Yet shall the fact not pass without applause, 795

Of vengeance taken in so just a cause;  
The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,  
And murm'ring manes of my friends appease.'  
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing light  
Spread o'er the place; and, shining heav'nly bright, 800  
My mother stood reveal'd before my sight  
Never so radiant did her eyes appear;  
Not her own star confess'd a light so clear:  
Great in her charms, as when on gods above  
She looks, and breathes herself into their love. 805  
She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break;  
Then from her rosy lips began to speak:  
'My son, from whence this madness, this neglect  
Of my commands, and those whom I protect?  
Why this unmanly rage? Recall to mind 810  
Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.  
Look if your helpless father yet survive,  
Or if Ascanius or Creusa live.  
Around your house the greedy Grecians err;  
And these had perish'd in the nightly war, 815  
But for my presence and protecting care.  
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault;  
But by the gods was this destruction brought.  
Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve  
The mists and films that mortal eyes involve, 820  
Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see  
The shape of each avenging deity.  
Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil,  
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.  
Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies, 825  
Stones rent from stones; where clouds of dust arise—  
Amid that smother Neptune holds his place,  
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,  
And heaves the building from the solid base.  
Look where, in arms, imperial Juno stands 830  
Full in the Scæan gate, with loud commands,  
Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.  
See! Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,  
Bestrides the tow'r, refulgent thro' the cloud:  
See! Jove new courage to the foe supplies, 835  
And arms against the town the partial deities.  
Haste hence, my son; this fruitless labor end:

Haste, where your trembling spouse and sire attend:  
Haste; and a mother's care your passage shall befriend.'  
She said, and swiftly vanish'd from my sight, 840  
Obscure in clouds and gloomy shades of night.  
I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful sounds I hear;  
And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.  
Troy sunk in flames I saw (nor could prevent),  
And Ilium from its old foundations rent; 845  
Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds,  
And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds.  
About the roots the cruel ax resounds;  
The stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds:  
The war is felt on high; the nodding crown 850  
Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy honors down.  
To their united force it yields, tho' late,  
And mourns with mortal groans th' approaching fate:  
The roots no more their upper load sustain;  
But down she falls, and spreads a ruin thro' the plain. 855  
"Descending thence, I scape thro' foes and fire:  
Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.  
Arriv'd at home, he, for whose only sake,  
Or most for his, such toils I undertake,  
The good Anchises, whom, by timely flight, 860  
I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height,  
Refus'd the journey, resolute to die  
And add his fun'ral to the fate of Troy,  
Rather than exile and old age sustain.  
'Go you, whose blood runs warm in ev'ry vein. 865  
Had Heav'n decreed that I should life enjoy,  
Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.  
'T is, sure, enough, if not too much, for one,  
Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.  
Make haste to save the poor remaining crew, 870  
And give this useless corpse a long adieu.  
These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath;  
At least the pitying foes will aid my death,  
To take my spoils, and leave my body bare:  
As for my sepulcher, let Heav'n take care. 875  
'T is long since I, for my celestial wife  
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a ling'ring life;  
Since ev'ry hour and moment I expire,  
Blasted from heav'n by Jove's avenging fire.'

This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die: 880  
 Myself, my wife, my son, my family,  
 Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry—  
 'What, will he still persist, on death resolve,  
 And in his ruin all his house involve!'

He still persists his reasons to maintain; 885  
 Our pray'rs, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.  
 "Urg'd by despair, again I go to try  
 The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die:  
 'What hope remains, but what my death must give?  
 Can I, without so dear a father, live? 890  
 You term it prudence, what I baseness call:  
 Could such a word from such a parent fall?  
 If Fortune please, and so the gods ordain,  
 That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain,  
 And you conspire with Fortune to be slain, 895  
 The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:  
 For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,  
 Reeking with Priam's blood—the wretch who slew  
 The son (inhuman) in the father's view,  
 And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew. 900  
 O goddess mother, give me back to Fate;  
 Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late!  
 Did you, for this, unhappy me convey  
 Thro' foes and fires, to see my house a prey?  
 Shall I my father, wife, and son behold, 905  
 Welt'ring in blood, each other's arms infold?  
 Haste! gird my sword, tho' spent and overcome:  
 'T is the last summons to receive our doom.  
 I hear thee, Fate; and I obey thy call!  
 Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall. 910  
 Restore me to the yet unfinish'd fight:  
 My death is wanting to conclude the night.'  
 Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring sword I wield,  
 While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield,  
 And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field. 915  
 I went; but sad Creusa stopp'd my way,  
 And cross the threshold in my passage lay,  
 Embrac'd my knees, and, when I would have gone,  
 Shew'd me my feeble sire and tender son:  
 'If death be your design, at least,' said she, 920  
 'Take us along to share your destiny.

If any farther hopes in arms remain,  
 This place, these pledges of your love, maintain.  
 To whom do you expose your father's life,  
 Your son's, and mine, your now forgotten wife!' 925  
 While thus she fills the house with clam'rous cries,  
 Our hearing is diverted by our eyes:  
 For, while I held my son, in the short space  
 Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace;  
 Strange to relate, from young Iulus' head 930  
 A lambent flame arose, which gently spread  
 Around his brows, and on his temples fed.  
 Amaz'd, with running water we prepare  
 To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;  
 But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd 935  
 His hands to heav'n, and this request preferr'd:  
 'If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend  
 Thy will; if piety can pray'rs commend,  
 Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd to send.'  
 Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear 940  
 A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:  
 There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,  
 Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly;  
 From o'er the roof the blaze began to move,  
 And, trailing, vanish'd in th' Idæan grove. 945  
 It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a guide,  
 Then in a steaming stench of sulphur died.  
 "The good old man with suppliant hands implor'd  
 The gods' protection, and their star ador'd.  
 'Now, now,' said he, 'my son, no more delay! 950  
 I yield, I follow where Heav'n shews the way.  
 Keep, O my country gods, our dwelling place,  
 And guard this relic of the Trojan race,  
 This tender child! These omens are your own,  
 And you can yet restore the ruin'd town. 955  
 At least accomplish what your signs foreshow:  
 I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.'  
 "He said. The crackling flames appear on high.  
 And driving sparkles dance along the sky.  
 With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire, 960  
 And near our palace roll the flood of fire.  
 'Haste, my dear father, ('t is no time to wait,)  
 And load my shoulders with a willing freight.

Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care;  
One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share. 965  
My hand shall lead our little son; and you,  
My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.  
Next, you, my servants, heed my strict commands:  
Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,  
To Ceres hallow'd once; a cypress nigh 970  
Shoots up her venerable head on high,  
By long religion kept; there bend your feet,  
And in divided parties let us meet.  
Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,  
Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands: 975  
In me 't is impious holy things to bear,  
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,  
Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt  
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.'  
Thus, ord'ring all that prudence could provide, 980  
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide  
And yellow spoils; then, on my bending back,  
The welcome load of my dear father take;  
While on my better hand Ascanius hung,  
And with unequal paces tripp'd along. 985  
Creusa kept behind; by choice we stray  
Thro' ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.  
I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,  
The Grecian darts and shock of lances bore,  
At ev'ry shadow now am seiz'd with fear, 990  
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear;  
Till, near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,  
Secure, and deeming all the danger past,  
A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear.  
My father, looking thro' the shades, with fear, 995  
Cried out: 'Haste, haste, my son, the foes are nigh;  
Their swords and shining armor I descry.'  
Some hostile god, for some unknown offense,  
Had sure bereft my mind of better sense;  
For, while thro' winding ways I took my flight, 1000  
And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,  
Alas! I lost Creusa: hard to tell  
If by her fatal destiny she fell,  
Or weary sate, or wander'd with affright;  
But she was lost for ever to my sight. 1005

I knew not, or reflected, till I meet  
My friends, at Ceres' now deserted seat.  
We met: not one was wanting; only she  
Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.  
"What mad expressions did my tongue refuse! 1010  
Whom did I not, of gods or men, accuse!  
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more  
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.  
Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,  
Abandoning my now forgotten care, 1015  
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,  
My sire, my son, my country gods I left.  
In shining armor once again I sheathe  
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.  
Then headlong to the burning walls I run, 1020  
And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.  
I tread my former tracks; thro' night explore  
Each passage, ev'ry street I cross'd before.  
All things were full of horror and affright,  
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night. 1025  
Then to my father's house I make repair,  
With some small glimpse of hope to find her there.  
Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met;  
The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.  
Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire, 1030  
Thro' air transported, to the roofs aspire.  
From thence to Priam's palace I resort,  
And search the citadel and desert court.  
Then, unobserv'd, I pass by Juno's church:  
A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch; 1035  
There Phœnix and Ulysses watch the prey,  
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey:  
The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,  
And golden bowls from burning altars caught,  
The tables of the gods, the purple vests, 1040  
The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests.  
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,  
And captive matrons, in long order stands.  
Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,  
Thro' all the silent street, Creusa's name: 1045  
Creusa still I call; at length she hears,  
And sudden thro' the shades of night appears—

Appears, no more Creusa, nor my wife,  
But a pale specter, larger than the life.  
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear, 1050  
I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair.  
Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief  
'Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief.  
Desist, my much-lov'd lord, 't indulge your pain;  
You bear no more than what the gods ordain. 1055  
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;  
Nor he, the great controller of the sky.  
Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decree;  
On land hard labors, and a length of sea.  
Then, after many painful years are past, 1060  
On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast,  
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds  
The flow'ry meadows, and the feeding folds.  
There end your toils; and there your fates provide  
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride: 1065  
There fortune shall the Trojan line restore,  
And you for lost Creusa weep no more.  
Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,  
Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame;  
Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace 1070  
My goddess mother, or my royal race.  
And now, farewell! The parent of the gods  
Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes:  
I trust our common issue to your care.'  
She said, and gliding pass'd unseen in air. 1075  
I strove to speak: but horror tied my tongue;  
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,  
And, thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.  
Light as an empty dream at break of day,  
Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away. 1080  
"Thus having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,  
I to my longing friends return again,  
Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,  
Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old;  
A wretched exil'd crew together brought, 1085  
With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught,  
Resolv'd, and willing, under my command,  
To run all hazards both of sea and land.  
The Morn began, from Ida, to display



Her rosy cheeks; and Phosphor led the day: 1090  
Before the gates the Grecians took their post,  
And all pretense of late relief was lost.  
I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire,  
And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire."

