

VIRGIL AENEID

I

I sing of arms and him who from Troy's strand
Was first to come to the Italian land
And the Lavinian shores, by destiny
An exile, tossed on land formidably
And by the gods above, by Juno's spleen,
Savage and unforgiving; he had seen
Much torment, too, in warfare while he sought
To consecrate the city; and he brought
Gods into Latium, whence came its race
And all the Alban leaders and the face 10
Of Rome's high walls. Say, Muse, what private hell,
What insult caused the High Queen to propel
That paragon to bear such great distress
And so much labour. Could such bitterness
Exist in Heaven? Facing Italy,
Though far from Tiber's port across the sea,
Was ancient Carthage, wealthy and well-versed
In savage war, which Juno rated first,
It's said, above all lands, Samos less dear
Within her heart; her chariot was here, 20
Her arms; it was her cherished hope this place,
Should fate allow, would be the leading race.
And yet from Trojan blood, she had heard tell,
A race was springing that would send to Hell
The Trojan walls. These people would arise,

Wide-ruling, strong in war, and pulverize
All Libya – this was the Fates’ decree.
This caused her fear, while in her memory
There lived an old war that in Troy she’d waged
For her dear Argos – she was unassuaged, 30
Indignant still, recalling savage grief:
For Paris’ judgment offered no relief
Deep in her heart, nor did the injury
To her spurned charm nor her hostility
Towards those folk nor yet the veneration
Of captured Ganymede. In indignation,
She flung the Trojans over endless sea,
Those who had dodged Achilles’ savagery
And all the other Greeks. From Latium
She kept them long, and for a mighty sum 40
Of years they wandered over all the seas,
Driven by fate. So many difficulties
To found the Roman race! Scarce out of sight
Of Sicily they sailed on in delight,
Their bronze prow brushing salty spume aside;
Juno, her endless wound still held inside
Her heart, said to herself: “Must I suppress,
In vanquishment, my aim to dispossess
The Teucrian king of Italy? I’m stayed
By fate. Pallas Athene, though, put paid 50
To the Argive fleet with flame, and in the sea
She sank it to pay for the lunacy
Of Ajax, for Jove’s rapid, fiery thunder
From the clouds she cast and tore their ships asunder,

The seas wind-tossed. As those flames he breathed out,
His breast transfixed, she whirled him all about
And tossed him on a sharp rock. Though my state
Is queen of all the gods and I'm the mate,
And sister too, of Jove, an endless war
I wage against one race! Who will adore 60
My godhead, who will give me honour now
With bounty at my altar?" That is how
She pondered in her flaming heart, as she
Went to Aeolia, locality
Of clouds and furious winds. The Aeolian lord
Controls and traps each storm that ever roared,
Each striving blast in his vast cave, while round
The barriers they make a dreadful sound
In wrath and mighty is the mountains' din.
Holding his staff, the Aeolian lord sits in 70
His lofty throne and calms and mollifies
Their moody indignation – otherwise
They'd swiftly snatch the land, the sea, the sky
Above us and would sweep them way up high.
But, fearing this, the father of all men
And gods concealed them in dark caves and then
Deposited high mountains towering
Above them all and gave to them a king
Who knew through settled pacts when to suppress
And when to slack the reins. Then the goddess 100
Begged him: "The king of all humanity,
Lord Jove, has given you the ability
To calm the waves or else to galvanize

Them with your blasts. A race, then, in my eyes
An enemy, sails the Tyrrhenian sea,
Bringing Troy's conquered gods to Italy:
Assail them with your wind-storms and immerse
Their buffeted fleet and cause them to disperse
And strew their corpses. I have got fourteen
Fair nymphs, of whom the fairest ever seen 110
Is Deiopea. She shall marry you
And be your faithful wife – this is your due:
She'll live with you always – your progeny
Shall shine in beauty." "Queen, your industry,"
Aeolus then replied, "is to succeed
In your intent and it is right indeed
That I obey. You gave supremacy
To me, my staff and Jove, allowing me
To feast beside the gods and gave me sway
Over clouds and storms." That's what he had to say. 120
He struck the hollow mountain on its side
With upturned trident: when the door they spied
Which he had made, the winds, all in a row
Like troops, rushed out and with a mighty blow
Whirled round the earth. They settled on the sea –
East, South and African, which frequently
Was boisterous – and tumbled to the shore
The mighty waves. There followed, then, the roar
Of men, the cables' creak, and then the skies,
Clouds, light were all snatched from the Teucrians' eyes;130
Black night fell on the sea and thunder came
Out of the poles; the air with frequent flame

