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Aeneid III

Publius Vergilius Maro

A TRANSLATION IN ALLITERATIVE VERSE
BY EDWARD TURBEVILLE



Aeneid Liber III

Publius Vergilius Maro

Postquam res Asiae Priamique euertere gentem
immeritam uisum superis, ceciditque superbum
Ilium et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troia,
diuersa exsilia et desertas quaerere terras
5 auguriis agimur diuum, classemque sub ipsa
Antandro et Phrygiae molimur montibus Idae,
incerti quo fata ferant, ubi sistere detur,
contrahimusque uiros. uix prima inceperat aestas
et pater Anchises dare fatis uela iubebat,
10 litora cum patriae lacrimans portusque relinquo
et campos ubi Troia fuit. feror exsul in altum
cum sociis natoque penatibus et magnis dis.

Terra procul uastis colitur Mauortia campis
(Thraces arant) acri quondam regnata Lycurgo,
15 hospitium antiquum Troiae sociique penates
dum fortuna fuit. feror huc et litore curuo
moenia prima loco fatis ingressus iniquis
Aeneadasque meo nomen de nomine fingo.
sacra Dionaeae matri diuisque ferebam
20 auspibus coeptorum operum, superoque nitentem
caelicolum regi mactabam in litore taurum.

After the eastern empire, and pure people of Priam
The Divines destroyed, proud Ilium perished,
And the Sea-god's city smouldered on the soil,
In diverse direction, strange shores to seek,
5 By divine divinations we are driven, a fleet we form
Adjacent to Antandros and the alps of Ilium Ida
Uncertain where Fate may ferry us, and allow us to anchor,
We muster our men. Scarcely the first summer started,
And Ancient Anchises advised us to spread our sails to the stars.
10 Lacrimose I left my lands, and relinquished my refuge,
And the terrain where Troy was, an outcast on the ocean
I sail with my son & shipmates, with hearth-guardians & greater gods.

There is a far-flung field, the wastes of the War-god,
Tilled by Thracians, once led by lethal Lycurgus,
15 An ancient ally of Ilium, and hospitable to the household gods
While Fortune favoured. Thus we cruise and on curved coast
Found our first fortifications, starting under sour stars,
The appellation Aeneadae from my family name I form.
To Dione's daughter and the Divines I give gifts,
20 The supporters of our starting strivings, and a brilliant bull
To the proud prince of Paradise I sacrifice on the shore.

forte fuit iuxta tumulus, quo cornea summo
virgulta et densis hastilibus horrida myrtus.
accessi viridemque ab humo convellere silvam
25 conatus, ramis tegerem ut frondentibus aras,
horrendum et dictu video mirabile monstrum.
nam quae prima solo ruptis radicibus arbos
vellitur, huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttae
et terram tabo maculant. mihi frigidus horror
30 membra quatit gelidusque coit formidine sanguis.
rursus et alterius lentum convellere vimen
insequor et causas penitus temptare latentis;
ater et alterius sequitur de cortice sanguis.
multa movens animo Nymphas venerabar agrestis
35 Gradivumque patrem, Geticis qui praesidet arvis,
rite secundarent visus omenque levarent.
tertia sed postquam maiore hastilia nisu
adgredior genibusque adversae obluctor harenae,
(eloquar an sileam?) gemitus lacrimabilis imo
40 auditur tumulo et vox reddita fertur ad auris:
"quid miserum, Aenea, laceras? iam parce sepulto,
parce pias scelerare manus. non me tibi Troia
externum tulit aut cruor hic de stipite manat.
heu fuge crudelis terras, fuge litus auarum:
45 nam Polydorus ego. hic confixum ferrea textit
telorum seges et iaculis increvit acutis."
tum vero ancipiti mentem formidine pressus
obstipui steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit.

By chance it bordered a bank, crowned with cornel-trees,
 With brushwood bristling solid with spears,
 I approached, and attempted to grab green growth from the ground,
 25 To array the altars with budding boughs.
 Remarkable to recount, I see a startling sight.
 For the first forest from field with rupture root I ripped,
 Gushed with gouts of black blood
 And stained the soil with slime. A cold chill
 30 Shook my soul, and my life-fluid froze in fear.
 Again another tough twig I try to tug
 And seek the source of the hidden horror
 And again black blood bleeds from the bark
 My soul sorely shaken I worshipped the wild wood-spirits
 35 And great Gravidus, the Getic ploughlands presiding
 To solemnly sanctify the sight and cancel the curse
 But after a third thrust I make on the myrtle
 Kneeling, the nasty sands I struggle on
 To speak or stay silent? A mournful moan
 40 Groaned from the grave, a reply reaches my ears:
 "Why mangle miserable me, Aeneas, spare my sepulchre
 Pause the pollution of your pure palms. To you, a true Trojan,
 I am no stranger, nor springs this blood from a bough.
 Alas flee these fatal fields, shun this spiteful shore.
 45 I was Polydorus, here pierced by steely shafts
 The grain grows with sharp spikes."
 Then truly with two-fold terror my mind mangled,
 Stunned, my speech stuck and my beard bristled.

Hunc Polydorum auri quondam cum pondere magno
50 infelix Priamus furtim mandarat alendum
Threicio regi, cum iam diffideret armis
Dardaniae cingique urbem obsidione videret.
ille, ut opes fractae Teucrum et Fortuna recessit,
res Agamemnonias victriciaque arma secutus
55 fas omne abrumpit: Polydorum obtruncat, et auro
ui potitur. quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
auri sacra fames! postquam pavor ossa reliquit,
delectos populi ad proceres primumque parentem
monstra deum refero, et quae sit sententia posco.
60 omnibus idem animus, scelerata excedere terra,
linqui pollutum hospitium et dare classibus Austros.
ergo instauramus Polydoro funus, et ingens
aggeritur tumulo tellus; stant Manibus arae
caeruleis maestae vittis atraque cupresso,
65 et circum Iliades crinem de more solutae;
inferimus tepido spumantia cymbia lacte
sanguinis et sacri pateras, animamque sepulcro
condimus et magna supremum voce ciemus.

Inde ubi prima fides pelago, placataque venti
70 dant maria et lenis crepitans vocat Auster in altum,
deducunt socii navis et litora complent;
provehimur portu terraeque urbesque recedunt.
sacra mari colitur medio gratissima tellus
Nereidum matri et Neptuno Aegaeo,
75 quam pius Arquitenens oras et litora circum
errantem Mycono e celsa Gyaroque revinxit,
immotamque coli dedit et contemnere ventos

Poor Polydorus, given great gobs of gold
 50 Pitiful Priam secretly sent
 The Thracian throne to tend, when now distrust
 In Trojan troops, and the city seen circled in siege
 The Dardanian divisions dashed, and Fortune fading
 Perfidious Polymnestre, devotes to the dominant Danaos
 55 All vows violated, polishes off Polydorus
 Gains the gold by grab. What mortal morals are not misled
 By goddamn greed for gold? After fear fled my form,
 To chosen chieftains and first to my father,
 I told the terrible tale, and sought their sentiment.
 60 All agreed alike: to sail from the stained soil,
 To quit the corrupted confederate, and set sail to the South wind.
 Thus we fashioned a fit funeral for perished Polydorus,
 And much mud was moved to his mound, sanctuaries set for the spirits,
 Bleak with black bands and sad cypress,
 65 Around loose-locked ladies, according to custom
 We bring basins brimming with mellow milk
 And bowls of beatified blood, and the ghost in the grave
 We lay, and lastly with clamorous chant we cry.

 Then, when first the waves are willing, and winds give serene seas
 70 A soft-swelling southerly beseeches to the briny
 The boys brought down the boats, and crowded the coast
 We put out from port, and fields and fortresses fade away.
 Amid the main sits a sacred shore
 Most dear to Doris and Noble Neptune,
 75 Which admirable Apollo, as around sands and shore
 It floated, fixed firm off gay Mikenos and Gyaros
 And set it steady to spurn the storm winds.

huc feror, haec fessos tuto placidissima portu
 accipit; egressi veneramur Apollinis urbem.
 80 rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phoebique sacerdos,
 vittis et sacra redimitus tempora lauro
 occurrit; veterem Anchisen agnovit amicum.
 iungimus hospitio dextras et tecta subimus.

Templi dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto:
 85 "da propriam, Thymbraee, domum; da moenia fessis
 et genus et mansuram urbem; serva altera Troiae
 Pergama, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli.
 quem sequimur? quoue ire iubes? ubi ponere sedes?
 da, pater, augurium atque animis inlabere nostris.'
 90 vix ea fatus eram: tremere omnia visa repente,
 liminaque laurusque dei, totusque moveri
 mons circum et mugire adytis cortina reclusis.
 summissi petimus terram et vox fertur ad auris:
 'Dardanidae duri, quae vos a stirpe parentum
 95 prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere laeto
 accipiet reduces. antiquam exquirite matrem.
 hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris
 et nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis.'
 haec Phoebus; mixtoque ingens exorta tumultu
 100 laetitia, et cuncti quae sint ea moenia quaerunt,
 quo Phoebus vocet errantis iubeatque reverti.
 tum genitor veterum volvens monimenta virorum
 "audite, o proceres," ait "et spes discite vestras.
 Creta Iovis magni medio iacet insula ponto,
 105 mons Idaeus ubi et gentis cunabula nostrae.

