

THE AENEID

Virgil

Translated by Christopher Cranch

*With an Introduction by
Louis Markos*



CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	vii
BOOK I.....	1
BOOK II	33
BOOK III	68
BOOK IV	97
BOOK V	127
BOOK VI	160
BOOK VII.....	196
BOOK VIII.....	228
BOOK IX	256
BOOK X	288
BOOK XI	326
BOOK XII.....	363
ANSWERS TO REVIEW QUESTIONS	401



INTRODUCTION

For 1500 years, Virgil's *Aeneid* reigned supreme. Whereas our self-conscious age has found greater solace in Homer's spontaneity than Virgil's sophistication, our ancestors found in the *Aeneid* a purpose, a pathos, and a profundity that moved them. It was Virgil—not in opposition to but alongside the Bible—who taught Christian Europe the shape of history, the cost of empire, the primacy of duty, the transience of fame, the inevitability of death, the pain of letting go, and the burden of adapting new strategies.

The World Around

The *Aeneid* is at once a timeless epic dealing with universal issues that cuts across all ages and cultures and a work of political propaganda that carefully and consciously reflects its historical moment. Virgil wrote his great paean to Rome in the 20s BC at the dawn of the Roman Empire upon the request of her first emperor, Caesar Augustus. Though Virgil does include subtle critiques of the emperor in the *Aeneid*, Augustus was for Virgil and most of the men of his generation a messianic figure who saved Rome from self-destruction.

Born in 70 BC, Virgil lived through a tumultuous period of civil wars that caused great social, political, and economic instability and led to the death of the Roman Republic (which had lasted 500 years).

Like so many of his fellow Romans, Virgil looked on helplessly as two sets of strong competitive leaders (the First Triumvirate of Julius Caesar, Pompey, and Crassus; the Second Triumvirate of Marc Antony, Lepidus, and Octavian) fought each other for supremacy. These upheavals caused many once wealthy Romans to lose their patrimonies; Virgil himself came close to losing his.

When it seemed that Rome would tear herself to pieces, Octavian united the Senate against Marc Antony and his Egyptian consort, Cleopatra, defeating their combined naval force at Actium in 31 BC. For four years after that, Octavian maintained the illusion of the Republic, until, in 27 BC, he changed his name to Caesar Augustus (he was the adopted son of Julius Caesar) and ruled as emperor until his death in 14 AD.

Though he used brutal means to secure power, once he had it, Augustus brought stability and prosperity to Rome, instituting the *Pax Romana*, the “peace of Rome”—the longest reign of peace the western world has known. It was during this *Pax Romana* that Christ (the Prince of Peace) was born.

About the Author

Publius Vergilius Maro was born in 70 BC; he lived a comfortable life and had good schooling. Unlike artists who must wait until after their death to be appreciated, Virgil was recognized all along as the great poet of his generation. He was patronized by Rome’s first emperor, Caesar Augustus, who helped Virgil get back his land after it was confiscated during the civil wars.

Virgil was one of a coterie of writers whom Augustus and his wealthy friend Maecenas gathered to the court (today the name Maecenas is used to describe a patron of the arts). The group included the great lyric poet Horace, the epic historian Livy, and the comic-erotic poet Ovid. Augustus began his slow rise to power in the years following the assassination of his adopted father, Julius Caesar, in 44 BC.

Before landing on Italy, Aeneas returns to Sicily to hold funeral games in honor of his father, who had died there a year earlier (V); then descends into the underworld to meet his father's ghost and learn of the future that awaits him and his progeny (VI).

Book VII promises a swift ending to Aeneas's mission, as the Italian King Latinus, instructed by the gods, agrees to marry his daughter Lavinia to Aeneas and thus combine their two peoples. But Jupiter's wife, Juno, who hates the Trojans, riles up the anger of Lavinia's mother (Amata) and fiancée (Turnus). Civil war breaks out and Aeneas is forced to seek allies (VIII) among a Greek people group settled in a marshy land of seven hills, the future site of Rome. King Evander entrusts his son, Pallas, to Aeneas, and Aeneas's new forces arrive in the nick of time to help the Trojans.

Books IX–XII detail the extended civil war, focusing not only on the resistance of Turnus but of a female, Amazon-like warrior named Camilla. During the war, Turnus kills Pallas, provoking the rage of Aeneas. The epic ends with Aeneas defeating Turnus in battle; he almost shows him mercy, but, when he sees the sword belt of the dead Pallas hanging from Turnus's armor, he kills him in a fit of rage. Before this, however, Juno and Jupiter agree that Trojans and Italians will merge their peoples to become Romans.

Worldview Analysis

Although it is hypothetically possible Virgil could have read portions of the Septuagint (the Greek translation of the Old Testament), it is highly unlikely he did so. Yet, despite his ignorance of the Hebrew Scriptures, Virgil offers in his *Aeneid* an eschatological view of history that bears a striking resemblance to that presented in the Bible.