Flashed, threatening instant death to all the men.
At once Aeneas flagged with cold and then,
Palms raised up to the stars, said: "O thrice-blest,
And fourfold, were those whose eternal rest
Before their fathers' eyes were bound by fate
Beneath Troy's high walls! Diomedes, great
And mighty, foremost Greek, o would that I
Had in my native land been doomed to die, 120
My life's blood spilling from your weapon – there
Achilles' victim Hector lies; that's where
Lies mighty Sarpedon and where, below
The waves, the Simois, in her sweeping flow,
Swirls helmets, shields, brave men. The North Wind blew
Shrilly at this and mashed the sails and threw
The waters skyward. Oars snapped, then the prow
Swung round, full broadside to the waves; and now
A mass of water added to their plight.
Some of the men hung in its very height, 130
Some saw ground underneath the waves, and sand
Made the sea seethe; three ships, too, struck the land,
Twisted upon a hidden promontory
Of rocks by the South Wind – they've come to be
In Italy called altars for, on high
Upon the sea, a massive ridge, they lie;
Upon the shoals and banks another three
The East Wind tossed, a dreadful sight to see,
Smashed on the shallows. One of these,
Which bore the Lycians and staunch Orontes, 140
Was hit astern by the mighty surging swell,

The master struck and rolled headfirst, pell-mell;
Thrice in the same place twisted in a whirl,
She then was swallowed by its rapid swirl.
In the vast eddy some few would appear,
Swimming, as well as arms and shipping gear
And Trojan treasury; now one by one
Each ship was by the typhoon quite undone –
That of Ilioneus, brave Achates,
Both stout barks, Abas, ancient Aletes; 150
They all, their structures loosened on each side,
Were filled with vicious flooding, gaping wide
With cracks. Neptune meanwhile saw that the sea
Roared loudly with the storm's profundity
And that the waters that were still before
Now seethed up from the depths, and to his core
He was distressed; he looked out on the deep
And broke the surface, managing to keep
A calm mien. There Aeneas' fleet he spied
Oppressed by waves and scattered far and wide, 160
Ruined by Heaven's wrath, and well he knew
His sister Juno's wiles and rage, and to
The East and West Winds he called out and said:
"Has your pride in your heritage turned your head?
Do you dare, without my authority,
You winds, to mingle both the land and sea
And cause such ruin? I – it's better, though,
To calm the flood, and later you shall know
A greater punishment. Quick! Go and say
This to your king: that he does not hold sway 170

At sea with savage trident. Destiny
Allots *me* that. The rocky promontory
Where you both live belongs to Aeolus:
So, East Wind, let him make a lordly fuss
In *that* domain and reign where you are held,
You winds." He spoke and speedily he quelled
The swell, gathered the clouds and made them flee
And brought the sun back. Both Cymothoë
And Triton strained and pushed the ships away
From the sharp rock and opened up the way 180
For the vast sandbanks, mollified the deep
And crossed its surface, making a broad sweep
Upon light wheels and, just as agitation
Will often rise in a great population,
When common folk grow wild and rocks are cast.
And torches – wrath in arms – and then, at last,
If they see someone full of piety,
A worthy man, they stand there silently,
Ears pricked; he calms and disciplines them – thus
The sea was still, no longer querulous, 190
After the Father looked upon the main
And in an open sky applied the rein
And in his chariot flew. The Trojan crew,
Prostrate, aimed for the nearest shores, and to
The Libyan coast they turned. There is a place
In a deep gulf: this island forms a base
For sailors: there each wave breaks, then is gone
Back to the shore in ripples, while upon
Each side vast rocks and high peaks loom, while far

And wide the shattered seas below them are 200

Silent; above, a wood stands shimmering

And a dark grove whose shade seems threatening,

In front a wave with hanging rocks, inside

Fresh water and a place where Nymphs abide

On seats of living rock. No chain would bind

The weary ships here nor were they confined

By an anchors bite. Amassing the whole fleet,

Aeneas with seven ships there sought a retreat;

The Trojans, in their yearning for the land,

Then disembarked upon the longed-for sand 210

And lay down there, exhausted from the sea.

Striking a flint and adding greenery,

Achilles lit a fire and round it laid

Dry fuel while he fanned the flame he'd made

Among the tinder. Then the weary men

Took grain spoiled by the salty sea and then

Prepared to crush and kindle this repast.

Meanwhile Aeneas climbed a rock and cast

His eyes over the main in hope that he

Might see Antheus, wind-battered on the sea, 220

And Phrygian ships or Capys or upon

Some prow Caïcus' arms, but he saw none.

Three stags upon the shoreline wandering

He spotted, with a whole herd following,

A long line grazing through the sloping land.

