

CLASSICAL NARRATIVES, EPICS, & LOVE POEMS

The Metamorphoses (Latin: *Metamorphōseōn librī: Books of Transformations*) is a Latin poem by the Roman poet Ovid, and is considered his greatest work. It is made up of fifteen books and over 250 myths. This poem tells the history of the world from its creation to the era of Julius Caesar.

Although *The Metamorphoses* seems to fit the description of an epic, the poem defies easy classification because of its use of different themes. It is often referred to as a narrative poem rather than an epic.

This work has been translated into English many times—the first by William Caxton in 1480. The following version is a translation by John Dryden (1717), but adapted for a modern reader.

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Metamorphoses: Book the First

Ovid

The Creation of the World

Of bodies changed to various forms, I sing:

Ye Gods, from whom these miracles did spring,

Inspire my numbers with celestial heat;

'Till I my long laborious work complete:

5 And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,

Deduced from Nature's birth, to Caesar's times.

Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,

And Heaven's high canopy, that covers all,

One was the face of Nature; if a face:

10 Rather a rude and indigested mass:

A lifeless lump, unfashioned, and unframed,

Of jarring seeds; and justly Chaos named.

No sun was lighted up, the world to view;

No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:

15 Nor yet was Earth suspended in the sky,
Nor poised, did on her own foundations lie:
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.
Thus, air was void of light, and earth unstable,
20 And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was impressed;
All were confused, and each disturbed the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fixed;
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixed.
25
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end:
Then earth from air, and seas from earth were driven,
And grosser air sunk from ethereal Heaven.
30 Thus disembroiled, they take their proper place;
The next of kin, contiguously embrace;
And foes are sundered, by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky:
35 Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire;
Whose atoms from inactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts, unruly waters roar;
40 And rising, on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had formed the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He molded Earth into a spacious round:
45 Then with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;

And bad the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs, and standing lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part, in Earth are swallowed up, the most
50 In ample oceans, disembogued, are lost.
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.

And as five zones the ethereal regions bind,
55 Five, correspondent, are to Earth assigned:
The sun with rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone:
The two beneath the distant poles, complain
Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.

60 Betwixt the extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot, and cold.
The fields of liquid air, enclosing all,
Surround the compass of this earthly ball:

The lighter parts lye next the fires above;
65 The grosser near the watery surface move:
Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender there,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear,
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear.

Nor were those blustering brethren left at large,
70 On seas, and shores, their fury to discharge:
Bound as they are, and circumscribed in place,
They rend the world, resistless, where they pass;
And mighty marks of mischief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.

75 First Eurys to the rising morn is sent
(The regions of the balmy continent);

And Eastern realms, where early Persians run,
To greet the blessed appearance of the sun.
Westward, the wanton Zephyr wings his flight;
80 Pleased with the remnants of departing light:
Fierce Boreas, with his off-spring, issues forth
To invade the frozen wagon of the North.
While frowning Auster seeks the Southern sphere;
And rots, with endless rain, the unwholesome year.

85 High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The God a clearer space for Heaven designed;
Where fields of light, and liquid ether flow;
Purged from the ponderous dregs of Earth below.

90 Scarce had the Power distinguished these, when straight
The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads, from underneath the mass;
And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,
95 And with diffusive light adorn their heavenly place.
Then, every void of Nature to supply,
With forms of Gods he fills the vacant sky:
New herds of beasts he sends, the plains to share:
New colonies of birds, to people air:
100 And to their oozy beds, the finny fish repair.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was Man designed:
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
105 For empire formed, and fit to rule the rest:
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The God of Nature did his soul inspire,

Or Earth, but new divided from the sky,
And, pliant, still retained the ethereal energy:
110 Which wise Prometheus tempered into paste,
And, mixt with living streams, the godlike image cast.

Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
115 Man looks aloft; and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies.
From such rude principles our form began;
And earth was metamorphosed into Man.

120 *The Golden Age*
The golden age was first; when Man yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew:
And, with a native bent, did good pursue.
Unforced by punishment, un-awed by fear,
125 His words were simple, and his soul sincere;
Needless was written law, where none oppress:
The law of Man was written in his breast:
No suppliant crowds before the judge appeared,
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard:
130 But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
The mountain-trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas:
Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore:
And happy mortals, unconcerned for more,
135 Confined their wishes to their native shore.
No walls were yet; nor fence, nor mote, nor mound,
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound:
Nor swords were forged; but void of care and crime,

The soft creation slept away their time.
140 The teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovoked, did fruitful stores allow:
Content with food, which Nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
145 And falling acorns furnished out a feast.
The flow's unsown, in fields and meadows reigned:
And Western winds immortal spring maintained.
In following years, the bearded corn ensued
From Earth unasked, nor was that Earth renewed.
150 From veins of valleys, milk and nectar broke;
And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

The Silver Age

But when good Saturn, banished from above,
155 Was driven to Hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excelled by gold.
Then summer, autumn, winter did appear:
And spring was but a season of the year.
160 The sun his annual course obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarged the bad.
Then air with sultry heats began to glow;
The wings of winds were clogged with ice and snow;
And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
165 Sought shelter from the inclemency of Heaven.
Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds;
With twining osiers fenced; and moss their beds.
Then ploughs, for seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labored first beneath the yoke.

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The Bronze Age

To this came next in course, the bronze age:
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet...

175

The Iron Age

Hard steel succeeded then:
And stubborn as the metal, were the men.
Truth, modesty, and shame, the world forsook:
Fraud, avarice, and force, their places took.
Then sails were spread, to every wind that blew.
Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new:
Trees, rudely hollowed, did the waves sustain;
Ere ships in triumph ploughed the watery plain.

185

Then landmarks limited to each his right:
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone required to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share,
But greedy mortals, rummaging her store,
Dug from her entrails first the precious oar;
Which next to Hell, the prudent Gods had laid;
And that alluring ill, to sight displayed.

190

Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold:
And double death did wretched Man invade,
By steel assaulted, and by gold betrayed,
Now (brandished weapons glittering in their hands)
Mankind is broken loose from moral bands;
No rights of hospitality remain:

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200

The guest, by him who harbored him, is slain,
The son-in-law pursues the father's life;
The wife her husband murders, he the wife.
The step-dame poison for the son prepares;
205 The son inquires into his father's years.
Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns;
And justice, here oppressed, to Heaven returns.

The Giants' War

210 Nor were the Gods themselves more safe above;
Against beleaguered Heaven the giants move.
Hills piled on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the sky.
'Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
215 To avenge with thunder their audacious crime:
Red lightning played along the firmament,
And their demolished works to pieces rent.
Singed with the flames, and with the bolts transfixed,
With native Earth, their blood the monsters mixed;
220 The blood, indued with animating heat,
Did in the impregnant Earth new sons beget:
They, like the seed from which they sprung, accursed,
Against the Gods immortal hatred nursed,
An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood;
225 Expressing their original from blood.

Which when the king of Gods beheld from high
(Withal revolving in his memory,
What he himself had found on Earth of late,
230 Lycaon's guilt, and his inhumane treat),
He sighed; nor longer with his pity strove;

But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove:

Then called a general council of the Gods;
235 Who summoned, issue from their blessed abodes,
And fill the assembly with a shining train.
A way there is, in Heaven's expanded plain,
Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
And mortals, by the name of Milky, know.
240 The ground-work is of stars; through which the road
Lies open to the Thunderer's abode:
The Gods of greater nations dwell around,
And, on the right and left, the palace bound;
The commons where they can: the nobler sort
245 With winding-doors wide open, front the court.
This place, as far as Earth with Heaven may vie,
I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.
When all were placed, in seats distinctly known,
And he, their father, had assumed the throne,
250 Upon his ivory scepter first he leant,
Then shook his head, that shook the firmament:
Air, Earth, and seas, obeyed the almighty nod;
And, with a general fear, confessed the God.
At length, with indignation, thus he broke
255 His awful silence, and the Powers bespoke.

I was not more concerned in that debate
Of empire, when our universal state
Was put to hazard, and the giant race
260 Our captive skies were ready to embrace:
For though the foe was fierce, the seeds of all
Rebellion, sprung from one original;

Now, wheresoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all must be destroyed.
265 Let me this holy protestation make,
By Hell, and Hell's inviolable lake,
I tried whatever in the godhead lay:
But gangrened members must be lopped away,
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay.
270 There dwells below, a race of demi-gods,
Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods:
Who, though not worthy yet, in Heaven to live,
Let them, at least, enjoy that Earth we give.
Can these be thought securely lodged below,
275 When I myself, who no superior know,
I, who have Heaven and Earth at my command,
Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?