According to the Judeo-Christian worldview, history is not haphazard but moves forward in accordance with God's just but ultimately benevolent providence. Like an Aristotelian plot, history does not proceed randomly but has a beginning, a middle, and an end.

Furthermore, in the Bible, that end is revealed to be a good one; indeed, the power of Christian eschatology (Greek for “study of the end”) is that it takes an initially bad event and uses it as the basis for a good end. The Church Fathers referred to this eschatological transformation of evil into good as *felix culpa* (Latin for “happy fault”).

Thus, the Fall of Man, surely a bad event, gives way to God’s outpouring of love in the Incarnation: when God became man and entered our fallen world. Likewise, the Crucifixion, perhaps the darkest day in human history, led to the victory of Easter Sunday. The *felix culpa* aspect of this turn is evident in the name the Church has given to the day Jesus was crucified: Good Friday. For Christians, the Fall marks the beginning of history, the Resurrection the middle, and the hoped-for Second Coming of Christ the end.

According to Virgilian eschatology, history also has a beginning (the Fall of Troy), a middle (the founding of Rome by Romulus and Remus in 753 BC), and an end (the establishment of the Roman Empire by Caesar Augustus in 27 BC). Though the Fall of Troy was a terrible, bloody event that wiped out a city and a civilization, when it is viewed through eschatological eyes, it becomes a good event, for it leads, in the fullness of time, to the Roman Empire.

Virgil gives us a glimpse of this historical process when he comes to the Temple of Juno at Carthage in Book I. There he learns that Dido knew where to build her city because she was given a sign: the head of a warhorse. Attentive readers will take from this a symbolic key: whenever we see a horse in the epic, it represents the building of a city. So far so good, until we move on to Book II and discover that a horse (the fabled Trojan Horse) now symbolizes the fall of a city. At first it might seem that Virgil has lost thematic control of his epic, but he has not; from an eschatological point of view, the fall of a city and the rise of a city are intimately related, with one leading to the other.

The *Aeneid* shares a historical worldview with the Bible; as such, it also shares a similar understanding of what virtues a hero must

possess if he is to succeed in a world so constructed. Given the slow, often imperceptible, development of the divine providential plan, the supreme virtue of the poem is faith. Virgil's heroes, like biblical believers, must put their faith in a grand design which they cannot see and which they will not live to witness the end of. As the Jews yearned and longed for the coming of the Messiah, and as Christians yearn and long for his Second Coming, so Aeneas yearns and longs for promises that will not be fulfilled for centuries.

Again and again throughout the epic, the travel-weary Aeneas wants to stop and build his city, but he is relentlessly pressed onward by the gods. While passing through Greece, he comes upon a miniature replica of Troy, led by Helenus, son of the late Trojan King Priam, and his wife, Andromache, the widow of the great Hector. Aeneas yearns to stay with them, but he knows that he must, like Abraham, continue on to the land promised him by the gods. "Be happy, friends," he says as he departs, "your fortune is achieved, / While one fate beckons us and then another. / Here is your quiet rest: no sea to plow / No quest for dim lands of Ausonia / Receding ever" (III.655–659).*

Still, despite the pain of moving on, Aeneas is sustained by the prophecies he has received and also by an Isaiah-and-Ezekiel-like vision that is granted him, even as Troy is being destroyed around him. Sensing Aeneas's reluctance to move on, his divine mother allows him to see what is really propelling history forward: "Look over there: I'll tear away the cloud / That curtains you, and films your mortal sight, / The fog around you" (II.795–797). In a flash of mystical insight, Aeneas sees that it is not the Greek soldiers but the gods themselves who are pulling down the walls of Troy. In the midst of what seems like chaos, there is a deeper purpose and a deeper plan.

* All quotes from Virgil are taken from *The Aeneid*, translated by Robert Fitzgerald (New York: Vintage Books, 1984). References will be given in the text by book and line number.



BOOK I*

I sing of arms, and of the man who first
Came from the coasts of Troy to Italy
And the Lavinian shores, exiled by fate.
Much was he tossed about upon the lands
And on the ocean by supernal powers, 5
Because of cruel Juno's sleepless wrath.
Many things also suffered he in war,
Until he built a city, and his gods
Brought into Latium; whence the Latin race.
The Alban sires, and walls of lofty Rome. 10
O Muse, the causes tell, for what affront.
And why incensed, the queen of gods compelled
A hero for his piety renowned
To undergo such sufferings and such toils.
Is there such anger in celestial minds? 15
There was an ancient city, Carthage, held
By Tyrian settlers, facing from afar
Italia, and the distant Tiber's mouth;

* Note: this translation does not match the line numbering of the original Latin text.