His swift darts and j\his bow he took in hand

(Faithful Acestes bore them); first of all

He brought the leaders down which had stood tall

With branching antlers, then the remaining throng
 He harried with his weapons all along 230
 The leafy groves, not stopping till he'd downed
 Full seven massive bodies to the ground –
 The number of those ships. Then with his crew
 Back at the port he shared them. The wine, too,
 That good Acestes on the Trinacrian strand
 Had stowed and given the heroes as the land
 They left, he sectioned, soothing their distress
 Thus: "Friends, we've known past ills and borne no less –
 Nay, more – but God will end these things as well.
 You have been close to Scylla's furious hell 240
 And the resounding crag, you surely know
 The Cyclopean rocks – be strong! Let go
 Sad fear! Perhaps one day you'll take delight
 Recalling even that. We set our sight
 On Latium, through many a misery
 And risk, where fate assures us harmony;
 Troy should survive there. Hold on and expect
 Happier days." He spoke. Though his aspect
 Showed hope, great cares upon him cast a pall,
 And so he stifled his deep grief. Then all 250
 Prepared the spoil that would become their fare;
 They flayed the hide from the ribs and then laid bare
 The guts; some sliced the meat up into bits
 And fixed the beats, still trembling, on spits;
 Others place cauldrons on the beach and fanned
 The flames. With food their strength refreshing them and,
 Stretched on the grass, they ate rich venison

And swallowed vintage wine. With hunger gone,
 The tables cleared, long did they talk together
 In tremulous hope and fear and wondering whether 260
 Their lost friends live still or had finally
 Succumbed, their shouts unheard. Especially
 Pious Aeneas grieved great Orontes
 And Amycus and mourned fate's cruelties
 On Lycus, Gyas, Cloanthus – brave men.
 High on the mountains Jupiter looked then
 Upon the sail-winger sea, upon the strand,
 Upon all people spread throughout the land,
 Pause on the peak of Heaven and gazed upon
 Libya. Venus, whose eyes now brightly shone 270
 With tears at Jove's distress, addressed him thus:
 "You who rule men and gods, imperious
 Always, whose thunder causes terror in
 Men's hearts, tell me of my Aeneas's sin,
 How have the Trojans erred that, having borne
 So many deaths, they find the whole world torn
 From them for Italy's sake? For certainly
 You promised, did you not, Romans would be
 Leaders one day with Teucer's line restored,
 To rule both and sae? What was it, lord, 280
 That changed your mind? To offset Troy's sad day
 I was consoled by this, when I could weigh
 Fate against fate. There's so much suffering
 That dogs them still with this same fate. Great king,
 When will you end this toil? The Grecian host
 Antenor fled and reached the Illyrian coast

And Inner Liburnia, and safely too,
 And passed Timavus' fountain, which flows through
 Seven mouths as the mountain roars exceedingly,
 A great flood drowning fields in a sonorous sea. 290
 He built Patavium here and set a place
 For the Teucrians might settle, named the race
 And hung up Trojan arms; now quietly
 He lives in peace while we, your progeny,
 Granted the arch of Heaven, are without
 Our ships (a thing unspeakable!), sold out
 By one foe's rage, kept far from Italy.
 Is piety honoured thus? Is that how we
 Shall be restored to power?" He smiled then
 At her, the father of all gods and men, 300
 The smile that calmed the stormy sky, and kissed
 His daughter and said: "Cytherea, desist
 And have no fear! Your childrens' destiny
 Remains unmoved. The city you will see,
 Lavinium's promised walls; you'll cause to rise
 Great-hearted Aeneas up to the skies.
 My mind's not changed. That man (since this concern
 Gnaws at you, further secrets you shall learn
 As I roll out the book of fate) shall fight
 A mighty war in Italy and smite 310
 Fierce peoples and set out the laws of man
 While building walls, till a three-year summer span
 Has seen Aeneas rule in Latium,
 The Rutuli vanquished before that same sum
 Of winters. But the boy Ascanius,

Who now is also known as Iulus, -
Iulus he was when the Ilian state was sound –
Will, after thirty months have rolled around,
Have a great realm, moving his sovereignty
From his throne in Lavinium, then he 320
Will Alba Longa fortify with strength,
And here shall Hector's race rule for the length
Of a hundred years until a royal priestess,
Ilia, bears Mars twin sons. With great success,
Nursed by a tawny she-wolf, Romulus then
Shall be the leader of this race of men
And build his father's walls and call the race
Roman after himself. For this I place
No bounds of space or time. I've given a reign
That's endless. Fierce Juno shall think again – 330
She who now wearies earth and sky and sea
With terror will have better plans: with me
She'll cherish all the Romans, whose command
Will then embody every earthly land
And all the toga'd race: thus I decree.
There'll come a time when the Assaraci
Shall put in bondage Phthia and the famed
Mycenae and when Argos shall be tamed.
A Trojan Caesar from a noble birth
Shall be reborn and stretch his rule on earth 340
Into the ocean and he'll take his fame
Up to the stars -Iulius shall be his name
After great Iulus, and happily
One day you'll take him, laden as he'll be