At this a murmur through the synod went,
280 And with one voice they vote his punishment.
Thus, when conspiring traitors dared to doom
The fall of Caesar, and in him of Rome,
The nations trembled with a pious fear;
All anxious for their earthly Thunderer:
285 Nor was their care, o Caesar, less esteemed
By you than that of Heaven for Jove was deemed:
Who with his hand, and voice, did first restrain
Their murmurs, then resumed his speech again.
The Gods to silence were composed, and sate
290 With reverence, due to his superior state.

Cancel your pious cares; already he
Has paid his debt to justice, and to me.

Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
295 Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
The clamors of this vile degenerate age,
The cries of orphans, and the oppressor's rage,
Had reached the stars: I will descend, said I,
In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.
300 Disguised in humane shape, I traveled around
The world, and more than what I heard, I found.
O'er Maenalus I took my steepy way,
By caverns infamous for beasts of prey:
Then crossed Cyllene, and the piny shade
305 More infamous, by cursed Lycaon made:
Dark night had covered Heaven, and Earth, before
I entered his inhospitable door.
Just at my entrance, I displayed the sign
That somewhat was approaching of divine.
310 The prostrate people pray; the tyrant grins;
And, adding profanation to his sins,
I'll try, said he, and if a God appear,
To prove his deity shall cost him dear.
'Twas late; the graceless wretch my death prepares,
315 When I should soundly sleep, oppressed with cares:
This dire experiment he chose, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove:
But first he had resolved to taste my power;
Not long before, but in a luckless hour,
320 Some legates, sent from the Molossian² state,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat:
Of these he murders one, he boils the flesh;
And lays the mangled morsels in a dish:
Some part he roasts; then serves it up, so dressed,

325 And bids me welcome to this humane feast.
Moved with disdain, the table I overturned;
And with avenging flames, the palace burned.
The tyrant in a fright, for shelter gains
The neighboring fields, and scours along the plains.
330 Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke;
But humane voice his brutal tongue forsook.
About his lips the gathered foam he churns,
And, breathing slaughters, still with rage he burns,
But on the bleating flock his fury turns.
335 His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
Cleaves to his back; a famished face he bears;
His arms descend, his shoulders sink away
To multiply his legs for chase of prey.
He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,
340 And the same rage in other members reigns.
His eyes still sparkle in a narrower space:
His jaws retain the grin, and violence of his face

This was a single ruin, but not one
345 Deserves so just a punishment alone.
Mankind's a monster, and the ungodly times
Confederate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.
All are alike involved in ill, and all
Must by the same relentless fury fall.

350 Thus ended he; the greater Gods assent;
By clamors urging his severe intent;
The less fill up the cry for punishment.
Yet still with pity they remember Man;
And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can.
355 They ask, when those were lost of humane birth,

What he would do with all this waste of Earth:
If his dispeopled world he would resign
To beasts, a mute, and more ignoble line;
Neglected altars must no longer smoke,
360 If none were left to worship, and invoke.
To whom the Father of the Gods replied,
Lay that unnecessary fear aside:
Mine be the care, new people to provide.
I will from wondrous principles ordain
365 A race unlike the first, and try my skill again.

Already had he tossed the flaming brand;
And rolled the thunder in his spacious hand;
Preparing to discharge on seas and land:
370 But stopped, for fear, thus violently driven,
The sparks should catch his axle-tree of Heaven.
Remembering in the fates, a time when fire
Should to the battlements of Heaven aspire,
And all his blazing worlds above should burn;
375 And all the inferior globe to cinders turn.
His dire artillery thus dismissed, he bent
His thoughts to some securer punishment:
Concludes to pour a watery deluge down;
And what he dare not burn, resolves to drown.

380
The northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds;
With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds:
The south he loosed, who night and horror brings;
And fog is shaken from his flaggy wings.
385 From his divided beard two streams he pours,
His head, and rheumy eyes distill in showers,

With rain his robe, and heavy mantle flow:
And lazy mists are lowering on his brow;
Still as he swept along, with his clenched fist
390 He squeezed the clouds, the imprisoned clouds resist:
The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound;
And showers enlarged, come pouring on the ground.
Then, clad in colors of a various dye,
Junonian Iris breeds a new supply
395 To feed the clouds: impetuous rain descends;
The bearded corn beneath the burden bends:
Defrauded clowns deplore their perished grain;
And the long labors of the year are vain.

400 Nor from his patrimonial Heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down;
Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The watery tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
405 That roll from mossy caves (their moist abodes);
And with perpetual urns his palace fill:
To whom in brief, he thus imparts his will.

Small exhortation needs; your powers employ:
410 And this bad world, so Jove requires, destroy.
Let loose the reins to all your watery store:
Bear down the dams, and open every door.

415 The floods, by Nature enemies to land,
And proudly swelling with their new command,
Remove the living stones, that stopped their way,
And gushing from their source, augment the sea.

Then, with his mace, their monarch struck the ground;
With inward trembling Earth received the wound;
420 And rising streams a ready passage found.
The expanded waters gather on the plain:
They float the fields, and over-top the grain;
Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,
Bear flocks, and folds, and laboring hinds away.
425 Nor safe their dwellings were, for, sapped by floods,
Their houses fell upon their household Gods.
The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads, behold a watery wall:
Now seas and Earth were in confusion lost;
430 A world of waters, and without a coast.

One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is born:
And ploughs above, where late he sowed his corn.
Others o'er chimney-tops and turrets row,
435 And drop their anchors on the meads below:
Or downward driven, they bruise the tender vine,
Or tossed aloft, are knocked against a pine.
And where of late the kids had cropped the grass,
The monsters of the deep now take their place.
440 Insulting Nereids on the cities ride,
And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide.
On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks they browse;
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frightened wolf now swims amongst the sheep;
445 The yellow lion wanders in the deep:
His rapid force no longer helps the boar:
The stag swims faster than he ran before.
The fowl, long beating on their wings in vain,

Despair of land, and drop into the main.

450 Now hills, and vales no more distinction know;
And leveled Nature lies oppressed below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood:
The small remainder dies for want of food.

455 A mountain of stupendous height there stands
Betwixt the Athenian and Boeotian lands,
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name; whose forked rise
460 Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty skies.
High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting, moored his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perished Man; they two were human kind.
465 The mountain nymphs, and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he;
The most sincere, and holy woman, she.

470 When Jupiter, surveying Earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
That where so many millions lately lived,
But two, the best of either sex, survived;
He loosed the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
475 To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies:
Serenely, while he blows, the vapors driven,
Discover Heaven to Earth, and Earth to Heaven.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrowed face.

480 Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the waves the signal to retire.
485 His twisted shell he takes; whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent,
Then gives it breath; the blast with doubling sound,
Runs the wide circuit of the world around:
The sun first heard it, in his early east,
490 And met the rattling echoes in the west.
The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.

A thin circumference of land appears;
495 And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds;
The streams, but just contained within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
And Earth increases, as the waters fall.
500 In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonored branches bear.

At length, the world was all restored to view;
But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
505 Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.

Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke:
510 Oh wife, oh sister, oh of all your kind

The best, and only creature left behind,
By kindred, love, and now by dangers joined;
Of multitudes, who breathed the common air,
We two remain; a species in a pair:

515 The rest the seas have swallowed; nor have we
Even of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are still above; and, while I speak,
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
Should I be snatched from hence, and you remain,

520 Without relief, or partner of your pain,
How could you such a wretched life sustain?
Should I be left, and you be lost, the sea
That buried her I loved, should bury me.
Oh, could our father his old arts inspire,

525 And make me heir of his informing fire,
That so I might abolished Man retrieve,
And perished people in new souls might live.
But Heaven is pleased, nor ought we to complain,
That we, the examples of mankind, remain.

530 He said; the careful couple join their tears:
And then invoke the Gods, with pious prayers.
Thus, in devotion having eased their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief;
And to Cephysus' brook their way pursue:

535 The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew;
With living waters, in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments, and their head,
Then took the way, which to the temple led.
The roofs were all defiled with moss, and mire,

540 The desert altars void of solemn fire.
Before the gradual, prostrate they adored;

The pavement kissed; and thus the saint implored.