Rich in resources, fierce in war's pursuits:
 And this one city, Juno, it was said, 20
 Far more than every other land esteemed,
 Samos itself being less. Here were her arms.
 Her chariot here; even then the goddess strives
 With earnest hope to found a kingdom here
 Of universal sway, should fate permit. 25
 But of a race derived from Trojan blood
 She had heard, who would o'erturn the Tyrian towers
 One day, and that a people of wide rule.
 And proud in war, descended thence, would come
 For Lybia's doom. So did the Fates decree. 30
 This fearing, mindful of the former war
 She had led at Troy for her beloved Greeks,
 The causes of her ire and cruel griefs
 Saturnia had not forgot, but still
 Remembered, hoarded in her deepest thought, 35
 The judgment given by Paris, and the affront
 Of beauty scorned—the hated Trojan race
 And honors granted to rapt Ganymede.
 Inflamed by these, she drove from Latium far
 The Trojan remnant that escaped the Greeks, 40
 And fierce Achilles; and for many years
 They wandered, driven by fate, round all the seas.
 Such task it was to found the Roman state.
 Scarce out of sight of Sicily, they spread
 Their sails with joyous hearts, and o'er the sea 45
 With brazen prows were plunging through the foam.
 When Juno, the eternal wound still fresh
 Within her breast, thus with herself communed:
 "Shall I who have begun desist, o'ercome.
 Nor avert from Italy this Trojan king? 50

The Fates forbid, forsooth! Shall Pallas burn
 The fleet of the Greeks, and drown them in the sea.
 All for the crime and furious lust of one—
 Ajax, Oileus' son? She from the clouds
 Snatched the swift fire of Jove, and hireling, smote 55
 The ships, and scattered them, and upturned all
 The sea with winds; and him, by whirlwinds seized,
 And breathing flames from his transfixed breast.
 On a sharp rock impaled. But I, who move
 Queen of the gods, Jove's sister and his spouse, 60
 So many years with one sole race wage war.
 And who henceforth will worship Juno's power,
 Or suppliant at her altars lay his gifts?"
 Such things revolving in her flaming heart.
 Unto Aeolia, region of the clouds, 65
 Places that teemed with furious winds, she came.
 Here, in a cavern vast. King Aeolus
 Over the struggling winds and sounding storms
 His empire holds, and binds them fast in chains.
 They, chafing, with great mountain murmurs roar 70
 Around their cloisters. On his lofty seat
 Sits Aeolus, with scepter, and their wrath
 Assuages, and their fury moderates.
 Else would they bear away, with rapid force.
 Sea, earth, and heaven, and sweep them through the air. 75
 But the omnipotent father, fearing this,
 Hid them in gloomy caves, and o'er them set
 The mass of lofty mountains; and a king
 Gave them, who, by a compact sure, might know
 When to restrain and when to loose the reins. 80
 To him then, suppliant, Juno spake these words:
 "O Aeolus, I know that unto thee.

The father of the gods and king of men
 Grants to assuage and lift with winds the waves.
 A race now sails upon the Tyrrhene Sea 85
 Hostile to me—Ilium to Italy
 Transporting, and their conquered household gods.
 Strike force into thy winds, and sink their ships,
 Or drive them wide asunder, and the waves
 Strew with their corpses. Twice seven nymphs are mine; 90
 The fairest, Deiopea, will I give
 To thee in wedlock firm, to be thine own,
 And, for such service, pass her years with thee,
 And make thee father of a lovely race.”
 Aeolus answered: “Thine, O queen, whate’er 95
 Thou choosest to require; ’tis mine to obey.
 Thou givest me whatever sovereignty
 I hold—my scepter, and the favor of Jove,
 And to recline at banquets of the gods,
 And all the power I hold o’er clouds and storms.” 100
 Thus having said, with his inverted spear
 He smote the hollow mountain on the side.
 Then forth the winds, like some great marching host.
 Vent being given, rush turbulent, and blow
 In whirling storm abroad upon the lands: 105
 Down pressing on the sea from lowest depths
 Upturned, Eurus and Notus all in one
 Blowing, and Africus with rainy squalls,
 Dense on the vast waves rolling to the shore.
 Then follow clamoring shouts of men, and noise 110
 Of whistling cordage. On a sudden, clouds
 Snatch from the Trojans all the light of day
 And the great sky. Black night lies on the sea.
 The thunder rolls, the incessant lightnings flash;

