

Mighty Olympus' gates were opened wide
 And Jupiter called all the gods inside
 His starry home, high-throned, while every land,
 The Dardan camp and the Latin folk he scanned.
 They took their seats within the two-doored hall;
 The king began to speak: 'Why have you all
 Reversed your view? Why this disunity?
 For I've forbidden Troy and Italy
 To clash in war. Why do you disobey
 The order that I gave you? What dismay 10
 Has rushed them into battle? There shall be
 A time for fighting – curb your urgency –
 When Carthage to the Roman heights shall bring
 Great slaughter and provide an opening
 To the Alps, and then shall animosity
 And havoc be allowed, so let it be
 And cheerfully assent.' His words were few,
 But golden Venus just could not make do
 With brevity. She said: 'O sovereign king
 Of all the world (for is there anything 20
 More that we may entreat?), can you not see
 How overweening are the Rutuli,
 How Turnus in his chariot rushed through
 The foe with swollen pride? No longer do
 The walls protect the Trojans: no, they fight
 Within the gates and on the ramparts' height,
 The trenches soaked in gore. Aeneas, far

Away, knows none of this. Will you not bar
This blockade – ever? One more enemy
Cows infant Troy and from distant Arpi 30
Comes Diomedes against her. I maintain
My wounds are yet to come while I restrain
My spear perforce – yes, I, your progeny.
If the Trojans, spiting your divinity,
Have aimed for Italy, let them repay
Their sins and do not aid them. But if they
Obeyed all oracles of the gods below
And those above, why can one overthrow
The orders that you gave and build once more
The fates? The fleet that burned on Eryx' shore – 40
Must I recall it or recall the king
Of tempests or the whirlwinds blustering
From Aetolia or Iris who was brought
Out of the clouds: now she has even sought
To stir the shades – a region thus far spared –
And Allecto to the upper world has dared
Suddenly to go and rave through Italy,
A Bacchant. I don't care for sovereignty,
Although I did when Fortune had a care
For me. Go, choose the victor, then. If there 50
Is any region your relentless queen
May give the Trojans, I beg, by the scene
Of smoking, ruined Troy, that you dismiss
From arms Ascanius -I yearn for this;
Keep safe my grandson. Aeneas indeed
Cast on unknown seas and let Fortune lead

Him where she will, but let Ascanius
Be spared from dreadful warfare. Amathus
Is mine, high Paphus and Cythera, too,
And Italia's shrine: let him his whole life through 60
Live quietly there. Let Carthage's great sway
Put down Ausonia – not in any way
Shall she vex Tyrian towns. What gain did they
Achieve in fleeing from the blighted fray
Of war and Argive flames, totally spent
Through many seaborne perils as they went
In search of Latium and build again
A new Troy? Was it not more gainful, then,
To settle on her ashes? Give, I pray,
Xanthus and Simoeis to them that they 70
May suffer once again Ilium's distress.'
Then Juno, spurred by great tempestuousness,
Said: 'Would you have me tell my hidden woe
To all the world and break my silence? No!
Did any man or any god decree
That Aeneas become an enemy
Of King Latinus, seeking war? The call
Of Fate brought him to Italy – that's all.
By Cassandra's ravings he was spurred. Did we
Bid him leave camp and risk upon the sea 80
His life, committing siege-work to a boy,
To stir up all the peaceful folk of Troy
And tamper with their faith? What pitiless might
Of mine, what god drove him to this sad plight?
Juno? Or Iris, god-sent? It's a shame,

You say, that infant Troy is hemmed by flame
By the Italians and that Turnus – he
Who of Vemilia is the progeny
And grandson of Pilumnus – actually stands
In his own realm! Alright, with smoking brands 90
The Trojans fight against the Latin folk
While onto alien fields they set their yoke
And drive away their plunder and select
Grooms for their daughters, choosing to eject
Their plighted beaux and offer harmony,
Though on their ships they flaunt their weaponry!
You seized Aeneas in the very face
Of all the Grecians, leaving in his place
Mere mist and void; you turned the ships into
A host of nymphs; however, since we do 100
The Rutuli some service, then you say
It's monstrous? "Aeneas is far away"?
Then let him be! Paphos belongs to you,
Idalium and high Cythera, too:
Why mess with war-torn cities, why concern
Yourselves with savage hearts? To overturn
Weak Phrygia had never been my plan.
Was it myself, or was it not that man
Who sent the hapless Trojan force to face
The Greeks? What reason had there been to place 110
Two continents in conflict and to crack
The bonds of peace by fraud? Come, did I back
The Trojan libertine's hostility?
Did I provide him with his weaponry

Ad foster it with lust? If this were so,
You'd rightly fear for your own folk. But no!
Too late you make unjust complaints and dare
To bandy words in vain.' This was her prayer,
And all the gods assented variously
Like rising blasts among the greenery 120
That dully groan and prophesy to men
Who sail the seas a coming tempest. Then
Lord Jove began (and then a silence came
Upon the high halls, and the earthly frame
Shook from her base, the very sky was mum,
The Zephyrs hushed, the ocean, too, had come
To rest). 'Listen to me and take to heart
What I now say. Since we must keep part
These nations and you bicker endlessly,
Whatever hope, whatever destiny
May bring, I will hold no discrimination 130
Between whatever man or either nation,
Whether the siege is held by Italy
Or Troy through her misleading prophecy
And dreadful error. Nor from obligation
Do I dismiss the whole Rutulian nation.
They'll gain good luck or toil, whatever they
Intend. I rule you all. They'll find a way
Through fate.' Along the Styx's banks which swirled
With pitch, he nodded, and the Olympian world 140
Shook at that nod. The meeting at an end,
The gods all gathered round him to attend
Their king, aa he rose from his golden chair,