Here I wander, the weary welcomed in peril-free port most peacefully.
Disembarking, we devote to Delos.

80 King Anius: the same protector of the people and priest of Phoebus,
His brow bound with bands and blessed bay,
Ran down, he recognised Anchises as ancient ally.
We held hands in hospitality, and pass into his palace.

I venerate his vestibule, built of bygone boulders.

85 “Proffer a proper property, Phoebus, furnish the fatigued with fortifications,
And the people a permanent place, tend this other temple of Troy
To outlast the Achaeans and awful Achilles.
Whom must we worship? Whither wander? Where settle our city?
Offer us an omen to stir our spirits.”

90 Scarcely I spoke, and suddenly all seemed to shake
Both the laurel and lintels of the lord: all around
The mountain moved: from the split shrine the cauldron crashed,
Supine we seek the soil, and an exclamation enters our ears.

“Durable Dardanians, which first from father’s family

95 The land lifted, likewise favourable and fruitful
Restored receives you. Meet with your mature motherland.
Here the Dardan domicile will dominate all areas
And the sons of sons and those sprung from them.”

Thus Phoebus foretold, and mixed with mayhem, manifested

100 Huge happiness, and all sought the site of the stronghold
And hither Helios hails the hordes, and calls them to come.
Then Anchises of ancient ancestral memorials mindful

“Listen leaders,” said “and hear your hopes
Jove the Mighty’s Minoa lies midst the main

105 Where Rhea’s Rock and the cradle of our clan.

centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna,
maximus unde pater, si rite audita recordor,
Teucus Rhoeteas primum est advectus in oras,
optavitque locum regno. nondum Ilium et arces
110 Pergameae steterant; habitabant vallibus imis.
hinc mater cultrix Cybeli Corybantiaque aera
Idaeumque nemus, hinc fida silentia sacris,
et iuncti currum dominae subiere leones.
ergo agite et divum ducunt qua iussa sequamur:
115 placemus ventos et Cnosia regna petamus.
nec longo distant cursu: modo Iuppiter adsit,
tertia lux classem Cretaeis sistet in oris.”
sic fatus meritos aris mactavit honores,
taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo,
120 nigram Hiemi pecudem, Zephyris felicibus albam.

Fama volat pulsum regnis cecidisse paternis
Idomenea ducem, desertaque litora Cretae,
hoste vacare domum sedesque astare relictas.
linquimus Ortygiae portus pelagoque volamus
125 bacchatamque iugis Naxon viridemque Donusam,
Olearon niveamque Paron sparsasque per aequor
Cycladas, et crebris legimus freta concita terris.
nauticus exoritur vario certamine clamor:
hortantur socii “Cretam proavosque petamus!”
130 prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntis,
et tandem antiquis Curetum adlabimur oris.

A hundred habitations it has, the richest of royalties,
Whence our foremost forebear, if rightly I remember,
Teucus to the Trojan seafront first was ferried
And picked the place for his palace. Nor Troy nor Trojan
110 Citadels stood, in deepest dales they dwelt.
Hence the Cybelan cult the Corybantian cymbals clashed
In the Cretan copse, hence the sacred silence of her ceremonies,
And the leashed lions lugged the celestial curricula.
Thus haste! and heed the Divine decree,
115 Let's win over the winds and seek the Cybelan shore.
It is no vast voyage, if Jupiter is just,
By third sunrise the ships will sight the Cretan coast."
Thus spoke, he sacrificed the devotions due to the divines
A bull to the briny-father, a heifer to you, handsome Helios,
120 A sooty sheep to the storm-gods, a whitewool to the winsome westerlies.

A rumour went round that pushed from his pater's palace
The king had quit Crete, the beaches abandoned,
Farms free of foes, villages vacant.
We departed Delos and sped over the sea,
125 Naxos's Maenad-mountains, dark-green Donusa,
Oleanum and pearly Paros, Cyclades scattered over the seas,
We skim the straits churned with close-packed cays.
A salty salvo the striving sailors shout,
The comrades cheer: "Cruise to Crete and our kin!"
130 Behind blow the breezes at our backs
And finally onto the fabled shores we slide.

Pergameamque voco, et laetam cognomine gentem
hortor amare focos arcemque attollere tectis.

- 135 Iamque fere sicco subductae litore puppes,
conubiis arvisque novis operata iuventus,
iura domosque dabam, subito cum tabida membris
corrupto caeli tractu miserandaque venit
arboribusque satisque lues et letifer annus.
140 linquebant dulcis animas aut aegra trahebant
corpora; tum sterilis exurere Sirius agros,
arebant herbae et victum seges aegra negabat.
rursus ad oraclum Ortygiae Phoebumque remenso
hortatur pater ire mari veniamque precari,
145 quam fessis finem rebus ferat, unde laborum
temptare auxilium iubeat, quo vertere cursus.

- Nox erat et terris animalia somnus habebat:
effigies sacrae divum Phrygiique penates,
quos mecum a Troia mediisque ex ignibus urbis
150 extuleram, visi ante oculos astare iacentis
in somnis multo manifesti lumine, qua se
plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras;
tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis:
“quod tibi delato Ortygiam dicturus Apollo est,
155 hic canit et tua nos en ultro ad limina mittit.

Pergamen I picked it, and the people pleased with the placename,
I urged to hold dear their homes, and construct a citadel as cover.

135 Now scarcely the ships on shore dry were docked
The men making marriage and fixing fresh furrows
I dealt with decrees and dwellings, when suddenly a sickness
Sent from spoiled sky, limbs laid waste,
Plants and produce plagued in a toxic twelvemonth.

140 Sweet spirit spent or weakened wretches withered
Then Sirius sterile parched the pastures
Weeds wilted, and the failed fields forbid food.
Again to Apollo's Oracle at Ortygia
Anchises advised, to pray for pardon:

145 To find a finish for our fatigue, whence for our woe
A remedy we might reach, how to change our course.

Darkness descended, and sleep soothed all souls.

The sacred statues of the saints, and Phrygian Penates,
That through Troy's flames I ferried,

150 Seemed to stand before my face,
Sleeping in slumber, bathed in bright beams,
Which the full-moon flooded through the wide windows.
Thus they told, and soothed my stress with speech:

“What Apollo will announce to you, once delivered to Delos

155 He utters here and unbidden sends us lo! to your lintel.

nos te Dardania incensa tuaque arma secuti,
 nos tumidum sub te permensi classibus aequor,
 idem venturos tollemus in astra nepotes
 imperiumque urbi dabimus. tu moenia magnis
 160 magna para longumque fugae ne linque laborem.
 mutandae sedes. non haec tibi litora suasit
 Delius aut Cretae iussit considerare Apollo.
 est locus, Hesperiam Grai cognomine dicunt,
 terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glaebae;
 165 Oenotri coluere viri; nunc fama minores
 Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem.
 hae nobis propriae sedes, hinc Dardanus ortus
 Iasiusque pater, genus a quo principe nostrum.
 surge age et haec laetus longaeuo dicta parenti
 170 haud dubitanda refer: Corythum terrasque requirat
 Ausonias; Dictaea negat tibi Iuppiter arva.”
 talibus attonitus visis et voce deorum
 (nec sopor illud erat, sed coram agnoscere vultus
 velatasque comas praesentiaque ora videbar;
 175 tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor)
 corripio e stratis corpus tendoque supinas
 ad caelum cum voce manus et munera libo
 intemerata focis. perfecto laetus honore
 Anchisen facio certum remque ordine pando.
 180 agnovit prolem ambiguam geminosque parentis,
 seque novo veterum deceptum errore locorum.
 tum memorat: “nate, Iliacis exercite fati,
 sola mihi talis casus Cassandra canebat.