And to the crews all bodes a present death. 115
 Aeneas' limbs relax with sudden cold;
 Groaning, his hands he stretches to the stars.
 "O, thrice and four times happy they," he cries,
 "To whom befell beneath Troy's lofty walls
 To encounter death before their fathers' eyes!" 120
 O Diomed, thou bravest of the Greeks,
 Why could I not have fallen on Ilium's fields,
 Pouring my warm life out beneath thy hand?
 Where valiant Hector lies, by Achilles' spear
 Slain, and where tall Sarpedon was o'erthrown, 125
 Where Simois rolls along, bearing away
 Beneath his waves so many shields and casques.
 So many corpses of brave heroes slain!"
 Thus while he cried aloud, a roaring blast
 From out the north strikes full against the sails, 130
 And the waves touch the stars; the oars are snapped;
 The ship swings round, and gives to the waves its side.
 A steep and watery mountain rolls apace:
 Some on its summit hang; and some beneath
 Behold the earth between the yawning waves: 135
 Mingled with sand the boiling waters hiss
 On hidden rocks three ships the south-wind hurls
 Rocks by the Italian sailors Altars called;
 A vast ridge on a level with the sea.
 Three others by the east-wind from the deep 140
 Are driven upon the quicksands and the shoals—
 Dreadful to see—upon the shallows dashed,
 And girt around by drifting heaps of sand.
 One, that conveyed the Lycians, and that bore
 Faithful Orontes, there, before his eyes, 145
 A huge sea from above strikes on the stern,

Dashing the pilot headlong on the waves.
 Three times the surges whirl the ship around
 In the swift vortex of the sea engulfed;
 Then scattered swimmers in the vast abyss 150
 Are seen, and arms, and planks, and Trojan spoils.
 Now the strong ship of Ilioneus, now
 Of brave Achates, and the barks that bore
 Abas, and old Aletes, are o'erwhelmed,
 And all their yawning sides with loosened joints 155
 Drink in the bitter drench. Meanwhile, below,
 Neptune was conscious of the sea disturbed
 With loud uproar, and of the tempest sent,
 And the calm deeps convulsed. Profoundly moved,
 He gazes up, and lifts his placid head 160
 Above the waves; Aeneas' scattered fleet
 O'er all the ocean sees; the Trojan hosts
 Oppressed with waves and the down-rushing sky,
 And not to Juno's brother were unknown
 Her arts and anger. Then to him he calls 165
 Eurus and Zephyrus, and' thus he speaks:
 "Can such reliance on your birth be yours,
 O Winds, that now, without authority
 Of mine, ye dare to mingle heaven and earth
 In discord, and such mountain waves upraise? 170
 Whom I—But best allay these angry seas.
 Not thus shall ye escape your next offence.
 Away! Say this unto your king: Not his
 The empire of the seas, the trident stern,
 But given to me, by fate. The savage rocks 175
 He holds, O Eurus, your abiding-place.
 Let Aeolus boast his power within those halls.
 And reign in the pent prison of the winds!"

So spake the god: and swifter than his speech
He smooths the swelling waves, the gathered clouds 180
Disperses, and the sunshine brings again,
With him Cymothoe and Triton bend
With all their force, and from the jagged rocks
Push off the ships: with trident he himself
Upheaves them, and lays open the vast shoals, 185
And smooths the deep, as with light wheels he glides
Along the surface of the waves. As when
Sedition rises in a multitude.
And the base mob is raging with fierce minds,
And stones and firebrands fly, and fury lends 190
Arms to the populace—then should some man
Of reverence and of worth appear, they stand
Silent, and listen with attentive ears:
He rules their minds with words, and calms their breasts:
So all the clamor of the sea subsides, 195
When, looking forth, the father, borne along
Beneath the open sky, directs his steeds,
And flying, to his swift car gives the reins.
The weary Trojans aim to reach the shores
That nearest lie, and turn to the Lybian coasts. 200
Within a deep recess there is a place
Where with its jutting sides an island forms
A port, by which the rolling ocean waves
Are broken, and divide in lesser curves.
On either side vast rocks and twin-like cliffs 205
Threaten the sky; beneath whose towering tops
The sea lies safe and tranquil all around.
Above, a wall, with trembling foliage stands,
O'ershadowed by a dark and gloomy grove;
And underneath the opposing front, a cave 210

Amid the hanging cliffs is seen. Within
 Are pleasant springs, and seats of natural rock,
 A dwelling for the nymphs. No cable here,
 Nor any anchor holds with crooked fluke
 The weary ships. Hither Aeneas brings 215
 Seven of the ships collected from his fleet,
 And here, with a great longing for the land.
 The Trojans disembark, and gain the beach
 Desired; and drenched and dripping with the brine.
 They stretch their weary limbs upon the shore. 220
 And first, with flint. Achates struck a spark,
 And caught the fire in leaves; and round about
 Dry fuel piled, and swiftly fanned the flame.
 They bring forth then their corn, by water spoiled,
 And implements of Ceres—with their toils 225
 Exhausted—and prepare to scorch with fire
 Their rescued grain, and break it with a stone.
 Meanwhile Aeneas climbs upon a cliff.
 And far out on the ocean strains his eyes.
 If anyone like Antheus he may espy, 230
 Tossed by the wind in any Phrygian bark;
 Or Capys, or Caicus, with his arms
 Upon the stern. No sail in sight. Three stags
 Upon the shore, straying about, he sees;
 And following these the whole herd comes behind, 235
 And browses all along the valleys. Here
 He stopped and seized his bow and arrows swift,
 Which arms the trusty Achates bore. And first
 The leaders he strikes down, their lofty heads
 With branching antlers crowned; and next he smites 240
 The vulgar herd, and drives them with his darts,
 Mixed in confusion through the leafy woods.