O righteous Themis, if the Powers above
545 By prayers are bent to pity, and to love;
If humane miseries can move their mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and people desolated Earth.
550 Then thus the gracious Goddess, nodding, said;
Depart, and with your vestments veil your head:
And stooping lowly down, with loosened zones,
Throw each behind your backs, your mighty mother's bones.
Amazed the pair, and mute with wonder stand,
555 'Till Pyrrha first refused the dire command.
Forbid it Heaven, said she, that I should tear
Those holy relics from the sepulcher.
They pondered the mysterious words again,
For some new sense; and long they sought in vain:
560 At length Deucalion cleared his cloudy brow,
And said, the dark Enigma will allow
A meaning, which, if well I understand,
From sacrilege will free the God's command:
This Earth our mighty mother is, the stones
565 In her capacious body, are her bones:
These we must cast behind. With hope, and fear,
The woman did the new solution hear:
The man distrusts his own augury,
And doubts the Gods; yet both resolve to try.
570 Descending from the mount, they first unbind
Their vests, and veiled, they cast the stones behind:
The stones (a miracle to mortal view,

But long tradition makes it pass for true)
Did first the rigor of their kind expel,
575 And suppld into softness, as they fell;
Then swelled, and swelling, by degrees grew warm;
And took the rudiments of human form.
Imperfect shapes: in marble such are seen,
When the rude chisel does the man begin;
580 While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
Without the rising muscles, and the veins.
The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
Were turned to moisture, for the body's use:
Supplying humors, blood, and nourishment;
585 The rest, too solid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and Nature did retain.
By help of power divine, in little space,
What the man threw, assumed a manly face;
590 And what the wife, renewed the female race.
Hence we derive our nature; born to bear
Laborious life; and hardened into care.

The rest of animals, from teeming Earth
595 Produced, in various forms received their birth.
The native moisture, in its close retreat,
Digested by the sun's ethereal heat,
As in a kindly womb, began to breed:
Then swelled, and quickened by the vital seed.
600 And some in less, and some in longer space,
Were ripened into form, and took a several face.
Thus, when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And seeks, with ebbing tides, his ancient bed,

605 The fat manure with heavenly fire is warmed;
And crusted creatures, as in wombs, are formed;
These, when they turn the glebe, the peasants find;
Some rude, and yet unfinished in their kind:
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth:
One half alive; and one of lifeless earth.

610 For heat, and moisture, when in bodies joined,
The temper that results from either kind
Conception makes; and fighting 'till they mix,
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.

615 Thus Nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly discord, and with fruitful wars.

620 From hence the surface of the ground, with mud
And slime besmeared (the feces of the flood),
Received the rays of Heaven: and sucking in
The seeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
Some were of several sorts produced before,
But of new monsters, Earth created more.

625 Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light
You, Python too, the wondering world to fright,
And the new nations, with so dire a sight:
So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space
Did his vast body, and long train embrace.

Whom Phoebus basking on a bank espied;
630 Ere now the God his arrows had not tried
But on the trembling deer, or mountain goat;
At this new quarry he prepares to shoot.
Though every shaft took place, he spent the store
Of his full quiver; and 'twas long before

635 The expiring serpent wallowed in his gore.
Then, to preserve the fame of such a deed,
For Python slain, he Pythian games decreed.
Where noble youths for mastership should strive,
To quoit, to run, and steeds, and chariots drive.
640 The prize was fame: in witness of renown
An oaken garland did the victor crown.
The laurel was not yet for triumphs born;
But every green alike by Phoebus worn,
Did, with promiscuous grace, his flowing locks adorn.

645
The Transformation of Daphne into a Laurel
The first and fairest of his loves, was she
Whom not blind fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid forced him to desire:
650 Daphne her name, and Peneus was her sire.
Swelled with the pride, that new success attends,
He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus insults him: You lascivious boy,
Are arms like these for children to employ?
655 Know, such achievements are my proper claim;
Due to my vigor, and unerring aim:
Resistless are my shafts, and Python late
In such a feathered death, has found his fate.
Take up the torch (and lay my weapons by),
660 With that the feeble souls of lovers fry.
To whom the son of Venus thus replied,
Phoebus, your shafts are sure on all beside,
But mine of Phoebus, mine the fame shall be
Of all your conquests, when I conquer you.

665

He said, and soaring, swiftly winged his flight:
Nor stopped but on Parnassus' airy height.
Two different shafts he from his quiver draws;
One to repel desire, and one to cause.

670 One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold:
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold:
One blunt, and tipped with lead, whose base allay
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
The blunted bolt against the nymph he dressed:
675 But with the sharp transfix'd Apollo's breast.

The enamored deity pursues the chase;
The scornful damsel shuns his loathed embrace:
In hunting beasts of prey, her youth employs;
680 And Phoebe rivals in her rural joys.
With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare;
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains,
And still her vowed virginity maintains.

685 Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She shuns, and hates the joys, she never tried.
On wilds, and woods, she fixes her desire:
Nor knows what youth, and kindly love, inspire.

Her father chides her oft: You owe, says he,
690 A husband to yourself, a son to me.
She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed:
She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head.
Then casting round his neck her tender arms,
Soothes him with blandishments, and filial charms:
695 Give me, my Lord, she said, to live, and die,
A spotless maid, without the marriage tie.

'Tis but a small request; I beg no more
Than what Diana's father gave before.
The good old sire was softened to consent;
700 But said her wish would prove her punishment:
For so much youth, and so much beauty joined,
Opposed the state, which her desires designed.

705 The God of light, aspiring to her bed,
Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies fed;
And is, by his own oracles, misled.
And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
Or nightly travelers, when day returns,
Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
710 That catch the flames, and kindle all the row;
So burns the God, consuming in desire,
And feeding in his breast a fruitless fire:
Her well-turned neck he viewed (her neck was bare)
And on her shoulders her disheveled hair;
715 Oh were it combed, said he, with what a grace
Would every waving curl become her face!
He viewed her eyes, like heavenly lamps that shone,
He viewed her lips, too sweet to view alone,
Her taper fingers, and her panting breast;
720 He praises all he sees, and for the rest
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best:
Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,
Nor did for these alluring speeches stay:
Stay Nymph, he cried, I follow, not a foe.
725 Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe;
Thus from the wolf the frightened lamb removes,
And, from pursuing falcons, fearful doves;

You shun a God, and shun a God, that loves.
Ah, lest some thorn should pierce your tender foot,
730 Or you should fall in flying my pursuit!
To sharp uneven ways your steps decline;
Abate your speed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom you do so rashly fly;
Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
735 Perhaps you know not my superior state;
And from that ignorance proceeds your hate.
Me Claros, Delphi, Tenedos obey;
These hands the Patareian scepter sway.
The King of Gods begot me: what shall be,
740 Or is, or ever was, in Fate, I see.
Mine is the invention of the charming lyre;
Sweet notes, and heavenly numbers, I inspire.
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But ah! more deadly his, who pierced my heart.
745 Medicine is mine; what herbs and simples grow
In fields, and forests, all their powers I know;
And am the great physician called, below.
Alas that fields and forests can afford.
No remedies to heal their lovesick lord!
750 To cure the pains of love, no plant avails:
And his own medicine, the physician falls.

She heard not half; so furiously she flies;
And on her ear the imperfect accent dies,
755 Fear gave her wings; and as she fled, the wind
Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs exposed to view:
Which made the God more eager to pursue.

The God was young, and was too hotly bent
760 To lose his time in empty compliment:
But led by love, and fired with such a sight,
Impetuously pursued his near delight.

As when the impatient greyhound slipped from far,
765 Bounds o'er the glebe to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay;
And he with double speed pursues the prey;
Overruns her at the sitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix³:
770 She escapes, and for the neighboring covert strives,
And gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the God, and such the flying fair,
She urged by fear, her feet did swiftly move,
775 But he more swiftly, who was urged by love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chase:
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace;
And just is fastening on the wished embrace.
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
780 Spent with the labor of so long a flight;
And now despairing, cast a mournful look
Upon the streams of her paternal brook;
Oh help, she cried, in this extremest need!
If water Gods are deities indeed:
785 Gape Earth, and this unhappy wretch entomb;
Or change my form, whence all my sorrows come.
Scarce had she finished, when her feet she found
Benumbed with cold, and fastened to the ground:
A filmy rind about her body grows;

790 Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:
The nymph is all into a laurel gone;
The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
Yet Phoebus loves her still, and casting round
Her bole, his arms, some little warmth he found.
795 The tree still panted in the unfinished part:
Not wholly vegetive, and heaved her heart.
He fixed his lips upon the trembling rind;
It swerved aside, and his embrace declined.
To whom the God, Because you cannot be
800 My mistress, I espouse you for my tree:
Be you the prize of honor, and renown;
The deathless poet, and the poem, crown.
You shall the Roman festivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
805 You shall returning Caesar's triumph grace;
When poms shall in a long procession pass.
Wreathed on the posts before his palace wait;
And be the sacred guardian of the gate.
Secure from thunder, and unharmed by Jove,
810 Unfading as the immortal Powers above:
And as the locks of Phoebus are unshorn,
So shall perpetual green your boughs adorn.
The grateful tree was pleased with what he said;
And shook the shady honors of her head.

815

The Transformation of Io into a Heifer

An ancient forest in Thessalia grows;
Which Tempe's pleasing valley does enclose:
Through this the rapid Peneus take his course;
820 From Pindus rolling with impetuous force;

Mists from the river's mighty fall arise:
And deadly damps enclose the cloudy skies:
Perpetual fog is hanging o'er the wood;
And sounds of waters deafen the neighborhood.