We from torched Troy followed you and your forces
 Under you the swollen sea we sailed in ships
 We will glorify to the galaxies your future family
 And give sway to their state. Build big battlements
 160 For the strong, seek not to shun exile's long labour
 Your settlement must shift. Delos does not direct you
 To this coast, nor to colonise Crete asks Apollo.
 There lies a land the Hellenes hailed Hesperia.
 An ancient area, in arms fierce, in fields fruitful.
 165 Once owned by Oenotrians, now 'tis said their son
 Identify it Italy after their chieftain's cognomen.
 This will be our proper place, hence Dardanus derived,
 And illustrious Iasius, the foremost of our folk.
 Go, get up and this glad greeting to your eminent elder
 170 Deliver, not to be doubted. Seek the Corythum coast
 And Italian isles, for Iove the Dictaeon domain denies you."
 Struck by such sights, and the speech of the spirits
 (For no slumber I slept, but clearly caught the countenances
 And mantled manes, and faces in front)
 175 Then a clammy chill all my body bedewed,
 I bounded from bed, and held my hands to heaven,
 Palms up I pray, and honour the hearth
 With pure pourings. Cheerful, the ceremony complete,
 I advise Anchises, and tell the tale in turn.
 180 The two-branched tree and twin ancestry he acknowledges,
 And his mistake from new misunderstanding of primaeval placenames.
 Then he speaks: "Son, tested by Troy's tribulations,
 Alone to me Cassandra chanted such stories.

nunc repeto haec generi portendere debita nostro
185 et saepe Hesperiam, saepe Itala regna vocare.
sed quis ad Hesperiae venturos litora Teucros
crederet? aut quem tum vates Cassandra moveret?
cedamus Phoebo et moniti meliora sequamur.”
sic ait, et cuncti dicto paremus ovantes.
190 hanc quoque deserimus sedem paucisque relictis
vela damus vastumque cava trabe currimus aequor.

Postquam altum tenuere rates nec iam amplius ullae
apparent terrae, caelum undique et undique pontus,
tum mihi caeruleus supra caput astitit imber
195 noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris.
continuo venti volvunt mare magnaue surgunt
aequora, dispersi iactamur gurgite vasto;
involvere diem nimbi et nox umida caelum
abstulit, ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes,
200 excutimur cursu et caecis erramus in undis.
ipse diem noctemque negat discernere caelo
nec meminisse viae media Palinurus in unda.
tris adeo incertos caeca caligine soles
erramus pelago, totidem sine sidere noctes.
205 quarto terra die primum se attollere tandem
visa, aperire procul montis ac volvere fumum.
vela cadunt, remis insurgimus; haud mora, nautae
adnixi torquent spumas et caerula verrunt.

She divined these due our race I now recall.
185 And oft the Roman realm, oft Hesperia she hailed.
But who would trust that Teucrans should reach the Latin lands?
And whom then the prophetess's predictions might move?
Let us acquiesce to Apollo, and forewarned follow a more favourable way.”
Thus he relates, and all rejoicing we obey his oration.
190 This land we also leave, and with a few forsaken,
We spread the sails and skim the sea huge, in hollow hulls.

After our fleet follows the fathoms, and land no longer lies
In sight, and from all sides sky and all sides sea,
Then a cerulean cloud hung overhead
195 Bringing blackness and blizzards, and the sea shuddered stormily.
Sudden cyclones spin the surf and wild waves whirl.
We are flung far across the devastating deeps.
Smog smothered the skies, and damp darkness doomed the day
Fires flash from the splitting storm-clouds
200 Cast from our course on the confused waves we wander
Even pilot Palinurus day from dark cannot discern
Nor know the way amid the waves
Three dark and doubtful days of smothered sun
We wander the waters, the same of starless skies
205 Finally on the fourth land looked to loom
Distant dolomites and swirling smoke we see
The sailors sink sails and urge the oars
Without wait work the whirling waves and sweep the seas.

servatum ex undis Strophadum me litora primum
210 excipiunt. Strophades Graio stant nomine dictae
insulae Ionio in magno, quas dira Celaeno
Harpyiaeque colunt aliae, Phineia postquam
clausa domus mensasque metu liquere priores.
tristius haud illis monstrum, nec saevior ulla
215 pestis et ira deum Stygiis sese extulit undis.
virginei volucrum vultus, foedissima ventris
prolucies uncaeque manus et pallida semper
ora fame.
huc ubi delati portus intravimus, ecce
220 laeta boum passim campis armenta videmus
caprigenumque pecus nullo custode per herbas.
inruimus ferro et divos ipsumque vocamus
in partem praedamque Iovem; tum litore curvo
exstruimusque toros dapibusque epulamur opimis.
225 at subitae horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt
Harpyiae et magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas,
diripiuntque dapes contactuque omnia foedant
immundo; tum vox taetrum dira inter odorem.
rursum in secessu longo sub rupe cavata
230 (arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris)
instruimus mensas arisque reponimus ignem;
rursum ex diverso caeli caecisque latebris
turba sonans praedam pedibus circumvolat uncis,
polluit ore dapes. sociis tunc arma capessant
235 edico, et dira bellum cum gente gerendum.

Freed from the foam, first the Strophades shores secure me,
 210 The Strophades stand designated by Danaon name
 In the immense Ionian ocean, which dreadful Dark
 And other Harpies inhabit; after poor Phineas
 Closed his castle, in fear they fled their former feasts
 No beast more baneful, no plague more pitiless,
 215 No such celestial choler ever sprung from the Stygian seas
 Fowl with female faces, their viscera venting vileness
 With crooked claws, and faces ever faint
 Hued with hunger
 When hither into harbour we are borne, behold!
 220 Contented cows here and there on pastures we perceive
 And groups of goats of the grassland without watchman
 We rush in with rapiers, and holler to the Holy ones
 The Skyfather to share our spoils, then on the curving coast
 We build benches and feast on the fine food.
 225 But suddenly with shocking swoop from the hills the Harpies are here
 And flap their feathers with colossal clanging,
 Shred our spread, and taint all with their tarnished talons
 Then a shrill shrieking among the stinking stench.
 Again in a sheltered spot under a concave cliff
 230 Close-circled by copses and their shaking shadows
 We set out the spread and the altars aflame again
 Again all around the air from hidden holes
 The deafening drove circles the catch with curved claws
 And with beaks befouls the banquet. Then I asked my allies to take arms
 235 And wage war on the foul flock.

haud secus ac iussi faciunt tectosque per herbam
 disponunt ensis et scuta latentia condunt.
 ergo ubi delapsae sonitum per curva dedere
 litora, dat signum specula Misenus ab alta
 240 aere cavo. invadunt socii et nova proelia temptant,
 obscenas pelagi ferro foedare volucris.
 sed neque vim plumis ullam nec vulnera tergo
 accipiunt, celerique fuga sub sidera lapsae
 semesam praedam et vestigia foeda relinquunt.
 245 una in praecelsa consedit rupe Celaeno,
 infelix vates, rumpitque hanc pectore vocem;
 'bellum etiam pro caede boum stratisque iuvenis,
 Laomedontiadae, bellumne inferre paratis
 et patrio Harpyias insontis pellere regno?
 250 accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta,
 quae Phoebo pater omnipotens, mihi Phoebus Apollo
 praedixit, vobis Furiarum ego maxima pando.
 Italiam cursu petitis ventisque vocatis:
 ibitis Italiam portusque intrare licebit.
 255 sed non ante datam cingetis moenibus urbem
 quam vos dira fames nostraeque iniuria caedis
 ambesas subigat malis absumere mensas.”
 dixit, et in silvam pennis ablata refugit.
 at sociis subita gelidus formidine sanguis
 260 deriguit: cecidere animi, nec iam amplius armis,
 sed votis precibusque iubent exposcere pacem,
 sive deae seu sint dirae obscenaeque volucres.

They behave as bidden, and screened in the shrubbery
They set out swords, and secrete shields from sight.
Thus when the swoopings ones shriek through the curved coast
Misenus makes the motion from high up on his hollow horn
240 My comrades charge, and start a strange skirmish
To strike with steel those ghastly gulls
But neither their plumage was pierced, nor their bodies bruised
Fast they flew, swooping the stars
They leave the half-gorged game and vestiges of their vileness.
245 One Celaeno on a crag lofty alights
A doomful diviner, this berating bursts from her breast:
“Do you bring battle for butchered bulls and slaughtered stock,
Trojans, do you try to wage war,
And hound the harmless Harpies from their rightful realm?
250 Thus hear and heed in your hearts my warning words:
What the Skyfather said to the Sun-god, Phoebus predicted to me
I the foremost Fury pass on to you people
You chase the course of Italy, and with winds whistled
You will reach Rome, the harbour will grant you haven
255 But you shall not circle your city with battle-bulwarks before
Fierce famine and our meritless murder
Force you to feast by biting your banquet-tables.”
She spoke, and sped off on wing to the wood.
But in sudden shock my fellows’ life fluid froze,
260 Their spirits sank, no longer with ample arms,
But with prayers and pledges they plead to petition for peace
Whether they are deities or dread and vile vultures,

et pater Anchises passis de litore palmis
numina magna vocat meritosque indicit honores:
265 “di, prohibete minas; di, talem avertite casum
et placidi servate pios.” tum litore funem
deripere excussosque iubet laxare rudentis.
tendunt vela Noti: fugimus spumantibus undis
qua cursum ventusque gubernatorque vocabat.
270 iam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos
Dulichiumque Sameque et Neritos ardua saxis.
effugimus scopulos Ithacae, Laertia regna,
et terram altricem saevi exsecramur Ulixi.
mox et Leucatae nimbose cacumina montis
275 et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo.
hunc petimus fessi et parvae succedimus urbi;
ancora de prora iacitur, stant litore puppes.