Publius Vergilius Maro

## The Aeneid Of Virgil: Book 7

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame,  
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name;  
Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,  
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.  
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains; 5  
Thy name ('t is all a ghost can have) remains.  
Now, when the prince her fun'ral rites had paid,  
He plow'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.  
From land a gentle breeze arose by night,  
Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright, 10  
And the sea trembled with her silver light.  
Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run,  
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the Sun,)  
A dang'rous coast: the goddess wastes her days  
In joyous songs; the rocks resound her lays: 15  
In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night,  
And cedar brands supply her father's light.  
From hence were heard, rebellowing to the main,  
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,  
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears, 20  
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors' ears.  
These from their caverns, at the close of night,  
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.  
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r,  
(That watch'd the moon and planetary hour,) 25  
With words and wicked herbs from humankind  
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.  
Which monsters lest the Trojans' pious host  
Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted coast,  
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night 30  
With rising gales that sped their happy flight.  
Supplied with these, they skim the sounding shore,  
And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.  
Now, when the rosy morn began to rise,  
And wav'd her saffron streamer thro' the skies; 35  
When Thetis blush'd in purple not her own,  
And from her face the breathing winds were blown,  
A sudden silence sate upon the sea,  
And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way.

The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood, 40  
Which thick with shades and a brown horror stood:  
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,  
With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force,  
That drove the sand along, he took his way,  
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea. 45  
About him, and above, and round the wood,  
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,  
That bath'd within, or basked upon his side,  
To tuneful songs their narrow throats applied.  
The captain gives command; the joyful train 50  
Glide thro' the gloomy shade, and leave the main.  
Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inspire,  
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire!  
Relate what Latium was; her ancient kings;  
Declare the past and present state of things, 55  
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought,  
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought.  
These are my theme, and how the war began,  
And how concluded by the godlike man:  
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage, 60  
Which princes and their people did engage;  
And haughty souls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,  
In fighting fields pursued and found their fate;  
That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,  
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms. 65  
A larger scene of action is display'd;  
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.  
Latinus, old and mild, had long possess'd  
The Latin scepter, and his people blest:  
His father Faunus; a Laurentian dame 70  
His mother; fair Marica was her name.  
But Faunus came from Picus: Picus drew  
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.  
Thus King Latinus, in the third degree,  
Had Saturn author of his family. 75  
But this old peaceful prince, as Heav'n decreed,  
Was blest with no male issue to succeed:  
His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate;  
One only daughter heir'd the royal state.  
Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led, 80  
The neighb'ring princes court her nuptial bed.

Among the crowd, but far above the rest,  
Young Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.  
Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,  
Was first, and favor'd by the Latian queen; 85  
With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand,  
But dire portents the purpos'd match withstand.  
Deep in the palace, of long growth, there stood  
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood;  
Where rites divine were paid; whose holy hair 90  
Was kept and cut with superstitious care.  
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,  
Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd;  
And last, in honor of his new abode,  
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god. 95  
It happen'd once (a boding prodigy!)  
A swarm of bees, that cut the liquid sky,  
(Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,)  
Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight;  
There with their clasping feet together clung, 100  
And a long cluster from the laurel hung.  
An ancient augur prophesied from hence:  
"Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince!  
From the same parts of heav'n his navy stands,  
To the same parts on earth; his army lands; 105  
The town he conquers, and the tow'r commands."  
Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire  
Before the gods, and stood beside her sire,  
(Strange to relate!) the flames, involv'd in smoke  
Of incense, from the sacred altar broke, 110  
Caught her dishevel'd hair and rich attire;  
Her crown and jewels crackled in the fire:  
From thence the fuming trail began to spread  
And lambent glories danc'd about her head.  
This new portent the seer with wonder views, 115  
Then pausing, thus his prophecy renews:  
"The nymph, who scatters flaming fires around,  
Shall shine with honor, shall herself be crown'd;  
But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,  
War shall the country waste, and change the state.' 120  
Latinus, frighted with this dire ostent,  
For counsel to his father Faunus went,  
And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy

Which near Albunea's sulph'rous fountain lie.  
To these the Latian and the Sabine land 125  
Fly, when distress'd, and thence relief demand.  
The priest on skins of off'rings takes his ease,  
And nightly visions in his slumber sees;  
A swarm of thin ærial shapes appears,  
And, flutt'ring round his temples, deafs his ears: 130  
These he consults, the future fates to know,  
From pow'rs above, and from the fiends below.  
Here, for the gods' advice, Latinus flies,  
Off'ring a hundred sheep for sacrifice:  
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd, 135  
He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd.  
No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,  
When, from above, a more than mortal sound  
Invades his ears; and thus the vision spoke:  
"Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke 140  
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.  
A foreign son upon thy shore descends,  
Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.  
His race, in arms and arts of peace renown'd,  
Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound: 145  
'T is theirs whate'er the sun surveys around.'  
These answers, in the silent night receiv'd,  
The king himself divulg'd, the land believ'd:  
The fame thro' all the neighb'ring nations flew,  
When now the Trojan navy was in view. 150  
Beneath a shady tree, the hero spread  
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;  
And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.  
They sate; and, (not without the god's command,)  
Their homely fare dispatch'd, the hungry band 155  
Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,  
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flour.  
Ascanius this observ'd, and smiling said:  
"See, we devour the plates on which we fed."  
The speech had omen, that the Trojan race 160  
Should find repose, and this the time and place.  
Æneas took the word, and thus replies,  
Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes:  
"All hail, O earth! all hail, my household gods!  
Behold the destin'd place of your abodes! 165

For thus Anchises prophesied of old,  
And this our fatal place of rest foretold:  
'When, on a foreign shore, instead of meat,  
By famine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat,  
Then ease your weary Trojans will attend, 170  
And the long labors of your voyage end.  
Remember on that happy coast to build,  
And with a trench inclose the fruitful field.'  
This was that famine, this the fatal place  
Which ends the wand'ring of our exil'd race. 175  
Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ,  
To search the land, and where the cities lie,  
And what the men; but give this day to joy.  
Now pour to Jove; and, after Jove is blest,  
Call great Anchises to the genial feast: 180  
Crown high the goblets with a cheerful draught;  
Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the future thought."  
Thus having said, the hero bound his brows  
With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows;  
Adoring first the genius of the place, 185  
Then Earth, the mother of the heav'nly race,  
The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,  
And Night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne,  
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove,  
And last his sire below, and mother queen above. 190  
Then heav'n's high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud,  
And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.  
Soon thro' the joyful camp a rumor flew,  
The time was come their city to renew.  
Then ev'ry brow with cheerful green is crown'd, 195  
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.  
When next the rosy morn disclos'd the day,  
The scouts to sev'ral parts divide their way,  
To learn the natives' names, their towns explore,  
The coasts and trendings of the crooked shore: 200  
Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus stands;  
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.  
The pious chief, who sought by peaceful ways  
To found his empire, and his town to raise,  
A hundred youths from all his train selects, 205  
And to the Latian court their course directs,  
(The spacious palace where their prince resides,)

And all their heads with wreaths of olive hides.  
They go commission'd to require a peace,  
And carry presents to procure access. 210  
Thus while they speed their pace, the prince designs  
His new-elected seat, and draws the lines.  
The Trojans round the place a rampire cast,  
And palisades about the trenches plac'd.  
Meantime the train, proceeding on their way, 215  
From far the town and lofty tow'rs survey;  
At length approach the walls. Without the gate,  
They see the boys and Latian youth debate  
The martial prizes on the dusty plain:  
Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein; 220  
Some bend the stubborn bow for victory,  
And some with darts their active sinews try.  
A posting messenger, dispatch'd from hence,  
Of this fair troop advis'd their aged prince,  
That foreign men of mighty stature came; 225  
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.  
The king ordains their entrance, and ascends  
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.  
The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,  
Supported by a hundred pillars stood, 230  
And round incompass'd with a rising wood.  
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight;  
Surpris'd at once with reverence and delight.  
There kings receiv'd the marks of sov'reign pow'r;  
In state the monarchs march'd; the lictors bore 235  
Their awful axes and the rods before.  
Here the tribunal stood, the house of pray'r,  
And here the sacred senators repair;  
All at large tables, in long order set,  
A ram their off'ring, and a ram their meat. 240  
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,  
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandsires stood;  
Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on high;  
And Italus, that led the colony;  
And ancient Janus, with his double face, 245  
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.  
There good Sabinus, planter of the vines,  
On a short pruning hook his head reclines,  
And studiously surveys his gen'rous wines;

Then warlike kings, who for their country fought, 250  
 And honorable wounds from battle brought.  
 Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears,  
 And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,  
 And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.  
 Above the rest, as chief of all the band, 255  
 Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his hand;  
 His other wav'd a long divining wand.  
 Girt in his Gabin gown the hero sate,  
 Yet could not with his art avoid his fate:  
 For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain, 260  
 Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain:  
 Then, mixing pow'rful herbs, with magic art,  
 She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart;  
 Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,  
 With party-color'd plumes, a chatt'ring pie. 265  
 In this high temple, on a chair of state,  
 The seat of audience, old Latinus sate;  
 Then gave admission to the Trojan train;  
 And thus with pleasing accents he began:  
 "Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name you own, 270  
 Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown—  
 Say what you seek, and whither were you bound:  
 Were you by stress of weather cast aground?  
 (Such dangers as on seas are often seen,  
 And oft befall to miserable men,) 275  
 Or come, your shipping in our ports to lay,  
 Spent and disabled in so long a way?  
 Say what you want: the Latians you shall find  
 Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd;  
 For, since the time of Saturn's holy reign, 280  
 His hospitable customs we retain.  
 I call to mind (but time the tale has worn)  
 Th' Arunci told, that Dardanus, tho' born  
 On Latian plains, yet sought the Phrygian shore,  
 And Samothracia, Samos call'd before. 285  
 From Tuscan Coritum he claim'd his birth;  
 But after, when exempt from mortal earth,  
 From thence ascended to his kindred skies,  
 A god, and, as a god, augments their sacrifice."  
 He said. Ilioneus made this reply: 290  
 "O king, of Faunus' royal family!