And take him to the threshold. Everywhere,
Meanwhile, at every gate the Rutuli
Hemmed all the walls with flame, their weaponry
Killing the foe. The Trojan forces, though,
Were pent inside the palisades with no
Hope of escape. In misery they stood
On the high turrets, all in vain – they could 150
Form but a sparse ring, both the Assaraci
Among the leaders of the company;
Asius, Castor, Thymbris and Thymoetes,
All chieftains, were with them – along with these
Were Sarpedon's two brothers, Clarus and
Thaemon, both warriors from the lofty land
Of Lycia. Lyrnasian Acmon
With giant strength pulled up a massive stone;
He matched his father Clytius in compare
In size and also has an equal share 160
With his brother Menestheus. Some of them tried
With javelins, some with stones, to thrust aside
The foe, while fitting arrows to the bow
And hurling flames, and there among the, lo!
The Trojan youngster, the most rightful care
Of Venus, with his lovely head quite bare,
Just like some shining, golden jewelry
Upon one's neck or head, or ivory
That's inlaid in Orycian turpentine
Or else in boxwood, skillfully made to shine; 170
His locks streamed down his neck of milky white,
Hemmed by a golden band; also in sight

Of your great kinsmen, Ismarus, you fought,
Who with the darts you dipped in poison sought
To wound the foe, you noble progeny
Of Lycia, boasting of rich husbandry
Watered with gold by River Pactolus.
There also was Mnestheus, victorious
From thrusting Turnus for the ramparts' height
The day before; besides these in the fight 180
Was Capys who would later give his name
To the Campanian city. Thus they came
To blows in mortal combat. On the sea
Was Aeneas at midnight, for after he
Had left Evander and approached the king
Within the Etruscan barracks, offering
His name and race, the succor that he sought
And all the reinforcements that he brought,
The troops Mezentius gathered and the thrust
Of Turnus' rage and the extent of trust, 190
And added pleas, Tarchon immediately
Joined them and formed a covenant; now free
From fate, the Lydian people climbed aboard
Their ships, now trusting in a foreign lord,
Instructed by the gods. Aeneas led
The fleet, with Phrygian lions at the head
Beneath the beak, while towering Ida stood
Above them, pleasing to the brotherhood
Of Trojan exiles. There Aeneas sat,
Weighing the changes war can bring, and at 200
His left side Paallas stayed, inquiring now

About their guiding stars, now asking how
They would be tested over land and sea.
Goddesses, now awake your minstrelsy,
Fling open Helicon and tell what band
Came with Aeneas from the Tuscan land.
With his bronze Tiger Massicus, at their head,
Sailed on – a thousand warriors he led –
Leaving Cosae and Cluvium: they bore
Quivers of darts, the deadly tools of war. 210
With them came grim Abas, whose troops all gleamed;
A gold Apollo on his vessel beamed.
Populonia had sent to him sixty score
Experienced soldiers, and three hundred more
Were sent by Ilva which, hemmed by the sea,
Was rich in iron. Trained in augury,
Next came Asilas, who was heeded by
The stars of heaven, the tongues of bests that fly,
Victims' entrails and lightning – a display
Of a thousand spearsmen, all in fine array. 220
The city of Pisa, of Alphean birth,
Although constructed on Etruscan earth,
Bade them obey that man. Next Astyr came,
A horseman with a most exquisite frame,
In many-coloured arms. Three hundred more
Soldiers were added to that fifty score
From Caere and the plains of Minio,
Old Pyrgi and Graviscae, whose great woe
Was fever. I won't ski you, Cinyras,
The brave Ligurian chief, nor will I pass 230

Over Cupavo with his scanty crew,
Plumed with swan-feathers (a reproach to you,
Love), which recalls his father's shape. They say
That sorrow caused Cynus to waste away,
In love with Phaëthon, and as he sang
Among the poplars and the music rang
To soothe his grief he aged and, with his cries,
He winged away from earth and sought the skies.
His son, with his young sailor-brotherhood,
Leaned on the oars: a mighty Centaur stood 240
Bove the prow and seemed about to fling
A stone into the sea as, furrowing
The seas, they raced. There came a company
With Ocnus as its chief, the progeny
Of the Tuscan river and Mento, the seer
(He built you, Mantua, and for his dear
Mother he named you – rich in ancestry,
You are not of one lineage, but three,
Four peopled for each one, yourself the head,
Your strength from Tuscan blood). Mezentius led 250
Five hundred, who opposed him (they were crowned
By Mincius, child of Benacus, who bound
Their heads with reeds) and sailed across the sea
In ships of pine. Aulestes heavily
Came on with five score ships, the sea foamed white,
Upturned by many oars, and seemed in fright
At the large Triton which, as on it sped,
Revealed a man upon its shaggy head,
And yet below his waist there was displayed

A monstrous fish: gurgling, the waters made 260

A murmuring noise beneath its breast. In sail

So many chosen chiefs came to avail

Troy – thirty ships, each with a brazen beak.

Now day had passed and Phoebe reached the peak

Of Heaven with her steeds which roamed the air

All night, while Aeneas (whose endless care

Allowed no rest) sat at his post as he

Tended the sails and steered. A company

Of his own men there met him as he sped.

The nymphs, whom kindly Cybele had said 270

Should be sea-deities and modify

Their shapes from ships to nymphs, came swimming by,

As many as were once a fleet, and they

Danced round him, knowing him from far away.