Ergo insperata tandem tellure potiti
lustramurque Iovi votisque incendimus aras,
280 Actiaque Iliacis celebramus litora ludis.
exercent patrias oleo labente palaestras
nudati socii: iuvat evasisse tot urbes
Argolicas mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostis.
interea magnum sol circumvolvitur annum
285 et glacialis hiems Aquilonibus asperat undas.
aere cavo clipeum, magni gestamen Abantis,
postibus adversis figo et rem carmine signo:
“Aeneas haec de Danais victoribus arma”;
linquere tum portus iubeo et considerare transtris.

And ancient Anchises, with palms in prayer
 Call the great god and declares the due duties:
 265 "O Powers, prevent this peril; Divines, deflect such doom,
 And peacefully protect the pious!" Then on the beach he bid
 The cord be cast down, and the ropes relaxed,
 South winds stretch the sails, we flee over foaming fathoms,
 Where wind and wheelman called our course.
 270 Now amid the main emerges well-wooded Zakynthos
 Doliche and sacred Same, and Neritos of steep stone.
 We circumvent craggy Ithaca, land of Laertes,
 And curse the coast that cultivated the gruesome Greek.
 At length looms Leucata's cloudy crest,
 275 And Apollo's altar appears, scary to seafarers.
 Here tired we travel, and steer to the small city.
 The ballast is cast from the bowsprit, the sterns stand on the shore.

 Therefore our unhoped-for homeland at last located,
 We atone to the Almighty, and on altars burn benefactions,
 280 And carouse on the Actian coast with Trojan tournaments
 My bare buddies battle in the fights of their forefathers,
 Gliding with grease, glad to have dodged so many Danaon dominions,
 And forged on with flight through the host of hostiles.
 Meanwhile the sun spun through a total twelvemonth
 285 And Jack Frost jolts the waves with wintry winds.
 A billowing brass bulwark, borne by almighty Abas,
 I pin to the pillars, and sign with this song:
 "These arms Aeneas took from dominating Danaans."
 Then bid them depart the port and ready the rowlocks.

290 certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora verrunt:
protinus aérias Phaeacum abscondimus arces
litoraue Epiri legimus portuque subimus
Chaonio et celsam Buthroti accedimus urbem.

Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat auris,
295 Priamiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbis
coniugio Aeacidae Pyrrhi sceptrisque potitum,
et patrio Andromachen iterum cecidisse marito.
obstupui, miroque incensum pectus amore
compellare virum et casus cognoscere tantos.
300 progredior portu classis et litora linquens,
sollemnis cum forte dapes et tristia dona
ante urbem in luco falsi Simoentis ad undam
libabat cineri Andromache manisque vocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem caespite inanem
305 et geminas, causam lacrimis, sacrauerat aras.
ut me conspexit venientem et Troia circum
arma amens vidit, magnis exterrita monstris
deriguit visu in medio, calor ossa reliquit,
labitur, et longo vix tandem tempore fatur:
310 “verane te facies, verus mihi nuntius adfers,
nate dea? vivisne? aut, si lux alma recessit,
Hector ubi est?” dixit, lacrimasque effudit et omnem
implevit clamore locum. vix pauca furenti
subicio et raris turbatus vocibus hisco:
315 “vivo equidem vitamque extrema per omnia duco;
ne dubita, nam vera vides.

290 Striving, the sailors strike the seas and whisk the waves
Soon the soaring Scherian citadels sink from sight.
We skirt the Epiran shores, come to the quay of Chaon
And reach the rising borough of Butrint.

Here tidings of terrific things enter our ears.

295 Priam's progeny presides over Danaan domains
Having won the wife and power of Pyrrhus,
And Andromache attached again to a homeland husband
Bowled over, my breast burns with amazing ardour
To hail the hero and hear such stories.

300 I proceed from port, leaving the ships on the shore
When by chance a custom collation and grieving gifts
Before the city in copse, to the swell of a second Simois
Andromache offered to the ashes, and summoned the shades
of Hector to the hollow hillock, green with grass

305 And the twin tabernacles she had set up as a sanctuary for sorrow
As she discerned me drawing near, and the Aenean armed men around,
Shocked and shaken by the mighty marvel
She stiffened amid the sight, the blood fled her bones,
She faints for ages, and finally scarcely speaks:

310 "Are you truly a Trojan? An actual ambassador to me,
Born of Beauty? Be you alive? Or if the life-light has left you,
Where is my husband Hector?" She speaks, and sorrows spring,
And she fills all the forest with her fretting. Hardly in her hysteria
I form a few words, and shaken, in stumbling speech I stutter:

315 "Indeed I live, and lead my life through every extreme
Doubt not, for you definitely discern me.

heu! quis te casus deiectam coniuge tanto
excipit, aut quae digna satis fortuna revisit,
Hectoris Andromache? Pyrrhin conubia servas?”
320 deiecit vultum et demissa voce locuta est:
“o felix una ante alias Priameia virgo,
hostilem ad tumulum Troiae sub moenibus altis
iussa mori, quae sortitus non pertulit ullos
nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
325 nos patria incensa diversa per aequora vectae
stirpis Achilleae fastus iuvenemque superbum
servitio enixae tulimus; qui deinde secutus
Ledaeam Hermionen Lacedaemoniosque hymenaeos
me famulo famulamque Heleno transmisit habendam.
330 ast illum ereptae magno flammatus amore
coniugis et scelerum furiis agitatus Orestes
excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad aras.
morte Neoptolemi regnorum reddita cessit
pars Heleno, qui Chaonios cognomine campos
335 Chaoniamque omnem Troiano a Chaone dixit,
Pergamaque Iliacamque iugis hanc addidit arcem.
sed tibi qui cursum venti, quae fata dedere?
aut quisnam ignarum nostris deus appulit oris?
quid puer Ascanius? superatne et vescitur aura?
340 quem tibi iam Troia—
ecqua tamen puero est amissae cura parentis?
ecquid in antiquam virtutem animosque virilis
et pater Aeneas et avunculus excitat Hector?”

Alas! What fortune befalls you, after surrendering such a spouse?
 What fitting fate is rightly returned
 To Hector's helpmate? Are you still the partner of Pyrrhus?"
 320 She lowered her lashes, and spoke with subdued speech:
 "O blessed before all, Priam's Polyxena,
 Under the towering turrets of Troy, on the Greek's grave,
 Doomed to die, who never languished in the lottery,
 Nor came as a captive to her conqueror's chamber.
 325 We, our birthplace burnt, borne over several seas,
 The Greek's gloating and proud progeny,
 And childbirth as a concubine I suffered. He subsequently sought
 Helen's Hermione and a Lacadaemon link
 He handed me to Helenus, a slave-spouse for his servant,
 330 But aroused with abundant ardour for his lost love,
 Orestes, outraged by the Furies of his own felonies,
 Catches him careless, and kills him on his ancestral altar.
 By Pyrrhus's passing, part of his realm returned
 To Helenus, who hailed the countryside Chaonian,
 335 And the kingdom Chaonia, after the homeland hero,
 And placed this Pergamen and this Trojan tower.
 But for you what winds gave the way? What Fates flung you?
 What deity drives you, senseless to our shores?
 What of Creusa's child? Does he bloom and breathe the breezes?
 340 Whom to you now Troy...
 Does the lad still love his missing mother?
 Is he stirred to strong spirits and venerable virtue
 By his fearless father and heroic Uncle Hector?"

talia fundebat lacrimans longosque ciebat
345 incassum fletus, cum sese a moenibus heros
Priamides multis Helenus comitantibus adfert,
agnoscitque suos laetusque ad limina ducit,
et multum lacrimas verba inter singula fundit.
procedo et parvam Troiam simulataque magnis
350 Pergama et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum
agnosco, Scaeaeque amplector limina portae;
nec non et Teucri socia simul urbe fruuntur.
illos porticibus rex accipiebat in amplis:
aulai medio libabant pocula Bacchi
355 impositis auro dapibus, paterasque tenebant.

Iamque dies alterque dies processit, et aurae
vela vocant tumidoque inflatur carbasus Austro:
his vatem adgredior dictis ac talia quaeso:
“Troiugena, interpres divum, qui numina Phoebi,
360 qui tripodas Clarii et laurus, qui sidera sentis
et volucrum linguas et praepetis omina pennae,
fare age (namque omnis cursum mihi prospera dixit
religio, et cuncti suaserunt numine divi
Italiam petere et terras temptare repostas;
365 sola novum dictuque nefas Harpyia Celaeno
prodigium canit et tristis denuntiat iras
obscenamque famem), quae prima pericula vito?
quidve sequens tantos possim superare labores?”