Nor wintry winds to Latium forc'd our way,  
Nor did the stars our wand'ring course betray.  
Willing we sought your shores; and, hither bound,  
The port, so long desir'd, at length we found; 295  
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;  
Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.  
The god began our line, who rules above;  
And, as our race, our king descends from Jove:  
And hither are we come, by his command, 300  
To crave admission in your happy land.  
How dire a tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd,  
Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd;  
What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms  
Shook Asia's crown with European arms; 305  
Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,  
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea;  
And such as, born beneath the burning sky  
And sultry sun, betwixt the tropics lie.  
From that dire deluge, thro' the wat'ry waste, 310  
Such length of years, such various perils past,  
At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,  
To beg what you without your want may spare:  
The common water, and the common air;  
Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes, 315  
Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods.  
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,  
Nor length of time our gratitude efface.  
Besides, what endless honor you shall gain,  
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train! 320  
Now, by my sov'reign, and his fate, I swear,  
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war;  
Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,  
And, what we seek of you, of us requir'd.  
Despite not then, that in our hands we bear 325  
These holy boughs, and sue with words of pray'r.  
Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,  
Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.  
To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends;  
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends; 330  
Where Tuscan Tiber rolls with rapid force,  
And where Numicus opes his holy source.  
Besides, our prince presents, with his request,

Some small remains of what his sire possess'd.  
This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy, 335  
Anchises did in sacrifice employ;  
This royal robe and this tiara wore  
Old Priam, and this golden scepter bore  
In full assemblies, and in solemn games;  
These purple vests were weav'd by Dardan dames." 340  
Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around  
His eyes, and fix'd a while upon the ground.  
Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast;  
Not by the scepter mov'd, or kingly vest,  
But pond'ring future things of wondrous weight; 345  
Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate.  
On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind,  
And then revolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.  
This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed  
To share his scepter, and Lavinia's bed; 350  
This was the race that sure portents foreshew  
To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.  
At length he rais'd his cheerful head, and spoke:  
"The pow'rs," said he, "the pow'rs we both invoke,  
To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be, 355  
And firm our purpose with their augury!  
Have what you ask; your presents I receive;  
Land, where and when you please, with ample leave;  
Partake and use my kingdom as your own;  
All shall be yours, while I command the crown: 360  
And, if my wish'd alliance please your king,  
Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring.  
Then let him not a friend's embraces fear;  
The peace is made when I behold him here.  
Besides this answer, tell my royal guest, 365  
I add to his commands my own request:  
One only daughter heirs my crown and state,  
Whom not our oracles, nor Heav'n, nor fate,  
Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join  
With any native of th' Ausonian line. 370  
A foreign son-in-law shall come from far  
(Such is our doom), a chief renown'd in war,  
Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,  
And thro' the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.  
Himself to be the man the fates require, 375

I firmly judge, and, what I judge, desire."  
He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed.  
Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,  
Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd:  
Of these he chose the fairest and the best, 380  
To mount the Trojan troop. At his command  
The steeds caparison'd with purple stand,  
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,  
And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold.  
Then to his absent guest the king decreed 385  
A pair of coursers born of heav'nly breed,  
Who from their nostrils breath'd ethereal fire;  
Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire,  
By substituting mares produc'd on earth,  
Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth. 390  
These draw the chariot which Latinus sends,  
And the rich present to the prince commends.  
Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,  
To their expecting lord with peace return.  
But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height, 395  
As she from Argos took her airy flight,  
Beheld with envious eyes this hateful sight.  
She saw the Trojan and his joyful train  
Descend upon the shore, desert the main,  
Design a town, and, with unhop'd success, 400  
Th' ambassadors return with promis'd peace.  
Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty head,  
Sigh'd from her inward soul, and thus she said:  
"O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!  
O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose! 405  
Could they not fall unpitied on the plain,  
But slain revive, and, taken, scape again?  
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,  
Thro' fires and swords and seas they forc'd their way.  
Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend, 410  
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end.  
Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent?  
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?  
As if 't were little from their town to chase,  
I thro' the seas pursued their exil'd race; 415  
Ingag'd the heav'ns, oppos'd the stormy main;  
But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.

What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,  
When these they overpass, and those they shun?  
On Tiber's shores they land, secure of fate, 420  
Triumphant o'er the storms and Juno's hate.  
Mars could in mutual blood the Centaurs bathe,  
And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath,  
Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon;  
(What great offense had either people done?) 425  
But I, the consort of the Thunderer,  
Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war,  
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,  
And by a mortal man at length am foil'd.  
If native pow'r prevail not, shall I doubt 430  
To seek for needful succor from without?  
If Jove and Heav'n my just desires deny,  
Hell shall the pow'r of Heav'n and Jove supply.  
Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by their decree,  
The Trojan race to reign in Italy; 435  
At least I can defer the nuptial day,  
And with protracted wars the peace delay:  
With blood the dear alliance shall be bought,  
And both the people near destruction brought;  
So shall the son-in-law and father join, 440  
With ruin, war, and waste of either line.  
O fatal maid, thy marriage is endow'd  
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian blood!  
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand;  
Another queen brings forth another brand, 445  
To burn with foreign fires another land!  
A second Paris, diff'ring but in name,  
Shall fire his country with a second flame."  
Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground,  
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound, 450  
To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat  
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.  
This Fury, fit for her intent, she chose;  
One who delights in wars and human woes.  
Ev'n Pluto hates his own misshapen race; 455  
Her sister Furies fly her hideous face;  
So frightful are the forms the monster takes,  
So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.  
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite:

"O virgin daughter of eternal Night, 460  
Give me this once thy labor, to sustain  
My right, and execute my just disdain.  
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretense  
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince.  
Expel from Italy that odious name, 465  
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.  
'T is thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,  
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,  
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.  
Thy hand o'er towns the fun'ral torch displays, 470  
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.  
Now shake, from out thy fruitful breast, the seeds  
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:  
Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare  
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war." 475  
Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonian blood,  
The Fury sprang above the Stygian flood;  
And on her wicker wings, sublime thro' night,  
She to the Latian palace took her flight:  
There sought the queen's apartment, stood before 480  
The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.  
Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast  
Fir'd with disdain for Turnus disposess'd,  
And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.  
From her black bloody locks the Fury shakes 485  
Her darling plague, the fav'rite of her snakes;  
With her full force she threw the pois'nous dart,  
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart,  
That, thus envenom'd, she might kindle rage,  
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age. 490  
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims  
Betwixt her linen and her naked limbs;  
His baleful breath inspiring, as he glides,  
Now like a chain around her neck he rides,  
Now like a fillet to her head repairs, 495  
And with his circling volumes folds her hairs.  
At first the silent venom slid with ease,  
And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees;  
Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,  
In plaintive accents she began the war, 500  
And thus bespoke her husband: "Shall," she said,

"A wand'ring prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?  
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,  
Pity my tears, and pity her desert.  
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come, 505  
You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom;  
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,  
And bear the royal virgin far away!  
A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,  
In shew of friendship sought the Spartan shore, 510  
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.  
Think on a king's inviolable word;  
And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord:  
To this false foreigner you give your throne,  
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son. 515  
Resume your ancient care; and, if the god  
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,  
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,  
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.  
Then, if the line of Turnus you retrace, 520  
He springs from Inachus of Argive race."  
But when she saw her reasons idly spent,  
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,  
She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd  
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast; 525  
She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,  
And fills with horrid howls the public place.  
And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,  
On the smooth pavement of an empty court;  
The wooden engine flies and whirls about, 530  
Admir'd, with clamors, of the beardless rout;  
They lash aloud; each other they provoke,  
And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke:  
Thus fares the queen; and thus her fury blows  
Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she goes. 535  
Nor yet content, she strains her malice more,  
And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:  
She flies the town, and, mixing with a throng  
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along,  
Wand'ring thro' woods and wilds, and devious ways, 540  
And with these arts the Trojan match delays.  
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus; cried aloud,  
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.

"Evoe! O Bacchus!" thus began the song;  
And "Evoe!" answer'd all the female throng. 545  
"O virgin! worthy thee alone!" she cried;  
"O worthy thee alone!" the crew replied.  
"For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,  
And with thy winding ivy wreathes her lance."  
Like fury seiz'd the rest; the progress known, 550  
All seek the mountains, and forsake the town:  
All, clad in skins of beasts, the jav'lin bear,  
Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair,  
And shrieks and shoutings rend the suff'ring air.  
The queen herself, inspir'd with rage divine, 555  
Shook high above her head a flaming pine;  
Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,  
And sung, in Turnus' name, the nuptial song:  
"Io, ye Latian dames! if any here  
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear; 560  
If there be here," she said, "who dare maintain  
My right, nor think the name of mother vain;  
Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,  
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare."  
Amata's breast the Fury thus invades, 565  
And fires with rage, amid the sylvan shades;  
Then, when she found her venom spread so far,  
The royal house embroil'd in civil war,  
Rais'd on her dusky wings, she cleaves the skies,  
And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies. 570  
His town, as fame reports, was built of old  
By Danæ, pregnant with almighty gold,  
Who fled her father's rage, and, with a train  
Of following Argives, thro' the stormy main,  
Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated here to reign. 575  
'T was Ardua once; now Ardea's name it bears;  
Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.  
Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus lay,  
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,  
Secure in sleep. The Fury laid aside 580  
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods tried  
The foulness of th' infernal form to hide.  
Propp'd on a staff, she takes a trembling mien:  
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene;  
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws; 585

Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws;  
 Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,  
 Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.  
 Old Chalybe, who kept the sacred fane  
 Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began, 590  
 Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man:  
 "Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain  
 In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain?  
 Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize,  
 Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories? 595  
 The bride and scepter which thy blood has bought,  
 The king transfers; and foreign heirs are sought.  
 Go now, deluded man, and seek again  
 New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain.  
 Repel the Tuscan foes; their city seize; 600  
 Protect the Latians in luxurious ease.  
 This dream all-pow'rful Juno sends; I bear  
 Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.  
 Haste; arm your Ardeans; issue to the plain;  
 With fate to friend, assault the Trojan train: 605  
 Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships, that lie  
 In Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.  
 The Latian king, unless he shall submit,  
 Own his old promise, and his new forget—  
 Let him, in arms, the pow'r of Turnus prove, 610  
 And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.  
 For such is Heav'n's command." The youthful prince  
 With scorn replied, and made this bold defense:  
 "You tell me, mother, what I knew before:  
 The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore. 615  
 I neither fear nor will provoke the war;  
 My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.  
 But time has made you dote, and vainly tell  
 Of arms imagin'd in your lonely cell.  
 Go; be the temple and the gods your care; 620  
 Permit to men the thought of peace and war."  
 These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke,  
 And frightened Turnus trembled as she spoke.  
 Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn;  
 Her hideous looks and hellish form return; 625  
 Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,  
 And open all the furies of her face:



Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,  
 She cast him backward as he strove to rise,  
 And, ling'ring, sought to frame some new replies. 630  
 High on her head she rears two twisted snakes,  
 Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes;  
 And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks:  
 "Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell  
 Of arms imagin'd in her lonely cell! 635  
 Behold the Fates' infernal minister!  
 War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear."  
 Thus having said, her smold'ring torch, impress'd  
 With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.  
 Aghast he wak'd; and, starting from his bed, 640  
 Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.  
 "Arms! arms!" he cries: "my sword and shield prepare!"  
 He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.  
 So, when with crackling flames a caldron fries,  
 The bubbling waters from the bottom rise: 645  
 Above the brims they force their fiery way;  
 Black vapors climb aloft, and cloud the day.  
 The peace polluted thus, a chosen band  
 He first commissions to the Latian land,  
 In threat'ning embassy; then rais'd the rest, 650  
 To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guest,  
 To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,  
 And Italy's indanger'd peace restore.  
 Himself alone an equal match he boasts,  
 To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts. 655  
 The gods invok'd, the Rutuli prepare  
 Their arms, and warn each other to the war.  
 His beauty these, and those his blooming age,  
 The rest his house and his own fame ingage.  
 While Turnus urges thus his enterprise, 660  
 The Stygian Fury to the Trojans flies;  
 New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,  
 Which overlooks the vale with wide command;  
 Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train,  
 With horns and hounds, a hunting match ordain, 665  
 And pitch their toils around the shady plain.  
 The Fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,  
 And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.  
 'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise

High o'er his front; his beams invade the skies. 670  
From this light cause th' infernal maid prepares  
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.  
The stately beast the two Tyrrhidæ bred,  
Snatch'd from his dams, and the tame youngling fed.  
Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring, 675  
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king:  
Their sister Silvia cherish'd with her care  
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare  
To hang his budding horns, with ribbons tied  
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide, 680  
And bath'd his body. Patient of command  
In time he grew, and, growing us'd to hand,  
He waited at his master's board for food;  
Then sought his salvage kindred in the wood,  
Where grazing all the day, at night he came 685  
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.  
This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,  
Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds,  
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat  
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat. 690  
Ascanius young, and eager of his game,  
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim;  
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,  
Which pierc'd his bowels thro' his panting sides.  
The bleeding creature issues from the floods, 695  
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes,  
His old familiar hearth and household gods.  
He falls; he fills the house with heavy groans,  
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.  
Young Silvia beats her breast, and cries aloud 700  
For succor from the clownish neighborhood:  
The churls assemble; for the fiend, who lay  
In the close woody covert, urg'd their way.  
One with a brand yet burning from the flame,  
Arm'd with a knotty club another came: 705  
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,  
Their fury makes an instrument of war.  
Tyrrheus, the foster father of the beast,  
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist,  
But held his hand from the descending stroke, 710  
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,

To whet their courage and their rage provoke.  
And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,  
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,  
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn, 715  
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,  
Adds all her breath: the rocks and woods around,  
And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.  
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,  
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar, 720  
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.  
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,  
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.  
The clowns, a boist'rous, rude, ungovern'd crew,  
With furious haste to the loud summons flew. 725  
The pow'rs of Troy, then issuing on the plain,  
With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:  
Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,  
But a firm body of embattled men.  
At first, while fortune favor'd neither side, 730  
The fight with clubs and burning brands was tried;  
But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields  
Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.  
A shining harvest either host displays,  
And shoots against the sun with equal rays. 735  
Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,  
White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;  
Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies;  
Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,  
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown. 740  
First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,  
Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war:  
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,  
And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood  
Huge heaps of slain around the body rise: 745  
Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies;  
A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,  
Amidst the madness of th' unruly train:  
Five herds, five bleating flocks, his pastures fill'd;  
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd. 750  
Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood  
The Fury bath'd them in each other's blood;  
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,

And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies.  
To Juno thus she speaks: "Behold! 't is done, 755  
The blood already drawn, the war begun;  
The discord is complete; nor can they cease  
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.  
Now, since the Latian and the Trojan brood  
Have tasted vengeance and the sweets of blood; 760  
Speak, and my pow'r shall add this office more:  
The neighb'ring nations of th' Ausonian shore  
Shall hear the dreadful rumor, from afar,  
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war."  
Then Juno thus: "The grateful work is done, 765  
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun;  
Frauds, fears, and fury have possess'd the state,  
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate.  
A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join  
Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line: 770  
But thou with speed to night and hell repair;  
For not the gods, nor angry Jove, will bear  
Thy lawless wand'ring walks in upper air.  
Leave what remains to me." Saturnia said:  
The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd, 775  
Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether shade.  
In midst of Italy, well known to fame,  
There lies a lake (Amsanctus is the name)  
Below the lofty mounts: on either side  
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide. 780  
Full in the center of the sacred wood  
An arm arises of the Stygian flood,  
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing sound,  
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.  
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell, 785  
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.  
To this infernal lake the Fury flies;  
Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring skies.  
Saturnian Juno now, with double care,  
Attends the fatal process of the war. 790  
The clowns, return'd, from battle bear the slain,  
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.  
The corps of Almon and the rest are shown;  
Shrieks, clamors, murmurs, fill the frighted town.  
Ambitious Turnus in the press appears, 795

And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears;  
 Proclaims his private injuries aloud,  
 A solemn promise made, and disavow'd;  
 A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mungril brood.  
 Then they, whose mothers, frantic with their fear, 800  
 In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,  
 And lead his dances with dishevel'd hair,  
 Increase the clamor, and the war demand,  
 (Such was Amata's interest in the land,)  
 Against the public sanctions of the peace, 805  
 Against all omens of their ill success.  
 With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,  
 To force their monarch, and insult the court.  
 But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves  
 The raging tempest and the rising waves— 810  
 Propp'd on himself he stands; his solid sides  
 Wash off the seaweeds, and the sounding tides—  
 So stood the pious prince, unmov'd, and long  
 Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.  
 But, when he found that Juno's pow'r prevail'd, 815  
 And all the methods of cool counsel fail'd,  
 He calls the gods to witness their offense,  
 Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.  
 "Hurried by fate," he cries, "and borne before  
 A furious wind, we leave the faithful shore. 820  
 O more than madmen! you yourselves shall bear  
 The guilt of blood and sacrilegious war:  
 Thou, Turnus, shalt atone it by thy fate,  
 And pray to Heav'n for peace, but pray too late.  
 For me, my stormy voyage at an end, 825  
 I to the port of death securely tend.  
 The fun'ral pomp which to your kings you pay,  
 Is all I want, and all you take away."  
 He said no more, but, in his walls confin'd,  
 Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd; 830  
 Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,  
 But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.  
 A solemn custom was observ'd of old,  
 Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold,  
 Their standard when in fighting fields they rear 835  
 Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare  
 The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war;

Or from the boasting Parthians would regain  
Their eagles, lost in Carrhæ's bloody plain.  
Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear, 840  
And still are worship'd with religious fear)  
Before his temple stand: the dire abode,  
And the fear'd issues of the furious god,  
Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates,  
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits. 845  
Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars,  
The Roman consul their decree declares,  
And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.  
The youth in military shouts arise,  
And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies. 850  
These rites, of old by sov'reign princes us'd,  
Were the king's office; but the king refus'd,  
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar  
Of sacred peace, or loose th' imprison'd war;  
But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms, 855  
Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.  
Then heav'n's imperious queen shot down from high:  
At her approach the brazen hinges fly;  
The gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling bar;  
And, like a tempest, issues out the war. 860  
The peaceful cities of th' Ausonian shore,  
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,  
Are all on fire; and some, with studious care,  
Their restiff steeds in sandy plains prepare;  
Some their soft limbs in painful marches try, 865  
And war is all their wish, and arms the gen'ral cry.  
Part scour the rusty shields with seam; and part  
New grind the blunted ax, and point the dart:  
With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,  
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky. 870  
Five cities forge their arms: th' Atinian pow'rs,  
Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty tow'rs,  
Ardea the proud, the Crustumerian town:  
All these of old were places of renown.  
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field; 875  
Some twine young sallows to support the shield;  
The croslet some, and some the cuishes mold,  
With silver plated, and with ductile gold.  
The rustic honors of the scythe and share

Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war. 880  
Old fauchions are new temper'd in the fires;  
The sounding trumpet ev'ry soul inspires.  
The word is giv'n; with eager speed they lace  
The shining headpiece, and the shield embrace.  
The neighing steeds are to the chariot tied; 885  
The trusty weapon sits on ev'ry side.  
And now the mighty labor is begun—  
Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.  
Sing you the chiefs that sway'd th' Ausonian land,  
Their arms, and armies under their command; 890  
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred;  
What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.  
For well you know, and can record alone,  
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.  
Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain: 895  
Scorn sate upon his brows, and sour disdain,  
Defying earth and heav'n. Etruria lost,  
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.  
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,  
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire; 900  
To Turnus only second in the grace  
Of manly mien, and features of the face.  
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,  
With fates averse a thousand men he led:  
His sire unworthy of so brave a son; 905  
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.  
Next Aventinus drives his chariot round  
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.  
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field;  
His father's hydra fills his ample shield: 910  
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims;  
The son of Hercules he justly seems  
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs;  
Of heav'nly part, and part of earthly blood,  
A mortal woman mixing with a god. 915  
For strong Alcides, after he had slain  
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain  
His captive herds; and, thence in triumph led,  
On Tuscan Tiber's flow'ry banks they fed.  
Then on Mount Aventine the son of Jove 920  
The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.

For arms, his men long piles and jav'lines bore;  
 And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.  
 Like Hercules himself his son appears,  
 In salvage pomp; a lion's hide he wears; 925  
 About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin;  
 The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.  
 Thus, like the god his father, homely dress'd,  
 He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.  
 Then two twin brothers from fair Tibur came, 930  
 (Which from their brother Tiburs took the name,)  
 Fierce Coras and Catillus, void of fear:  
 Arm'd Argive horse they led, and in the front appear.  
 Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the mountain's height  
 With rapid course descending to the fight; 935  
 They rush along; the rattling woods give way;  
 The branches bend before their sweepy sway.  
 Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,  
 Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:  
 Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains, 940  
 A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,  
 And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.  
 His own Præneste sends a chosen band,  
 With those who plow Saturnia's Sabine land;  
 Besides the succor which cold Anien yields, 945  
 The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,  
 Anagnia fat, and Father Amasene—  
 A num'rous rout, but all of naked men:  
 Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,  
 Nor drive the chariot thro' the dusty field, 950  
 But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead,  
 And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head;  
 The left foot naked, when they march to fight,  
 But in a bull's raw hide they sheathe the right.  
 Messapus next, (great Neptune was his sire,) 955  
 Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,  
 In pomp appears, and with his ardor warms  
 A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:  
 The just Faliscans he to battle brings,  
 And those who live where Lake Ciminia springs; 960  
 And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,  
 Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands.  
 All these in order march, and marching sing



The warlike actions of their sea-born king;  
Like a long team of snowy swans on high, 965  
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,  
When, homeward from their wat'ry pastures borne,  
They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.  
Not one who heard their music from afar,  
Would think these troops an army train'd to war, 970  
But flocks of fowl, that, when the tempests roar,  
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.  
Then Clausus came, who led a num'rous band  
Of troops embodied from the Sabine land,  
And, in himself alone, an army brought. 975  
'T was he, the noble Claudian race begot,  
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,  
To share the greatness of imperial Rome.  
He led the Cures forth, of old renown,  
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town, 980  
And all th' Eretian pow'rs; besides a band  
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land,  
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,  
And mountaineers, that from Severus came,  
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica, 985  
And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,  
And where Himella's wanton waters play.  
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie  
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:  
The warlike aids of Horta next appear, 990  
And the cold Nursians come to close the rear,  
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,  
Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.  
Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,  
When pale Orion sets in wintry rain; 995  
Nor thicker harvests on rich Hermus rise,  
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the skies,  
Than stand these troops: their bucklers ring around;  
Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.  
High in his chariot then Halesus came, 1000  
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:  
From Agamemnon born—to Turnus' aid  
A thousand men the youthful hero led,  
Who till the Massic soil, for wine renown'd,  
And fierce Auruncans from their hilly ground, 1005