Cymodocea, the most masterly

In speaking came behind the rest, then she

With her right hand grasped at the very rear

Of the ship and, rising high, began to steer

Her with her left as through the silent sea

They sped and to the prince she spoke, though he 280

Was unaware: 'Are you yet slumbering,

God-born Aeneas? Wake up now and fling

Your sail-sheets loose. We are nymphs of the sea,

Though Ida's sacred summit formerly

Harboured us. When the sly Rutulian came

To drive us headlong with both sword and flame,

We broke your bonds, although unwillingly,

And sought you on the sea. In sympathy

The Mother shaped us thus that we might reign
Forever as goddesses of the main. 270
Within the walls the boy Ascanius
Is held, a prisoner of the furious
Latins amidst their arms. The cavalry
Of Arcadia and the brave company
Of Etruscans hold the place that was decreed.
King Turnus is determined to impede
Their progress to the camp. Up! At daylight
Bid all your men get ready for the fight.
Take up your shield that Vulcan, Lord of Flame,
Gave you, rimmed round with gold, whose lasting fame 300
Boasts no defeats. Tomorrow's break of day,
If you believe my omen, shall display
Mountainous, gory heaps of Rutuli.'
With this she vanished, steering dexterously
The lofty craft. She raced on, speedier
Than javelin or arrows. After her
The rest increased their pace. Amazement struck
Aeneas, though at this portent of luck
He was uplifted. Looking at the sky,
He briefly prayed: 'Idaeon queen on high, 310
O gracious mother of the gods above,
Who upon Dindymus extend your love,
With towered cities and the lions which you
Couple in harness, back, as is your due,
This omen! Lead me in the fight! Attend
The Phrygians kindly!' She came to an end.
Meanwhile bright day returned and banished night.

He bade his men prepare them for the fight
And mark his signals. On the high stern he stood
Where he had in his view his brotherhood 320
Of Trojans and the camp. He lifted high
His blazing shield: a shout rose to the sky
From all his Trojans on the ramparts there.
Fresh hoe aroused their anger: through the air
They cast their darts as cranes beneath the black
Clouds hail the end of winter, flying back
Before south winds to Strymon, joyously
Screeching. These things amazed the company
Of Turnus and his chiefs until they bent
Their gaze where the Trojan vessels clearly meant 330
To come to shore aa over the sea they came.
Aeneas' helmet-crest was streaming flame,
The golden boss upon his shield was bright
With spouting fire, as on a cloudless night
Comets will glow blood-red lugubriously
Or fiery Sirius plagues mortality
With drought and pestilence throughout the sky
With baleful light. Turnus would not let die,
However, his firm hope to seize the strand
Sooner and drive the enemy from the land. 340
'The hope you carved is here, my men – break through
Their ranks. Mars is within you. Each of you,
Think of your wife, your home, your family,
Recall your father's great celebrity,
His mighty deeds. Let's speed down to the shore
And greet them at the waters' edge before

They've found their feet and stand distractedly.
Fortune attends the man who dares.' Then he
Pondered which man should lead the charge and who
Could be depended on to break straight through 350
The walls. Meanwhile Aeneas touched the land
With all his crew from the tall ships: some scanned
The ebbing tide and into the shallows leapt,
Others used oars instead. Now Tarchon kept
His eye upon the shore that he might spy
Where the bars did not heave and verify
Where broken waves were silent, but the sea,
Unchecked, flowed on, so thither suddenly
He turned his prows and begged his men:
'Now bend to your stout oars, my chosen band, and send 360
Your vessels on and in this hostile land
Cleave all your beaks and plough into the sand
Your keels. From shipwreck I'll not shrink once we
Re beached.' With this the Trojan company
Rose on their oars and to the Latin land
Propelled their foaming ships till in the sand
The beaks were fixed, the hulls at rest, intact.
But, Tarchon, not your vessel, for it cracked
In pieces – on a dangerous ridge suspended,
Dashing amid the shallows, she depended 370
Upon a doubtful balance. Painfully
She split and plunged her crew into the sea;
By broken oars and floating thwarts were they
Ensnarled, the ebbing tide drawing away
Their feet back out to sea. Immediately

King Turnus brought his entire company
Against the Trojans. Then the trumpets sounded.
Upon the rustic ranks Aeneas bounded –
Fair men for the battle – where he brought
The Latins low; now Theron, who had sought 380
Aeneas, he dispatched. His sword, thrust through
The brazen joints and golden tunic, drew
His life's blood. He struck Lichas, liberated
At birth from his dead mother. Consecrated
To Phoebe since he had, at his first breath,
Escaped cold steel. Nearby he did to death
Stout Cisseus and huge Gyas as they brought
The ranks down low with clubs – it went for nought
They had great strength, the arms of Hercules.
Melampus – who at those twelve drudgeries 390
Was present – as their father. Then he threw
A dart at boasting Pharus which went through
His bawling mouth. Then Cydon, who kept near
The youthful Clytius whom he held dear,
He slew – he lay there, with no memory
Of all his youthful loves, pitifully.
His serried ranks of brothers met the foe –
Seven there were , with seven darts to throw,
Phocus's sons. Some without injury
Bounced off a shield or helmet, thoughtfully 400
Some others Venus safely turned aside.
To loyal Achates Aeneas said: 'Provide
Me with a store of weapons. Not in vain

Shall any fly that on the Trojan plain
Once felled the Greeks.' A mighty spear he cast
Which crashed through Maeon's shield and with one blast
Broke breast and breastplate. Alcanor now raced
To help his brother as he fell and braced
The man. Piercing his arm, the spear then sped
Yet further on its course, now dripping red. 410