Such she spoke sobbing, and a long lament
345 Voiced in vain, when the hero Helenus
Came from the castle with a flock of followers.
He claims us as kin, and cheerful, leads us to the lintel
And mixes much weeping with his words.
I proceed, and a parallel of Pergamus and a tiny Troy
350 I behold, and a barren brook, styled after Scamander,
And I clasp the columns of the Scaean stairway
No less my Trojan troops savour the sociable city.
The ruler receives them in a colossal colonnade
In the middle of the majlis they pour the bowls of Bacchus
355 And with the celebration-supper set on gold, they grasp the goblets.

Day displaces day, the seabreezes summon the sails,
And the flax-sheet fills with the swelling South-wind.
With this address I approach the augur, and seek such things:
“O Trojan, translator of the topmosts, who the powers of Phoebus,
360 And the stands and sprig of the shrine, and the planets perceives,
And the boding of birds, and the forecast of the flying feathers.
O speak! For all my seafaring the portents proclaimed propitious
And all the deities in their divinity impelled me Italy
To seek, and scout remote realms.
365 Solely the snatcher Celaeno shrieks a fresh forecast
Terrible to tell, and augurs agonising angers
And foul famine, how first to deflect the danger?
Charting what course can I overcome such struggles?”

hic Helenus caesis primum de more iuvenis
370 exorat pacem divum vittasque resolvit
sacrati capitis, meque ad tua limina, Phoebè,
ipse manu multo suspensum numine ducit,
atque haec deinde canit divino ex ore sacerdos:

“Nate dea (nam te maioribus ire per altum
375 auspiciis manifesta fides; sic fata deum rex
sortitur voluitque vices, is vertitur ordo),
pauca tibi e multis, quo tutior hospita lustres
aequora et Ausonio possis considerare portu,
expediam dictis; prohibent nam cetera Parcae
380 scire Helenum farique vetat Saturnia Iuno.
principio Italiam, quam tu iam rere propinquam
vicinosque, ignare, paras invadere portus,
longa procul longis via dividit invia terris.
ante et Trinacria lentandus remus in unda
385 et salis Ausonii lustrandum navibus aequor
infernique lacus Aeaetaeque insula Circae,
quam tuta possis urbem componere terra.
signa tibi dicam, tu condita mente teneto:
cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam
390 litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus
triginta capitum fetus enixa iacebit,
alba solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati,
is locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum.
nec tu mensarum morsus horresce futuros:
395 fata viam invenient adieritque vocatus Apollo.

Here Helenus, in due habit having slaughtered steers,
370 Prevails on the peace of the Powers, and releases the ribbons
From his holy head, and to your portal, Phoebus,
Helps me with his own hand, possessed by your powerful presence,
And then as a priest proclaims with sacred speech:

“Blessed-born, for there is plain proof
375 You drift throught the deep under superior signs,
Thus the Skyfather sorts stars, spins successions and changes the course,
From much I mention a minimum, so you may more safely sail
The friendly fathoms, and find Ausonian anchorage.
I will unwind these words, for the Fates forbid further
380 Herald to Helenus, and Saturn’s scion stays her speech.
First Italy, though ignorant, you suppose it soon
Now near, and neighbouring ports you prepare to possess
A long-off and lengthy pathless path parts these provinces.
First in the Trinacrian tides the sculls must strain
385 And the fleet must float on the salty Ausonian sea
And the lower lakes, and Circe’s Aeaeon shore,
Before on a safe shore you can establish your empire.
I shall speak signs - hold them in your head.
When in your woe, by the swell of a secret stream,
390 A huge hog under the holm-oaks you see on the shore,
Lying, having laid a litter of thirty trotters,
A supine snowy sow, suckled by piglets pale,
This is the site of your city, a true rest-time from toil.
And do not dread the future feeding on feast-tables,
395 The Fates will find a fix, and Apollo attend your call.

has autem terras Italique hanc litoris oram,
proxima quae nostri perfunditur aequoris aestu,
effuge; cuncta malis habitantur moenia Grai.
hic et Narycii posuerunt moenia Locri,
400 et Sallentinos obsedit milite campos
Lyctius Idomeneus; hic illa ducis Meliboei
parva Philoctetae subnixa Petelia muro.
quin ubi transmissae steterint trans aequora classes
et positis aris iam vota in litore solves,
405 purpureo velare comas adopertus amictu,
ne qua inter sanctos ignis in honore deorum
hostilis facies occurrat et omina turbet.
hunc socii morem sacrorum, hunc ipse teneto;
hac casti maneant in religione nepotes.
410 ast ubi digressum Siculae te admoverit orae
ventus, et angusti rarescent claustra Pelori,
laeva tibi tellus et longo laeva petantur
aequora circuitu; dextrum fuge litus et undas.
haec loca vi quondam et vasta convulsa ruina
415 (tantum aevi longinqua valet mutare vetustas)
dissiluisse ferunt, cum protinus utraque tellus
una foret: venit medio vi pontus et undis
Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit, arvaque et urbes
litore diductas angusto interluit aestu.
420 dextrum Scylla latus, laevum implacata Charybdis
obsidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos
sorbet in abruptum fluctus rursusque sub auras
erigit alternos, et sidera verberat unda.

But leave these other lands and this strand of Italian seaboard
 Washed by the waves of our own ocean
 All cities are settled by gruesome Greeks
 Here the loathesome Locrians have built battlements
 400 And iniquitous Idomeneous assails with armies
 The Sallentine soil, here the tiny town Petelia,
 Of Meliboean marshal Philoctetes, is borne up by bulwarks.
 When your fleet is fastened, after sailing the seas,
 And you place your pyres to scatter sacrifices on the shore,
 405 Hide your hair with the hood of a violet veil
 Lest among the blessed blaze in honour of the Holy ones
 A foe's face comes forth, and spoils the signs
 This style of sacrifice must you and your friends follow
 And may your children continue pure in this piety.
 410 "But when the wind has washed you, separated, to the Sicilian shore,
 And the pass of pinched Pelarus opens out
 Seek the sinistral seas and larboard lands by a long loop,
 Flee the foam and starboard shores
 By violence and vast catastrophe this country once convulsed
 415 (Time's long term can shift things such)
 They say it split, when the two territories were totally together
 With might amid them the sea surged, and with its swell
 Severed the Sicilian side from the West, and with constricted current
 Flows between fields and cities separated by shore.
 420 Scylla sits on the starboard side, across from cruel Charybdis
 Who in the very vortex of her void, thrice sucks the seething swell
 Into the deepest depths, then back under the breezes
 Spouts successively, and strikes the stars with spray.

at Scyllam caecis cohibet spelunca latebris
425 ora exsertantem et navis in saxa trahentem.
prima hominis facies et pulchro pectore virgo
pube tenus, postrema immani corpore pistrix
delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.
praestat Trinacrii metas lustrare Pachyni
430 cessantem, longos et circumflectere cursus,
quam semel informem vasto vidisse sub antro
Scyllam et caeruleis canibus resonantia saxa.
praeterea, si qua est Heleno prudentia vati,
si qua fides, animum si veris implet Apollo,
435 unum illud tibi, nate dea, proque omnibus unum
praedicam et repetens iterumque iterumque monebo,
Iunonis magnae primum prece numen adora,
Iunoni cane vota libens dominamque potentem
supplicibus supera donis: sic denique victor
440 Trinacria finis Italos mittere relicta.
huc ubi delatus Cumaeam accesseris urbem
divinosque lacus et Averno sonantia silvis,
insanam vatem aspicias, quae rupe sub ima
fata canit foliisque notas et nomina mandat.
445 quaecumque in foliis descripsit carmina virgo
digerit in numerum atque antro seclusa relinquit:
illa manent immota locis neque ab ordine cedunt.
verum eadem, verso tenuis cum cardine ventus
impulit et teneras turbavit ianua frondes,
450 numquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere saxo
nec revocare situs aut iungere carmina curat:
inconsulti abeunt sedemque odere Sibyllae.

But a cavern contains Scylla in a secret sanctum
 425 Thrusting her throats, and dragging boats onto the boulders.
 Foremost a female's face, and a belldame's beautiful breasts,
 As low as her loins: her seat is a seadragon of savage shape
 With dolphins' dorsals welded to a womb of wolves.
 It is wise to wind around the Sicilian shores,
 430 Delaying, and divert a prolonged passage
 Than once see shapeless Scylla in her huge hollow
 And the rocks ringing with dark-green dogs.
 Further if Helenus has foresight, if the prophet has probity,
 If Phoebus fills his thoughts with truth,
 435 Blessed born, one thing I will augur, one for all,
 And repeating I will remind again and again:
 First praise with prayer the godhead of great Juno
 Merrily make pledge to the Patroness
 And quell the almighty Queen with obsequious offerings
 440 So finally sailing from Sicily you will be cast as conqueror to the Italian coast
 When relayed here you reach the Cumean city
 And the sacred springs, and Avernus's whispering woods
 You will perceive a possessed prophetess, who sings the signs inside the stone
 And commits her characters and labels to the leaves
 445 Whatever verses the virgin forms on the foliage
 She sorts into sets and conceals in her cloistered cave
 They stay still in that site, and do not fall out of file.
 But if with pushed pivot a gentle gust
 Drives in and the door disturbs the fragile foliage
 450 She never seizes them swirling around her cavernous crag
 Nor cares to put in place or relink the rhymes
 The unanswered leave, and loathe the Sibyl's sanctum.

hic tibi ne qua morae fuerint dispendia tanti,
quamvis increpitent socii et vi cursus in altum
455 vela vocet, possisque sinus implere secundos,
quin adeas vatem precibusque oracula poscas
ipsa canat vocemque volens atque ora resolvat.
illa tibi Italiae populos venturaque bella
et quo quemque modo fugiasque ferasque laborem
460 expediet, cursusque dabit venerata secundos.
haec sunt quae nostra liceat te voce moneri.
vade age et ingentem factis fer ad aethera Troiam.”