With eastern spoils, to Heaven. Folk shall pray
To him as well. Harsh ages he'll allay
Through war; old Faith, Vesta and Quirinus
Shall posit laws with his brother Remus.
The gates of warfare, savage with the din
Of steel and fixed bars shall be closed; within 350
Foul Fury, sitting on fierce arms an bound
Behind with a hundred bronze knots, a grim sound
Shall make through bloody lips." Then Mercury
He sent down that the Teucrians might be
Guests of the new-built Carthaginian nation
And, ignorant of her predestination,
Dido might not exclude them from her isle.
On wings he flew far but in a short while
He stood on Libyan shores. At his decree
These folk abandoned their ferocity; 360
The Trojans found their queen friendly and kind.
All night, though, many things passed through the mind
Of good Aeneas. When the dawn began
To show her kindly light, it was his plan
To check the new locality, see where
The winds had brought him, who abided there –
It seemed uncultivated. Was it men
Or beasts? – and to relay his findings then
Back to his crew. Within an arching grove
Beneath a hollowed rock he found a cove 370
To hide his fleet, the shadows shimmering.
His sole companion was brandishing
Two broad steel spears – Achates. In this glade

His mother met him, looking like a maid
 In form and dress, with maiden's armour, too
 (Spartan or Thracian, like Harpalyce's, who
 Tires out her steeds, meeting in rivalry
 Swift River Hebrus in her flight). For she
 Had, huntress-like, suspended her trim bow
 Down from her shoulders, letting her hair flow 380
 With the wind, bare-legged, with her garments tied
 In a knot. She, speaking first, said, "Have you spied,
 Young men, one of my sisters who has strayed
 Hither perhaps? With quiver she's arrayed.
 She wears a spotted-lynx-hide. Boisterously
 Hunting a foaming wild boar." Thus spoke she;
 He answered: "I have neither heard nor laid
 Eyes on one of your sisters. Tell me, maid,
 How should I call you? You've no mortal features,
 Your voice does not belong to human creatures. 390
 A goddess! – Phoebus' sister? Or maybe
 One of the race of nymphs? – Show clemency,
 Whoever you are; lighten our toil and tell
 Us where we are, what shores the ocean's swell
 Has cast us on. We do not know the place
 We've lit upon, we do not know what race
 Of men lives here, much tossed by wind and main:
 Before your shrine many beasts will be slain
 By us to honour you." "The dignity
 You offer I'm not worthy of," said she; 400
 The quiver is the wont of a Tyrian maid,
 The purple buskin, too. You've laid eyes you've laid

On Punic land, where lives the Tyrian. Here
 Is Agenor's city. But those who dwell near,
 The Libyans, in war have never been
 Defeated. Leaving Tyre, Dido, our queen,
 Her brother to avoid, came here. The wrong
 She has sustained is torturous and long;
 I'll trace the major facts, though. He she wed
 Was called Sychaeus and his wealth was spread 410
 Across Phoenicia. Unfortunately
 She loved him greatly – still a virgin she
 Was given him by the father. Tyre, however,
 Her brother Pygmalion ruled: no-one had ever
 Been wickeder than he. Each at the other
 Grew furious. Pygmalion, her brother,
 Before the shrines. Love of prosperity
 Hoodwinking him, took sword and impiously
 Cut down Sychaeus unawares, no heed
 Taken of his poor sister's love. This deed 420
 He long suppressed; with much dissimulation
 He duped the poor wretch with vain expectation..
 But her unburied spouse came to her bed,
 Spectre in her dreams, and raised his head,
 The cruel shrines, his steel-slain breast disclosing.
 He urged her then to flee the land and showed
 To her old treasures that would ease her load
 When travelling – an unknown quantity
 Of gold and silver. This touched her, so she 430
 Chose allies to escort her in her flight:
 All who felt vicious hate or grievous fright

Of the tyrant met; some ships with gold they stowed
 (They happened to be ready); with this load,
 Owned by her greedy brother, out to sea
 They stole, led by a woman. Finally
 They came where you now see walls rising high,
 New Carthage's huge citadel nearby,
 And bought ground, just a bull's-hide's width and thus
 Called Byrsa. But whence have *you* come to us? 440
 Where are you going?" Then he made reply
 As from his breast he breathed forth many a sigh:
 "Goddess, if all our toils I should convey
 To you, and you had leisure, yet the day
 Would sooner end in Heaven. We came here
 From ancient Troy (if by some chance your ear
 Has heard the name) and, tossed by many a sea,
 A storm drove us to this locality.
 I'm loyal Aeneas, bringing fro our foe
 My household gods. The gods in Heaven know 450
 My fame. I'm seeking Jove-born Italy,
 My father's land. I braved the Phrygian Sea
 With twenty ships – Venus, my mother, thence
 Gave me direction as my providence
 I followed; scarcely seven now were left,
 Snatched by the waves and East Wind. I'm bereft,
 Unknown here as through Libya's wastes I roam,
 Exiled from Europe and m Asian home."
 Venus would hear no more of this, for she
 Disturbed his grief: "You're not, it seems to me, 460
 Hated by Heaven, whoever you are,