825 Deep, in a rocky cave, he makes abode
(A mansion proper for a mourning God).
Here he gives audience; issuing out decrees
To rivers, his dependent deities.
On this occasion, hither they resort;
830 To pay their homage, and to make their court.
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His daughter's honor, or lament her fate.
Sperchaeus, crowned with poplar, first appears;
Then old Apidanus came crowned with years:
835 Enipeus turbulent, Amphrysos tame;
And Aeas last with lagging waters came.
Then, of his kindred brooks, a numerous throng
Condole his loss; and bring their urns along.
Not one was wanting of the watery train,
840 That filled his flood, or mingled with the main:
But Inachus, who in his cave, alone,
Wept not another's losses, but his own,
For his dear Io, whether strayed, or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.
845 He sought her through the world; but sought in vain;
And nowhere finding, rather feared her slain.

Her, just returning from her father's brook,
Jove had beheld, with a desiring look:
850 And, Oh fair daughter of the flood, he said,
Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,

Happy whoever shall those charms possess;
The king of Gods (nor is your lover less)
Invites you to yon cooler shades; to shun
855 The scorching rays of the meridian sun.
Nor shall you tempt the dangers of the grove
Alone, without a guide; your guide is Jove.
No puny Power, but he whose high command
Is unconfined, who rules the seas and land;
860 And tempers thunder in his awful hand,
Oh fly not: for she fled from his embrace
O'er Lerna's pastures: he pursued the chase
Along the shades of the Lyrcaean plain;
At length the God, who never asks in vain,
865 Involved with vapors, imitating night,
Both Air, and Earth; and then suppressed her flight,
And mingling force with love, enjoyed the full delight.
Meantime the jealous Juno, from on high,
Surveyed the fruitful fields of Arcady;
870 And wondered that the mist should overrun
The face of daylight, and obscure the sun.
No natural cause she found, from brooks, or bogs,
Or marshy lowlands, to produce the fogs;
Then round the skies she sought for Jupiter,
875 Her faithless husband; but no Jove was there:
Suspecting now the worst, Or I, she said,
Am much mistaken, or am much betrayed.
With fury she precipitates her flight:
Dispels the shadows of dissembled night;
880 And to the day restores his native light.
The Almighty Leacher, careful to prevent
The consequence, foreseeing her descent,

Transforms his mistress in a trice; and now
In Io's place appears a lovely cow.

885 So sleek her skin, so faultless was her make,
Even Juno did unwilling pleasure take
To see so fair a rival of her love;
And what she was, and whence, inquired of Jove:
Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree?
890 The God, half caught, was forced upon a lie:
And said she sprung from Earth. She took the word,
And begged the beauteous heifer of her lord.
What should he do? 'twas equal shame to Jove
Or to relinquish, or betray his love:
895 Yet to refuse so slight a gift, would be
But more to increase his consort's jealousy:
Thus fear, and love, by turns, his heart assailed;
And stronger love had sure, at length, prevailed:
But some faint hope remained, his jealous queen
900 Had not the mistress through the heifer seen.
The cautious Goddess, of her gift possessed,
Yet harbored anxious thoughts within her breast;
As she who knew the falsehood of her Jove;
And justly feared some new relapse of love.
905 Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
To trusty Argus she commits the fair.

The head of Argus (as with stars the skies)
Was compassed round, and wore a hundred eyes.
910 But two by turns their lids in slumber steep;
The rest on duty still their station keep;
Nor could the total constellation sleep.
Thus, ever present, to his eyes, and mind,

His charge was still before him, though behind.
915 In fields he suffered her to feed by Day,
But when the setting sun to night gave way,
The captive cow he summoned with a call;
And drove her back, and tied her to the stall.
On leaves of trees, and bitter herbs she fed,
920 Heaven was her canopy, bare earth her bed:
So hardly lodged, and to digest her food,
She drank from troubled streams, defiled with mud.
Her woeful story fain she would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold.
925 Her head to her ungentle keeper bowed,
She strove to speak, she spoke not, but she lowed:
Frightened by the noise, she looked around,
And seemed to inquire the author of the sound.

930 Once on the banks where often she had played
(Her father's banks), she came, and there surveyed
Her altered visage, and her branching head;
And starting, from herself she would have fled.
Her fellow nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
935 Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise.
Even Inachus himself was ignorant;
And in his daughter, did his daughter want.
She followed where her fellows went, as she
Were still a partner of the company:
940 They stroked her neck; the gentle heifer stands,
And her neck offers to their stroking hands.
Her father gave her grass; the grass she took;
And licked his palms, and cast a piteous look;
And in the language of her eyes, she spoke.

945 She would have told her name, and asked relief,
But wanting words, in tears she tells her grief.
Which, with her foot she makes him understand;
And prints the name of Io in the sand.

950 Ah wretched me! her mournful father cried;
She, with a sigh, to wretched me replied:
About her milk-white neck, his arms he threw;
And wept, and then these tender words ensue.
And art you she, whom I have sought around
955 The world, and have at length so sadly found?
So found, is worse than lost: with mutual words
You answer not, no voice your tongue affords:
But sighs are deeply drawn from out your breast;
And speech denied, by lowing is expressed.

960 Unknowing, I prepared your bridal bed;
With empty hopes of happy issue fed.
But now the husband of a herd must be
Your mate, and bellowing sons your progeny.
Oh, were I mortal, death might bring relief:

965 But now my Godhead but extends my grief:
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I see,
And makes me curse my immortality!
More had he said, but fearful of her stay,
The starry guardian drove his charge away,
970 To some fresh pasture; on a hilly height
He sate himself, and kept her still in sight.

The Eyes of Argus transformed into a Peacock's Train
Now Jove no longer could her sufferings bear;
975 But called in haste his airy messenger,

The son of Maia, with severe decree
To kill the keeper, and to set her free.
With all his harness, soon the God was sped,
His flying hat was fastened on his head,
980 Wings on his heels were hung, and in his hand
He holds the virtue of the snaky wand.
The liquid air his moving pinions wound,
And, in the moment, shoot him on the ground.
Before he came in sight, the crafty God
985 His wings dismissed, but still retained his rod:
That sleep-procuring wand wise Hermes took,
But made it seem to sight a shepherd's hook.
With this, he did a herd of goats control;
Which by the way he met, and slyly stole.
990 Clad like a country swain, he piped, and sung;
And playing, drove his jolly troop along.

With pleasure, Argus the musician heeds;
But wonders much at those new vocal reeds.
995 And whosoever you are, my friend, said he,
Up hither drive your goats, and play by me:
This hill has shrubbery for them, and shade for you.
The God, who was with ease induced to climb,
Began discourse to pass away the time;
1000 And still betwixt, his tuneful pipe he plies;
And watched his hour, to close the keeper's eyes.
With much ado, he partly kept awake;
Not suffering all his eyes repose to take:
And asked the stranger, who did reeds invent,
1005 And whence began so rare an instrument?

The Transformation of Syrinx into Reeds

Then Hermes thus: A nymph of late there was
Whose heavenly form her fellows did surpass.

1010 The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains,
Beloved by deities, adored by swains:
Syrinx her name, by Sylvans oft pursued,
As oft she did the lustful Gods delude:
The rural, and the woodland Powers disdained;
1015 With Cynthia hunted, and her rites maintained:
Like Phoebe clad, even Phoebe's self she seems,
So tall, so straight, such well-proportioned limbs:
The nicest eye did no distinction know,
But that the goddess bore a golden bow:
1020 Distinguished thus, the sight she cheated too.
Descending from Lycaeus, Pan admires
The matchless nymph, and burns with new desires.
A crown of pine upon his head he wore;
And thus began her pity to implore.
1025 But ever he thus began, she took her flight
So swift, she was already out of sight.
Nor stayed to hear the courtship of the God;
But bent her course to Ladon's gentle flood:
There by the river stopped, and tired before;
1030 Relief from water nymphs her prayers implore.

Now while the lustful God, with speedy pace,
Just thought to strain her in a strict embrace,
He filled his arms with reeds, new rising on the place.

1035 And while he sighs, his ill success to find,
The tender canes were shaken by the wind;
And breathed a mournful air, unheard before;

That much surprising Pan, yet pleased him more.
Admiring this new music, You, he said,
1040 Who canst not be the partner of my bed,
At least shall be the comfort of my mind:
And often, often to my lips be joined.
He formed the reeds, proportioned as they are,
Unequal in their length, and waxed with care,
1045 They still retain the name of his ungrateful fair.

While Hermes piped, and sung, and told his tale,
The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
And drowsy slumber on the lids to creep;
1050 'Till all the watchman was at length asleep.
Then soon the God his voice, and song suppressed;
And with his powerful rod confirmed his rest:
Without delay his crooked faulchion⁴ drew,
And at one fatal stroke the keeper slew.
1055 Down from the rock fell the dissevered head,
Opening its eyes in death; and falling, bled;
And marked the passage with a crimson trail:
Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold, and pale;
And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,
1060 Are closed at once, in one perpetual night.
These Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.