Quae postquam vates sic ore effatus amico est,
dona dehinc auro gravia ac secto elephanto
465 imperat ad navis ferri, stipatque carinis
ingens argentum Dodonaeosque lebetas,
loricam consertam hamis auroque trilicem,
et conum insignis galeae cristasque comantis,
arma Neoptolemi. sunt et sua dona parenti.
470 addit equos, additque duces,
remigium supplet, socios simul instruit armis.

Interea classem velis aptare iubebat
Anchises, fieret vento mora ne qua ferenti.
quem Phoebi interpretis multo compellat honore:
475 “coniugio, Anchisa, Veneris dignate superbo,
cura deum, bis Pergameis erepte ruinis,
ecce tibi Ausoniae tellus: hanc arripe velis.
et tamen hanc pelago praeterlabare necesse est:
Ausoniae pars illa procul quam pandit Apollo.

Here no price of procrastinating shall be such,
Although your friends find fault, and your course calls your sailcloth
455 With force to the foam, and you can swell the sails with seabreezes,
That you do not visit the visionary, and with prayers plead
That she sings the signs herself, and gladly loosen her lips and language.
She will tell you of the Trojan tribe and the coming conflict,
And in what fashion you may flee, or bear your burden,
460 And blessed will bestow a prosperous passage.
These things are those you may be warned by my words.
Depart, and with great deeds hoist huge Troy to the heavens.”

After the seer speaks such with friendly face,
Great gifts of gold and inscribed ivory
465 He commands carried to our craft, and stores in the ship
Superb silverware, and Dodondean dishes
A breastplate bound with barbs and gold thrice threaded
And a handsome helmet with hairy crest and cone,
Pyrrhus’s protection. There were favours for my father too.
470 He handed us horses, and gave guides,
He offers oarsmen, and also appoints my allies with arms.

Anchises authorised meanwhile to set the ships with sails
Lest we lose the favourable flurry
Apollo’s agent addresses him with high honour:
475 “Anchises, worthy of wedlock with venerable Venus
The care of the celestials, twice taken from the turmoil of Troy
Lo! the Latin land, seize it with your ships.
Nevertheless it is necessary you slide past it on the sea
The area of Ausonia Apollo reveals is remote.

480 vade,” ait “o felix nati pietate. quid ultra
 provehor et fando surgentis demoror Austros?”
 nec minus Andromache digressu maesta supremo
 fert picturatas auri subtemine vestis
 et Phrygiam Ascanio chlamydem (nec cedit honore)
 485 textilibusque onerat donis, ac talia fatur:
 “accipe et haec, manuum tibi quae monimenta mearum
 sint, puer, et longum Andromachae testentur amorem,
 coniugis Hectoreae. cape dona extrema tuorum,
 o mihi sola mei super Astyanactis imago.
 490 sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat;
 et nunc aequali tecum pubesceret aevo.”
 hos ego digrediens lacrimis adfabar obortis:
 “vivite felices, quibus est fortuna peracta
 iam sua: nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur.
 495 vobis parta quies: nullum maris aequor arandum,
 arva neque Ausoniae semper cedentia retro
 quaerenda. effigiem Xanthi Troiamque videtis
 quam vestrae fecere manus, melioribus, opto,
 auspiciis, et quae fuerit minus obvia Graeis.
 500 si quando Thybrim vicinaque Thybridis arva
 intraro gentique meae data moenia cernam,
 cognatas urbes olim populosque propinquos,
 Epiro Hesperiam (quibus idem Dardanus auctor
 atque idem casus), unam faciemus utramque
 505 Troiam animis: maneat nostros ea cura nepotes.”

480 "Advance," he asserts, "O blissful in the blessedness of your boy
Why do I mention more, and by speaking stay the swelling southwind?"
Also Andromache, forlorn at our final farewell,
Carries clothes gilded with golden thread
A Trojan tabard for Ascanius (she does not fail in fealty)
485 She weighs down with woven gifts, and speaks such:
"Take these tributes, handmade memories of me,
Boy, and may they bespeak the boundless affection of Andromache,
Hector's helpmate. Receive the last remembrances of your relatives.
O, the last likeness left to me of my sweet Scamandrius
490 Thus he moved his mouth, his eyes, and held his hands,
In like manner you would have matured, alike in age."
Departing, I declared with tumbling tears:
"Long live you lucky ones, whose fortune is found,
We are summoned by the stars from doom to doom,
495 Peace is provided to you, no more furrowing the far fathoms,
Nor seeking the shores of ever-receding Rome.
You will see Scamander and the image of Ilium
Which your band has built, I hope, in happier harbingers,
And less lying apparent to the Achaeans.
500 If I ever reach the river Tiber, and its tilled territories,
And discern the defences provided to my people,
Our kindred kingdoms and once neighbouring nations,
In Iberia and Ionia, of corresponding creator and circumstance,
We will make in our minds one Troy together
505 That duty to our descendants shall stay."

Prouehimur pelago vicina Ceraunia iuxta,
unde iter Italiam cursusque brevissimus undis.
sol ruit interea et montes umbrantur opaci;
sternimur optatae gremio telluris ad undam
510 sortiti remos passimque in litore sicco
corpora curamus, fessos sopor inrigat artus.
necdum orbem medium Nox Horis acta subibat:
haud segnis strato surgit Palinurus et omnis
explorat ventos atque auribus aera captat;
515 sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia caelo,
Arcturum pluviasque Hyadas geminosque Triones,
armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona.
postquam cuncta videt caelo constare sereno,
dat clarum e puppi signum; nos castra movemus
520 temptamusque viam et velorum pandimus alas.

Iamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis
cum procul obscuros collis humilemque videmus
Italiam. Italiam primus conclamat Achates,
Italiam laeto socii clamore salutant.
525 tum pater Anchises magnum cratera corona
induit implevitque mero, divosque vocavit
stans celsa in puppi:
'di maris et terrae tempestatumque potentes,
ferte viam vento facilem et spirate secundi.'
530 crebrescunt optatae aurae portusque patescit
iam propior, templumque apparet in arce Minervae;
vela legunt socii et proras ad litora torquent.

We sail on the seas, close to the Ceraunian cliffs,
Whence our way on the ways and the shortest sail to Sicily
Meanwhile the sun sinks and the shady crags are clouded
The sea scatters us on the shore of the longed-for land,
510 Having shared the sculls, on the barren beach our bodies
Set, and slumber floods our flagging forms.
Not yet night, by hours spread, has swept the central sphere,
Palinurus, not passive, bounds from his berth
Weighs the winds and catches the currents,
515 Studies all the stars, slipping through the silent sky,
Arcturus and torrential Taurus, and both the Bears,
And heeds the Hunter, girded in gold.
After he sees all things settled in the fair firmament,
He calls a clear clarion from the boat, and we bestir our billets,
520 We pursue our passage, and spread the sheets of our sails.

Now Dawn dyes rosy the scattering stars
When we discern the distant dark domes and low-lying Latin lands
“Italy!” initially Achates announces
The sailors salute Italy in cheerful clamour.
525 Then ancient Anchises a big bowl bedecks
With flowers, and fills with fine wine, and summons the saints
Standing in the high stern:
“Lords of the land and sea, sway of the storms
Carry us on a clear course and blow a beneficial breeze!”
530 The wanted winds whip up and a landing lies open
Now closer, and on a cliff appears a monument to Minerva
The shipmates spread the sails and point the prow to the landing place

portus ab Euroo fluctu curvatus in arcum,
obiectae salsa spumant aspergine cautes,
535 ipse latet: gemino demittunt bracchia muro
turriti scopuli refugitque ab litore templum.
quattuor hic, primum omen, equos in gramine vidi
tondentis campum late, candore nivali.
et pater Anchises "bellum, o terra hospita, portas:
540 bello armantur equi, bellum haec armenta minantur.
sed tamen idem olim curru succedere sueti
quadripedes et frena iugo concordia ferre:
spes et pacis" ait. tum numina sancta precamur
Palladis armisonae, quae prima accepit ovantis,
545 et capita ante aras Phrygio velamur amictu,
praeceptisque Heleni, dederat quae maxima, rite
Iunoni Argiuae iussos adolemus honores.