The arm hung by a thread. Now Numitor
Tore out the spear and raced off, looking for
Aeneas, whom he failed to strike, but by
His spear was grazed the great Achates' thigh.
Now Curean Clausus, on his youthful frame
Relying, from afar to Dryops came
And pierced his throat, quelling the very sound
Of his voice. He fell down dead upon the ground
Headlong, vomiting blood. He dispatched three
From Thrace, of the exalted family 420

Of Boreas, three Ismarians as well,
Sent by their father Idas. They all fell,
Slaughtered in various ways. Now at a run
Halaesus and the Auruncans and the son
Of Neptune, Messapus, who earned his fame
As a fine cavalryman, to his side came.
All strained to oust the enemy before
Ausonia's threshold, not unlike the war
Discordant wind, alike in zeal and might,
Will wage, not ever yielding in their fight – 430

Nor do the clouds, nor does the sea. The fray
Is long and doubtful, the combatants stay

Locked in their struggle. Now it was the same
With both the ranks as, foot to foot, they came
Together. Elsewhere, where a spate had driven
Rocks far and wide and from the banks had riven
Bushes, when Pallas saw his company
From Arcady, who, being cavalry
Weren't used to raids on foot (uneven ground
Forced them to leave their steeds behind) and found 440
Them fleeing, with one possibility
Remaining, fired their intrepidity,
Using both pleas and bitter castigation:
'Where do you fly? By your determination,
By King Evander, by the wars you've won,
And by my hope, which forms a union
To match my father's glory, do not trust
In flight, I pray. It's with the sword you must
Hack your way through, and where the enemy
Is thickest, your great land insists that we 450
Must fight, I as your chief. We're plagued by no
Divinities – we're mortal, like our foe,
Our numbers even. By the mighty sea
Hemmed in, we can't escape. What, then, shall we
Aim for – Troy or the water?' Then he burst
Into the serried foe. Lagus was first
To meet him - what an unkind fate was here!
As he tore at a vast rock, with his spear
Pallas pierced him between the ribs, then drew
It out. Hisbo he saw approaching, too: 460
From up above he fell on him. As he

Was rushing recklessly and furiously,
Incensed at his friend's cruel death, his sword
Pallas then buried in his frame and gored
His lung which swelled with rage. Then Sthenius
He made straight for, and then Anthemolus,
Of Rhoetus' ancient line, who shame had wrought
On his stepmother's bed. You twins, he brought
Down, too, the sons of Daucus, Larides
And Thymber, all whose similarities 470
In features were outstanding – to their kin
They could not be distinguished, even in
Their parents' eyes a sweet perplexity.
But now a grim dissimilarity
Pallas contrived between the two of you:
Thymber, Evander's sword went sweeping through
Your neck and took your head, while Pallas hacked
Your hand off, Larides, while, since it lacked
Its master now, kept twitching as it tried
To find him, clutching, just before he died, 480
The sword. The Arcadians, at his castigation
And fearless deeds, felt both humiliation
And rage to face the foe. As Rhoeteus flew
Past in his chariot, Pallas ran him through.
Such respite Ilus gained – Pallas had cast
His spear at him, but Rhoeteus, racing past,
Was hit by that great spear and died, instead
Of Ilus, while, noble Teuthras, he fled
You and your brother Tyres. Thus he fell
Out of his chariot, tumbling pell-mell. 490

As summer winds, long-looked-for, start to blow,
Some shepherd kindling fires to and fro
Among the woods, the mid-space suddenly
Catching, and Vulcan's bristling fervency
Spreads far, unbroken, while, victorious,
He sits and sees the reveling fire-show, thus
Pallas, did your brave comrades' chivalry
Come to your aid. But at the enemy
Warlike Halaesus came, all armed. He slew
Pheretas, Demodocus and Ladon, too; 500
Strymonius had his right hand raise to screen
His throat when Pallas' sword of brilliant sheen
Lopped it clean off; he bludgeoned with a stone
Thoas's face and scattered every bone,
Mingled with blood and brains. His destiny
Foreseeing, Halaesus' father prudently
Hid him within the woods. When death was near,
The Fates seized on his son, Evander's spear
To be his fate. Before he made his way
To find him, Pallas said a prayer: 'I pray 510
You to concede this spear I poise and throw,
Lord Tiber, will be fortunate and go
Straight through Haleasus' breast: thus your oak-tree
Shall hold this hero's spoils and weaponry.'
His prayer was heard: Halaesus, while he shielded
Imaon, to his enemy's weapon yielded,
Unhappy man. Of this great butchery
The warlike Lausus kept his company
Unfazed; he first slew Abas, barrier

For all his folk, impossible to stir. 520

Arcady's youth, the Etruscan brotherhood

And you, the Trojan army who still stood

After the fall of Troy, were slain. In might

And captaincy, both armies closed in fight.

The rear pressed on the van: mobility

Was limited for man and weaponry.

Lausus and Pallas - they were closely blent

In years, most handsome, yet they were not meant

To see their land again. Olympus' king,

However, would not brook their grappling 530

One with the other; each man presently

Were fated for a greater enemy.

Turnus' kind sister urged the king to aid

Lausus and swiftly through the ranks he made

His way upon his chariot; when he spied

His men, he said: 'You all must stand aside.

Pallas is *mine*. I wish that he could be

Seen by his father now.' The company

Gave ground at this. The young man was amazed

To hear such haughty orders, and he gazed 540

In wonder at the king's huge frame and rolled

His eyes from far away and fiercely told

The monarch: 'I'll be honoured presently

By kingly spoils or my nobility

In death. With both my father is content.