And those who live by Sidicinian shores,  
And where with shoaly fords Vulturinus roars,  
Cales' and Osca's old inhabitants,  
And rough Saticulans, inur'd to wants:  
Light demi-lances from afar they throw, 1010  
Fasten'd with leathern thongs, to gall the foe.  
Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear;  
And on their warding arm light bucklers bear.  
Nor OEbalus, shalt thou be left unsung,  
From nymph Semethis and old Telon sprung, 1015  
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd;  
But that short isle th' ambitious youth disdain'd,  
And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway,  
Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea;  
O'er Batulum, and where Abella sees, 1020  
From her high tow'rs, the harvest of her trees.  
And these (as was the Teuton use of old)  
Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold;  
Sling weighty stones, when from afar they fight;  
Their casques are cork, a covering thick and light. 1025  
Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens went,  
And led the mountain troops that Nursia sent.  
The rude Equicolæ his rule obey'd;  
Hunting their sport, and plund'ring was their trade.  
In arms they plow'd, to battle still prepar'd: 1030  
Their soil was barren, and their hearts were hard.  
Umbro the priest the proud Marrubians led,  
By King Archippus sent to Turnus' aid,  
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.  
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage, 1035  
And venom'd wounds of serpents could assuage.  
He, when he pleas'd with powerful juice to steep  
Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.  
But vain were Marsian herbs, and magic art,  
To cure the wound giv'n by the Dardan dart: 1040  
Yet his untimely fate th' Angitian woods  
In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.  
The son of fam'd Hippolytus was there,  
Fam'd as his sire, and, as his mother, fair;  
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore, 1045  
And nurs'd his youth along the marshy shore,  
Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame,

In fruitful fields; and Virbius was his name.  
Hippolytus, as old records have said,  
Was by his stepdam sought to share her bed; 1050  
But, when no female arts his mind could move,  
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.  
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,  
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore,  
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore. 1055  
But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,  
With Æsculapian herbs his life restor'd.  
Then Jove, who saw from high, with just disdain,  
The dead inspir'd with vital breath again,  
Struck to the center, with his flaming dart, 1060  
Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.  
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone  
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown;  
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove,  
Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from Jove. 1065  
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood  
Are coursers driv'n, who shed their master's blood,  
Affrighted by the monsters of the flood.  
His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd  
His father's art, and warrior steeds he rein'd. 1070  
Amid the troops, and like the leading god,  
High o'er the rest in arms the graceful Turnus rode:  
A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,  
On which with belching flames Chimæra burn'd:  
The more the kindled combat rises high'r, 1075  
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.  
Fair Io grac'd his shield; but Io now  
With horns exalted stands, and seems to low—  
A noble charge! Her keeper by her side,  
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes applied; 1080  
And on the brims her sire, the wat'ry god,  
Roll'd from a silver urn his crystal flood.  
A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields  
With swords, and pointed spears, and clatt'ring shields;  
Of Argives, and of old Sicanian bands, 1085  
And those who plow the rich Rutulian lands;  
Auruncan youth, and those Sacrana yields,  
And the proud Labicans, with painted shields,  
And those who near Numician streams reside.

And those whom Tiber's holy forests hide, 1090  
Or Circe's hills from the main land divide;  
Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,  
Or the black water of Pomptina stands.  
Last, from the Volscians fair Camilla came,  
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame; 1095  
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,  
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.  
Mix'd with the first, the fierce virago fought,  
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought,  
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain, 1100  
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:  
She swept the seas, and, as she skimm'd along,  
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.  
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,  
Where'er she passes, fix their wond'ring eyes: 1105  
Longing they look, and, gaping at the sight,  
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight;  
Her purple habit sits with such a grace  
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face;  
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd, 1110  
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.  
She shakes her myrtle jav'lin; and, behind,  
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

Publius Vergilius Maro

## The Aeneid Of Virgil: Book 9

WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,  
The various Iris Juno sends with haste,  
To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,  
The secret shade of his great grandsire sought.  
Retir'd alone she found the daring man, 5  
And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began:  
"What none of all the gods could grant thy vows,  
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows.  
Æneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian prince,  
Has left the Trojan camp without defense; 10  
And, short of succors there, employs his pains  
In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains.  
Now snatch an hour that favors thy designs;  
Unite thy forces, and attack their lines."  
This said, on equal wings she pois'd her weight, 15  
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.  
The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,  
And thus invokes the goddess as she flies:  
"Iris, the grace of heav'n, what pow'r divine  
Has sent thee down, thro' dusky clouds to shine? 20  
See, they divide; immortal day appears,  
And glitt'ring planets dancing in their spheres!  
With joy, these happy omens I obey,  
And follow to the war the god that leads the way."  
Thus having said, as by the brook he stood, 25  
He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;  
Then with his hands the drops to heav'n he throws,  
And loads the pow'rs above with offer'd vows.  
Now march the bold confed'rates thro' the plain,  
Well hors'd, well clad; a rich and shining train. 30  
Messapus leads the van; and, in the rear,  
The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.  
In the main battle, with his flaming crest,  
The mighty Turnus tow'rs above the rest.  
Silent they move, majestically slow, 35  
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.  
The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far,  
And the dark menace of the distant war.  
Caicus from the rampire saw it rise,

Black'ning the fields, and thick'ning thro' the skies. 40  
 Then to his fellows thus aloud he calls:  
 "What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls?  
 Arm! arm! and man the works! prepare your spears  
 And pointed darts! the Latian host appears."  
 Thus warn'd, they shut their gates; with shouts ascend 45  
 The bulwarks, and, secure, their foes attend:  
 For their wise gen'ral, with foreseeing care,  
 Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful war,  
 Nor, tho' provok'd, in open fields advance,  
 But close within their lines attend their chance. 50  
 Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command,  
 And sourly wait in arms the hostile band.  
 The fiery Turnus flew before the rest:  
 A piebald steed of Thracian strain he press'd;  
 His helm of massy gold, and crimson was his crest. 55  
 With twenty horse to second his designs,  
 An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.  
 "Is there," he said, "in arms, who bravely dare  
 His leader's honor and his danger share?"  
 Then spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw, 60  
 In sign of war: applauding shouts ensue.  
 Amaz'd to find a dastard race, that run  
 Behind the rampires and the battle shun,  
 He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,  
 And stops at ev'ry post, and ev'ry passage tries. 65  
 So roams the nightly wolf about the fold:  
 Wet with descending show'rs, and stiff with cold,  
 He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain,  
 (His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain,)  
 And, impotent of anger, finds no way 70  
 In his distended paws to grasp the prey.  
 The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs  
 Securely swig the dug, beneath the dams.  
 Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain.  
 Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain; 75  
 Surveys each passage with a piercing sight,  
 To force his foes in equal field to fight.  
 Thus while he gazes round, at length he spies,  
 Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies,  
 Close underneath the walls; the washing tide 80  
 Secures from all approach this weaker side.

He takes the wish'd occasion, fills his hand  
With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand.  
Urg'd by his presence, ev'ry soul is warm'd,  
And ev'ry hand with kindled firs is arm'd. 85  
From the fir'd pines the scatt'ring sparkles fly;  
Fat vapors, mix'd with flames, involve the sky.  
What pow'r, O Muses, could avert the flame  
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name?  
Tell: for the fact, thro' length of time obscure, 90  
Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.  
'T is said that, when the chief prepar'd his flight,  
And fell'd his timber from Mount Ida's height,  
The grandam goddess then approach'd her son,  
And with a mother's majesty begun: 95  
"Grant me," she said, "the sole request I bring,  
Since conquer'd heav'n has own'd you for its king.  
On Ida's brows, for ages past, there stood,  
With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood;  
And on the summit rose a sacred grove, 100  
Where I was worship'd with religious love.  
Those woods, that holy grove, my long delight,  
I gave the Trojan prince, to speed his flight.  
Now, fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;  
Let neither winds o'er-set, nor waves intomb 105  
The floating forests of the sacred pine;  
But let it be their safety to be mine."  
Then thus replied her awful son, who rolls  
The radiant stars, and heav'n and earth controls:  
"How dare you, mother, endless date demand 110  
For vessels molded by a mortal hand?  
What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride,  
Of safety certain, on th' uncertain tide?  
Yet, what I can, I grant; when, wafted o'er,  
The chief is landed on the Latian shore, 115  
Whatever ships escape the raging storms,  
At my command shall change their fading forms  
To nymphs divine, and plow the wat'ry way,  
Like Dotis and the daughters of the sea."  
To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore, 120  
The lake of liquid pitch, the dreary shore,  
And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,  
And the black regions of his brother god.

He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod.  
And now at length the number'd hours were come, 125  
Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,  
When the great Mother of the Gods was free  
To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.  
First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung  
A light that sign'd the heav'ns, and shot along; 130  
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,  
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs;  
And, last, a voice, with more than mortal sounds,  
Both hosts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds:  
"O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear, 135  
And know, my ships are my peculiar care.  
With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,  
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,  
Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,  
Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large, 140  
Exalted each a nymph: forsake the sand,  
And swim the seas, at Cybele's command."  
No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to speak,  
When, lo! th' obedient ships their haulsers break;  
And, strange to tell, like dolphins, in the main 145  
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:  
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,  
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.  
The foes, surpris'd with wonder, stood aghast;  
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste; 150  
Old Tiber roar'd, and, raising up his head,  
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.  
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock,  
And with these words his trembling troops bespoke:  
"These monsters for the Trojans' fate are meant, 155  
And are by Jove for black presages sent.  
He takes the cowards' last relief away;  
For fly they cannot, and, constrain'd to stay,  
Must yield unfought, a base inglorious prey.  
The liquid half of all the globe is lost; 160  
Heav'n shuts the seas, and we secure the coast.  
Theirs is no more than that small spot of ground  
Which myriads of our martial men surround.  
Their fates I fear not, or vain oracles.  
'T was giv'n to Venus they should cross the seas, 165