Impatient to revenge her injured bed,
1065 She wreaks her anger on her rival's head;
With Furies scares her from her native home;
And drives her gadding, round the world to roam:
Nor ceased her madness, and her flight, before

She touched the limits of the Pharian shore.
1070 At length, arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with toil,
She laid her down; and leaning on her knees,
Invoked the cause of all her miseries:
And cast her languishing regards above,
1075 For help from Heaven, and her ungrateful Jove.
She sighed, she wept, she lowed; 'twas all she could;
And with unkindness seemed to tax the God.
Last, with a humble prayer, she begged repose,
Or death at least, to finish all her woes.
1080 Jove heard her vows, and with a flattering look,
In her behalf to jealous Juno spoke,
He cast his arms about her neck, and said,
Dame, rest secure; no more your nuptial bed
This nymph shall violate; by Styx I swear,
1085 And every oath that binds the Thunderer.
The Goddess was appeased; and at the word
Was Io to her former shape restored.
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The sweetness of her eyes did only stay,
1090 Though not so large; her crooked horns decrease;
The wideness of her jaws and nostrils cease:
Her hoofs to hands return, in little space:
The five long taper fingers take their place,
And nothing of the heifer now is seen,
1095 Beside the native whiteness of the skin.
Erected on her feet she walks again:
And two the duty of the four sustain.
She tries her tongue; her silence softly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when she speaks:

1100 A Goddess now, through all the Egyptian State:
And served by priests, who in white linen wait.

Her son was Epaphus, at length believed
The son of Jove, and as a God received;
1105 With sacrifice adored, and public prayers,
He common temples with his mother shares.
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus, the youthful Phaeton
Like honor claims; and boasts his sire the sun.

1110 His haughty looks, and his assuming air,
The son of Isis could no longer bear:
You take your mother's word too far, said he,
And have usurped your boasted pedigree.
Go, base pretender to a borrowed name.

1115 Thus taxed, he blushed with anger, and with shame;
But shame repressed his rage: the daunted youth
Soon seeks his mother, and enquires the truth:
Mother, said he, this infamy was thrown
By Epaphus on you, and me your son.

1120 He spoke in public, told it to my face;
Nor dare I vindicate the dire disgrace:
Even I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,
Restrained by shame, was forced to hold my tongue.
To hear an open slander, is a curse:

1125 But not to find an answer, is a worse.
If I am Heaven-begot, assert your son
By some sure sign; and make my father known,
To right my honor, and redeem your own.
He said, and saying cast his arms about

1130 Her neck, and begged her to resolve the doubt.

'Tis hard to judge if Clymene were moved
More by his prayer, whom she so dearly loved,
Or more with fury fired, to find her name
1135 Traduced, and made the sport of common fame.
She stretched her arms to Heaven, and fixed her eyes
On that fair planet that adorns the skies;
Now by those beams, said she, whose holy fires
Consume my breast, and kindle my desires;
1140 By him, who sees us both, and clears our sight,
By him, the public minister of light,
I swear that Sun begot you; if I lie,
Let him his cheerful influence deny:
Let him no more this perjured creature see;
1145 And shine on all the world but only me.
If still you doubt your mother's innocence,
His eastern mansion is not far from hence;
With little pains you to his Leve go,
And from himself your parentage may know.
1150 With joy the ambitious youth his mother heard,
And eager, for the journey soon prepared.
He longs the world beneath him to survey;
To guide the chariot; and to give the day:
From Meroe's⁵ burning sands he bends his course,
1155 Nor less in India feels his father's force:
His travel urging, till he came in sight;
And saw the palace by the purple light.

The End of the First Book.

Translated into English verse under the direction of Sir
Samuel Garth by John Dryden, Alexander Pope, Joseph Addison,
William Congreve and other eminent hands. Adapted by M.
Sokolik to modernize and regularize spelling, punctuation, and
syntax.

* * *

The Aeneid (/ɪˈniːɪd/) is a Latin epic poem, written by Virgil between 29 and 19 BCE. It tells the legend of Aeneas, a Trojan who travels to Italy, where he becomes the ancestor of the Romans. It is made up of 9,896 lines in dactylic hexameter (also known as "heroic hexameter"). The first six of the poem's twelve books tell the story of Aeneas's wanderings from Troy to Italy, and the poem's second half tells of the Trojans' victorious war upon the Latins. *The Aeneid* is regarded as Virgil's masterpiece and as one of the greatest works of Latin literature.

The Aeneid

Virgil

BOOK I

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forced by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore.
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,
5 And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destined town;
His banished gods restored to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line,
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
10 And the long glories of majestic Rome.
O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;
What goddess was provoked, and whence her hate;
For what offense the Queen of Heaven began
To persecute so brave, so just a man;
15 Involved his anxious life in endless cares,
Exposed to wants, and hurried into wars!
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?
Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
20 An ancient town was seated on the sea;
A Tyrian colony; the people made

Stout for the war, and studious of their trade:
Carthage the name; beloved by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
25 Here stood her chariot; here, if Heaven were kind,
The seat of awful empire she designed.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumor fly,
(Long cited by the people of the sky,)
That times to come should see the Trojan race
30 Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface;
Nor thus confined, the yoke of sovereign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She pondered this, and feared it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war she waged of late
35 For conquering Greece against the Trojan state.
Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind;
Deep graven in her heart the doom remained
Of partial Paris, and her form disdained;
40 The grace bestowed on ravished Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injured bed.
Each was a cause alone; and all combined
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast
45 She drove the remnants of the Trojan host;
And seven long years the unhappy wandering train
Were tossed by storms, and scattered through the main.
Such time, such toil, required the Roman name,
Such length of labor for so vast a frame.
50 Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars,
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,
Entering with cheerful shouts the watery reign,

And plowing frothy furrows in the main;
When, laboring still with endless discontent,
55 The Queen of Heaven did thus her fury vent:
"Then am I vanquished? must I yield?" said she,
"And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So Fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my power divert their happy course.
60 Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presumed to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath she tossed the ship,
65 And bare exposed the bosom of the deep;
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch, yet hissing with her father's flame,
She strongly seized, and with a burning wound
Transfixed, and naked, on a rock she bound.
70 But I, who walk in awful state above,
The majesty of heaven, the sister wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruined Troy!
What nations now to Juno's power will pray,
75 Or offerings on my slighted altars lay?"
Thus raged the goddess; and, with fury fraught.
The restless regions of the storms she sought,
Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Aeolus, from his airy throne,
80 With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds.
This way and that the impatient captives tend,
And, pressing for release, the mountains rend.

High in his hall the undaunted monarch stands,
85 And shakes his scepter, and their rage commands;
Which did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way;
Earth, air, and seas through empty space would roll,
And heaven would fly before the driving soul.
90 In fear of this, the Father of the Gods
Confined their fury to those dark abodes,
And locked them safe within, oppressed with mountain loads;
Imposed a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loosen their fetters, or their force allay.
95 To whom the suppliant queen her prayers addressed,
And thus the tenor of her suit expressed:
"O Aeolus! for to you the King of Heaven
The power of tempests and of winds has given;
Your force alone their fury can restrain,
100 And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled main-
A race of wandering slaves, abhorred by me,
With prosperous passage cut the Tuscan sea;
To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
And for their vanquished gods design new temples there.
105 Raise all your winds; with night involve the skies;
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.
Twice seven, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my person wait, and bear my train:
Succeed my wish, and second my design;
110 The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine,
And make you father of a happy line."
To this the god: "'Tis yours, O queen, to will
The work which duty binds me to fulfill.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,

115 Are all the presents of your bounteous hand:
Yours is my sovereign's grace; and, as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast;
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you."
120 He said, and hurled against the mountain side
His quivering spear, and all the god applied.
The raging winds rush through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground;
Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
125 Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.
South, East, and West with mixed confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack; the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;
130 And heaven itself is ravished from their eyes.
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue;
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And present death in various forms appears.
135 Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief;
And, "Thrice and four times happy those," he cried,
"That under Ilian walls before their parents died!
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train!
140 Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain,
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismembered hands yet bear
145 The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear!"