Away with threats!' and, speaking thus, he went

Into the field. Into his foes' hearts swept

Cold blood. Onto the ground king Turnus leapt,

Prepared to grapple with his enemy.
Just like a lion on some high promontory, 550
Which spies a bull upon the plain whose aim
Is battle and speeds at it – just the same
Did Turnus seem. When Pallas saw him near
Enough within his range to cast a spear,
He made first move to see if chance might aid
His lesser strength and to gear heaven prayed:
'Alcides, by my father's welcome and
The board you came to from an alien land,
Assist my enterprise. Let Turnus see
Me strip his arms in his extremity, 560
His blood-stained conqueror,' Alcides' ears
Were keen – he deeply groaned and shed vain tears.
Kindly the Father spoke for him: 'A day
Is fixed for all – life's brief and no-one may
Reclaim it. But by deeds to lengthen fame
Is valour's task. So many heroes came
To Troy's high walls and perished. My own son
Indeed was with them killed – my Sarpedon!
Yes, even Turnus's extremity
Of years is reached - he yields to Destiny! 570
With this he turned his eyes from the battle-site.
But Pallas cast his spear with all his might.
Then drew his sword. His missile onward flew
And struck the shoulder-guard and burrowed through
The shield's rim, grazing Turnus, who poised long
His oak-wood shaft tipped with a sharp-honed prong,
Then hurled it, crying: 'Let's see if my spear

Won't make a deeper wound.' He ended here.
It ripped straight through the shield, though it was made
Of iron, brass and bulls' hides, to invade 580
The corslet and his mighty breast. Then he
In vain plucked out the warm dart. Equally
Both blood and life took the same road. He sank
Upon the wound amid his armour's clank,
The hostile earth he bit at, as he died,
With blood-stained mouth. Above him, Turnus cried:
'Arcadians, remember this and tell
Evander that I send him what he well
Deserved – Pallas! What honour may live
In an entombment, this I freely give. 590
But for befriending Aeneas he shall pay
Dearly.' He snatched his heavy belt away,
Which showed the Danaan crime – in one grim night
So many grooms slain and the dreadful sight
Of the bloody chamber, which was richly done
In gold leaf by Clonus, Eurytus' son.
His left foot trod upon the corpse, while he
Basked in his booty and his victory.
What Fate has planned for them men never know:
They cannot keep the bounds when they're aglow 600
With fortune! Turnus will one day abhor
This booty and would pay much money for
An unbought, unscathed Pallas! Him a throng
Of comrades, weeping sore, placed him along
His shield and bore him back. Such misery,
And yet such glory, did your father see

At your homecoming! This was your first day
In war and yet it carried you away.
Yet many Rutulian dead upon the field
You left! This bitter blow was now revealed 610
Not by mere rumour: a sure messenger
Flew to Aeneas that his warriors were
Near death and that the time had come to aid
The routed Trojans. With his sword he made
A broad sweep at the enemy, cutting through
The nearest ranks, while always seeking you,
King Turnus, who were flushed with slaughter yet.
Pallas, Evander, everything now met
His eyes – the board where, as a stranger, he
Was set, the pledged right hands. The progeny 620
Of Sulmo, four youths, and four other men,
Raised by Ufens, he took, still living, then.
He offered them as victims to the dead,
Pouring their blood upon the funeral bed.
He cast his spear at Magus far away,
Who deftly crouched and then was heard to pray,
Grasping his enemy's knees as the lance flew
And quivered over him: 'I beg of you,
By my father's spirit, by the hopeful care
You have of Iulus as he grows, to spare 630
My life for a son and father. For I keep
A stately house in which are buried deep
Talents of engraved silver, bars of gold,
Wrought and unwrought. Your victory won't unfold
Because of me. The scale by one man's head

Will not be tipped.' At this Aeneas said:
'The gold and silver that you speak of yield
To your progeny. Such commerce in the field
Turnus forbade the moment Pallas died.
My father's ghost, and Iulus too, abide 640
By this.' He grasped his helmet with one hand,
Bent back the neck of his beseecher and
Ran him straight through. A man stood near to these,
Phoebus' and Trivia's priest, Haemonides,
Crowned with the sacred fillet, splendidly
Dressed in his robe with glittering weaponry.
Over the plain he drove him: he bestrode
This priest and sent him to his dark abode.
Serestus gathered up his armour to
Be given as a trophy unto you, 650
O King Gradivus. The lines were repaired
By Ceculus, who Vulcan's lineage shared,
And Umbro from the Marsian hills. Then Lord
Aeneas stormed against them. With his sword
He severed Anxur's left arm and his shield
(With some brave boast he thought that he could wield
An equal blow, and with his heart maybe
Raise heaven-high he vowed that he would see
Old age): with gleaming arms Tarquitus came
And met him on his fiery course – this same 660
Was sylvan Faunus's son, whom Dryope,
The nymph, had borne. He poised his spear, then he
Pinned mail and shield together: thus in vain
The young man begged, and hoped to speak again,