And land secure upon the Latian plains:  
Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.  
'T is in the fate of Turnus to destroy,  
With sword and fire, the faithless race of Troy.  
Shall such affronts as these alone inflame 170  
The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?  
My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,  
And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.  
Was 't not enough, that, punish'd for the crime,  
They fell; but will they fall a second time? 175  
One would have thought they paid enough before,  
To curse the costly sex, and durst offend no more.  
Can they securely trust their feeble wall,  
A slight partition, a thin interval,  
Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, tho' built 180  
By hands divine, yet perish'd by their guilt?  
Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,  
To force from out their lines these dastard bands.  
Less than a thousand ships will end this war,  
Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare. 185  
Let all the Tuscans, all th' Arcadians, join!  
Nor these, nor those, shall frustrate my design.  
Let them not fear the treasons of the night,  
The robb'd Palladium, the pretended flight:  
Our onset shall be made in open light. 190  
No wooden engine shall their town betray;  
Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.  
No Grecian babes before their camp appear,  
Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy year.  
Now, since the sun is rolling to the west, 195  
Give we the silent night to needful rest:  
Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare;  
The morn shall end the small remains of war."  
The post of honor to Messapus falls,  
To keep the nightly guard, to watch the walls, 200  
To pitch the fires at distances around,  
And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.  
Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand,  
And twice seven hundred horse these chiefs command;  
All clad in shining arms the works invest, 205  
Each with a radiant helm and waving crest.  
Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy ground;

They laugh, they sing, (the jolly bowls go round,)  
With lights and cheerful fires renew the day,  
And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play. 210  
The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld,  
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd.  
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore;  
Join works to works with bridges, tow'r to tow'r:  
Thus all things needful for defense abound. 215  
Mnestheus and brave Seresthus walk the round,  
Commission'd by their absent prince to share  
The common danger, and divide the care.  
The soldiers draw their lots, and, as they fall,  
By turns relieve each other on the wall. 220  
Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance,  
To watch the gate was warlike Nisus' chance.  
His father Hyrtacus of noble blood;  
His mother was a huntress of the wood,  
And sent him to the wars. Well could he bear 225  
His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear,  
But better skill'd unerring shafts to send.  
Beside him stood Euryalus, his friend:  
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host  
No fairer face, or sweeter air, could boast— 230  
Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun.  
One was their care, and their delight was one:  
One common hazard in the war they shar'd,  
And now were both by choice upon the guard.  
Then Nisus thus: "Or do the gods inspire 235  
This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?  
A gen'rous ardor boils within my breast,  
Eager of action, enemy to rest:  
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind  
To leave a memorable name behind. 240  
Thou see'st the foe secure; how faintly shine  
Their scatter'd fires! the most, in sleep supine  
Along the ground, an easy conquest lie:  
The wakeful few the fuming flagon ply;  
All hush'd around. Now hear what I revolve— 245  
A thought unripe—and scarcely yet resolve.  
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;  
By message both would hasten his return:  
If they confer what I demand on thee,

(For fame is recompense enough for me,) 250  
Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espied  
A way that safely will my passage guide."  
Euryalus stood list'ning while he spoke,  
With love of praise and noble envy struck;  
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind: 255  
"All this, alone, and leaving me behind!  
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?  
Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,  
Or send thee unassisted to the field?  
Not so my father taught my childhood arms; 260  
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms!  
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,  
Nor of the heav'n-born hero I attend.  
The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim,  
And think it over-sold to purchase fame." 265  
Then Nisus thus: "Alas! thy tender years  
Would minister new matter to my fears.  
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,  
Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,  
Condemn'd to pay my vows, (as sure I trust,) 270  
This thy request is cruel and unjust.  
But if some chance—as many chances are,  
And doubtful hazards, in the deeds of war—  
If one should reach my head, there let it fall,  
And spare thy life; I would not perish all. 275  
Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date:  
Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate;  
To bear my mangled body from the foe,  
Or buy it back, and fun'ral rites bestow.  
Or, if hard fortune shall those dues deny, 280  
Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.  
O let not me the widow's tears renew!  
Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue:  
Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,  
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily, 285  
Her age committing to the seas and wind,  
When ev'ry weary matron stay'd behind."  
To this, Euryalus: "You plead in vain,  
And but protract the cause you cannot gain.  
No more delays, but haste!" With that, he wakes 290  
The nodding watch; each to his office takes.

The guard reliev'd, the gen'rous couple went  
To find the council at the royal tent.  
All creatures else forgot their daily care,  
And sleep, the common gift of nature, share; 295  
Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sate  
In nightly council for th' indanger'd state.  
They vote a message to their absent chief,  
Shew their distress, and beg a swift relief.  
Amid the camp a silent seat they chose, 300  
Remote from clamor, and secure from foes.  
On their left arms their ample shields they bear,  
The right reclin'd upon the bending spear.  
Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,  
And beg admission, eager to be heard: 305  
Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.  
Ascanius bids 'em be conducted in,  
Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin.  
Then Nisus thus: "Ye fathers, lend your ears;  
Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years. 310  
The foe, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,  
Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine;  
And where the smoke in cloudy vapors flies,  
Cov'ring the plain, and curling to the skies,  
Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide, 315  
Close by the sea, a passage we have spied,  
Which will our way to great Æneas guide.  
Expect each hour to see him safe again,  
Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.  
Snatch we the lucky minute while we may; 320  
Nor can we be mistaken in the way;  
For, hunting in the vale, we both have seen  
The rising turrets, and the stream between,  
And know the winding course, with ev'ry ford."  
He ceas'd; and old Alethes took the word: 325  
"Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,  
Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race,  
While we behold such dauntless worth appear  
In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear."  
Then into tears of joy the father broke; 330  
Each in his longing arms by turns he took;  
Panted and paus'd; and thus again he spoke:  
"Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,

In recompense of such desert, decree?  
The greatest, sure, and best you can receive, 335  
The gods and your own conscious worth will give.  
The rest our grateful gen'ral will bestow,  
And young Ascanius till his manhood owe."  
"And I, whose welfare in my father lies,"  
Ascanius adds, "by the great deities, 340  
By my dear country, by my household gods,  
By hoary Vesta's rites and dark abodes,  
Adjure you both, (on you my fortune stands;  
That and my faith I plight into your hands,)  
Make me but happy in his safe return, 345  
Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;  
Your common gift shall two large goblets be  
Of silver, wrought with curious imagery,  
And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,  
My conqu'ring sire at sack'd Arisba gain'd; 350  
And more, two tripods cast in antic mold,  
With two great talents of the finest gold;  
Beside a costly bowl, ingrav'd with art,  
Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.  
But, if in conquer'd Italy we reign, 355  
When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain—  
Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd:  
That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding crest,  
And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share:  
Twelve lab'ring slaves, twelve handmaids young and fair, 360  
All clad in rich attire, and train'd with care;  
And, last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,  
And a large portion of the king's domains.  
But thou, whose years are more to mine allied—  
No fate my vow'd affection shall divide 365  
From thee, heroic youth! Be wholly mine;  
Take full possession; all my soul is thine.  
One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both attend;  
My life's companion, and my bosom friend:  
My peace shall be committed to thy care, 370  
And to thy conduct my concerns in war."  
Then thus the young Euryalus replied:  
"Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,  
The same shall be my age, as now my youth;  
No time shall find me wanting to my truth. 375

This only from your goodness let me gain  
(And, this ungranted, all rewards are vain):  
Of Priam's royal race my mother came—  
And sure the best that ever bore the name—  
Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold 380  
From me departing, but, o'erspent and old,  
My fate she follow'd. Ignorant of this  
(Whatever) danger, neither parting kiss,  
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,  
And in this only act of all my life deceive. 385  
By this right hand and conscious Night I swear,  
My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.  
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place  
(Permit me to presume so great a grace);  
Support her age, forsaken and distress'd. 390  
That hope alone will fortify my breast  
Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears."  
He said. The mov'd assistants melt in tears.  
Then thus Ascanius, wonderstruck to see  
That image of his filial piety: 395  
"So great beginnings, in so green an age,  
Exact the faith which I again engage.  
Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim,  
Creusa had, and only want the name.  
Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have, 400  
'T is merit to have borne a son so brave.  
Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,  
(My father us'd it,) what, returning here  
Crown'd with success, I for myself prepare,  
That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share." 405  
He said, and weeping, while he spoke the word,  
From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,  
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,  
And in an iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the blade.  
This was his gift. Great Mnestheus gave his friend 410  
A lion's hide, his body to defend;  
And good Alethes furnish'd him, beside,  
With his own trusty helm, of temper tried.  
Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait  
Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate 415  
With prayers and vows. Above the rest appears  
Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,

And messages committed to their care,  
Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.  
The trenches first they pass'd; then took their way 420  
Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;  
To many fatal, ere themselves were slain.  
They found the careless host dispers'd upon the plain,  
Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore.  
Unharness'd chariots stand along the shore: 425  
Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,  
A medley of debauch and war, they lie.  
Observing Nisus shew'd his friend the sight:  
"Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.  
Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd; 430  
There lies our way; be thou upon the guard,  
And look around, while I securely go,  
And hew a passage thro' the sleeping foe."  
Softly he spoke; then striding took his way,  
With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes lay; 435  
His head rais'd high on tapestry beneath,  
And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath;  
A king and prophet, by King Turnus lov'd:  
But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd.  
Him and his sleeping slaves he slew; then spies 440  
Where Remus, with his rich retinue, lies.  
His armor-bearer first, and next he kills  
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels  
And his lov'd horses; last invades their lord;  
Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword: 445  
The gasping head flies off; a purple flood  
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood,  
Which, by the spurning heels dispers'd around,  
The bed besprinkles and bedews the ground.  
Lamus the bold, and Lamyros the strong, 450  
He slew, and then Serranus fair and young.  
From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,  
And puff'd the fummy god from out his breast:  
Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play—  
More lucky, had it lasted till the day. 455  
The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,  
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,  
And tears the peaceful flocks: with silent awe  
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employs 460  
The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys;  
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew;  
He Fadius, Hebesus, and Rhoetus slew.  
Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fell,  
But Rhoetus wakeful, and observing all: 465  
Behind a spacious jar he slink'd for fear;  
The fatal iron found and reach'd him there;  
For, as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,  
And, reeking, thence return'd in crimson dyed.  
The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood; 470  
The purple soul comes floating in the flood.  
Now, where Messapus quarter'd, they arrive.  
The fires were fainting there, and just alive;  
The warrior-horses, tied in order, fed.  
Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said: 475  
"Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;  
And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,  
Foe to nocturnal thefts. No more, my friend;  
Here let our gluttred execution end.  
A lane thro' slaughter'd bodies we have made." 480  
The bold Euryalus, tho' loth, obey'd.  
Of arms, and arras, and of plate, they find  
A precious load; but these they leave behind.  
Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay  
To make the rich caparison his prey, 485  
Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.  
Nor did his eyes less longingly behold  
The girdle-belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.  
This present Cædicus the rich bestow'd  
On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd, 490  
And, absent, join'd in hospitable ties:  
He, dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize;  
Till, by the conqu'ring Ardean troops oppress'd,  
He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd.  
These glitt'ring spoils (now made the victor's gain) 495  
He to his body suits, but suits in vain:  
Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,  
And laces on, and wears the waving crest.  
Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,  
They leave the camp, and take the ready way. 500  
But far they had not pass'd, before they spied