Nor does the victor stop till he has felled
 Seven huge beasts, the number of his ships;
 Then to the port returning, parts the prey 245
 Among his comrades. And the wines with which
 The good Acestes had filled full their casks
 On the Trinacrian shore, when leaving him.
 These he divides among them; and with words
 Of comfort thus consoles their sorrowing hearts: 250
 "O friends, who greater sufferings still have borne,
 (For not unknown to us are former griefs)
 An end also to these the deity
 Will give. You have approached the furious rage
 Of Scylla, and her hoarse resounding cliffs. 255
 You the Cyclopean rocks have known full well;
 Recall your courage; banish gloomy fears.
 Some day perhaps the memory of these things
 Shall yield delight. Through various accidents;
 Through many a strait of fortune, we are bound 260
 For Latium, where our fates point out to us
 A quiet resting-place. There 'tis decreed
 Troy's kingdom shall arise again. Be firm,
 And keep your hearts in hope of brighter days."
 Such were his words: yet sick with weighty cares, 265
 He in his features but dissembled hope,
 And pressed his heavy trouble down. But they
 Busy themselves about their captured game,
 And preparations for approaching feasts.
 The skin from off the ribs they strip, lay bare 270
 The carcasses, and cut the meat apart,
 And fix the quivering limbs upon the spits.
 Others set brazen cauldrons on the sand,
 And tend the fires beneath; then they refresh

Their strength with food, and, stretched upon the grass, 275
 With the old wine and juicy meat are filled.
 Hunger appeased, and dishes then removed,
 In long discourse about their comrades lost
 They make conjectures, between hope and fear,
 Uncertain if they still may be alive, 280
 Or have suffered death, nor hear when they are called.
 Chiefly the good Aeneas mourns the lot
 And cruel fate, now of Orontes brave,
 And now of Amycus, and Gyas strong,
 And strong Cloanthus. Now there was an end 285
 At length; when Jove from his ethereal heights
 Upon the sail-winged ocean looking down,
 And the wide lands, and shores, and nations spread
 Beneath, stood on the pinnacle of heaven,
 And on the realm of Lybia fixed his eyes. 290
 But him, revolving in his mind such cares,
 Venus, more sad than was her wont, addressed.
 Her brilliant eyes suffused with tears: "O thou
 Who rulest over men and gods with sway
 Eternal—terrible with lightnings!—what 295
 Offence so great has my Aeneas done
 'Gainst thee, what have the Trojans done, that they,
 Suffering so many deaths, the earth entire,
 On Italy's account, is shut to them?
 For surely thou didst promise that one day 300
 In the revolving years, from these should spring
 The Romans, leaders from the Teucric blood
 Restored, and hold the sea, and hold the land
 In sovereign sway. What new resolve has changed
 Thy mind, O sire? For I was wont with this 305
 Myself to solace for Troy's overthrow,

And its sad ruin, weighing adverse fates
 With fates. But now the same mischance pursues
 These men long driven by calamities.
 What end giv'st thou, great king, unto their toils? 310
 Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts
 Escaped, was able, safe, to penetrate
 The Illyrian bay, and see the interior realms
 Of the Liburni; and to pass beyond
 The source of the Timavus, issuing whence, 315
 With a vast mountain murmur from nine springs
 A bursting flood goes forth, and on the fields
 Crowds with resounding waters. Yet he here
 Founded the walls of Padua, and built
 The Trojan seats, and to the people gave 320
 A name, and there affixed the arms of Troy.
 Now, laid at rest, he sleeps in placid peace,
 But we, thy offspring, to whom thou dost give
 The promise of the palaces of heaven—
 Our ships are lost—ah bitter woe!—and we 325
 Betrayed, to satisfy the wrath of one,
 And driven far from the Italian shores.
 Is this the reward of filial piety?
 And dost thou thus restore our sceptered sway?"
 Then with that countenance with which he calms 330
 The stormy skies, the Sire of men and gods,
 Smiling, his daughter fondly kissed, and spake:
 "Spare thy fears, Cytherea, for unmoved
 Thy people's fates remain for thee; and thou
 Shalt see Lavinium and its promised walls, 335
 And to the stars of heaven shalt bear sublime
 The noble-souled Tineas; nor do I turn
 From my intent. He (but to thee alone