For you have reached our city from afar.
 Go to the palace of the queen and learn
 Of me of your associates' return,
 Your fleet's recovery, brought safe to shore,
 The winds reversed, unless I can no more
 Believe my parents' augury. See there –
 Twelve swans in happy flight high in the air
 Once harassed by Jove's bird, but now they seem
 To settle on the earth in one long stream 470
 Or watch their fellows do the same: they play
 On their return with whistling wings and sway
 Together, singing, in the sky – just so
 Your ships are there, your young companions go
 With fill sail into harbour or are there
 Already. Go to them." Dazzling and fair,
 Her neck shone bright as with these words she went;
 From her ambrosial locks a divine scent
 Was breathed; her robe flowed to her ankles; she
 Showed by her gait he true divinity. 480
 He recognized his mother: as she fled,
 "Why dupe your son with false aspects?" he said.
 "You, too, are cruel. Why cannot we two
 Shake hands and give and take words that are true?"
 Thus he accused her, then to the walls he went:
 But Venus, as the men moved forward, sent
 A dark mist to surround them – clouds of air
 That none might see, touch or delay them there
 Or ask why they had come. To Paphos she
 The flew that she might visit joyfully 490

Her home where stands her temple, where five score
Shrines burn Sabaeen incense and, what's more,
Breathe recent garlands Meanwhile, they all went
Whither the pathway led and made ascent
On a hill which loomed so high above the town
And on the facing citadel looked down.
These massive structures which had formerly
Been huts Aeneas marvelled at, and he
Was rapt in wonder at the gates, the din,
The paved streets. Then the Tyrians settled in 500
Eagerly, some to build walls and rear high
A citadel, roll rocks, and some to try
To find a spot to plough and cultivate;
Some dug out harbours, others would locate
A deep base for a theatre and then hew
Huge columns from the rocks to serve the view
Of future theatregoers, just like bees
Which in the sun submit to drudgeries
In early summer as they pollinate
The flowers of the fields and educate 510
Their adult brood and pack the liquid spill
Of honey and with tasty nectar fill
Their cells or, as more of their kind arrive,
Receive their load or in a column drive
The lazy drones away: the toil is hot,
The honey smells of thyme. "A happy lot
Is theirs whose walls now rise!" Aeneas said.
To see the city's growth he raised his head.
He went wrapped in a cloud: remarkably

None of his men could see him, although he 520
Was mingling with them. There was deep inside
The town a dark wood where, tossed by the tide,
The first Phoenicians had dug out the head
Of a spirited horse to which they had been led
By Queen Dido as token that they'd be
Victors in war and rich in property.
Sidonian Dido founded in this place
For Juno a great shrine, full of her grace
And rich in gifts. Bronze thresholds seem to soar
In steps, its beams were bronze and every door 530
Was bronze, too, as it creaked, and it was here
That a new sight began to calm his fear;
Aeneas dared to hope now and rely
More deeply on his troubles. As his eye
He cast beneath that great shrine on the scene
That showed all this, while waiting for the queen,
Admiring this town's happy destiny,
Their craftsmen's labour and their artistry,
The Trojan conflict blow by blow he sees,
Known everywhere – there were the Atrides, 540
Priam, their savage foe Achilles. He
Stood there and wept. "Now what locality
On earth, Achates, is not to the brim
Full of our toils?" he said. "Look now at him –
Old Priam! Here too virtue has its prize.
Our sorrows pierce the heart, tears fill our eyes.
Fear not; this fame will bring you some salvation."
He fed his mind on this mere illustration.

Wept long as large tears marred his features, seeing
The Greeks fighting around Troy's walls and fleeing, 550
Pressed by the Trojan young men, while elsewhere
Achilles in his helmet of horsehair
Routed the Phrygians. Close by this flight
He wept to see the tents of snowy white
Where Rhesus slept. In their first sleep betrayed,
To them the blood-stained son of Tydeus laid
Cruel waste and drove to camp his ardent steeds
Before Troy's meat and Xanthus served their needs
For food and drink. He saw Prince Troilus flee,
His armour lost – poor lad, unequally 560
Matched with Achilles in a close combat,
Borne by his steeds and, thrown back, lying flat,
Clings to an empty chariot, each hand
Still pulling on the reins; across the land
His neck and hair were dragged, and on the ground
His upturned spear left marks. Aeneas found,
Meanwhile, the Trojan women. With their hair
Unbound, going to the temple of unfair
Athene with the robe, in suppliant guise
And beating their sad breasts; the goddess' eyes 570
Were fixed upon the earth. Three times around
By Achilles who was selling now for gold
That hero's corpse, bereft of life and cold.
At that he heaved a deep and heavy sigh
As all the spoils and chariots caught his eye
As well as his friend's corpse, and Priam who
Held out his helpless hands. His own self, too,