Three hundred horse, with Volscens for their guide.  
The queen a legion to King Turnus sent;  
But the swift horse the slower foot prevent,  
And now, advancing, sought the leader's tent. 505  
They saw the pair; for, thro' the doubtful shade,  
His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,  
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.  
"T is not for naught," cried Volscens from the crowd,  
"These men go there;" then rais'd his voice aloud: 510  
"Stand! stand! why thus in arms? And whither bent?  
From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?"  
Silent they scud away, and haste their flight  
To neighb'ring woods, and trust themselves to night.  
The speedy horse all passages belay, 515  
And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way,  
And watch each entrance of the winding wood.  
Black was the forest: thick with beech it stood,  
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn;  
Few paths of human feet, or tracks of beasts, were worn. 520  
The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,  
And fear, misled the younger from his way.  
But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,  
And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd,  
And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd, 525  
Where King Latinus then his oxen stall'd;  
Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,  
And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around:  
"Ah wretch!" he cried, "where have I left behind  
Th' unhappy youth? where shall I hope to find? 530  
Or what way take?" Again he ventures back,  
And treads the mazes of his former track.  
He winds the wood, and, list'ning, hears the noise  
Of tramping coursers, and the riders' voice.  
The sound approach'd; and suddenly he view'd 535  
The foes inclosing, and his friend pursued,  
Forelaid and taken, while he strove in vain  
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.  
What should he next attempt? what arms employ,  
What fruitless force, to free the captive boy? 540  
Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,  
With odds oppress'd, in such unequal strife?  
Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he shook;

And, casting on the moon a mournful look:  
"Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night, 545  
Fair queen," he said, "direct my dart aright.  
If e'er my pious father, for my sake,  
Did grateful off'rings on thy altars make,  
Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,  
And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils, 550  
Give me to scatter these." Then from his ear  
He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling spear.  
The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,  
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;  
Pierc'd his thin armor, drank his vital blood, 555  
And in his body left the broken wood.  
He staggers round; his eyeballs roll in death,  
And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.  
All stand amaz'd—a second jav'lin flies  
With equal strength, and quivers thro' the skies. 560  
This thro' thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,  
And in the brainpan warmly buried lay.  
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gazing round,  
Descried not him who gave the fatal wound,  
Nor knew to fix revenge: "But thou," he cries, 565  
"Shalt pay for both," and at the pris'ner flies  
With his drawn sword. Then, struck with deep despair,  
That cruel sight the lover could not bear;  
But from his covert rush'd in open view,  
And sent his voice before him as he flew: 570  
"Me! me!" he cried—"turn all your swords alone  
On me—the fact confess'd, the fault my own.  
He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth:  
Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth!  
His only crime (if friendship can offend) 575  
Is too much love to his unhappy friend."  
Too late he speaks: the sword, which fury guides,  
Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides.  
Down fell the beauteous youth: the yawning wound  
Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground. 580  
His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,  
Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd;  
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,  
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.  
Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd, 585

Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd.  
Volscens he seeks; on him alone he bends:  
Borne back and bor'd by his surrounding friends,  
Onward he press'd, and kept him still in sight;  
Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might: 590  
Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke,  
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and thro' his weazon broke.  
Dying, he slew; and, stagg'ring on the plain,  
With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain;  
Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell, 595  
Content, in death, to be reveng'd so well.  
O happy friends! for, if my verse can give  
Immortal life, your fame shall ever live,  
Fix'd as the Capitol's foundation lies,  
And spread, where'er the Roman eagle flies! 600  
The conqu'ring party first divide the prey,  
Then their slain leader to the camp convey.  
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,  
To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.  
Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest, they found: 605  
Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround;  
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.  
All knew the helmet which Messapus lost,  
But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.  
Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed, 610  
And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread;  
Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,  
But added colors to the world reveal'd:  
When early Turnus, wak'ning with the light,  
All clad in armor, calls his troops to fight. 615  
His martial men with fierce harangue he fir'd,  
And his own ardor in their souls inspir'd.  
This done—to give new terror to his foes,  
The heads of Nisus and his friend he shows,  
Rais'd high on pointed spears—a ghastly sight: 620  
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.  
Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls;  
They line their trenches, and they man their walls.  
In front extended to the left they stood;  
Safe was the right, surrounded by the flood. 625  
But, casting from their tow'rs a frightful view,  
They saw the faces, which too well they knew,

Tho' then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er  
 With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.  
 Soon hasty fame thro' the sad city bears 630  
 The mournful message to the mother's ears.  
 An icy cold benumbs her limbs; she shakes;  
 Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.  
 She runs the rampires round amidst the war,  
 Nor fears the flying darts; she rends her hair, 635  
 And fills with loud laments the liquid air.  
 "Thus, then, my lov'd Euryalus appears!  
 Thus looks the prop of my declining years!  
 Was't on this face my famish'd eyes I fed?  
 Ah! how unlike the living is the dead! 640  
 And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone?  
 Not one kind kiss from a departing son!  
 No look, no last adieu before he went,  
 In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!  
 Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay, 645  
 To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!  
 Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,  
 To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies,  
 To call about his corpse his crying friends,  
 Or spread the mantle (made for other ends) 650  
 On his dear body, which I wove with care,  
 Nor did my daily pains or nightly labor spare.  
 Where shall I find his corpse? what earth sustains  
 His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?  
 For this, alas! I left my needful ease, 655  
 Expos'd my life to winds and winter seas!  
 If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,  
 Here empty all your quivers, all your darts;  
 Or, if they fail, thou, Jove, conclude my woe,  
 And send me thunderstruck to shades below!" 660  
 Her shrieks and clamors pierce the Trojans' ears,  
 Unman their courage, and augment their fears;  
 Nor young Ascanius could the sight sustain,  
 Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain,  
 But Actor and Idæus jointly sent, 665  
 To bear the madding mother to her tent.  
 And now the trumpets terribly, from far,  
 With rattling clangor, rouse the sleepy war.  
 The soldiers' shouts succeed the brazen sounds;

And heav'n, from pole to pole, the noise rebounds. 670  
The Volscians bear their shields upon their head,  
And, rushing forward, form a moving shed.  
These fill the ditch; those pull the bulwarks down:  
Some raise the ladders; others scale the town.  
But, where void spaces on the walls appear, 675  
Or thin defense, they pour their forces there.  
With poles and missive weapons, from afar,  
The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.  
Taught, by their ten years' siege, defensive fight,  
They roll down ribs of rocks, an unresisted weight, 680  
To break the penthouse with the pond'rous blow,  
Which yet the patient Volscians undergo:  
But could not bear th' unequal combat long;  
For, where the Trojans find the thickest throng,  
The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way, 685  
And their crush'd heads become an easy prey.  
They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,  
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage;  
Contented now to gall them from below  
With darts and slings, and with the distant bow. 690  
Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,  
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.  
But brave Messapus, Neptune's warlike son,  
Broke down the palisades, the trenches won,  
And loud for ladders calls, to scale the town. 695  
Calliope, begin! Ye sacred Nine,  
Inspire your poet in his high design,  
To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made,  
What souls he sent below the Stygian shade,  
What fame the soldiers with their captain share, 700  
And the vast circuit of the fatal war;  
For you in singing martial facts excel;  
You best remember, and alone can tell.  
There stood a tow'r, amazing to the sight,  
Built up of beams, and of stupendous height: 705  
Art, and the nature of the place, conspir'd  
To furnish all the strength that war requir'd.  
To level this, the bold Italians join;  
The wary Trojans obviate their design;  
With weighty stones o'erwhelm their troops below, 710  
Shoot thro' the loopholes, and sharp jav'lins throw.

Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thund'ring hand  
Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand:  
It stuck, the fiery plague; the winds were high;  
The planks were season'd, and the timber dry. 715  
Contagion caught the posts; it spread along,  
Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd throng.  
The Trojans fled; the fire pursued amain,  
Still gath'ring fast upon the trembling train;  
Till, crowding to the corners of the wall, 720  
Down the defense and the defenders fall.  
The mighty flaw makes heav'n itself resound:  
The dead and dying Trojans strew the ground.  
The tow'r, that follow'd on the fallen crew,  
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and buried whom it slew: 725  
Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent;  
All the same equal ruin underwent.  
Young Lycus and Helenor only scape;  
Sav'd—how, they know not—from the steepy leap.  
Helenor, elder of the two: by birth, 730  
On one side royal, one a son of earth,  
Whom to the Lydian king Licymnia bare,  
And sent her boasted bastard to the war  
(A privilege which none but freemen share).  
Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield: 735  
No marks of honor charg'd its empty field.  
Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,  
And rising, found himself amidst his foes;  
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way.  
Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay; 740  
And—like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds  
Of eager huntsmen and invading hounds—  
Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,  
And bounds aloft against the pointed spears:  
So dares the youth, secure of death; and throws 745  
His dying body on his thickest foes.  
But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,  
Runs, doubles, winds and turns, amidst the war;  
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,  
And snatches at the beam he first can find; 750  
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,  
In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to reach  
But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey

(His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,  
Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind): 755  
"Fool!" said the chief, "tho' fleeter than the wind,  
Couldst thou presume to scape, when I pursue?"  
He said, and downward by the feet he drew  
The trembling dastard; at the tug he falls;  
Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking walls. 760  
Thus on some silver swan, or tim'rous hare,  
Jove's bird comes sousing down from upper air;  
Her crooked talons truss the fearful prey:  
Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.  
So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb, 765  
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.  
Then rushing onward with a barb'rous cry,  
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.  
The ditch with fagots fill'd, the daring foe  
Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets throw. 770  
Ilioneus, as bold Lucetius came  
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,  
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so right,  
It crush'd him double underneath the weight.  
Two more young Liger and Asylas slew: 775  
To bend the bow young Liger better knew;  
Asylas best the pointed jav'lin threw.  
Brave Cæneus laid Ortygius on the plain;  
The victor Cæneus was by Turnus slain.  
By the same hand, Clonius and Itys fall, 780  
Sagar, and Ida, standing on the wall.  
From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found:  
Hurt by Themilla first—but slight the wound—  
His shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,  
He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded part: 785  
The second shaft came swift and unespied,  
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his side,  
Transfix'd his breathing lungs and beating heart:  
The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the dart.  
The son of Arcens shone amid the rest, 790  
In glitt'ring armor and a purple vest,  
(Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love,)  
Bred by his father in the Martian grove,  
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,  
And sent in arms to purchase early fame. 795