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets; the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessels to the skies:
150 Nor can the shivering oars sustain the blow;
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow;
While those astern, descending down the steep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,
155 And on the secret shelves with fury cast.
Those hidden rocks the Ausonian sailors knew:
They called them Altars, when they rose in view,
And showed their spacious backs above the flood.
Three more fierce Eurus, in his angry mood,
160 Dashed on the shallows of the moving sand,
And in mid ocean left them moored aland.
Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight!) even in the hero's view,
From stem to stern by waves was overborne:
165 The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurled; thrice round the ship was tossed,
Then bulged at once, and in the deep was lost;
And here and there above the waves were seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men.
170 The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way,
And sucked through loosened planks the rushing sea.
Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endured not less; their ships, with gaping seams,
175 Admit the deluge of the briny streams.
Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound

Of raging billows breaking on the ground.
Displeased, and fearing for his watery reign,
He reared his awful head above the main,
180 Serene in majesty; then rolled his eyes
Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispersed, distressed,
By stormy winds and wintry heaven oppressed.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
185 And what her aims and what her arts pursue.
He summoned Eurus and the western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast;
Then thus rebuked: "Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
190 Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
Unauthorized by my supreme command?
To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I- but first 't is fit the billows to restrain;
And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.
195 Hence! to your lord my royal mandate bear-
The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
His power to hollow caverns is confined:
200 There let him reign, the jailer of the wind,
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty hall."
He spoke; and, while he spoke, he smoothed the sea,
Dispelled the darkness, and restored the day.
205 Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands:

The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opens the deep, and spreads the moving sands;
210 Then heaves them off the shoals. Wherever he guides
His finny coursers and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle and the sea subsides.
As, when in tumults rise the ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
215 And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear;
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
220 And quenches their innate desire of blood:
So, when the Father of the Flood appears,
And o'er the seas his sovereign trident rears,
Their fury falls: he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and, with loosened reins,
225 Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.
The weary Trojans ply their shattered oars
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.
Within a long recess there lies a bay:
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
230 And forms a port secure for ships to ride;
Broke by the jutting land, on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of rocks a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves forever green:
235 A grotto is formed beneath, with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
Down through the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls:

No haulsers need to bind the vessels here,
240 Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they fear.
Seven ships within this happy harbor meet,
The thin remainders of the scattered fleet.
The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wished repose.
245 First, good Achates, with repeated strokes
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes:
Short flame succeeds; a bed of withered leaves
The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
250 And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies.
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground:
Some dry their corn, infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
255 Aeneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
And takes a prospect of the seas below,
If Capys thence, or Antheus he could spy,
Or see the streamers of Caicus fly.
No vessels were in view; but, on the plain,
260 Three beamy stags command a lordly train
Of branching heads: the more ignoble throng
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
He stood; and, while secure they fed below,
He took the quiver and the trusty bow
265 Achates used to bear: the leaders first
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierced;
Nor ceased his arrows, till the shady plain
Seven mighty bodies with their blood distain.
For the seven ships he made an equal share,

270 And to the port returned, triumphant from the war.
The jars of generous wine (Acestes' gift,
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
He set abroach, and for the feast prepared,
In equal portions with the venison shared.

275 Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief
With cheerful words allayed the common grief:
"Endure, and conquer! Jove will soon dispose
To future good our past and present woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have tried;

280 The inhuman Cyclops and his den defied.
What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
Resume your courage and dismiss your care,
An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
Your sorrows past, as benefits of Fate.

285 Through various hazards and events, we move
To Latium and the realms foredoomed by Jove.
Called to the seat (the promise of the skies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise,
Endure the hardships of your present state;

290 Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate."
These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart;
His outward smiles concealed his inward smart.
The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste.

295 Some strip the skin; some portion out the spoil;
The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldrons boil;
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
Stretched on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine.

300 Their hunger thus appeased, their care attends

The doubtful fortune of their absent friends:
Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
Whether to deem them dead, or in distress.
Above the rest, Aeneas mourns the fate
305 Of brave Orontes, and the uncertain state
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus.
The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus.
When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,
310 At length on Libyan realms he fixed his eyes-
Whom, pondering thus on human miseries,
When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,
Not free from tears, her heavenly sire bespoke:
"O King of Gods and Men! whose awful hand
315 Disperses thunder on the seas and land,
Disposing all with absolute command;
How could my pious son your power incense?
Or what, alas! is vanished Troy's offense?
Our hope of Italy not only lost,
320 On various seas by various tempests tossed,
But shut from every shore, and barred from every coast.
You promised once, a progeny divine
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
In after times should hold the world in awe,
325 And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom reversed, which eased my care
When Troy was ruined in that cruel war?
Then fates to fates I could oppose; but now,
When Fortune still pursues her former blow,
330 What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?
What end of labors has your will decreed?

Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
Could pass secure, and pierce the Illyrian coasts,
Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves
335 And through nine channels disembogues¹ his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
There fixed their arms, and there renewed their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crowned with fame.
340 But we, descended from your sacred line,
Entitled to your heaven and rites divine,
Are banished earth; and, for the wrath of one,
Removed from Latium and the promised throne.
Are these our scepters? these our due rewards?
345 And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?"
To whom the Father of the immortal race,
Smiling with that serene indulgent face,
With which he drives the clouds and clears the skies,
First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies:
350 "Daughter, dismiss your fears; to your desire
The fates of thine are fixed, and stand entire.
You shall behold your wished Lavinian walls;
And, ripe for heaven, when fate Aeneas calls,
Then shall you bear him up, sublime, to me:
355 No councils have reversed my firm decree.
And, lest new fears disturb your happy state,
Know, I have searched the mystic rolls of Fate:
Your son (nor is the appointed season far)
In Italy shall wage successful war,
360 Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And sovereign laws impose, and cities build,
Till, after every foe subdued, the sun

Thrice through the signs his annual race shall run:
This is his time prefixed. Ascanius then,
365 Now called Iulus, shall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,
Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,
And, with hard labor, Alba Longa build.
The throne with his succession shall be filled
370 Three hundred circuits more: then shall be seen
Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,
Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain:
375 Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain,
Of martial towers the founder shall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them no bounds of empire I assign,
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
380 Even haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,
Earth, seas, and heaven, and Jove himself turmoils;
At length atoned, her friendly power shall join,
To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
385 And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state,
And sweet revenge her conquering sons shall call,
To crush the people that conspired her fall.
390 Then Caesar from the Julian stock shall rise,
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies
Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with eastern spoils,
Our heaven, the just reward of human toils,

Securely shall repay with rites divine;
395 And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
Then dire debate and impious war shall cease,
And the stern age be softened into peace:
Then banished Faith shall once again return,
And Vestal fires in hallowed temples burn;
400 And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
405 Imprisoned Fury, bound in brazen chains;
High on a trophy raised, of useless arms,
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms."
He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and open the Punic land
410 To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and state.
Down from the steep of heaven Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
415 Performs his message, and displays his rod:
The surly murmurs of the people cease;
And, as the fates required, they give the peace:
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.
420 Meantime, in shades of night Aeneas lies:
Care seized his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.
But, when the sun restored the cheerful day,
He rose, the coast and country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more.

425 It looked a wild uncultivated shore;
But, whether humankind, or beasts alone
Possessed the newfound region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides:
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides;
430 The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.
Armed with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
And true Achates on his steps attends.
Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddess mother stood:
435 A huntress in her habit and her mien;
Her dress a maid, her air confessed a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
Loose was her hair, and wanton in the wind;
Her hand sustained a bow; her quiver hung behind.
440 She seemed a virgin of the Spartan blood:
With such array Harpalyce bestrode
Her Thracian courser and outstripped the rapid flood.
"Ho, strangers! have you lately seen," she said,
"One of my sisters, like myself arrayed,
445 Who crossed the lawn, or in the forest strayed?
A painted quiver at her back she bore;
Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore;
And at full cry pursued the tusky boar."
Thus Venus: thus her son replied again:
450 "None of your sisters have we heard or seen,
O virgin! or what other name you bear
Above that style— O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!
If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
455 Or one at least of chaste Diana's train,

Let not a humble suppliant sue in vain;
But tell a stranger, long in tempests tossed,
What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?
Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
460 And offered victims at your altars fall."
"I dare not," she replied, "assume the name
Of goddess, or celestial honors claim:
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.
465 Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are-
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The rising city, which from far you see,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phoenician Dido rules the growing state,
470 Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate.
Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate;
Which I will sum in short. Sichaeus, known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possessed fair Dido's bed; and either heart
475 At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian scepter swayed:
One who condemned divine and human laws.
Then strife ensued, and cursed gold the cause.
480 The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her concealed the cruel deed.
Some tale, some new pretense, he daily coined,
485 To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears

Of her unhappy lord: the specter stares,
And, with erected eyes, his bloody bosom bares.
The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
490 And the dire secret of his house reveals,
Then warns the widow, with her household gods,
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.
495 Admonished thus, and seized with mortal fright,
The queen provides companions of her flight:
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet, which ready rigged they find;
500 Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
With prosperous winds; a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by stress of weather driven,
Or was their fatal course disposed by Heaven;
505 At last they landed, where from far your eyes
May view the turrets of new Carthage rise;
There bought a space of ground, which (Byrsa called,
From the bull's hide) they first enclosed, and walled.
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
510 What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?"
To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:
"Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph, the tedious annals of our fate!
515 Through such a train of woes if I should run,
The day would sooner than the tale be done!
From ancient Troy, by force expelled, we came—