He saw among the Grecians' chiefest men,
 The Eastern ranks, black Memnon's arms and then 580
 Furious Penthesilea as she led
 The crescent-shielded Amazons and fed
 Her rage among those thousands, while around
 Her naked breast a golden belt was bound.
 She dared to fight with men, this warrior maid.
 As on these wondrous things Aeneas laid
 His eyes, amazed, with one fixed gaze, the queen,
 The splendid Dido, came upon the scene
 And went up to her shrine; around her streamed
 A large know of young men, and thus she seemed 590
 Just like Diana as on the bankside
 Of Eurotas her dancing bands she'll guide,
 Or else on Cynthus' heights -her retinue
 Also contains a thousand Oreads who
 Roam here ad there. Around her shoulders she
 Carried a quiver, her supremacy,
 As on she goes, rising above the rest
 Of the goddesses; Latona's silent breast
 Is filled with joy. Thus Dido joyously
 Mingled with them and pressed the urgency 600
 Of her uprising kingdom. At her door
 She took her seat, high up above the floor,
 Beneath the temple's central dome, beset
 With weaponry. Her subjects here she met
 And gave out rights and laws; their labour she
 Adjusted or assigned by lottery.
 Then suddenly Aeneas saw a crush

Of folk approaching and there, in a rush,
Came Antheus and Sergestus and stout
Cloanthus, whom the storm had tossed about
Upon the sea and driven far and wide
To other coasts – more Trojans, too, he spied. 610

He was amazed, Achates, too, though cheer
Within his breast was equally mixed with fear.
They burned to clasp hands but uncertainty
Perturbed them. Cloud-enwrapped, they tried to see
Their comrades' lot, while hidden, on what strand
They'd left the fleet and why they'd sought this land.

All the ships' crews came, craving grace, and then
They clamoured loudly to the temple. When
They'd entered, given leave to openly
Speak out before the queen, then placidly 620

Ilioneus, who was the eldest one,
Began to speak. He said: "O royal one,
Whom Jupiter allowed to organize
A brand-new city and to penalize
The haughty tribes, this wretched Trojan crew,
Tossed everywhere by storms, appeal to you:
Keep from our ship the horrid flames and spare
Our race and look upon us all with care.

We do not plan to waste your homes with steel
Or take booty away. We do not feel 630

Such violence - the vanquished have no trace
Of such great arrogance. There is a place –
In Greek *Hesperia* – an ancient nation,
Mighty in arms and rich in vegetation;

The Oenotri lived there; a younger race
Has called it Italy because they trace
The name from him who leads them, so they say.
This was our goal but, scattered far away
By fierce Orion in a sudden swell,
We came on hidden shoals while blasts from hell 640
Took us to pathless rocks and sweeping spume.
We few have ended here, confronting – whom?
What land is so unkind as to permit
Such laws? Upon the beach you thought it fit
To disallow a welcome. War is planned
While we may not set foot upon your land.
If human folk and mortal arms you flout,
Yet look upon the gods who have no doubt
Of right and wrong. Aeneas was our king,
None better, none more just in everything, 650
No greater warrior. If he lives, if he
Yet breathes and has not joined the company
Of cruel shades, we have no fear, and you
Should not repent of all the work you do
To rival him. There are in Sicily
Cities and lands and one whose pedigree
Is noble – famed Acestes. Let each ship,
Now battered, come to port; let us equip
The fleet with planks and oars so that we may,
With kings and comrades found, then make our way 660
To Italy with gladness. But if we
Are rudderless, and if the Libyan Sea
Holds you, great father of the Trojan race,

And there's no hope in Iulus, let us trace,
At least, the straits of Sicily, whence we
Came hither, and the homes there. Let us be
Ruled by Acestes." At these words the men
Of Troy yelled their agreement. Dido then,
With downcast face, spoke briefly. "Have no dread,
Trojans, and cast all cares away," she said. 670

The newness of my kingdom and harsh needs
Compel me to perform such cruel deeds
And guard the region widely. Who is there
In all the world who is not quite aware
Of Aeneas' race and Troy, her bravery,
Her men, her feats in war? Don't think that we
Are dull as that. The sun's steeds are not paired
So far from here. So whether you're prepared
For great Hesperia or choose the land
Of Saturn or the realms of Eryx and 680
Elect Acestes as your king, I'll send
You safely hence with escorts, and I'll spend
Much wealth on you. Or do you wish to dwell
On equal terms with me? It's yours as well –
This city that I build. For evenly
Your folk and mine shall be esteemed by me.
May King Aeneas, brought by the same south breeze,
Be driven here! I'll send across the seas
Some trusty scouts to Libya's farthest bound.