But fell to earth, and then his enemy
Stood over his warm trunk: 'Monstrosity,
Lie there! No doting mother shall appear
To bury you, and no ancestral bier
Shall hold you. Either you shall be a prey
For birds or the flood will carry you away 670
As food for hungry fish.' Immediately
He dogged the best of Turnus' company,
Antaeus and Lucas and brave Numa, too,
And Camers, tawny-headed warrior who
Was Noble Volscens' son who had attained
Great wealth throughout Ausonia and reigned
In silent Amyclae. In the affray
Aeneas – like Aegeon wo, they say,
Had five score arms and hands and breathed out flame
From fifty mouths and breasts as on he came 680
Against Jove's thunder with the hideous clank
Of fifty shields and swords – rank after rank
Across the plain stormed in his victory
When once his sword grew warm with blood, and see!
Niphaeus, pulled by four steeds, he met then.
Seeing his long strides and dire rage, his men
Turned tail and to the shore their master led
In haste. Meanwhile on two white steeds there sped
Two brothers who were eager for the fray,
Lucagus and Liger, against him: they 690
Shared tasks – the latter kept the steeds on course,
Lucagus shook his sword with vicious force.
This rage Aeneas spurned, so toweringly

He met them, spear upraised. Liger said: 'See,
Diomedes is not here, for you cannot spy
His steeds, Achilles' chariot's not hard by,
Nor are the Phrygian fields. No, here will you
Be slain, the conflict over.' Such words flew
From raving Liger. There was no reply
From Aeneas, who let his missile fly 700
At him. Liger then leaned into the blow,
Urged on his steeds and let his missile go,
Left-footed, piercing through the bottom rim
Of Aeneas' shield and perforating him
In his left groin. Flung from his chariot, he
Rolled through the fields and died. The bitterly
Aeneas said: 'No cowardly steeds betrayed
You, nor no enemy ghost: on you is laid
The blame – you leapt down and your beasts forsook.'
Those were the words he spoke, and then he took 710
The steeds. Liger dismounted then and spread
His hands out to him piteously and said:
'By you and by your parents, hear my plea,
Troy's hero, spare my life and pity me.'
Aeneas cut him off from saying more:
'These surely weren't the words you said before.
Die! Don't forsake your brother.' Then he cleft
His breast in two. Such corpses Aeneas left
Upon the plains" he raged like floods of rain
Or a black storm. Beleaguered long in vain 720
The boy Ascanius and the company
Broke camp. Jove said to Juno: 'Listen to me,

Dear wife and sister: you have judged aright –
Venus upholds the Trojans, not the might
Of their right hands, their proud souls, self-possessed
In peril.’ Meekly she her thoughts expressed:
‘My fairest lord, why do you vex me thus?
I fear your orders, so imperious.
Did my love have the force that used to be,
And should live still, you would then favour me, 730
And let me take King Turnus from the fray
And for his father’s sake keep him away
From risk. Now let him pay the penalty
For fighting Trojans, though in purity
Of blood. And yet his name he gets from us –
Four generations back was Pilumnus
His great-great-grandfather, and often he
Showed at your doors his liberality.’
Jove briefly answered Juno: ‘ If you pray
That Turnus should be granted a delay 740
Of death, take from him his impending end.
Thus far my patience goes. If you intend,
However, to be granted something more
And think I’ll change the whole course of the war,
You nurse an idle hope.’ With tears and sighs,
Said Juno: ‘What if what your tongue denies
Your heart will grant, King Turnus’ life? Unless
I am not blind to truth, in righteousness
He’ll bear a heavy doom. I would that you
Would mock me with vain fears and rather do, 750
As well you can, a better deed!’ This said,

At once from lofty heaven's vaults she sped
Upon a stormy cloud and sought the men
Of Troy and the Roman camp. The goddess then
Out of a hollow mist the likeness made
Of Aeneas – a thin and strengthless shade –
So monstrous to behold – and she created
About him Trojan arms and simulated
A shield and plumes upon his godlike head,
An unreal, thoughtless voice and aped the tread 760
He made, just like the shapes that flit, they say,
After their death or like dreams that dismay
The drowsy senses. It exultantly
Went through the van and with its weaponry
And voice provoked the foe. King Turnus hurled
His hissing spear at him. Aeneas whirled
Around in flight. Then Turnus thought that he
Had yielded, drinking in, bewilderedly,
This empty hope. 'O whither is your flight
Directed, Aeneas? Don't spurn your plight 770
And wedding vows, ' he said. 'With this right hand
I'll give you what you sought – an alien land.'
Thus clamouring, he swung his naked blade,
Not seeing that his triumph had been made
Away with by the winds. There chanced to be
A ship, moored to a lofty promontory,
Its ladders down, gangway prepared, which bore
The king Osinius from his native shore
Of Clusium. There Aeneas' fleeing shade
Took shelter. No less haste King Turnus made: 780

He leapt the lofty bridge – no bars could cow
The man – but he had barely reached the prow
When Juno snapped the cable and the main
Received the sundered ship as back again
It ebbed. Meanwhile, although he could not see
His foe, Aeneas called him threateningly
To battle. Many warriors he sent
To Hell. The phantom was no longer bent
On shelter but now sought the heavens merged
With a dark cloud. Meanwhile King Turnus surged 790
Mid-ocean, tempest-whirled. Still unaware
Of the facts, he raised his arms up to the air,
Ungrateful for his safety, sonorously
Praying: 'Great Jove, do you consider me
So guilty, worthy of such punishment?
Where have I been? Where am I being sent?
Whom do I flee? Returning, in what guise
Shall I appear? Will once again my eyes
See the Laurentian walls and army base?
What of the men I lead? O the disgrace! 800
Did I leave them to die a cruel death
And see them now groaning their final breath?
What shall I do? What earth sufficiently
Deeply will gape for me? Winds, pity me
And drive my ship (I beg you from my soul)
Upon the rocks or some wild sandbank's shoal
Where Rumour, knowing my ignominy,
And the Rutulians may not follow me.'
He wavered -should he take his cruel blade

And fall upon it or should he invade 810

The ocean, like some madman, so that he

Might fight against the Trojan weaponry?