If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.
On various seas by various tempests tossed,
520 At length we landed on your Libyan coast.
The good Aeneas am I called— a name,
While Fortune favored, not unknown to fame.
My household gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I rescued from our foes.
525 To fruitful Italy my course was bent;
And from the King of Heaven is my descent.
With twice ten sail I crossed the Phrygian sea;
Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
Scarce seven, the thin remainders of my fleet,
530 From storms preserved, within your harbor meet.
Myself distressed, an exile, and unknown,
Debarred from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
In Libyan deserts wander thus alone."
His tender parent could no longer bear;
535 But, interposing, sought to soothe his care.
"Whoever you are— not unbeloved by Heaven,
Since on our friendly shore your ships are driven—
Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
And to the queen expose your just request.
540 Now take this earnest of success, for more:
Your scattered fleet is joined upon the shore;
The winds are changed, your friends from danger free;
Or I renounce my skill in augury.
Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
545 And stoop with closing pinions from above;
Whom late the bird of Jove had driven along,
And through the clouds pursued the scattering throng:
Now, all united in a goodly team,

They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.
550 As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
And ride the circuit of the skies in rings;
Not otherwise your ships, and every friend,
Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
No more advice is needful; but pursue
555 The path before you, and the town in view."
Thus having said, she turned, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and disheveled hair,
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reached the ground.
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:
560 In length of train descends her sweeping gown;
And, by her graceful walk, the Queen of Love is known.
The prince pursued the parting deity
With words like these: "Ah! whither do you fly?
Unkind and cruel! to deceive your son
565 In borrowed shapes, and his embrace to shun;
Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
And still to speak in accents not your own."
Against the goddess these complaints he made,
But took the path, and her commands obeyed.
570 They march, obscure; for Venus kindly shrouds
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds,
That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
Or force to tell the causes of their way.
This part performed, the goddess flies sublime
575 To visit Paphos and her native clime;
Where garlands, ever green and ever fair,
With vows are offered, and with solemn prayer:
A hundred altars in her temple smoke;
A thousand bleeding hearts her power invoke.

580 They climb the next ascent, and, looking down,
Now at a nearer distance view the town.
The prince with wonder sees the stately towers,
Which late were huts and shepherds' homely bowers,
The gates and streets; and hears, from every part,
585 The noise and busy concourse of the mart.
The toiling Tyrians on each other call
To ply their labor: some extend the wall;
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along.
590 Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
Which, first designed, with ditches they surround.
Some laws ordain; and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
Here some design a mole, while others there
595 Lay deep foundations for a theater;
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flowery plains,
600 When winter past, and summer scarce begun,
Invites them forth to labor in the sun;
Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense;
Some at the gate stand ready to receive
605 The golden burthen, and their friends relieve;
All with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive:
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
610 "Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise!"

Aeneas said, and viewed, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty towers; then, entering at the gate,
Concealed in clouds (prodigious to relate)
He mixed, unmarked, among the busy throng,
615 Borne by the tide, and passed unseen along.
Full in the center of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood.
The Tyrians, landing near this holy ground,
And digging here, a prosperous omen found:
620 From under earth a courser's head they drew,
Their growth and future fortune to foresee.
This fated sign their founder Juno gave,
Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
625 Did Juno's temple build, and consecrate,
Enriched with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On bronze steps the marble threshold rose,
And bronze plates the cedar beams enclose:
630 The rafters are with bronze coverings crowned;
The lofty doors on bronze hinges sound.
What first Aeneas this place beheld,
Revived his courage, and his fear expelled.
For while, expecting there the queen, he raised
635 His wondering eyes, and round the temple gazed,
Admired the fortune of the rising town,
The striving artists, and their arts' renown;
He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:
640 The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.

There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He stopped, and weeping said: "O friend! even here
645 The monuments of Trojan woes appear!
Our known disasters fill even foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
Even the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim."
650 He said (his tears a ready passage find),
Devouring what he saw so well designed,
And with an empty picture fed his mind:
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
655 Pursued by fierce Achilles through the plain,
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
By their white sails betrayed to nightly view;
And wakeful Diomede, whose cruel sword
660 The sentries slew, nor spared their slumbering lord,
Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defied
Achilles, and unequal combat tried;
665 Then, where the boy disarmed, with loosened reins,
Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains,
Hung by the neck and hair, and dragged around:
The hostile spear, yet sticking in his wound,
With tracks of blood inscribed the dusty ground.
670 Meantime the Trojan dames, oppressed with woe,
To Pallas' fane in long procession go,
In hopes to reconcile their heavenly foe.

They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend their hair,
And rich embroidered vests for presents bear;
675 But the stern goddess stands unmoved with prayer.
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
The lifeless body of his son is sold.
680 So sad an object, and so well expressed,
Drew sighs and groans from the grieved hero's breast,
To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
And his old sire his helpless hand extend.
Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
685 Mixed in the bloody battle on the plain;
And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthisilea there, with haughty grace,
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race:
690 In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.
Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes,
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.
695 Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fixed on the walls with wonder and surprise,
The beauteous Dido, with a numerous train
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
700 Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads:
Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,

She walks majestic, and she looks their queen;
705 Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.
Their labor to her future sway she speeds,
710 And passing with a gracious glance proceeds;
Then mounts the throne, high placed before the shrine:
In crowds around, the swarming people join.
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines every private cause;
715 Their tasks in equal portions she divides,
And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
Another way by chance Aeneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends,
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,
720 And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng,
Whom late the tempest on the billows tossed,
And widely scattered on another coast.
The prince, unseen, surprised with wonder stands,
And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands;
725 But, doubtful of the wished event, he stays,
And from the hollow cloud his friends' surveys,
Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their fate,
And why they came, and what was their request;
730 For these were sent, commissioned by the rest,
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.
Entering, with cries they filled the holy fane;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:

735 "O queen! indulged by favor of the gods
To found an empire in these new abodes,
To build a town, with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath your reign,
We wretched Trojans, tossed on every shore,
740 From sea to sea, your clemency implore.
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface!
Receive the unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race!
We come not with design of wasteful prey,
745 To drive the country, force the swains away:
Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire;
The vanquished dare not to such thoughts aspire.
A land there is, Hesperia named of old;
The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold—
750 The Oenotrians held it once— by common fame
Now called Italia, from the leader's name.
To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds and every warring element
Disturbed our course, and, far from sight of land,
755 Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:
The sea came on; the South, with mighty roar,
Dispersed and dashed the rest upon the rocky shore.
Those few you see escaped the Storm, and fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here.
760 What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,
What laws, what barbarous customs of the place,
Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again?
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
765 Nor hospitable rights, nor human laws,

The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.
Aeneas was our prince: a more just lord,
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword;
Observant of the right, religious of his word.
770 If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,
Nor we, his friends, of safety shall despair;
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
775 Where King Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars,
That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destined course, and Italy pursue.
780 But if, O best of men, the Fates ordain
That you are swallowed in the Libyan main,
And if our young Iulus be no more,
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore,
That we to good Acestes may return,
785 And with our friends our common losses mourn."
Thus spoke Ilioneus: the Trojan crew
With cries and clamors his request renew.
The modest queen a while, with downcast eyes,
Pondered the speech; then briefly thus replies:
790 "Trojans, dismiss your fears; my cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes.
Who has not heard the story of your woes,
The name and fortune of your native place,
795 The fame and valor of the Phrygian race?
We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,

Nor so remote from Phoebus' influence.
Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
Or, driven by tempests from your first intent,
800 You seek the good Acestes' government,
Your men shall be received, your fleet repaired,
And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard:
Or, would you stay, and join your friendly powers
To raise and to defend the Tyrian towers,
805 My wealth, my city, and myself are yours.
And would to Heaven, the Storm, you felt, would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wandering king.
My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of every winding shore,
810 And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest
Of so renowned and so desired a guest."
Raised in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
And longed to break from out his ambient cloud:
Achates found it, and thus urged his way:
815 "From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay?
What more can you desire, your welcome sure,
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
One only wants; and him we saw in vain
Oppose the Storm, and swallowed in the main.
820 Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid;
The rest agrees with what your mother said."
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
The mists flew upward and dissolved in day.
The Trojan chief appeared in open sight,
825 August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had formed his curling locks, and made his temples shine,

And given his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breathed a youthful vigor on his face;
830 Like polished ivory, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchased in gold:
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
And thus with manly modesty he spoke:
"He whom you seek am I; by tempests tossed,
835 And saved from shipwreck on your Libyan coast;
Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress,
840 You, who your pious offices employ
To save the relics of abandoned Troy;
Receive the shipwrecked on your friendly shore,
With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
Associate in your town a wandering train,
845 And strangers in your palace entertain:
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who, scattered through the world, in exile mourn?
The gods, if gods to goodness are inclined;
If acts of mercy touch their heavenly mind,
850 And, more than all the gods, your generous heart.
Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth,
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
855 And round the space of heaven the radiant sun;
While trees the mountain tops with shades supply,
Your honor, name, and praise shall never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has assigned,