Him when he spied from far, the Tuscan king  
Laid by the lance, and took him to the sling,  
Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and threw:  
The heated lead half melted as it flew;  
It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain; 800  
The youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the plain.  
Then young Ascanius, who, before this day,  
Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,  
First bent in martial strife the twanging bow,  
And exercis'd against a human foe— 805  
With this bereft Numanus of his life,  
Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.  
Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,  
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with a stride,  
In these insulting terms the Trojans he defied: 810  
'Twice-conquer'd cowards, now your shame is shown—  
Coop'd up a second time within your town!  
Who dare not issue forth in open field,  
But hold your walls before you for a shield.  
Thus threat you war? thus our alliance force? 815  
What gods, what madness, hether steer'd your course?  
You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,  
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.  
Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,  
We bear our newborn infants to the flood; 820  
There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,  
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.  
They wake before the day to range the wood,  
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.  
No sports, but what belong to war, they know: 825  
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.  
Our youth, of labor patient, earn their bread;  
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.  
From plows and harrows sent to seek renown,  
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town. 830  
No part of life from toils of war is free,  
No change in age, or diff'rence in degree.  
We plow and till in arms; our oxen feel,  
Instead of goads, the spur and pointed steel;  
Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain. 835  
Ev'n time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain:  
The body, not the mind; nor can control



Th' immortal vigor, or abate the soul.  
Our helms defend the young, disguise the gray:  
We live by plunder, and delight in prey. 840  
Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;  
In sloth you glory, and in dances join.  
Your vests have sweeping sleeves; with female pride  
Your turbants underneath your chins are tied.  
Go, Phrygians, to your Dindymus again! 845  
Go, less than women, in the shapes of men!  
Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the Mother's rites,  
Where with unequal sound the flute invites;  
Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's shade:  
Resign the war to men, who know the martial trade!" 850  
This foul reproach Ascanius could not hear  
With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.  
At the full stretch of both his hands he drew,  
And almost join'd the horns of the tough yew.  
But, first, before the throne of Jove he stood, 855  
And thus with lifted hands invok'd the god:  
"My first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed!  
An annual off'ring in thy grove shall bleed;  
A snow-white steer, before thy altar led,  
Who, like his mother, bears aloft his head, 860  
Butts with his threat'ning brows, and bellowing stands,  
And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands."  
Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a gracious ear,  
And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.  
Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies 865  
The feather'd death, and hisses thro' the skies.  
The steel thro' both his temples forc'd the way:  
Extended on the ground, Numanus lay.  
"Go now, vain boaster, and true valor scorn!  
The Phrygians, twice subdued, yet make this third return." 870  
Ascanius said no more. The Trojans shake  
The heav'ns with shouting, and new vigor take.  
Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,  
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;  
And thus the beardless victor he bespoke aloud: 875  
"Advance, illustrious youth, increase in fame,  
And wide from east to west extend thy name;  
Offspring of gods thyself; and Rome shall owe  
To thee a race of demigods below.

This is the way to heav'n: the pow'rs divine 880  
From this beginning date the Julian line.  
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,  
The conquer'd war is due, and the vast world is theirs.  
Troy is too narrow for thy name." He said,  
And plunging downward shot his radiant head; 885  
Dispell'd the breathing air, that broke his flight:  
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal sight.  
Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,  
Now left, to rule Ascanius, by his sire:  
His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs, 890  
His mien, his habit, and his arms, he wears,  
And thus salutes the boy, too forward for his years:  
"Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,  
The warlike prize thou hast already won.  
The god of archers gives thy youth a part 895  
Of his own praise, nor envies equal art.  
Now tempt the war no more." He said, and flew  
Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.  
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know,  
And hear the twanging of his heav'nly bow. 900  
Then duteous force they use, and Phœbus' name,  
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.  
Undaunted, they themselves no danger shun;  
From wall to wall the shouts and clamors run.  
They bend their bows; they whirl their slings around; 905  
Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the ground;  
And helms, and shields, and rattling arms resound.  
The combat thickens, like the storm that flies  
From westward, when the show'ry Kids arise;  
Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main, 910  
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain,  
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,  
And with an armed winter strew the ground.  
Pand'rus and Bitias, thunderbolts of war,  
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare 915  
On Ida's top, two youths of height and size  
Like firs that on their mother mountain rise,  
Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,  
And of their own accord invite the war.  
With fates averse, against their king's command, 920  
Arm'd, on the right and on the left they stand,

And flank the passage: shining steel they wear,  
And waving crests above their heads appear.  
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,  
Lift up to heav'n their leafy heads unshorn, 925  
And, overpress'd with nature's heavy load,  
Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other nod.  
In flows a tide of Latians, when they see  
The gate set open, and the passage free;  
Bold Quercens, with rash Tmarus, rushing on, 930  
Equicolus, that in bright armor shone,  
And Hæmon first; but soon repuls'd they fly,  
Or in the well-defended pass they die.  
These with success are fir'd, and those with rage,  
And each on equal terms at length engage. 935  
Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,  
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.  
Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,  
When suddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought,  
The foes had left the fastness of their place, 940  
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chase.  
He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,  
Runs where the giant brothers guard the gate.  
The first he met, Antiphates the brave,  
But base-begotten on a Theban slave, 945  
Sarpedon's son, he slew: the deadly dart  
Found passage thro' his breast, and pierc'd his heart.  
Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel stood,  
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.  
Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies, 950  
And Meropes, and the gigantic size  
Of Bitias, threat'ning with his ardent eyes.  
Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd  
(A dart were lost within that roomy breast),  
But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong, 955  
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along:  
Not two bull hides th' impetuous force withhold,  
Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.  
Down sunk the monster bulk and press'd the ground;  
His arms and clatt'ring shield on the vast body sound, 960  
Not with less ruin than the Bajan mole,  
Rais'd on the seas, the surges to control—  
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall;

Prone to the deep, the stones disjointed fall  
 Of the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies; 965  
 Black sands, discolor'd froth, and mingled mud arise:  
 The frightened billows roll, and seek the shores;  
 Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:  
 Typhœus, thrown beneath, by Jove's command,  
 Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land, 970  
 Soon shifts his weary side, and, scarce awake,  
 With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.  
 The warrior god the Latian troops inspir'd,  
 New strung their sinews, and their courage fir'd,  
 But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright: 975  
 Then black despair precipitates their flight.  
 When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,  
 The town with fear and wild confusion fill'd,  
 He turns the hinges of the heavy gate  
 With both his hands, and adds his shoulders to the weight; 980  
 Some happier friends within the walls inclos'd;  
 The rest shut out, to certain death expos'd:  
 Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,  
 T' admit young Turnus, and include the war!  
 He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold, 985  
 Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.  
 Too late his blazing buckler they descry,  
 And sparkling fires that shot from either eye,  
 His mighty members, and his ample breast,  
 His rattling armor, and his crimson crest. 990  
 Far from that hated face the Trojans fly,  
 All but the fool who sought his destiny.  
 Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd  
 For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:  
 "These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town 995  
 Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:  
 'T is hostile earth you tread. Of hope bereft,  
 No means of safe return by flight are left."  
 To whom, with count'nance calm, and soul sedate,  
 Thus Turnus: "Then begin, and try thy fate: 1000  
 My message to the ghost of Priam bear;  
 Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there."  
 A lance of tough ground ash the Trojan threw,  
 Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew:  
 With his full force he whirl'd it first around; 1005

But the soft yielding air receiv'd the wound:  
Imperial Juno turn'd the course before,  
And fix'd the wand'ring weapon in the door.  
"But hope not thou," said Turnus, "when I strike,  
To shun thy fate: our force is not alike, 1010  
Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god."  
Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood,  
And aim'd from high: the full descending blow  
Cleaves the broad front and beardless cheeks in two.  
Down sinks the giant with a thund'ring sound: 1015  
His pond'rous limbs oppress the trembling ground;  
Blood, brains, and foam gush from the gaping wound:  
Scalp, face, and shoulders the keen steel divides,  
And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.  
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate; 1020  
And, had the victor then secur'd the gate,  
And to his troops without unclos'd the bars,  
One lucky day had ended all his wars.  
But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,  
Push'd on his fury, to pursue the crowd. 1025  
Hamstring'd behind, unhappy Gyges died;  
Then Phalaris is added to his side.  
The pointed jav'lines from the dead he drew,  
And their friends' arms against their fellows threw.  
Strong Halys stands in vain; weak Phlegys flies; 1030  
Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies.  
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall—  
Ingag'd against the foes who scal'd the wall:  
But, whom they fear'd without, they found within.  
At last, tho' late, by Lynceus he was seen. 1035  
He calls new succors, and assaults the prince:  
But weak his force, and vain is their defense.  
Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,  
And at one blow the bold aggressor slew.  
He joints the neck; and, with a stroke so strong, 1040  
The helm flies off, and bears the head along.  
Next him, the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,  
In darts invenom'd and in poison skill'd.  
Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,  
And Creteus, whom the Muses held so dear: 1045  
He fought with courage, and he sung the fight;  
Arms were his bus'ness, verses his delight.

The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,  
Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.  
Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken train, 1050  
Whom brave Seresthus and his troop sustain.  
To save the living, and revenge the dead,  
Against one warrior's arms all Troy they led.  
"O, void of sense and courage!" Mnestheus cried,  
"Where can you hope your coward heads to hide? 1055  
Ah! where beyond these rampires can you run?  
One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you shun!  
Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,  
And pass unpunish'd from a num'rous host?  
Forsaking honor, and renouncing fame, 1060  
Your gods, your country, and your king you shame!"  
This just reproach their virtue does excite:  
They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.  
Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield,  
But with slow paces measures back the field, 1065  
And inches to the walls, where Tiber's tide,  
Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.  
The more he loses, they advance the more,  
And tread in ev'ry step he trod before.  
They shout: they bear him back; and, whom by might 1070  
They cannot conquer, they oppress with weight.  
As, compass'd with a wood of spears around,  
The lordly lion still maintains his ground;  
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;  
Threats his distended paws, and shakes his mane; 1075  
He loses while in vain he presses on,  
Nor will his courage let him dare to run:  
So Turnus fares, and, unresolved of flight,  
Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight.  
Yet twice, inrag'd, the combat he renews, 1080  
Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues.  
But now they swarm, and, with fresh troops supplied,  
Come rolling on, and rush from ev'ry side:  
Nor Juno, who sustain'd his arms before,  
Dares with new strength suffice th' exhausted store; 1085  
For Jove, with sour commands, sent Iris down,  
To force th' invader from the frightened town.  
With labor spent, no longer can he wield  
The heavy fanchion, or sustain the shield,

O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling: 1090  
The weapons round his hollow temples ring;  
His golden helm gives way, with stony blows  
Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows.  
His crest is rash'd away; his ample shield  
Is falsified, and round with jav'lines fill'd. 1095  
The foe, now faint, the Trojans overwhelm;  
And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm.  
Sick sweat succeeds; he drops at ev'ry pore;  
With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er;  
Shorter and shorter ev'ry gasp he takes; 1100  
And vain efforts and hurtless blows he makes.  
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.  
The yellow god the welcome burthen bore,  
And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore;  
Then gently wafts him to the farther coast, 1105  
And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

Publius Vergilius Maro