In some wood possibly he may be found, 690
Or else some city, shipwrecked there." By these
Words, Father Aeneas and brave Achates

Now burned to leave that cloud. The first to speak,
Achates said: "What do you long to seek,
Goddess-born? All is safe, as you can see,
Comrades and fleet returned. One absentee
There is, though, whom we saw by waves oppressed.
Your mother's words corroborate the rest."

At once the cloud about them dissipated

And into open air evaporated. 700

There stood Aeneas, gleamingly aglow,
His face and shoulders godlike. For Juno
Had on her son fair, flowing tresses shed
And youth's red bloom and on his eyes she'd spread

A joyous lustre (artists may enhance

Ivory thus with just such elegance

Or silver, or else Parian marble, place

In yellow gold). Aeneas, face to face,

Speaks to Her Highness unexpectedly:

"You seek a man snatched from the Libyan Sea: 710

He's here – Trojan Aeneas. The dread woe

Inflicted on us by the Grecian foe

You pity – you alone! We're all that's left,

Outworn by land and sea, of all bereft.

You share your town and home with us, and we

Can't give fit thanks for your humanity,

Nor all the Trojans living to this day,

Scattered across the wide world. O I pray

The gods, if they respect good men, if there

Is honesty and justice anywhere, 720

Grant worthy bounty. You first came to be

In happy times, born of nobility,
 Noble yourself. As long as rivers flow
 To sea and over mountains shadows go
 And heaven feeds the stars, your name, your grace,
 Your praise shall ever live, whatever place
 Should summon me." He spoke. With his right hand
 He sought Ilioneus, his comrade, and
 Segestus with his left, then others, too –
 Brave Gas, brave Acanthus. At first view 730
 Sidonian Dido wondered at the sight
 Of this fine man and then at his sad plight.
 She said: "O goddess-born, what destiny
 Pursues you through such dreadful jeopardy?
 What force drove you to savage shores? I deem
 You're that Aeneas whom by Simois' stream
 Kind Venus bore to Trojan Anchises.
 Teucer was exiled and, across the seas,
 He came to Sidon, I recall. With aid
 From Belus plans for a new realm he made. 740
 My father Belus held under his sway
 Rich Cyprus which he ravaged. From that day
 I have been quite aware of Troy's downfall
 And of the name of Aeneas and all
 The Pelasgian kings. Even Troy's enemy
 Would lightly praise her, stipulating he
 Was born of ancient Teucrian stock. And so
 Enter my halls, young men. A similar woe
 Have I endured through many toils. At last
 Fate Has determined that I should be cast 750

Upon this land. So not unknown to me
 Are ills and therefore others' misery
 I've learned to mitigate." That's what she said.
 At once into her royal home she led
 Aeneas and proclaimed a sacrament
 At the gods' temples, then at once she sent
 Twenty bulls down to his comrades on the shore,
 Five score huge bristling boars, a hundred more
 Fat lambkins and their dams – such gaiety
 She planned. In splendour and in pageantry 760
 Within the halls and banquet's boards are laid;
 Royal-purple coverlets, skilfully made,
 There are, and on those boards huge silver plate,
 And, wrought in gold, thereon pictures relate
 Their ancestors' brave deeds, a long, long string
 Of many a hero from the ancient spring
 Of Dido's race. His father Anchises'
 Affection gave Aeneas' heart no ease.
 He sent Achates speedily, therefore,
 Down to Ascanius upon the shore 770
 To bring him to the city. All the care
 He had for his dear parent was fixed there
 Upon Ascanius. He bade him come
 With gifts snatched from the wreck of Ilium –
 A mantle with gold figures wrought, a veil
 With yellow acanthus fringed (when she set sail
 R]For Troy to wed Paris illegally
 Did Helen wear it, brought from Mycenae –
 Her mother Leda's wondrous gift); what's more

There was a staff Ilione once bore. 780

The eldest girl of Priam, and a string
Of pearls, a double circlet glistening
With gems and gold. Achates hurriedly,
To fetch this bounty, went down to the sea.
But Venus hatched new plans that, changed in face
And form, Cupid in sweet Ascanius' place
Might come and with these gifts infect the frame
Of Dido and her very bones inflame:

The fickle house, the twin-tongued Tyrians she
Was fearful of and Juno's enmity 790

Chafed her. Her anguish rushed back at nightfall.