Three times he tried each of these options and

Three times in pity Juno stayed his hand.

He glided on, breasting the favouring foam,

And was conveyed to his father's ancient home.

Fiery Mezentius, though, at Jive's behest,

Took up the fight, endeavouring to best

The triumphant Trojans. Then the company

Of Tyrrhenians combined and ceaselessly 820

Attacked the man; just like a jutting rock

Above the sea, enduring every shock

Of buffeting winds and waves, unshaken, he

Laid low on earth Hebrus, the progeny

Of Dolichaon, and Lalagus and Palmus,

Speedy warrior; but Pelagus

He injured with a huge rock that he'd aimed

Straight at his face, while Palmus he now maimed,

Hamstringing him on both knees; to the ground

His foe collapsed, left now to writhe around. 830

His armour now he gave to Lausus, who

Put on his helmet-plumes. Evander, too,

The Phrygian, he killed, and Paris' friend

From childhood, Mimas, he brought to life's end

(Theano had brought Mimas to the light,

Fathered by Amycus, on that self-same night

That Hecuba, pregnant with a firebrand,

Gave birth to Paris)" in his father's land

Lay Paris. Laurentium in obscurity
Holds Mimas. Now Mezentius seemed to be 840
Just like a boar who's driven from on high
By ravening hounds, for years defended by
Pine-treed Vesulus and the Laurentian fen,
Pastured by forest reeds, but pressured then
Into the toils – he snorts ferociously
And bristles. No-one has the bravery
Or rage to near it, but from far away
They throw their darts and yell out – in this way
Those with just hatred of him did not dare
To meet him with drawn swords: into the air 850
They howled and shot their javelins instead.
He stopped and looked about, with a cool head,
Teeth gnashing, as he shook the darts that they
Had cast from off his shield. Now all the way
From ancient Corythus in Greece there came
Acron, who left behind his marriage-flame
Yet unfulfilled afar he saw this foe
Amid the ranks an dealing deadly woe,
Wearing the purple of his plighted bride
And crimson plumes – as often one has spied 860
A hungry lion ranging far and near,
Deep in its den, to find a timid deer
Or a proud stag – mouth agape horrendously,
He squats above it while exultantly
His mane stands up, his lips bathed in foul gore –
Thus did Mezentius hasten to the fore.
Unhappy Acron fell and to the sound

Of his last breath he beat the blackened ground
With both his heels, the broken spear all red
With shed blood. On Orodes, as he fled, 870
He did not deign to make spear-attack
And leave an unseen wound upon his back:
He met him face-to-face, his bravery,
Not stealth, according him his victory.
He placed his foot upon his fallen foe
And, leaning on his spear, he cried out: 'Lo!
No small part of the war is lying here,
My friends – it's great Orodes.' With a cheer
They honoured him. Orodes, as he died,
Cried out" 'Not unavenged shall I abide, 880
Whoever you are who slew me; you'll not be
Exultant long, for a like destiny
Awaits you. In these fields you soon will lie.'
At this Mezentius answered him: 'Now die!
While smiling through his rage. 'But let the king
Of all take care of me.' Thus answering,
He drew his weapon from his enemy
Who by grim sleep and harsh tranquility
Was pressed, his eyes closed in eternal night.
Caedicus slew Alcathous in the fight. 890
Sacrator Hydaspes, while Rapo slew
Parthenius, and the brawny Orses, too.
Messapus slew Ericates, the dear son
Of Lycaon, and Clonius – the one
Thrown from his rampant steed, the other caught
On foot. O foot the Lycian Agis fought

As well, though he was slain by Valerus,
Proving his inborn prowess' Salius
Slew Tronius but then was taken down
By Nealces who had gained much renown 900
With javelin and bow. Now equally
Mars dealt out grievous woe, and victory
And loss were matched, and neither side would brook
Escape. In Jove's abode the gods all took
Pity on the vain rage of either side
And grieved that mortals should such woe abide.
Venus and Juno, Saturn's progeny,
Looked on; there raged the pale Tisiphone
Amidst the multitude. Mezentius
Whirled his great spear like a miraculous 910
Whirlwind and joined the fray. As great was he
As was Orion when he crossed the sea,
His bulk above the waves, or when he takes
An aged ash out of the mountain-brakes,
His head screened by the clouds; Mazentius,
In giant armour clad, moved forward thus.
Aeneas spied hi from the other side
In the long ranks and now began to stride
Toward hi while Mezentius fearlessly
Awaited his great-hearted enemy; 920
He gauged his throwing distance: 'May my spear
And my righthand reward my business here!
Lausus, I vow to you the spoils I take
I'll dress you in – my trophy *you* shall make!
He threw his hissing spear from far: it flew,

Glanced off the shield and nearby sped into
Antores' flank, Hercules' comrade, sent
From Argos, finding then a settlement
In Italy with Evander, but now he
Was wounded by a missile meant to be 930
For someone else; he looked up at the sky
And, dreaming of sweet Argos, by and by
He passed away. Now good Aeneas cast
His spear – through Lausus' hollow shield it passed
(A shield of threefold brass, with linen spread,
Fashioned with triple bull-hides); on it sped
And pierced his groin, lacking the energy
To kill, however. So immediately
Aeneas, glad to see the crimson flow
Of blood now gushing from his Tuscan foe, 940
Drew out his sword and stabbed the man: then he,
In his bewilderment, groaned mightily
For his dear father, while his hot tears rolled.
Now here death's cruel doom and all your bold
Exploits, that they may be believed in days
To come, I'll sing, and you yourself I'll praise,
Deserving youth. The father now turned tail,
Hampered and hobbled, letting his foe's spear trail,
Stuck in his shield. The youth now joined the fight,
And as Aeneas raised his hand to smite 950
His foe, he grasped his blade and made him stay
The blow; his comrades raised a loud hurray
And followed him so that, protected by
His dear son's shield, the father then might fly.