I tell it, since these cares oppress thy mind;
 The secrets of the Fates revolving far 340
 In future eras, I for thee will move)—
 He on Italia a great war shall wage,
 And shall subdue the fierce and hostile tribes.
 And give them laws, and manners, and walled towns,
 Till the third summer shall have seen him king 345
 In Latium, and three winters shall have passed
 After the Rutuli have been subdued,
 But the young boy Ascanius, unto whom
 The name Iulus now is added (he
 Iulus was called, while stood the Ilian realm)— 350
 Thirty great circles of revolving months
 Shall in his reign complete, and shall transfer
 The kingdom from Lavinium, and with strength
 Fortify Alba-Longa. Here shall reign
 Kings of Hectorean race, three hundred years, 355
 Till Ilia, a priestess and a queen,
 Pregnant by Mars, has given birth to twins.
 Then, in the tawny shelter of a wolf,
 His nurse, exulting, Romulus shall take
 The nation in his sway, and build the walls 360
 Of the Mavortian city, and his name
 Give to the Romans. Nor shall I to them
 Set bounds or seasons. Empire without end
 I have given. Nay, harsh Juno, who disturbs
 With fear the sea and land and sky, will change 365
 Her counsels for the better, and with me
 Cherish the Romans, masters of affairs,
 The toga'd nation. Such is my decree.
 An age is coming in the gliding years.
 When the descendants of Assaracus 370

Phthia and famed Mycenae shall subdue.
And conquered Argos. Of illustrious, birth
The Trojan Caesar shall be born, whose sway
The ocean, and whose fame the stars alone
Shall limit—Julius called—a name derived 375
From great Iulus. Free from all thy cares,
At length to heaven thou shalt receive-him, rich
With Orient spoils, invoked with prayers and vows.
Then shall the barbarous centuries grow mild,
Wars end, and gray-haired Faith and Vesta rule; 380
And Romulus with his brother Remus give
Laws to the land. The dreadful gates of war
Will then be shut with iron bolts and bars.
The wicked Furor on his cruel arms,
Bound with a hundred brazen knots behind, 385
Will sit within, and rage with bloody mouth.”
He said; and from on high sends down the son
Of Maia, that the lands and new-built towers
Of Carthage might be opened to receive
As guests the Trojans; lest in ignorance 390
Of fate, Dido should drive them from her shores.
Through the vast air with rowing wings he flies,
And quickly alighted on the Lybian coasts,
And now he executes his high commands;
And at his will the Carthaginians lay 395
Aside their fierceness; and the queen in chief
Toward the Trojans turns with friendly thoughts.
But good Aeneas, pondering many things
All through the night, soon as the cheering dawn
Of day should come, resolved to issue forth, 400
And to explore this country all unknown;
Upon what shores the wind had driven him;

By whom inhabited, or men or beasts,
 For all seemed wild—and to his friends' report
 What he might find. Beneath a hollow: rock 405
 With overhanging woods he hid his fleet,
 Shut in around by trees and gloomy shades.
 Then forth he goes, accompanied alone
 By Achates; in his hand two broad-tipped spears.
 To him then, in the middle of a wood, 410
 Appeared his mother, with a virgin face
 And robe, and weapons of a virgin too;
 Either of Spartan race, or like the fair
 Thracian Harpalyce when she fatigues
 Her steeds, more swift than Hebrus in his course. 415
 For from the shoulders of the huntress hung
 The ready bow, and to the winds she had given
 Her loosened locks. Bare to the knee she stood.
 Her flowing robe was gathered in a knot.
 "Ho, warriors!" she cried, "tell me if ye 420
 Any one of my sisters here have seen
 Wandering, with quiver girt, and spotted hide
 Of lynx; or pressing on the foaming boar
 With clamorous cries." So Venus spoke; and thus
 Her son: "None of thy sisters have I seen 425
 Or heard; O Virgin! tell me by what name
 Shall I address thee; for thy countenance.
 Thy voice, are not a mortal's; surely then
 A goddess—Phoebus' sister, or a nymph.
 O, be propitious! and, whoe'er thou art, 430
 Relieve our sufferings; tell us in what clime,
 On what shores, we are cast; for ignorant
 Alike of men and places here we stray,
 Driven hither by the winds and by the waves;

And on thy altars many victims slain 435
 We'll offer thee!" Then Venus: "I indeed
 Am all unworthy to receive such honor.
 It is the custom of the Tyrian maids
 To bear the quiver, and about the leg
 To bind the purple buskin. Tyrians here 440
 Thou seest—Agenor's city, and the realm
 Of Carthage, on the Lybian land—a race
 Untamable in war. Dido from Tyre
 The kingdom rules, who from her brother fled.
 Long is the story of her wrongs, and long 445
 Its windings; but the chief events I'll tell.
 Sychaeus was her spouse, of all Phoenicians
 The wealthiest in lands, and greatly loved
 By her, unhappy. She was given to, him
 A virgin by her father, and was wed 450
 With fairest omens. But Pygmalion,
 Her brother, ruled in Tyre; a monster he
 Of crime. A feud arose between the two,
 Regardless of his sister's wedded love.
 He, blind with lust of gold, in secrecy 455
 The unguarded husband at the altar slew.
 Long he concealed the crime, and wickedly
 Inventing many a tale the loving queen
 Deceived with empty hope. But in her sleep
 The ghost of her unburied husband came, 460
 Lifting a visage marvelously pale;
 And showed the cruel altars, and laid bare
 The breast the dagger pierced, uncovering all
 The hidden crimes of his detested house;
 And counseled her to leave the land, and fly; 465
 And, for her journey's aid, disclosed to her