Therefore she said to winged Love: "You're all
My strength and mighty power, son, who flout
Jupiter's Typhoean darts: now I hold out
My hands to your godhead – to you I flee.

Your brother Aeneas, tossed on the sea
Round countless coasts because bitter Juno
Hates him, you know. You often share my woe.

Phoenician Dido holds him and delays
Him with soft words. I dread how future days 800

Will handle Juno's hospitality.

At such a crucial time she will not be
Idle. I plan, then, to outwit with guile
The queen, surrounding her with flame the while,
So that no power will change her and along
With me Aeneas' love will be most strong
For her. How you may do this, listen to me:
The princely boy prepares to cross the sea

To Sidon at his father's charge (I care
Most deeply for the lad), and he will bear 810
The bounty that survived the flames of Troy
And the sea's rage. Now I will lull the boy
To sleep and hide him in Idalium or
Lofty Cythera in my shrine, wherefore
He won't suspect my wiles or come between
To thwart them. For a single night, then, screen
His present looks. Yourself then take his place,
For you are yet a boy – assume *his* face.
Then at the feast, the vintage flowing free,
When Dido clasps you to her joyfully, 820
Embracing, sweetly kissing, fill her frame
With your sweet poison and your hidden flame.”
Obeying his dear mother, Cupid laid
His wings aside and gleefully he made
His steps appear like Iulus'. Ascanius
At Venus' hands was rendered slumberous.
Up to Idalia's thickets the goddess
Raised him and fondled him with tenderness.
Soft marjoram wrapped him in a flowery bed
Where with the shadows' sweet breath he was fed. 830
For these royal gifts Cupid obediently
Set out, Achates as his guide, that he
Might give them to the Tyrians. The queen,
As he came to the palace, could be seen
In the royal tapestries – she sat
Upon a throne of purest gold. Thereat
Father Aeneas and the Trojan men

Convened and lay on purple spreads, and then
 Servants poured water on their hands; then they
 Served bread from baskets and smooth napkins lay 840
 Before them. Fifty serving-maids arranged
 The endless tables for the feast and paid
 Respects to the household gods with fire; five score
 Others there were and yet a hundred more
 Coeval pages who set out the meat
 And cups. Each Tyrian also takes his seat
 Upon embroidered couches everywhere
 Throughout the festal halls. In awe they stare
 At Aeneas's gifts and at Iulus
 And marvel at Cupid's looks, so luminous, 850
 And well-feigned words, the robe, the veil, inlaid
 With saffron acanthus. Chiefly, the sad maid,
 Doomed to impending woe, can't pacify
 Her soul but catches fire as her eye
 Falls on the gifts and Cupid, thrilled. When he
 Had on Aeneas' neck hung lovingly,
 Deluding him with deep love, he withdrew
 To Dido who with her eyes, and heart too,
 Clung, fondling, to him, but she did not know,
 Poor queen, how great a god was bringing woe 860
 To her. Obedient still, he gradually
 Attempts to blur Sychaeus so that he
 May stagger her long-slumbering soul and heart
 Unused to love. The boards are set apart
 When first there is a lull, the wine brought out
 And crowned. A clamour now is raised throughout

The palace. Amps are hanging, all alight,
From the gold-fretted roof, and now the night
Is banished by their flames. Then Dido told
Her servants to bring out a cup, with gold 870
And jewels heavy (Belus and his line
Had always used it), and filled it with wine
A silence fell then: "Jove – for you decree,
They say, host-laws and guest-laws – may this be
A happy day for all of us and may
Our children keep it always. May this day
Be crowned by joyous Bacchus and Juno,
The bounteous goddess. And may you too, o
You Tyrians, grace us with your approbation."
She spoke and offered up a wine-libation, 880
The first to sip the vintage from the cup,
Then challenged Bitias, who swallowed up
The foaming cup's contents immediately,
Imbibing from that gold mass greedily;
The other lords then drank. Long-haired Iopas,
Who once was taught by powerful Atlas,
May the hall ring with his gold lyre – he sang
Of the wandering moon and the sun's toils, whence sprang
Men, beasts, rain, fire, the rainy Hyades,
Arcturus, the twin Bears, and why the seas 890
Soon draw the wintry suns and what delays
Slow down the tardy nights. With raucous praise
The Tyrians and then the Trojans cheer.
Unhappy Dido, as all ears can hear,
Holds varied conversations as she takes

Deep draughts of love and many queried makes
Of Priam, Hector, the arms Memnon wore,
The wondrous steeds of Diomedes or
Of great Achilles. "Tell us now," said she,
'right from the start of the Greeks' treachery. 900
My guest, tell me of your own wanderings
And of your friends' ordeals. This summer brings
Full seven years since you have been a rover
Across both land and sea the whole world over."