With javelins they showered the enemy.
Though angry, Aeneas kept in sanctuary.
As when great stormy clouds pour showers of hail,
Each ploughman, every husbandman turns tail
And leaves the fields and travelers find some lee
To make a safe stronghold, whether it be 960
A riverbank or high rock, while the rain
Pours on the lands so that, when once again
The sun appears, the labours of the day
They may resume – thus, showered with a spray
Of missiles from all sides, Aeneas bore,
Until the storm was spent, the cloud of war.
Lausus he chid and threatened, saying: 'Where
Are you now rushing, doomed one? Do you dare
Things quite beyond your strength? Your piety
Has made you rash.' And yet ferociously 970
The mad youth raged: yet further anger fed
Aeneas' heart, and now each final thread
The Fates took up for Lausus. With great strength
He drove his sword up to its total length
Straight through the youth: he saw the sword's point go
Through the shield – frail arms for one who threatened so –
And tunic which his mother once had made
Of pliant gold. Blood filled his breast. A shade
He now became: his life flew through the air
And left him. When he saw that dying stare, 980
That pale look, Aeneas groaned heavily
In pity, seeing his own piety
For old Anchises rise before his heart.

'Poor lad, what shall Aeneas now impart
To you? What compensation can I make
That's worthy of your bravery? Well, take
The arms you relished and I will restore
Yourself, if this is something you long for,
To your ancestors' ashes, for you died
At my hand.' Nay, he now began to chide 990
The laggard Tuscans, then his enemy,
His ordered locks befouled with butchery,
He raised. The father by the Tiber dried
His wounds and then he set himself beside
A tree. His brazen helmet from that tree
Was hanging while his arms lay peacefully
Upon the lea. Some chosen youths were there,
While he, though sick and panting, took great care
To ease his neck and groom his beard. His son
He asked for often, sending off someone 1000
To call him back, but it was even then
That on his armour by his weeping men
His son was being borne – a mighty one
Slain mightily. The fate of his dear son
He knew from distant groans; his hoary hair
He stained with dust, then raised up in the air
Both hands, hugging the corpse. He said: 'My boy,
Was your own father held by such great joy
Of life that he allowed an enemy's blow,
That had been meant for him, to lay you low? 1010
Alas, can it be true that I draw breath
Because the wounds you suffered caused your death?

At last a bitter exile tortures me!
The wound it makes is driven thoroughly!
I've stained your name with guilt, my son, impelled
In loathing from the sway I lately held
And from my fathers' sceptres. Yes, the hate
Of all my people is a worthy fate:
A thousand deaths I merit for a heart
So black. Tough living yet, I *will* depart.' 1020
And now he stood up on his stricken limb
And, though the deep wound had enfeebled him,
He boldly ordered that his horse be brought.
This was the reason he had always fought
Victoriously – his pride, his solace. He
Addressed the grieving steed: 'My Rhoebus, we
Have lived a long time, if a mortal may
Be said to do so. You and I today
Shall either take Aeneas' head and take
Back bloody spoils and for dear Lausus make 1030
Amends or, if force does not find a way,
Die side by side: for, brave one, I dare say
You will not brook a foreigner's commands
Nor be a servant under Trojan hands.'
His horse he mounted, settled comfortably,
Placing in either hand his weaponry –
Two javelins – brass glittering on his head
And horse-hair bristling. Then on he sped
Into the midst. Within one heart there surged
A mighty tide of shame and madness merged 1040
With grief. He called Aeneas thunderously,

Yes, and Aeneas knew that voice, so he
Now gave his answer and with great delight,
He prayed: 'Great Jove, high Phoebus, let the fight
Begin!' and moved ahead with levelled spear.
Mezentius said: 'Why try to cause me fear,
My son now dead, ferocious enemy?
There is no other way to slaughter me.
I do not fear my death and do not heed
The gods, for I am here to die indeed. 1050
I bring you gifts, so cease.' With this he threw
A missile at his foe – another, too,
And then a third, while ever circling
The man. But his gold shield turned off their sting.
Thrice the left he circled him astride
His steed and cast his spears, but the vast tide
Of darts Aeneas bore. Then, tiring
Of many delays and constantly pulling
Darts from his shield and hard-pressed, finally
He sprang forth, pondering incessantly, 1060
And through the war-steed's temples plunged his lance.
The steed reared up and, in a hideous dance,
Lashed at the air, causing Mezentius
To fall, and then, in a precipitous
Plunge, all entangled with his rider, dropped
On top of him: his master's shoulder popped
Out of its socket. Both sides set aflame
The heavens with their cries. Aeneas came
Precipitously, unsheathed his sword and cried,
Standing above him: 'Where does it abide, 1070

That bravery of yours, Mezentius?

Where is it now?' The Tuscan answered thus,

Refocussing and looking up: 'Harsh foe,

Why do you threaten death and taunt me so?

Slaughter's no sin: I didn't come to fight

Believing this, nor was there such a plight

Between my son and me. I beg one thing,

If foes may to the conquered some grace bring:

Allow me to be buried. Obviously

My people hate me fiercely: shelter me 1080

From all their fury and I beg just one

Thing more: inter me nest to my dear son.'

The sword he welcomed and his throat now bled

As it cut short his life in streams of red.