Much ancient treasure hidden in the earth,
 An unknown heap of silver and of gold.
 Thus moved. Dido prepared for flight, and chose
 Companions. All assembled who were led 470
 By hatred of the tyrant or by fear.
 They seized upon some ships, ready by chance,
 And loaded them with treasure; and the wealth
 Of covetous Pygmalion was conveyed
 Away across the sea. A woman led 475
 The enterprise. They reached the shores (where now
 Soon thou shalt see the mighty battlements
 And citadel of our new Carthage rise),
 And purchased ground, called Byrsa, from the fact—
 As much as a bull's hide could compass round. 480
 "But who are ye? From what shores do ye come?
 And whither are ye going? "With a sigh,
 And voice dragged from his deepest breast, he spoke:
 "O goddess, if I should recount our woes
 From their first origin, and thou find time 485
 To hear, the evening star would lead the day
 To rest, and all the Olympian sky be shut!
 "From ancient Troy, if thou perchance hast heard
 The name of Troy, we have been driven by storms
 O'er various seas, upon these Lybian coasts. 490
 I am called the good Aeneas, known to fame
 Above the ether, who our household gods
 Snatched from our enemies, and in my fleet
 Convey. Italia, my ancestral land.
 And the race sprung from Jove supreme, I seek. 495
 With twice ten ships upon the Phrygian Sea,
 My divine mother showing me the way,
 I, following my destinies, embarked.

Scarce seven of these, shattered by storms, are saved.
 And I, unknown and needy, traverse here 500
 The Lybian deserts, banished from the shores
 Of Europe, and of Asia—"But no more
 Did Venus suffer of her son's complaint.
 But in the middle of his grief, thus spoke:
 "Whoe'er thou art, most hated, I believe, 505
 By the Celestials, dost thou breathe this air,
 Since to the Tyrian deity thou hast come.
 Continue now thy course, and hence proceed
 Toward the royal palace of the queen.
 For I announce to thee thy friends returned, 510
 Thy fleet brought back into a harbor safe,
 The north-winds having changed; unless to me
 My parents taught false augury, self-deceived.
 See yon twelve swans rejoicing in a flock,
 Which, but a moment since, Jove's eagle scared, 515
 And gliding from on high, drove through the air.
 Now in long line either on earth they light;
 Or, looking down, see their companions lit.
 As they, returning, sport with whistling wings.
 Clustered together with their joyful cries, 520
 Just so thy ships and thy brave youths e'en now
 Are either safe in port, or sailing in.
 Go then, and, as thy path leads, bend thy steps."
 She said; and turning, gleamed, with rosy neck,
 And from her head divinest odors breathed 525
 In her ambrosial hair. Around her feet
 Floated her flowing robe; and in her gait
 All the true goddess was revealed. But he,
 When now he knew his mother as she fled.
 Thus followed with his voice: "Ah, why so oft 530

Dost thou deceive thy son, thou cruel too
 With airy images? Why not join hand
 With hand, and real language hear and speak?"
 Thus he reproaches her, and onward moves
 Toward the walls. But Venus with a mist 535
 Obscured them, walking, and around their forms
 Wove a thick veil, lest any should perceive
 Or harm them, or delay, or seek to know
 Why they had come. But she herself on high
 Her way to Paphos took, and saw again 540
 With joy her seats, and saw her temples, where
 A hundred altars stand, and glow with sweet
 Sabaeian incense, and with fresh-culled flowers.
 Following their pathway then they hastened on
 And now a hill ascended, which o'erlooked 545
 The city and its towers. Aeneas there
 Admires the mass of buildings, once mere huts;
 Admires the gates, the bustle, and the streets.
 The ardent Tyrians urge their busy tasks;
 Some at the walls, some at the citadel 550
 Toil, rolling up the stones. Some choose a spot
 For building, and a furrow trace around,
 And forms of law and magistrates they make,
 And choose a reverend senate. Others here
 Are scooping docks; and others still lay down 555
 The large foundations of a theater.
 And cut huge columns from the quarried rocks,
 The lofty ornaments for future scenes.
 As in the early summer when the bees
 Toil in the sunshine through the flowery fields, 560
 And lead their full-grown offspring from their hives;
 Or pack their liquid honey into cells,