Your image shall be present in my mind."
860 Thus having said, he turned with pious haste,
And joyful his expecting friends embraced:
With his right hand Ilioneus was graced,
Serestus with his left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas pressed;
865 And so by turns descended to the rest.
The Tyrian queen stood fixed upon his face,
Pleased with his motions, ravished with his grace;
Admired his fortunes, more admired the man;
Then recollected stood, and thus began:
870 "What fate, O goddess-born; what angry powers
Have cast you shipwrecked on our barren shores?
Are you the great Aeneas, known to fame,
Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?
The same Aeneas whom fair Venus bore
875 To famed Anchises on the Idaean shore?
It calls into my mind, though then a child,
When Teucer came, from Salamis exiled,
And sought my father's aid, to be restored:
My father Belus then with fire and sword
880 Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,
And, conquering, finished the successful war.
From him the Trojan siege I understood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.
Your foe himself the Dardan valor praised,
885 And his own ancestry from Trojans raised.
Enter, my noble guest, and you shall find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:
For I myself, like you, have been distressed,
Till Heaven afforded me this place of rest;

890 Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes so like my own."
She said, and to the palace led her guest;
Then offered incense, and proclaimed a feast.
Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
895 Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends;
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams;
And jars of generous wine and spacious bowls
She gives, to cheer the sailors' drooping souls.
900 Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls,
And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls:
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
With loads of massy plate the sideboards shine,
And antique vases, all of gold embossed
905 (The gold itself inferior to the cost),
Of curious work, where on the sides were seen
The fights and figures of illustrious men,
From their first founder to the present queen.
The good Aeneas, paternal care
910 Iulus' absence could no longer bear,
Dispatched Achates to the ships in haste,
To give a glad relation of the past,
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy,
Snatched from the ruins of unhappy Troy:
915 A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;
An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,
From Argos by the famed adulteress brought,
With golden flowers and winding foliage wrought,
Her mother Leda's present, when she came
920 To ruin Troy and set the world on flame;

The scepter Priam's eldest daughter bore,
Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore
Of double texture, glorious to behold,
One order set with gems, and one with gold.
925 Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes,
And in his diligence his duty shows.
But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,
New counsels tries, and new designs prepares:
That Cupid should assume the shape and face
930 Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace;
Should bring the presents, in her nephew's stead,
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed:
For much she feared the Tyrians, double-tongued,
And knew the town to Juno's care belonged.
935 These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke,
And thus alarmed, to winged Love she spoke:
"My son, my strength, whose mighty power alone
Controls the Thunderer on his awful throne,
To you your much-afflicted mother flies,
940 And on your succor and your faith relies.
You know, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,
By force and fraud, attempts your brother's life;
And often hast you mourned with me his pains.
Him Dido now with blandishment detains;
945 But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.
For this it is needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phoenician's heart:
A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
950 How this may be performed, now take my mind:
Ascanius by his father is designed

To come, with presents laden, from the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
955 And, ravished, in Idalian bowers to keep,
Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit
May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.
Take you his form and shape. I beg the grace
But only for a night's revolving space:
960 Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face;
That when, amidst the fervor of the feast,
The Tyrian hugs and fonds you on her breast,
And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
You may infuse your venom in her veins."
965 The God of Love obeys, and sets aside
His bow and quiver, and his plummy pride;
He walks Iulus in his mother's sight,
And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.
The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
970 And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes:
Lulled in her lap, amidst a train of Loves,
She gently bears him to her blissful groves,
Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
And softly lays him on a flowery bed.
975 Cupid meantime assumed his form and face,
Following Achates with a shorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already sate
Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
High on a golden bed: her princely guest
980 Was next her side; in order sate the rest.
Then canisters with bread are heaped on high;
The attendants water for their hands supply,

And, having washed, with silken towels dry.
Next fifty handmaids in long order bore
985 The censers, and with fumes the gods adore:
Then youths, and virgins twice as many, join
To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.
The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,
Approach, and on the painted couches rest.
990 All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze,
But view the beauteous boy with more amaze,
His rosy-colored cheeks, his radiant eyes,
His motions, voice, and shape, and all the god's disguise;
Nor pass unpraised the vest and veil divine,
995 Which wandering foliage and rich flowers entwine.
But, far above the rest, the royal dame,
(Already doomed to love's disastrous flame,)
With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
1000 The guileful god about the hero long,
With children's play, and false embraces, hung;
Then sought the queen: she took him to her arms
With greedy pleasure, and devoured his charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
1005 How dire a god, she drew so near her breast;
But he, not mindless of his mother's prayer,
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
And molds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
The dead is to the living love resigned;
1010 And all Aeneas enters in her mind.
Now, when the rage of hunger was appeased,
The meat removed, and every guest was pleased,
The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crowned,

And through the palace cheerful cries resound.
1015 From gilded roofs depending lamps display
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
The queen commanded to be crowned with wine:
The bowl that Belus used, and all the Tyrian line.
1020 Then, silence through the hall proclaimed, she spoke:
"O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke,
With solemn rites, your sacred name and power;
Bless to both nations this auspicious hour!
So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line
1025 In lasting concord from this day combine.
You, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
And gracious Juno, both be present here!
And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
To Heaven with mine, to ratify the peace."
1030 The goblet then she took, with nectar crowned
(Sprinkling the first libations on the ground,)
And raised it to her mouth with sober grace;
Then, sipping, offered to the next in place.
'T was Bitias whom she called, a thirsty soul;
1035 He took challenge, and embraced the bowl,
With pleasure swilled the gold, nor ceased to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimmer⁶ saw.
The goblet goes around: Iopas brought
His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught:
1040 The various labors of the wandering moon,
And whence proceed the eclipses of the sun;
The original of men and beasts; and whence
The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense,
And fixed and erring stars dispose their influence;

1045 What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays
 The summer nights and shortens winter days.
 With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song:
 Those peals are echoed by the Trojan throng.
 The unhappy queen with talk prolonged the night,
1050 And drank large draughts of love with vast delight;
 Of Priam much enquired, of Hector more;
 Then asked what arms the swarthy Memnon wore,
 What troops he landed on the Trojan shore;
 The steeds of Diomede varied the discourse,
1055 And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force;
 At length, as fate and her ill stars required,
 To hear the series of the war desired.
 "Relate at large, my godlike guest," she said,
 "The Grecian stratagems, the town betrayed:
1060 The fatal issue of so long a war,
 Your flight, your wanderings, and your woes, declare;
 For, since on every sea, on every coast,
 Your men have been distressed, your navy tossed,
 Seven times the sun has either tropic viewed,
1065 The winter banished, and the spring renewed."

Translation by John Dryden; Adapted by M. Sokolik to modernize and regularize spelling, punctuation, and syntax.

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Poems by Gaius Valerius Catullus

Invitation: To Fabullus

You'll dine well, in a few days, with me,
if the gods are kind to you, my dear Fabullus,
and if you bring lots of good food with you,
and don't come without a pretty girl
and wine and wit and all your laughter.
I say you'll dine well, and charmingly,
if you bring all that: since your Catullus's
purse alas is full of cobwebs.
But accept endearments in return for the wine
or whatever's sweeter and finer:
since I'll give you a perfume my girl
was given by the Loves and Cupids,
and when you've smelt it, you'll ask the gods
to make you, Fabullus, all nose.

* * *

Ionic

That we've broken their statues,
that we've driven them out of their temples,
doesn't mean at all that the gods are dead.
O land of Ionia, they're still in love with you,
their souls still keep your memory.
When an August dawn wakes over you,
your atmosphere is potent with their life,
and sometimes a young ethereal figure
indistinct, in rapid flight,
wings across your hills.

* * *

Let's Live and Love: To Lesbia

Let us live, my Lesbia, let us love,
and all the words of the old, and so moral,
may they be worth less than nothing to us!
Suns may set, and suns may rise again:
but when our brief light has set,
night is one long everlasting sleep.
Give me a thousand kisses, a hundred more,
another thousand, and another hundred,
and, when we've counted up the many thousands,
confuse them so as not to know them all,
so that no enemy may cast an evil eye,
by knowing that there were so many kisses.

Chapter Glossary & Notes

1. *disembogue* — (of a river or stream) emerge or be discharged in quantity; pour out.
2. *Molossian* — The Molossians (Ancient Greek: Μολοσσοί, Molossoi) were an ancient Greek tribe that inhabited the region of Epirus beginning in the Mycenaean era.
3. *flix* — fur
4. *faulchion* a type of sword
5. *Meroe* — an ancient city on the east bank of the Nile
6. *brimmer* — a goblet or cup