Haud mora, continuo perfectis ordine votis
cornua velatarum obuertimus antemnarum,
550 Graiugenumque domos suspectaque linquimus arva.
hinc sinus Herculei (si vera est fama) Tarenti
cernitur, attollit se diva Lacinia contra,
Caulonisque arces et navifragum Scylaceum.
tum procul e fluctu Trinacria cernitur Aetna,
555 et gemitum ingentem pelagi pulsataque saxa
audimus longe fractasque ad litora voces,
exsultantque vada atque aestu miscentur harenae.
et pater Anchises "nimirum hic illa Charybdis:
hos Helenus scopulos, haec saxa horrenda canebat.
560 eripite, o socii, pariterque insurgite remis."

The boat-harbour bends in a bow from the Eastern expanse
The facing reef foams with salty spray, the seaport is screened,
535 Colossal cliffs cast their arms with paired parapets
And Pallas' pantheon shrinks from the shore.
Here the first forewarning: in a field four stallions I saw
As white as winter, widely grazing on the grass.
My father cries: "O friendly field, you bring battle:
540 These four are fitted for fighting, these thoroughbreds threaten turmoil.
But the same steeds were once accustomed to convey the chariot,
And bear the bridle, yoked and yielding.
There is hope of harmony." Then we pray to the pious power,
Of armed Athena, who first received us rejoicing,
545 And before her shrine we shroud our faces with Phrygian folds,
And as the oracle ordained, which he claimed most critical,
We duly offer the ordered honours to the Grecian Goddess.

Without wait, at once, our promises pledged in position,
We turn the top of our sail-hung spar
550 And depart from the distrusted domains and abodes of the Argives.
Hence the home of Hercules Tarentus, if tale be true,
Lies, and Lacina's altar arises across,
The citadel of Caulon and ship-shattering Scylaceum.
Then distant from the deeps Etna volcano is viewed.
555 And a great groan from the sea and shaking stones
Remotely we hear roars broken on the beaches
The shallows seethe and the sand is stirred by the sea-tide
And Ancient Anchises exclaims: "Certainly this is Charybdis:
These are the cliffs and cruel crags the prophet predicted
560 O flee, friends, and rise together to the rowlocks!"

haud minus ac iussi faciunt, primusque rudentem
contorsit laevas proram Palinurus ad undas;
laevam cuncta cohors remis ventisque petivit.
tollimur in caelum curvato gurgite, et idem
565 subducta ad Manis imos desedimus unda.
ter scopuli clamorem inter cava saxa dedere,
ter spumam elisam et rorantia vidimus astra.
interea fessos ventus cum sole reliquit,
ignarique viae Cyclopum adlabimur oris.
570
Portus ab accessu ventorum immotus et ingens
ipse: sed horrificis iuxta tonat Aetna ruinis,
interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem
turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla,
attollitque globos flammaram et sidera lambit;
575 interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
cum gemitu glomerat fundoque exaestuat imo.
fama est Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus
urgeri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Aetnam
580 impositam ruptis flammam expirare caminis,
et fessum quotiens mutet latus, intremere omnem
murmure Trinacriam et caelum subtexere fumo.
noctem illam tecti silvis immania monstra
perferimus, nec quae sonitum det causa videmus.
585 nam neque erant astrorum ignes nec lucidus aethra
siderea polus, obscuro sed nubila caelo,
et lunam in nimbo nox intempesta tenebat.

They obey the order, and Palinurus pulls
The bellowing bowsprit to the sinistral swell.
All the lads seek the left with rows and rigging.
We are hoisted to the heavens by the arching abyss
565 And drop to the deepest depths as the wave withdraws.
Thrice thunder the rocks amid the ringing reef,
And frothing foam we see, and sea-sprayed stars.
Meanwhile wearied by wind and sinking sun,
Witless of the way we sail to the Cyclops' shores.
570
A harbour, itself huge and calm of coming currents,
But Etna close by clashes with dreadful destruction,
And sometimes spews to the skies black billows,
Smoking with a sooty storm and flashing firebrands,
It builds up blazing balls and smacks the stars
575 Sometimes stones and severed volcanic viscera
Belching it bombards, to the breezes liquid lava
It globules with a groan, and boils up from its bottommost base.
The story says Enceladus's lightning-lashed limbs
Are crushed by this colossus, and the vast volcano above
580 Flings fire from its burst boilers,
And when he shifts his sapped side, all Trinacrium trembles
With a murmur and mantles the sky with smoke.
That night, covered by a copse, we suffer shocking spectres,
But do not discern the source of the sound,
585 For there are no fires in the firmament, no clear canopy
Of starry skies, but a film in the foggy air,
And a deep darkness mantles the moon in mist.

Postera iamque dies primo surgebat Eoo
umentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram,
590 cum subito e silvis macie confecta suprema
ignoti nova forma viri miserandaque cultu
procedit supplexque manus ad litora tendit.
respicimus. dira inluvies immissaque barba,
consertum tegimen spinis: at cetera Graius,
595 et quondam patriis ad Troiam missus in armis.
isque ubi Dardanios habitus et Troia vidit
arma procul, paulum aspectu conterritus haesit
continuitque gradum; mox sese ad litora praeceps
cum fletu precibusque tulit: “per sidera testor,
600 per superos atque hoc caeli spirabile lumen,
tollite me, Teucri. quascumque abducite terras:
hoc sat erit. scio me Danais e classibus unum
et bello Iliacos fateor petiisse penatis.
pro quo, si sceleris tanta est iniuria nostri,
605 spargite me in fluctus vastoque immergite ponto;
si pereo, hominum manibus periisse iuvabit.”
dixerat et genua amplexus genibusque volutans
haerebat. qui sit fari, quo sanguine cretus,
hortamur, quae deinde agitet fortuna fateri.
610 ipse pater dextram Anchises haud multa moratus
dat iuveni atque animum praesenti pignore firmat.
ille haec deposita tandem formidine fatur:

And now another morning manifests at the start of sunrise
And Dawn dries the dewy shadows from the sky.
590 When suddenly the strange shape of a foreign fellow
Came from the copse, stricken with severe starvation,
In wretched rags, his hands stretched suppliant to the shore.
We see him: soiled with squalour and a bushy beard,
His tunic tied with thorns, but otherwise a gruesome Greek,
595 Once taken to Troy in his ancestral arms.
When he discerns the Dardan dress and Aenean arms afar,
He wavers a while, scared by the sight,
And pauses his progress; soon straight to the shore,
With weeping and wailing he shouts: "I swear by the stars,
600 By the Holy ones and heaven's life-giving light,
Take me, Trojans, lead me to any land,
That shall be sufficient. You know I am from the Danaon divisions,
And I confess to charging in combat the Ilian idols.
For which, if my wickedness's harm is too huge
605 Scatter me on the seas and drown me in the deep,
If I die it will delight me to depart by human hands."
He spoke, and stuck to our knees, kneeling on his own,
Who he was, by what blood born,
We urged him to utter, and what doom distressed him.
610 Ancient Anchises at once holds out his hand,
And confirms his courage with a prompt pledge.
Finally, his fear set aside, he speaks:

“sum patria ex Ithaca, comes infelicis Ulixi,
 nomine Achaemenides, Troiam genitore Adamasto
 615 paupere (mansissetque utinam fortuna!) profectus.
 hic me, dum trepidi crudelia limina linquunt,
 immemores socii vasto Cyclopis in antro
 deseruere. domus sanie dapibusque cruentis,
 intus opaca, ingens. ipse arduus, altaque pulsat
 620 sidera (di talem terris avertite pestem!)
 nec visu facilis nec dictu adfabilis ulli;
 visceribus miserorum et sanguine vescitur atro.
 vidi egomet duo de numero cum corpora nostro
 prensa manu magna medio resupinus in antro
 625 frangeret ad saxum, sanieque aspersa natarent
 limina; vidi atro cum membra fluentia tabo
 manderet et tepidi tremerent sub dentibus artus—
 haud impune quidem, nec talia passus Ulixes
 oblitusue sui est Ithacus discrimine tanto.
 630 nam simul expletus dapibus vinoque sepultus
 cervicem inflexam posuit, iacuitque per antrum
 immensus saniem eructans et frusta cruento
 per somnum commixta mero, nos magna precati
 numina sortitique vices una undique circum
 635 fundimur, et telo lumen terebramus acuto
 ingens quod torva solum sub fronte latebat,
 Argolici clipei aut Phoebae lampadis instar,
 et tandem laeti sociorum ulciscimur umbras.
 sed fugite, o miseri, fugite atque ab litore funem
 640 rumpite.