Distending them with nectar sweet; or take
The loads of those that come; or forming lines,
Expel the lazy drones; the work grows warm, 565
And all the honey smells of fragrant thyme.
“O happy ye, whose walls are rising now!”
Aeneas says, as on their towers he looks;
Then onward moves, surrounded by the cloud,
And, wonderful to tell, amid the throng 570
Mingles, and passes through, unseen by all.
There stood a grove within the city’s midst,
Delicious for its shade; where, when they came
First to this place, by waves and tempest tossed.
The Carthaginians from the earth dug up 575
An omen royal Juno had foretold
That they should find, a noble horse’s head;
Thus intimating that this race would shine,
Famous in war, and furnished with supplies.
For ages. Here the great Sidonian queen 580
A temple built to Juno, rich in gifts,
And in the presence of the goddess blessed,
A brazen threshold rose above the steps,
With brazen posts connecting, and the hinge
Creaked upon brazen doors. Within this grove 585
A new thing they beheld, which their first fear
Relieved; and here Aeneas first began
To hope for safety, with a better trust
In his afflicted state. For while he waits
The coming of the queen, and looks around 590
At every object in the spacious temple.
And on the city’s fortune wondering.
And skill and labor of the artisans.
He sees the Trojan battles painted there

In order, and the wars now known to fame 595
 Through the whole earth. The Atridae there he sees,
 And Priam, and Achilles, foe to both,
 Fixed to the spot he stood, and weeping, said:
 "What place. Achates, and what land on earth
 Is not replete with stories of our woes? 600
 See, Priam!—Worthy deeds e'en here are praised,
 And mortal sufferings move their thoughts and tears,
 Banish all fear! This fame some safety brings."
 So saying, he on the unreal picture fed
 His mind, with heavy sighs, and streaming tears. 605
 For now he saw how, battling around Troy,
 Here fled the Greeks, and pressed the Trojan youths.
 The Phrygians there, and crested Achilles urged
 His chariot on. And next, with tears, he saw
 The snow-white tents of Rhesus, which, betrayed 610
 By the first sleep, the cruel Diomed
 Laid waste with carnage, and into his camp
 The fiery coursers turned, ere they should taste
 Of Trojan pasture, or drink the Xanthian wave.
 Here Troilus he sees, the unhappy youth 615
 Flying, his shield lost, in unequal fight,
 Met by Achilles; now by his horses whirled.
 Still to his empty chariot, thrown to earth,
 Grasping his reins, he clings; his neck and hair
 Along the earth are dragged, and through the dust 620
 His pointed spear reversed makes idle tracks.
 Meanwhile the Trojan women to the shrine
 Of unpropitious Pallas go, with hair
 Unbound, wearing the peplus, suppliant all
 And sad, and beat their breasts. The goddess still 625
 Averts her eyes fixed sternly on the ground.

Three times Achilles round the walls of Troy
 Had dragged the lifeless Hector, and his corpse
 Was bartering for gold. Aeneas here
 Groaned from his inmost breast, as he beheld 630
 The chariot, spoils, and his friend's corpse itself;
 And Priam stretching out his helpless arms,
 Also himself he saw, mixed with the chiefs
 Of Greece, and the Eastern forces, and the arms
 Of swarthy Memnon. Penthesilea next, 635
 Raging, led on the Amazonian bands.
 With crescent bucklers, eager in the fight;
 A golden girdle 'neath her naked breast;
 A maiden warrior, daring to contend
 With men! While thus Aeneas wondering views 640
 These things, and stands with a bewildered gaze.
 Dido the queen in all her loveliness
 Has come into the temple, a great band
 Of warrior youths attending on her steps.
 As on Eurota's banks, or on the tops 645
 Of Cynthus, when Diana leads along
 Her dancing choirs, a thousand mountain nymphs
 Follow and cluster, right and left; but she,
 Bearing the quiver on her shoulder, walks
 Taller than all the goddesses around; 650
 While silent rapture fills Latona's breast.
 Such Dido was, as radiantly she stood
 Amid the throng, her mind bent on affairs.
 And busy with her future sovereignty.
 Then in the temple's sacred gates, beneath 655
 The vaulted roof, her armed bands around.
 And raised upon a lofty throne, she sat
 To administer the laws and rights to all,



BOOK II

All silent sat, with looks intent; when thus 1
Aeneas from his lofty couch began.
O queen, thou dost command me to renew
A grief unutterable; how the Greeks
O'erturned the power and lamentable realm 5
Of Troy: the afflicting scenes that I myself
Beheld, and a great part of which I was.
Who of the Myrmidons or Dolopes,
Or of the hard Ulysses' soldiery,
Can, speaking of such things, refrain from tears? 10
Now too the humid night from heaven descends,
And all the sinking stars persuade to sleep.
Still, if there be such earnest wish to hear
Our sad disasters, and in brief to know
The last expiring sufferings of Troy, 15
Though my soul shudders at the memory,
And in its grief shrinks back, I will begin.
Broken by war, and baffled by the fates
Through such a lapse of years, the Grecian chiefs
Construct a horse, by Pallas' art divine, 20
Huge as a mountain, and enlaced and ribbed