“I am an inhabitant of Ithaca, a comrade of unlucky Ulysses,
 Named Acheminides of Adamastus: my parent being poor,
 615 I travelled to Troy, if only that condition continued!
 While trembling the terrible lintel they left,
 My forgetful friends forsook me in the Cyclops’ colossal cavern,
 It is a cave of carnage and bloody banquets,
 Deep and dark inside; he huge and hits the high heavens.
 620 O Lords, from the land purge such a pest!
 He is not easy on the eye, nor cordial to converse with.
 He devours the viscera of victims and black blood,
 I saw him seize two of our troop
 In his huge hands, and reclining in the centre of his cave,
 625 Smashed them on the stone, drowning the doorway in blood drops,
 I saw him chew their corpses, flowing with foul fluid,
 Their living limbs trembling in his teeth.
 He did not avoid vengeance: Ulysses would not suffer such,
 Nor Laertiades lapse in so colossal a crisis,
 630 For once filled with his feast and loaded with liquor,
 He dropped his drooping dome, and lay huge through the hollow,
 Belching blood and mingled morsels
 Wet with wine; to the great gods
 We prayed to the powers and our parts picked, scattered round on all sides
 635 And with a sharp stake we stab his huge headlamp,
 Its single socket shrouded under his brutish brow,
 As bulbous as a buckler or spherical as the sun,
 And laughing at last we avenge the ashes of our allies.
 O fly, forlorn ones, fly, and from the sea shore
 640 Rend your ropes.

nam qualis quantusque cavo Polyphemus in antro
lanigeras claudit pecudes atque ubera pressat,
centum alii curva haec habitant ad litora vulgo
infandi Cyclopes et altis montibus errant.

645 tertia iam lunae se cornua lumine complent
cum vitam in silvis inter deserta ferarum
lustra domosque traho vastosque ab rupe Cyclopas
prospicio sonitumque pedum vocemque tremesco.
victum infelicem, bacas lapidosaque corna,
650 dant rami, et vulsis pascunt radicibus herbae.
omnia conlustrans hanc primum ad litora classem
conspexi venientem. huic me, quaecumque fuisset,
addixi: satis est gentem effugisse nefandam.
vos animam hanc potius quocumque absumite leto.”

655 Vix ea fatus erat summo cum monte videmus
ipsum inter pecudes vasta se mole moventem
pastorem Polyphemum et litora nota petentem,
monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.
trunca manum pinus regit et vestigia firmat;
660 lanigeras comitantur oves; ea sola voluptas
solamenque mali.
postquam altos tetigit fluctus et ad aequora venit,
luminis effossi fluidum lavit inde cruorem
dentibus infrendens gemitu, graditurque per aequor
665 iam medium, necdum fluctus latera ardua tinxit.
nos procul inde fugam trepidi celerare recepto
supplice sic merito tacitique incidere funem,
vertimus et proni certantibus aequora remis.

For like Polyphemus, who pens fleecy flocks
In a hollow hole, and drains their dugs,
A hundred other horrors inhabit these sweeping shores,
And together traipse the high hills.

645 Thrice Hecate's horns have brimmed with brightness,
Since I eke out an existence amid the deserted dens
And burrows of beasts in the backwoods, and the colossal Cyclopes
From a scarp I see, and tremble at their tread and trumpeting.
The boughs give berries and scant sustenance,
650 And craggy cornels and creepers nourish with ripped roots.
Surveying all, I saw first this fleet
Sailing to shore. Whatever will happen,
I surrender: satisfied to flee those foul fiends,
I prefer you to put me to death however you deem."

655 Scarcely he spoke, when we see on the high hilltop,
Moving his mountainous mass among his snowy sheep,
The shepherd Cyclops, seeking the known shore,
A dreadful deformed demon, vast and robbed of vision,
A great pinetree guided and steadied his step,
660 His fleecy flock following, his sole solace
And comfort for his calamity.
After he came to the coast and sought the soaring swell,
He bathed the blood from his gouged globe,
Groaning and gnashing his teeth, he walked amid the water,
665 And the wave does not wet his tall thighs.
Shaking we speed our flight far from there,
Receiving the righteous refugee, and quietly cutting the cable,
Leaning we lash the seas with striving sculls.

sensit, et ad sonitum vocis vestigia torsit.
670 verum ubi nulla datur dextra adfectare potestas
nec potis Ionios fluctus aequare sequendo,
clamorem immensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes
contremuere undae, penitusque exterrita tellus
Italiae curvisque immugiit Aetna cavernis.
675 at genus e silvis Cyclopum et montibus altis
excitum ruit ad portus et litora complent.
cernimus astantis nequiquam lumine torvo
Aetnaeos fratres caelo capita alta ferentis,
concilium horrendum: quales cum vertice celso
680 aeriae quercus aut coniferae cyparissi
constiterunt, silva alta Iovis lucusve Dianae.
praecipitis metus acer agit quocumque rudentis
excutere et ventis intendere vela secundis.
contra iussa monent Heleni, Scyllamque Charybdi
685 inter, utrimque viam leti discrimine parvo,
ni teneam cursus: certum est dare linthea retro.
ecce autem Boreas angusta ab sede Pelori
missus adest: vivo praetervehor ostia saxo
Pantagiae Megarosque sinus Thapsumque iacentem.
690 talia monstrabat relegens errata retrorsus
litora Achaemenides, comes infelicis Ulixi.

Sicanio praetenta sinu iacet insula contra
Plemyrium undosum; nomen dixere priores
Ortygiam. Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem
695 occultas egisse vias subter mare, qui nunc
ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.

He takes heed, and turns his tracks to the sound of speech,
 670 But stripped of the strength to grab us in his grasp,
 Nor managing to match the sea's power of pursuit,
 He clamours a huge cry, at which the water and waves
 Tremble, and terrifies the Latin lands,
 And the volcano in vaulted grottos groans.
 675 But the clan of Cyclopes from the high hills
 And forests flew forth, filling the beach and bay.
 We saw them standing futile, the furnace fraternity,
 With a grim glare, holding their high heads to heaven,
 A horrid horde, as tall oak trees
 680 Or coniferous cypress crowd with proud peaks,
 In Jove's great groves or Diana's dell.
 Fierce fear forced us fast to release the rigging
 And spread the sails to whatever willing winds.
 But the prophet's prediction warns of the Wolf and the Whirlpool
 685 Not to chart a course betwixt the twain
 A short distance from death, we resolved to reverse the rigging.
 Lo! a northerly from the narrow peak of Pelorus
 Swells. I sail past the rough rock rim
 Of Pantagia, Megara's mouth, and Thapsus lying low.
 690 Acheminides, associate of unlucky Ulysses,
 Showed us such shores, remaking his roamings in reverse.

 A land lies against wave washed Plemyrion,
 Stretched over a Sicilian shore, of old called Ortygia.
 Rumour says the River god Alpheus of Arcadia,
 695 Runs secret sluices beneath the briny,
 And now with the Sicilian seas by your mouth mingles, Arethusa.

iussi numina magna loci veneramur, et inde
exsupero praepingue solum stagnantis Helori.
hinc altas cautes proiectaque saxa Pachyni
700 radimus, et fatis numquam concessa moveri
apparet Camerina procul campique Geloi,
immanisque Gela fluvii cognomine dicta.
arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxima longe
moenia, magnanimum quondam generator equorum;
705 teque datis linquo ventis, palmosa Selinus,
et vada dura lego saxis Lilybeia caecis.
hinc Drepani me portus et inlaetabilis ora
accipit. hic pelagi tot tempestatibus actus
heu, genitorem, omnis curae casusque levamen,
710 amitto Anchisen. hic me, pater optime, fessum
deseris, heu, tantis nequiquam erepte periclis!
nec vates Helenus, cum multa horrenda moneret,
hos mihi praedixit luctus, non dira Celaeno.
hic labor extremus, longarum haec meta viarum,
715 hinc me digressum vestris deus appulit oris.

Sic pater Aeneas intentis omnibus unus
fata renarrabat divum cursusque docebat.
conticuit tandem factoque hic fine quievit.

As ordered we honoured the great gods of this ground,
And thence I pass the plashy soil of stagnant Helorus.
Pachnya's projecting promontory and craggy cliffs
700 We coast, and Camarina, in the distance, decreed
Fixed by the Fates, and the Geloan grasslands
And great Gela named by its wide waterway.
Then ardous Acragas from afar reveals its royal ramparts,
Previously the producer of superb steeds,
705 And with the breezes blowing I leave leafy Selinus,
And trace Lilybeian's tideways, treacherous with buried boulders.
Here Drepanum's dock and sad shore secured me.
Here, tossed by so many tempests of the stormy sea,
Alas! Anchises, of all cares and concerns the consolation,
710 I lost, here you left me lagging, finest of fathers, in vain
Saved from so many difficult dangers.
And the prophet prince, who warned of much woe,
Did not see this sorrow, nor cruel Celaeno,
This was my last labour, the finish of my far-reaching flight.
715 Departing, a deity compelled me to your coasts.

Thus our ancestor Aeneas, alone told of his trip,
And divine decrees, with all attentive.
Finally he finishes, and the tale told, takes rest.